Her Chic "Frock Coat" invited His Look
But Her Smile invaded His Heart!

Your smile is a priceless charm—it's You!
Help guard its loveliness with Ipana and Massage!

Yes, a chic and charming costume can catch a man's attention... but it takes the spell of a lovely smile to hold him.

For interest quickly fades to indifference if a girl lets her smile—her priceless, precious smile—become dull and lifeless... if she ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush."

What "Pink Tooth Brush" Means
If your tooth brush "shows pink," heed the warning it gives and see your dentist immediately. He may find nothing serious. But often he will say that your gums are lazy, that the soft, creamy foods we moderns eat have denied gums the vigorous chewing, the exercise they need for health. He may suggest, as so many other dentists do, "More work for your gums—the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage!"

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help the gums to health. So every time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana onto your gums. The pleasant, exclusive tang of Ipana and massage tells you circulation is quickening in the gums... helping to make gums stronger, firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Start now with the modern dental routine of Ipana with massage to help make your smile as lovely and attractive as it can be.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
for June 1940
DEAR ED:

I love a trip. Harry Richman may love a parade, but I love a trip. And so when Warner Brothers assembled an eighteen car special de luxe train to take their stars and the local press to Reno to see the premiere of "Virginia City" (I saw everything but "Virginia City," but for heavens sake don't tell the Warner Brothers) I was the first to swing on to that train. And I am sure I should be encouraged to take more trips, because they bring out something good in me—a real achievement these days. For instance, under the roof of that Southern Pacific Limited were gathered at least a dozen or more of my pet aversion, people I have been duc-king for years because I was afraid they might have been duc-king me for years for the same reason.

Well, would you believe it, I "discovered" each and every one of them somewhere between Bakersfield and Reno and simply went pleasantly crazy about them. Take Rosemary Lane. I never thought I'd like Rosemary in a million years, but do you know I now think she is one of the most charming girls I've ever met. Beautiful and talented, too, with a grand sense of humor. And if the studio doesn't give her a good role soon, instead of giving them all to that prima donna sister of hers (I mean Priscilla), I'm going to make trouble.

Wayne Morris I always thought of as being on the dull side—you know, kid-dish, wet behind the ears, growing-boy stuff. Well, Wayne, I'll have you know, is one of the most intelligent young men I've ever met. And writes, too. He read some of it to me and I think he has a lot better than a lot of people we know who get paid for it. His wife, the lovely, gracious "Bubbles," is going to be my favorite of Hollywood wive. She's so different from Hollywood wives. (I couldn't give you a better compliment, Bubbles.)

Now Guy Kibbee. If it hadn't been for that trip I probably would have gone through life never even giving Guy Kibbee a second thought. Well, Guy Kibbee, my friend, is the most amusing, the most entertaining man I have met in years. He told us stories by the hour, never repeating himself, never dull for a moment. Yes, indeed, I must have Guy Kibbee for Christmas.

I haven't the space to go into it now—you'll be hearing from me later as I want to do stories on each one of them—but I don't think I've ever met a grander lot of people than Errol Flynn, Humphrey Bogart, Bruce Cabot, Binnie Barnes, Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan, Alice Hale and Cowboy Bill Boyd. I couldn't have been more pleased.

THE OPENING CHORUS

HOLLYWOOD EARFUL

CHECKING ON THEIR COMMENTS

TIPS ON PICTURES

HOLLYWOOD VISITS YOUR HOME TOWN

HOLLYWOOD'S IMPOSING THEATRES

TIPS FOR YOUR WIVES

DIRECT FROM THE WEST COAST

PICTURES ON THE FIRE!

SILVER SCREEN'S PICTORIAL PROFILE OF RITA HAYWORTH

"VIRGINIA CITY" TAKES VIRGINIA CITY!

ART GALLERY

CHARLES BOYER

MARTHA SCOTT

ROBERT TAYLOR AND VIVEN LEIGH

FREDRIC MARCH AND JOAN CRAWFORD

MAUREEN O'HARA

COVER PORTRAIT OF BETTE DAVIS BY MARLAND STONE

V. G. Helmlebucher, President. Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher. D. E. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer. SILVER SCREEN. Published monthly by Silver Screen Magazine, Inc., at 45 West 56th Street, New York, N. Y. Advertising Offices: 25 West 46th St., New York; 440 North Michigan Ave., Chicago; 908 W. Third St., Los Angeles. All subscriptions and renewals must be accompanied by return postage. The publishers reserve the right in the United States, its Dependencies, and Mexico $5.50 in Canada, Mexico $2.50. Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give us the old as well as the new address. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois. Copyright 1940 by Silver Screen Magazine, Inc. Printed in the U. S. A. MEMORIAL AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS
A LIFETIME LIVED IN A SINGLE DAY!

Vivien Leigh returns to you — beautiful, tender, appealing and talented beyond description — in a role which might have been created for her alone ... A girl whose emotions mirrored the chaos of the world around her ... grasping fervently, eagerly at the love that belongs to youth ... Robert Taylor attains new dramatic stature as the man who shares this absorbing romance with her. Together, they create an emotional experience you'll never forget.

VIVIEN LEIGH • ROBERT TAYLOR

in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's

WATERLOO BRIDGE

with LUCILE WATSON • VIRGINIA FIELD
MARIA OUSPENSKAYA • C. AUBREY SMITH

A Mervyn LeRoy Production
Screen play by S. N. Behrman, Hans Rameau, and George Froeschel
Based on the play "Waterloo Bridge" by Robert E. Sherwood
Directed by MERVYN LeROY • Produced by SIDNEY FRANKLIN

for JUNE 1940
Hollywood
Earfuls

Getting the lowdown on the stars at the studios, their homes and the gay night spots

HEDY LAMARR has shortened her tresses for her role in "Boom Town" and the stylists are wondering if the women who once tried to capture glamour by emulating her shoulder-length bob will now try her new hairdo. Hedy still parts her hair in the middle for the new hairdo, but her hairdresser has removed four inches of the raven tresses. She still looks too beautiful for this world.

Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier now on tour with "Romeo and Juliet" have told their friends that they will marry in August. Both Vivien and Larry rushed through their latest pictures so that they could spend their vacation playing Shakespeare in Chicago and New York, in the heat of summer. Imagine, when they could be relaxing on the top of a snow-covered mountain. But Vivien and Larry are queer for the theatre, and they'd rather act than eat.

While her divorce is becoming final Alice Faye is stepping out at the night clubs with Sandy Cummings. Just wait until you see Alice, all done up as "Lillian Russell," sing Miss Russell's famous "You Are My Rosie, My Rosie Posie." That's something to live for.

[Continued on page 16]
Bette Davis and Charles Boyer

From the matchless pages of this brilliant best-seller comes a new chapter in film achievement! With all the incomparable artistry at their command these two great stars bring to life the deep-stirred emotions that burn from every exciting word of the story! You'll say when you see her that "Henriette" is a role heaven-sent just for Bette Davis! And you'll know, too, why Charles Boyer had to return all the way from France to play the impassioned Duc. For so many reasons this is the drama to be ranked in your memory with the topmost of all!

Included in the notable supporting cast are

JEFFREY LYNN • BARBARA O'NEIL
Virginia Weidler • Henry Daniell
Walter Hampden • George Coulouris

AN ANATOLE LITVAK PRODUCTION

Screen Play by Casey Robinson • Music by Max Steiner
A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

Warner Bros. ARE HONORED TO OFFER

'ALL THIS AND HEAVEN TOO'

FROM THE WORLD-APPLAUDED NOVEL BY
Rachel Field
BILLY OF DIVORCEMENT (RKO)—Hereditary insanity is its theme, with Adolphe Menjou as an incurably insane father and Maureen O'Hara as his daughter, who gives up her marriage plans to care for him, when she learns the truth. Menjou never was better and Maureen O'Hara establishes herself as worthy of stardom.

BLACK FRIDAY (Universal)—Boris Karloff plays the part of a doctor in this modified thriller, but without any sort of hideous make-up. In fact, he looks like an ordinary human being. However, to save the life of a professor friend of his, injured in an automobile accident on Friday the 13th, he transplants into him the brain of a criminal, also in the accident. The result is quite disastrous. Stanley Ridges, as the professor, is more effective than Karloff.

BLONDIE ON A BUDGET (RKO)—Although not as good as previous Blondie offerings, nevertheless, it has its happy moments. Voluptuous Rita Hayworth makes a want-to-see-more-of-her appearance as "the other woman," who burns up Blondie Penny Singleton. Arthur Lake continues to be a convincing Dagwood.

BUCK BENNY RIDES AGAIN (Paramount)—Genial Jack Benny is forced to become a cowboy and you can just imagine the fun that results. Rochester, Phil Harris, Ellen Drew, Andy Devine and the voice of Fred Allen lend sparkling support in making it gay, tuneful and hilarious entertainment.

CASTLE ON THE HUDSON (Warner)—No organization turns out a better prison yarn than the Warners and this is no exception. It's tiptop in all departments, especially in its casting, with John Garfield, Ann Sheridan, Pat O'Brien, Burgess Meredith and Henry O'Neill heading the players. Ann Sheridan really does a grand job as Convict Garfield's sweetheart. The Castle, of course, is Sing Sing Prison.

[Continued on page 12]
"I'M FROM MISSOURI—
and Listerine certainly showed me!"

says Mrs. Madge Purdy Van Cott, Jersey City, N. J.

"I've been Co-ed, Trained Nurse, Mother...
I know how Listerine fights infectious dandruff."

Listerine, in Actual Clinical Tests, Beneficial in 76% of Infectious Dandruff Cases

If you are plagued by dandruff, so often caused by germs...if, in spite of everything you've tried, those distressing flakes and scales are still in evidence...don't waste any more time—start today with the famous Listerine Treatment. It is so simple...so easy...you can treat yourself right in your own home!

Simple, Delightful Home Treatment
Just douse the scalp, morning and night, with full strength Listerine—the same Listerine which has been famed for more than 30 years as an antiseptic mouth wash and gargle. Then massage scalp and hair vigorously and persistently.

You'll be delighted with the cooling, soothing, tingling sensation. And, think of it!...this wonderfully invigorating treatment is precisely the same as that which, within 30 days, brought about complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff to 76% of the men and women who used it in clinical tests!

Start Your Treatments Now
So, if you've been fighting a losing battle against dandruff, don't give up hope. Above all, don't neglect what may be a real infection. Start right now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. It's the treatment which has proved so useful against infectious dandruff in a substantial majority of clinical test cases. Lam- bert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

At the University of Missouri, many of us co-eds used Listerine and massage regularly. We couldn't afford to neglect distressing dandruff flakes!...not with hundreds of glamorous co-eds in the swim for fraternity dance bids! What chance would a girl with dandruff have?

As a trained nurse, doing post-graduate work at a famous New York hospital, I first heard of the peculiar bottle-shaped bacillus, Pityrosporum Ovale—nearly always found in high concentration in infectious dandruff conditions—and how important it is to keep this and other organisms under control.

As a school nurse in New Jersey, I had the care of hundreds of children in rural districts. Scalp examinations were part of my regular routine. Time and again I prescribed Listerine Antiseptic and massage...and again I saw dandruff's scales disappear.

When I got married and my baby came, I knew how to help keep her scalp clean and healthy. I have shown my husband how to guard against infectious dandruff, too. I give him a vigorous Listerine massage regularly. A slight dandruff condition he had at one time quickly improved. He's never without Listerine Antiseptic now.
Checking On Their Comments

By Frederick James Smith

Let's see if the stars really mean what they have to say

Left: Says Linda Darnell, "I've found being a movie star is almost a 24-hour-a-day job and you can't let down for a moment." Below: Mrs. Bill Powell insists, "I think I can make Bill happy."

LINDA DARNELL became a featured name with one picture. The movies do these things with the speed of a super hot-house. Extras into stars happen all the time. And they're always surprised at what they encounter. It seldom is as they pictured it. Says Linda:

"Where, oh where, is that life of expansive ease to which movie stars supposedly fall heir the moment they move into the charmed circle? On April 8th I celebrated my first year in Hollywood. No matter what else happens to me in the future, I'll always count this year as the most thrilling and important in my life. Yes, I'm perfectly willing to admit that I've been extremely lucky. No one knows it better than I. When I think of my good fortune, consider that there are hundreds of others equally able who will never have the same opportunity. I don't feel proud. I feel meek and humble."

"Where, I would like to be told, is that large and luxurious life I used to read about? Where is the leisure? Where the caviar and champagne and orchids? Not that I care for them, but they seem to typify what I mean."

"What I'm getting at is that my fancies and day dreams don't seem to agree with the facts. I've done less lolling and more work since I came out here from Dallas a year ago than ever before in my life."

"I've found that being a movie star is almost a 24-hour-a-day job and you can't let down for a moment."

Any job is hard work, say I, bestirring myself from a siesta beside my typewriter. You haven't encountered more than a fraction of it yet, Linda. Worries over roles, worries over what the public thinks, worries over criticism—they're all ahead. Only a few stars survive. They're the hardy folk, the Crawford's, the Davises, the Gables. The boys and girls who can take it. And whisper, Linda—don't feel too meek and humble. Those emotions never photograph well.

SAT beside William Powell's bathing pool in Beverly Hills with Bill and his bride, Diana Lewis, and his pal, Dick Barthelmess, Bill looked very happy, so did Diana. Said the bride—

"I think I can make Bill happy. With any sort of break I know I can. I know that Bill is famous, that he has been about, that he has had his kicks from fate—but I think I can help him."

"Don't forget that I come from a family of old stage workers. Dad and mother were theatrical folk through the years. My sister, Maxine, has had her share of success in musical shows, on the air, in night clubs. I grew up back stage, I got my first real break in pictures back in 1937, but that came after false starts, hard work with the Pasadena Community Players, singing, like Maxine, with a band."

"I think I have a better chance of making Bill happy than a girl who hasn't worked her way up out here, who doesn't know Hollywood and understand it. Besides, I'll be too busy myself to be demanding. And, since I'm far from a star, that temperament stuff won't get inside our front door."

You'll see Mrs. Powell in Eddie Cantor's "Forty Little Mothers." You know something of the Lewis-Powell romance. They met at a studio party, they were married four weeks later. Remember, when you watch Diana with Eddie Cantor, that she has been a hard working little film actress for three years, that everybody out there likes her. Remember, too, that Powell is one of the colony's most popular stars. Then you can join Hollywood in pulling for their happiness.

 Declare Betty Field, "I'll have to watch myself more than ever in Hollywood now that folks have noticed me. I want to get some real roles."

"It's hard acting in Hollywood. Or, rather, it's hard getting a chance to act. The movies want to keep you pretty and charming. You have no chance to control your acting, unless the director and the cutter let you. Now, on the stage—but you've guessed that I want to act. Yes, I like the stage better. You're on your own. It's up to you."

As I write Betty is acting behind the New York footlights in Elmer Rice's hit, "Two On An Island." But she is due back in Hollywood in midsummer to play with Fred MacMurray in "The Duchess Rides High" unless plans change—and movie plans shift frequently and fast. A pleasant little actress with possibilities is Betty. But she shouldn't be too hard on the movies. I'm willing anytime to balance the acting of the New York stage against the acting in the films—and I'll stake anything that Hollywood wins. Even with nasty old directors and cutters doing their worst. Even with films knee deep in glamour.
over the tragic death of his first wife. The adaptation faithfully follows the somber book and is definitely one of the films of which Hollywood may be proud.

ROAD TO SINGAPORE (Paramount)—Bing Crosby and Bob Hope obviously bring out the best in each other, because neither has ever been quite as enjoyable alone as they are in this laugh-a-second musical of the South Seas. Dorothy Lamour and Judith Barter are the feminine highlights and, needless to say, contribute unsparingly with their charms.

SHOOTING HIGH (20th Century-Fox)—Co-starring Gene Autry with Jane Withers seemed like a good idea at the time, but right now it can be marked down as a mistake. The picture just doesn’t click, not because of Gene and Jane, especially, but because of the story, direction and dull dialogue.

STRANGE CARGO (M-G-M)—A hard-ened, escaped convict from a penal colony proves a fitting follow-up role for Clark Gable after his Rhett Butler assignment. Joan Crawford, co-starred as a cabaret entertainer, puts glamour aside for dramatics and you'll admire her acting tremendously. But it's Ian Hunter, as a Christlike man of mystery, who merits the most superlatives.

THE HUMAN MONSTER (Monogram)—An English-made chiller-diller with horror-man Bela Lugosi as the master-mind behind a series of mysterious drownings. Hugh Williams is the Scotland Yard inspector who eventually outwits Bela. It's well done and you won't be disappointed if you're looking for terrifying filmfare.

THREE CHEERS FOR THE IRISH (Warners)—No matter what your nationality you'll be genuinely entertained and rid of the blues in seeing this lively, plausible story of a retired policeman played to the hilt by Thomas Mitchell. And you'll take particular notice of Dennis Morgan, as a young cop who marries Priscilla Lane, devoted daughter of ex-Officer Mitchell.

TOO MANY HUSBANDS (Columbia)—A thoroughly entertaining comedy with such grand exponents of wit as Jean Arthur, Fred MacMurray and Melvyn Douglas in the important roles. When a girl finds herself with two devoted husbands and in love with both you are assured of rollicking situations. Even a sour-puss should get a laugh out of this film.

 VIRGINIA CITY (Warners)—The great hullabaloo about this picture before it was released led fans to expect too much. It's not an epic, but simply a long, but fast-moving, westerner with action to spare. Errol Flynn, Miriam Hopkins and Randy Scott play the leading roles, with Randy being the most believable of the three.

VIVA CISCO KID (20th Century-Fox)—Cesar Romero continues to do all right as the romantic "Lone Ranger," but such will not be the case if the stories don't improve. This is the thinnest of the series.

No girl need risk popularity! MUM every day prevents underarm odor—guards charm!

PEG couldn't help being envious—they were having such fun, and she was so lonely. So many girls who weren't as pretty as Peg had dates. "I'll leave this old town, then I'll be popular," thought Peg. But Peg, others will neglect you wherever you go—if you neglect underarm odor.

Like Peg, we seldom know when we are guilty of underarm odor. How much wiser to play safe—each day—with Mum! Don't rely on a bath alone to guard your charm. A bath removes past perspiration, but Mum prevents future odor.

Wherever there is social life, you will find popular girls use Mum. And more use Mum than any other deodorant.

MUM SAVES TIME! Just 30 seconds, and underarms are fresh all day.

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! The American Laundry Institute Seal tells you Mum won't harm any fabric. Safe for skin, too—even after underarm shaving!

MUM SAVES CHARM! Mum makes odor impossible—not by attempting to prevent perspiration—but by neutralizing the odor before it starts. Get Mum at your druggist's today. More women (and more men) make a habit of Mum because Mum keeps you "in right" everywhere—with everyone!

POPULAR GIRLS MAKE A DAILY HABIT OF MUM

FRANKLY, JEAN, EVEN WITH A DAILY BATH I'D ADVISE MUM TO PREVENT ODOR!

TO HERSELF: MUM WAS THE ANSWER FOR ME, ALL RIGHT! I'M A HIT...TODAY!

For Sanitary Napkins, Too—

No need to worry about Sanitary Napkins if you remember Mum will keep you fresh. Mum is so safe...so gentle...thousands use it this way!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

for JUNE 1940
Say It With Perfume

Intersecting and invalu-
able suggestions about
perfume, the compelling
language which whis-
pers a message your lips
would never dare tell

By
Mary Lee

"Your dance partner will be in-
spired by fragrant curls," sug-
gests Marjorie Reynolds, who
always uses an atomizer for
perfuming her attractive hair.
Choosing the correct perfume for
your particular type of personal-
ity is tremendously important.

Judith Barrett, Venus from Venus,
Texas, knows the lure of love-
ly perfume. She puts a spray
or two on ears, neck and hair.

I have never yet talked with a star but
what when we touched on perfume she
became enthusiastic and very talkative.
At the gift seasons, such as Christmas and
Easter, the stars are extravagant givers
of perfume. And whom can it fail to
please? With the stars, the preferences
are as varied as their tastes in food.
Norma Shearer, for example, is particu-
larly sensitive to lilac, because she remem-
bers the lilac bushes in her Canadian
home as a child. Irene Dunne likes the
scent of orchid, because once when she
was beginning her career this exotic and
reassuring fragrance saved her from a bad
attack of stagefright. Gladys Swarthout,
chic and charming, likes sophisticated im-
ports. If you read "All This And Heaven,
Too," you may recall that Mademoiselle
Deluzy-Desportes used vervain, a variety
of cultivated verbena, on handkerchiefs
and her linen. Shortly, you know, you will
see Bette Davis in the screen version of
that story as the dramatic victim of cir-
cumstances, Mademoiselle D.

Centuries have seen perfume play its
dramatic part in the history of countries,
peoples and individuals. You can witness
the dramatic part it can play in your life
today. For you will sense a reaction from
the various perfumes you may use. Flor-
as, as usual, are warm weather favorites.
They seem appropriate; they are light,
refreshing, lovely as a June garden. Then
there are "blends," perfumes of many per-
ffumes, as, indeed, they all are, that have
a sudden exciting quality; there are those
that lull and touch you as the hour of

THE girl or woman who is unconscious
of the power of perfume is uncon-
scious of one of the most vital human
senses, scent. It is as important a source
of attraction as touch, sight or hearing.
You who have gardens or lawns know the
poignant emotion that warm breezes,
heavy with lilac, magnolia or roses, stir.
You know that the aroma of coffee or
food wafting over the early morning air
is stimulating and zestful, and you know
that the first great breath of salt air, if
you are a landlubber, arouses the in-
stincts of the adventurer. Each has its
own power to stir some sudden wish, hope
or longing. And so with the perfumes that
may be ours today, from tiny, inexpensive
vials to luxurious works of art, and in-
cluding the creamy lather of your favorite
soap, your bath accessories and even your
make-up. Perfume creates memories. It
adds a glamour and emotion to little ep-
isodes. And perfume revives memories. "To
have and to hold," is, indeed, the promise
of every lovely accessory carrying a trace
of fragrance.
twilight; there are those of mystery and those that are saucy, piquant and frankly impertinent. Perfume can invite, tease, tempt and hold. Some, in this latter class, and frankly expensive, are Ciro’s Danger, Schiaparelli’s Shocking and Faberge’s Tigress. They sound like warnings if you don’t want emotional embroilment!

To mention some of our favorites, that run the gamut from concentrated perfume to bath and body accessories, there is Cheramy’s April Showers, as stirring, let me add, in June as in January. If you’ve ever been conscious of that first scent of spring in the air, a warm sweetness that you can hardly define, then you’ve caught the spirit of April Showers. It is a scent to constantly remind any male of your enduring loveliness. In April Showers, you will find bath crystals, eau de Cologne, dusting or talcum powder and a full strength perfume. Happily, these lovelies are not expensive, and all are, indeed, the fragrance of youth.

If unusual packages excite you, if you save lovely bottles and unique boxes for this and that, then the Eighteenth Century toilettries are for you. They’re new and as different as day from night. There are something like twenty-three different luxuries for you, from bath powder to perfume. Every container is a replica of some Early American piece; for example, a vial of perfume is concealed in a cunning hurricane lamp with a little old-fashioned glass shade. For an Early American bedroom, practically every creation of Eighteenth Century adds a correct decorative touch as well as loveliness for the user. The scent is young, zestful, the true spirit of pioneering America. The preparations are not expensive and are for sale in better drug and department stores. They would make a delightful and novel contribution to any bride’s trousseau.

For carnation lovers, the Roger & Gallet Oeillet Bleu (blue carnation) eau de Cologne and afterbath powder are simply redolent of this spicy flower. A combination of these two will perfume you suffi-

YVONNE FOX, SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY JUNIOR, SAYS:

"Foam baths perfume, cleanse and re-fresh," says mermaid Marjorie Weaver. Right: Priscilla Lane with Charbert’s Grand Prix perfume in a novelty holder. If you save lovely bottles and unique boxes for this and that, then the Eighteenth Century toilettries are just for you.

It invites Romance... that modern natural look!

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

Follow the modern trend in makeup! Achieve the engaging natural look of gay, young “collegiennes.” It’s easy with Richard Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder... the wonderful new powder you choose by the color of your eyes!

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

So, whether your eyes are blue, brown, gray or hazel, you’ll find the shade that is exactly right for you in Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder... the pure, fine-textured powder that you choose by the color of your eyes!

See how smoothly Marvelous Face Powder goes on... how it agrees with even the most sensitive skin! And how it lasts—ends powder-puff dabbling for hours and hours! For complete color harmony, 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.

PERSONAL TRY-OUT KIT!
Generous junior sizes of Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick... packaged together in an attractive kit, perfect for home or office.

Specially priced for a limited time only
55¢
At drug and department stores
In Canada, 65¢
cently for warm weather, and the carnation is a great favorite with the boys. Perhaps, this is the reason that all flowers, the carnation is the one most universally worn in a man’s buttonhole.

And while in our carnation garden, when your budget gets low, but your need for good perfume is high and known, slip into your five-and-ten and get yourself a little bottle of the new Irresistible carnation perfume. Use it, and I defy any friend to even guess that your perfume isn’t rare and expensive. Irresistible has done a wonderful job with this carnation, and I’ve used it in the presence of very perfume-conscious noses who have guessed this or that expensive manufacturer. This is truly a case of the good thing coming in a small package.

Now and then, you may have an urge to appear sophisticated and continental, to add a little sense of the wide-world to your personality. Bourjois’ Evening in Paris is the answer. Sophisticated, worldly, laden with subdued emotion, and yet light and joyous is this memorable scent. It has a “personality” all its own, and Evening in Paris fragrance is incorporated in lovely bath accessories and eau de Cologne as well as concentrated perfume. Again, prices do not ruin the budget.

And Coty has the same or correlated fragrances. There is L’Amant (the magnet), an unforgettable and distinct odor, not to be confused with any other I know. And there’s Paris, gay and spirited, a breath of color from beyond the seas. Emeraude, sparkling, beautiful, a glorious symbol of the jewel from which it takes its name. Chypre, of course, is almost a tradition in perfumes, and its sharp, mystical and oriental aura is a sweet disturber. L’Origan lingers like a happy memory, and seems to me to be speak opulent beauty. In these and other lovely Coty chains of fragrance, you find what you need from dusting powder to definite perfume. As you probably know, you can buy little vials or large de luxe containers.

To get fullest benefit, use your perfumes and accessories correctly. With a bath foam, such as that from which you see Marjorie Weaver emerging like a mermaid, it is usually necessary to place your foam powder, tablet or oil in your tub then turn on hot water full force, tempering it after your foam has blanketed the tub in froth. Lave or spray an eau de Cologne, toilet water or any of the lighter versions over your entire body preferably after a bath. But when you must change quickly with no time for a bath, this same procedure gives a sense of cleanliness and refreshment, plus fragrance. For freshening up in hot weather apply this type of perfume well over your forearms, wrists, and to keep your scent effective here for perfume, and cooling and refreshing. Concentrate perfumes seem particularly effective on skin or woollen or fur. In all three cases, there is certain animal oil—in our skin or wool or fur—that helps the fragrance to linger into its full est beauty. In buying a new perfume never take a whiff from a bottle and decide that you do or do not like it. Yet really can’t tell this way. Instead, if there is a demonstration bottle, dab a little on your wrist, do your other shopping and it half an hour test that wrist and then decide. Then you’ll know what you’re buying. An atomizer is priceless for distributing well, for economizing with and getting the real benefit of your precious perfume. DeVilbiss makes fine ones, both for per fume and for eau de Cologne or light versions. The latter has a larger mouth and distributes more fragrance, as I should. These, by the way, make beautiful gifts for that June bride.

Whatever you use and however you use it, give thought to your choice in fragrances. Make your perfume speak for you, and thus utilize that powerful sense of attraction that so many of us ignore—that power sense of scent.

Hollywood Earfuls

[Continued from page 6]

Sidney Skolsky tells it: Hedy Lamar dialed a wrong number the other day. “This is Hedy Lamar,” she said. “I voice at the other end said, “This is the Prince of Wales.” and hung up.

Henry Ford was so pleased with Mickey Rooney’s performance in “Young Tom Edison” that he presented Mickey with a blue Lincoln roadster.


Hints for the ladies: Paulette Goddard keeps her figure by drinking warm skimmed milk. She has six glasses of it served to her daily.

SILVER SCREEN
Lady Esther says

"Do you know that a GLAMOROUS NEW SKIN is 'ABOUT to be BORN' to you?"

Why let your new skin look dull and drab? It can bring you new beauty if you help remove those tiny, menacing flakes of older skin!

Right now your old skin is departing in almost invisible, worn-out flakes. Why let these tiny flakes menace your loveliness? Why not help your new skin bring new youthfulness to you?

You can, says Lady Esther, if only you will let my 4-Purpose Cream help you to remove those tiny flakes of worn-out skin beclouding the glory of your new skin!

Run your fingertips over your face now. Do you feel little rough spots left by your old, dry skin? They're the thieves that steal your loveliness—make you look older! My 4-Purpose Cream loosens each tiny flake—and the other impurities. It helps Nature refine your pores—and reveal the fresh youthfulness of your "new-born skin!"

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Ask him about so-called skin foods—about hormones and vitamins. I'll be amazed if your doctor tells you that vitamin deficiencies should be remedied by your face cream.

But ask him if every word Lady Esther says isn't absolutely true—that her cream removes the dirt, impurities and worn-out flakes of older skin... that it helps Nature refine your pores... and thus brings beauty to your new-born skin!

Accept Lady Esther's 7-Day Tube FREE!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (36)
LADY ESTHER, 7162 West 63rd St., Chicago, Ill.
FREE Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, post-paid. (Offer limited to one per family.)

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________

City ____________________________ State __________

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

for JUNE 1940
$3,000.00
"LILLIAN RUSSELL CONTEST"

Mark these TRUE or FALSE:

1 Lillian Russell was called "The Most Beautiful Woman in America."  
   True □ False □

2 "Diamond Jim" Brady was Lillian Russell's ardent admirer and showered her with costly jewels.  
   True □ False □

3 Lillian Russell was given a kingdom by the Maharajah of Ranhigoor.  
   True □ False □

4 Lillian Russell's exciting life and loves will be seen in a motion picture made by Darryl F. Zanuck.  
   True □ False □

5 Lillian Russell was discovered by the famous showman, Tony Pastor, when he heard her sing.  
   True □ False □

6 The pavement outside Lillian Russell's home was studded with diamonds and rubies.  
   True □ False □

7 Lillian Russell was the daughter of a President of the United States.  
   True □ False □

8 Celebrated New York men-about-town returned to the theatre week after week to see and applaud Lillian Russell.  
   True □ False □

9 Alice Faye will portray Lillian Russell in a motion picture soon to be released by 20th Century-Fox.  
   True □ False □

10 Lillian Russell wore a wondrous evening gown woven entirely of rare butterfly wings. True □ False □

133 PRIZES!

FIRST PRIZE $1,000.00
2nd PRIZE . . . $800.00
3rd PRIZE . . . $250.00
5 PRIZES of $100.00 each
25 PRIZES of $10.00 each
100 PRIZES of $5.00 each

EASY RULES!

1. Check the True or False statements in the space provided. Print or write plainly your name and address on the coupon and attach it firmly to an original letter of not more than 50 words on the subject: "WHY LILLIAN RUSSELL IS FAMOUS AS AMERICA'S NO. 1 GLAMOR GIRL."

2. Mail your True or False List with your letter to 20th Century-Fox—and you can be one of the many winners! Read carefully the Contest Rules below . . . and start immediately!

3. Residents of the United States, Hawaii or the Dominion of Canada may compete, except employees of 20th Century-Fox, their advertising agency and their families. Contest is subject to Federal, State and local regulations. Contest closes June 15, 1940. All entries become the property of 20th Century-Fox Film Corporation.

4. Entries will be judged by the highest number of correct answers to the True or False List and, in the event of a tie, by the merit and originality of the letter of not more than 50 words. The decision of the judges will be final. No correspondence will be entered into regarding the Contest.

5. Checks will be mailed to the winners within a month of the close of the Contest. Anyone wishing a complete list of winners may obtain same by writing 20th Century-Fox and enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.
Joan Bennett, her hubby, Walter Wanger, and Claudette Colbert at the "Gambol of the Stars" given by Associated Actors and Artists of America at the Grove. Do you suppose Joan will cut her tresses shorter now that Hedy Lamarr has done it?

Left: Bill Holden and Brenda Marshall at the Biltmore Bowl. Below: George Raft, Norma Shearer and Gary Cooper at the "Gambol of the Stars" at the Cocoanut Grove. Ever since "Souls at Sea," George and Gary have been pals.

THE writers who have been interviewing George Raft lately report that he has a picture of Norma Shearer and her two children near his bedside: "My family," says George pointing to them with pride.

Jeffrey Lynn wants to meet Ginger Rogers. But Howard Hughes seems to be in charge right now. Despite the fact that when Ginger appeared at the court house to obtain her divorce from Lew Ayres, and was asked by the reporters if she intended marrying Howard Hughes, she snapped, "Who's Hughes?"

And Sonja Henie sailing for Honolulu on the same boat with Dan Topping, millionaire socialite (it had been arranged for days), expressed great surprise when the reporters asked her if she knew he was on board, and said, "Is he really?" Now girls, who do you think you are fooling?

Arlene Judge, recently divorced wife of Dan Topping, and reported to have received a million dollar settlement, has returned to Hollywood and will immediately resume her screen career. Which will be good news to a lot of fans. As Arline, with a Goddard chassis, used to be one of the cutest tricks on the screen.

The other day a group of visitors, and stockholders no doubt, were admitted to the Paramount lot for a little sightseeing tour. Through the administration building, through the writers' building, across the lot they walked, and hardly saw a human being. "What goes on?" they asked. "Is it a holiday?" In the back lot they found the answer to their question. Paulette Goddard was posing in a bathing suit. She had chosen the most secluded spot in the back lot,
but before the cameras even started grinding at least four hundred of the Paramount employees had gathered around. That's what we call playing to a full house.

"Northwest Mounted Police"—the newest Cecil B. DeMille production—got off to a fine start recently with all the DeMille traditions in full swing. C. B., in green gabardine riding clothes with high brown boots, wore in his lapel a red carnation from Barbara Stanwyck—she always sends him one the first day of a new picture. And the visitors on the set included Mrs. C. B. DeMille, who is always present on the first day of shooting, and Anne Barchen, C. B.'s script clerk for twenty-five years. No one loves his traditions better than DeMille.

Jackie Cooper—and wasn't he swell in "Seventeen"—is quite the young man of the world now. When offered a part in a new picture recently he asked the age of the boy he was to play. "Sixteen," said the agent. Jackie, who is sixteen himself, threw out his chest indignantly. "I don't want to play any more children parts in pictures," he said.

In case you want to know what not to wear at a premiere of "Grapes of Wrath" I will tell you what Dietrich wore to the Hollywood opening. Most people were as simply and unobtrusively dressed as possible that night, in keeping with the serious note of the picture, but not La Dietrich. To meet the Joads, Marlene wore a gold turban that must have been done with wire as it looked like something from the New York Times.

Helen Parrish entertained at a Sunday afternoon party before leaving on her tour with Ed Sullivan. Here she is with Linda Darnell and Peggy Moran.
unfortunately, personality so often rates higher than ability) to understand. Jeanette’s voice lessons are as important to her today as they were ten years ago—and after all you can’t sing in five different languages as she does on her concert tours without a deal of study. Why shouldn’t she take her singing seriously? It is serious. Because she doesn’t drink or smoke or hang out in night clubs some of her fellow stars would have you believe that Jeanette is on the dull side. But I must say that Jeanette with a glass of milk in her hand is far more witty than most of the Glamour Girls I have known who have downed their third martini.

Yes, some day I expect to go into all this and lambast the daylights out of the MacDonald belittlers. But right now I want to tell about Jeanette’s tour. It’s about seven-thirty in the morning, wouldn’t you know, and the train is pulling into Dallas, and your favorite prima donna, who is supposed to live in a glamorous world all her own, far removed from us common herd, has gone disgustingly human on us and is kicking the seat in her compartment because she can’t get her new luggage out from under it. Jeanette has a temper, she’d have to have with that red hair, and kicking is her best outlet.

Her most famous “kick” happened on the set several years ago when Van Dyke was directing her in “Rose Marie.” Three times Jeanette did a scene and each time she felt she did it badly. At the end of the fourth “take” she decided that she was even worse than before (she’s her own severest critic) so she hauled off and kicked a studio chair completely across the stage. The company gasped with shocked surprise, she had seemed such a sweet girl, and Van Dyke hastily called lunch. An hour later when Jeanette returned to the set she found that Van Dyke had had every chair on the stage nailed to the floor. Jeanette was convulsed with laughter. Kicking to Jeanette is what a good strong swear word is to most of us, and it never hurts anybody or anything, except the toe of her very pretty [Continued on page 60]
WALTER PIDGEON is one of the contradictions of Hollywood.

He is a family man who takes the business of acting with intense seriousness. Yet he never wanted particularly to be an actor. He is a singer who never sings in pictures. Yet he loves music. He is a fanatic who religiously keeps in physical form. Yet he never takes Hollywood's standard exercise, golf. Hates it, in fact. He never eats meat. Thinks it disturbs your system and your thinking. He believes in hunches. But thinks they're frequently wrong.

His size (he's six feet, three inches) has limited him somewhat in the roles he plays. After all, it wouldn't do to have a leading man towering over a short star. That would never do. Size, too, has forced Pidgeon to play a certain kind of part, worldly-wise, man-about-town, boulevardier.

"Not a bit like the real Pidgeon, I assure you," he maintains. "I've grown into a role. I'm just a fable. The casting director looks over the script, finds a clubman type, the sort with the inscrutable little Oriental manservant, and says, 'Send for Pidgeon.' Somehow, I've come to suggest midnight rendezvous in bachelor apartments, with subdued lighting and a suave manner with a cigarette case. Which, you'll admit, is all wrong for a cautious, harmless vegetarian like myself. Yes, I've come to be a film fable."

I think the strangest thing about this actor is that he believes life moves in cycles.

"It moves in cycles," he says with finality, "and there's nothing on earth you can do about it. Too many people waste their time and their energy bucking a turn in their cycle. Those people go down to defeat. The thing to do is to ride the riptide. Relax. Tire out defeat. Wear it down, wait. But be ready for the next cycle. Be ready to recognize it and hop on when it swings by."

"I call all this my sundial theory. It's rather dull in the morning, the sunshine picks up by eleven o'clock, by two it's bright, then it fades. That's the way with cycles. They're as inevitable as time."

Right now Pidgeon is riding his third Hollywood cycle. Giving it a nice, rounded work-out, I might add. But he knows that somewhere in the distance he will have to get off and walk. He's preparing for that.

This summer Pidgeon is starting off with his wife on a motor trip. He will tour the West and the Middle West. He is going to pick a home for that future day when a cycle drops him by the wayside.

"I'll be set and ready," is the way he puts it. "I want a real home away from Hollywood. At a nice, safe distance from the studios. Once you've been in the movie maelstrom, you never could be happy on the edge of the firing line, watching the procession go by. I want to find a spot well away from Hollywood."

That haven, of course, will be, as he puts it, "when things go to pot."

Pidgeon has been married nine years. He wed Ruth Walker in 1931. There is a daughter, Edna, by a previous marriage.

To understand Pidgeon, if you can, you must know his career. He was born in St. John, New Brunswick, the same town in which Louis B. Mayer, the movie producer, saw the light of day some years before. Mayer and Pidgeon, by the way, are good friends and the producer has been a kindly adviser through the years.

Pidgeon's grandfather was a sea captain; his father, Caleb Pidgeon, owned a chain of merchandise stores in Canada.

Walter went to grade school and high school in St. John. His favorite boyhood memories are of sailing out into the Bay of Fundy and listening to old salts spin tall tales. Pidgeon still loves fishing.

Once he was taken on a hunting trip. Then it was that he shot his first buck moose. "A beautiful animal," he says. "I still remember how it staggered and fell. I've never shot an animal from that day to this."

Pidgeon went on to the University of New Brunswick, at Fredericton. There he excelled in college dramatics, was pretty good at soccer and hockey. He enlisted in the Canadian Army in 1917, served with the 65th Battery, Canadian Field Artillery, but never saw active service in France. After the armistice, he went to Boston, worked with a brokerage house for two years. But he was restless. He began studying acting at the Copley Dramatic School, got a job with the E. E. Clive stock company, Clive now does character roles in Hollywood.

Meanwhile his voice had developed and he managed to get a job with Elsie Janis. He appeared with her in American vaudeville and in a London revue. Then, in 1923, he came to Hollywood under contract. He did a few pictures, but soon he was back on Broadway. He didn't land. The end of a cycle.

[Continued on page 62]
When you imagine an adventurous midnight rendezvous in a bachelor's apartment, don't think of Walter Pidgeon!

By Frederick James Smith

His appearance and mannerisms have forced Walter Pidgeon to play a certain type of part — worldy-wise, man-about-town, boulevardier. "Not a bit like the real Pidgeon, I assure you," he maintains. "I'm a family man." Extreme left: He appears with Deanna Durbin in her latest offering, "It's A Date." Below: Showing a bit of amazement in the company of Kay Francis, who also is in the film "It's A Date."
THE IOWA GIRL FROM

When a Dubuque lassie can thoroughly fool the producers into believing she's London-born, she's got something and Margaret Lindsay most certainly has

IF YOU'RE not opposed to the movies and its people on constitutional grounds—if you follow their doings at all—then you may remember or find some interest in I'affaire Lindsay of some years ago.

It seems that Margaret Lindsay, a Mid-Western girl, found herself getting nowhere in the theatre fast. She knew that she could act, but she lacked the experience that everyone demanded. What was worse it looked as though there was little or no chance of getting any, for the simple reason that her accent was American, not English. And the English one, thank yooo, was all that the producers wanted that particular season.

She had painfully shaved the bumps from her Dubuque, Iowa, accent, but was still a long way from sounding like Lady Cholmondeley (pronounced “Cholmondeley”) and that was against rule 76 in the Producers' Handbook, which states definitely that only English accents, etc. Oh, you could get work in some theatres with a plain American twang—that is, if you didn't mind the odd hours that went with the cleanup women's jobs. So ...

"One night as I sat fuming against the Producers' Handbook and rule 76, a thought came to me," she said as we entered a very Swedish Swedish restaurant. "I borrowed a quarter from a non-actor

Margaret Lindsay's last name used to be Kies, but she changed it while acquiring her English accent. Left: With Nan Grey in a tense scene from “The House of Seven Gables.” Right: Margaret is athletic and plays an especially good game of table tennis for an amateur.
friend and wired home. The day after that, when funds arrived, I took the boat for England. That’s right, I was going to get what they wanted—an English accent!

"I chose Harrowgate as being most suitable for my research which I promptly started, with both ears wide open. I changed my name from Kies to Lindsay and, as time progressed and I acquired an accent, I let it be known that, given the proper inducement, I could be persuaded to accept an engagement in the American theatre." Miss Lindsay told me this over her shoulder, as she rounded the turn on the smorgasbord table and started down the home stretch.

An American producer finally nibbled and she arrived in this country—for the first time. The play that he was working on fell through and it was for this reason that she accepted a substitute offer, a part in the movie "Cavalcade," which was made up of an all-British cast.

Let’s peak at her background to better understand how she had the courage to do all of this. She was born in Dubuque, Iowa, September 19; no year given. Her sole reason for schools, from kindergarten to National Park Seminary, Washington, D. C., was to engage in whatever dramatic activities they afforded. She particularly enjoyed the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York, because they made no nonsense about cluttering up the curriculum with other subjects. The Academy people said Miss Lindsay was bound to succeed:

"Like fun," she said. The smorgasbord were finished and soup was on. "The New York producers wanted English actresses, not American ones. Speak with a Mayfair accent and you didn’t have to know the first thing about acting. I could act, really I could, but, before going to England, when I spoke, Dubuque, diluted with Washington and New York, came out. They laughed," she grinned, "when I sat down to read a part."

Here there was an understandable delay while Miss Lindsay started at a gigantic mutton chop, a baked potato and a smattering of green peas. She also said hello to Ivan Lebedeff, the movie actor, calling him "Ee-va-m." "So you see I had to get what they wanted. And I went alone to England so I could concentrate on the matter at hand. I lived at small hotels mostly, because there I..." (Continued on page 64)

Margaret as Hepzibah in "The House of Seven Gables," gives a flawless performance. Below: A tender moment with Vincent Price in the same picture. A few necessary changes were made in filming this famous classic.
As co-star with Bette Davis in "All This And Heaven, Too," the suave Frenchman enjoyed one of his happiest assignments. Contrary to unfounded rumors of ill will between them, each had tremendous admiration for the other's artistry.
Martha is new to Hollywood, but was chosen for the starring role of Emily in Thornton Wilder's "Our Town." Although she had played the role in the stage version, it was thought one of the better known screen actresses would be selected.
Three years ago, Bob and Vivien appeared together in "A Yank at Oxford." Now they are together again in "Waterloo Bridge," romance of a little ballet dancer and young British officer who woos and wins her during a twenty-four-hour war in...
Fredric March returns to the screen opposite Joan Crawford in "Susan and God." He plays the role of her husband. Joan, as an, is self-centered and frivolous and opts religion as a fad only to discover she wants to accept it in all seriousness.
When a famous columnist brings screen stars in person to your local theatre he encounters headaches galore which he here-with frankly describes.

Accompanying Ed Sullivan on his tour of the country are above: Universal's Helen Parrish; center: horror-man Bela Lugosi; upper right: free-lance comedian Arthur Treacher; right: 20th Century-Fox's Marjorie Weaver; below: M-G-M's "Babes in Arms" duet of Betty Jaynes and Douglas MacPhail, who are Mr. and Mrs. in private life. Vivian Fay and Peg Leg Bates, of vaudeville, are also featured in the troupe.
I'm writing this piece on a train going from Dayton, Ohio, to Pittsburgh, Pa., where early tomorrow morning, on the stage of the Stanley Theatre, I'll send a group of Hollywood "names" through a rehearsal of the vaudeville show we will present there. This will be Hollywood's third personal invasion of Pittsburgh within a few months. Louella Parsons and Jimmy Fidler both have preceded us with vaudeville units composed of movie performers, because this will go down in movie-vaudeville history as the year in which Hollywood, after insisting for too long a time that it wanted to get back on the stage, actually did just that. Every time you turned your head, it seemed that another columnist was escorting a troupe of movie performers into the five-a-day circuits. On top of that, groups of Hollywood performers banded together without columnists at the helm and engaged in their own cross-country hops.

With me in this particular troupe are Universal's Helen Parrish; 20th Century-Fox's Marjorie Weaver; free-lance comedian Arthur Treacher; horror-man Bela Lugosi and the M-G-M's "Babes in Arms" duet of Douglas MacPhail and Betty Jaynes. From vaudeville, for good measure, I recruited Peg-Leg Bates, an amazing southern Negro boy who dances better on one leg than most dancing stars ever dance on both legs, and Vivian Fay, the toedancer you saw in "A Day at the Races" and "The Great Waltz."

The reason I have outlined the entire company for you is to give you a complete picture of the problems that must be encountered when such a Hollywood company is organized for a six-week invasion of the vaudeville stages of the country. The signing of each one of these players presented a problem that was completely individual, and the solution of each problem resulted in a volume of red tape that is staggering in retrospect. Because Louella Parsons and Jimmy Fidler must have encountered these same difficulties, I think that an exposition of them will be of interest to you movie fans, because this is a phase of Hollywood with which you are not familiar, although it concerns you in your theatres.

Here is what actually happens when Hollywood tries to go to the rescue of vaudeville.

My idea was to assemble a show that the bigger presentation houses could buy for $7,500 a week. For that sum of money, I wanted to offer the theatres performers from the movies who had definite box-office names. Yet obviously within the framework of a $7,500 weekly budget, it would be impossible to sign a Marlene Dietrich, who would want not less than $6,000 a week, or even a Lupe Velez who would want $2,500 a week. Railroad transportation from the West Coast and back would average about $300 a week on a four-week jaunt. There were other expenses that had to be provided for out of that $7,500, plus performers' salaries.

Having played quite a lot of vaudeville, I wanted above all things movie performers who actually could DO SOMETHING on a stage. I didn't propose to throw them all into a series of dramatic sketches and let the devil take the hindmost. I wanted youth and charm, I wanted comedy, I wanted novelty. Bela Lugosi certainly offered novelty; Lugosi working with Arthur [Continued on page 67]
WE POINT WITH PRIDE

TO

ALICE FAYE

WITH the release of "Lillian Russell," Alice Faye adds still another triumph to her growing list of screen achievements. In 1934, when she first came to Hollywood, it was simply as a protege of Rudy Vallee, who sung quite well before a band and was a pretty fair dancer. But after her first picture, "George White's Scandals," Alice was determined that she would rather be known as an actress, than as a singer or dancer. It took time and study, but with the help and confidence of Darryl Zanuck, Alice eventually realized her desire in 1938 and amazed the critics with her dramatic performance in "In Old Chicago." As "Lillian Russell," Alice Faye further proves she is now one of the screen's foremost and loveliest actresses.
Maureen follows her colorful performing in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," with a brilliant portrayal as the daughter in "A Bill of Divorcement." Her natural beauty and whimsical charms are even more in evidence off the screen than in her films.
IT WAS moonlight and the air was filled with the fragrance of flowers as a lone little figure, in a white party dress with a gardenia in her thick brown curls, trudged down a winding road in Brentwood, California. Unobserved, she had slipped out a side door of the big white house on the hill, where lights and music told plainly that a party was in progress.

At the fork of the road, the child, for she was discernibly a plump adolescent of teen-age, stopped and waited.

Suddenly, a sedan drove up. The car door opened and she flung herself in, heedless of the fragile ruffles on the dainty frock. Simultaneously, she broke into sobs.

"Why Judy Garland," said her mother, turning off the ignition switch, "what ever has happened? Why did you telephone me to come and get you? Why didn't you stay at the party?"

"I couldn't bear it, mother, they laughed at me! Some of the girls stood in a corner and whispered and poked fun at me," Judy sobbed in her mother's arms. "I heard one of Deanna Durbin's friends say, 'She'll never be an actress. She just thinks she can sing. She's too fat. Imagine her being a movie star!' Then they all laughed."

And then came afresh the release of pent up emotions and disappointment and child heart-break.

A few seconds later the tears suddenly stopped. "I should have slapped their faces," exploded Judy, her quivering chin now rigid with indignation and determination. "But I'll show them. I WILL be somebody in pictures. I WILL."

And she is.

"I was pretty mad," Judy remembers. "But I really owe some of my spunk to those 'catty' girls!"

"When I was making a personal appearance in New York, a boy sent a note back stage to me. It said that I was a hypocrite singing that I loved New York and was happy. You just live a glamorous life in Hollywood and don't know what real honest clean fun is! And you don't look so hot up there with your petticoat showing a couple of inches—and you on the stage! Yah!—he wrote.

"My temper didn't rise a bit at the note. I felt sorry that anyone should be so bitter about anyone else. I had the usher bring him back stage and we talked. I told him that I wasn't a hypocrite—and he said well he thought all people who had lots of money were two-faced!"

"He'd just been released from a reform school—and didn't seem to like anyone or anything. I told him I had lots of fun. That I lived with my mother and sister and went with boys and girls my own age, and swam and played badminton, went to movies and did most anything any boy or girl does.

"Too, I explained that my petticoat was not showing, that my dress was made with a bottom ruffle. Well, he seemed really sorry for being so unkind. Said if he'd thought more, he wouldn't have sent such a note. The next day he sent a letter of apology. I believe he always will feel friendly towards me. Probably, if I had stopped and spoken to those girls at Deanna's party they might have become friends, too. I've thought about it a lot. I know now that the way to deal with people, who want to be unkind to you, is to be so nice, they'll like you in spite of themselves."

Strangely, Judy lives in a new white house on a winding road near the very hilltop house where jealousy first reared its ugly head and two thoughtless girls squelched her adolescent pride, but fired her determination.

"This is my very own house," Judy said, proudly showing me through the spacious rooms and out onto the patio where we glimpsed the badminton court and the new swimming pool. A huge St. Bernard dog rounded the corner and all but knocked Judy over in his attempt to bestow (Continued on page 73)
WHO BECAME A SWAN

By
Mary Jane
Manners

It seems only yesterday when Judy Garland left a party in tears because friends of Deanna Durbin poked fun and laughed at her and said “Imagine her being a movie star!”

Judy Garland has much to shout and sing about because if she’d believed, instead of disproving, what some catty girls had to say about her, she now would not be enjoying fame and its luxuries.

Mickey Rooney places a congratulatory kiss on Judy Garland’s lips at the recent Academy Awards gala dinner.
In reviewing the men in her pictures, Ann Sheridan reveals the amusing time she had in getting her first screen kiss from shy Fred MacMurray.

By
Gladys Hall

Left: Ann Sheridan, whose latest film is "Torrid Zone," says, "the only leading man I ever went out with was Randy Scott and it wasn't a romance, but just for fun." Below: With serious-minded Jeffrey Lynn in "It All Came True," she'd pretend to faint dead away whenever he'd take her in his arms for a scene.
"My memories of my leading men," said Annie, comfortably, "all bless, not burn, I'm happy to say. Though where I get off at calling them my leading men, when I was practically the Invisible Woman on the screen until I made 'Letter of Introduction,' I wouldn't know. "Seems funny for a big, strong girl like me to say that all my memories of 'my men' (credit line to Fannie Brice) are grateful ones, but it's the truth. I was helpless and they helped me. I was weak and they made me strong, well, stronger, then. It's been like that all along."

"No, they didn't make love to me, not any one of 'em. I haven't a single romantic bead on my Rosary of Remembrance, not one. The only one I ever went out with was Randy Scott. And that wasn't romance, just fun. We'd go down to Cary Grant's, mostly, and play cards and kid around. Most of the others were, and are, married. I was married—for a time. The others, like Dick Foran and Richard Carlson and Fred MacMurray were courtin' when they worked with me. So, they didn't go for me. But they helped me, they all helped me. They all guided and supported my tottering Texan footsteps, until I can now walk on a set and face a camera without playing peek-a-boo with the thing.

"Each one of the boys, from Randy to the present set-up of Cagney & O'Brien on the set of 'Torrid Zone,' have rid me of one little neurosis after another. I may not look it, act it or talk it," said Ann, "but I was all riddled with inferiorities and inhibitions and self-doubts when I first came to Hollywood. I am, now, a Free Soul. Well, practically free. And they've made me what I am today, the men I've worked with. That's what I mean when I say that my memories of them are all grateful ones."

"My first really sizeable lead was with Randy Scott. It was a Western, called 'Mountain Mystery' or something like that. I all but foamed at the mouth, I was so scared. Not of the horses, nor the cacti and things like...

[Continued on page 51]
Imposing on the Stars

Taking unfair advantage of the good nature of screen celebrities is a serious menace as you can see by these unheard of incidents

By Ronald Bryant

When an owner knew Joan Crawford wanted to buy his property, he raised the price unreasonably. Right: Priscilla Lane had her slipper stolen in a theatre by the woman sitting right next to her.
UR scene is the drawing-room occupied by Bing Crosby and his beauteous missus, Dixie Lee, on the Super-Chief, westward-bound from Chicago to Hollywood. The time is the noon hour, and the couple is hungrily awaiting the arrival of their already-ordered luncheon.

Without warning, the door swings open. Ah, lunch! But no.

No smiling ebony waiter, bearing his tray of steaming viands. Instead . . . in pop two goggly-eyed maids, fluttering and gurgling with suppressed excitement. One plunks down beside the astonishing Bing, the other in the seat opposite, totally ignoring the just-as-startled Dixie.

"Oh, Mr. Crosby," they gasp, as one, "we want to hear you croon."

"And," explained Dixie, in describing the experience, later, "they wouldn't leave until poor Bing had given them a couple of songs and signed his name to both their autograph books. Even then, they had to be almost pushed out of the compartment."

Nothing out of the ordinary, that incident. The stars are subjected to such treatment daily. Where you or I could, and probably would, have tossed those gals out on their ears for intruding on our privacy and flatly refusing to leave until their demands had been complied with, Bing and his wife had to take it with a grin, and keep smiling.

All too often are the stars and famous ones of Hollywood taken advantage of, in one way or another. Sometimes, like the above incident, it's only [Continued on page 74]
PICTORIAL PROFILE OF Rita Hayworth

Looking her loveliest in her new Catalina swim suit, Rita Hayworth is Columbia's most beautiful and talented starlet.

She loves to shop and has a keen instinct for bargains. Cooks, too.
Rita does a whirl on the sidewalk in front of her home to show she is still a good dancer. She is a member of the famous Cansino dancing family. She used to dance in an Agua Caliente night club until a talent scout signed her. No girl in Hollywood has a shapelier pair of legs. She is completely unaffected by success.

Above: Although rated as Hollywood's newest glamour girl, Rita still retains her high-school girl simplicity. Right: The model railroad craze has hit her; one entire room in her Westwood home is devoted to the trains. Her favorite sport is swimming.

Gene Lester Photos

Above: She still has her childhood love of dolls. She has a huge collection and one of her hobbies is making clothes for them. Below: With Duke, her Doberman-Pinscher. He sleeps at the foot of her twelve-foot satin upholstered bed. Rita is married to Edward Judson, a well-to-do oil man. They live a quiet life and seldom go to night clubs, being early birds.
THE GIRL WHO

When unladylike Frankie, a beauty contest winner, married a wealthy lad after a whirlwind evening and his parents broke it up, she hit upon a great idea.

By Elizabeth Benneche Peterson

IT SEEMED strange to be getting out the old jalopy and driving down to Hollywood on an afternoon in the middle of the week. Just like old times I thought as I drove into Sunset Boulevard and got tangled in the traffic jam. For a moment, I felt I’d turned the calendar back a year and was my old going-on-an-interview self.

The latest member of the family sat on the seat beside me, poking his nose against my arm and not helping my driving too much. Maybe I’d better introduce you. His name is Mr. Jones and he’s got the softest, most melting brown eyes in the world and he started out to be a spaniel, but changed his mind and became a setter instead with just a dash of dachshund thrown in to make him interesting. "A Bullfoundland poodle," the man I married calls him, but that’s a libel. I’m sure he hasn’t the tiniest speck of poodle. But of course I couldn’t swear to that.

For the only thing we know about Mr. Jones’ beginnings is that they must have been pretty meagre judging by the way his ribs stuck out that day he wandered into our garden. The only sign of plenty he had were the fleas chasing each other.

"I don't know how he feels about me now, but he loved me last night. He was so sweet and so gentle."
across his nose. We told each other we were only going to give him a bang-up meal and send him on his way, but I'm afraid Mr. Jones has a way with him. He stayed. Not only that, he's practically the boss of the whole outfit now.

It was Mr. Jones who was sending me chasing into Hollywood that afternoon, leaving behind a couple of bushels of plums all ready for canning. You see he was joining Bette Davis' Tailwaggers and initiations in a doggy outfit like that can't wait for mere household details.

The meeting had started by the time we got there and Bette Davis was talking. If all her fans could hear her I don't think there'd be a homeless mutt left in the country. She drags out my hankie even quicker when she's talking about dogs than she does when she's giving one of those Academy Award performances of hers. And that's going some.

Not wanting to disturb her, I tiptoed to a seat in the back and it wasn't until I sat down that I recognized the woman next to me. She was wearing the kind of tweeds you know are imported even before you see the label and a casual little hat that couldn't conceal the money that had been spent [Continued on page 69]
Spanish is precisely the word for this ruffled evening gown of fuchsia and white print cotton worn by Anna Neagle, RKO-Radio star. Ribbon bows, caught in the Spanish skirt, are forget-me-not blue to match the knot of flowers in her blonde hair. It is an Edward Stevenson creation.

Anna's suspender frock is a copy of a middle-European peasant dress. Circular skirt is ink-blue poplin, trimmed with a narrow band embroidered with hearts and flowers. Suspenders are embroidered to match. White cotton lace edges the petticoat, the neck and sleeves of Anna's white batiste blouse.
Anna Neagle, the English beauty, brings a gay and colorful wardrobe with her as she vacations after completing her starring role in “Irene.”

For leisure hours Anna prefers her sun-yellow lounging jammies. The novel fabric is woven in such a manner that it appears unusually checked. The trousers are shirred in center front for fullness. Around her neck she wears a string ofoby ducks made of bright pillow pottery. Anna Neagle has been chosen as the best dressed International film star of the annual poll of the fashion academy, New York.

Here is a patio dinner dress. It’s a formal frock, but made of ordinary unbleached muslin, the wide skirt hand-locked in shamrock green. The halter bodice is green to match. The necklace and bracelet are tiny corks—a tiny bit of midsummer madness—painted in pastel greens and gold. Quite inexpensive!
This frosty white gown, another creation by Edward Stevenson, has a bouffant skirt which is an "apron" of silver lace tied on over skirt upon skirt of filmy white tulle. Both "apron" and strapless basque bodice are edged with ruffles of silver lace. It puts one in the mood for moonlight and romance.
A unique ensemble with a skirt of ordinary unbleached muslin, decorated with purple octopi, sea horses, and other denizens of the deep. The halter bodice, also muslin, is matching purple. Cummerbund is fuchsia. Necklace and bracelet are buttons of purple, fuchsia and natural wood strung on elastic bands. Especially ideal to pull over a swim suit.
"Virginia City"

Takes Virginia City!

It cost Warner Brothers $25,000 to throw the rip-roaring premiere of "Virginia City," right in the Nevada town of the same name. Above: Ken Murray, master of ceremonies of the trip, and Rosemary Lane on the platform of the special 18 car train as it left Burbank. Right: Whooping it en route are Jack Krindler, Leo Carrillo, Gilbert Roland and charming Patricia Ellis.

Above: Train made a two-hour stopover at Norden, California, prompting a snow fight with Errol Flynn losing to Frances Robinson and Mary Astor. Left: Ronald Reagan, Jane Wyman, Mary Astor, Ken Murray and Bill Boyd at ball in honor of premiere.

Upper left: Weary Carole Parker gets some shuteye on Jeffrey Lynn’s shoulder. Left: Humphrey Bogart, Bruce Cabot and Mayo Methot in front of Piper’s Opera House, Virginia City. Right: Wayne Morris and wife blow smoke rings at the gay, premiere ball.
“Men I Can’t Forget”
[Continued from page 39]

that. A gun-totin’ Texas gal, nothing like that fazes me. I was just scared of making a picture and may I be boiled in oil if I ever forget what I owe Randy, who took the worst curse off picture making for me.

“I started to work in that hoss opera and I was so scared my lines didn’t make sense. The director had to ask me whether I was speaking English or pig-Latin. My hands shook so I got my lipstick where my eyebrows were supposed to be and my eyebrows down where my lips belong. Randy got a laugh out of me by asking, politely, whether he’d made a mistake and this was a circus picture and I was the bearded lady! He took me in hand, Randy did. Very gentle hands they are, too, firm but gentle. He used the old every-day-in-every-way-I’m-getting-better-and-better method. He kept repeating ‘what’s the use of being nervous?’ Five minutes later he’d say it again. The light broke and my answer was, yeah, what is the use? He sort of took it all apart for me and put it together again. He was just like a parent who takes a neurotic child into a dark room and shows her that the bed is not a dragon, but just a bed, the shadows just shadows and not the ghosts of her ancestors. He’d tell me Success Stories, even going back to the days of Mary Pickford. He spent hours, while we sat around between takes, talking about my good points, the qualities he saw in me which would make for success. He saw right off that the most necessary thing in this world to me, is laughter. And he made it his business to hand me a laugh a minute.

“He sensed right off that any man to have, dare I say ‘oomph’ for Annie, has GOT to have a sense of humor. For my book, a man can look like the Hunchback of Notre Dame or like Charles Boyer, he can be a mouse and not a man, but if he’s got a lot of gags the glamour can go by and he’ll still weigh in heavily on the Sheridan scales.

“My philosophy of life is: what’s the use of living if you can’t have fun? Life’s short enough, as it is. You gotta laugh now and then. To take life easy is my idea of life. Laughter and relaxing, what more do you want? Well, what I’m getting at is, Randy sensed these needs in me, has a share of them himself and so, we’re matched.” My memory of Randy is one big chunk of gratitude for making me realize that I can laugh as I work, relax as I work. He was the first to make me realize that, even in my work, I can be—myself.

“My memory of Fred MacMurray is a memory of—my First Kiss! My first认真学习, of course, don’t be silly. And (menu to Fred) What a kiss!!!

“Fred, I must tell you, helped me, too. He helped me by making it necessary for me to help him. It was like this: Fred had just made ‘The Gilded Lily,’ with Claudette Colbert, when they teamed us in that little number, ‘Car 99.’ I was destined to be bounced right out of the ‘car,’ and off the set and gone. But I didn’t know that, then, Fred, on the other hand, didn’t know that the yet unreleased ‘Gilded Lily’ was about to start him to stardom. I was on my way Out. He was on his way Up. But we didn’t know it and so were pretty even—Stephen. We were both at the Bottom, Beginning in Bs… we thought. And both as nervous as ticks.

“Well, come the love scenes and that guy was so shy he let me go like a hot rock. We had to take our love scenes over and over and over until Fred’s paralysis sort of loosened up through sheer exhaustion. I was equally nervous, because I’d

[Continued on page 58]


REBECCA
ONE OF THE FINEST—SELZNICK-INTERNATIONAL

HERE is one of the finest pictures of the year. Directed by the famous British director, Alfred Hitchcock, and adapted from Daphne du Maurier’s sensationaly popular novel, the film is actually even better than the book. Joan Fontaine gets her first chance at stardom in this picture, and as the second Mrs. Maxim de Winter gives a performance that will have you applauding with admiration. Laurence Olivier matches his superb portrayal of Heathcliff, and as the master of Manderley, tortured by the memory of his first wife, Rebecca, he does himself proud. If you do not know the story of “Rebecca,” if you do not know about the terribly oppressive and memory-laden atmosphere of Manderley, if you do not know the secret of Rebecca’s death, the more fun for you in seeing the picture—and we won’t divulge it here. Judith Anderson, borrowed from the New York stage, is so wonderful as Mrs. Danvers, the psychopathic housekeeper, that she makes your flesh crawl. In the excellent cast are Reginald Denny, George Sanders, Nigel Bruce, C. Aubrey Smith, and Gladys Cooper. Florence Bates as the snobbish Mrs. Van Hopper got a big hand at the preview. Being a Selznick picture it is definitely a “class” production. Don’t miss it.

TOO MANY HUSBANDS
DELIGHTFULLY SCREWBALLISH—COLUMBIA

DIRECTOR Wesley Ruggles and Writer Claude Binyon have gotten together this time on an “Enoch Arden” situation. It’s pure screwball nonsense from beginning to end, but if you’re in the mood for foolishness (and there have been too many pictures with serious messages lately) you’ll get a big laugh out of it. Jean Arthur, in a regular glamour girl wardrobe, first marries Fred MacMurray, but when he is drowned at sea, supposedly, she marries his best friend and business partner, Melvyn Douglas. They have been six months wed, or at least they thought they were, when Fred returns from his drowning to claim his charming wife. Jean is very pleased to have two men fighting over her, and keeps both husbands in tow the greater part of the picture. Finally, the Law steps in. Minor supporting roles are well played by Harry Davenport, Melville Cooper, and Dorothy Peterson, who does a little scene stealing right from under Miss Arthur’s nose. There’s a dance turn called “The Tyrolka” which you will find most amusing.

STRANGE CARGO
GRIM BUT GOOD—M-G-M

JOAN CRAWFORD and Clark Gable are teamed again in this grim sordid story of escape from a penal colony. Joan plays Julie, a cabaret entertainer, who has been every place and done everything, and who is being driven from the island by the authorities. She joins up with Gable and five other desperate ruthless men who are seeking their way to freedom on the mainland through the horrible perils of the jungles, murderous Indians, and a becalmed sea. With them is a seventh man, named Cambreau, in the guise of a convict, a strange, gentle, mystical man, who knows what is going to happen to every one of them before it happens. Before each convict dies he has done something good for the others, and

Top left: Fred MacMurray, Jean Arthur and Melvyn Douglas in “Too Many Husbands,” Left center: Sisister Peter Lorre and Bashy Jean Crawford in “Strange Cargo.” Left: Mirlan Hopkins is quite amazing with her Can-Can dance in “Virginia City,” in which she is co-starred with Errol Flynn. Below: Deanna Durbin dancing with Walter Pidgeon in “It’s A Date,” her seventh consecutive smash hit. Kay Francis is also in this not-to-be missed Pasternak production.
regenerated himself. Finally, only Joan and Gable, Paul Lukas and, of course, Cambréau, survive to reach the mainland.

In the part of Julie, Joan Crawford gives a beautifully dramatic performance. The escaping convicts are Albert Dekker, J. Edward Bromberg, John Arledge, and Eduardo Ciannelli. Ian Hunter is excellent as the Christlike Cambréau.

**VIRGINIA CITY**

*Super-Western—Warner Brothers*

*Here's* a super-western outdoor picture which will remind you, and happily too, of "Dodge City" and "The Plainsman." It's noisy, thrilling, and dramatic, with a goodly bit of comedy thrown in. Starring Errol Flynn, Miriam Hopkins and Randolph Scott, the picture tells the incident in history of the attempt to send five million dollars in Virginia City gold to the aid of the Confederate Army in the Civil War. The dashing Mr. Flynn plays the Union intelligence officer whose duty it is to thwart the gold shipment. Miriam plays a Southern sympathizer, who dances the Can-Can in the famous Crystal Bar, falls in love with Flynn, and later betrays him. Randy is the young Confederate officer who comes to Virginia City to arrange the shipment. Humphrey Bogart is cast as a desperado who also has his eye on the gold. There's plenty of action, and plenty of shooting.

**THE PRIMROSE PATH**

*Magnificent Performing by Ginger Rogers—RKO*

Although it is adapted from Victoria Lincoln's best seller of several years ago, "February Hill," Gregory La Cava, producer and director, has brought forth a photoplay that is indeed different from the original. What with morality regulations, and censors swarming all over the place, it would have to be. Ginger Rogers plays Ellie May Adams, who lives in the disreputable district of a certain town. Her upbringings have been something scandalous, what with that mother and grandmother of hers, but she is naturally a good girl, and when she falls in love with an honest man she marries him. When her nice young man, played by Joel McCrea, finds out about her family he isn't exactly pleased. Trouble follows. But the end of the film finds Ellie May pulling herself, and her whole family, up out of degradation. It is definitely a picture that is "different." Ginger gives a dramatic performance that is little short of magnificent. Marjorie Rambeau and Queenie Vassar are both brilliant as the mother and grandmother. Henry Travers, Miles Mander, Vivienne Osborne and tiny Joan Carroll stand out in a perfect cast.

**MY SON, MY SON!**

*The Dawn of a New Day—Edward Small*

This is the adaptation of Howard Spring's best selling novel, and although some liberties have been taken with the book, it has been made into a thoroughly interesting and entertaining picture. Brian Aherne plays the father whose whole life is his son, and Josephine Hutchinson plays the mother who realizes only too well her boy's weaknesses. Louis Hayward plays the despicable son who

[Continued on page 78]
The most fun I've seen on a set in many a day is on the stage where "My Favorite Wife" is shooting. This stars Cary Grant and Irene Dunne, with Randolph Scott and Gail Patrick prominently in the cast.

Irene and Cary were married, but seven years ago she went junketing off to the South Seas as the photographic expert on a scientific expedition. The expedition was shipwrecked and survivors said she was swept away. So Cary has her declared legally dead in order that he may wed Gail Patrick. No sooner does the judge perform the ceremony and they start up to Yosemite on their honeymoon than Irene turns up in the company of Randolph Scott (who was also a member of the expedition and also a survivor on a desert isle with Renee). Irene wants Cary to tell Gail he's already married and Cary wants to—but somehow he just can't screw his nerve up to that point. When all other measures fail, Irene has him arrested as a bigamist and that's where I come in (but there are many hilarious situations between her return and his appearance in court, let me tell you).

In court, when Gail finds out he's already married she hauls off and bops him in the nose, actually drawing blood. "I won't have violence in my court!" screams Granville Bates, the judge.

"Twenty-five dollars," Gail agrees, throwing some bills on his desk, "and it was worth it!" She turns to Cary, "And as far as I'm concerned, you're legally dead." She turns and exits just as Irene

| Gail Patrick, Cary Grant, Irene Dunne, Randolph Scott and Granville Bates as you see them in the hilarious "My Favorite Wife." |
An exciting scene from "The Sea Hawk," starring Errol Flynn, which Dick Mook describes for you. The players, left to right, Alan Hale, Claude Rains, Brenda Marshall, Una O'Connor and Errol, who serves his Queen as a pirate.

and Randy come out of an ante-room. "Well, Ellen," Randy beams, "see you at the boat at nine o'clock."

"Quiet!" roars Judge Bates. "What boat?"

"You see, Your Honor," Randy explains, leaving Irene and stepping up to the judge, "We're not interested in man-made laws. There's a law of the jungle. When a man finds his mate he doesn't have to— to—" he turns to Cary and eyes him scornfully, "think it out." Then he turns back to Irene, "Goodbye, Eve."

"Just a moment," His Honor sputters. "It's all right with me if you bring the kiddies," Randy whispers to Irene as he leaves.

"In all my experience on the bench—" Mr. Bates fusses. "I'll study this brief (indicating Irene's complaint against Cary) and I will then render a decision."

"Yes, Your Honor," Cary agrees, holding a handkerchief to his bleeding nose. "Quiet!" squawks the judge.

"I don't care what his decision is," Irene whispers, "I'm getting a divorce."

"Quiet!" yells the judge. "What's the matter with your nose?" Irene asks Cary, paying no attention to the Court.

"Nothing!" snaps Cary, impatiently jerking the handkerchief away so she can see it's bleeding. "If you think I'm going to let you take the kids to some fever-ridden pest-hole with that idiot—"

"Here!" Irene orders, taking his handkerchief from his breast pocket and pouring some water from the judge's pitcher on it. "Hold your head way back. What's your offer?"

"Well," Cary temporizes, "I thought you might go up to the mountain house with the kids for awhile until the gossip dies down and I thought I'd go off on one of those sixty-day cruises and think this out calmly—rationally."

"Well, I'll think it over, too—calmly—rationally," Irene snaps, "and it won't take me sixty days. I can do it in sixty minutes!"


Cary does so and his head hits the [Continued on page 80]

Frank Morgan, as the professor in "The Mortal Storm," is being applauded by his students, foremost among them being Jimmy Stewart and Robert Young. Margaret Sullavan also is in this important film.

for June 1940
Jones Health Restaurant in Beverly Hills or the Saks-Fifth Avenue shop in Beverly Hills.

The most photographed couple at the Screen Actors Guild Ball was Olivia de Havilland and Jimmy Stewart. They are so congenial and make such an attractive couple that it is a pity they don't get married. Can't you do something about it, Jimmy? Or you, Olivia? It's Leap Year, you know.

Robert Taylor, who made his debut as a sports promoter last year when he became a stockholder in the Hollywood Stars Baseball Club, will retain his directorate this year. Bob will have the most unusual vacation of any star in Hollywood this summer, with arrangements completed for him to make a road trip through the Pacific Northwest with the Hollywood Baseball Club. While Bob is touring with the balls and bats his little bride will be working on the new Frank Capra picture, opposite Gary Cooper.

The fad for Confucius sayings made a deep impression on Dorothy Lamour when she received a cable from the Chinese-American Boys Club in Honolulu. The cable read, "Not pattern outside makes strong beautiful; depends on girl inside."

Paramount starlets Betty McLaughlin, Wanda McKay, Dorothy Dayton and Kay Stewart having a splashing good time of it in their B.V.D. swim suits at the Paramount pool.

When speaking of his wife to casual acquaintances, Bob Taylor always refers to her as "Miss Stanwyck," never "Mrs. Taylor." If you call her on the phone and Bob answers, he'll say, "Just a minute please, I'll call Miss Stanwyck." It's his own idea, not Barbara's, because he's so terribly proud of her. He thinks she's the greatest living actress. And he might not be far wrong.

As a surprise for his wife, Ida Lupino, Louis Hayward went down to Laguna Beach and leased a house for the entire summer without letting her see it first. Ida was surprised all right—because the place is on a bluff overlooking the ocean, with 277 steps down to the beach. As if that weren't bad enough, Ida also has hyp-

Above: Sweethearts Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh at the Academy Award dinner where Vivien won an "Oscar" for the best performance by an actress during 1939.

Extreme left: Walter Pidgeon waves a greeting from across the room at Ciro's. Left: As expected, Jimmy Stewart escorted Olivia de Havilland to the "Gambol of the Stars," recently held at the Coconut Grove.
sophobia—a fear of high places—and can't bear to go down those steps.

"The only way she can get down at all," says Louis, "is to take five steps at a time and then wait until she gets accustomed to that level, which would take about three weeks to reach the beach. Or else, she can always go around—it's only three miles."

That was a hot one four-year-old Guy Kibbee, Jr., pulled on his Dad the other evening about bedtime. Guy was going to great lengths trying to amuse the lad, who only yawned wider and wider as Guy went through his routine of funny faces and wild animal noises. Finally, Mrs. Kibbee remarked, "Well, if you're that sleepy. I think you had better quit playing and go to bed."

"But Mamma," Junior explained wearily, "I'm not sleepy tired—I'm just tired of Daddy trying to be funny."

When an autograph-hound gets an autograph from Dolores Del Rio, he's really got something—she writes the largest signature of any star in Hollywood.

Jackie Cooper's latest girl friend basks in the warm glow of his mother's approval. Mrs. Bigelow, Jackie's mother, motored all the way down to Palm Springs on a recent week-end to bring cute little Jimmie Rogers back to Hollywood so Jackie could introduce her to his gang.

Otto Kruger takes no chances that his friends won't believe he actually caught the enormous fish he tells about. After each of his fishing trips he has himself photographed with the "catch" and then swears in front of a notary public "So help me, I did catch 'em myself." Not even skeptical Hollywood can disbelieve a notary's stamp. 

(Continued on page 79)
Men I Can't Forget

[Continued from page 51]

never been kissed by a man on the screen before. And if you don't think your first public kiss, right out there under the lights, under the stare of the director, crew and all make you shrivel up, you're not the shrinking violet I used to be! At that, it was worse on Fred, because he had to hold me up—when he didn't drop me.

"At that time, too, Fred was courting Lilian Lamont, now Mrs. Fred. And maybe his mind wasn't on his work. Or maybe he thought Lilian might mind his work, I don't know. Anyway, my memories of Fred center chiefly around the way we wrestled with our close-ups, trying to make them look like practiced and passionate kisses and not woodpeckers pecking away at the old elm and missing the mark, at that. Not long ago, Fred and I were laughing over old 'Car 99' and he said, 'Well, I had the distinction of doing the first pre-oohmph love scene with you, anyway.' Just shows how men can fool themselves, from time to time. He called them 'love-scenes.'"

Pat O'Brien... And now, there's someone not only his mother, but every woman with a heart in her could love! He's so darned sweet, so considerate of everyone, so understanding, so crayload-on-shoulder-able. Even when I started to work with Pat, 'The Great O'Malley,' and he said he 'told me how the picture was made, I still didn't have too much self-confidence. I'll never have too much, I'm afraid. There's a sort of crawling fear I get, like termites undermining my ego. The fear that—I will, that I am odorous at my job. No, the 'oohmph' stickler didn't help any. It made me more self-conscious, if anything. So that I crawled into rooms and sneaked onto sound stages.

"Well, anyway, I was making a scene with Pat one day and having jitters all over the place and O'Brien said to me, 'Take a deep breath,' and what picture I made with him, I still didn't have too much self-confidence. I'll never have too much, I'm afraid. There's a sort of crawling fear I get, like termites undermining my ego. The fear that—I will, that I am odorous at my job. No, the 'oohmph' stickler didn't help any. It made me more self-conscious, if anything. So that I crawled into rooms and sneaked onto sound stages.

"When I made 'Letter of Introduction,' Adolphe Menjou was the man and my chief, and I should say my first memory of him was a fear. I knew Adolphe well that that picture was my chance, both first and big, and if I was to go through it scared out of my wits by Menjou, all the work Doctors Scott, MacMurray, O'Brien and the others had done on me would be for nought. Menjou appeared to be so serious. He used to sit on the set and sort of confer with the director and all. He bowed to me, very formally, and I bowed back like I had a stiff neck. I'm no good at this formal stiff-neck business. I'd have been ready to send me to the cleaner's. When I first meet people I'm usually on guard. I always want to find out whether they like me or not. I'm always apprehensive that they won't, rather than confident that they will. So, Menjou terrified me. And first, one day, I did find that he speaks Spanish and he discovered that I speak Spanish. And I can remember, but no one would print them, some of the ribs we rubbed in our different kinds of Spanish! He got good and funny after that. He can do the circus Barker stuff fit to kill..."

"Adolphe has two qualities all women love, I think, fastidiousness and sophistication. Now, I'm considering being a fastidious jewel dealer and I don't pull my hair out over it. Or didn't, before I met Menjou. He makes a girl feel all ultra and beautifully gowned and furred and jeweled and Making the Grand Entrance and all that. He made me conscious that I was a being..."
Find your most Becoming Powder Shade now—and get it in my GRIT-FREE powder!

\{ GRIT IN YOUR FACE POWDER CAN GIVE YOUR SKIN A HARSH, "POWDERY" LOOK! \} says Lady Esther

The wrong shade of powder is a tragedy—but even the most becoming shade can raise the dickness with your appearance—if that powder contains grit! For powders containing grit can make you look older—even give your skin a harsh, "hard" look.

Does a higher price mean a better powder? Don’t be deceived! For even expensive powders often contain grit. Impartial laboratory tests showed many powders costing $1.00, $2.00, $3.00, and even more, contained up to 20.44% grit!

But there is no grit in Lady Esther Face Powder. Day or evening, when you wear it, no harsh, "powdery" look will spoil your loveliness. For my powder will flatter you through busy hours with never a trace of grit to ruin its smoothness...to spoil the perfect blending of your most becoming shade.

Find Your One Luckiest Shade—Here and Now

If you want to look your best at a party, a dinner, or a dance, you must have the right shade of face powder. Why guess, when you can be certain as to which is exactly the right shade for you, the becoming shade, the flattering shade?

Find out right now! Write me—and I will send you 10 glorious new shades of my grit-free face powder (including my Champagne Rachel). Try all my shades—you'll be amazed to see that my beiges, dark rachels, light rachels, rose tones and my natural are so much more flattering than the equivalent shades of other brands you may have tried.

From this complete range you will surely find the one shade that is made to order for you—the one shade that will make you look younger and lovelier! And because my powder is grit-free, it will never give you an ungroomed, "powdery" look! There is no finer, no higher quality powder in the world today—no lovelier shades. So mail the coupon now!

10 shades FREE!

(You can paste this on a postcard)

LADY ESTHER,
7162 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me [INSERT] FREE POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream. (Offer limited to one per family.)

NAME
ADDRESS

CITY
STATE

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.
On Tour with a Prima Donna

[Continued from page 22]

number three slipper. She's so delightfully human about it (show me someone who
doesn't get mad occasionally and I will
show you a moron) that I think we might
as well let her have her little kicks with
out accusing her of being a temperamentally
prima donna.

A goodly portion of the population of
Dallas was waiting at the station, even
at that ungodly hour, and there was quite
a ripple of excitement when Jeanette
stepped off the train, slim, beautiful,
swaying every inch the movie queen,
except for a small scuff on the toe of her
slipper. With her sparkling smile she im-
mediately won over the gaping fans who,
polite and worshipful, crowded around her
with their autograph books. And not a one
of those books did Jeanette miss. Even
when a chilling blast from the Texas
plains whipped her skirts about her, with
dire threats of pneumonia, or at least a
cold, the scourge of the prima donas.
Even when an official huskybody swooped
down on her and suggested that she sneak
out the back way where she had a car
waiting and avoid "all this bother," mean-
ing the eager fans. "They aren't any
bother," Jeanette hastily assured her. "If
they want to see me badly enough to get
up this early I certainly have no inten-
tion of running out on them."

No matter how large the crowds at the
station, and in El Paso and Shreveport
there were more than fifteen hundred,
Jeanette never has dodged them. Mingling
with the people holds no more terror for
her than it does for Queen Elizabeth, and
many a Hollywood star, screaming about
claustrophobia, though I won't name
names, could well afford to take lessons
in friendliness from her. I must say I was
awfully proud of Jeanette. Confucius say
fan writer—Oh, well.

After anything but a birdlike breakfast
(oatmeal, my dear, and with cream and
sugar) Jeanette received the Dallas press,
and college kids who were studying jour-
nalism, in a reception room at the Stone-
leigh Hotel. She does this in every town
she visits. Now I have attended these
horrible press conferences in my day and
always found them cold, constrained, and
awkward, with the Great One looking
bored as hell. But immediately Jeanette
stepped smartly into the room with her
personal abundance of what it takes to
put people at their ease I knew that this
press interview would be different. She
had the glamour all right, but it was quite
painless.

The two most frequent questions asked
Jeanette by the reporters in various cities
are, "What is your favorite picture?" and
"Why haven't you made a picture with
your husband, Gene Raymond?" Her
answer to the first is "Maytime" and to the
second she says, "My studio has an idea
that the public does not want to see hus-
band and wife in the leading roles of a
picture." She adds that she does not agree
with the studio.

I jotted down a few of the questions
asked her that day at the Stoneleigh:
"What is the color of your hair, Miss
MacDonald? In some Technicolor films
it's dark brown, in some it's yellow?"
Jeanette answered, "Carrot topped."
"Is it difficult to maintain a normal
home life in Hollywood?" Jeanette re-
plied, "I try to remember what home was
like before Hollywood, and try to keep
mine that way. I do all the ordering for
the house before I start for the studio.
I tell the cook what we want for dinner,
and Hollywood makes many demands."
"Does movie gossip worry you, Miss
MacDonald?" To which Jeanette replied
that it did not worry her, but it did annoy
her. She would like to shoot a few people
for movie gossip, but she wasn't the shoot-
ing kind.

"What is your advice, Miss MacDonald,
to the aspiring vocalist?" Jeanette an-
swered, "Given a voice, the boy or girl
who wants to become a successful singer
must study endlessly, practice endlessly,
and have a determination to succeed that
is not beyond sacrificing every other
thought and interest.

"What is your favorite color, Miss
MacDonald?" Jeanette, chic in black, said
"Green." She tactfully refused to name her favorite
actor. But there was no doubt that Gene Raymond was her favorite
actor.

Well, that gives you an idea....

That afternoon we took a taxi over to
the Fair Park Auditorium (which seats
4100 people) and I wondered how anyone
would have the nerve to sing in a big
hall like that! And wouldn't it be awful,
I thought, if people didn't come! But
that's one thing that neither Jeanette nor
her friends ever have to worry about.

Wherever she sings, the house is always
sold out. Jeanette ran through a few of
her songs (I can take the Jewel Song from
Faust now without a murderous glint in
my eye) with her accompanist, Giuseppe
Bamboschek, former musical secretary
and conductor at the Metropolitan Opera.

Dinner was to be served in the Mac-
Donald suite that evening at seven, and
I who had been out cocktail partying,
wouldn't you know, was twenty minutes
late. I didn't know that an early dinner
was of the Utmost Importance to Jeanette.
But I wasn't the least upset that I had
kept Mr. Raymond's bride waiting, so
Jeanette decided to take it out on the
chops. (Now you can't possibly kick a
chop.) "I think they are friend," she said
poking around, "and I just can't eat
anything fried."

"Jeanette," I said in that tone I use
on celebrities and small children, and
which will indubitably be the death of
me, "we are in the South. People in the
South are very sensitive about their
Southern Cooking, Southern Hospitality,
and 'Gone With the Wind.' I know be-
cause I am a Southerner myself. We don't
want you putting on any Yankee airs
around here. Eat your chop."

I mention this because it had a kick-
back the next morning. Jeanette likes to
go for a long walk in the morning of her
concert, so I made inquiries and learned
that the nicest place to walk in Dallas
(really a beautiful city) is from the Lee
Memorial, along Turtle Creek Road, to
the Dallas Country Club. We got in a
taxi at the hotel and I informed the
driver, "Drive us to the Lincoln Memo-

Lucille Ball and Director Ray McCarey beat out a bit of a conga between
scenes of "You Can't Fool Your Wife," in which Jimmy Ellison also appears.
NO MATTER HOW SLEEPY I AM AT BEDTIME I NEVER NEGLECT MY ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL

IT'S EASY TO WORK UP A RICH ACTIVE LATHER WITH LUX SOAP

Take the screen stars' tip. Try this ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL for 30 days

Cosmetic skin: unattractive little blemishes and enlarged pores—spoils good looks. So don't risk choked pores. Use cosmetics all you like, but take Ann Sheridan's tip. Remove dust, dirt and stale cosmetics thoroughly. Let ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS with Lux Toilet Soap protect the beauty of your skin—help keep it smooth, attractive.

YOU want skin that's lovely to look at, soft to touch. So let Hollywood's favorite soap help you keep it that way.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
“I’m a Harmless Vegetarian”  

(Continued from page 24)

In 1930 he returned to Hollywood, rode to success on the vogue of musicals. He sang in "Lady in Ermine," "Mlle. Modiste," "Viennese Nights," and other musical pictures. Then the bottom fell out of films with music. Thus the demise of another cycle.

Pidgeon says he knew he had finished a cycle when he went outside a theatre showing "The Bride of the Regiment." A large sign in front of the house announced Walter Pidgeon will sing only once in this picture.

"That," says he, and I don’t blame him, "brought me to a pause in my career. At first, I decided to keep on studying voice and wait for the inevitable return of musicals," is the way he explains it. "Then I took myself in hand. I realized I was typed. That this cycle in my life had ended. I gave up and retired to New York. I decided to really learn how to act."

Pidgeon appeared in a number of Broadway productions, in "No More Ladies," with Tallulah Bankhead in "Something Gay," in "The Night of January 16," and other plays. "Up to that cycle I had just staked through musical comedies, bursting into song when the conductor tapped his baton on the stand in front of him," says Pidgeon. "At the final curtain, I had taken the chief woman vocalist in my arms for the closing tableau and I had embraced her carefully so that my handsome Hussar uniform wouldn’t be mussed. Yes, I learned to act in that cycle. And it was an interesting training."

Came another call from Hollywood. That was 1935. Pidgeon came out, did extremely well in "The Girl as Marry me?" and was signed up by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He is still under contract to that studio.

You have watched Pidgeon in "Saratoga," with Clark Gable and the late Jean Harlow; in "Man of Property," with Myrna Loy and Franchot Tone; in "Girl of the Golden West," with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy; in "The Shopworn Angel," with Margaret Sullivan and James Stewart. Recently, he has been doing Nick Carter. "Detectives are ageless, he comments. "Always remain updated. Hansom cabs can change into fast motor cars, but Sherlock Holmes is still Sherlock Holmes. Crime always is young. It never gets bags under its eyes. Never has to have its face lifted. Crime is eternally youthful."

Pidgeon goes after all his roles seriously. That is why he has made an extensive study of Nick Carter, who years ago stepped out of paper covered weeklies to win the interest of a generation now grown old. "I like the Nick Carter character," he says, "because he is a regular detective."

Pidgeon hasn’t sung a note in five years.
Silver Screen for June 1940

Alice Faye has the starring role of Lillian Russell... first and greatest of the glamour girls... in the 20th Century-Fox picture of that name.

Bud Westmore creates Alice Faye's make-up with Westmore cosmetics.

Westmore Says:

"Any girl can be Lovelier
WITH THE MAKE-UP WE USE FOR THE STARS"

Westmore Cosmetics

Her Beauty Came to Life with Westmore Make-up. At the left you see this girl as she was before, and at the right after she became acquainted with Westmore Cosmetics and Make-up Rules. Any girl can appear more beautiful and be sure her loveliness will be noticed and appreciated, by following these simple methods!

Westmore Foundation Cream is the basis of every make-up we create in Hollywood... whether in the studios for screen work or in our Sunset Boulevard Salon where the stars come to us as social personalities. For your own make-up use Westmore Foundation Cream. It is skin-tinted, non-drying, covers blemishes and gives your skin a flattering, youthful glow. Complete the lovely effect with Westmore Cream Rouge, Eyeshadow, Powder, Dry Rouge, and Lipstick, color-keyed to the Foundation Cream. Now on sale at your drug or department store, 50c. Smaller sizes at variety stores.

Get Westmore Make-up Rules—for the seven basic face types (one of which is yours) in Perc Westmore's Make-up Guide. Shows how we make up the star of your type. Hundreds of beauty problems solved! Only 25c.

If not at store near you, use this coupon:

House of Westmore, Inc.
730 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.
Please send me Perc Westmore's Make-up Guide, for which I enclose 25c.

Name______________________________
Street____________________________
City____________________State____

63
"I don't sing, even at home," he says. "or I might be tempted to do it in a picture. No more trying that way. No more blind alleys. I still remember that sign outside 'The Bride of the Regiment.'"

Pidgeon himself says he is a bad subject for a story. "Nothing dramatic ever happened to me," he sighs. "I've never been really broke. I've never had the gas turned off. I've never been evicted from my tiny hall bedroom. Maybe I'm just honest about myself."

"Probably, I have too many interests for an actor, for anyone, actually. To succeed completely you must be absorbed in the one thing you do best. That means pushing everything else out of your life."

Pidgeon has been riding the cycle of the last five years as a vegetarian. Maybe it is a kickback from the lasting impression of that dying moose. "I feel vastly better," he says. "But George Bernard Shaw didn't convince me. It was my gall bladder. There you have that damned honesty of mine. Better not tell that. It'll ruin my story. Yarns like this should be fun of charm and triumphs over cold garrets. Gall bladders are something else again."

Still, Pidgeon believes you think clearer on vegetables and fruit.

Every morning his breakfast consists of a pint of raw milk and a pint of orange juice.

For lunch he has a mixed salad. Maybe lettuce and tomatoes.

Dinner is strictly of vegetables. He eats plenty of nuts and raisins. Drinks twelve to fourteen glasses of water a day.

I have said that Pidgeon never plays golf. He hates the game. Loves badminton. "A half hour work-out at badminton is as good as an hour at tennis," he says. Pidgeon never smoked a pipe until two years ago. Now he uses one occasionally to slow up on cigarettes.

Still loves music intensely. Plays the piano well. Likes nothing better than to listen to a good symphonic orchestra.

Haunts the Hollywood Bowl when he has the chance and there is something good to hear.

Is interested in art. Admirer of Frans Hals, Seventeenth Century Dutch painter. Here it is interesting to note that his wife painted. Their daughter, too, wants to be an artist. She is sixteen, but never had any desire to try the movies.

Pidgeon loves to travel. Has a large library of travel volumes. He has toured over most of these United States, has visited every country in Europe except Spain. Has covered South America and the West Indies systematically.

He never worries about his business affairs. A brother takes care of them for him.

There you have Walter Pidgeon. The man to whom nothing dramatic ever has happened. Riding his third movie cycle—and doing a very nice job of it. But just about to start out in quest of a hide-away when the rapidte comes.

The Iowa Girl from England

[Continued from page 27]
she was wondering about it when Warners waited on her and offered a shiny new one. She signed with Warners just two hours before Fox called to say that they had almost forgotten that they wanted her to stay with them.

"At Warners, I found that I was with the 'stock company.' You know the formula. Same cast in every picture; do you think it's a good idea? Hugh Herbert? Of course, I know him, but I can not work with him, he breaks me up! And now I hear he's doing six parts in a picture—even playing the part of his mother!" She laughed a musical laugh and all of the male music-lovers in the restaurant sent over fond glances.

It was at this time that the powers-that-be decided that she should be glamorous, concentrating on legs and other charms in a pictorial way—a diet of nothing but cheeseakes. Don't worry about suitable parts—lift that skirt! The results were to be as expected and a parting inevitable. She went over to Universal.

"That makes three stages I've been through. First I was English—then I was La Glamour and now Universal, with a chance for me to prove that I can act."

Universal gave her a short contract to make B pictures. They looked at her B's and tore it up. She's set to make A's for some time to come, thank you. You probably saw her in Universal's "The Under-Pup," with Gloria Jean; and most recently, "The House Of Seven Gables."

"I had a chance to do some acting in the 'Gables,'" said she as she ordered Zabiglone and waved au revoir to Lebedoff, who naturally had finished before we did. "I played 'Hezabiah' opposite Vincent Price and George Sanders (she pronounced his name 'Sawmders', said he does)—and if Universal continues to be nice to me, I'll be a very happy girl.

"They've made a few changes in this classic, but they were necessary and for the better. How do I work? Well, in the case of this picture, I studied it as I would a play. It's true that they don't always give us the whole script, but they gave me this one. So when they spent the morning on Take 3 and jumped to 25 and 26 after lunch I knew what had occurred between those points and was able to visualize the action for myself.

"I like to think up my own business (business is the little incidental actions that are not in the script—finger movements, eye movements, things far more important than they sound).Then, if I don't agree with the director I can at least argue with him about it. Not that I'm running down directors! We need them so much, they're our audience on the set, they see what gives. But they can be wrong.

She described a sequence from "Gables." She was supposed to dash to the room opening all of the windows. Under ordinary circumstances she would be well-winded by this indoor activity and ready for a little heavy breathing. But in Hollywood you open one window, you are photographed doing that. You sit down while the camera is being moved and then you open another. It takes remarkably little effort to open one window.

The problem then was to pair. A faked pant might look like Asta on a hot day; what to do? She solved it by slipping—

---

**Voted the Ideal Couple**

**But her husband knew of her "ONE NEGLIG"**

"Lysol" could have helped her

**IF you met them at a party, you would say that they were the ideal couple.**

But at home alone together ... his love, which once had flamed so brightly, had almost flickered out. Her own neglect was ruining her marriage. Do you use "Lysol" regularly for feminine hygiene?

Even the most loyal husbands cannot easily forgive a wife's carelessness about intimate personal cleanliness.

"Lysol" is cleansing, deodorizing, germicidal. Its regular use gives you a sense of immaculate cleanliness that adds greatly to your personal charm.

**6 Special Features of "LYSOL"**

1—Non-Caustic. ..."Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali. 2—Effectiveness. ..."Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). 3—Spreading. ..."Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs. 4—Economy ... Small bottle of "Lysol" makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. 5—Odor ... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use. 6—Stability ... "Lysol" keeps its full strength so matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

---

**Lysol**

**Disinfectant**

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

**PASTE THIS COUPON ON A PENNY POSTCARD!**

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

Lohn & Pink Products Corp.

Dept. S.S.—46th, Bloomfield, N. J. U. S. A.

Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name

Address

Concerto, 1940, by Lohn & Pink Products Corp.
Bicycling! Tennis! Golf! All sports are extra fun when you refresh with *Beech-Nut Gum*. Your choice of Peppermint, Spearmint, Oral-gum and three flavors of candy-coated BEECHIES, Peppermint, Spearmint and Pepsin. *Beech-Nut Gum* is made in Flavor-Town (Canajoharie, N. Y.)...famous for *Beech-Nut* flavor and quality.

---

The time has come for *Beech-Nut Gum*

---

starched, old-fashioned gown and all—into a crouch and doing her most violent setting-up exercises. All of the Hezibahs of old must have turned in horror in their graves, but the script called for panting and it worked. She reports considerable laughter on Stage 1 that day.

Miss Lindsay is extraordinarily bright and vivacious in an intelligent way. She doesn't gush. She is interested (or appears to be) in talking to you. She puts effort into phrasing her thoughts correctly and delivering them with a quiet emphasis that demands your attention. If you didn't know who she was and sat at the next table to her you'd find yourself eavesdropping on her conversation and saying to yourself (or her), "Who is this charming girl?"

She has made some thirty pictures of which she prefers "Cavalcade," "Green Light," "The Lady Consents" and "House of the Seven Gables." She doesn't like doing ingénues; in fact she won't. She hates flying in a closed airplane, it scares her. But put her in the cockpit of an open plane and she's right at home. Admits that trains are expensive for her, because she has to engage a drawing room. An upper or lower berth affects her with a terrific feeling of being crushed. She knows it's claustrophobia and says so. She claims that Hollywood people know the word, do we think they're all dopes on the Coast? (No...)

She doesn't go to see her own pictures, although she is considering weakening in the case of the last one. Her most highly-prized possession is a letter written by one of the lowly Universal projectionists (i.e., they run projection machines for executive screenings of pictures). In well-considered critical terms it praises her work to the skies. She carries it with her everywhere. At this interview she acted like a happy child about a new dress that she had bought. She thought that she might wear it at her interview on the air with George Jessel. She feared that there would be a lot of kidding on the program, but it had paid for her trip East. She wore a ring with a red gem on her index (next to the thumb) finger.

In her school days she is reputed to have gone out for tennis, basketball, baseball, hockey and fencing. It's doubtful if she was as strenuous as all that. Today she plays a little golf and rides. "Not good, mind you, but I can stay on a horse and get by in a crowd." She has a pet ranch where she vacations and where she likes to drop in casually on a ping-pong game and allow herself to be persuaded to play. Newcomers get the impression that she's a poor player until she opens up with a phantom-fast serve that cuts corners and answers the doorbell while they're still waiting for a glimpse of the ball. She has a special baby stare that goes with the whole deceptive performance.

Her publicity swears that she has "chameleon" eyes that change color several times a day. We'll swear before any inexpensive notary public that they are hazel all of the time—fortunately. She stands a neat five feet five inches and the card the weighing machine gives her says 118 on one side and wishes her big success on the other. The hair is dark; nose interesting; mouth good. The effect, very trim, very chic.

She doesn't want to be a star, because she knows that the path of a star is littered with danger. She thinks Myrna Loy has just about the right spot. Miss Lindsay's horoscope says she won't marry until she's thirty-five. When someone suggested that she might be better off single she protested; "Oh, no! And I'm very easy to get along with. . . ."

In saying that her acquired-English accent had been hard to get rid of she fell to musing about Europe. "If I suppose it's useless to hope that Europe will ever again be the same as it was before the current trouble. I guess I should thank the Producers' Handbook for forcing me to go abroad before the upset. Don't laugh, but I should like very much to have a salon in France. . . ."

This girl does a little sculpturing—sans any pretension to greatart. Admits she is untalented and mediocre, but likes the feel of supple clay in her fingers, which makes her more artistic than a lot of people who talk a good piece of modeling. She thinks Robert Aiken's sculpture is important—which shows definite good taste. In her reading preferences she lists historical novels, mystery stories (gory), and the works of Stefan Zweig, Rebecca West and Saki. She limits herself to one superstition and that a practical one—she won't walk under a ladder. She once saw one fall and miss a man under it by inches.

While she enjoys these diversions her real interest in life is acting. She kept her hands clasped to her sides so firmly in one highly emotional scene in the "Seven Gables" picture that she found them lame for some time afterwards. That shows great intensity, but at the time she didn't even realize that she was doing it.

"If, for some reason, I had to give up acting," she said, "I'd teach dramatics. I couldn't give up my work entirely." That horoscope only did a half-way job—this sort of person should never marry.

"It's such fun being here in New York," she said as we left the lunch and started down Fifth Avenue. "I'm having a nice vacation. Nothing to do but sleep til nine and then spend the day being interviewed and photographed."

"When I'm working in Hollywood it's up at five or six and work until eight in the evening. Dinner until nine, study until ten-thirty, shower and beddy-bye for Lindsay. I can't see people and the men get crochety about it. You don't do very much, they complain, 'I don't do very much!'" she permitted herself a ladylike sneer.

"That's why this is such a vacation for me. Friday I'm heading south with a bunch of friends of mine—some of them crazy shutter-bugs, but nice. Just swim and lie on the beach and get sand in my ears. No directors, no cameras!"

That's quite funny because a "shutter-bug," dear reader, is nothing more or less than an amateur movie camera fan. With his 16mm camera he can be ten times as bossy as a Hollywood Peverel Marley or Jack Wong How. No cameras, eh?

The most significant thing that can be said about Margaret Lindsay is that she has kept her private life private. You have never read a scandalous item about her in any paper.

That is something, these days . . .
Hollywood Visits Your Home Town!

[Continued from page 33]

Treachor seemed to be a solid foundation for "situation" comedy; Helen Parrish and Marjorie Weaver had youth and charm, and Douglas MacPhail and Betty Jaynes were sure-fire show-stoppers. The two vaudeville acts added to these served as insurance: I knew what Peg-Leg Bates and Vivian Fay could do, because I'd seen them on vaudeville stages.

But deciding on the players I wanted, and GETTING them were horses of different colors.

Miss Parrish, it developed, was scheduled to go into the next Deanna Durbin picture which would start the same week my company would be leaving Los Angeles. The studio suggested instead Nan Grey, also of the Durbin pictures. That was agreeable. A hitch developed immediately. Miss Grey, newly-married to Jockey Jack Westrope, didn't want to leave Los Angeles. She finally yielded at her husband's insistence. He pointed out that the experience and publicity she would receive were valuable assets. I was very happy about the ease of the whole thing.

The next morning, the studio called. Did I know that Miss Grey's contract called for her to be accompanied by a girl companion? I said that inasmuch as she was a married woman, and inasmuch additionally as several mothers would be along on the trip, there was no need for chaperonage. Miss Grey was adamant. Her contract said that she rated a girl companion on a personal appearance tour and that was that.

Inasmuch as I'd already wired her name to the booking offices of the vaudeville circuits, and they had approved her, I was fairly over a barrel. I said that all right, I would spend $200 additional and provide railroad fare and expenses for the girl companion. The next day, the manager of Miss Grey telephoned. "You understand, of course," he said, apologetically, "that you will also have to pay Miss Grey's girl companion a salary of $70 per week." By this time, I was becoming a trifle slap-happy. "And of course," he pointed out, apologetically, "Miss Grey must have $5 a day for a hotel room; $6 a day for her meals; $10 a week for her laundry and a separate drawing account for taxicabs, tips, etcetera."

Well, I got out of that deal as quickly as possible, believe me, because I feared that Miss Grey probably next week would want the theatres to give her fifty per cent of the profits. Not that I blame her; she was driving as hard a bargain as her contract permitted. I told her that I thought it would have been wiser for her to be a mite more reasonable because the stage experience certainly would have benefited her, and the tour itself through key cities would have enhanced her studio value. And mind you, over and above all expenses, I would have been paying her the same weekly salary that her studio pays her. From any viewpoint, she had a lot to gain, and nothing to lose.

With a few gray hairs added to my crop, I continued to line up an act. I'd always enjoyed "Shim" Summerville in pictures. He had not been working in a great many pictures recently. Perhaps, he'd enjoy the opportunity to get out and meet the people and earn a salary for six weeks or more. His agents agreed that it would be a profitable venture if he could get $2,250 a week. Young June Lang was approached. She'd go if she got $1,500 a week plus railroad and hotel expenses for her and her mother. Old or young, veteran or novice, they all talked in four figures. I tried to explain that vaudeville did not have the unlimited bankroll of major picture companies; explained further that movies could pay huge salaries because a single picture played in 30,000 theatres. They were not even interested.

Pretty Miss Lang added (and this was a typical argument), that she preferred to stay in Hollywood, because "maybe tomorrow a good part will come along." I said that she could keep in touch by phone or telegraph with her Hollywood agent, and that a clause could be inserted in her contract permitting her to leave the show with a week's notice. I offered her $1,000 a week and expenses. She turned it down. So far as I know, young June hasn't made a picture since our company left the
Coast. She could have in five weeks picked up $5,000 over and above expenses, and she could have done herself a world of good by being presented wisely on stages to thousands of people—without losing any movie opportunity—but she was not interested.

At almost every turn, you were confronted with the same attitude on the part of Hollywood players. To the man on the street, or even to the man in high positions in law, surgery or industry, a net salary of $1,000 a week is a huge sum of money, as actually it is. Miss Lang was not the only one who sniffed at R. In fact, it came to a pass where I'd almost apologize in offering $400 a week. You never realize how far out of focus Hollywood is until you embark on such a tour as this, and have to talk business with individuals who have been anaesthetized by the California sun.

Then, suddenly, when things looked most discouraging. Helen Parrish was again available. She was not needed for the next Darbin picture. In contrast to the lethargy and the lack of enthusiasm of others with whom I'd talked, Miss Parrish was a 17-year-old ball of fire. "I'd love to go," she said eagerly. "I want to get on a stage, learn how to do things I don't get the chance to do in the movies." Marjorie Weaver was just as enthusiastic. "That's for me, Massa Sullivan," said Marjorie.

You could understand why these two youngsters have been successful in pictures. Such enthusiasm and intelligence couldn't be lked. There was nothing they weren't ready to do. You'd tell them they had to be there at a photographic session, he was at m. They'd be there ten minutes early. You needed them for an extra rehearsal. They answered that was fine, that they wanted to be letter-perfect in their parts. You suggested that what they ought to do was to sing a song with Patty Jaynes, a comedy song. They read the lyrics and raved over it. It was wonderful. It was marvelous.

I was so amazed at this sort of response, after what we had gone through that I thought I ought to think I. "Trencher and Lugosi are veterans. You'll find them more difficult."

Trencher WAS more difficult. I'd wake up early in the morning and he'd be sitting in the living room downstairs. "Sorry to bother you, dear old boy," he'd say, "but here's a comedy line that I think will improve that first entrance. Now let us just run over it once and try it like a good fellow." Likely as not, he'd drop in that afternoon with something else that had suggested itself to him. Meeting him and working with him, and daily being astounded by his keen and helpful enthusiasm, I had no doubts as to why Arthur Trencher has been a great success in the moving pictures. He couldn't miss. Lugosi was another delightful experience. As courteously as his native Budapest, "Dracula" would do anything that you asked of him. "Perhaps, it might be better if we changed this word here," he would indicate. And you learned quickly that when he suggested a change in a word, or a phrase for a sentence, he was speaking from a vast theatrical background. Perhaps, vaudeville was new to him, but the theatre was not new to him, and his "savvy" or instinct for the right word or the right action was stimulating.

In the case of Helen Parrish, there arose a problem which was heartening. Miss Parrish, byers who had not left the State of California on such a tour without a teacher approved by the State Regents board. And every day on the tour, Helen had to spend three hours on her lessons. I say it was heartening, this experience, because I'm glad that California is conscious of its obligations to the kid stars of the cinema. Once upon a time, the youngsters did about as they pleased, but those days are gone forever. The State exercises a discipline that studios and even parents might forget to impose and that is the way it should be.

The entire preparations for the tour, while exhausting, were of intense interest to me. I thought after three years in the movie colony that I knew Hollywood. I learned that actually I'd never been behind the scenes before because meeting people over a business desk, and meeting them at a party are two entirely different matters. The false-faces you wear at Hollywood parties are laid aside in a business conference.

In lining up a vaudeville invasion, I met and talked business deals with perhaps fifty players; I met their agents; I dealt with studio casting agents and studio legal departments; I met songwriters, prop men, mask-makers, music arrangers, railroad transportation men, mothers—it covered quite a wide range.

These things I found to be self-evident: that the movie colony is divided into enthusiastic and unenthusiastic performers; players who had an exaggerated idea of values and players who had an intelligent scale of values; I met players who were smart and others who were difficult because they were half-smart; performers who were tricky and performers who were honest and aboveboard.

Meeting all of them, a columnist could understand why some of them had been successful for years and would continue to be successful, and he could understand why others were doomed to a brief span in the public eye. The next time you are puzzled by the sudden disappearance of a favorite from the screen, analyze it from the standpoint of this article. Invariably, he or she will be found to have lacked intelligence (as distinguished from shrewdness), and judgment (as distinguished from haphazard guesswork).

Because what I've spread upon the records here for you to see and understand is not the case-history of a vaudeville unit, but the real behind-the-scenes story of Hollywood and its players. The pattern of this story is the warp and woof of the entire industry because my experiences with performers, on a small scale, actually can be extended on a large scale to embrace the movies.

Yet these vaudeville tours this season, I believe, have cracked the ice. We have been the trail-blazers. Probably eighty or ninety movie performers have made vaudeville trips within the past six months. Each of them returned to Hollywood with glowing reports of their experiences. Quite a few of them, because of newly-won publicity, won fatter roles at their home studios. Vaudeville safaris refreshed their box-office appeal in some cases and created box-office appeal in other cases. From now on, I feel safe in saying, Hollywood players will be more kindly disposed to a tour of the five-a-day, because they've learned that the mere act of meeting movie fans face to face is an intelligent investment in their cinema future.
The Girl Who Wanted to be a Lady

[Continued from page 45]

for it. She had that simple, expensive look people can’t achieve unless they’ve been born to it.

But she hadn’t been born to it. She was... well, let’s call her Sandra Reed and let it go at that. And what she’d been born to, she doesn’t know herself for she’d been left on the steps of an orphan asylum when she was a few weeks old.

Most people don’t know that. She told me about it once when she was so unimportant that the news wouldn’t interest anyone. And after she’d become important, well she’d become important to me in so many other ways besides being a celebrity that I wouldn’t use it anyway.

I’ll never forget the first time I saw her. I was on the staff of a movie magazine then and it was back in the days when they were still running beauty contests and she’d won one. Those contests were strictly on the up-and-up. The magazines were honest about them and the judges were honest, too, and so were the studios.

But being honest about them wasn’t enough. Too many pretty girls won them who didn’t have any more business being in Hollywood than a thunder storm has. They came out here certain they were going to be stars in no time at all and then some of them went home and some of them found their way behind counters or waited on tables and some of them stayed to become extras and bit players.

Of course, a few of them did all right for themselves. Clara Bow won a beauty contest and so did one or two others who later became stars. But most of them discovered that it takes more than beauty to make a star. It takes talent and perseverance and courage, too.

I didn’t recognize Sandra the day I met her at the train. She called herself Frankie Lee then and at first glance she wasn’t any more like the picture that had won the contest than I was. I had to look twice to see that it was really her own picture she’d sent in, that the big hazel eyes, the pert nose and delicate chin were all there. She was dressed so atrociously that you couldn’t see her looks for all the frills.

The editor took one look at her poke bonnet with the pink cabbage roses dripping over it and the wilted organdy dress and satin slippers and suggested I take her shopping for a new outfit before the studio sponsoring the contest saw what they’d drawn. What a time I had trying to force her to wear the simple outfit I chose for her, a pert hat that concealed the ringlets she had refused to part with, a navy blue polka dot linen dress that made her look as if she’d just come out of finishing school, with blue suede gloves and bag to match.

“They make me look like a hick,” she rebelled, frowning at herself in the mirror of the dressing room. “They’re so plain. They ain’t got class.”

Well, it was easier to make Sandra stop saying ain’t than it was to teach her good taste. She wore the outfit when she had to, but other times when she was more or less on her own, she went back to her own clothes and there wasn’t a thing we could do about it. After all, we had an option on her professional life, but we didn’t have a thing to say about her private one.

The studio gave up after they’d cast her in one picture. She was on a one-year option, but all she did was draw her salary every week. And how she spent that salary! I don’t think I ever saw such a frenzy of bad taste, but of course I couldn’t tell her what I really thought of the wardrobe she showed me so proudly, the sleeve chiffon negligees and under-wear, the pseudo-satin day-time dresses and the awful hats.

Every Saturday night she’d be down at the Coconut Grove dancing in the Charleston contests and sometimes you’d see her at the beach with some of the mechanics from the studio, her arms filled with Kewpie dolls and boudoir lamps and the rest of the junk she’d won at shooting galleries and the other games down there.

She was the hey hey girl of Hollywood.
I'm Chosy
...and here's why I choose

FIBS * THE KOTEX TAMPON

The ideal Internal Protection. Fibs, the Kotex Tampon, with new exclusive feature, is more comfortable, more secure, easier to use. Because of the rounded top no artificial method of insertion is necessary! A Kotex product, Fibs merit your confidence!

No other tampon is quilted...
Special "Quilting" keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use—prevents risk of particles of cotton adhering—increases comfort and lessens possibility of injury to delicate tissues.

Absorbs faster than cotton!
Made of Surgical Cellucotton (not cotton) which absorbs far more quickly than surgical cotton, that's why hospitals use it. Mail coupon with 10c for trial supply today.

FIBS THE KOTEX TAMPON

SAMPLE OFFER

ONLY 25c FOR 12

SAVE OVER
25%

Buy Fibs in New Economy Box 34 for 48c

Accepted for Advertising by The Journal of the American Medical Association

SAMPLE OFFER

I enclose 10c for trial supply of FIBS, the Kotex Tampon, mailed in plain package.

Name

Address

City

State

and no mistake about it. It wasn't only her clothes and her atrocious grammar and the way she had of always doing the wrong thing. It was really her niceness that betrayed her as much as any of them. For she was nice, one of the nicest girls I'd ever known.

There was that friendliness about her for one thing. She liked people and she showed it and it didn't make any difference to her if it was a director or a prop boy or a star she was talking to. Her smiles came as easily for all of them. And there was her heart, too, that kept her from being wise. She couldn't pass a homeless cat or puppy on the street without stopping at a delicatessen and getting them something to eat, just as she could never pass a beggar without putting a coin in his cup or hold back her sympathy when anyone was hungry or sick or lonely.

But, of course people, who only knew her casually, didn't know all those things about her and so it wasn't any wonder that they shrugged their shoulders when her name was mentioned and dismissed her as "that cheap little girl who won the beauty contest."

One night a crowd of us went down to Venice for an evening's fun. We were passing a roller coaster and I heard a familiar voice hail me as one of the cars started up the incline. It was Sandra, or rather Frankie as I knew her then, and a moment later heard shrill cries as the car started down the first dip.

"Wasn't that young Marland with Frankie?" one of the people with me asked. And then, "Leave it to him to pick a girl like that. His mother and father are beside themselves over him. They say he's drunk all the time now."

I'd never met Johnny Marland but I'd heard enough about him. He came from one of the best Santa Barbara families, as well as one of the wealthiest, and he'd been spoiled since he was a baby. He was the delight of the tabloids since the time he was kicked out of prep school and they followed all his exploits from then on.

So I wasn't surprised to see his name in headlines the next morning, nor Sandra's either for that matter. They'd gone to Yuma and gotten married and his parents had gone to the hotel where they were stopping and taken him home.

It was a woebegone little Sandra who came to me that afternoon.

"I didn't know who he was," she sobbed. "He told me he didn't have a job. If I'd known he had all that money I wouldn't have gone with him, honest I wouldn't. I've known a rich boy like that wouldn't want a girl like me.

"Crazy as it was she was telling the truth. You could say a lot of things about her and they'd be true, but no one could ever say she was a gold digger.

"I just met him yesterday afternoon," she explained. "I found a little kitten in the road. Its leg had been hurt and I was trying to help it when Johnny came along. He was so gentle with it and we took it to a vet, who put its leg in splints, and then Johnny called a taxi and put the kitten in it and told the driver to take it to his mother in Santa Barbara. It seemed like an awful lot of money to spend, but Johnny just laughed and said what was it for but to spend anyway. I couldn't get over it. Especially afterwards when he told me he wasn't working. Maybe I was a fool not to know it was because he didn't have to.

"He was so sweet. That's why I can't hate him even after all this. After all I didn't mean anything to him. I didn't know it then, but I can see now that he was drinking all the time with him. But yesterday he just seemed gayer and friendlier than anyone I'd ever met. He looked so bewildered this morning when I told him we were married. I'm sure he thought I was just a gold digger who had married him for his money, but even then, thinking that, he was so nice and polite and all.

"Maybe it would have been different if his mother and father hadn't come just then. His father was so stern and I felt awful the way his mother looked at me, like I was dirt or something. And they wanted to give me money, like, well like I was something I'm not. And they said he was too drunk to know what he was doing, but he didn't sound that way last night when he begged me to marry him. He sounded so lonesome and he said I was different from the other girls he knew. I don't know how he feels about me now, but he loved me last night. I know that. He was so sweet and so gentle and . . ."

Suddenly she stopped crying. She looked different somehow holding her chin up, looking at me so quietly.

"I'm going to go places," she said slowly. "Just wait and see. I'm going to make something of myself. Some day they'll be proud to say I'm his wife and I will be his wife even if they do annul the marriage. They'll be going to. We weren't married by a justice of the peace. We went to a church and you can't break a marriage like that."

For the first time I realized she was in love with him. At first, I thought it was only pride. But now I could see her hurt went deeper than that. Her eyes looked tortured as she twisted the wedding ring he had put on her finger.

She began changing from that day. She began reading. Popular magazines first, then novels and then biographies and philo-

The day she left for the East she came to say goodbye. The annulment had just been granted to Johnny and I heard that his father had settled ten thousand dollars on Frankie.

"He took the money," she said. "Why shouldn't I? I need that money to do the things I want to do. I'm not going to throw it away. First of all, I'm going to learn how to be a lady and after that I'm going to learn how to be an actress."

I never heard of Frankie Lee again. And it was five years before I met Sand- 

Hollywood had changed in the mean-
time. First, the talkies had come and then the depression. Heads toppled as freely as they had during the French Revolution. Most of the old stars were gone and everywhere you turned there were new faces to greet you.

Volumes of publicity preceded Sandra Reed to Hollywood. We'd all heard of her, of course, and known her Broadway success, but it wasn't until one of the major studios signed her that we knew about her charming little house in the fashionable Sutton Place section of New York or discovered she was an authority on antiques or that she spoke four or five languages.

The day she came to Hollywood Johnny Marland's father committed suicide. He had been caught in the Wall Street debacle, but no one knew how badly he had been hit until his death revealed him to be on the verge of bankruptcy.

It was strange that I looked at their pictures side by side that day, on the front page of the Los Angeles Times and didn't realize the connection between them. Both of them looked vaguely familiar. Of course, I recognized something of Johnny in the older man's picture, but I couldn't place Sandra at all. It disturbed me. I felt as if I should know her.

A week later I went to interview Sandra Reed. She came towards me with outstretched hands, tall and lovely in the sea green housecoat that brought out the dancing green lights in her hazel eyes. Her hair was brushed until it shone and pulled back from her wide forehead, centring the delicate modeling of her high cheek bones and the clear honey coloring of her skin.

She laughed when I started to introduce myself. "Don't you remember me?" she asked.

It was her laugh I recognized. Her voice had changed, become deeper and huskier and I couldn't believe it was Frankie speaking in that soft, cultured tone. Somehow, it made me believe in miracles seeing this woman who had once been Frankie.

The story I could have written about Sandra would have caused a sensation. The story I did write was the usual success story. There was no mention of Frankie in it.

It was amusing to stand by and see Sandra conquer Hollywood. Of course most of the people she had met in her brief period as Frankie were gone, but some of them were left. But none of them recognized her. I wondered what they would think if they knew that the woman whose friendship they sought so eagerly was the girl they had looked down on and snubbed.

She never mentioned Johnny, not even on the day I went with her when she bought the Marland's house in Santa Barbara. No one knew about the purchase, because the papers were signed in her own name which was neither Frankie nor Sandra. Then, through someone close to the Marlands, I learned that Johnny's mother was still living in the house through courtesy of the new owner and that she had received a lawyer's check for ten thousand dollars and a letter saying it was from a friend who had owed that money to her husband.

Well, of course, you can draw your

---

**Beauty that every woman can own**

**HELENA RUBINSTEIN'S**

**"Beauty in the Making" kit... containing**

5 essential beauty aids

complete for 2.00

Only Helena Rubinstein, with her practical understanding of every woman's beauty needs, could have designed this efficient little kit, which contains THE FIVE essentials of skin care and make-up—in sizes generous enough to last through many week-end excursions, summer trips, and weeks of daily use in the home or office. Start out on a lifetime of beauty the Helena Rubinstein way—with these five essentials—and you will never need any more!

---

1. "PASTEURIZED" FACE CREAM—This famous cream does everything for your beauty that one cream can do. It cleanses your skin immaculately, soothes and softens it when it is dry and weather-beaten, helps you guard against lines, sallowness, and coarse-textured skin.

2. (In the dry skin kit) SKIN TONING LOTION SPECIAL—to give your skin refreshment, "tone," a soft smooth surface for your make-up. (In the oily skin kit) BEAUTY GRAINS—invaluable aid to washing—excellent for blackheads—and for giving you that fresh, scrubbed, fine-textured look.

3. TOWN AND COUNTRY MAKE-UP FILM—the foundation that makes your powder look twice as glamorous. Preserves the soft texture of your skin against sun and wind, keeps your make-up fresh, lovely, and lasting.

4. HELENA RUBINSTEIN FACE POWDER—exquisitely blended, gives a soft, natural finish to your make-up, a practically perfect, transparent finish to your complexion.

5. A LUSTROUS HELENA RUBINSTEIN LIPSTICK—gives your lips vivid young color, an inviting, soft texture. In a shade that's perfect for summer wear. Take advantage of this special beauty buy while they last. Get your Beauty Kit at your nearest dealer, or mail this coupon to Helena Rubinstein.

---

Please send me "Beauty in the Making" Kit, 2.00

[ ] for dry skin
[ ] for normal or oily skin
[ ] red
[ ] black
[ ] brown

Name:

Address:

City:

[ ] check
[ ] stamps
[ ] m.o.


---

Helen Rubinstein

715 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all smart stores
New under-arm
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration

1. Does not harm dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.

More than 25 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold...Try a jar today.

ARRID
39¢ a jar
AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
(Also in 10 cent and 25 cent sizes)

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—
Without Calomel—And You’ll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin’ to Go

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Gas builds up in your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good old Carter’s Little Liver Pills to get those two pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel “up and up.” Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter’s Little Liver Pills by name.

NEW ODORLESS* CREAM safely REMOVES HAIR
Nair is painless...not irritating to normal healthy skin...no sulphide depilatory odor...

Wanda McKay, dainty Paramount starlet, looking too darling for words in her cute B. V. D. swim suit.

other things instead, the world that had turned its back on him and the bad luck that had pursued him since his father died.

And it’s funny how bad luck goes when a man stops accepting it. Johnny’s first job was unimportant in every respect except that he’d gotten it himself with no one helping him. It was funny at first seeing him turn into a business man, but after a while we all began to expect things of him and no one was terribly surprised when he became vice-president of the firm he’d started with as salesman.

Sandra retired when she knew the baby was coming and now they’re all living in the old house at Santa Barbara and I don’t think a woman was ever so proud of her daughter-in-law as Mrs. Marland is of Sandra.

"I always wanted Johnny to marry a lady," she told me the last time I was out there. "And I’m so happy he did." She means that, too, even though she knows everything about Sandra there is to know. But living with her has taught Johnny’s mother things, too. You can’t be with Sandra and continue to see things only with your eyes. Somehow, in spite of yourself, you see them the way Sandra does, with your heart!
The Ugly Duckling Who Became A Swan

[Continued from page 36]

 affection on his mistress.  

"Mother was married shortly before last Christmas," Judy continued as we settled ourselves comfortably in beach chairs on the sun-drenched patio. "She spends part of the week here and the other part at Santa Paula—where she is Mrs. Gilmore. I really have two homes. Sue, my older sister (she's 24), is here with me. Mother put it straight to us girls whether she should marry or not. We told her "No." A week or so later she called. Next day, when I get to be twenty-one or two and find the right boy, and want to get married, I won't have to worry about mother being left alone. She's very happy."

Judy's mother will tell you that her youngest daughter might make a good press agent. Mrs. Garland had decided to keep her new marriage quiet. But Judy was so thrilled, she called up every columnist and radio broadcaster in town, even wiring Walter Winchell, to give him an "exclusive scoop" that her mother was slipping off secretly to Yuma to be married that night.

Since there's been so much to-do about a romance between Judy and Mickey Rooney, I asked her if it were true.

"Mickey's about the nicest and, at the same time, the funniest boy," she replied. "He's terribly restless and full of energy, you know. He never can sit still for more than a minute—then he must be up and doing. He'll call up suddenly and ask for a date. If I tell him I already have one, he'll name every day in the week until he gets one. We'll even argue about it. He'll come bursting in breathless and we'll rush somewhere—to a movie or bowling alley or something. Then he'll bring me home and I won't hear from him for weeks.

"It never occurs to Mickey to bring a girl flowers or candy, but he'll sit down and eat candy from the box the boy the night before brought. That's the way he is. But I like working with him better than anyone else in pictures and I think he likes working with me. Even so, sometimes we tell each other off, but we always make up. I sort of suspect that Mickey reads about us supposed to be going around together in the movie magazines and wants to feel that he has sort of first call on me for dates.

"Right now we're making 'Andy Hardy Meets Debutante,' in which I again play Betsy Booth like I did in "Love Finds Andy Hardy." Then we're to make 'Strike Up the Band.' We get a lot of fun out of working together." I asked Judy to tell me one of the most important of the many things that are happening to her in her rapid ascent to stardom.

"Going to the premiere of 'Babes In Arms,' my first co-starring picture, and having my hand and footprints taken in the forecourt of the Chinese Theatre," she replied with no hesitation. "You should have seen my mother that night." she continued with a roll of her brown eyes. "This was really my first big starring role. I asked mother if I could have a very special dress to wear. She said that I might look around and find something and then I could let her know about it.

"My stand-in and I went shopping. Just for fun, and because it looked so impressive, we stopped in at Bernie Newman's. He had the most gorgeous white dress I've ever seen. It was terribly expensive, the kind Norma Shearer and the really big movie stars wear to premiers. He said it was so fragile, I really shouldn't even sit down in it. It was just made to stand and be seen in.

"I telephoned mother and coaxed her until she said I could have it. She spoils me terribly when I really want something very much. Well, when she saw me on my knees, in that dress, putting my hands in the cement at the theatre, I thought she was going to faint. And that wasn't all! After the premiere, we went to the Coconut Grove and rode hobby horses— and, well, there wasn't much of my dress left but shreds by the time I got home. But somehow mother seemed to understand that it wasn't all my fault and she was a darling. She didn't scold."

The telephone interrupted. It was Cleveland calling Judy.

"That was a friend of mine. I met him on my personal appearance tour," Judy said on returning. "He's the nicest boy, calls up almost every day. His telephone bill will be as big as the national debt. I'm afraid. His family has invited Sue and me to spend a week with them in Ohio. We're going to soon, I think."

Since Judy's name has been closely linked, and romantically, with Artie Shaw's I commented on his marriage to Lana Turner. "It was a surprise to everyone," I ventured.

"Not at all," said Judy. "Artie's like that. Does whatever he feels like doing when he feels like doing it. He disbanded his orchestra and quit because he really didn't like leading a swing orchestra and playing for jitterbugs." The truth is that Artie long-distanced Judy and asked her advice before he quit, but he didn't mention his intention of eloping with Lana when he took Judy out to dinner at the Victor Hugo the week before he flew to Yuma to ring the wedding bells. Despite the difference in their ages, there was a strong bond of friendship between the former Swing-King and the little Swing-Singer.

At present, Judy and her sister are going with brothers, Jimmy and Jack Cahn, age 21 and 24, respectively. "And made to order," laughs Judy. "We make a fine brother and sister act."

The younger of the brothers, who spates Judy, is a member of Ray Noble's orchestra. The other night Judy's mother arrived home at midnight to find Judy in the kitchen busily engaged in pouring cake materials into the electric mixer. "I'm baking a cake so's Jimmy and I can have cake and coffee when he stops
HIGH HONORS

For this Youthful Dress with Rows of Stitching for Decoration, Triangular Pockets as Hipline Emphasis ... and for the Smart Off-the-Ears Hairstyle Held Neatly with DeLONG BOB PINS went slip out

Almost Everybody Asks for DeLONG

EARN EXTRA Money at Home

Increase your income at home by new, simple Wentworth Tempaper Color method. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write today for FREE BOOKLET.

Wentworth Pictorial Company, Ltd. DEPT. 120, Haunflon, Ont.

Awaken Your Hidden "GLAMOUR"

Make the most of your eyes—this easy way! Curl back your lashes from your eyes with KURLASH, the clever eyelash curler. No practice is needed nor than half a-minute is all it takes. Your eyes will appear larger, brighter and your lashes longer and lovelier. $1.00

Follow through with KURLENE, the scientific oilly-base cream. Makes lashes and brows gleam with beauty—also gives that dewy look to eye-lids. 50c

KURLASH

The Only Complete Eye-Beauty Line

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

Write to Isaac Maltz, Dept. H.C., Correspondence Trial Tube of Kurlash index 24 in coin or stamp. Receive free chart analysis of your eyes and how to make the most of them.

Name
Street
City
Color: Eyes Hair

Imposing on the Stars

[Continued from page 41]

one's good humor and patience that are tried. More frequently, it takes on a more serious aspect, such as the time Dorothy Lamour was victimized by a visiting New Orleans newspaper man.

Dorothy was lunching with this chapp from her home town (She had met him once before, he assured her, down in Louisiana) when he broached the subject of finances. He was leaving that night for home, he said, but since his check from the paper hadn't arrived he was in a spot.

There was his hotel bill to take care of and a few other little odds and ends.

The upshot was that Dorothy, upon his request, advanced him $250. He promised to return the money the moment he reached home. After all, she figured, he was a newspaper man and was interviewing her for his sheet, and he WAS from the old burg she still regarded as home.

That the $250 represented an amount far in excess of her weekly studio salary (This was early in Dorothy's Hollywood sojourn) mattered not a whit. She didn't consider this angle at all.

Well, you can guess what happened. Dorothy still is waiting for the return of that loan. Today, such a loss wouldn't cause any appreciable distress, apart from a moral one, but at the time it created a highly embarrassing situation for Dorothy.

Lupe Velez suffered even a more disastrous ordeal. For years, the fiery little tamale from below the Rio Grande has been sending large sums of money to a government official in Mexico, for the maintenance of a hospital for the poor. La Loop became interested in the project through voluminous correspondence in which so poignant a picture of poverty and suffering was painted that the soft-hearted Lupe couldn't send funds fast enough, and ever since has contributed regularly and generously.

Recently, Lupe asked a friend, on the eve of his departure for Mexico, to stop off and see how her hospital was progressing. Imagine her consternation and frame of mind when his report revealed that the whole thing was a fraud, and that the man to whom she had sent her money was no government official at all but a swindler, who had been enriching himself at her expense.

The thought apparently prevails, and universally, judging by the experience of the greater majority of stars, that motion picture celebrities ever are ripe and ready.
The Torrid Test in the Tropics

NO UNDERARM ODOR AFTER!

Again, Yodora proves its power to protect in difficult conditions! A nurse supervised this grueling test. In the Caribbean tropics... Under her direction, Miss M. K. applied Yodora. Then played tennis for three hours in the blazing sun! Result... no hint of underarm odor! Though amazingly efficient, Yodora seems as gentle and silky as your face cream. It is soft, non-greasy. Yodora leaves no sickly smell to taint your clothing. It will not rot fabrics. 10¢, 25¢ or 60¢ jar, or 25¢ tube. McKesson & Robbins, Inc.

SATISFY YOUR SUPPRESSED DESIRES AT THE MOVIES!

Dr. A. A. Brill, World-Famous Authority on Human Behavior, is interviewed by Betty Shannon. Result—a tremendous, powerful scoop for Screenland! America’s greatest movie magazine again rings the bell with a sensational story!

READ IT NOW!
ONLY IN THE BIG JUNE
SCREENLAND
10c—NOW ON SALE—10c

Rheumatism

Relieve Pain in Five Minutes or Money Back

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in five minutes, get NURITO, the fine formula, used by thousands. No opiates. Does the work quickly—must relieve cruel pain to your satisfaction in five minutes or money back. Don’t suffer. Clip this ad now as a reminder to ask your druggist for NURITO today.
vehicle unless he emerged for all to see, and signed his autograph for them. When he didn't leave the taxi, and the friend in his excitement showed the driver to go through the crowd, the mob actually started to make good their threat.

The actor solved the difficulty by leaning out the window and explaining the reason for his mad haste. He'd be back right after the broadcast, he promised, and would sign as many books and papers as they wished. With that, he was allowed to proceed. (Note: You BET he kept his promise. Clark's like that.)

Very often, stars undergo a good deal of embarrassment and a bad moment through someone's unthinking actions. Wendy Barrie has not yet gotten the time that it was broadcast nationally she was about to be married to a certain twenty-two-year-old youth.

This young chap from the Middle West left home, and behind him a note he was going to Hollywood to marry Wendy Barrie. His home town paper used the story; which, in turn, was picked up by the syndicates and the columnists; and finally the news found its way to Winchell. Wendy never had even heard of the marriage before the news came over the air from coast to coast, much less knew him or planned matrimony with him, as he positively asserted when he reached Hollywood.

Jeanette MacDonald, too, came in for her share of grief through the perverse antics of a sixteen-year-old youngster. Jeanette at the time was living at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, and daily the girl presented herself and tried to see the singing star.

In some manner, Jeanette learned of the girl and invited her up to her apartment to tea. Sometime later, she received a letter from the girl's parents, from out of the city, in which mention was made that their daughter was remaining in Hollywood as that was her bid for fame and that they presumed she would assume full responsibility for her while in the film capital. The girl had written them that Miss MacDonald had invited her to move in with her and that she had accepted.

A chance meeting with Joan in Omaha convinced Bogart that it's somewhat hazardous even to be reasonably polite.

At one of the city clubs, while visiting there, Bogey lounged with a group, among whom was a well-dressed young man who seemed to know every word that Bogart uttered. As they parted, the actor casually remarked, naturally enough, that he hoped to see him in Hollywood some day.

Imagine his surprise, then, later, to open a letter from this same man, who said that he had turned down a well-paying position in Omaha and was coming to Hollywood immediately to accept the job Bogart had promised him.

Now, Bogart knew very well that he had made no offer, so forgot the whole business. It was brought sharply to his consciousness again, though, when he received another letter from this man in which he threatened to bring suit if the actor didn't fulfill his promise, and recompense him for leaving his old job. How's that for nerve!

Although possibly they don't realize it, friends of the stars sometimes put them on the spot and impose on them in un-pardoned fashion. Louise Campbell recently underwent this experience, and she's still saddened by the turn of events.

Twelve girls, with whom she attended college in Chicago, asked her to get them jobs at Paramount, the studio where she'll shoot under contract. When these jobs were not forthcoming (even if it seems, doesn't entirely run a studio!) they were extremely bitter, and audibly so. Several of them even had the temerity to accuse Louise of not trying to do anything for them, for fear they would soon up her in popularity.

And when John Garfield paid a visit to his old neighborhood in New York, and suggested an evening with old pals, doing the things they used to do with such glee before he became a public figure, he was referred to very unflatteringly, and to his face, because he didn't suggest hitting all the most expensive high spots.

Particularly in a financial way are the stars taken advantage of. Errol Flynn, while on location for "Dodge City," in a small northern California town, was persuaded that what he should have been when he came to pay his dinner check at the hamlet's one restaurant Dick Powell was sent a woman's household bills and those from several department stores. Investigation showed that she had sent him a daily gift for several weeks, and believed he would pay her bills without hesitation.

When William Powell decided to dispose of his home some time ago, the one with all the push buttons and electric beams and such, he placed it in the hands of a real estate dealer, and asked a fair price for the property. But no bids were forthcoming despite the fact it represented a grant bargain.

What he didn't learn until later was the fact that another agent was showing prospective customers through the house and that he boosted the price more than twice the amount Powell had set!

Again...Joan Crawford was desirous of losing weight and being her home. She made the mistake of calling the owner, personally. The moment this party learned Joan wanted the property, he raised the price out of all proportion. Joan, finally, after waiting nearly two years to buy, dispatched her sister-in-law to complete the transaction. Only in this way was she able to get the lot at a legitimate price.

And along the same lines, Myrna Loy was forced to send an emissary to pick up the pieces of an automobile for her new home. The prices quoted her when she had shown up at the antique shop, were doubled and trebled.

Whether people are quite conscious of the unethical practices they perpetrate upon the stars sometimes suggests question. Many, in the thought that a movie star is public property, so to speak, undoubtedly believe that anything they may do is quite in order.

Wouldn't it gall you, now, if, like Irene Hervey, you decided to sign a star, from your trail in a small Middle Western town to meet the members of your fan club; then were forcibly restrained from catching.
Charles Boyer invites Bette Davis to have a friendly, relaxing cigarette between scenes of "All This and Heaven, Too," in which they are co-starred. Bette wears a $1,500 orchid corsage in one sequence.

the train as it pulled out, to sign autographs? Yet, that actually happened, and by having to lay over until the next train, many hours later, Irene was forced to miss a vitally important business conference in New York.

Olivia de Havilland was holding a tea party in the garden back of her English cottage. Suddenly, two strange women (tourists) barged in without much as by-your-leave, demanded her autograph and remained for the duration of the party.

During the stage engagement of the hit, "Of Mice and Men," at the El Capitan Theatre in Hollywood, Wallace Ford, its star, returned to his dressing-room and found there an attractive young girl. When his wife, a moment later, followed Wally into the room, she found the girl had thrown her arms around Wally's neck and he was trying desperately to extricate himself.

Virginia Bruce had to make good an L. O. U. for $100 which had her name appended. When a crush of fans had descended upon her for autographs, she had signed her name unwittingly to the paper. And Barbara Stanwyck was "bawled out" unmercifully by an irate fan because she hadn't written her signature as neatly as this fan imagined she should. (On this particular occasion, Barbara had signed more than seventy-five autographs and was late for a radio rehearsal!) A fan, because she said that Judy Garland was her favorite actress, demanded in no uncertain terms that the young player send her through college. For many months, Judy received these letters once a week. Madeleine Carroll was accosted, through a ruse by which the woman claimed she had an assignment from a national magazine to interview her, in her own home by a lady from Canada, who, after spouting her admiration for Madeleine, insisted that the actress give her her old clothes. And when Priscilla Lane slipped oil her slipper one night at a preview and set it on the floor beside her, the woman sitting next to her reached down and hastily made off with the trophy. Oh, it's a gay life the stars lead!

Do you wonder that the Hollywood folk try to keep to themselves as much as possible? On all sides there are those who try to take advantage of them ... and they must suffer in silence.

... may be needlessly ruined by carelessness about little things ... like under-arm odors ... so easy to control with the new Zip Cream Deodorant now available in this exquisitely lovely, oversized jar. So much more for your money.

Have you a story, script or idea that you think would be good for a movie scenario? Major Hollywood Motion Picture Studios keep a constant seeking and purchasing material for new movie plots. Many an unknown writer has suddenly become financially successful through a story or script that reached the proper parties in Hollywood. An unknown writer in her or his own right.

Write at once for full information regarding our service of studio presentation before mailing your stories. It will be sent immediately, without obligation. Our service consists of synopsizing, editing and preparation for proper presentation. We submit eligible stories and ideas to Motion Picture Studios, also radio.

AUTHORS INTERNATIONAL MERT, Dept. G
9224 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California

**WRITERS Attention!**

**Brush Away GRAY HAIR... and Look 10 Years Younger**

Now at last, you can quickly and easily tint-dye streaks of gray to natural-looking shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brown, black and a small brush. An economical and a small brush. Hair-liner—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply enough to use gray 60¢ at drug or toilet counters or about backstreet barbershop. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNITY ONE TODAY.
Hello
STAR EYES!

If you haven't tried Camille Cream Mascara, you're missing one of the most exciting beauty helps ever perfected! For this amazing mascara that you use without water, works eye magic! It lines your lashes to the very tip, makes them look thicker, longer — makes your eyes bewitchingly lovely. Smearproof, stingproof, tearproof.

Comes in a smart, colored vanity that keeps your purse clean. Get Camille Mascara at your 10c store today, or send 10c (15c in Canada) coin or stamps to CAMILLE, 49 E. 21st Street, New York, N. Y., Dept. E

THE best of the Deanna Durbin pictures—and that's saying a great big mouthful, as they have all been excellent. Under the master touch of Producer Joe Pasternak, Deanna continues to negotiate the transition between childhood and girlhood on the screen, and gives a really exquisite performance. Deanna plays the young stage daughter of Kay Francis, a popular New York actress, who has no idea that her child is growing up. An aspiring young actress herself, Deanna becomes her own mother's rival for the choice stage assignment of the coming season. She can't bear to hurt her mother, so bravely tries to keep her from finding out about it. In the meantime, quite innocently, she also becomes her own mother's rival in romance. Of course, the mother gets the man and the daughter gets the stage plum, and it all ends quite happily, but not until there have been some delicious comedy complications.

The action takes place, for the most part, in Honolulu with Harry Owens and His Royal Hawaiians providing delightful background music. Deanna sings several songs including "Loch Lomond," "Musetta's Street Song," and a new popular song by Pinky Tomlin called "Love Is All." In a most beautiful and touching sequence she sings "Ave Maria." Walter Pidgeon plays the attractive young man in love with the mother, and who has an awful time getting rid of Deanna so he can propose to her. In the excellent supporting cast are Eugene Pallette, Samuel S. Hinds, Cecilia Loitus, and S. Z. Sakall. Don't miss this one.

A BILL OF DIVORCIMENT
Establishes Maureen O'Hara as a STAR —RKO

ONLY a few years ago you saw Katharine Hepburn, a young unknown actress from Broadway, rise to fame in the role of Sydney Fairfield. Now it is Maureen O'Hara, the Irish actress from the Abbey Theatre, who plays Sydney in the newest remake of the ever popular "Bill of Divorcement." It will probably do the same for Maureen that it did for Katie. The picture deals with the subject of insanity, treating it in a most intelligent manner. Sydney Fairfield, on the eve of her marriage to a nice young man from Australia, meets her father, who has just escaped from an asylum, and for the first time learns that there is hereditary insanity in the family —that her own mind is tainted. The drama, and grim drama it is, concerns the sacrifice of herself for the sake of her mother and her fiancé. Adolphe Menjou is excellent as the father, and so is Fay Bainter as the mother. Herbert Marshall and Dame May Whitty are featured.

THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES
A MARGARET LINDSAY TRUMPH—Universal

WITHOUT fanfare comes this sur prise interpretation of the famous old classic, beautifully handled from beginning to end and serving to establish Margaret Lindsay as one of the screen's finest dramatic actresses. As "Hepzibah Margaret gives a performance that really something to write home about. Her delicate shading of characterization ranging from a sweet young girl to a bit of old maids when her son experiences life in imprisonment after being falsely accused of murdering his father, prove conclusively that her talents have lon been wasted. Vincent Price, as the impetuous older Prochein son, has at last hit his stride as one of the screen's most romantic leading men, George Sanders, a younger son, gives a top-notch performance as always. Dick Foran, Mander and Nan Grey round out a capable cast. Let's see more of that Linda girl's dramatic ability.

DR. CYCLOPS
PHOTOGRAPHY A LA RIPLEY—Paramount

ERNEST SCHODSACK, the man who was responsible for "Grass," "Chang," "King Kong," and "The Son of King Kong," reaches into his imagination once more and comes forth with "Dr. Cyclops." And a novelty indeed. It is the story of a man who discovers a way to reduce human beings and animals into pigties by means of a "radium ray. Eventually, of course, he turns his radical invention over to a scientific expedition who wanders into his jungle laboratory. When the scientists defy him to feed them to his cat—which gives you an idea. After much merriment and hilarity the Lilliputian scientists manage to outwit Dr. Cyclops and his cat by dropping him into his own radium mine. Albert Dekker, a newcomer to the screen plays the menacing Dr. Cyclops. Jane Logan and Thomas Cole are the love interest. The picture is handsomely done Technicolor, and there are more photog raphy tricks than you can shake a stick at.

THE HOUSE ACROSS THE BA
ALCATRAZ TO YOU—Walter Wanger

GEORGE RAFT plays a likeab le young racketeer who falls in love with, and marries, a pretty young singer in his night club—one Miss Joan Bennett. His lawyer, Lloyd Nolan, finds Joe pretty attractive, too, but when she will have none of him he figures out a way to have Georgie sent to Alcatraz, the hour
BUCK BENNY RIDES AGAIN
HUM ON THE RANGE—Paramount

JUST when we were getting worried about all these terribly sad films we’ve been seeing lately, along come gay and dependable Jack Benny to lift us out of the doldrums with as tuneful and entertaining a comedy as you’d want to see. Phil Harris, Ellen Drew, Andy Devine, Dennis Day, Don Wilson and the voice of Fred Allen all help out nicely.

Highlights of the Screen Actors Guild Ball: Norma Shearer in a breakaway dress (it breaks away at the waist) dancing with George Raft, and a very attractive couple they make. . . . Una Merkel drinking tea the entire evening, which is a good idea—anyway for the next morning . . . Bette Davis dancing with her publicity director, Bob Taplinger, and chattering merry hellos to everybody. . . . Irene Hervey welcoming Allan Jones home from his concert tour with a cautious kiss . . . Claudette Colbert doubling with laughter over the antics of young Mr. Mickey Rooney. . . . Joan Bennett, too beautiful for words, looking sufficiently into Walter Wanger’s eyes, while the cameras click . . . George Murphy, a swell master of ceremonies . . . Frank Morgan trying to explain the meaning of the Four A’s and getting so confused he has to call for brother Ralph . . . Marlene Dietrich dancing with tall Tim Durant with her eyes closed . . . Queenie Vassar, who just made a hit the night before as the grandmother in “The Primrose Path,” giving all the attention from the actors inside the Coconut Grove—But the fans, outside the Grove, all shrieking for Gary Cooper. . .

Clark Gable and Carole Lombard are the latest stars to take up aviation. They’ve bought a plane and are learning to pilot it. They’ve decided that a plane is faster than theirstation wagon for those hunting trips to Mexico.

Gadgets for Summer: Jewelry is the keynote to what the well-dressed woman will be wearing this summer—but of all things gadgets will be the dominant note in costume ornaments. Dame Fashion, as ever, will be taking her cue from the stars and starlets of the screen.

Gadgets in Hollywood run the gamut from paper clip necklaces to vegetables and carpenter’s tools. Judy Garland dresses up her bege sports dress with a matching bracelet and necklace made entirely of the “jacks” she used to sit on the floor and play with when she was but a few years younger.

Bonita Granville runs her a close second in individuality. She has adorned her cashmere suit with a lapel pin that consisted of a miniature slate with her initials chalked in.

It looks as though Maureen O’Sullivan had raised the silver cabinet to find her stunning new bracelet. In reality, it is a spoon bent to encircle the wrist and has engraved on it the crest that goes back generations in her family.

Myrna Loy says that one of the biggest gills she had when she visited her hometown of Helena, Montana, recently was when the kids looked in the hotel windows while she was eating dinner and kept calling “Myrna.” She felt like she was even years old again and ought to pick up her “jacks” and go out and play.

Afterthoughts on the Academy Awardsinner: Bob Hope was a life-saver and at the other speakers to shame. Bob’s first cracks were, when he found himself surrounded with the un-awarded, “Why I Made a Movie, Why I Made a Dayjob.” And then, looking over the scars, “I knew these Oscars when they were just radiator caps.” A grand pepper-pot for dull banquet, that Bob Hope. In 1927 he was only0pped once the entire evening and that was by Y. Frumineman, fresh from Georgia, and the resident of the Producers Association, after presenting the Irving Thalberg Memorial Award to David Selznick for his production of “Gone With the Wind,” Mr. Frumineman said, “I never saw so many soldiers as were used in ‘Gone With the Wind.’” If the Confederate army had had as many men we would have licked you own Yankees.”

Hattie McDaniel, wearing a powder blue dress decorated with gardenias, and with gardenias in her hair, stopped right in the midst of her speech to have a good cry. Did everybody else, when Hattie, the first Negro ever to receive an Academy award, walked across the floor with her scarlett the biggest hand of the evening.

Despite the fact that “Gone With the Wind” won ten of the seventeen major awards, not once during the entire evening did anyone even mention the name of anyone (Why aren’t we surprised?) But of course Miss Mitchell only wrote the book.

Vie McClagen just can’t help from nagging, he’s so proud because son Johnny got thrown out of five of his inter-collegiate boxing matches at the University of Virginia. Three decisions, and the fourth one was a knockout. The fifth one, Andy’s not talking about that.

Miriam Hopkins and Director Anatole Varkay may call for divorce and re- marry. Which would make a lot of Hollywood stars unhappy as “Tola” is one of the most popular escorts in the cinema.
Pictures on the Fire!

[Continued from page 55]

judge's water pitcher and knocks it over, drenching His Honor and the brief.

"A fine mess!" Solon Bates explodes, leaping up. "How do you expect me to read a wet brief? This'll cost you—where's that thing?" looking for his gavel. He pounds his desk with it. "Court's adjourned!" He glares at Cary. "Harvard man!"

It's the last day of shooting and everyone is trying to get everybody else's goat. Once they had been Cary's judge's gavel so he can't find it. Another time (when Cary tips his head back a property man is supposed to pull an invisible string to tip the pitcher over), the prop man doesn't pull the string and the water doesn't spill. Another time, Bates blows up and instead of saying, "How do you expect me to read a wet brief," he says, "wet scenario." Another time, between takes, Irene is sitting with her legs crossed and Cary gets the camera man to take a flash-light picture of her limbs. Cary exclaims, jumping up. "Just want to get a little leg art," Cary explains briefly. They're about three hours getting this one shot, but it doesn't matter because it's the last day and everyone has to be paid for a full day's time, anyhow.

I forget to mention, Garson Kanin is directing this and if this kid (he's only about 30) isn't one of the biggest directors in the business in a year or two I miss my guess. * * *

The other picture on this lot is "Tom Brown's School Days," adapted from the famous best seller of other days. The scene is not important, Josephine Hutchinson (who will you see her as the mother in "My Son, My Soul") is asking her husband, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, not to go out as he isn't well. I don't know either of the principals, so there's no use lingering here. I leave for—

Warner Brothers

I KNOW a lot of people here.

First off, I ran into James Cagney, Pat O'Brien and Ann Sheridan who are working in "Torrid Zone." That's the name of the picture although any place Annie is would be "Torrid Zone."

"Fine thing!" Cagney greets me.

"We've been back from the Vineyard three weeks and not a chirp out of you. Your wife is sore as the dickens."

I am tempted to remind him they can make out-going calls on their phone as well as I, but I'm always putting my foot in my mouth so I just say, "I was going to call you" and let it go.

"What happened to that story you did on my new house?" Pat demands.

"It'll appear presently!" I assure him.

"Were you the guy who started all that stuff in the Harvard Lampoon about me?" Annie bristles.

"Maybe I shouldn't have come out here today," I hedge, and then realize they are all ribbing me, so I decide to have a little fun myself:

"Say, Jim." I put it up to Cagney, "are you really going to fly back to Martha's Vineyard for three days when the picture is over, just to be there when your ma has her colt?"

"What?" Jimmie howls.

"Just read it in the paper," I tell him solemnly.

"For Pete's sake!" he explodes, much of this trip as you write, you live everything you see in print!

"I beg your pardon," I reply, "I've much dignity ad the master (which very little at best).", "I don't write trip.

"Not much!" Jim snaps.

Bloodshed is avoided when Willi Keighley (who directs one successful picture after another) calls them for a talk. Well, Pat's the heavy in this picture and Jimmie is Handsome Harry. An is the red-haired siren, who figures heads will be a novelty in the trop and Helen Vinson (who has decided tempera tells abuse for awhile) is the other girl. Anyhow, some bandits and banana plantation (of which Jimmie foreman). As they dash away Jimmie dashes out of the bunk house and fire a few shots after them. Ann and Helen Vinson rush out and Ann knocks his a up so he won't hit anyone. He and another allae same.

"You be out at the house at sharp," Jimmie calls after me. "We'll" on the feed bag.

"You're a cinch," I tell him.

* * *

ALSO shooting on this lot is the make of "The Sea Hawk," starr Errol Flynn. When this picture was originally made it starred Milton Sills (ceased) and one of the loveliest girls I ever known, Dorothy Mackall.

In 1935, England's fortunes were a low ebb under Queen Elizabeth (Fb Robson) and its future was threatened by Spain and the traitorous Eng Chancellor, Lord Wollingham (Hun Daily). To bring the plans to fruition, Don Alvarez (Claude Rains), accompanied by his niece, Maria (Bren Marshall), has been dispatched as a messenger to England. Among England heroes of the time are sea fighters who prey on Spanish ships and the body home to fill their country's dwindling coffers. One of these is Errol Fly and he is just now in the process of lo ing the ship on which Rains is a paas We find them in Maria's cabin with uncle and her maid (Una O'Connor).

"Stand over there, please," Flynn ders the Spaniards, taking scant not of them, "Barke, you go to drawers!"

Are you the captain of these pirate? Rains demands furiously, clenching kilt of his sword.

"Pile the contraband over here, Burke Flynn orders, not desiring to aston Mr. R.

"I'm King Philip's Ambassador, L. Alvarez de Cordoba de Seo----" Rains nounces in a helpless fury.

"Pardon me, sir, we're pressed time," Errol says briefly. "Your sho
At the word “sinking,” Brenda and Una slung closer together. The Jury of Rain’s is impotent against the casual business-like attitude of the Englishman. Burke Alan has had open a chest and bound a case of jewels on top.

“Look, Cap’n,” he chuckles. “Not bad.”

“Don’t you dare touch those jewels!” Una blurts.

Hale glances up at the sound of her voice and his face breaks into an incongruous smile of recognition. “An Englishwoman, by heavens!” he chuckles.

“Not very proud of it at the moment,” Una squeals him.

Of all the character people on the screen I can’t think of any I’d rather watch than Una and Alan (unless, perhaps, it’s the newly discovered Queenie Vassar in “Primrose Path”), but there are other studies to cover so I’ll be on my way to—

M-G-M

THERE’S plenty done out here again this month.

“The Mortal Storm,” starring Margaret Sullivan and Wallace Stewart, is shooting. This is the story of the Jewish professor in Germany who was a world famed scientist, universally esteemed, until the Nazi regime got into it. It’s a sordid, harrowing tale, but engrossingly interesting. This scene being shot is not terribly important. It is simply a presentation being made the professor (Frank Morgan) on his sixtieth birthday by his classes. The scene simply fixes in the minds of the audience the regard in which the professor is held. Between takes I kid Jimmie Stewart about his amours, for that boy certainly gets around. But the poor guy can’t even take a girl out dancing without being reported engaged to her. “What would the columnists do for copy if ever you got married, Jim?” I ask him.

“I guess that’s one of the reasons I don’t,” he grins. “I have to help them out. Live and let live, you know.”

“That’s a snappy little number you’re wearing, too,” I compliment him, taking in the Norfolk jacket with a belt going through its holes. I’m not one to ridicule what I used to wear when I was in grade school.

Bob Young passes by. “Hi, Dick,” he says. “When you coming out to the riding academy and take some of that beef off?”

“I ride Dick Arlen’s horses—for nothing,” I inform him loftily.

“How now, Bob?” Jimmie Stewart sarcastically as he moves on. I, too, move on to the next stage where—

*SUSAN and God* is shooting. This stars Joan Crawford, but alasakady! Joan isn’t working today. However, practically all the rest of the cast is, except Fredric March, who plays Joan’s husband.

The set is the living room of the Long Island estate of Joan’s friend, Rose Hobart. Joan has just returned from Europe, full of a new enthusiasm. She has just discovered God! Moreover, she has a new approach to God, learned through a Lady Wigstaff (Condence Collier). Everybody at Rose’s house party is involved. Rose wants to get rid of her husband, so she can marry Bruce Cabot. Rita Hayworth wants to get rid of her daughter (Nigel Bruce), whom she has but recently married, so she can marry John Carroll. And Ruth Hussey has always been in love with Fredric March, who is married to Joan, who doesn’t love him.

At the moment, Joan (who isn’t working today) is supposed to have Nigel Bruce cornered, taking away sixty-to-the-minute about God.

“That’s been going on since before dinner,” Ruth Hussey snickers.

“I heard her tell him if he wasn’t ‘God-conscious’ he was nothing but an animal,” John Carroll puts in.

Then the bell sounds in. “Telephone for you, Mr. Rochester,” he says to Carroll. “A Mr. Kraus.”

“Why, that’s his agent!” Rita bursts out excitedly.

“It’s probably to say I’m not the type,” Carroll remarks casually, stopping to light a cigarette.

“He wouldn’t call at this hour of the night for that,” Rita exclaims and starts to push him towards the door. “Oh, hurry!”

“My, whose call is this?” Carroll looksingly.

Just as they’re leaving the room Bruce comes in, his arms full of tracts. Jealousy, he watches his wife (Rita) and Carroll as they exit. The little group in the room reacts uncomfortably.

“Did they finally escape, dear?” Rose Hobart asks solicitously.

“Yes,” Nigel snaps, starting towards the door. “I know all about the conned, fouled Wiggam movement in Europe, Asia, Africa and the Bronx. And what she didn’t tell me, I can read—she thinks, disgustedly indicating the pamphlets. ‘She’s gone down to the kitchen now to hector the help. They’ll probably poison her.”

It’s nice to see Rose Hobart again and, if she had looked years ago when she was a potential star at Fox as she looks now, her story in pictures might have been different.

But what I can’t understand is why M-G-M had to hire her for this part when there are plenty of other Grey riders on the lot and why they had to hire Bruce Cabot when they have Alan Curtis. However, I suppose that’s more the stockholders’ business than mine.

As I turn to leave the stage I notice a man whose face is vaguely familiar, but whom I can’t place. “Hello, Dick,” he says. I look again and almost swoon. It’s George Cukor, the director. A few months ago he was as big around as a blimp. Now he has a waistline like a high school kid and his extra chins are all gone.

“What in heck has happened to you?” I yelp.

“I just got tired of being fat,” he explains. “And I went on a diet. It was an easy diet, too, I took off seventy pounds.”

“Gimmie,” I demand. I pocket the copy of his diet he hands me. Some day, perhaps, I’ll get around to reducing.

“Come on,” says Maxine Thomas, who is steering me around. “We still have a couple of other sets to cover.”

THE next set proves to be one of the high points of the month. It’s Mickey's
Rooney in "Andy Hardy Meets Debutante." People can say Mickey’s fresh and that he muggs and anything else they want to but, personally, I get a kick out of Mickey that no one else on the screen hands me. And I’ll bet if some of his critics were seventeen and the biggest box office name in pictures, they’d be a darned sight worse than Mickey is.

Anyhow, to get back to our mutton, Mickey has fallen in love with New York’s No. 1 Glamour Girl—a society debutante—Daphne Fowler (Diana the new Mrs. William Powell). He collects pictures of her. When his pal, George Breakstone, discovers the pictures and threatens to publish the story (in the high school paper) of Mickey’s infatuation, all Mickey can say is that he and Diana are great friends in love with each other. George and Mickey’s hometown sweetheart (Ann Rutherford) pooh-pooh the idea.

Then Judge Hardy (Lewis Stone) goes to New York when financial support for the local orphanage is withdrawn, taking his whole family with him. Finally, through the good offices of Judy Garland, Mickey meets his dream girl and has his picture taken with her by the news photographers. When the picture breaks you can imagine what a stir it creates in the old home town.

We pick up Ann and George in the “editorial rooms” of the high school “Olympian.” “Oh, Beery,” Ann wails to George. “He did know that girl! What awful idiots we’ve been!”

“Cynthia Potter warned me,” George confesses dolefully. “Andy kissed her the first time he took her out. I shoulda known he isn’t a man to trust with—

“Beery,” Ann interjects suddenly, a new fear gripping her, “maybe he was secretly married to her all the time!” She looks up at the sound of the door opening and does a gigantic “take” as there stands Mickey with Baby Shirley in his arms. “Andy,” Ann gulps, “who—whose baby is this?”

“Miss Benedict,” Andy replies easily, “it was to protect this innocent babe’s future we went to New York.”

“What?!” Ann shrieks, agast. And then she realizes. “Oh! The orphanage.”

“Relax, my child,” Mickey admonishes them. “But I trust that once and for all, the younger generation in this town has learned to respect its betters!”

“So Daphne Fowler was in love with you all the time,” Ann surmises miserably. “You saw our picture,” Andy adds nonchalantly. “Society’s number one glamour girl and—” bowing modestly, “yours truly.”

“Andy,” Ann wails, beginning to choke up, “perhaps you are too mature for me.”

“Don’t cry, Polly,” Mickey cries in genuine concern. “Please don’t cry.”

“When a girl starts crying,” Ann sniffles between dry little sobs, “even if it’s because she—likes you, and her nose gets shiny—I guess—she hasn’t any glamour at all.”

I guess I’m no different than a million other Americans but, somehow, these Andy Hardy pictures hit me where I live. They seem so down to earth and such a welcome relief from biographies and his- torical documents that aren’t really authentic because veracity has been sacrificed for dramatic values.

** RUEFULLY, we leave Mickey and Ann and proceed to Lot No. 3 where “20 Mule Team,” starring Wallace Beery, is shooting. But when I get out there I find a faithful reproduction of an old mid-western mining town, Furnace Flat. The famous twenty mule team that used to haul the rocks of borax into town is standing in front of the paymaster’s office. Beery is the driver. But when he gets into town he finds there’s no pay, because the company is in financial straits.

“They been in there jiving since eight o’clock this morning,” John Beck grumbles.

“Yes, and they keep sayin’ we gotta wait,” Gardner James amends.

“Yeah?” Mr. Beery snarls (and he snarls because his credit has been cut off at the local bar), “well, I been waitin’ two months for a glass o’ beer. I want my money. It’s the limit of human meekness!”

** W E L L, I been waitin’ two months to get on the set of “Pride and Prejudice” and Mr. B’s troubles with his pay check are not going to keep me from getting on that set today, so I leave him to work out his troubles as best he can.

But when I get to “P & P” I find neither Lawrence Olivier nor Greer Garson are working. So we’ll have to postpone that picture yet another month. That leaves—

20th Century-Fox

TWO pictures shooting here—“Maryland” and “Rogue of the Rio Grande.”

The first is a picture of steeplechase racing in Maryland. There isn’t much novelty to the plot, but what cares about novelty when it’s a horse racing picture. I defy anyone to sit through five or six reels of a horse picture and not get a lump in his throat when the filly you’ve watched grow from a colt comes charging down the stretch to win by a nose.

John Payne is the handsome hero, Brenda Joyce is the lovely heroine, Walter Brennan is the trainer and Fay Bainter is Payne’s mother. Now if that’s not a cast to conjure with: 1 start gabbing with Payne and Brenda.

“Don’t you think we’ve pretty classy togs to be the daughter of an impoverished horse trainer?” Brenda demands, strutting around in her peppermint stripe dress.

“Though, somehow, during the conversation with Payne, I mention the Roanoke Hotel which is a reproduction of an old English Inn and John modestly admits that that hotel, along with about half the town, belongs to his father’s estate, of which head his brother are the heirs!

I leave Mr. Payne, envying him not his stellar position, nor his wife (the lovely Anne Shirley), nor his wealth, but the Roanoke Hotel!

The other picture, “Rogue of the Rio Grande,” is another of the Cisco Kid epics featuring Cesar Romero. This time Cesar and his henchman (Chris-Pin Martin) have got in a jam and they’re registering at a hotel. Cesar demands the best room in the joint, only to be regretfully told by the clerk (Ned Saylor) that the best rooms are all taken—except the bridal suite. “Not,” adds Synd hastily, eyeing the plump Mr. Martin, “that I’m sugg- esting you need it.”

I chuckle over this sally, along with everyone else on the set, tell Cesar “good-bye” and head for—

** Paramount

O NLY one picture going here, “Henry Aldrich.” This is adapted from the radio serial of the same name. Jackie Cooper is playing Henry.

The Aldrich family is having a dinner party. In the midst of it, the colorless maid comes in and says to Hedda Hopper (Mrs. Aldrich), “I know I shouldn’t bother you, Mrs. Aldrich, but Mrs. Johnson (the washerwoman) wants to see you.”

“Tell Mrs. Johnson to come back to- morrow,” Hedda commands.

“I told her you were having a high class party,” the maid counters, “but she won’t listen.”

Just then a wisp of smoke comes into the room and several of the guests start coughing. The door from the kitchen bursts open and Mrs. Johnson, livid with rage, storms in. She flaps one of Mr. Aldrich’s shirts in her face. “Look at what Henry’s soap done to my washing!” she shrieks. “It ain’t soap at all. It’s just plain, pure catin’ lye.”

“Cleo, we’ll talk about this some other time,” Mr. Aldrich hedges.

“Yeah!” mocks Mrs. Cleo Johnson. “Jes’ wait, you see your drawers!”

The smoke gets thicker and thicker and the guests, coughing away for dear life, rush out of the dining room, as Mr. Aldrich rushes to the stairs leading down to the basement and yells for Henry to come up and explain himself and his soap. Both Henry and Mr. Aldrich try to explain them as a terrific explosion. It seems his soap doesn’t produce the “skin you love to touch.”

“Hey, Dick—” Jackie begins as he catches sight of me.

“You keep away from me, you—you explosionist,” I howl. “I still have next month’s column to do.”

And I leave Jackie and the coughing guests to get out of their dilemma as best they can while I go home to wait for the time next month to roll around. So long.
The new shade for early summer—"Pink Lady"

The most beautiful fingernails in the world

It's breath-taking, the new gem-hard, lustrous beauty of the nail polish that's different—Dura-Gloss! Have this fingernail beauty yourself. Tint your nails with Dura-Gloss today...you'll adore it because it lasts longer, flows on easier! See the lovely, fashion-right shades, and buy a different shade for every frock! For Dura-Gloss costs (not fifty cents! not a dollar!) only 10 cents a bottle! So get it today!

OTHER DURA-GLOSS PRODUCTS
DURA-GLOSS Nail Polish Thinner  DURA-GLOSS Polish Remover
DURA-GLOSS Dura-Coat (polish base)  DURA-GLOSS Cuticle Remover
DURA-GLOSS Cuticle Lotion

LORR LABORATORIES, PATerson, N. J.
"Yes ma'am, it was Uncle Sam.

who made tobacco better than ever!"

"And Luckies always buy the cream," says H. R. King, 15 years a tobacco buyer.

"Credit sure does go to U. S. Government scientists," says Mr. King. "The past few years they helped farmers grow tobacco the like of which America has never seen. "As I've bought over 4 million pounds of tobacco at auctions from Florida, Kentucky, I've seen that Luckies snap the prettier lots of these finer tobaccos. "So I smoke Luckies, and others in line do, too. I mean independent buyers warehousemen and auctioneers."

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST... IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

HAVE YOU TRIED A LUCKY LATELY?
STAY AWAY FROM HOLLYWOOD, GIRLS!
WHY BETTE DAVIS NEVER WILL MARRY AN ACTOR
Then why have I never married?

She was one of those stunning, Aquarius types . . . tall, regal, red-haired . . . about thirty; of obvious means, and with a hand that showed personality, health, brilliance of mind, daring and romance. Fortune's child if ever I saw one.

Yet here she was confessing unashamedly that she'd had little luck with men and almost tearfully demanding to know why. Should I tell her . . . dare I tell her . . . that the answer lay not in her hand—but in something else* that most people do not even mention, let alone discuss.

One of the most damning faults in a woman is halitosis (bad breath)*. Yet every woman may offend this way some time or other—without realizing it. That's the insidious thing about halitosis.

How foolish to take unnecessary risks of offending others when Listerine Antiseptic is such a delightful precaution against this humiliating condition. You simply rinse your mouth with it night and morning, and between times before engagements at which you wish to appear at your best.

Some cases of halitosis are caused by systemic conditions. But usually—and fortunately—say some authorities, most bad breath is due to fermentation of tiny food particles on teeth and gums.

Could Breath Sweeter
Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then quickly overcomes the odors it causes. The breath becomes sweeter, purer, more agreeable, and less likely to offend others.

In the matter of charm, your breath may often be more important than your clothes, your hair, your skin, your figure. Take precautions to keep it on the agreeable side with the antiseptic and deodorant which is as effective as it is delightful.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Wake up, Wallflower!
Mum after your bath would have saved your charm!

**Mum prevents underarm odor... guards after-bath freshness all evening**

_**B**reathtaking expectations... dreams of a wonderful evening... turned to dust! Why should it happen to a pretty girl like Jean? She bathed so carefully, chose her loveliest dress, started out so gaily. But she did forget Mum—she thought her bath would be enough! And now she's sitting out the dances. She's missed her chance for popularity—and she doesn't know why._

It's a mistake to believe that the bath which leaves you so fresh and sweet will secure your charm for the evening. Even the most perfect bath removes only perspiration that is _past_! Underarm odor can come _after_ a bath, unless you prevent it. Why not make sure you never risk this danger? Make future odor _impossible_—follow your bath with Mum!

**MUM SAVES TIME!** Takes only half a minute! Just a pat under this arm, under that... and you're through!

**MUM SAVES CLOTHES!** Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving Mum actually soothes your skin.

**MUM SAVES CHARM!** Without attempting to stop perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor. With Mum, after-bath freshness lasts all evening. Women everywhere use Mum...yes, and men, too. Get Mum at your druggist's today. Be always welcome—make a habit of Mum!

**FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—** More women use Mum for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. Mum is gentle, safe, dependable!

---

*Mum Takes the Odor Out of Perspiration*

*For July 1940*
DEAR ED:

In case you are planning to come out here this summer, I thought you might like to know what Hollywood is talking about so you won't be goon when you are caught under the candelabras (and besides it's an easy way to write a column). So brush up on the following subjects:

What They Are Talking About in Hollywood: The casting of Norma Shearer for the role of the Countess in "Escape." Most people think it's a case of very bad casting. . . . The iridescent nail polish the girls are wearing for evening. It has almost completely taken the place of those horrible reds. . . . "Gone With the Wind," the richest bonanza in Hollywood history. On April 24th it passed the $17,000,000 mark in theatre ticket sales, and it hasn't even reached its regular release schedule yet, and so far has been shown only in a thousand cities. Walt Disney's "Snow White" three years ago, was the previous record breaker, earning a paltry $8,000,000—which at the time was called "phenomenal". . . . Will Olivia de Havilland and Jimmy Stewart get married? . . . Now that Hedy Lamarr has cut her hair for "Boo Town" the smartypants around town are taking bets on whether or not Joan Bennett will cut hers. . . . Are those divorce rumors true concerning Fred MacMurray and his wife? . . . Walter Pidgeon, after all these years, the hottest Glamour Boy in pictures. Ever since "It's a Date" the women have been screaming for him. . . . Will Norma Shearer and George Raft marry? The new vogue for amber. With Jean Arthur, Rita Hayworth and Loretta Young sporting beautiful new amber necklaces. . . . Vivien Leigh and Larry Olivier and their road tour of "Romeo and Juliet." Are Scarlett and Heathcliff hurting their picture standing? . . . Will Iona Massey marry Alan Curtis when his divorce is final? Ray Milland. Why didn't they ever cast him as a comedian before? With Loretta Young in "The Doctor Takes a Wife" he is the funniest man alive. . . . Rosalind Russell's hats. Ditto Hedda Hopper's. Ear rings are with us again. Movie stars at Coco's are all weighed down with them. Probably the Liz Whitney influence. Is there any truth to the Claudette Colbert divorce rumors? (Definitely not. I know for a fact that Claudette and her doctor never have been happier.) Joan Fontaine. Her sensational triumph in "Rebecca" after she had been dropped by Hollywood. . . . The Elsa Maxwell-Hedda Hopper feud. . . . What did Paullette Goddard tell the census-taker? . . . Are Carole Lombard and Clark Cable expecting? (No, but they'd like to be.)

If you get the idea that pictures and picture people are about all we talk about in Hollywood you aren't far wrong.
"The Mortal Storm"

It had to be told! Millions demanded that the fiery pages of this best-selling novel be dramatized on the screen.

It is an unforgettable motion picture. Tensely it tells of youthful love...the courage of men and women whose brave heritage will never die...the excitement of world-shaking events just as they happened in screaming newspaper headlines...and with powerful performances by a cast as brilliant as the mighty story they tell...

Starring
Margaret SULLAVAN  James STEWART  Robert YOUNG  Frank MORGAN

with ROBERT STACK  BONITA GRANVILLE  IRENE RICH  WILLIAM T. ORR  MARIA OUSPENSKAYA  GENE REYNOLDS

Screen Play by CLAUDINE WEST  ANDERSEN ELLIS
and GEORGE FROESCHEL  Directed by FRANK BORZAGE

A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
Hollywood Earfuls

The most interesting of the current whisperings now making the rounds in Hollywood

WELL, isn’t he the old sentimentalist! Tyrone Power’s first wedding anniversary gift to Annabella was a print of “Suez”—the picture they were both making when their romance started.

The magazine photographers in Hollywood will tell you that Oivon de Haviland is the most photogenic of the movie stars. She looks pretty no matter at what angle you shoot her.

The proudest person dining at the Brown Derby the other night was Robert Taylor. Barbara was wearing a hat that he personally selected and bought for her that afternoon—and everyone was stopping at the table to tell Barbara what a stunning new hat she was wearing.

It’s the favorite Rathbone story being told around Hollywood now. Seems that the other night Basil Rathbone’s agent phoned his home, but was informed by the butler that both Mr. and Mrs. Rathbone were out to dinner.

“It’s very important that I speak to him at once,” said the agent. “Where can I find them?”

“Mr. and Mrs. Rathbone are dining at the drugstore on the corner,” said the butler pompously.

Ann Sothern and hubby Roger Pryor decided that they must do something about getting the proper exercise. Bowling, they agreed, was just what they needed, and besides it might be a lot of fun. So Ann and Roger went out to a bowling alley. Ann shot a discouraging 64, broke all her long beautiful nails right down to the quick, and one time forgot to let go of the ball and slid halfway down the alley, while a bunch of college kids snickered. Roger had to go to the doctor for X-rays the next day and discovered that he had thrown a vertebra out of place. Ann had to take several leaves out of her lovely antique dining room table for him to sleep on. They’ve decided to give up bowling.

According to six of America’s greatest artists, Paulette Goddard possesses the most beautiful figure in the world. If you’re from Missouri get a gander at it in a bathing suit in “The Ghost Breakers.”

Penny Singleton, who used to keep fit by a half dozen back flips and fancy gymnastic tricks each morning, will have to forego that kind of exercise for a few months while she recovers completely from her automobile accident. For a while doctors thought they’d have to cut into Penny and anchor a floating rib, but fortunately the danger [Continued on page 8]
In the heart of the jungle... she found her heart's desire!

A Paramount Picture with

TULLIO CARMINATI • MURIEL ANGELUS
LYNNE OVERMAN • BILLY GILBERT

DIRECTED BY EDWARD H. GRIFFITH

Screen Play by Delmer Daves • Based on a Story by Paul Hervey Fox

LYNNE OVERMAN as the canny Scot who doesn’t give a “hoot” about women!

for July 1940
Helen Parrish and her devoted Forrest Tucker may soon be altar-bound.

Hollywood Earfuls
[Continued from page 6]

has passed and Penny will be tightly taped for three months instead. Penny quips, "That taping business gives me a swell waistline—better than Scarlett O'Hara's."

Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville make the cutest couple among the younger set.

There's a rumor that the Bing Crosbys are going to adopt a baby girl to bring up with their large family of boys. And it's a fact, not a rumor, that the Jack Bennys are adopting a little boy. Their five year old adopted daughter, Joanie, is all for having a little brother.

Orry-Kelly, Warner's well known stylist, has written a book that will be published soon, titled, "Women I Have Undressed"—which speaks for itself.

Count on Ken Murray, ace m.c., to think of a certain something to put his party over. After dinner the other evening he ushered his guests into his playroom, which had been fixed up as a movie theatre, and showed them some of those old time silent films which never fail to interest and amuse the cinema colony. After the screening, as the guests left the room, Ken proceeded to present each and everyone of them with a set of dishes.

Dorothy Lamour and Robert Preston have decided not to see too much of each other in the future. It might just be a case of love growing cold, or it might just be a case of too many objecting fans. We have it from Bob's studio, Paramount, that most of Bob's fan mail, and there seems to be a terrific lot of it since the release of "Typhoon," is from gals who strenuously object to Bob's marrying Dorothy Lamour. Not that they have any-
Irene
Henry
suppose
the
few
the
do
George
Maureen
swimming
doesn't
a
quadruple-
agitated,
won't
Dolores
of
single
married
difference
want
but
posed
Dolores
Bob,
thing
on
Orson
Welles
You
excites
them
Heaven
not,
G.
from
Fred
Powder
single.

Maureen O'Hara is an incessant milk drinker; says it won't add weight.

When Gene Raymond attended the preview of "Irene" the other night he was in the midst of signing autographs when an officious little usher, with the weight of the world on his shoulders, bustled up and busily announced, "No, more autographs, no more autographs."

One fan, the Amazonian type, glared at the little squint, and then turned politely to Gene, "Do you mind, Mr. Raymond?" she asked.

"Nope," said Gene. "I love it." With which the big girl gave the little usher a nasty look and said, "Scram, brother." And he did.

Constance Bennett is now a quadruple-threat career woman. She has her screen career (having just signed a new contract with Columbia); she has her stage career (she plans to do one play a year following her recent success in "Easy Virtue"); she has her thriving cosmetic business; and her own recently organized picture-producing unit in New York.

Wayne Morris is a pushover for art—but not exactly the same kind of art that so excites Edward G. Robinson. Wayne has recently added to his collection a mermaid, who greatly resembles Mae West, painted on the bottom of his swimming pool. When the water is agitated, so is the mermaid.

You can powder your nose by looking at Dolores Del Rio’s ears these days. Dolores has a new pair of ear-rings composed of tiny mirrors. Since her separation from Cedric Gibbons the beautiful Dolores has been dining and dancing with Orson Welles and Fred Perry, tennis champ.

Charles Boyer

“ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO”

From the World-Applauded Novel By
Rachel Field

IN ALL ITS GLORY, with the full fire of its deep-stirring story, this beloved best-seller sweeps to the summit of screen achievement! And never have its stars come to you so immeasurably magnificent, or brought you a drama that touches so close to your heart. You will, of course, see it!

Especially distinguished in the supporting cast of this new WARNER BROS. Success, are

JEFFREY LYNN
BARBARA O’NEIL
Virginia Weidler • Henry Daniell
Walter Hampden • George Coulouris

AN ANATOLE LITVAK PRODUCTION
Screen Play by Casey Robinson • Music by Max Steiner
A Warner Bros.-First National Picture
A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT (RKO)—It seems that a better vehicle could have been selected to establish Maureen O'Hara as a star. After all, it's Adolphe Menjou, as her demented father, who has the choice role and naturally is most outstanding. The story moves slowly and there is little action. Nevertheless, Maureen's limited performance is indicative of her ability.

AND ONE WAS BEAUTIFUL (M-G-M)—Not only does this picture mark the return of Jean Muir to the screen, but it further fortifies Laraine Day's claim to stardom. Jean is a glamour girl who doesn't mind seeing her boyfriend, Robert Cummings, take a prison rap for her. Laraine, as her kid sister, struggles for his freedom and wins it and him, besides.

BEYOND TOMORROW (RKO)—The spirit world is the important element in this well cast story of a young cowboy, Richard Carlson, whose singing voice brings him success and an inflated ego. Three elderly pals of his and his girl, Jean Parker, who'd been killed in a plane crash, return to this earth to guide him back to his former self. Charles Winninger, C. Aubrey Smith and Harry Carey are the gentlemen who return from the other world.

BUCK BENNY RIDES AGAIN (Paramount)—Jack Benny certainly has his troubles when forced, through love and other circumstances, to pretend he's a cowboy. But as usual the more trouble he has the more delightful he is. Ellen Drew, Phil Harris, Andy Devine, Rochester, and the voice of Fred Allen are his chief supports in this gay, tuneful and hilarious musical comedy.

CAROLE LANDIS AND VICTOR MATURE IN "ONE MILLION B. C."

CURTAIN CALL (RKO)—An amusing film, quite worthy of applause, having to do with a young girl who writes a play which the producers hope will ruin a star, but on the contrary is such a hit, it makes the star more important than ever. The cast includes Barbara Read, Alan Mowbray, Helen Vinson and Donald MacBride.

DARK COMMAND (Republic) — A dynamic epic of the Civil War days when guerilla warfare flourished in the border states. Walter Pidgeon, as a gentlemanly schoolteacher develops into quite the out-law before long and it's John Wayne, as the town marshal, who has to bring him to order. Claire Trevor is the femme fatale and Roy Rogers, as her kid brother, is especially noticeable in the large supporting cast.

DR. KILDARE'S STRANGE CASE (M-G-M)—Again the team of Lionel Barrymore and Lew Ayres offers a refreshing yarn having to do with the wizardry of the medical profession. With such doctors as Lionel and Lew to care for you, illness becomes a blessing. Laraine Day continues as the nurse in love with Dr. Kildare and if she's to remain in this series the chances are her role will be built up considerably.

FLORIAN (M-G-M)—This is a fascinating story of a horse, lavishly produced, with the Austria of Franz Josef as its locale. Florian, a royal Lippizan, figures importantly in the lives of all those with whom he comes in contact in his years at the palace, during the World War and the revolution, and finally his final years of peace in this country. Robert Young, Helen Gilbert and Charles Coburn are among those giving distinguished performances.

FOUR LITTLE MOTHERS (M-G-M)—Eddie Cantor deserts his usual type of musical extravaganza to play a straight dramatic role and acquits himself nicely. He's a bachelor professor in a girl's school and when they learn he's the "father" of a baby things start popping. Eddie gets great support, especially from a new kiddie find, Baby Quintanilla, who almost steals the picture.

IRENE (RKO)—It's a refreshing sight to see Anna Neagle skipping about in a role more suited to her charm and beauty, Linda Darnell being prettied up in a scene from her latest film, "Star Dust."
Remember how stiff and stoic she was in "Nurse Edith Cavell?" Ray Milland is ideal as her leading man. The supporting cast, including Roland Young, Alan Marshal, May Robson, Billie Burke, Arthur Treacher and Doris Nolan, lives up to what you'd naturally expect of it.

IT ALL CAME TRUE (Warner)—Ann Sheridan never has performed more convincingly than in this gangster melodrama. Humphrey Bogart is the head gangster and Jeffrey Lynn is Ann's boyfriend. It all takes place in a boarding house which Humphrey turns into a night club. Ann does nicely with her musical numbers. Although not regarded as an oomph role for Ann, she displays more of it than usual.

JOHNNY APOLLO (20th Century-Fox)—Tyrome Power becomes a gangster in an effort to free his father, Edward Arnold, from prison. The father misunderstands the son's motive and disowns him. Then the son really becomes a thug. Lloyd Nolan and Dorothy Lamour are excellent as the other featured players in this impelling melodrama of a father and son forced into lives of crime.

MA, HE'S MAKING EYES AT ME (Universal)—An amusing comedy about a press agent for a dress shop who puts over a big publicity stunt to pick a Miss Manhattan. Our own Ed Sullivan wrote the yarn and did a hang-up job of it. In the cast are Tom Brown, Constance Moore, Richard Carle, Anne Nagel and Jerome Cowan.

ONE MILLION B.C. (Hal Roach-United Artists)—A spectacular novelty of pre-historic times which is a supreme photographic achievement. It is entertainment primarily for the eye with exciting sights galore, including the shapely Carole Landis. The cast also includes handsome Victor Mature, who's definitely a heart flutterer.

RANCHO GRANDE (Republic)—If you see this well-produced western you'll understand why Gene Autry reigns unchallenged as king of the cowboys. He never was better. The story concerns a ranch, completely entangled in red tape, which he inherits. His unraveling of it is superb entertainment. Smiley Burnette, June Storey, Dick Hogan, and Roscoe Arbuckle have featured roles.

SATURDAY'S CHILDREN (Warners)—John Garfield and Anne Shirley, as a young married couple trying to make a go of it despite conditions, are confronted with many problems with which the majority of married couples in the audience are familiar. It's interesting, common-sense moviefare that makes you a part of the story.

SON OF THE NAVY (Monogram)—Here's a comedy-melodrama deserving of unlimited praise. It tells of an orphan who attaches himself to a gob, and later to a girl, who thinks the boy is really the son of the sailor. Comic complications are rampant with James Dunn, Martin Spellman and Jean Parker heading an acceptable cast which seems to realize what the story is all about.

STAR DUST (20th Century-Fox)—Practically a true story of Linda Darnell's breaking into pictures, this believably done film of Hollywood proves that Darryl Zanuck made no mistake in selecting her for stardom. Roland Young, John Payne, Charlotte Greenwood, William Gargan and Mary Healy head a superbly directed supporting cast.

THE BISCUIT EATER (Paramount)—A touching and simple story about a hunting dog, thought to be nothing but a "biscuit eater" until a small lad, played by Billy Lee, develops him into the very best in the country. Your emotions are kept in mind throughout and get quite

[Continued on page 17]

BARBARA KINDT, FRESHMAN AT UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT BERKELEY, SAYS:

It's a Beau Catcher...

that modern natural look!

AND IT'S YOURS WITH THIS FACE POWDER

YOU CHOOSE BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

To give you the piquant natural charm of gay, young "collegiennes"—the modern trend in makeup—Hudnut has created Marvelous Face Powder, the remarkable new powder you choose by the color of your eyes!

For eye color is definitely related to the color of your skin, your hair. It is the simplest guide to powder that matches and glorifies your own coloring...gives you that disarm- ing natural look men like so well.

Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick at drug and department stores—only 58c each. (65¢ in Canada.)

So, whether your eyes are blue, gray, brown or hazel, it's easy now to find the shade that's right for you! Just ask for Richard Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder...the pure, fine-textured powder you choose by the color of your eyes!

Marvelous Face Powder goes on so smoothly, clings for hours, agrees with even sensitive skin! For complete color harmony, use matching Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, too.

Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick at drug and department stores—only 58c each. (65¢ in Canada.)

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Ave., New York City

Please send me 'trials' Makeup Kit containing gorgeous metal containers of harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick.

I enclose 15¢ to help cover mailing costs.

My eyes are: Brown □ Blue □ Hazel □ Gray □

Name—__________________________

Street—__________________________

City—__________________________

Be sure to check color of your eyes!
By laboratories, picked lot the Silver a my go of All pageantry. Ginger bit helmet have check his their coup! e effectivel gal to those charger.

"Lucky query, if most takes just also cottage. the business seems these WW MA LIQUID bankruptcies? my an an—

KEEP UNDERARMS SWEET BATH-FRESH

Checking On Their Comments

ERROL FLYNN is the 1940 type of celluloid idol. That's why I picked on him for an answer to this: Were the swashbuckling lads of the old days any different from the modern boys who have to check in on the time clock at 9 a.m.? And Errol gave me an interesting response. Said he:

"So you're pondering the question of whether there's much difference between the historic male animal in tin armor and a helmet and today's hero in a business suit and a couple of bankruptcies? Off-hand, I'd reply that the lads are pretty much alike. It's my observation that most gents, from Richard the First to Roosevelt the Second, seek life and the pursuit of happiness in very much the same way. A guy wants a gal and he wants security.

"In feudal times, he won the gal, at the point of a lance in some celebrated joust, or to go a bit farther back, with the whack of a caveman's club. In the Middle Ages, there was a lot of pageantry and the heroes of that era were right handsome fellows in their trappings. But I'm not a whit surer they were more heroic than today's lads. Can you imagine Lancelot filling out an income tax return? It takes courage, it seems to me, to make

your way in these parlous times. It requires enormous moxie to labor those long tedious hours in laboratories, or in machine shops, or tramping the pavement selling enough life insurance to win lady fair and a cottage.

"In the old days, a lad could be a great man on sheer physical courage and foolhardiness alone, but today it takes brains plus the toughest kind of perseverance. I believe the modern young fellow is faced with much greater odds in his battle for the things he wants and needs and that he's even more heroic. And I hear tell that, when the day's work is done, today's hero is just as romantic in a rumble seat as his great-great-great-grandfather was when he swooped up his girl friend on a charger."

Probably Errol is right. Heroes haven't changed. Their alibis have. In the old days they explained absences with yarns about slaying dragons. Today they say the Ford broke down on a dark road. And the 1940 boy has far greater menaces. I'll take a dragon any day instead of an efficiency expert.

I PUT the query, Would you rather dance or act, to Ginger Rogers. Ginger, as you know, has been edging away from her dancing slippers. In "Primrose Path" she let her hair down and acted. In "Lucky Partners" she tackles light comedy with Ronald Colman. In "Kitty Foyle" she will do a modern American business girl. All those graceful terpsichorean evolutions with Fred Astaire are in the limbo of the past. What about those dancing shoes? Here's what Ginger told me—

There is also a LIQUID NONSPI—at drug and department stores.

Says Vivien Leigh, "I have recently had a most happy experience working again with Robert Taylor in 'Waterloo Bridge' at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer."
“I won’t say positively that I will never again dance in pictures, but, if I do, it will be solely a matter of story motivation or expediency. ‘With the splendid encouragement I have received from my last RKO-Radio non-dancing assignment, I feel that I should definitely continue along the same lines. Dancing is a highly specialized art form, therefore limited in its story and acting possibilities. On the other hand, dramatic, comedy or farcical parts have an unlimited scope for versatile expression. So, you see, these are my future plans. BUT plans and schedules are like the weather—they always change’.

The gal wants to act, I take it, but she is taking no chances on predictions. For my part, I like Ginger in dancing shoes. Who can dance as charmingly, but how many can act just as well? Versatile expression! Give me Ginger in a graceful song and dance. Let the flat footed ingenues act. I’ll take La Rogers set to music.

RAY MILLAND is a good looking Englishman with possibilities. He has been doing routine leads—stalwart young men who respond, usually in evening clothes, to the best motives—but there has been little to distinguish him above dozens of other stalwarts responding to the better scenario motives. Says Ray:

“I’ve been acting a lot of colorless chaps and believe it or not, I’ve been happy doing it. I’ve played them unquestioningly, too. I wanted to learn to act. The only way to do that is to get yourself on celluloid as much as possible—and study yourself afterwards. I’ve been on a lot of celluloid. Now I’m hoping for a real role. Maybe I’m ready. Not that I’m complaining, mind you. It’s tough being broke. I know, I’ve been broke. Hollywood has been a happy spot for me. I appreciate its magic.

Some things you do are pleasanter than others. I had fun playing in ‘Irene’ with Anna Neagle. Many’s the time we sat on the same casting bench in London studios, hoping for a chance. ‘Irene’ was pretty remote then.”

Many folks think that Milland may go back to fight for old England. But he now is an American citizen, having taken out his first papers over two years ago. “I couldn’t do anything else,” he says, “in view of what America was doing for me.” But he still views European events with feeling. Maybe, too, Milland is right about doing a procession of colorless silk hatted chaps without complaint. Maybe that’s the way to learn acting. Maybe.

JOSEPH PASTERNAK, the producer who discovered Deanna Durbin, who brought back Marlene Dietrich, says that no star ever becomes passe. He insists—

“No star is ever used up. It is the public that is used up. Producers put stars over and over in the same thing—and exhaust audiences. You always must remember, too, that in an audience of two thousand there are at least five hundred who didn’t want to come, who were dragged there and who grumpily sit waiting to be shown. You have to hold your friends and win the others. But there is no such thing as a star who is finished. Washed up, I believe is the Hollywood phrase. It is all a matter of bad handling.”

Pasternak is obviously right about stars, passe and current. Besides, it’s pleasant to hear a Hollywood producer concede that producers can err. Right here let me quote him about W. C. Fields. He says he’d like to direct Fields—if Fields would take direction. “I would like to make him discard tricks, use less routine, put heart into his comedy,” says Joe. There you have Fields’ failure to achieve film greatness in a single sentence.

[Continued on page 10]
SHEATHED in silk, popping from gay sports socks or bared to the world—your legs are just about one-third of you, as fashions of the moment go. Everyone sees them more than you, and on practically everyone they make just about as much impression as your face. It is instinctive for the male glance to wander from face to feet or vice versa, and I believe that this glance is often far more revealing than you realize.

For questioning the men on what they do and do not like about girls and women, I found they have an abhorrence for twisted stocking seams and careless feet. So it seems to me that it is highly important to consider just what effect you do create as you walk briskly along a street in your town clothes, dance the South American way or bare yourself to the sun and wind in this good old Summertime.

Just what do your legs add to or subtract from the sum total of you? When you see on the silver screen Dorothy Lamour, Ginger Rogers, Ann Sheridan, Betty Grable, Alice Faye and countless others, do you sigh and wish that Nature had made you as they are? I don’t doubt that Nature started these girls in the right way, but I also don’t doubt that some thought and action have improved their extremities as they can also improve yours.

Grooming, shapeliness and grace are three points to consider. Grooming is a simple matter of care; their shapeliness can often be improved, actually or by illusion, and grace is something you can learn.

Consider first the quality of your leg skin. Here the skin is often coarser and rougher than elsewhere. You can improve this skin immensely. The first step is a good scrubbing with your favorite toilet soap and water. I don’t mean just bathing. Use a bath brush—Pro-phy-lac-tic makes grand ones for general body use, and these brushes represent a real invest-
By Mary Lee

Left: Betty Grable has "million dollar legs." Below: Suzanne Ridgeway has a graceful pair of legs. Bottom: An important part of Anne Gwynne's allure.

And it is just as unattractive when it mars the mirror-clear sheerness of hosiery as when it blatantly appears on tennis court, beach or what have you. The answer to this situation is a good hair remover. Some like the cream remover method; some like the abrasive discs that are rotated over the skin almost like a powder puff and gently rub off this hair. A number of cream depilatories now have the added grace of being practically odorless. And some, indeed, are perfumed. Perhaps you will recall that because of a very strong and disagreeable odor, you formerly postponed this grooming as long as possible. Well, that is now gone, and the creams, themselves, seem more gentle, effective and easy to use. That is progress for you! Whichever method you use, do please read directions carefully and follow them faithfully.

лемент in skin beauty generally. Pop into a tub of nice warm water, soap up your brush, and really scrub those legs, especially your knees, where skin often toughens; also the outside calf of the leg. This skin is tough; you can't hurt it, so work until it is warm and pink. Rinse, dry and with palms of hands lave on your favorite hand lotion or cream. Of course, any softening lotion or cream will work, but I suggest the hand types, because these are made to be quickly absorbed with no creamy or sticky after-effects, so that you can either immediately don your stockings or jump into bed without fear of leaving cream or lotion marks. Jergen's Hand Lotion, for example, is splendid for this extra leg beauty. You have no idea how this combined care of scrubbing and softener can keep this leg skin soft, young and lovely. And so when you don your swim or playsuit, you'll be saved that self-consciousness of legs you'd like to hide, and, instead, will be as pleased as Punch about them.

Almost all legs have some hairy growth. In some cases, it is so soft and light as to be almost unnoticeable. Again, it is disturbingly noticeable, and seems to mark you as lacking in fastidiousness and care as would a soiled face or scruffy fingers.

WESTMORE SAYS: FOR A
Lovelier Face
"UNDER THE SUN"
WESTMORE FOUNDATION CREAM

WESTMORE'S MAKE-UP GUIDE
1. Helps protect your skin from sun and wind
2. Lasts through work and play
3. Stays on through a swim

With Westmore Powder to match...for that enviable, velvety-smooth look!

Under this summer's sun look your loveliest with the make-up we created for Hollywood stars. Be protected, too, against sun and wind. In four glowing tones at your drug or department store, with other Westmore cosmetics to complete an alluring make-up. 50¢ each. Smaller sizes at variety stores.

SEND FOR "Westmore's Make-up Guide"—gives you the make-up pattern for your particular face type—just as it's used for the star of your type! Send 25¢ to House of Westmore, Inc., 730 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. (Dept. F-7.)

House of WESTMORE
HOLLYWOOD

for JULY 1940

ANN SHERIDAN starring in the new Warner Bros. picture "TORRID ZONE"... with make-up by Perc Westmore.
A L I C E F A Y E, who came from singing with Rudy Vallee's orchestra to film stardom, is glad she lives in these times. Even though a certain feminine security has been lost, along with silly fashion modes. Let Alice tell you what she told me:

"I'm glad that I'm living in the unromantic forties rather than in the gay nineties. For ten weeks straight I've been squeezed into corsets for 'Lillian Russell.' Squeezed so tightly that when I sang the wardrobe woman had to let old ironides out a couple of inches. Besides my corset troubles, I was top heavy, with huge hats plumed with ostrich feathers. Remember 'The Gay Nineties'? Well, I wore two of them in my hair to give me a solid pompadour, just as Lillian Russell did.

"The modern girl should be thankful for the freedom in clothes that she has won. I know I am. It's being very happy impressed on me, too, ever since I started the film, how confined women of the nineties were in their activities, as well as in their clothes. Several of the scenes in the movie deal with the suffrage movement. A gal of that day stayed home and sewed and dusted—or else she was a strident hussy.

"The era did possess redeeming features for women, it's true. Girls were more feminine. They probably had more allure, since they didn't reveal everything. And what was most important, they built solid homes. They were the orbit around which revolved their husband's and their children's lives. They made the home, far more than just a place to park the hat and sleep."

Alice is right when she realizes this isn't a secure era. Nations and styles and famous folk are toppled in the dust over night. Tomorrow can be Tommorrow. These are hard, adventurous days. Lillian Russell was an idol of a comfortable era that lived according to formula. And I'll watch Joe's performance of the year. The '90s with interest. Not that I believe Miss Faye is an ideal Lillian Russell. In fact, I can't think of anyone today fitted for the part. That type died with her era.

W H E N John Garfield first went to Hollywood he was afraid of it. Afraid that it would wash out any personality he possessed, jam him into a mould. Now, after over two years, he has paused in his screen career to return to the stage. Hollywood no longer scares him quite as much. Says John:

"I've lost my fear of Hollywood. Of course, I realize there's a continual menace—and that it can get you mighty quick if you relax the slightest. I know, too, that I owe it a lot. I've learned a great deal making nine pictures. They've been good, bad and indifferent, but they have taught me screen acting, which is poles apart from stage acting. I'm doing a stage play now because I want to pause and consider. I've finished with one phase of my life—call it my Dead End era if you want to—and next I hope to try something else. We'll see.

"So far in Hollywood I've never fought over money. Only over roles. I want parts with guts. I don't want to be a star. The bigger you are, the more you are in Holly-wood's power. I just want good roles. I'd love, for instance, to play George Gershwin. Maybe sometime they'll let me.

"Remember, after I landed in Hollywood, how I told you how I was afraid to accumulate things because possessions get you in their power? I still want to own no more than I can take with me on the Chief. But you do acquire books and phonograph records. So I'm weakening a bit. I'd like maybe to get a small place of my own in Connecticut where I could store things like that, where I could retreat in stormy weather. Yes, maybe I'm going soft. But I haven't taken up golf yet. Tennis is my game. I'm even carrying a racket with me on my stage tour.

Garfield has quit the films temporarily to do a stage play, "The Heavenly Express," by Albert Brien. The play, by the way, has been going the rounds of the New York managers for over six years. Something like six years ago Garfield asked Brien for a small role in it. He provided it even when it was already produced. Now he's the star. "I play a pixie hobo," chuckles John. "I strum a guitar and I even sing. But the play has a fantastic charm, I think. Anyway, Garfield has quit Hollywood temporarily. Time out to find a new phase of his film career. You must admit the lad has courage.

V I V I E N LEIGH is now playing Juliet to Laurence Olivier's Romeo on the stage. Every actress wants to do Juliet—but Miss Leigh is doing it chiefly to break away from Scarlett O'Hara. Once you have the biggest film role of a generation, you find the going tough when you try to do something different. I asked Vivien if she secretly was afraid of Scarlett. Here's what she replied—

"Much as I am indebted to Scarlett O'Hara, I will feel that I have been a failure if I am to be remembered only for that one performance. The danger, I believe, is one every actor dreads. It is being typed. Nothing could be more fatal. More than that, I do not think an actress can afford to make a career out of a single role, no matter how great.

"I cannot deny that playing Scarlett was a great satisfaction. I am not unaware of my good fortune and I am sincerely appreciative of my reception by American audiences. At the same time, I am sure they would soon tire of me as a perennial Scarlett. I know I would tire of a continuous Scarlett portrayal. It is variety that keeps an actress interesting. As for the future, I am not in the least concerned with it. I believe that what a person is doing today is important, not the past or the future. I have recently had a most happy experience working again with Robert Taylor in 'Waterloo Bridge' at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Playing 'Romeo and Juliet' with Laurence Olivier on the stage realizes another long cherished ambition for me."

Gracefully put, Miss Leigh. But still there's that hard thinking Dixie gal, Scarlett, to dominate your career. Try and get away from her. Just try. But I shall be in the front row watching your Juliet. Nice girl, Julie, but she never got the breaks. Lacked Scarlett's ingenuity—and ruthless-ness. But there I go . . . talking about Scarlett again.
Tips on Pictures
[Continued from page 11]
a thorough going-over before the final fade-out.

THE COURAGEOUS DR. CHRISTIAN (RKO)—Jean Harlow’s characterization of the all-too-human doctor, with which radio listeners are particularly familiar, is puncture-proof entertainment for the entire family. It gives you tears to shed and laughs to unloose. The Dr. Christian series seems destined to become as popular as so many others. Andy Hardy and Jones Family offerings.

THE DOCTOR TAKES A WIFE (Columbia)—Here’s the funniest comedy of the current season, with Ray Milland and Lorelta Young in the title roles and performing in flawless, spot-on dialogue. Performers, director and supporting players are right in step with Ray and Lorelta.

THE SAINT STRIKES BACK (RKO)—George Sanders, again cast as the Saint, is rapidly becoming one of the screen’s most popular players. His performances are consistently good, no matter what the quality of the story. This one happens to be the first-rate, so you’ll see an entertaining comedy-mystery.

’TIL WE MEET AGAIN (Warner)—You may have seen and enjoyed this a few years ago as “One Way Passage,” but this re-make, with Merle Oberon, George Brent, Pat O’Brien and Geraldine Fitzgerald heading the cast, surpasses it in all departments. It is one of the most touching love stories ever to be filmed.

TWO GIRLS ON BROADWAY (M-G-M)—Although this backstage story isn’t especially sparkling the performances of Lana Turner, Joan Blondell and George Murphy fortunately are. Lana and George do nobly as a dance team and Joan, in a sympathetic role as the older sister, does a praiseworthy job.

Beautiful Legs [Continued from page 15]
low them to the t. This is important. And do, please, if you have the slightest doubt as to the immaculacy of your legs, use the remover that seems best adapted to your taste. For it is disillusioning beyond words to find all to see a lovely, groomed face wind up in a pair of careless, neglected legs. Any man will tell you this.

Well, suppose your legs are just as neat as you can possibly make them, what then? Make-up! Yes, make-up with a liquid powder type of preparation. This gives a dramatic and beautiful effect either through sheer stockings or if you go bare-legged. With vacation days here, practically all of us will at one time or another find ourselves in espadrilles or sandals, that, wedges or scuff, and high-heeled for dancing. But the added glamour and appeal will come when we “pour ourselves a pair of stockings’ the Minn way. This means that you will use Minn’s Liquid Make-Up, probably in the new and exotic Hawaiian tone. This is warm, rich, a sun-kissed tone of the Tropics. There are also other lovely skin tones if you are of the blonde variety and wish to keep more au naturel. Simply pour a little of the liquid in the palm of your hand, apply with fingertips, blending as you do. The effect is velvety, beautiful, a dream of a skin. This Liquid Make-Up is also a secret of soft, glamorous face, neck and arm skin, too, so try it, especially when you want to avoid that over-heated, moist look that Summer always brings. Be sure to try “Pour stocks.” They will add to your legs that glamour that lipstick does to the face, and they make economy, too. You can buy a trial size bottle in the five- and-tens, or a nice big bottle in drug and department stores.

S fair, so good, but beauty can’t end at your ankles. It must extend to the tip of your toes. And this beauty includes avoiding or correcting the slightest sign of a corn, callous, bunion or rub, and toes as beautifully pedicured as your fingers are manicured. For the obvious foot troubles mentioned, heaven-sent relief lies in Dr. Scholl’s Zino Pads. They come fifteen to the box, with a dozen separate medicated discs, very modestly priced, in correct sizes for the various foot troubles. Aside from the comfort and correction they offer, they are “high styled.” They are of a delicate flesh tone, with scalloped edges and look like little beauty patches. Far better to be seen with a dainty patch on your toe than an unattractive, irritated lump. These, by the way, are wonderful protection when you’re breaking in new shoes.

If you know the rudiments of a manicure, then you can do a pedicure. Shape, remove cuticle, apply a cuticle oil or cream, wash off and then apply polish. For shaping, there are two aids by Wigler that you find very helpful. The Wigler Nail Clip will quickly, effectively, and far easier than scissors, remove excess nail, and the Wigler Nail File, with triple-cut teeth, will smooth that nail edge to make it prettier and avoid any snag of stockings. These two little implements are beautifully made, extremely useful and will last forever if you don’t lose them. You will find both in chain stores and in drug stores.

Nail lacquer will make your toes sparkle as rings do your hands. I think fingers and toes should match, and for Summer a gay color is more beautiful. Of course, your favorite brand of polish will do a beautiful job, but the three new “Beach-comber” colors by La Cross seem particular’ appropriate, because they were created with the sand and the sea in mind. Sail Red is a persimmon pink, pastel, but...

for July 1940
Darryl F. Zanuck's PRODUCTION OF

LILLIAN RUSSELL

ALICE DON HENRY
FAYE • AMECHE • FONDA
Edward Warren Leo
ARNOLD • WILLIAM • CARRILLO
Helen Westley • Dorothy Peterson
Ernest Truex • Nigel Bruce • Claude
Allister • Lynn Bari • Weber & Fields
Eddie Foy, Jr. • Una O'Connor
Joseph Cawthorn
Directed by Irving Cummings
Associate Producer Gene Markey
Screen Play by William Anthony McGuire
A 20th Century-Fox Picture

The woman whose beauty and glamor had the world at her feet! Diamond Jim Brady showered her with jewels! Bankers, industrialists, the smart and the famous lost their hearts to her! Out of the fascinating story of her life and her loves, Darryl F. Zanuck has created one of the really great motion pictures!

Songs!

Old...
"After the Ball is Over", "Rosie, You Are My Rose", "The Band Played On" ("Strawberry Blond"), "My Evening Star".

New...
"Adored One", "Blue Love Bird".

18 Silver Screen
THE last actress to decide to become a human being, it seems, is the muchly disliked (by the press and her fellow workers) Miss Jean Arthur. On location with the "Arizona" company in Tucson, Arizona, Jean has been as palsy as a Barbara Stanwyck or a Bette Davis. She laughs and kids with the crew, plays gags on the director, and has the whole troupe groggy over her good deeds. She who has always been the most standoffish actress in Hollywood! And the entire cast practically fainted one afternoon when Jean announced that she would do publicity pictures!

Shirley Temple is making her last picture for Twentieth Century-Fox, although her contract has fourteen months to go. As soon as she finishes "Young People," her contract will be terminated. Old meanies are saying it's because the Temple pictures, particularly "The Blue Bird," have been laying eggs at the box office. Mrs. Temple says it's because it's time for Shirley to go to school. There is a rumor that Producer Joe Pasternak, who has done such wonders with Deanna Durbin, now has his eye on Shirley.

If you value your eyesight don't go near the Gable ranch out in San Fernando Valley these days. Clark has promised to take Carole fishing as soon as he finishes in "Boom Town," and little Missy Lombard wants to be a professional by then. Every morning she puts a fish-hook on her line and spends hours casting it over in the orange grove. There's nothing half-hearted about Carole. She practiced tennis until she was the best, she practiced shooting until she was the best, and now she's going to practice casting until she's the best.

It certainly doesn't take young players long to get wise.
to the ways of studio workings these days. When Bill Marshall, handsome young athlete, was signed by Warners for a role in "The Life of Knute Rockne," he quickly found his way to the publicity department and bowled the press agents completely over by asking, "Say, would you boys mind telling me which actress has been assigned to me for a studio romance?" Bet he's keeping his fingers crossed for Harvard's Oomph Girl.

Ginger Rogers and her new romance, Howard Hughes, have been stepping out at Ciro's several times of late, but you very likely won't see any pictures of them together in the magazines. Seems that Howard doesn't like to have his picture taken with Glamour Girls. He thinks it's Bad Business. But instead of being rude to the photographers and antagonizing them he explains his viewpoint and politely asks them not to take his picture. And in appreciation of their cooperation he throws a special party for them at one of the night clubs every year.

Loretta Young and Tom Lewis have that serious look about them. Can they be contemplating matrimony? Loretta was the sensation at Ciro's the other evening in one of those new "apron" dresses. Gray silk jersey with a set-in apron of darker gray.

The young couple who seem to have the most fun in Hollywood are Tyrone Power and Annabella. As soon as one of Ty's pictures is finished they're off on a lark. With ten days between pictures recently Ty and Annabella flew to New York where Ty did a broadcast and they saw several of the new plays, then on to Boston where they saw the Lunts' new show on tryout, and on the tenth day were sitting comfortably in the first row of the Geary Theatre in San Francisco watching the curtain go up on the first night of "Romeo and Juliet," starring Vivien Leigh and Larry Olivier. They certainly don't go in for stagnation, those two.

Sabu, producer Alexander Korda's little Indian star, who has been visiting in Hollywood, was asked whom he particularly wanted to meet and immediately answered, "Roy Rogers." So, he was taken out to Republic studios to have lunch with his favorite cowboy actor and "Trigger." Trigger went through his tricks and so intrigued was little Sabu that he begged Roy to make him a present of his famous horse. "Okay," said Roy, "if you'll give me all your elephants and turbans." No deal has been made as yet. Incidentally, the Glamour Girls, who just love their turbans, have been having a grand time taking lessons from Sabu in the proper way to wind them.

When Tony Martin arrived in Hollywood to do a picture Alice Faye immediately ducked out of town and hid herself on a ranch at Victorville. Tony was seen several times with Joan Crawford, and immediately the romance rumors started. But those in the know say that the "new love" in Joan's life is a New York editor. Anyway, the day that "Susan and God" was finished Joan was off to New York! The Crawford-Tone divorce was final a month ago.

Rosalind Russell, in a whole set of starting new hats which she brought back from the East with her, has been dining and dancing these evenings at Ciro's with Fred Brisson, son of movie actor Carl Brisson.

George Brent, who certainly gets around, is now specializing on Ann Sheridan. (This time last year it was Betty Davis. And the year before that Garbo.) The last day of her picture, pretty Miss Ann conveniently developed a cold and had to rush off to the desert to cure it, Mr. Brent, of course, was at Palm Springs too.

Ellen Drew recently became the first girl to own the contract of a heavyweight priesfighter. Ellen has acquired fifty-one percent of the contract of Chuck "Gentleman Jim" De Witt, six-foot-four Beverly Hills socialist.

A statistician with a sharp pencil has figured it out that it costs Hollywood more than a million dollars a year to look beautiful. Most of it is spent by the motion picture studios. The average for face powder alone is in excess of $250,000. The exception to the rule is the Harry Sherman studio where William Boyd stars in the Hopalong Cassidy pictures. Mr. Sherman does not go in for glamour girls in his productions, and claims that his bill for face powder last year was only $2.10.

Ever since they met on that "Northwest Passage" publicity junket to Boise, Idaho, Ilona Massey and handsome Alan Curtis have been seeing each other—but constantly. [Continued on page 56]

An unusual gathering at Ciro's, (l. to r.) Mary Martin, Richard Halliday, her brand new husband, Frances Robinson, Reginald Gardiner, Myrna Loy and her husky, Arthur Hornblow.
"I never will marry an actor," said Bette Davis, the Davis determination in every vowel and consonant of every clipped, concise word. She added, "I can't think of any worse hell, I'm sorry..." Bette was facing Charles Boyer as she spoke, too. Charles, wearing the ivory pallor and the sideburns of the Duc de Praslin for "All This And Heaven, Too," was lunching at a table near ours. I raised an eyebrow. The eyebrow made implicit the suggestion that any woman who could look at Boyer and announce that she would not marry an actor was less, or more, than human. I reminded Bette of the Boyer's happy married life.

"The statement I have made, unwisely, I am sure, is blanket, not particular," declared Bette. "I might also remark here that if I would not marry an actor it should be equally true that no actor would want to marry me. Charles, then, is an exception. Paul Muni is another. In both of these cases, too, their wives retired from active professional life. I would not retire from active professional life. I am talking of actors in bulk, and of the very famous ones.

"Don't misunderstand me, I don't dislike actors. It's simply that I would not marry one. It isn't anything they can help. It's just that I dislike the job of acting as it affects a man. The things they have to do and be, happen to be the very things I most dislike in a man.

"I never have been a one for very handsome men. Actors are, for the most part, very handsome men. I dislike men who think about their looks. Actors have to think about their looks. I dislike men who talk about themselves. Actors do, they have to. An automobile salesman talks about the car he is demonstrating; the Fuller Brush man talks about his Fuller brushes. Men must talk about the goods they are selling. An actor is his own 'goods,' you see. An actor sells himself. Therefore he must talk about himself.

"So, I wouldn't marry an actor because, first, I would have the complete belief that his feeling for me would be very fleeting. Five days after we were married (or am I being an optimist?) if anyone else at all attractive came along, I would be Just the Wife and it would be nice to have known me!

"Nor is this holding the cynic's point of view. It's being a realist. Because Man is not a monogamous animal, at best. At worst, which is when you are given a man who is the answer to every maiden's and [Continued on page 58]"
“I can’t think of a worse hell, I’m sorry,” confides Bette Davis regarding marriage to an actor. “The things actors have to do and be, happen to be the very things I most dislike in a man.”

Above: With Hedy Lamarr whose glamour Bette fully appreciates. Right: Admits Bette quite frankly, "Married to an actor, fidelity would be impossible to hope for, I should think.”

“I’D NEVER MARRY AN ACTOR!” SAYS BETTE DAVIS TO GLADYS HALL
A FRIENDSHIP BUILT

Although they've known each other for twenty years, Jack Benny and Fred Allen never really became friends until each started poking insults at the other on their radio programs.

By
Arthur Mason

Jack Benny and Fred Allen are to make a picture together this fall for Paramount. Jack's "Buck Benny Rides Again" was a terrific success. One of its funniest parts was when Jack turned on the radio and got Fred Allen.
OUT in Hollywood this summer, Jack Benny and Fred Allen are having the first chance of their lives to sit down together and get well acquainted. Working on their joint picture for Paramount, they will be around with their feet up on the same desk a few days every week and the talk in those sessions will be a caution.

This feud on which their picture and so many radio jokes are based is a lot of window dressing, of course. They have a friendship dating back some twenty years. The way their lives went, however, they never had much chance to sit down and talk.

“When we were in vaudeville,” Fred explains, “Jack and I both worked alone or had just one girl with us. To keep the bill balanced, only one comedian like that would be on a show. We never met one another.”

Jack knew Freddy (still Freddy to Jack) by hearsay mostly, the way nearly everyone knew Freddy. Unlike most actors, Fred always carried a typewriter in his baggage and spent a lot of leisure writing crazy letters to his friends and to the vaudeville papers. Variety was always running a letter from Fred Allen and making him offers to do a weekly funny column. Comedians watched for those, because usually there was at least one joke worth stealing.

Jack was no stranger in vaudeville conversation those years. He was not considered any great shucks as a wit, but he was a lovely companion for an evening. Actors who fancied themselves as wits always seemed to sparkle more the nights Jack was around. He was willing to tackle any of them, no matter how overwhelming the odds that he would come off second best.

There was a day when he played on a bill with Frank Fay, then considered the king of jokesmiths on the two-a-day time. Young Jack and young Bert Wheeler concocted a plan to make the big fellow quail.

In the middle of Fay’s act, out came the two mischievous youngsters with their carefully planned interruption.

“Beg pardon, [Continued on page 59]
DAWN OF A NEW DAY

After several mediocre roles Laraine Day suddenly has been discovered in Hollywood because of her exquisite performance in "My Son, My Son!" and indications are she'll soon achieve stardom.

By

Frederick James Smith

Above: Laraine in "Dr. Kildare's Strange Case," with veteran Lionel Barrymore, one of her earliest and loyal boosters.

Left: She's not interested in athletics, but loves to swim. She lives quietly and has yet to have a cocktail.

Right: With Robert Shaw in "And One Was Beautiful."
HOLLYWOOD has a lot of strange folk within its borders—Mohammedans, Buddhists, Confucianists and a host of others. So why not a Mormon?

Laraine Day is a real, honest-to-goodness Mormon. She goes regularly to the Church of the Latter Day Saints at Long Beach, California; she lives rigidly up to its tenets; she never smokes; she never has touched a drop of alcoholic liquor. Laraine may not be the only Mormon in Hollywood, but she is the prettiest.

When I talked to her at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Director Robert Sinclair’s assistant was removing her eyelashes with great care. “There goes my sex appeal,” Miss Day sighed. It seems that Jean Muir had just knocked them a little askew. They had been doing a quarrel scene in “And One Was Beautiful.” After repeated slappings, Director Sinclair felt the scene was all right.

“That’s one scene in which I put a lot of feeling,” said Laraine, touching her cheeks gingerly. “However, I’m a lucky girl. Doing the thing I most want to do—and being paid for it.”

Laraine Day always wanted to be an actress. Even when she lived back in Salt Lake City. And she went about a career pretty systematically. First, however, let me tell something of her background. Her great grandfather, Charles C. Rich, was sent to California by Brigham Young to form a Mormon colony. He bought a tract of land for $600, but the colony flopped and Rich returned to Utah. Her father, Clarence Irwin Johnson, besides being a contractor, is a student of Indian lore, an interpreter in Utah, spending part of his time with his family in Cheviot Hills, back of Culver City. Laraine has three brothers and sisters, De Arman, Narville and Therma, besides a twin brother, Lamar. The names, a trifle odd, are derived from the family’s French ancestry.

Right now Laraine is looked upon as one of the finds of the year. She walked away with the [Continued on page 61]
CARY GRANT

Having contributed his customary adroitness to "His Favorite Wife," Cary is now busy making "The Howards of Virginia."
Constance Moore

Constance is featured in the gay and hilarious musical film, "La Conga Nights," now being released by Universal.
Fred MacMurray

Fred never has been more at ease with a role than in Columbia's "Too Many Husbands," with Jean Arthur and Melvyn Douglas.
RITA JOHNSON

The beauty and talents of Rita are now to be seen in "Edison, the Man," which stars Spencer Tracy as the renowned inventor.
These enticing and gifted creatures obviously must be included among the personalities who readily attract and hold your attention.
Voluptuous Brenda Marshall, about whom the Warners have much to be excited, is next to be seen opposite Errol Flynn in "The Sea Hawk." Below: Miriam Hopkins' captivating performance in "Virginia City," as the spy and cafe entertainer, reminded all once again that she is one of our most altering actresses.
He doesn't possess Clark Gable's 186,000 volts of sex appeal, nor Charles Boyer's magnetism, nor Robert Taylor's profile, nor the wholesomeness of young Mr. Power. But put him in a picture with any or all of these worthies and consternation stalks abroad. The stars get worried. There's a general cry of "Look to your laurels, boys; here he comes."

His name is Thomas Mitchell, by God's grace the niftiest character actor in Hollywood, whose presence in a picture is a prelude to grand larceny right down to the script girl's lunch money.

They gave him a piddling part in "Lost Horizon" (toward the end at that) as the earthy but well-intentioned embezzler and he was showered with hosannas by the critics. In "Stagecoach" he did such a nice job of playing the rum-ridden medicos that he promptly romped off with the picture.

"Theodora Goes Wild" had the Mitchell magic indelibly woven into it. As for "The Hurricane," it was a back drop for a Mitchell field day. Small wonder that Jean Arthur, herself, was later to confess, with great relief, that during "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" she was forced to extend herself in order to keep from being overshadowed by the magnificence of the Mitchell performance.

"What do you do with a guy like that?" Master-Jimmy Stewart wants to know. "He makes you look second-rate even without trying."

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences made a stab in the right direction not so long ago. It presented this same Mr. Thomas Mitchell with an award for the best supporting role (male, of course) for the year 1939, hailing his characterization in "Stagecoach" as "human, moving and
the Magnificent

By

John R.

anchey

Left: Thomas Mitchell, as the Washington correspondent, with Jimmy Stewart in "Mr. Smith Goes To Washington." Above: As the drunken doctor in a scene with Mary Astor from "Hurricane." Upper right: It was his performance as Doc Boone in "Stagecoach" that won for Mitchell the award for the Best Supporting Actor. Lower right: With Claire Trevor in a scene from "Stagecoach," a 1939 hit.

forgettable.” The same may be said of any of his roles. For nigh on to twenty-five years Thomas Mitchell has been breathing life to a collection of the most unforgettable characters of our little planet at you couldn’t dream up even under the influence of marijuana.

Brawling gentry and plumbers, confidence men and buffoons, reporters and medicine men, hoboes and Rotarians, killers and Milque-toasts, but all of them distinguished by the same astonishing capacity for translating to a piece of film a living personage, just as he is. It is this ability to breathe life into human beings and to endow them with an existence apart from the actor in the role which has made Thomas Mitchell the most sought-out (and expensive) free lance supporting player Hollywood, an actor who turns down fully as many roles as he plays, with the laconic shrug, “I’m sorry. But I don’t believe in that character. He doesn’t possess reality.”

These words of wisdom tossed off so nonchalantly hail, of all things, from the very Mr. Thomas Mitchell who three years ago was cooling his heels in Hollywood trying to convince the studio caliphs that the films needed him. Not from hunger, mind you. Oh, no. He may have been an unknown quantity to the cinema satraps during those months when he prowled around Hollywood as lackadaisical as a hero out of Horatio Alger, but back in New York the town was still numb with the memory of him.

It was Mitchell the magnificent who, long before Orson Welles quit chewing licorice whilst he read his Shakespeare at the age of eight, had achieved the fantastic record which we will summarize as follows:

A. He had appeared in something like five hundred [Continued on page 69]
SOME folks collect first editions, some collect penguins, some collect mortgages—but me now, I collect Amusing People. I find it a pleasant and rather inexpensive hobby—except on those rare occasions when a half-witted waiter in a smart restaurant puts the check in my anemic fingers. And at times like that, believe me, no one is amusing.

Well, there I was at a Hollywood party—what again?—and trying to decide whether or not to add Gene Autry to my collection, when across the room I heard the grandest guffaw. Natural, infectious, and as Southern as grits and gravy. Edging in on the guffawer—I take to laughs like a duck to water—I suddenly found myself shaking hands with the most refreshing personality I have met in Hollywood in many a month. Miss Judy Canova of the hill-billy Canovas. Or, as Rudy Vallee likes to introduce her, "the Jenny Lind of the Ozarks."

"There I was at this very elegant party in a New York penthouse," Judy was telling a group of people. "I had been on the Vallee program that night and all the guests had been forced by the host to listen to the broadcast. When I arrived I was introduced to a very distinguished dowager who promptly said, 'Did you hear that program tonight? I have never heard such screeching and screaming in all my life. That singer, whoever she is, hit so many wrong notes it was perfectly appalling!' Well, after all, I couldn't let her get by with that, so I just up and said to her, 'Madame, I am the singer who screeches and screams. And I'll have you know that the more wrong notes I hit the more money I make.'"

I immediately collected Miss Judy and put her on a little niche between Bob Benchley and Patsy Kelly. The girl who grabbed off fame and fortune by hitting the wrong notes started out in life, I discovered, on key. Judy

Judy is секрет about the affairs of her heart, but there's considerable mutual admiration between herself and Rudy Vallee. He has to call her the "Jem Lind of the Ozarks". It's hard to believe but the same voice that twangs out the hillbilly tunes can also handle operatic classics equally well. Judy sings. voice goes G above high.
Canova—not to be confused with Casa-
ova, and Judy says you’d be surprised 
how many people do—was born in Starke, 
Florida, twenty-four years ago, and started 
her vocalizing in her bathtub at the age 
of two. It was a jolly family, the Canovas, 
consisting of a mother and father, two 
sisters and two brothers and more first, 
second and third cousins than you could 
shake a stick at. The Canovas were origi-
nally Italians, but they migrated to Spain 
centuries ago, and then on to St. Augus-
tine, Florida, when that part of the United 
States was a Spanish possession. What-
ever there had been in the family, and 
you know what [Continued on page 67]

As Gene Autry looks on, Rudy Vallee crowns 
Judy Canova Queen of the Hill-Billy entertain-
ers at a reception given in her honor by Repub-
lic Pictures upon her arrival in Hollywood.

HILL 
BILLY 
QUEEN

Even in the Ozarks they swear 
she’s mountain-bred, but Judy 
Canova, hill-billy comedienne, 
hails from the Florida coast!

By 
Elizabeth Wilson

Judy has a very smooth, 
even disposition, but if she 
finds out that someone has 
made use of her all hell 
breaks loose. She dresses ex-
tremely well, loves exotic 
hats, and keeps out of 
night clubs, except when 
she is entertaining in them. 
Her chief hobby is collect-
ing choice cooking recipes.
Fredric March and his wife, who enjoyed stardom as Florence Eldridge, have worked out their own practical formula for keeping love alive in marriage.

By Jane MacDonald

Above: Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldridge, in a tender scene from Darryl Zanuck's production of "Les Miserables."
Left: Fredric March and his wife both have a grand sense of humor which is essential for happiness in marriage.
Right: The Marches and Charles Laughton in the classic "Les Miserables."
THE Fredric Marches always have been something of a puzzle to Hollywood.

They never seem to give a thought to the things a great part of Hollywood looks on as "musts." They never have given those spectacular parties where Hollywood goes historical or whimsical or quaintly rural to the tune of enough dollars to lift the farm board's headache, and glamorous Mandys and Rubens caper in overalls and attempt to milk real cows and, as has happened more than once, sit on the real eggs real chickens have laid in real straw.

They've never dived into a swimming pool with all their clothes on. They've never tried to snare royalty. They've never met with invitations to glittering soires. They've never gone around in old, unbecoming clothes which no one but a movie star would dare wear or donned the attention-demanding dark glasses that are a challenge to every tourist in quest of celebrities.

And in a town where not only the neighbors, but the whole palpitating world, knows exactly what everyone is doing every minute of the day they've managed to keep their own doings and their own lives amazingly private.

There are those who insist the Marches are not good copy. "There's nothing to write about them," they say.

Maybe they're not good copy. Maybe it is dull to be happily married for fourteen years and to have two children whom they adore, and to do exactly the things they want to do. Maybe it's not exciting to live with a dream for years and then to have the wisdom and fortitude and courage to make that dream come true. Maybe it is a bit pokey to throw aside three hundred thousand dollars and the certainty of a Hollywood reputation to take a chance in the theatre to which they had been bred, and from which they had been gone for years, and open in a Broadway play and gamble another half a hundred thousand or so in backing it. Maybe it is humdrum to go through the torture of an opening night heavy with failure and to read the humiliating reviews they knew all Hollywood was reading with them. Maybe it is commonplace to hide their chagrin and disappointment and, refusing to furnish a single alibi for themselves or criticism of their critics, come out with the gayest apology Hollywood or [Continued on page 01]
SO YOU'D like to come to Hollywood? You'd like to get in the movies, to be feted and widen and dined by handsome movie heroes or fabulously spendthrift film executives? You think because you're the home town's local glamour girl that it follows you would be a photographic and social sensation in the Cinema City.

You're wrong, dear girl, and HOW wrong!

Unquestionably, you've read all the good advice about not coming to Hollywood to try to get in pictures; have read, too, about the overwhelming odds against becoming a star, or even getting work as an extra. There are millions of words of such advice written, warning you to stay home. With that, we're not concerned—although it's all true. But here is another reason:

If you are looking for fun, for lots of dates, for the amiable company of nice young men, then stay home! If you enjoy and desire a social whirl, then DON'T COME TO HOLLYWOOD!

Hollywood, one must admit, is the Glamour Town of the world, but don't let the studios' high-pressure publicists fool you. The glamour is manufactured for an eager-to-believe public. And this glamour cannot make Hollywood a Social Heaven. It isn't. To most of the girls in this town, it is dull. In fact, following the whirl of popularity most pretty girls enjoy in their home towns, Hollywood is utterly boring.

Just as an example, consider some of the "names" and then think what chance an 'unknown' has. And remember, too, that a large percentage of the "romances" and "dates" are arranged only by and for the publicity departments of the various studios.

Think of Joan Crawford. Since her divorce from Franchot Tone she has not been having a particularly gay time. Perhaps, she doesn't want one, but the fact remains that during the past year she has been frequently "going places" with Harry Mines, a local dramatic critic. Harry is a very nice guy, but not the big name you'd expect to see siring Joan. She has been dancing with Cesar Romero, but he is Hollywood's favorite date and has been escort for every "name" girl in the Cinema City. Joan even has been escorted by her hair-dresser, Sidney Guilaroff. She says they are all platonic friends, and we believe they are.

Ann Sheridan is seen frequently in the best places, but it was not until she was tagged as the "Oomph Girl" and given a terrific publicity build-up that she became a big part of the so-called social whirl. She was no less lovely two years ago, but she wasn't getting a social tumble then. Another example is Ginger Rogers. Everyone likes Ginger. She is exceptionally popular, as a friend, but she has lots of quiet evenings at home. All the famous bachelor girls do.

If the glamour girls stay home, or go out with old friends, what chance have YOU?

In addition—and consider this well, all you little hopefuls for screen stardom—Hollywood is the home of more spoiled men than you'd probably find in all the smaller cities of the United States combined!

There is an acute shortage of men,
HOLLYWOOD, GIRLS!

those who think it's a gay spot for a grand vacation

especially the available bachelors. Cary Grant, Jimmy Stewart, Cesar Romero, Richard Greene and Robert Preston are the leaders of the group. Just recall how many of their "romances" and favorite dates you read about. They escort one glamour girl after another. They are well liked, and not "spoiled" in the sense of being objectionable. It's just that they know they are always in demand. This attitude is absorbed by the lesser lights among the men, and they are the ones who are really SPOILED. They are so far outnumbered by women that they "play the field" and love it!

There are very cogent reasons for this entire situation, and in all fairness, it must be admitted that basically, the women are at fault. More about the spoiled men later, but first, let's consider the generalities:

You have undoubtedly read, or heard, repeatedly that Hollywood today is not quite the social whirl it formerly was. It's true. In the first place, there are relatively few "gala premiers," and secondly, they are tiresome after the first few, unless you are merely there to collect autographs. These premiers are usually rounded out with parties, but they are for the stars, producers and studio executives—not the run-of-the-mill picture people. These same people in the upper brackets entertain lavishly now and then, but not on the scale which gave the town the name of "Horrible Hollywood," fifteen years back. No, indeed, for the entire tempo has slowed down. The smart boys and girls of movie fame today are buying suburban or ranch houses, investing their money wisely, and entertaining modestly.

Recall, if you will, how many of the picture "names" now live in ranch homes out in the San Fernando Valley. Carole Lombard and Clark Gable, the Bob Youngs, the Allan Joneses, the Don Ameches and the Lane Sisters are but a few. And they do almost all their entertaining at home—not at night clubs.

Night clubs, in and around Hollywood, are a sad affair at best. Not the good

By Dorothy Haas

(Continued on page 66)
"De Rio Grande Keed She Heet De Bool's Eye!"

S

O SAYS RKO Pictures in publicity matter sent to theatre operators the length and breadth of the land.

Slightly confused at first glance, the recipient has to delve deeper into the "press book" to learn that "De Rio Grande Keed . . ." is none other than Miss Guadalupe Villa-

lobos Velez, better known on the screen as Lupe Velez.

The rest of it (and the point of the statement) " . . . She Heet De Bool's Eye!" he will probably translate into colloquial English as "She Hits The Bull's Eye!" Or, if he is a purist, "She Is Doing Tolerably Well!"

As a matter of fact, Miss Velez (pronounced "Vel-less," with the accent on the second syllable) is doing much better than that on the RKO lot with a series of slap-stick, slap-dash, slap-everything feature comedies woven around a theme which is basically Lupe herself—and bearing such names as "The Girl From Mexico" and "Mexican Spitfire."

And most important of all, perhaps, is the undeniable fact that this movie comeback is keeping box-office tills tinkling—the sweetest melody in the world to the ears of theatre managers.

Aided and abused by the rubber-legged Mr. Leon Errol, who has been more or less wasted in films up until now, she has thrown herself into her work—literally.

"(In the following dialog no particular attempt will be made to reproduce her dialect—which is actually much less hit-de-bool's-eye stuff than you would imagine.)"

"I wrote most of those last comedies," began Lupe. She sat backstage at the New York Paramount Theatre being photographed and interviewed simultaneously and exclusively for Silver Screen. "Leon (Errol) and I ad-libbed most all of our lines. Like thees—we come on the set and someone says: 'Oke doke, Lupe, you are mad at your husband in thees scene, see?' So I say what I theenk will be funny and, caramba, there you are! You look at the shooting-script yourself, most every line is a question mark—we do the dialog!"

That she is able to invent her own speeches is probably due to her stage background—for, like Errol, she is ex-Ziegfeld and more.

Lupe started all of this business when she was thirteen-and-a-half back in Mexico City in a musical comedy. She didn't know how to dance, but they didn't find that out until after the show had closed. Then Richard Bennett—the Richard Bennett—heard about her somehow and sent for her to appear in "The Dove," which he was putting on in a Los Angeles theatre.

"Yeah," she went on, turning her face for the man with the camera and raking her memory for us, "I started off for Los Angeles and then had to go back because I'd forgotten a letter that I needed since I was sooo young. By those time I was a week late and Mr. Bennett and the director kept asking: 'Where is that girl? Where is that damned girl?' Finally, I got to the theatre. The director took one look at me and yelled: 'Take that child off the stage, thee is a rehearsal, not a kinder-garten!' And I was supposed to play opposite Mr. Bennett! I had tried my hardest to look older—I even wore padding but," she grinned, "I only weighed 92 pounds!"

She whipped out of the dressing room to make a costume change for the benefit of the photographer and returned wearing a white Spanish gown. She fumbled among big bottles of Chanel this-and-that for something and produced one of those beautiful high Spanish combs. She also pulled out a bunch of scallions. "I handed them to Red Skelton today in the show instead of the flowers," she giggled, "and what did he do, the dog? He ate one and blew in my face! I theenk he is a second Bob Hope, that one! Our show is supposed to run 60 minutes, but every day it lasts 90 or so! We [Continued on page 72]
Lupe Velez, again a terrific box-office sensation, doesn't mind discussing her life, be it public or private, and does so with her priceless sense of humor.

By
William Lynch Vallee

Lupe doesn't intend to marry again and has no current heart-throb. She likes the stage proper, but not personal appearances. She takes them to make money, about $4,000 a week. She's making another slapstick comedy like her gay "Mexican Spitfire" for RKO.
What would you do if you came to Hollywood as a team, turned down a grand offer because it was only for you and then found your partner had accepted a job just for himself?

The other day I drove through the Hollywood the outside world never hears about. Eucalyptus and pepper trees shade its quiet streets, hibiscus and jasmine and bougainvillea fill its gardens with the brilliance of tropical color. But change the trees to elms and maples, the flowers to zinnias and marigolds and morning glories and it becomes any small town in any of these our United States. It has nothing to do with the place you all know as Hollywood.

Housewives come back from market, their arms full of bundles. Husbands leave for work in the morning and come home at night. Children play in the streets and boys and girls grow up together and fall in love and marry in just as everyday a fashion as if they didn't live almost within sight of the studios that belong to the other Hollywood, glamour city of the world.

They are so far away from each other these two Hoolwoods and yet every once in a while, the two become a part of the same pattern. Many of the men and women living there work in the studios as electricians and mechanics and stenographers and bookkeepers. Walk on its streets and you'll meet people who look vaguely familiar to you and sometimes you'll remember where it is you've seen them before. Only they'll have changed, become older and maybe a little sadder and it will make you a little sadder, too, remembering them as you do in their heyday. For it was on the moving picture screen of another day you last saw them where they used to be the Clark Gables and the Joan Crawfords and Bette Davises of that era. Sometimes, and this is the saddest of all, they've changed so that you won't remember them at all, even though they were the idols of your childhood.

Walk a little further and you'll see other faces you don't recognize. Faces that in another few years will become as familiar as those of Claudette Colbert and Robert Taylor and Spencer Tracy are today. It was on a street just like these, that Doris Bowdon lived before she got her big chance in "Grapes of Wrath" and before she married Nunnally Johnson. For as those quiet streets spell the end of the line for some, they mark the beginning of it for others and it is as full of entrances as it is of exits.

I know for I lived there for a while myself when I first came to Hollywood. I saw youngsters come into the bungalow court where I lived and I saw some of them fail and I saw a few of them go on to fame. They were all so eager when they came, so young and so full of hope. But none of them were as eager as the young Donnellys.

That isn't their name, of course, just as Eddie and Jean aren't their first names, either. I had

If they had a can of beans for dinner they managed to make it go far enough to include the little girl from Kansas who hadn't found a job yet.
just come home from an interview the day their outmoded touring car crawled to a stop in front of the door and gave up.

"Well, I guess this is where we're going to live," the young man announced cheerfully as he looked at the apartment for rent sign swinging from the door. "Lizzie's decided for us."

He gave his wife a rueful glance as he tried to get another spark out of the starter. It was hopeless, but they laughed as they got out of the car and began unloading their things.

First a theatrical trunk, battered and worn, telling its story of honky tons and one night stands. Next a roll of bedding and a rickety tin camp stove followed in short order with a carton of groceries, can goods and half-empty bags of cereal and flour and sugar, telling their story as (Continued on page 75)
Maureen O'Hara, beautiful colleen from Dublin, whose current RKO offering is "A Bill of Divorcement," with Adolphe Menjou, rested up after the film at Palm Springs. She included in her wardrobe these smart slacks of beige Herringbone cotton. The jacket is long with four large patch pockets and is tied at the waistline with a linen belt. Brass buttons add to the trim effect. The attractive knotted turban is blue knit.

Maureen plays ball with her Scottie, as she wears a two-piece ensemble of old-fashioned gingham. The blouse, belt and the huge satchel pocket at her hip are striped pink and ivory. The skirt is pink. To bind down her hair, Maureen chose a triple strand of wooden beads tinted pink, ivory and pale blue. Cotton fabrics are cool.
Charming Maureen O'Hara, RKO's newest star, leans toward cotton fabrics in choosing summer wear.

Red 'n' yella, catch a fella is the motto of this novel playtime ensemble of unbleached muslin, the colors and pattern hand-blocked. One trouser leg is red with a yellow pattern; the other is yellow with a red pattern. The halter is yellow. A long coat, also included, is reversible, red on one side and yellow on the other. The ensemble fits nicely over a swim suit.

Three little fishies and then some decorate the enormous skirt of Maureen's informal dinner frock of unbleached muslin. The nautical emblems are hand-blocked in skipper blue. The stripes and wide belt are bright red. The bodice is blue. Maureen selected this as her favorite frock among all those in her Palm Springs wardrobe.
Maureen O'Hara in a cotton playtime ensemble of back-and-forth, up-and-down stripes. The stripes are overall blue, pink and beige. The jacket has diagonal pockets and the shorts have patch pockets. Maureen's next film is "One of Six Girls."

The cotton Indian print—Aztec to be exact—of Maureen's ultra-modern turban and handbag is bright red, printed in darker red, deep blue and beige. The accessories are in striking contrast to Maureen's tropic linen suit.

A dinner frock of ordinary unbleached muslin designed especially for resort wear. It is hand-blocked in forest green and chartreuse, particularly charming colors with Maureen's auburn hair. Right: A denim blue gingham frock with huge pockets banded with white eyelet embroidery. Matching embroidery trims bodice and fitted waistband.
Ideal for a summer's evening is this cool cotton dance frock in pastel colors. It is of pale blue dotted Swiss, the embroidered dots in blush pink. The full-skirted dress, with its wide fitted waistband, gathered bodice, is worn over a wide-ruffled petticoat of blue taffeta. Her hat is blue with a pink straw crown.

Maureen chooses dusty pink for this casual summer ensemble. Her silk shirt is striped in rose, dusty pink and rose beige. Silk jersey skirt—note front fullness. Pockets are set high on shoulders.
FOR the past few years, Carole Landis appeared in several pictures, but always in roles so unimportant that you probably never noticed her. But Hal Roach did. And when he started casting for his spectacle, "One Million B. C.," he gave her the feminine lead, because he remembered she was just the versatile type he was looking for. Carole did so well, Hal Roach gave her a starring role in "Turnabout." Left: As she appears in the serious "One Million B. C." Below: With John Hubbard in the hilarious "Turnabout," in which Carole blends glamour with comedy.

WE POINT WITH PRIDE

CAROLE LANDIS
Kisses, the hors d'oeuvres of love, always are appetizing whether we be feasting on them or just observing.

John Garfield and Anne Shirley about to kiss in "Saturday's Children" in which they appear as man and wife. Although not regarded as one of the great lovers of the screen, John's technique bespeaks impassioned sincerity.

Loretta Young in a moment of fondness with Ray Milland in "The Doctor Takes A Wife." It's the best comedy of the season. Don't let this scene mislead you. Below: Cary Grant and lovely Irene Dunne in "My Favorite Wife."

Jo Ann Sayers and Roger Pryor, who appear together in "The Man With Nine Lives," as you'll see them in one of the film's scorchiest scenes. Such embraces look genuine, but the players' hearts are invariably elsewhere.

George Brent and Merle Oberon in "'Til We Meet Again," a heart-warming love story, decidedly worth your while. George, incidentally, whose off-screen romances are so subject to change, is now seeing Ann Sheridan.

for July 1940
JOHNNY APOLLO
Excellent Underworld Melodrama—20th Century-Fox

TYRONE POWER and Dorothy Lamour are co-starring in this unusually good melodrama which has to do with prisons and underworld characters. When Edward Arnold, Ty's old man, is sent to prison on a five year stretch for embezzling, Ty turns from college oarsman to muscle man for Lloyd Nolan's mob. He abandons his respectable old family name and takes the name of Johnny Apollo, and eventually ends up in the same prison with his father. He is accused of murdering his father in an attempted prison break, learns that he has been double-crossed by his pal, and at last comes to his senses. Dorothy Lamour, in the best part she has had in many a day, plays Nolan's moll, but in love with Apollo. It's she who straightens everything out in the end and brings father and son together. There's a marvelous bit of character acting done by Charley Grapewin as a Scotch-and-milk tipping underworld lawyer who ends up with an icepick in his heart. Notably well staged are Dorothy's two musical numbers, "The Beginning of the End" and "Dancing for Nickels and Dimes."

THE DARK COMMAND
Exciting Guerrilla Warfare—Republic

THIS is an intense action story set against the guerrilla days in "bloody Kansas" during the Civil War. It is packed to the hilt with thrills and gunplay, and climaxed with the historical burning of Lawrence, Kansas. Part fact, and part fiction, the plot concerns those bitter lawless days when Kansas was a Territory, yet not a State, and its settlers were victimized by renegades both from the North and South. Walter Pidgeon plays the famous guerrilla leader Quantrell, who levies allegiance to either the North or South, whichever fits his purpose, while he pillages the stricken lands and becomes richer and richer. Pitted against him is a wandering cowboy, John Wayne, who fights on the side of law and order. Both men are in love with Claire Trevor, the banker's daughter, and after a misunder-standing with Wayne she marries Pidgeon, but later sees him for the merciless marauder he really is. Roy Rogers, Republic's famous cowboy, plays a straight dramatic role as Claire's brother who caused her break with the cowboy sheriff. Excellent in supporting roles are Marjorie Main, as Quantrell's mother, Porter Hall as the banker, and Gabby Hayes as the traveling dentist. If it's action you like you'll find plenty of it here.

IRENE Sparkling—RKO

If you think of Anna Neagle only as the plain, stiffly starched nurse in the sombre "Edith Cavell" you've got the surprise of your life coming to you when you see her in "Irene." She does a complete turnabout. She's gay, pert, and capricious, and in a Technicolor sequence which shows to excellent advantage her bright red hair and amazingly blue eyes, she really is quite breath-takingly beautiful. With Herbert Wilcox as both producer and director, the American musical comedy "Irene," so dear to the hearts of a past generation, comes to the screen as one of the brightest and gayest pictures of the year. Miss Neagle sings and dances the "Alice Blue Gown" number charmingly. The plot concerns a pert Irish girl named Irene O'Dare who meets Ray Mil-land, a rich young man, one day on a Long Island estate where she has been sent to measure the cushions. Soon afterwards, she becomes a model in the very smart Madame Lucey's shop—though she doesn't know until the very end that "Madame Lucey" is none other than Ray himself, who had to buy the shop to get her a job. Alan Marshal, another rich young man, becomes Ray's rival, and what with beautiful clothes and rich young playboys Irene really has a time for herself. Excellent in the cast are Billie Burke as Alan's birdbrain mother, May Robson as nanny, Doris Nolan as a haughty model, Marsha Hunt as a society girl, Arthur Treacher as a butcher—and best of all, Roland Young as a mousey gown shop employee who suddenly be-
Rita Johnson with Eddie Cantor, who forsakes his usual musical extravaganza sort of film for a straight dramatic role in "Forty Little Mothers." Right: Tyrone Power and Dorothy Lamour are co-starred in "Johnny Apollo," an excellent underworld melodrama.

comes the manager and makes things hum. The Harlem jitterbug sequence wherein "Alice Blue Gown" is kidded is in very bad taste. Otherwise it is a very gay and charming production.

**TWO GIRLS ON BROADWAY**
**Dull Backstage Musical—M-G-M**

IF YOU thought backstage musicals had gone out of style you are mistaken. Here’s another one. Lana Turner, Joan Blondell, and George Murphy play three ambitious young people from the sticks who storm Broadway together. The agent of a Broadway show sees hidden talent in Lana and George, but will have none of Joan, so she very nobly takes a job in the night club as a cigarette girl in order to give the other two a break. She’s just about ready to buy the furniture for the apartment she has rented for George and herself, following their wedding, when she learns that George has fallen in love with baby sister Lana. Lana is all for sacrificing herself by marrying Kent Taylor, a wealthy playboy with five ex-wives, but Joan gets her sacrifice in first and leaves the way clear for a romantic ending. It is a pity to waste such talented people in such an uninspired, dull story. Joan makes the best of every comedy line given her, and George and Lana do extremely well in a couple of dance routines—all three of them deserve better material. But, at least, the picture proves that Lana is a striking young beauty, dances well, and can go far as Metro’s modern day version of Clara Bow.

**FORTY LITTLE MOTHERS**
**Eddie Cantor in a Surprise Role—M-G-M**

Eddie Cantor plays a straight dramatic role in his new picture which has none of those musical comedy trimmings usually found in Cantor productions. Eddie plays Gilbert Jordan Thompson, a nice young fellow, who becomes the "father" of an abandoned baby whom he names Chum. He gets a professorship in a swanky girls’ school and is put through a thorough hazing by the students, because he isn’t the romantic type. But when the "forty little mothers" discover that Eddie is a "father" they do a complete switch to his side. Although the plot is rather on the sugary side, Eddie and his baby make it extremely entertaining. You’ll fall for Baby Quintanilla hook, line and sinker, Judith Anderson plays the stern head of the school, and Nydia Westman contributes some very gay comedy as Mlle. Cliche, a teacher with quite a flair for romance. Among the "forty little mothers" are such good lookers as Diana Lewis (Mrs. William Powell), Bonita Granville, Margaret Early and Charlotte Munier.

[Continued on page 76]

Ann Sheridan and Jeffrey Lynn appear in the amusing "It All Came True." This is easily Ann’s best picture and not to be missed. Below: Claire Trevor and John Wayne in "The Dark Command," epic of guerrilla warfare during Civil War Days. Walter Pidgeon is in it, too.
Of course, the most important picture here—or anywhere in Hollywood for that matter of that—is “All This And Heaven, Too” which marks Bette Davis’ return to the screen after almost a year’s absence. The picture is adapted from Rachel Field’s best seller of the same name and the part might have been written to order for Bette, although you might say the same of any part she plays, she does such a swell job on all of them. 

This is the story of a little French governess who secures a position in the home of a French nobleman (Charles Boyer) and his wife (Barbara O’Neill). She is to instruct their four little children, June Lockhart, Virginia Weidler, Ann Todd and Richard Nichols. Barbara is insanely jealous of M. Boyer and makes both their lives miserable. She takes very little interest in the children and when Charles sees how happy Bette makes them he feels a deep sense of gratitude to her. It gradually becomes something more than gratitude and Bette, orphaned and starved for affection, dares not admit to herself what her feeling is for him. One night as she is standing in her room, looking out the window, there is a knock at the door. Harry Davenport, Boyer’s faithful servant, comes in.

“Is that meant for humor?” she asks quietly.

“Now, humor is a wonderful thing and we shouldn’t waste any that comes our way,” he begins, “For instance, there’s humor in the matter sending me out in the middle of the night to buy trinkets for the pretty governess. And there’s humor it was me he sent because he knows I can hold my tongue.”

“Then why,” he chuckles, “do you stand there at this window—not just tonight, but so often? What do you see from here? Is it perhaps the lights in the other wing of the house? Look! There on the left the lights in her rooms are burning—and there on the right the lights in his room are burning—and between them is that long passage where the lights never burn. Suppose some night you saw that passage lighted. Could you share your feelings then with all the world?”

“Get out!” Bette screams, breaking...
All retire to his plantation—at least for the rest of the year anyway. What will all the glamour girls do without George!

Otto Kruger probably has the topper or "moocner" stories. A panhandler approached him on the Boulevard the other day and asked for a hand-out meal. Kruger took him into a nearby restaurant and ordered the biggest dinner on the menu for him.

"I hope," said the hobo, his eye on a huge coconut cake, "that's on the menu. You see it's my anniversary today!"

The Errol Flynn's have decided to build an Irish farm house in the hills of Hollywood—that is, if Errol can settle down long enough to okay the plans of the architects.

Bette Davis sailed for Honolulu and a twenty day vacation wearing the locket that Director Tola Litvak gave her for her birthday. When most stars leave on their vacations they are so near the verge of collapse that they just can't be reminded that they may have to work again. But not Bette. The day she left the studio he told everyone she could hardly wait to get back to start "The Letter," her next picture. "The picture opens with me dumping bullets into a man. It's wonderful," Bette raved. But nothing personal we hope, Miss Davis.

The most doting papa in town right now is Ray Milland. Recently, Ray had to fly to New York to do a broadcast. He left his home at three in the afternoon, and by twelve the next day he was phoning his wife Mai from New York. "What's new with the baby?" he asked.

Three minutes after he met Olivia de Havilland on the set of "Episode," Eddie Albert rushed into the publicity department and asked, "Is Olivia going with anyone?" They suggested he read the gossip columns.

Pet-Peeve of the Month: On the set of "Episode" where Kurt Bernhardt, German director, is making his first Hollywood picture. Olivia de Havilland stops a split second to say hello to a friend and Director Bernhardt snaps his fingers irritably at her to hurry. How dare Director Bernhardt snap his fingers at Melanie? How dare he snap his fingers period. This isn't Europe, Mr. Kurt Bernhardt. That dictator stuff doesn't go here. And when speaking to Melanie, smile.

Mariel Angelus congratulates "Typhoon," young chimpanzee recently adjudged best animal performer of last season. Below: Director George Cukor of "Susan and God" rehearse a scene with Joan Crawford who is co-starred in the film with Fredric March.

Below: While dining with his wife at Ciro's, Fred MacMurray signals a greeting to some friends. Below right: When Eleanor Powell recently announced her engagement to Merrill Pye, they celebrated the event by dining at Ciro's.
matron's prayer—well, he will answer some of those prayers. Let's face it!

"When a woman marries, fidelity is one of the things which is important to her. If a man makes a gamble, gone. He lives for himself." And the woman saw to it that this girl felt she should be pretty grateful, should be making constant genuflexions to the god she had snared. The god, as it happened, made a fool of himself. And the young wife treated him to a good, widey tirade. The girls ganged up on her and gave her to understand that she shouldn't treat this glorious creature this way. They all but kicked her.

"If I were married to a famous star I couldn't do for him any of the things the average wife does for the average husband. He would have his valet, his secretaries, his agent, his publicist, his chauffeur. He might even have one of those lady secretaries who live in the house and take care of his fan mail, his shopping, and even his checks."

"Married to a star, even his emotional life wouldn't belong to me. Not if he were a big he-glamer-man, it wouldn't. I don't say that he would fall in love with the girls he works with in pictures. That, as a matter of fact and record, seldom happens. But to pretend, even to yourself, that a man's libido doesn't find some release in daily and rather intimate contact with beautiful girls and women is to refuse to face the Facts of Life."

"Every woman likes to be the Feminine Influence in her husband's life. She likes to be the lace and filigree, the enchantment, the enigma, the mystery to which the Tired Business Man turns when he leaves his workday, masculine world. Married to an actor, he'd come home from a long day and there, in his arms, would be a woman. He'd come home, not from a humdrum office, a bank, the ticker-tape, but from a tropical jungle, or a room, or some little rendezvous in a palace of the Hapsburgs. He'd come home, not from a cheap secretary with flat-soled shoes, you hope, but from a Hedy Lamarr, or a Marlene Dietrich. He'd come from playing love scenes with nymphs done up in gowns by Orry-Kelly or Adrian and you could scarcely expect his eyes to widen with ecstatic astonishment at sight of you descending the broad hall stairs!"

"On the other hand, it's very difficult for a man to live with an important woman, even when her importance is not on world par. Much less can this business do become very important, very much on parade. It's a natural thing for a man to try to delude an important wife. In the world, let's say, she is as big as he is. In the home, then, in order to preserve the pretense that this business does exist and that he's not so much in as out (and I'm still old-fashioned enough to believe that the proper relationship is when the man is the Big Shot), he feels impelled to tear her down. And usually tries. And sometimes succeeds. You can easily see what a fatality that would be to an actress wife."

"A famous comedienne once told me that she has never married because she is afraid her husband wouldn't laugh at her jokes. And if she fell flat at home, she says, if her husband turned into an audience with a dead pan, it would do something to her, it would sap the springs of her spontaneity, it would make her feel a silly fool instead of a famed farceur. The same thing could happen in reverse."

"There's no audience in the world more difficult for an actress to play to than other actors. Playing a solo through life with an actor-husband as audience would make this little Davis star fall to earth like a clinker of cold ash!"

"Or I might come home with a script in which I had great faith, for which I felt great enthusiasm. I might talk it over with my starry spouse and he might not like it. Perhaps, he'd be honest about it. But a lurking doubt as to his motive might assail me . . . 'Maybe he's jealous' this little snake in my Eden might hiss, suggestively. This could go both ways, of course. The effect two actors have on each other, nobody knows. Personal passion doesn't stamp out professional jealousy. When there are two careers, acting careers in one spot . . . well, two stars of the zodiac can't, scientifically, occupy the same space at the same time without a cosmic explosion. Two stars of the screen occupying the same space at the same time run a similar risk of cosmic concussion."

"The only kind of woman who can be married to an actor successfully is the
woman who agrees with the actor's public ... i.e., that he is divine and that she is divinely happy to serve him. A woman star isn't that kind of a woman. She has her public at this time. It is her duty to be the best of herself for her public, or be taken care of, and two codded celebrities would make a nursery of any home!

"When a woman marries a man, she has the right to be able to lead a life easier for him, smoother, pleasanter.

When an actress marries an actor, she has the diametrically opposite effect on his life. She may do all kinds of colorful, exciting, desirable things to his life, I wouldn't know. But she certainly does not make it easier for him, or smoother.

"Each individual works in his own highlv individualized way and wants to stick to his own last. I, for instance, am always friendly with people. It's my way. I might marry an actor, but I would be quite the reverse, who would be secretive, reticent, liking to hide. And if that were his way—well, there I'd be, posing for the candid cameraman while looking my successful worst or telling little things to the press and he'd be standing down at the top of his gentlemanly boot, murder in his heart.

"There would always be the fear of what the press might print about the other party, too. Me. I'd be sure to say the wrong things about him not being afflicted, or blessed, perhaps, with a curb and bit on my tongue. I never have any fear for myself. I haven't an inhibition nor an aversion in my bones. But marriage to an actor might make me fearful. And fear would do something distorting to me. I can just imagine some story I might give appearing in print and the actor-husband sitting opposite me, cutting the silence with ten knives!

"Even if a husband and wife are working, by chance, in the same picture, their interests are still divided because their interests are still—theirselves. That's one very good reason why stars who often work together, who have all the emotional advantages of propinquity and proximity, seldom fall in love with each other. For even in their most passionate love scenes, the actor cannot be thinking about her, he must be thinking about his lines, his facial expressions, the bit of business the director has just suggested to him. The actress is preoccupied, ditto. A star's life is a solo, you see. Marriage should be a duet. And never the twain should meet ..."

A Friendship Built on Gags and Insults

[Continued from page 25]

Mr. Fay," Jack asked, "but do you memorize all those funny sayings before you come out or do you make them up as you go along?"

Fay turned around with a kindly smile and let the two stand through a weighty, majestic pause. He beamed and placed a kindly hand on Jack's head.

"Bless your little heart," he said. Jack tells that story on himself to this day.

The main significance of that story at the moment is the idea it offers on the sort of youmester Jack was in his pre-radio and movie years. He was playing jokes and relishing his fun; Fred was perfecting the writer around the circuit. Each of them spoke of the other as a good friend though they seldom met.

The friendship between them that has ripened by remote control the past three seasons really springs entirely from a casual jibe Fred made about 9:42 the night of December 30, 1936. The Fred Allen program brought in a few amateurs every week and this night a ten-year-old, who played the violin, was included.

Fred did not plan his conversation with those amateurs, relying mainly on extemporaneous inspiration. After some talk about the complex violin solo, "The Bee," that the little boy was to play, Fred remarked, "There's a comedian out in Hollywood who used to play the violin. He'll probably feel a little ashamed when he hears what you can do at your age."

The remark was forgotten until next Sunday night when Jack answered on his program, "I could play 'The Bee,' too, when I was ten years old. That's an age for it." The next Wednesday Fred called for witnesses who had heard Jack Benny playing "The Bee" at the age of ten, and the Benny-Allen feud was on. Two casual acquaintances suddenly became dear and intimate friends, but still mostly by long distance.

Benny was busy with movies in Hollywood and Fred preferred to conduct his radio business from New York. Whenever Jack was in New York, he would drop in on a Fred Allen broadcast, but that was on about as much as the two saw of one another. Fred lives the life of a hermit, working on a radio script until the small hours of every morning.

When Jack visited New York this past spring, he insisted that Fred should move right into the Benny home during the weeks they worked on their picture together. Fred was insisting violently that he would not. He would make a strange house guest.

About mealtime he probably would emerge from his room end then go back dorothy lamour and her mother refreshed themselves with pineapple juice as the press interviewed them upon their arrival in Honolulu. Notice Doc's bracelet?
Portland has her own complaints about Fred Allen in Hollywood.

"He spoils all the servants," she says, "He keeps asking them if they like the way things are going and if everything is all right in their treatment. After a while, they won't take orders." No one knows how much of this strange background for a close friendship will get into the Benny-Allen picture. Most of the script probably will come from the preliminary conversations between the two comedians.

This much has been planned: the picture will present them as a pair of radio comedians who get into a feud. The background will not be primarily radio, however. It will be a musical picture with emphasis on comedy and a title will be selected sometime between now and the release date next fall.

There is comedy material in abundance in the occasional meetings of Allen and Benny in the past. On their broadcasts together, they usually have been funnier during preliminary chats to the studio audience than they were after the microphones actually had been turned on. Jack was on the stage early one night and asked, "Where is Allen?"

"Here I am, Jack," Fred drawled as he walked up to the center aisle, "I have been out there watching the door for you so your audience wouldn't get away."

That was a night when the Benny show had traveled from Hollywood for a brief New York visit. Fred began explaining things to the studio audience.

"These people under glass," he pointed to the glass panels of the control room, "are California people. They can't stand the climate here so you see how we put them under glass."

No matter who tackles Fred Allen, the exchanges usually are one-sided and Jack is no exception. "If I only had my writers here, I'd give you an answer, I tell you," Jack has said to Fred many a time. Jack always warms his studio audience, "You'd better laugh if you ever expect to get in here again."

"You'd better laugh," Fred interrupted one night, "if HE ever expects to get in here again."

Fred told the studio audience another night, "Jack Benny is a very funny man. Five minutes with him and your sides ache. Every time he tells a joke, he punches you in the stomach."

Jack laughs helplessly when Fred cuts loose on him. His professional reputation cannot be helped by having a rival comedian outwit him all evening. But, as far as Benny is concerned, that has nothing to do with the situation. He tries to provoke Fred to retorts, because he loves hearing them.

In one of their first programs together, he came out of the studio red faced with laughter.

"I was afraid Freddy was going to just stick to the script," he said, "and I had to dig into him to get him started. Wasn't he wonderful?"

After Jack left, a few of the people around there had their own ideas of what was wonderful. With people as jealous and petty as they usually are in show business, it was wonderful to find two top men with that sort of an attitude toward up to books and typewriter. Meanwhile, the sort of a host Jack Benny is would be to sit around fretting about what could have happened to keep good old Freddy from having a good time.

Old friends in New York tell about the way Jack used to love to spend an evening when he lived there. After a show, he would stop in at Lindy's or one of the other actor hangouts and gather a gang of cronies to "come up to our place and sit around for some laughs."

On the way home, Jack would pick up the morning papers. While the conversation was getting under way, Jack would glance quickly through the columns where he might be mentioned and then slip off into a daze. The friends would have all those laughs that had been planned while Jack quietly and happily slept in a corner. When they woke him up around time to go home, he heartily thanked everyone for the swell evening the gang had given him.


"He's a great walker," Don says. "To get exercise, he goes out and walks through the hills and comes back to tell what a great day he had. But one side of his face will be all sunburned. He goes out and finds a nice grassy spot and goes to sleep."

Fred Allen's stays in Hollywood included a minor amount of social life with Jack Benny or anyone else. He has a strange phobia about burdening himself with possessions, so he refuses to have a car.

Distances between places are so great in Hollywood, Fred had to rent a car there. That entailed hiring a chauffeur to drive it, because Fred never has learned to drive himself. After a month of paying rent, Fred called the chauffeur aside.

"With what I'm paying in car rent," Fred offered, "you could be making payments on a car. Why don't I just give that money to you?"

The colored chauffeur liked the arrangement. The only trouble was that Fred had not been specific about what sort of car he might like.

"The chauffeur got his own idea of a nice thing," Fred went on. "We spent the rest of our time in Hollywood running around in a little cream colored Ford. Rolls Royces and a lot of other big cars would be parked in front of a place and up would come the Allens in their queer looking jalopy."

60

The high spot of "La Conga Nights" is the rhumba which Hugh Herbert does with Armida. All the steps are his own and he says Fred Astaire better watch out.
Marriage and the Marches

[Continued from page 39]

Broadway has ever known. Maybe it is fit to go on from that failure and do the same thing all over again and triumph in the year's smash hit.

Maybe. But of course that's for you to decide.

That ad which appeared in every New York paper close on the heels of those devastating reviews of "Yr. Obedient Husband," showed a drawing of a trapeze artist in the act of missing in mid-air. The caption read, "Oops! Sorry!," and was signed Fredric and Florence March.

"They gave us more credit for the gesture than for all the hard work we had put in while producing the play," Florence Eldridge said the other day in her husband's dressing room at the M-G-M Studios where he is co-starring with Joan Crawford in "Susan and God." They were eating their lunch as we talked, the simple lunch of most stage people, iced orange juice, a sandwich, a cigarette for dessert.

Fredric March poured himself a glass of fruit juice, bit into a sandwich and tilted back in his chair.

"It was a bit embarrassing to hear all the salvoes we got for taking a chance on "The American Way" after the licking we got in "Yr. Obedient Husband," he grinned. "We didn't feel we deserved them. After all, we had to make another try for our own sakes and we knew we couldn't be quite as much of a flop as we had been. Nobody could."

They're nice those Marches. They take success with as much dignity and humor as they take failure. They have a sense of values and their own code of ethics and they bring those values and ethics to everything they undertake. They've brought them to their marriage, too. It's no haphazard chance that they've continued to be happy together in a profession noted for its matrimonial failures.

Individuals though they are, the Marches think alike. As different in personality as two such highly individualistic persons must be they share a common viewpoint. There's an easiness between them, a rhythmic flow that two people seldom attain. They belong together. That doesn't just happen. A successful marriage takes as much trying and as much thought as a successful career. Marriage isn't the lot-
woman attempting to follow it exhausted and breathless in her determination to make herself over into something she isn't, and keep her straining in the attempt to get herself an A+ rating in the arts and her knowledge of current events and her quota of bright sayings and witty remarks.

Her candid eyes crinkled in the corners and her laugh dismissed the columns and columns of empty words that have been written on the subject.

She knows how superficial some of those writings are, that any trying to keep up with just a fraction of the glib advice would be left exhausted physically and mentally. She knows too that if marriage were a question of cultural attainments or the latest hair-do or most of that time, stepped-on attractive clothes there would be many more happy marriages in the world today than there are. It isn't that simple. Externals don't count that much. The roots on which a marriage grows don't spring from beauty parlors or libraries. They spring from the heart and brain of a man and a woman.

"After all," she went on, "the friends we enjoy most are the ones we feel comfortable with, the ones we can relax with and with whom we can be ourselves. A friendship that needs constant mental prying and emotional props wouldn't be worth much to anyone. So why try to make marriage, the most important human relationship of all, that sort of superficial thing. I'd hate to sit home all day talking over and over again what we're thinking, and thinking up clever things to say to my husband when he came home." ---

Fredric March grinned.

"Why, dear," he pretended chagrin. "That's how I thought you did spend your days, thinking up quips for me."

Probably no stage or screen married couple have given up more for each other than the Marches have. Theirs has been a give and take attitude that has spilled happiness from the beginning. They've both sacrificed for each other. They've done without many of their sacrifice's and sometimes it is far more difficult to be on the receiving end of a sacrifice than to be the one who makes it.

Florence Eldridge, who had a more important name in the theatre than Fredric March, stepped gracefully out of the professional picture when he got his big chance in Hollywood. It couldn't have been an easy thing to do yet she turned down important Broadway contracts to be with her husband.

She became the stay-at-home wife of a Hollywood star. Even wives with no career aspirations at all have developed inferiority complexes standing dimly behind the spotlight of their husband's popularity. For a woman like Florence Eldridge, forceful, ambitious, with the kind of creative energy that demands an outlet, it must have been torture.

In any other community wives have their own identity," she explained. "Here you've got you think, what you are doesn't interest anybody. It's only what you're doing in a Hollywood sense that counts. What picture are you working in? What role are you playing? Those are the questions Hollywood asks." No, it couldn't have been easy for a

woman like Florence Eldridge, who had given her life to her career, to be dubbed a nobody and be pushed in the background by people who couldn't begin to have her ability or talent. Yet she took it, rather than risk her marriage. After all, statistics show the preponderance of failure in those New York to Hollywood commuting marriages. Florence Eldridge wasn't going to risk that.

Lator, Fredric March jeopardized his career in turning his back on Hollywood to open in a play with his wife. He gave up a three hundred thousand dollars' contract to do it. He invested about half a hundred thousand dollars of his savings, and possibly no play was a more complete failure then "Yr. Obliged Husband." The New York drama critics seemed to take a peculiar delight in panning one of Hollywood's favorite sons.

Yet they couldn't down Fredric March. A year later he came back in another play. It was his way of saying "thank you" to his wife. It was the thing he wanted to give her above all others, the bouquet he wanted to lay at her feet. And this time there was success.

And afterwards when the long run of that play was up Fredric March did away her make-up box again and went back to Hollywood to cheer Fred on from the sidelines when he was offered the part in "Susan and God." A trouper from the heart that she knew what her husband could do with the part of Barrie Trelaw and if you think she had any pangs about it, you don't know Florence Eldridge.

"We don't want the children to become too conscious of the word 'I',' Florence March laughed. "Fred and I are both so self-conscious about the use of it that our conversation becomes downright stilted at times. The stage has a way of highlighting the ego and we do all we can to offset it, in front of the children anyway."

"After all, how can we train them to be nice and modest and unself-conscious if we set them an example of talking about ourselves to an interviewer. They're too young to be objective about it. They'd think talking their heads off about what they are and what they're doing is the normal adult conversation piece.

"And apart from the children I do all I can to keep my career separate from my home when I'm working. I believe in women expressing themselves. I think women who are creative at all should go on with their work after marriage. But they should never let it dominate their marriage. A marriage suffers too much of a handicap if the woman is so completely ambitious that she refuses to compromise and allows her home life to suffer because of what she demands upon her.

A woman can have both, and be successful in both, but she must plan so that the two don't overlap and see to it that each runs along its own path. And, of course, so much of the success of a career-marriage depends on the husband's attitude. Whether he resents his wife doing something of her own, or whether he's proud and pleased that he has a wife who is doing things.

"I think it's swell," Fredric March grinned. "I think it's even more interesting for the husband. And women who have the urge to do something are happier when they're working. And I like that, too.

"Besides, you save money," Florence joked. "I'm not always building houses."

Their laugh was followed by the summons sending Fred back on the set. As we watched him go I remembered an evening last spring when I was talking to them in their dressing room at the Center Theatre in New York when "The American Way" was playing.

Florence was dressed in the wide old-fashioned skirt and tight bodice she was wearing as the immigrant wife in the play, her own smooth hair obscured by the flaxen wig she was wearing. Her personality had changed in the uncanny way actors and actresses have of shedding their own identity in the character they are assuming. This quiet, flaxen-haired woman seemed to have nothing in common with the sophisticated young modern who had created her, just as Fredric March seemed far away from the stolid Martin Guerre in whose clothes he was standing. But, and this was interesting, the two who stood there in their stage make-up of an immigrant couple seemed to have that oneness, that air of belonging to each other in their characterization of a man and a wife that they have in reality. There is talk now of doing "The American Way" on the screen, and, of course, the Marches will play their own roles in it again.

The story of "The American Way" tells of the long and happy years a man and a woman have had together. It tells of their disappointments and of their triumphs. It tells of a marriage that endured. That is the story of Fredric and Florence March when they were young.
• Repeat performance by popular demand! Since their first appearance, this romantic Cutex trio has been playing continuously to admiring audiences!

Cutex OLD ROSE is a rich rose with that hint of blue so very flattering to your skin . . .
CEDARWOOD is a lovely fresh mauvy-rose that goes with everything . . . LAUREL is delicate and feminine—a special favorite with the men in your life!

Write your own spring success story with the world's most popular nail tones—Cutex OLD ROSE, CEDARWOOD and LAUREL!

CUTEX SALON POLISH
Dawn of a New Day

[Continued from page 27]

honor of Eddie Small's production of "My Son, My Son!" Following which she was given the feminine lead in "Foreign Correspondent," expected to be one of the big hits of 1940. She got the part in "My Son, My Son!" by accident. Frances Dee, cast for it, was taken ill. Small began testing other girls. Dozens of them faced the cameras. Miss Day took her test at 11:30 one morning, reported for work at 6 o'clock the next.

"I just had had a lot of bad breaks," explains Laraine, "I was to have been in the sequel of 'Northwest Passage,' to play the cockney girl. Ann. I spent weeks going to see the film, 'Pygmalion,' to get the dialect. Then the sequel was called off. I wanted to get in These Glamour Girls.' Jane Bryan got the part. I tried for 'Florian.' Helen Gilbert beat me out. I was pretty broken-hearted, although I kept telling myself, 'I must get that break.' Still, that doesn't help much, does it?"

Now her hit on another lot is the talk of the home studio. Lionell Barrymore goes about in his wheelchair, nodding his head and saying "I told you so." For a long time he has called Laraine the most promising youngster at Metro.

Laraine is twenty, but has packed a lot into those few years. She was an honor student at school in Salt Lake City and in Long Beach, where the family first moved. She joined the Long Beach Players Guild, worked hard, even went on a road tour of one of the Guild's productions, "Conflict."

In 1936, she was given a minor bit in a film called "Scandal Sheet." Nothing happened. More guild work. Then a screen test at Universal got her a contract. She did three Westerns with George O'Brien. Nobody noticed her and nothing happened again.

By this time she was working hard with the Wilshire Players. Then Billy Gordon, a Metro casting director, saw her in still another amateur production and she got a second film contract, this time with Metro. She played in "Sergeant Madden" with Wallace Beery. "A gangling girl," they describe her at Metro. "long legs, awkward hands. Had possibilities, that's all." She did the nurse, Molly, in the Kill dare series, attracting Lionel Barrymore's interest. She was in "I Take This Woman" and, they say, took the play away from Hedy Lamarr before the studio remade the film. Altogether Laraine has been with Metro just two years.

There are things that even the studio doesn't know about the starlet. With the Long Beach and Wilshire groups she wrote some of the shows. One was "Midsummer Night's Mare," about a musical comedy producer who couldn't get away from his own shows. She wrote, in blank verse, a humorous Cinderella in Swing. Last Christ mas she sent out holiday cards in the form of movie scripts. Likes to write poetry. All of which indicates an ingenious, alert mind, to say the least.

Her childhood sweetheart is still Burnett Ferguson, who worked with her as co-director of the Wilshire Players. But Burnett, also a Mormon, left last June for study at the Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City. Then he departed for three years' foreign missionary work. Laraine won't see him for a long time, but there's no one else in her life. Not that all the Hollywood lads haven't tried.

She lives close to her family. There are no servants in the Johnson household. Indeed, until very recently, Mrs. Johnson made all of Laraine's clothes. The starlet bought her first fur coat last Fall. Laraine drives her own car, a Dodge, and frequents the little things her mother fixes for her.

She gives small parties at home for her studio friends. And, on her birthday, October 13th, last year, the studio gave her a party. No cocktails. Actors and stage crew played hearts. And guessing games. Not the sort of party you would anticipate in Hollywood. Laraine and the studio had a grand time. Lionel Barrymore presented her with a black cat, it being the 13th.

Laraine has a youthful, spontaneous sense of humor. Tried me on this: what color is beer? Purple, I believe, is the answer. Here's another, what color is a shampoo? Green. (Yes, this really happened in Hollywood!)

When she was born, as a co-twin, at Roosevelt, Utah, the Indian chief staged a ceremonial dance on the White Rock Reservation. Then they all came over to the Johnson house to look at the twins. It seems that no twins ever have been born to redskins.

Laraine's only trouble before the cameras is her inability to cry. "I'm too happy," she explains. Since Joan Blondell recently suffered eye burns from menthol, that item has been barred as a tear jerker. So, with a prop boy helping the experi ment, Laraine recently tackled onions and horseradish in turn. The boy was in tears. Laraine was dry eyed. Finally, they had to drop castor oil into each eye—and shoot fast.

She takes tap dancing lessons regularly. "The more I know the better," she says. She is interested in photography and haunts the photo department. And she says she'd like to direct some day.

Declares she doesn't want to be a [Continued on page 71]
"The Summer Sun has changed your skin
—why not change the shade of your Face Powder?"

[FIND YOUR LUCKY SUMMER SHADE—
AND GET IT IN MY GRIT-FREE POWDER]

says Lady Esther

Find out now which is your most flattering shade! But remember, even a richer shade won’t help...if your powder is too coarse for your skin! For the deeper the shade, the more important that your powder should be free from grit!

Make my famous “Bite Test”! Put a pinch of your present powder between your teeth. Make sure your teeth are even, then grind them slowly. If your powder contains grit, your teeth instantly detect it. But how easily Lady Esther Powder passes the same test! Your teeth will find no grit!

Get your lucky shade in my GRIT-FREE Powder!

You can’t judge powder shades by the appearance of the powder in the box. To find the most flattering shade for the new, warmer tones of your complexion...try each shade of my powder on your own skin...at my expense!

Mail me the coupon, and there will come to you ten new shades of my grit-free powder—brunette shades, rachels, rose tones. Try each shade on your own face. Find the one that is just right for you! And as you try on these lovely shades...notice how smooth my powder is. Don’t mistakenly believe a high price means a grit-free face powder.

Impartial laboratory tests showed that many expensive powders—costing $1.00, $2.00, $3.00 and even more—contained up to 20.44% grit.

Find your lucky shade of my grit-free powder, and wear it confidently. No coarse particles will streak or fade your powder...or give your skin a harsh, “powdery” look. You cannot find a finer, higher quality powder. So mail the coupon now!

10 shades free!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER,
7162 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 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.
Restaurants such as the Brown Derby and Chasens, but the night clubs. They are commonly opening and quickly they just don't pay. The famous Tocadero, for example, has been opened and closed three times under different backing during the past year. They even had "Bank Nights," but it folded and now is closed. Realizing this situation, associate showman Earl Croll declared when he opened his large theatre-restaurant that he was "not going to cater to movie stars." He knew what happened to the supposedly swank places that did just that. The result: his enterprise has been an immediate success, but one sees very few movie names there.

In New York, where most people have relatively small apartments, they do most of their entertaining in night clubs. But not so here.

Getting down to the next stratum of Hollywood society—that large group of librarians and extras—they have fun in their own way, but it's no more exciting than the Saturday night parties in Fargo, North Dakota, or Houlton, Maine. They work hard while on a picture, and have learned, if they are smart, that one can burn the candle at both ends and in the middle if one is to keep young and last in movies.

All these generalities you may have read before, but what about the woman's angle? What about the more specific things the girls are learning who still flock here from all over the country? And flock they do, for it's a rare girl who can ignore the well-meaning but foolish praise of friends who tell her, "You ought to be in pictures."

Let's be analytical.

In the first place, women outnumber men about THREE TO ONE in Hollywood. Some estimates set the odds higher, but the drifting population here makes an accurate check impossible. That's a discouraging beginning for any social whirl—unless you happen to be one of the men!

Next, consider the competition.

The little hoked-up beauty-contest winners and "Miss Squidgivelles" still come here by the hundreds each year, but since pictures are now using girls with better training and a little more talent than they did in the old silent days, most of these girls, if they are lucky enough to find employment at all, are landing right back where they started: in jobs as waitresses, manicurists, clerks and typists.

What's the result? Hollywood is filthy with pulchritude, above and beyond the girls who are actually in movies, and the competition for dates is nothing short of terrific. And don't forget what we mentioned before about even the glamour-hungry girls having quiet evenings at home!

Another angle on this competition problem is that too many of these girls who have movie ambitions are literally a "dime a dozen" in the local phraseology. They will do anything—and I do mean anything—to get that "break" in pictures which they anticipated when they left home. Any man who might have only a nodding acquaintance with a third assistant prop man at one of the studios, can get a date faster with these girls than he can order a hamburger.

You probably read a few months ago in the newspapers of the suit for $250,000 filed against Director Sam Bischoff by actress Carolyn Clare, charging they entered into a "deal" under which she engaged in a clandestine romance on his promise of screen stardom. The case was dismissed Feb. 29, 1940, by motion of Miss Clare's attorney after Bischoff had filed a general denial. But we do know that there have been hundreds—even thousands—of girls in Hollywood who have considered such a method an easy way to stardom. Very few ever have appeared on the screen in more than "bit" roles, or as extras.

Too many of the local high school and college girls out here are also in the "dime a dozen" class. Propped on by stupid parents—usually it is a foolish, doting mama who is to blame—they are encouraged to be movie-struck and get in the extra ranks if they can, at the earliest possible age. They plan their dates accordingly, and it isn't always the prettiest face that wins!

All these youngsters, local and imported, believe that the only important thing in life is the right connections in pictures. Again, what's the result? A girl who says "No" is very prone to find herself without dates. It is thus that the men have been spoiled, and the women have no one to blame but themselves.

Another way to be considered is the practice of the younger men going out with older women. It's a strange thing how prevalent this is here, and how the custom is growing. It is certainly aiding and abetting the "Spoil the Men" movement.

So many men who have high positions in the movie industry have to work nights, Sundays and holidays that there are hundreds of "movie widows" who grow bored staying at home. But why be bored? They have plenty of money and begin dating the younger and more available men, who are also ambitious for the right connections.

The "movie widows" entertain them at dinner, take them to night clubs, previews and the few legitimate theatres that manage to exist out here. Of course, they go in the ladies' cars! And mesdames pay the checks! Why wouldn't the young men become spoiled?

This situation of younger men preferring the company of older women has another side, too. I've talked with many of them about it, and they are perfectly frank in admitting that the younger girls do here are "too silly to be entertaining. As I've pointed out, the younger, prettier little things have only one idea—their own pulchritude which they think should make them movie stars.

However, in associating with the older women, and supposedly to avoid the stupid company of these young girls, the younger men develop a dull, stylized "line" that is deadly. Inane flattery, bits of scandal and shop talk about pictures are their sole stock in conversation, because the older women here are "too silly to be entertaining. As I've pointed out, the younger, prettier little things have only one idea—their own pulchritude which they think should make them movie stars.

In economics, they call such a situation a "vicious circle." It is!

Having eliminated many of the younger men as available dates, we come next to the older ones, the gens of the homo who is WILLING to spend money for an amusing evening. They are usually married, seldom admit it, or, if they do, assert that they are "misunderstood." The conversation is equally dull and one-tracked, and they are the really spoiled men. This type is so used to the little movie-struck beauties and gold-diggers that their idea of an evening's entertainment has only one ending. If you're not a "yes-girl" you won't have a second invitation from any of them!

So, my lassies, if you are sensationally and breath-takingly beautiful, you MAY have a short-lived rush of popularity out in these Hollywood Hills, but unless you are a gold-digger or worse—and are willing to live by those standards, you'd better bring along your bath and tennis racket, for you won't find a social whirl awaiting you.

If you still are unbelieving and want to come to Hollywood, think you have talent and are willing to work relentlessly and not worry about lack of dates—then come ahead. There are new stars every year and Hollywood needs them. But don't expect to be a social butterfly. Even if you connect with a studio, you'll be told with whom to go out, and where to be seen.

London a man's town? Hollywood is the male heaven!

One of the most famous women stars, and I wish I could tell you her name, in discussing this situation, summed up the arguments neatly, saying:

"Hollywood is a helluva town for a girl, if she remembers her Sunday School lessons and hopes for a gay time simultaneously. It can't be done. This is the Happy Hunting Grounds of spoiled men, cheap chislers and glorified gigolos. Worse than all that, the men are DULL!"
Hill-Billy Queen

[Continued from page 37]

old families are, there had never been an stress. So Daddy Canova made little use of his musical efforts to family events in the front parlor.

When she was eleven her father died, and soon afterwards, the family moved to Jacksonville, Florida, where Judy acquired most of her schooling. It was probably her cousin from Georgia, who dropped in or a week-end and spent the winter, who taught Judy on her unusual career. At the age of four her cousin would sing, "I Wish I Was a Single Gal Again." And so, at a high school amateur performance one night, Judy, called on for a song, gave out with "I Wish I Was a Single Gal Again," and brought down the house. She and her song were so sensational in Jacksonville that she even made a record of it for Brunswick—at the age of twelve.

Knowing that Jacksonville, Florida, is hardly a hill-billy stronghold, I was naturally curious to learn how Judy acquired the talent that has put her in the top ranks of hill-billy singers. She gave me that wonderful grin, which has become a trade-mark with her, and proceeded to explain.

"When I was fifteen, my sister Anne and brother Zeke and I, all pepped up over our success in Jacksonville, moved on to New York where we expected to stay with our act, which we considered pretty hot. We had never sung a hill-billy song in our lives. We'd been doing our own arrangements of popular and classical numbers, and we thought we could sell ourselves with this sort of thing in New York. But New York gave us the brush-off. Things were pretty tough for us for months in the big city, and we were literally down to our last can of beans, when one day we happened to run into a friend who happened to mention that the Village Barn, a rural night club in Greenwich Village, was opening soon and was scouting for hill-billy performers.

"That was all we needed to know. We nearly broke our legs racing to a book store for a book of hill-billy songs. We learned a few, got our audition, and as a result we were there for twenty weeks. The going, after that, was easier for us. Vaudeville scouts saw us and we did a coast-to-coast tour for over a year. I think the reason we took to the hill-billy accent so naturally was because we used to spend our summers in the mountains of North Carolina when we were kids. We met a lot of the backwoods mountain people, and we'd try to imitate their way of talking and singing. I picked up a song there when I was a child which I sang a few years ago in a London night club—and was told by an amazed young Englishman that it was an old ballad that had been sung by his family for over three hundred years. He couldn't believe I'd heard it in North Carolina."

When the Canovas returned to New York after their tour, NBC officials were waiting with contracts, and promptly signed them for six months on the air. About this time Lew Brown, ace Broadway showman, was lining up talent for his revue, "Calling All Stars," and offered the Canova team a featured spot in the show, which already boasted such top names as Jack Whiting, Phil Baker, and Lou Holtz. Two other unknowns, who eventually hit Hollywood, were signed at the same time—Martha Raye and Elia Logan. Warner scouts saw the show and a term contract for Judy was the result.

Judy sat out her first dance, I mean her first contract, in Hollywood. A nice salary coming in weekly is all right, but it's awfully boring sitting at home twiddling your thumbs when you know that you are a darned good hill-billy singer and ought to be getting some place. So when she was offered a featured part in the new Ziegfeld Follies, Judy was off for New York like a streak of lightning.

"It turned out that this was the luckiest move I could have made," Judy continued. "Paul Whiteman (it was Judy who first started calling the King of Jazz by the popular monicker of "Mr. P.W.") saw the Follies and asked me to guest star for one evening on his Woodbury Soap Show. This one appearance resulted in an extension of contract for a full year on a coast-to-coast network."

Again Hollywood perked up and offered a dotted line. This time it was Paramount, and this time she actually faced a camera,
Swimming can’t Spoil my Make-up

Yes, you can dive in...and come up smiling, with lips and cheeks still colorfully fresh—perfectly made-up.

For Tangee Natural Lipstick and Tangee Natural Creme Rouge are waterproof and swimproof. They really stay on! And they’re not affected by hot-weather perspiration, either!

Why not test Tangee’s exclusive scientific principle yourself? Why not give your lips and your cheeks the soft, lovely color that has made Tangee the choice of beautiful women all over the world? Just send the coupon below, with 10c, for a smart little make-up kit that’s just as handy for purse and guestroom as it is for beach use.

And, we’ll also include a sensational new 40-page booklet, entitled, “Make Up and Live”, in which 10 of America’s leading beauty editors tell you their priceless beauty secrets!

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Laft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City... Please rush “Miracle Make-Up Kit” of samples Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades, Also Face Powder. I enclose 10c (China or equal) (15c in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:
☐ Peach ☐ Light pink ☐ Coral
☐ Red ☐ Dark Red ☐ Pink
☐ Flesh

Name. ☐ (Please Print)
Street. 
City. ☐ State. ☐ SU70

but not for long. With a Dietrich, a Colbert, a Lombard, and a sexy looking young thing in a sarong floating about the lot Paramount just couldn’t be bothered with a comedienne who sang hill-billy songs like nobody’s business. A smart London supper club offered a contract and the Canovas gave Paramount back to the Indians, or the stockholders, or some body, and boarded the Ile de France. They proceeded to take Mayfair by storm. Dear Noel, dear Bea, dear Gerrie, and all the other dear young pub crawlers in dear old London went for hill-billy songs book, line and sinker.

Back in America again, without the slightest trace of a British accent, which in itself is unique, Judy appeared for several months on the Chase and Sanborn program, and in the spring of last year went into Lew Brown’s “Yodel Boy” on Broadway. Her best songs in the show, “Comes Love” and “Lem and Sue,” zoomed to the top of the hit parade in no time at all. After a long run the show closed a few months ago, and Judy, once more, found herself with a movie contract. This time she has signed with Republic Pictures—who’ll tell you that in Judy they have found the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. They purchased the song title “Scatterbrain” for her, and any day now you’ll be seeing Judy do her stuff in a bright and snappy comedy that will make you laugh so loud you’ll forget Hitler and the landlord.

Judy is a frank, down-to-earth person, utterly lacking in glamour and chic, for which we thank heaven. You’ll never mistake her for Connie Bennett. You’ll never confuse her with an early glacial period. Warm, cordial, and folksy, with a grand sense of humor—that’s Mrs. Canova’s girl Judy. That’s Republic’s new star.

She likes to collect, too—her hobby being cook books and recipes. She has several book cases full of cook books, and a dozen or more scrap books full of recipes clipped from newspapers and magazines. As fast as she can she’ll get around trying out all of them. It speaks well for Judy’s cooking that her family—a mother, brother and sister-in-law, her sister Anne, her brother Zeke, and her cousin Gordon Burns, who are all with her Hollywood—very rarely has to run for the bicarbonate of soda. An extra special strawberry delight cake disappeared to other night in nothing flat.

She puts two lumps of sugar in her demi-tasse, dotes on ice cream and pota salad, and should be as big as all outside, but isn’t. She loves barbecue, that Southern in her, and two years ago when she was driving from New York to her home in Florida she made a detour of three hundred miles out of her way. North Carolina just to visit a favorite barbecue stand. She claims the fifteen cent barbecue sandwich was well worth its effort.

Very domestic is Miss Judy. She loves to fuss around her home, putting her and tidying there. She also slips “suggestions for the house beautiful” out in magazines, and moons over them by the hour. She has a very smooth, even disposition, but if she finds out that someone has made use of her all hell breaks loose. She dresses extremely well, loves exot hat, and keeps out of night clubs, except when she is entertaining in them.

Judy’s singing voice goes to G above high C, and she studies seriously under Lawrence Tibbett’s teacher. It’s hard to believe that the same voice that taw out “She’ll be comin’ round the mountain when she comes,” can handle lovely arias and ballads.

When you try into her love life you don’t get very far. “Romance?” Judy will say with a grin, “I just haven’t the time right now.”

But if you just casually drop the name of Rudy Vallee into the conversation you get what can be called a definite reaction from one Miss Judy Canova.

The Jon Halls (Frances Langford) at a recent informal Sunday afternoon party they gave. Jon is said to be sensational in “South of Pago Pago.”
Mitchell the Magnificent

(Continued from page 35)

oles, ranging from Shakespeare to the specks.
B. He had written a smash play or two, including “The Little Accident” which ran a couple of years or so and was later made into a movie.
C. He had written another play, starred in it and directed it.
D. He had built up a reputation as a play doctor, even though his valiant efforts to pump blood into a Tallulah Bankhead opus called “Forsaking All Others” proved worthless.
E. He had collaborated with half a dozen playwrights in assorted plays and musicals.
F. There was talk about having Mr. Mitchell hauled into federal court as a one-man restraint of trade, in short, a monopoly.

Despite all this, there he was in Hollywood waiting for the call, spending his afternoons reading Plato or maybe the Norwegian dramatist Ibsen whom he admires no end.

“They get wise to themselves,” he used to tell a chum of his in that machine-gun style of talking that’s so typically Mitchell.

All his life people have been coming round to Thomas Mitchell’s way of looking at things.

“You found it was simpler to give in to the inevitable,” a Broadway producer once confessed. “The man takes you by storm, drenching you with the Gaelic fire in him as well as the unshakable belief in himself that’s nothing less than paralyzing.”

This Gaelic fire, need it be said, is come by honestly. The cinema’s most notorious scene-stealer was born of pure Irish stock, the son of a Dublin newspaperman who came to this country to look it over, was taken by it, decided to linger and built his home in Elizabeth, New Jersey, where his five sons were born.

Of all the Mitchell brood, it was young Tom who is most remembered by the citizens of Elizabeth. Such a harum-scarrum youngsters was never seen on land or sea. Long before he was out of grade school he was scaring the daylight out of the children on the block by improvising a theme from Irish fairy tales.

By the time he was ready for St. Patrick’s High School he was a mercurial somebody that resembled nothing so much as a wailing banshee. He read Swinburne’s poems during geography lesson at school, hiding the little volume behind the huge text which he held up on a vertical plane. Many a time did the Sister Superior of “St. Pat’s” summon the young rebel and inquire how it was that reading Swinburne helped him acquire information concerning the agriculture of Iran.

Here he palmed off—or tried to—his first bit of “consequential” acting. His face a-glisten with a look of cherubic innocence, he would simply stand there, silent, waiting for the storm to blow over. Sister Superior was sure to get around to praising the fine job he, like his clever brother John before him, had done with the one-act original play he had written or, perhaps, a highly imaginative version of “Tempest” he had recently staged.

That senior year, as all the Mitchell brothers will testify, was a mortal torment to everyone living at home. Especially the few months preceding graduation. You see young Tom had him a great problem: ought he to dedicate himself to writing as his father had done before him or, remembering his grandfather, the celebrated playwright-player, Dion Bouicaut, forget journalism and think only of the stage?

“While he was making up his mind,” to quote brother John, “he was driving us to despair as he pounded the typewriter up until three or four in the morning writing short, short stories that no one ever seemed to want to buy or suddenly turning on that voice of his in reading aloud an entire Shakespearean play, women’s parts and all.”

Came graduation and things were at a woeful pass indeed. Already he had served notice, the young earth-shaker had, that college was not for him. The spectre of life with a man with twenty-four hours on his hands was enough to frighten even the last one of the Mitchells. It was brother John who bridged the impasse.

“I’ll put him to work under me as a reporter,” he said triumphantly at dinner.

What every motorist should know

When you drive, take along some Beech-Nut Gum. It’s always refreshing and restful, especially when you get tired or tense. Your choice of 7 delicious kinds:

- Peppermint, Spearmint, Oradum
- 4 flavors of BEECHIES (Candy Coated)
- Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin, Cinnamon

Beech-Nut Gum is made in Flavor-town (Canajoharie, N.Y.) famous for Beech-Nut quality and flavor.

Beech-Nut Gum
One of America’s GOOD habits

GOING TO THE N.Y. WORLD’S FAIR?
Visit the Beech-Nut Building. If you drive, stop at Canajoharie, in the Mohawk Valley of New York, and see how Beech-Nut products are made.
one night late in June.
That very next Monday, Thomas Mitchell, radiant and ready, showed up at the city room of the Elizabeth News, reported to his brother for an assignment and was given the police beat and sundry way stations to cover.

Almost overnight pandemonium broke loose. Complaints descended right and left on City Editor Mitchell regarding a certain story on page one which had, it seems, "absolutely no foundation of fact." This was nothing. Before two weeks had passed one of the town's magnificoes called up none other than the owner of the paper. He was in a dancing rage.

"This cute trick of yours in marrying off my son to a tavern waitress, as reported on your front page, is going to cost you plenty. I'm taking legal suit for exactly $25,000." And he hung up.

The upshot of all this hullabaloo was that cub reporter Mitchell was summoned before the grim person of City Editor Mitchell and given the heave-ho after five weeks of life as a reporter. They still refer to his meteoric career in Elizabeth as the golden age of journalism.

Today brother John will tell you philosophically, "What made Tommy such an impossible reporter was his desire to dramatize the news by mixing it with fiction. His imagination was too much for us. Out of self-defense he was sacked. Actually I didn't do it. I was a mouthpiece for the managing editor. Anyhow the last I saw of Tommy that day was with the grimmest, lit a cigarette and departed."

He trekked out searching for papers which were more appreciative of talent. He did a spot of reporting in Baltimore without incident. He tried Washington, but it bored him. Later he took his experience as a Capitol scribe in de-picting the cynical, escape-you-never reporter of "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington." Growing less fond of journalism as time progressed, he quit it in Pittsburgh, scouted for another job and ended up in a fantastic position—that of a tutor to a scion of a steel fortune.

Suddenly, the realization came to him that he was wasting his time, that his heart was really in the theatre and to hell with roaming, reporting and rearing the youth of the future.

So back he tripped to New York, badges Mr. Coburn, head of a repertory troupe long on the classics, and swore by all the apostles that he was the slickest actor this side of John Barrymore.

"What does a great actor like you want from a stock company?" Mr. Coburn said with a chuckle.

"Experience," volleyed the walking Mr. Vesuvius. "I'll pay anything, anywhere."

For the next season or two he did exactly that, romping all over God's creation interpreting no less than fifty roles out of Shakespeare.

Not until several years later did he make his debut in New York, together with another great actor, John Barrymore. The play was called "Redemption." Mr. B. was the star. Mr. M. played a messenger boy, or maybe a valet. He's forgotten.

That was the beginning. He went from part to part with such uniformly inspired performances that one day David Belasco walked into a "turkey," just before it closed, spotted the dynamic Irishman who balanced the whole shebang on his head and put him under contract. After that a twenty-mule team sensation.

He was cast in "The Wisdom Tooth" as an insignificant, freshly-discharged head clerk without either future or girl friend, but hell-bent on saying his say—international situation or women's fashions—and the critics howled with appreciation. Mr. M., late a scrivener, had arrived on Broadway.

From then on it was more like a dark than a career. For one five-year period in his life he only loafed two days. When he wasn't casting "Kiki," he was wringing tears for his performance in "The Playboy of the Western World."

An actor named Spencer Tracy, an engaging, fast-talking fellow who was starring in the Broadway production of "Last Mile," was called suddenly to Hollywood. Mitchell took his place. As "Killer" Mears he was so terrific that the patrons left the theatre limp.

Things took such a pretty turn that before ten years had elapsed, monarch of all he surveyed, he found himself fretting with the writing urge. Just to stifle it, once and for all, he bought a typewriter for himself, began writing plays. The results surprised him, intrigued the producers and, in most cases, delirited the fans.

He began to clamor for a hand in directing his plays. He got it.

Eventually, he turned producer, teaming up with Alfre Arons who knew the business end of the theatre up and down.

After that, with nothing much else to do in the theatre, he began to mumble something about taking up archery when the call came for him to go West to help make a movie out of his lucrative play, "The Little Accident."

Which is where we came in roughly. He came to Hollywood, finished his chores, was paid off and promptly put out of mind. It got him so mad, when he got to thinking about it on his return to New York, that he returned determined to make Hollywood yell "Uncle." How he has succeeded needs no telling here.

Forty-eight and famous, Thomas Mitchell is a man without a counterpart, on and off the screen. Where his Hollywood colleagues come into town with banners blowing, Mr. Mitchell sneaks in, tells the hotel clerk to polish all the of his country. He's been called suddenly to Tiburon and proceeds to have himself the time of his life.

While he is fonder than fond of pictures, he hates Hollywood, resents the dumb-show, loathes the bad taste. No camel ever was a grant oasis with more glee than he does New York, after a long stay in Hollywood. He doesn't come to town often; there are too many assignments for that. But when he does—ki-yi-yi-ppee.

Around him assembles such a motley crowd as ever graced the Stork Club's premises—columnists, bartenders, police reporters, cops and even actors. It is Mitchell who does most of the talking, fastening that magnetic eye on his friends and haranguing them on oil for the lungs.
of China or, maybe, why the films are a better medium than the stage.

Ideas fascinate Mitchell. He doesn't give a fig what people have, what they are or how their pedigrees run. He talks with verve in a contagious gallop, using short words, short sentences.

On one occasion a foolish young lady, annexed with her lack of luck in impressing him on how much she knew, switched the talk to art.

"At least, you probably can stand being posted on the fine arts," she said haughtily.

"I'm sure I can, miss," he said, "Won't you tell us all about it?"

What the basic never discovered until a fortnight later was that Mitchell knows art like no one's business, has a magnificent collection and recently purchased a Rembrandt.

Although he's remembered for the laughs he inspires in us, he, himself, confesses, is a set-up for tears.

"Put me in a theatre where Life is dealing them off the bottom to Mollie the beautiful cloak model and I'm weeping buckets."

Why?

"The Irish have always been able to see more tears around us than anyone else," he says with that strange sadness.

A moment and it's gone. And Mitchell's himself again, a gusty, effervescing jumping bean of a fellow in whose presence strangely enough you have lost all desire to talk.

Dawn of a New Day

(Continued from page 64)

Carole Lombard or a Hedy Lamarr. "I don't want to be anybody," is the way she puts it. "I want to be Laraine Day, if I can learn how."

Has natural high coloring. Ash brown hair, with gold glints, blue eyes. Five foot, five, weighs 112. Never has had a sick day in her life. Isn't interested in athletics, but loves to swim. Indolent about everything but her work.

When Great Grandfather Rich sold the Mormon land, prior to going back to Utah, Laraine's great grandmother refused to sign the deed. Recently attorneys approached the Johnson family, suggesting that the property, now in the heart of San Bernardino, could be restored to the family legally. The Johnsons refused.

After the preview of "My Son, My Son!" Laraine said to her hairdresser: "How is my behavior? Have I changed any? Kick me real hard if I have."

Laraine took the name of Day from the kindly old stage director, Elias Day, of the Long Beach Guild. He had helped her tremendously, believed in her. Day died two years ago. The name Laraine was shifted from Laraine for euphony.

Spends hours in ten-cent stores picking up odd little gadgets for the girls who work on her pictures, the script girls, hairdressers and so on.

In other words, a pretty little Mormon - thoughtful, sincere and, false eyelashes or no false eyelashes, plus sex appeal. If I were Burnett Ferguson, carrying the Word to far places, I'd be worried.

Snap your fingers at worry! For safety's sake, an improvised new type of moisture-resistant material is now placed between the soft folds of every Kotex pad . . .

And that's not all! Kotex has flat, form-fitting ends that never show...never make ugly bulges...the way napkins with thick, stubby ends so often do!

Kotex* comes in three sizes, too! Unlike most napkins, Kotex comes in three different sizes - Super - Regular - Junior, (So you may vary the size pad to suit different days' needs.)

All 3 sizes of Kotex have soft, folded centers...flat, tapered ends...and moisture-resistant "safety panels". And all 3 sizes sell for the same low price!

FEEL its new softness
PROVE its new safety
COMPARE its new, flatter ends

"You scarcely know you're wearing it!"
“She Heet de Bool's Eye!”

[Continued from page 42]

don't let any of the customers leave—if they start to go we jump down from the stage after them—seven feet that drop is!"

She adjusted the comb skillfully, tossed lace over it, got her nose mixed up in the concert and the Rio Grande River flowed right in through the star's dressing room high on 44th Street in New York City.

"Dorothy Mackall, without padding, took over the job for Mr. Bennett and I got the chills. Then Douglas Fairbanks (senior) saw me and gave me a chance to try out—along with 300 others—for the part opposite him in 'The Gauche.' I got the part, but only because of Gene Pallette, who didn't know me at all."

It seems that Fairbanks looked at the Velez girl standing there with a Chihuahua under her arm and dismissed her because she seemed too placid for the role. Which bothered her not at all since she was movie-crazy and was radiantly happy over the fact that Mr. Fairbanks had even looked at her. So she set the dog down while she picked up her make-up before leaving the studio. This was the chance for which Pallette had been waiting half an hour—he stole the tiny dog and rushed off to play a joke on Fairbanks. When Doug saw the ferocious drubbing Pallette got from Lupe he signed her up on the spot.

"He found out I am not placid also, later on, too, when he told me to take my shoes off, I will not do that, I have feet like a, a peacock bird!"

Her secretary, Miss Kinder, came in with a beautiful Mexican dancer-friend of Lupe's. This Kinder woman not only secretaries, she makes all of the costumes Lupe wears—take a costume, Miss Kinder! The two Mexicans went into a linguistic huddle. "Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Lupe in its Spanish equivalent, "does not this girl look like Dolores Del Rio?" Then they went off into a room of their own Spanish again. "She said 'goodbye,'" explained Lupe.

"When I was working in 'The Gauche,'" she went on, "they all make fun of my age. Why are you not in school, babe?" they ask. "Where are your peg tails?" they say. Well, I show them. I have the very first date of my life with the director of the movie. I loved him desperately, even eef he deed pat my head like a feeble girl on the movie lot.

"I spent money on two white fox furs and I started out on my first date weath the man I love—to a movie around the corner! He delivered me home at ten and he wanted to know why I was crying when he left me—with a pat on my head!"

She made a nation-wide hit in "The Gauche," and the studios fell all over themselves in their efforts to hire her. The list of her movie leading men reads like a Hollywood Who's Who. "Congo," with Walter Huston, "Wolf Song," with Gary Cooper—work with Lon Chaney, the master of disguise—hundreds, almost, of others equally well known. She also made a turkey called "Laughing Boy," with Ramon Novarro. It was no laughing matter.

It's her stage background, though, that makes the ad-libbing she does all through her recent pictures possible. And the natural-sounding lines that result from this off-the-cuff dialogue are probably sixty percent of the reason back of her successful return to the ranks of the Hollywood money-makers.

"I am a Ziegfeld girl," she lit a cigarette; adding as an afterthought, "and I smoke too much."

She is a member in good standing of that diminishing group of glorified people, the Ziegfeld girls. To her measure "Hot Charley" was done in the Ziegfeld manner and Bert Lahr ("I love heem!") played opposite her. Here the ad-lib reigned supreme and a favorite trick of Lupe's was to chew cheap gum and let it drool out of the corner of her mouth so that Lahr could see it, but couldn't eat it. It broke him up every time—but what he did in return she didn't say.

She also told with Jimmie Durante in "Strike Me Pink," and "You'll Never Know," with Clifton Webb and Libby Holman. When this show went on the road the Shuberts decided to invest more money in it for scenery and whatnot, Lupe was against this as a needless expense and she was proven right, in spite of the fact that the show was able to play eleven months on the road.

One reason that might possibly have affected her pictures in the fairly recent past could have been her marriage to Johnny Weissmuller, Hollywood's Tarzan. Lupe laughed and said, "Everybody says, 'Why don't you learn better English, Lupe?' So I answer, 'I was married to a guy who can only say, 'Me Tarzan, you Jane!"' How can I learn English from heem?"

The newspaper boys have been inclined to blame Lupe for the highly-exaggerated newspaper stories where she is concernant the pair's knock-down, drag-out fights. It was Lupe's fault, they said, every time a fight came off. It wasn't always.

"Because I am supposed to be nuts everyone blames me entirely for the divorce," she continued, "in some of my movies I act crazy, sure. That's all right for my work, but off stage I am not temperamental—I am very easy to get along with, yes?" She turned to her secretary. The secretary, with a look of devotion in her eyes, assured her that she was.

"I'll tell you right now that I was not to blame for what happened. You know what? I love the newspaper men, the press, but some of them have been very mean to me. Like the time Joe Decree and I complicated 'East.' The phone rang and she spent several minutes talking, meanwhile absentmindedly snifffing at a scallion. The photographer snapped her at her sniffing. She grinned good-naturedly.

"I had taken a pill to help me sleep. Johnnie won't take them, but anyway, I was sleeping in my chair—they didn't have berths then—when a book from the rack above fell down and hit me right on..."
the eye. Of course, it got black and I felt awful, because I knew right away what the press would say. So I got a paper for, what do you call it, testimonies? Yes, and I went among the other passengers asking them or saying that a book hit me, not Johnnee. But what do you think the headlines said later on? That’s right—JOHNNEE SOCKS LUPE!

She showed her nice teeth and changed her chair.

Then another time, Johnnee and I were in a plane going to the Coast. Johnnee was plane see-oh! he was green see-oh! Poor boy! He said, ‘Mommy, I’m dying!’ I said, ‘All right, sweetheart, I’ll take care of you.’ So when we arrived, instead of going back on the plane bus I told the porter to put the bags in a cart that was standing there. I had the bags and Johnnee all in when a man came up with the driver and said that he had ordered the car and that this was his regular driver. So I started to haul out the bags—Johnnee was still groaning inside the cart. Just then two men with cameras came up behind me and kablooie there I was with a bag in my hand and Johnnee stretched out on the seat. What do you think the headlines were this time, huh? I’ll tell you—LUPE LEAVES JOHNNEE AT AIRPORT!

The most obvious thing about this girl is that she does not conform to the average person’s impression of her. She is not crazy, she is not temperamental. She is lively, yes—perhaps “vivacious” would be a better description of her.

She is also by way of being a philosopher. “Why worry?” she asked. “You worry and it gets you nowhere. We all get old anyway and if you fret you just get older all the quicker. That’s why I look so young as I am—I relax. And I am not old!” One magazine had said, apparently, that she was born in 1908, which would make her 32. She went into a long and well-reflected family history about her sisters, some aunts and an uncle and their combined ages and ended up by saying that if she, Lupe, were 32 her mother would have to be 120 years—oh which, she, on the blessed earth, is not. “I am twenty-eight and if you don’t believe me ask the government. How could I be in three countries with false papers?” She looks twenty-eight.

She doesn’t care about making supercolossal pictures. Is content with doing the kind that draw regardless of their cost and she is willing to work as she now does, on a flat-rate basis—I.e., so much per picture and no percentage. Her movie set is always wide open to anyone. Her pals meet there and she doesn’t care whether they ordered watch her toss a pie or muss Donald Woods.

Lupe eats everything in sight. When they have a table set up for a scene in a movie where there is eating to be done they usually post a man there just in case. Viz. asleep using some thirty small cream pies in “Mexican Spitfire” and these were spread out on a table, for the moment unguarded. Then Lupe spied on the pies and, starry-eyed, wolfed down four of them before her attendant rushed up yelling. “What have you done, Lupe?” “I have just eaten a leetle, four of them I thnik, why?” “Heavens above!” he wailed, “they’ve been sprayed with fly spray to keep the bugs off— they’re just for throwing—you’ll die!” She shrugged her shoulders at us, “I guess I deendn’t . . .”

She doesn’t intend to marry again. She has no current heart-throb, she says. She sports a giant emerald-cut diamond on her left hand and on her right a plain horse-shoe nail twisted up into a ring. She wears this for good luck. She knows everyone in Hollywood and likes them all. The Velcro impersonations are something unbelievable, they’re so good; especially one about Hitler, which she won’t perform in public because she doesn’t think politics and show business mix.

She likes the stage proper, but not personal appearances tours but takes them up to make money—at about $4,000 a week—so she can relax, which she does best by lying abed playing solitaire. In a recent poll taken in South America among theatre audiences she ranked second, beaten only by Garbo.

She makes gags which she calls “silly sayings.” They’re not very good, but she likes them and so do her friends who want to gather them into a book. At the Paramount she was playing on the same bill with the movie “Dr. Cyclops,” in which people are reduced to one-fifth their normal size. Apropos of it she said, “In the peecute they have leetle people so they have to have bigness people on the stage,” pouting at herself and laughing.

Then she pranced around the room pinning herself on the back. That was a “silly saying.”

This girl who is making a whirlwind comeback in pie-throwing feature comedies wants to do dramatics. “Back in about 1927,” she began, “I did dramatic movies like ‘The Squaw Man’ for Cecil B. DeMille and Tolstoy’s ‘Resurrection.’ That was the only sort of thing I deed and I got so fed up that I said, ‘If you geev me one more dramatic them—ef I cry again in a peecute, I quest!’ I wanted to sing hot songs and everytime they gave me ‘The Cuban Love Song!’ She sang several sample bars in a remarkably good voice. ‘I knew that I was typed, but all the producers would say was, ‘Lupe, deah, you are not suited to comedy!’

Then in 1932 came Mr. Ziegfeld and ‘Hot Cha’ and I was the hottest of them all. All my shows were comedy and jazz. Then I say, ‘Please may I do some drama,’ I thnik I am very good at crying.’ And they say, ‘Lupe, deah, you are not suited to drama!’ That ees teepical of Holly-wood!”

Good showman that she is she is down on the elevator with us to count the house from backstage. “How’s the house, Joe?” she asked the elevator man. “About three people,” he exaggerated, with a grin. Actually it was a small house because it was 6:15 and people were home having dinner. “Then I think,” she said, “I get a raky trunk.” When I come on stage I say, ‘What do you know, People! There has just been a murder in the balcony and no one knew it! Ha ha!’ ”

Call that a silly saying if you must, but this young lady is fast from being dumb—she knows her show business. And remember, please, that she is not a mad Mexican—she’s a nice girl, in any language, who simply needs to be better understood by people.

Understand?
FOR INTERNAL MONTHLY HYGIENE

SMALLER TAMPONS
(EASIEST TO USE)

YET SUPER ABSORBENT
(EXCELLENT PROTECTION—BETTER SERVICE)

at a thrifty price!

No wonder women by the thousands are turning to HOLLY-PAX Supersorbent—a HOLLY-PAX tampon actually absorbs 10 times its weight in liquid. (See for yourself—dip one into a glass of water, and watch!) Extraordinary protection and long service—HOLLY-PAX gives you more value at low price. They're doubly thrifty.

Why don't you try them?

Hygienically safe, HOLLY-PAX is accepted for advertising in the Journal of the American Medical Association. Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping, too, as advertised therein.

HOLLY-PAX
THE ECONOMY TAMPON—10 for 20c
AT DRUG, DEPARTMENT AND TEN-CENT STORES

Send for New Fact You Should Know about Monthly Hygiene
Free, HOLLY-PAX, Box H24, Palms Sta., Hollywood, Cal.

S O N G P O E M W R I T E R S
Write for free inspiring booklet outlining opportunities for amateur songwriters. SEND 10c Box 207, Cincinnati, Ohio

Your Handwriting Analyzed!

Are you discouraged in your job?

... Unhappy in love or friendships?

... Troubled by money matters?

Let ARIEL, eminent, qualified graphologist analyze your handwriting—mirror your personality. No two handwritings are alike and ARIEL gives you an individual reading. She can point out traits or mannerisms which may be holding you back—put you on the road to greater happiness and success—as she has thousands!

Mail today a sample of your handwriting, 5 lines or more, with month and day of birth (year is unnecessary) and enclose twenty-five cents.

Perhaps you would like to know more about a friend, sweetheart or business associate. Send specimens of their handwriting, with 25c. A character analysis makes an ideal and different birthday or anniversary gift!

ARIEL
P. O. Box 41, Station G(1), New York, N. Y.

Beautiful Legs

[Continued from page 17]

vigorous. Red Sand, a subtle rose with rusty overtones, and Pinkie Red is a rich, tropical shade. These polishes are very resistant to chipping and peeling, and so do extremely well at foot.

Few of us are satisfied with the shape of our legs, just as few are satisfied with figures. Exercise helps develop muscle and muscle gives shape. Exercise will also help to reduce soft flesh. I wish I had room here to go well into the subject, but it is far too extensive to cover. However, there is a splendid little book on exercises for over-weights that I'd like to send you, if you'll just send me your name and address. This book includes your entire body, is highly informative, helpful and entertaining. It is a real addition to your library.

As to illusion regarding shapeliness, here are some simple tips. If your legs are large, wear a darker stocking tone; if too thin, wear lighter. If your legs are short and heavy, wear a pump type of shoe, which gives more length to the general leg. If legs are long and thin, then a strap, oxford or high-reaching instep effect breaks the length. If your legs are bowed, learn to stand with one foot slightly behind the other. Then the condition will not be so noticeable. If the joints of your feet are broad and protruding, wear pumps with broader bows. This disguises the foot.

I truly think the best way to learn grace in leg movement and posture is to take a few lessons in ballroom dancing from a good teacher. You will learn the fundamentals of dancing and much more, besides. You will learn the right motion in walking and standing. Never stand with feet widely separated. This is most awkward and ungraceful. Just the other day, a man said to me, "Girls would look so much better if they'd stand with feet together." Or one foot slightly back of the other, as mentioned above, is also graceful. Learn to walk lightly. If you'll watch yourself for a little while, you can do this. Don't plant feet firmly, unless you're playing golf. When you sit, let legs and feet relax, and keep feet fairly together. As I said in the beginning, I think those lovely screen legs we all admire have been put through paces much as those outlined herein. In fact, all this and more, besides. So I think a little leg work for the rest of us is now in order!

Paramount's Wanda McKay's legs look stunning in her B. V. D. bathing suit, because she takes good care of them.

Aids for a well-proportioned silhouette! Thynnolds girdles and brassieres are designed for the figure that is difficult to control with the usual corseting. These garments are made of perforated rubber, lined with a suede-like cotton to keep body contact soft and smooth. Thynnolds control bulges and bumps; they give with every motion of the body, permitting freedom of action, comfort and beautifully moulded lines. So perfectly do they distribute and scalpel the figure that a size smaller dress often can be worn. Mary Lee, Silver Screen, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, will send more details.

Readers: Would you like to "pour yourself a pair of stockings," or try a glamourizing liquid make-up for face, neck, arms and back? If so, simply return this coupon with a three-cent stamp to Mary Lee, Silver Screen, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, and check the tone you want—Hawaiian—Suntan—Peach—Rachel—Brunette.
Love Is All That Matters [Continued from page 45]

graphically as the trunk had told it. Of course, later they told me all about that cross-country ride from New York, or to be exact from Jersey City, for it was there their vaudeville tour ended in a bust. Soon after there was their great turning into comedy and dismissing the fear they must have felt sometimes. But looking at their things I knew the story then. First of all, the car, one of those bargains picked up for a few dollars and not worth even that, the roll of bedding other was in. In the open, the stove, soty and eloquent, of the simple meals that had been cooked on it. Telling of hardship and poverty, but telling most of all of the courage and hope and spirit that had served a modern boy and girl just as it had served those others who had come in covered wagons a scarce hundred years ago.

Oh, they had courage, Eddie and Jean, and they had hope, too. But spirit was really the word for them. They couldn't be bowed down those two. Not in the beginning anyway. At first, they were so confident they would find something right away. Maybe not leading parts, but important ones. Good, sound, supporting roles that would lead to bigger things later on.

"Just wait 'til they see Eddie's routine," Jean would say, her brown eyes glistering with pride. "Sometimes even I have to laugh so hard when he does that bashful kid act that I almost stop the show. He's a real professional, you know. His mother and father were in vaudeville, too, and he's one of those trunk-for-a-craddle babies you hear about.

And I thought those stories were hooey until Eddie told me he was born right in a dressing room in Erie, Pennsylvania."

"Don't let Jean fool you," Eddie said then. "Maybe she wasn't born to the stage the way I was. But the minute I saw her I knew she had the stuff. You know, class. She was working in a store in Philadelphia, but the minute she waited on the girl telling me how she was going to do something. You know, that Park Avenue glamour. And just wait 'til you see her as the deb in our act who sort of takes me over the jumps. Boy, is she swell!"

That's the way they were. Boosting each other all the time, and honestly convinced. They were tops. Those two kids. Everybody in our bun-glow court adored them. They were so much in love with each other that some of it just naturally had to spill over and embrace all the fencing was too much for them. If they had a can of beans for dinner they managed to make it go far enough to include the little girl from Kansas who hadn't found a job yet.

The day the boy from Alabama went into his apartment with that set look on his face, who went in after him and took the gun out of his hand and never said a word to anyone about it. It was the boy who told me about it that night at the party Eddie and Jean threw to get him out of the doordrums.
**Reviews**

(Continued from page 53)

**IT ALL CAME TRUE**

Ann Sheridan Gets a Really Good Yarn—Warner Brothers

For the first time in her young life, pretty Miss Ann Sheridan finds herself in a first-rate, cocking-good picture. Beautifully photographed, and very much at ease in her comedy lines, Ann at last has a chance to live up to her publicity. The story, written by Louis Bromfield, centers about an old-fashioned boarding house run by Jessie Busley and Una O'Connor, the two belles of the Gay Nineties. Ann, the daughter of one, and Jeffrey Lynn, the son of the other, are in love with each other. Into this boarding house one day comes Humphrey Bogart, a gangster, who has to hide out until the time is ripe for his escape. His entrance causes quite a flurry in the dull lives of the inmates, and Humphrey becomes so interested in them that eventually he mellowes and decides to give himself up to the law. But before that he transforms the boarding house into a night club and has the money rolling in. There's excellent novelty entertainment by the Elderbloom Chorus, Stanley and White, Bender and Daum, and the Lady Killer's Quartet.

BEYOND TOMORROW

Spirit Stuff—RKO

This is the story of three old men, Harry Carey, C. Aubrey Smith, and Charles Winninger, who, loosely on Christmas Eve, throw three purses out of the window as a means of selecting their dinner guests. One purse is returned by Jean Parker, a young nurse, and a second by Dick Carlson, a young man from the San Francisco tenement. The third purse, the one young people fall in love and the three old friends appoint themselves as guardians. All three of them are killed in a plane accident, but they linger on earth as disembodied spirits, awaiting the call to judgment, and watch over their two young protégés who become each other's. Dick gets a job on the radio, and through the conniving of Helen Vinson becomes a famous musical comedy star. Two of the spirits answer their heavenly calls, but Charles Winninger defies the Almighty to aid his young friends who have gotten their lives into a mess. There's a happy ending—and Mr. Winninger gets another chance to go to Heaven.

IF I HAD MY WAY

Songs As You Like Them—Universal

LITTLE Gloria Jean, Universal's wonder child, who has blossomed into fame this past year, has the great honor of being in this picture of being co-starred with Hollywood's favorite crooner, Massa Bing Crosby—and singing duets with him, too. There are a whole flock of songs that will delight you, especially the way Bing and Gloria Jean put them over. But most outstanding of them is "Meet the Sun Halfway" and "I Haven't Time To Be a Millionaire." The story is all about three bridge builders who work side by side.

When Gloria Jean's father is killed, she is inherited by Bing, who along with Eli Bendel, the third bridge builder, sets out for New York to seek fame and fortune. They put a languishing cafe on its feet and have a lot of fun. It's the same old formula story. But when Bing and Gloria Jean sing, you don't care about the plot anyway. Old-timers will get a kick out of seeing such favorites of yesteryear as the late Miss Eltinge and Grace LaRue. Charles Winninger and Nana Bryant play Gloria Jean's great uncle and aunt.

'TIL WE MEET AGAIN

Well Acted Love Story—Warner

About eight years ago this picture was made by Kay Francis and William Powell, called "One Way Passage," and, although quite an unpretentious little picture, became one of the best box office attractions of the season. It was called "Til We Meet Again," is not quite as unpretentious, in fact it has been prettied up considerably, but it is still well acted—this time by Merle Oberon and George Brent. The story, as you probably remember, is about a young woman with a serious heart condition who has only a few months to live, and a young murderer being taken to San Quentin where the death cell awaits him. They meet aboard ship, fall romantically in love, and each, of course, tries to keep his secret problem from the other. On the boat are Pat O'Brien, a detective returning from Hong Kong to San Francisco, Geraldine Fitzgerald, an attractive ship passenger, Binnie Barnes, an international singer, and Bing Crosby, with a millionaire title (Eric Blore) in tow, and Frank McHugh, a criminal pal of Brent's.

THE DOCTOR TAKES A WIFE

Funniest Comedy in Ages—Columbia

LORETTA YOUNG and Ray Milland are teamed most successfully in this very gay comedy romance which will have you laughing your head off from beginning to the final fade-out. It's just the picture Lorettta needed to put her right back up there in the big time, and as for Ray Milland, my my, that boy is turning out to be Hollywood's best comedian. No more of those stuffy, straight roles for Ray, please. The story, with its side-splitting situations, is quite the funniest we've had on the screen in ages, and the dialogue, well, for a change, the writers needn't be ashamed to accept their checks. Lorettta plays a very chic and attractive spinner authoress, who with the aid of a full-time newspaper publisher, Reggie Gardner, is making buckets of money out of her best seller "Spinners Aren't Spinach," because of its extremely anti-male attitude. She is reported, through circumstanceal evidence, married to Ray Milland, and they must live on a salary of only a hundred dollars a month, and can't afford a wire. The two hate each other, but are forced to go through with the hoax—Lorettta to save her reputation, and...
Because her publisher has a new book for her to write on advice to wives; and Ray, because the Dean gave him a much coveted professorship as a wedding present. Gail Patrick, Ray's fiancée, arrives from Europe, and Loretta promises to go to Reno as soon as the book is finished. But, of course, Loretta and Ray eventually fall in love, and Loretta's little way of getting rid of Gail will knock you for a loop. Very sophisticated at times, slap stick at other times, but always amusing.

SATURDAY'S CHILDREN

Life As It Is—W arners

ANNE SHIRLEY and John Garfield play the leads in this adaptation of the famous stage play of some ten or more years ago. It tells the story of a young white collar worker in New York City who has dreams of going to the Philippines where he can try his experiments with hemp—but the night before his boat sails he is tricked into matrimony by a nice girl who has never done a dishonest thing before in all her life. So Anne and John settle down in New York, like thousands of other young couples, and try to make enough money to keep a roof over their heads and food in their stomachs. Romance has a hard time of it in such a sordid atmosphere, and once more John, separated from his young wife, is on the eve of sailing for the Philippines when Claude Rains, Anne's father, takes things in his own hands. Combining both pathos and comedy this is an unusually good, unpretentious picture and you'll enjoy it—if you don't mind facing the facts of life. Lee Patrick and Roscoe Rains are excellent as Anne's sister and brother-in-law.

FLORIAN

Unusually Good Story Of A Horse—M-G-M

T HIS is the story of Florian, a magnificent white stallion of the Lippizan strain, born and trained in the stables of Emperor Franz Josef of Austria. And anyone who loves horses will simply go mad over Florian. The picture opens with Florian as a foal in the Lippizan breeding stables of the Emperor, with Robert Young as the adoring young stable groom. After much intrigue—Florian even finds himself a pawn in the romance of Prince Oliver (Lee Bowman) and his ballerina girl friend (Irina Baronova)—Florian wins the Emperor's favor when he performs his intricate drills at the Royal Horse Show. Then comes World War I, in which he saves the life of his young groom, and helps the Duchess Diana (Helen Gilbert) to escape across the border. Following the War, Florian is sold and shipped to America where he is degraded in a "Lady Godiva" act at Coney Island. He rebels and is sold to a junk dealer. Bob Young traces Florian to New York, and finally finds him just as Florian, his pride broken, is on his way to the glue factory. Florian, who plays Florian in the picture, is in real life one of the celebrated Lippizan horses of Austria who were brought here in 1937 by Winfield Sheehan, who resumes his life as a producer with this picture.
I don't think things ever would have changed between them if Jean hadn't gotten sick at that time. It was the only time I ever saw Eddie really down. And the day they took her to the hospital I found out she could be bitter, too.

"You know I never thought much about money before," he said to me that first day he came back from visiting her, "but I do now. Listen, I'm going to get successful if it's the last thing I do. And I don't care whose feet I step on from now on. Seeing your wife in a hospital ward does things to you. You realize a few dollars might be all that stands between getting well and . . . ."

He broke off abruptly and his eyes were wet, but his voice had a coldness in it that frightened me coming from Eddie. "I'm going to have money, too," he finished.

In a few weeks Jean was home again a little thinner, a little paler under the make-up she applied so lavishly these darks and that didn't fool any of us. But outside of that she was the same old Jean, wisecracking and happy and so glad to be back with Eddie again that nothing else made any difference.

Only Eddie had changed. He didn't laugh so easily anymore and his mouth lost the wide boyish grin that had made it so engaging. And he didn't kid any more when we were all together.

His eyes got a cold, almost calculating look that men's eyes get when their thoughts turn only to material things. The other things, the foolish, sweet little things that had made him Eddie were all gone now. I began to feel that I'd hate to be in Eddie's way if I stood between him and something he wanted.

Only afterwards it turned out to be Jean who was to stand there. In his way, I mean. That was the time all of us went around feeling that in breaking Jean's heart, Eddie had broken ours as well. At first, we couldn't believe what had happened. There wasn't one of us who'd ever thought that Eddie could hurt Jean.

I'll never forget the day she came dashing into my apartment. That was before the thing happened, of course.

"Listen," she said doing a tap dance in her excitement. "We've just had a call from a studio. And Eddie isn't here. He went over to have a talent with our agent and I've got to go alone. Eddie's the brains of the act and I'm so afraid I'll say the wrong thing. But they said it was important and I was to come right away and will you come with me and hold my hand or something. I'm so scared I'll die."

I went along and I was almost as thrilled as Jean when I heard the offer they were making her. It was a grand part, the part they had in mind for her. One of those parts she had dreamed of when she first came to Hollywood. Not the lead, but so perfect for her that there wasn't a doubt she could do it so well that better roles would be sure to follow it.

It sounded wonderful, but I could see the enthusiasm draining out of Jean as she listened.

"But what's in it for Eddie?" she asked at last.

There wasn't anything in it for Eddie. Only the glib promises that if the right part came up, he would be asked to do it. But promises weren't enough for Jean.

"Thinks a lot for thinking of me," she said, gathering up her bag and gloves and getting slowly up out of her chair. "But I'm afraid I can't accept it. You see Eddie and I are a team. We started together and that's how we'll finish, too, together. We promised each other we'd be a team the day we got married and that neither of us would ever take a part without the other. That's the way I want it to be always."

They tried to argue her out of it, but she just stood there smiling in her sweet, gentle way and shook her head. Neither of us said anything more but when she asked me I went into the apartment with her.

Eddie was there. He looked up when we came in and my heart skipped a beat when his smile came. It was the old happy grin of the old Eddie.

"Have I got news!" he shouted. "Listen! A big part on Broadway in the biggest musical comedy of the year. Hurry and help me pack. I'm leaving tonight."

"You're leaving?" Jean looked at him steadily. "You mean I'm not going with you?"

Eddie couldn't look at her as he spoke.

"Listen, baby," he said. "I hate to tell you this, but they don't want you. And, of course, I couldn't do anything about it without marring my chance. And you wouldn't want me to do that, would you? Anyway we've proved we're not so hot as a team. It isn't your fault. You weren't raised to the stage the way I was. And . . . and don't you see it isn't fair of you to stand in my way anymore. I've got to break out for myself. Don't you see how it is?"

"Yes," Jean said quietly. "I'm beginning to see how it is."

"You don't have to worry though, kid," Eddie said eagerly. "I won't let you down. I won't see us separate or anything. You know that I'll . . . ."

"You don't have to worry about me, if that's what you mean," Jean said, her chin lifting. "I can take care of myself."

As a matter of fact I had got a chance to do something on my own, and the same way you do about it I took it. That makes us quits, doesn't it, Eddie? The team's broken every way you look at it."

Suddenly her voice broke. She tore her wedding ring off her finger and threw it at him.

"Here," she said, "Take it. I don't need it any longer. After all the only use I ever had for it was to pawn it so I could eat and those days are over forever. You didn't do nothing but babble about how rich you were going to be these last weeks. Well watch me, Eddie Donnelly! I'm going to be rich, too!"

It was like seeing something beautiful become cheap and tawdry in front of my eyes. Of course, I couldn't blame Jean for striking back at him in her heartbreak.
But I felt I could never forgive Eddie for hurting her so much that she could do it.

I looked around the room full of the things they had shared, of the things they had hoped to share. Over the door was the piece of cardboard Eddie had made into a rough imitation of a vaudeville poster.

Eddie and Jean Donnelly tops in Taps, Songs and Witty Remarks. At the Palace next week.

Of course, they'd never made the Palace. That had been one of the particular, bright episodes that had pinched their dreams on. And now they would never make it. For the Palace was gone, gone as completely as the young Donnellys themselves.

I looked at the empty bag that had once held a nickel's worth of popcorn and that had always been one of Eddie's most treasured possessions. Jean had given it to him one Christmas, using the last nickel she had in the world to buy it and they'd eaten it together and been as happy as if they'd been sitting down to a turkey dinner.

And there was the cheap little perfume bottle that Eddie had given her on their last wedding anniversary and that had never been opened, because it was too precious to squander.

Happiness had been lost before in Hollywood. But it was enough to make anyone believe there was no such thing as love, seeing Eddie and Jean breaking up like that.

Jean began to look the way she did just before she got sick and I was worrying about her. She'd called the studio that day just after Eddie left and the job was still hers. She was putting everything she had into it. After all, there wasn't any place else to put her heart and her soul now that Eddie was gone.

But I felt I could shake her when she got home nights and the only thing she read was the theatrical section of the New York papers she got a few days late and the copies of Variety and Billboard that she couldn't wait to buy when they came out every week. Of course, I knew what she was looking for. Just the sight of Eddie's name, that's all.

The picture was finished and the studio was so excited about her they wanted to sign her to a contract then and there. But Jean held off. And one day I knew the reason for it.

I was all excited that day for I'd just been given my first big assignment. Garbo was in New York, incognito, and the magazines suspected a hidden romance and I was to be sent there, all expenses paid, to try to ferret it out.

When I told Jean about it she sat for a moment without saying anything. Then suddenly she stood up and I began walking around the room. You see she wasn't doing any of her little tap dances any longer.

"I'm going with you," she said then.

"I know you'll think I'm silly. But I want to see what's happened to Eddie. I've looked for her, but I haven't seen her name mentioned in any of the casts for the new shows. I'm afraid he lost out."

She was a ninny, but who was I to point that out to her? I'd been one often enough myself. So we left on the train together and I might as well have gone alone for all the companionship I got out of Jean. She hardly said ten words from Pasadena clear on to Grand Central Station.

The first week she was in New York must have been like all the other weeks she had spent there trudging up and down Broadway. I knew now it wasn't work she was looking for. It was Eddie.

I was with her the day she met him. He was standing talking to a couple of other men and you only had to take one look at them to see they were vaudeville... what was left of it, anyway.

He turned when he saw Jean and for a moment he couldn't pretend. He looked as if he were going to burst into tears right then and there out of sheer happiness. Then he got hold of himself and tried to be casual. But it wasn't any good.

His act I mean. It didn't fool me any more than it did Jean. Not with Jean's wedding ring on his little finger and he looking as if he could have used the money a pawn shop would have given him for it.

Afterwards, Jean wormed the story out of him, how the studio had called the agent's office while he was there and reported that Jean had turned down a job because there wasn't any place for him. And how he had felt he couldn't stand in Jean's way, loving her the way he did, and seeing her go without all the things he felt she should have and remembering her in the hospital ward and knowing she might have died because there wasn't enough money for specialists and nurses and all the other things a girl needs when she is sick. So, what was there to do but clear out and give her the chance that was coming to her. And the only way she would let him go was pretending he had taken a job without her.

Of course, there never had been a job. Eddie didn't have to tell Jean that then. She could see it just standing there looking at him in his shiny suit.

"How did you make out?" he asked then. And Jean laughed.

"Awful!" she said and I wondered how a girl's eyes could look so honest and direct telling a whopper like that one. "The studio tells me I'm a washout. But then I know I never had much. What about taking me back in the team again, Eddie? We can go on the way we used to. After all we never exactly starved. And we'd be together."

Eddie looked like a starving man who had just been given a steak. He tried to say something and couldn't and then he took her in his arms and kissed her, right there in front of everybody. I felt as if I was peeping through a keyhole and turned away.

It was then I saw the name of the theatre that was standing in front of and somehow it was the way it should be, seeing that name blinking at me in electric lights. "The Palace," that's what the sign read. Eddie and Jean had realized their dream at last. They'd played their biggest scene at the Palace.

So do you wonder that I laugh when people say vaudeville is dead and the Palace is gone forever? How can they be gone with Eddie and Jean carrying them in their hearts from one honky tonk to another?
Remove
Unwanted Hair

The New. Clean.
Odorless Way

Lechler's
Velvet-Stain

No muss — No Juss. Not a
depilatory or a wax. Nothing
To heat, dry, mix or adjust.
A smooth pad that removes unwanted hair in a
jiffy, without any odor or mist. As easy to use
as a powder puff. Equally effective on arms,
legs, chin, cheek and upper lip.
Up to handy bakelite compact.
Lasts many months.
MONEY BACK GUARANTEED
SEND POSTPAID FOR ONLY
$1.00

LECHLER LABORATORIES
210 Broadway, Dept. R-56, New York, N. Y.
15c per pad.
Lechler's Velvet-Stain:
2 oz. C. D. $1.00 plus charges.

Make Money
Here's Why Millions Ask For
Hush

A Pure, White, Stainless Cream
Non-irritating: Won't Harm Fabrics
Ideal For Use on Sanitary Napkins
Liberal Quantity ... Better Value
1/4 oz. 25c ... 2/3 oz. 50c

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE —
Without Calomel — And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Karin' to Go

The Liver Bile Pads purify our two plats of bile flowing freely to
make you feel "up and up." Amazing in making bile flow free. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pads
by name, 10c and 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly resists anything else.

Pictures on the Fire!

[Continued from page 53]

he hasn't become such a hit that every
writer in Hollywood has interviewed him
before I get around to it.

THE last picture on the lot is "Brother
Orchid," starring Edward G. Robinson
and Ann Sothern. The set is a cheap
road house, one of those places with a
lot of lattice-work and autumn leaves.
(Imitation) woven into the openings. I
noticed an extra with a gray squirrel coat.

Of La Sothern there is no sign, but she
is finally located in her portable dressing
room polishing off a huge plate of creamed
chipped beef. "Lunch," she explains gaily.
"I wasn't supposed to work today, but
they phoned me and ordered me over here
in such a hurry I hadn't a chance to eat
at home."

As Annie makes the chopsticks fly I
see a good gander at her. Her hair is
frizzled and she has a long ostrich plume
in her hat, such as Elsie Ferguson wore in
"Outcast." about twenty years ago. "Is
this a 'period' picture?" I ask suddenly.
"Yes," says Ann, "a very good picture.
Period, Why?"

"Well, you in that hat, and all those
autumn leaves, that you never see any-
where any more and I saw an extra in
a gray squirrel coat."

"Extras still wear gray squirrel coats—
when they have them," she smiles, "it's
a dump of a road house which accounts
for the autumn leaves and that's the
matter with my ostrich plume."

"Why — er — nothing." I stammer, "if
you're — er — déclassé."

"Is that what you call it?" she grins.
"Well, I guess I am, so make the most of
it."

Then the director calls her for a scene
and she goes out and sits down at a table.
The waiter brings her a phone and she
calls up Mr. Robinson, pretending she
is very drunk and also that she has some
one on the phone of the same sort. Of course, she's
strictly sober and absolutely alone. What
she's trying to do is make Mr. R. jealous
and she succeeds admirably. In practically
nothing flat he is out there at the road
house to take her home.

And, of course, when Annie goes home
there's no sense in my sticking around
so I go over to —

Universal

ONE picture shooting here—Bing Cros-
by and Gloria Jean in "If I Had
My Way." Well, it seems that Bing and
El Brendel and Donald Woods are bridge
workers and all three idolize Donald's
little daughter (Gloria). Donald is killed
in an accident the last night of work on
the bridge and Bing goes sorrowfully
(with a song in his heart) to break the
news to Gloria.

"Pat," he says to her without much
 preamble when he gets her safely away
from the crowd, "remember that poem
you learned in school?"
She nods and starts to recite:

"I wish that some day you'd climb
with me
To the peak of a wind-blown ridge,
Where I go to visit my oldest friend,
My faithful friend, the bridge."

He has looked for years, this friend
of mine,
At the river that swirls below,
He has suffered the heat and the bit-
ing cold,
And the wind, and the rain, and the
snow."

"That's it," Bing nods, taking it up to
show her he's been to school, too:

"For there's more to a bridge than
stone and steel—
There's the soul of the man who
built it."

"Daddy always says that, too," Gloria
announces proudly.

"It was right," Bing agrees softly. "We
used to talk by the hour about things
like that. He was my best friend—he was
closer to me than a brother," he finishes
nibly.

"Was?" Gloria inquires fearfully. "Buzz,
something's happened to Daddy?"

"You'll have to be brave, honey," Bing
comforts her, "like he was."

When the scene is finished and I get
a good look at Bing I have to admit he
practices what he preaches. There is
really a brave man. No one I know loves des-
te, etc., more than Bing, but for the
sake of art and his figure he has eschewed
sweets and stashes in all forms whatso-
ever. That guy has got so slender I don't
in the least doubt that if a sequence
called for him to masquerade as a woman
he could squeeze into one of his wife's
girdles and Dixie wears girdles more from
optimism than necessity.

There being taught else to report on
this lot, I go on to—

Paramount

WELL, two big pictures are in full
swing over here. One is a Cecil
DeMille opus starring Gary Cooper, with
Preston Foster, Robert Preston and
Madeleine Carroll prominently present
and the other is a picture with the (I
hope) non-prophetic title, "I Want
A Divorce," starring Joan Blondell and Dick
Powell.

Not taking them in the ordered named,
I barge on to the set where the divorce
dicture is shooting. I say "barge" ad-
visedly, because it's a process stage and
visitors are not supposed to go on process
stages.

The scene is the corridor outside a
divorce court. Joan's sister has just got
a divorce and both Joan and Dick have
testified as witnesses. Joan comes out
of the courtroom and walks to an open win-
dow. She is still shaken with a white fury
as she takes a cigarette out of her bag
and fumbles with a lighter that doesn't
Peggy Moran, of Universal Pictures, wearing a trim Catalina two-piece swim suit of satin controlastic.

work. Dick lights a match and holds it out, but she ignores him. Finally, when she sees the lighter won't work she turns to him. "Well," she snaps, "light it!"

So Dick strikes another match and lights her weed.

"I know," he says after a couple of minutes in which she has ignored him most beautifully, "we've met before. It was at Wanda's wedding breakfast," he continues as Joan shoves no sign of recognition—Wanda, being her sister. "I remember," he rambles on, "there was something funny about your face... Could it have been your teeth?"

"Braces!" Joan spits out the word. "And listen, Pinocchio..."

"That's right!" Dick agrees promptly. "Used to wear 'em myself. I don't suppose you have another cigarette."

Joan fumbles in her purse again and hands him a cigarette. "Can you spare it?"

Dick inquires sarcastically. "You were pretty glad in there," Joan opines. "Doing somebody a favor or just talking to hear yourself talk?"

"It was for Brandon," Dick explains. "I'm—I'm sort of lined up to work for him if," grinning wryly, "I ever pass your bar exams."

"That's swell!" Joan agrees. "You and Brandon both seem to be cut from the same piece of cloth."

"Wait a minute, now, don't get me wrong," Dick protests defensively. "I phoned David and told him Brandon wanted me to testify and he said to go ahead as long as it would help Wanda. I didn't like to do it any more than you did. I felt like I was slitting somebody's throat, but I wasn't quite sure whose throat I was cutting."

There is another pause and Joan turns and starts out the window.

"What blew 'em up?" Dick persists. "I mean Wanda and Brandon."

"If you want my honest opinion," Joan says coldly, over her shoulder, "I think it was the kind of people Wanda chose for her friends."

"Yes?" says Dick stiffening.

"Yes," Joan snaps. "And if you still want my honest opinion, I think Wanda's friends are about the meanest conglomerata- tion of moral and intellectual garbage it's ever been my misfortune to..."

"Wa-ay-all a minute," Dick interrupts, and then, with crushing duality, "it may interest you to know I was one of Wando's friends."


I will say one thing: if there is an actress on the screen with a feeling for dialogue it is Joan Blondell. If I were a director I'd have the leading man throw her cues and have the dialogue written from her retorts and I bet that kind of script would turn out a darned sight better. And, while we're passing out compliments, let me say that you, who know Dick Powell as a singing juvenile, are going to be pleasantly surprised at the performance he's turning in in this picture, in a "straight" role. There is a prevalent belief (which I used to share) that singers can't be actors, but anyone who has heard Dick as a master of ceremonies should know that he is one of the deftest light comedians on the stage.

Well, anyhow, so much for the frothy side of life. Now we come to "Northwest Mounted Police," a saga of the great Northwest.

When you were a kid—well, maybe not when you were a kid but when I was—seven percent of the movies dealt with the Northwest Mounted and they always got their man... men (?). Of late years the N.W.Mounties have sort of fallen into innocuous desuetude, but here comes C.B., puttees sparkling, megaphones ringing and banners flying to bring them back to glorious life. Paramount no longer put out synopses of their pictures so I can't tell you what this is all about, but I think the Indians have attacked and there's been bloody hell to pay. The wounded (N.W.Mounties) have been carried into the barracks in droves and of a sudden there's Madeleine Carroll as a nurse putting a tourniquet on a man's arm when Preston Foster appears.

"You always turn up where you can help, don't you?" he inquires solicitously.

"The horses—let me leave Batoche this morning," she explains, and then, "Oh, Dusty, what are they all saying about—"

"They're all out of their heads," he consoles her.

"Do any of you know where Ronnie is?" she worries.

But all these brave N.W.Mounties are silent.

WIN $500.00
WARDROBE!

20–$50.00 beauty coupon books
50–$5.00 beauty coupon books
250–$1.00 beauty certificates

- Think of winning $500.00 worth of new clothes from any store you choose... or $500.00 in cash if preferred! Or one of 320 free services at your favorite beauty shop!
- Here's all you do: Try new Blend-Rite Bob Pins. See how their amazing "hair-like" finish makes them practically invisible. Feel their firm grip, their smooth, rounded ends that won't mar your fingers. Then complete this sentence in 25 or less simple, everyday words: "I like Blend-Rite Bob Pins because..."

ENTER NOW!
Each Blend-Rite Card contains Bula of the Contest. Official Entry Blank and Hint on How to Win. Or make remavable facsimile. Contest closes July 31, 1940. Don't wait!

10c at Department, Variety, Cosmetics and Beauty Shops.

STA-RITE GINNIE-LOU, INC., SHELBYVILLE, ILL.

STA-RITE
Blend-Rite
BOB PINS

The Invisible Bob Pin

GRAY FADED HAIR


CORNs GO FAST!

Away Goes Pain and Out Come Corns Ever So Quick!

Try this famous new clinetsized relief—the New Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Pain goes quickly, pressure friction and pressure stopped more effectively. Breaking-in discomfort of new or tight shoes is avoided, and corns, callouses and blisters prevented. These soothing, cushioning, fealty pads are now 65c, 30c and 15c, saving you the discomfort of some of them vastly better. New, thin SCALLOPED, EDGE molds pad toe with form-fit smoothness. Do not come off in bath. Separate directions included for removing your corns or callouses. Cost but a trill and more for your money than ever!

Sizes for Corns Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns. Visit on Dr. Scholl's.

NEW
Super-Soft

D! Scholl's Zino-pads

BUNIONS CALLOUSSES
"They don't know, April" (that's Miss Carroll), Preston replies, gently.
There is a little by-play then Preston disappears and all at once there's Gary. Three chairs for the red, white and blue.
"I'm glad you're safe," he tells her tersely, "but I wish you were somewhere else!"
"Oh, Jim," she wails, misery in her eyes and I don't blame her.

A DeMille set is no place for perversity. Everything is deadly earnest—until the picture is released—so I don't even stop to exchange badinage with my friend Gary. I just git—

20th Century-Fox

WOULD you believe me if I told you
(but, not, that's asking too much)
there's only one picture shooting out here. It's called "The Million Dollar Diamond" or "The Girl in 313." Florence Rice returns to the cinematic wars (after an eight month's vacation) in this one. Some day, I'm going to take my typewriter in hand and tell you a story about Florence that'll curl your eyebrows. If producers would just (for a month) stop trying to find new faces and concentrate on those they have (like Florence and Virginia Grey and Dennis Morgan to name a few) it would be a far, far better world for us and a much more profitable one for them.
Well, to get on with our mutton, or diamonds, Florence is a government agent posing as a crook and Kent Taylor is a crook posing as a government agent. They meet and go to a night club and presently who should come in but Lionel Atwill (impersonating a jeweler) and Kay Aldridge (one of his models). Yesterday at a fashion show in M. Atwill's atelier Kay fainted and Florence lifted the necklace she was wearing.

"Don't look now," Florence cautions Kent, "but there's the beautiful pigeon who lost a feather yesterday." Then, as Kay and Mr. A. come abreast Florence says—in a friendly manner—"Hello, there.
Kay turns in surprise. "You don't remember me, probably," Florence smiles, "but last night you fainted right at our feet. I'm Joan Mathews." Well, to make a long story longer, Kay is a little blotto and Mr. Atwill is anxious to get her home before she talks (I think he is the crook) and Kay is out on the town—and oh, well, why don't you just go see the picture?

"Dick!" Florence begins accusingly, as she catches sight of me.
"I know, I know," I counter. "I'm a heel, an ingrate, a—"

"Every time I see you," she interrupts, "you ask for my phone number and you're always going to call—but you never do." "I can't let you BREATHE!" I moan, and Florence subsides.
Years ago, when she was sixteen or seventeen, her uncle, Ring Lardner, wrote a story about her by that title and all anyone has to do is mention it to Florence and—well, that's all there is—at least at this studio. But there's still—

M-G-M

AND what does the lion roar? The lion roars "Boom Town" and "Pride and Prejudice." You pays your money, you takes your choice. I hope your choice is "Boom Town" because that's what you're going to get—first.

Honest to gosh, the machinations of scenario writers is enough to give a sober guy a headache. Spencer Tracy has a lease on some oil property and Clark Gable has some money. At first, they resent each other, but in a free-for-all they discover each other's true worth and form a partnership. Spence is engaged to Claudette Colbert. Claudette (and all you who have seen her in previous pictures know she is nothing if not resourceful) gets weary of waiting for Spence to strike oil and so she comes to Burk Burnett, Texas, and whom should she meet (and please note the faultless purity of my English) but Mr. Gable.
She doesn't deem it necessary to tell him she's engaged to Spence and he doesn't deem it necessary to tell her he's Spence's partner. Mr. Gable was never one to put his nose out of joint. And so we find them in the dining room of the Hotel.

Clark has just informed Claudette that the chicken is three-year-old jackrabbit and the Swedish waitress is having a hard time keeping a straight face.

"What are you doing here at that?" Clark puts it up to her with that directness for which he is noted. "You one of those lady drummers?"

"Oh, I'm more important than that," Claudette counters with a straight face. "If I like it here, I'll probably—well, open up a shop."

"Ye-haw?" says Clark. "What kind of a shop?"

"M-m-m, lingerie," Claudette decides. "Ladies' underwear," she explains as Clark looks puzzled.

During the filming of "One Million B. C.,” Mama Clark made a pet of the South American vulture which appears in the film.

"Oh, ladies' underwear," he echoes dubiously. "Well, I don't know now—you see, the girls in this town—" he gets confused—"What I mean is, there's not much call for—"

All of a sudden the Swedish waitress bursts out into a titter—

Well, I wish you could be on the set. Claudette and Clark are going through their lines without a hitch, but the Swedish waitress (at $25 a day) wants to rehearse! The director tells her she is swell without a rehearsal, but they have to make about twenty takes before that girl can even titter right. If I just had Bing Crosby's figure and one of his wife's girdles I could make me some money.

THE last picture of the month is "Pride & Prejudice," adapted from the stage play of the same name.

Edmund Gwenn and his wife (Mary Boland) are the parents of a flock of girls. He is a gentleman in the English sense of the word, but she has the triple misfortune of being the daughter of a shopkeeper, the sister of an attorney and a naturally vulgar woman who cannot keep her mouth shut. The personality of one daughter (Greer Garson) and the beauty of another (Maureen O'Sullivan) and welcome back Maureen; attract two rich and distinguished bachelors (Laurence Olivier and Bruce Lester). But Olivier is proud of his noble birth and feels he must not love Greer nor permit his friend (Lester) to marry Maureen. There is nothing against the two girls except that their family is "common."
The scene I saw being made wasn't terribly important (and space is running short) so we'll skip it.

S'long until next time.

PRINTED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE CUSCO PRESS, INC.
I never neglect my daily active-lather facial with Lux Soap

Joan Bennett
WALTER WANGER STAR

Lux Soap helps skin stay smooth, attractive. First pat its active lather into your skin.

Rinse with warm water, then you finish with a dash of cool.

Try this gentle Lux Toilet Soap beauty care for 30 days!

Hollywood's lovely screen stars tell you Lux Toilet Soap's active lather does the trick—gives gentle, thorough care. Try active-lather facials regularly for 30 days. See if Hollywood's fragrant, white beauty soap doesn't work for you—help you keep skin smooth and soft—attractive.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
Smokers by the millions are making Chesterfield the Busiest Cigarette in America. . . . It takes the right combination of the world's best tobaccos to give you a cigarette that is definitely Milder, Better-Tasting and Cooler-Smoking . . . all at the same time. For real smoking pleasure, buy Chesterfields every day.
CRAWFORD'S OWN WAY OF SNAGGING A MAN!

YOU'LL BE AMAZED, BUT IT'S TRUE ABOUT HOLLYWOOD!
One of the most famous novels...

One of the most famous plays...

You'll fall in love all over again with the romantic heroine of 'Goodbye Mr. Chips'

And now, it will be one of the most famous pictures ever filmed!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Presents

Pride and Prejudice

STARRING

Greer GARSON • Laurence OLIVIER

with

MARY BOLAND • EDNA MAY OLIVER • MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN • ANN RUTHERFORD • FRIEDA INESCORT

Screen Play by Aldous Huxley and Jane Murfin • Directed by Robert Z. Leonard • Produced by Hunt Stromberg

The dashing star of "Rebecca" handsomer than ever in an exciting new role!
Her "Ballerina" Beach Suit held His Glance—but Her Smile ran away with His Heart!

Never, never neglect your precious smile! Help guard its charm with Ipana and massage!

(IPANA TOOTH PASTE)

If men beg for an introduction, but never ask you for a date, it may be your smile that's turning love away!

For, alluring and smart as your clothes may be, if you let your smile become dull and dingy... if you ignore the warning of "pink tooth brush"... you lose one of the most precious charms a girl can possess!

"Pink Tooth Brush" a warning signal

If ever you see "pink" on your tooth brush... see your dentist! It may mean nothing serious... but let him decide! Very likely, his opinion will be that your gums need more exercise... need stimulation they don't get from today's soft, creamy foods! Then, like so many dentists these days, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is specially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the gums to health. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Feel that refreshing "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage. It tells you that circulation is awakening in the gum tissues... helping to make the gums firmer and healthier—more resistant to trouble.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. And start now to let Ipana and massage help you to have brighter, more sparkling teeth... a lovelier, more charming smile!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
DEAR ED:

My Honolulu Mata Hari (not to be confused with the horrors I know) report to me that the biggest excitement Hawaii has had in years was the day Dorothy Lamour lost her bra while out surf board riding off Waikiki Beach. Dorothy with a longer bra and no longer news, but Dorothy without a bra is news indeed. No wonder Honolulu dished it over their teacups for days.

I lunched with Dorothy at the Brown Derby the other day—my, my, what a wonderful sun tan she brought back from the Island—and could hardly wait to ask her about the bra incident. "Yes, it happened," she said, blushing as well as she could under all that tan, "and was I embarrassed! You see I went out to take my surf board lesson wearing a bra and shorts, and I took the straps down so I could get a good even tan on my shoulders without any white stripes. All of a sudden, up from nowhere, came a wave as big as all outdoors. It knocked me breathless and when I came to I discovered that it had completely washed away the top of my bathing suit. Fortunately, I had a robe on the beach."

Dorothy Lamour

The next day when Dorothy came down to Waikiki Beach to learn to paddle one of those South Sea Island outriggers practically the entire Pacific Fleet (they're no fools) found some excuse or other for strolling up and down the beach with telescopes and other far-seeing gadgets. But Dorothy was all prepared, strapped and everything, for a big wave that day. None came. In fact, she was so bored looking for a huge wave on the horizon that she forgot about all the little ripples and suddenly looked down to see the outrigger filled with water and herself practically drowned. She was making a frantic effort to bail out when a goodly percent of the Navy took to the sea and brought her safely to shore. One young man in particular will probably grow up to be a reporter instead of an Admiral as he gave an interview to the newspaper that evening that he, personally, and bravely, had saved Dorothy Lamour's life.

Dorothy says she can hardly wait to go back to Honolulu, and expects to take the Clipper as soon as she finishes her next picture. But not because of the Navy (and not to find that lost bra)—but because of the Army, and a certain young officer named Ralph.
The new Silver Screen brings young American women the very ultimate in screen magazines! A big surprise is in store for those who want the best only in movie magazine reading. Plenty of added pages! Full of exclusive pictures, smart reviews and stories! Here is your best value in real screen magazine reading! Full of Thrills!

Intimate, Practical New Fashion Guides!
Completely different in presentation! SILVER SCREEN BECOMES DEFINITELY A FASHION INFLUENCE! More fashion pages showing all the latest budget-minded styles—Dresses, Hats, Shoes, Lingerie, accessories with PRICES, YOUR LOCAL STORES AND FULL DETAILS! Now our Style Scouts help you dress better than ever for less than ever!

Meet Silver Screen’s June Tattler!
Another fascinating new feature. The “music hound” who brings latest news about bands, records, dancing and “jive.”

Don’t Miss the First Issue
Of the New Silver Screen!
Starting With the September Issue
On Sale July 26th Everywhere
10c and What a Value!
CESAR (Butch) ROMERO recently has moved into his first Hollywood house, and his friends George and Julie Murphy decided that such an event called for a celebration. So they gave Cesar a kitchen shower. Up to his ears in garbage cans, Cesar was really a sight to behold. As he unwrapped various kitchen utensils, he would shout joyously, "Just what I wanted! How did you guess! What is it?"

Ann Sothern presented him with an electric toaster and before Cesar had time to exclaim she exclaimed for him, "Isn't it wondy," said Ann, "Don't you just love it!"

One of Adrian's friends reports a conversation he had with Metro's famous couturier the other day. "Yes," said Adrian over the phone, "Janet looks wonderful. With the clothes that I have designed for her, you would never know that she's carrying a baby. Er— wait a minute, Janet wants to say something. Hello, are you still there? Janet only wanted to say, 'That's what you think'!"

So there you have it.

Billy Rose offered Ann Sheridan $100,000 to wear a bathing suit at the San Francisco Aquacade, but she rejected the offer, saying, "I don't feel inclined, so that's that."

The home that Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul are supposed to building in Bel-Air is entirely without foundation, literally. Despite all stories to the contrary, Deanna insists that she and Vaughn are not building a house, and have no immediate marriage plans. It is true that Vaughn owns the reported piece of land, which was purchased for him by his mother long before he met Deanna. But there is no construction on the property, and according to Deanna and Vaughn, there are no plans for construction. They are not even officially engaged, they insist, though practically every columnist has had them married.

Barbara Stanwyck isn't different from a great many stars in her admiration for the acting of Spencer Tracy, but characteristically, she comes right out and minces no words on exactly how she feels. "I'd even have played an Indian to have been in his 'Northwest Passage,"" she says. Incidentally, Barbara is one of the few stars who lays claim to no collection hobbies—no intricate and expensive varieties of dresden, jade, stamps, or fans. "The only things," she says, "I've ever collected are bad notices. I've kept them around to remind me of my mistakes."

A group of dog fanciers were boasting

[Continued on page 17]
If you're a ghost then I want to be haunted!

The two stars of "The Cat and the Canary" find love and laughter in a haunted house!

BOB HOPE

PAULETTE GODDARD in

"THE GHOST BREAKERS"

A Paramount Picture with

RICHARD CARLSON · PAUL LUKAS
ANTHONY QUINN · WILLIE BEST

Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL · Screen Play by Walter DeLeon · Based on a Play by Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard

PAULETTE SETS BOB'S HEART A-DANCING WITH SOME VERY UN-GHOSTLIKE ROMANCING!

For August 1940
ALIAS THE DEACON (Universal)—Bob Burns is starred as the card shark who poses as a deacon. The story has been done before on the screen, but never quite as effectively. Bob is surrounded by a group of talented players, the foremost being Mischa Auer, Edward Brophy, Dennis O'Keefe, Gunn Williams, Peggy Moran and Jack Carson. Try not to miss this one. It has laughs galore.

AN ANGEL FROM TEXAS (Warner)—This used to be called “The Butter and Egg Man” some years ago, but it’s got a new coat of paint and looks just as new as ever. Eddie Albert is the main attraction, being a lad from Texas who comes to New York to buy a hotel and instead invests in a show which hasn’t much chance, just so long as his girl, Rosemary Lane, can be starred. Surprisingly enough, it turns out to be a hit.

DOUBLE ALIBI (Universal)—If you guessed this to be another murder mystery melodrama you were perfectly correct. And it’s not a bad one, either, because the usual routine has been altered and there are several unexpected twists. The leading players are Wayne Morris, Margaret Lindsay and William Gargan.

DOWN WENT MCGINTY (Paramount)—A hard-to-accept story of a hard-boiled Irishman, played by Brian Donlevy, who, through the efforts of a racketeer-politician, Akim Tamiroff, rises from a lowly bum to be a governor of a state. Donlevy and Tamiroff are well chosen. Muriel Angelus, as McGinty’s wife, has the feminine lead. It’s an entertaining film, starting strongly, but becoming quite implausible in its final reels.

EDISON, THE MAN (M-G-M)—It will take a mighty miraculous performance to top that of Spencer Tracy’s in the title role of “Edison, the Man.” Or to come smack to the point, he has turned in another Academy Award performance. The entire production, in all its departments, merits unsparing superlatives. “Edison, the Man” gives you everything a good movie should and then some!

More Women prefer Mum—
Saves Time... Clothes... Charm!

FLIGHT ANGELS (Warner)—The title is a bit misleading because, although many airline hostesses make their appearance, it's really a story about a commercial pilot, effectively played by Dennis Morgan, who helps design a stratosphere plane. Virginia Bruce, as one of the stewardesses, plays opposite Dennis. He gives further evidence of being a potential star. Wayne Morris, Jane Wyman and Ralph Bellamy have important assignments.

IF I HAD MY WAY (Universal)—If you go to see this simply to hear Bing Crosby and Gloria Jean (his co-stars) sing, you won't be disappointed. But for any other reasons, you undoubtedly will be, because as a movie it doesn't measure up to Bing's "Road to Singapore," nor Gloria's "The Under-pup," sorry to say.

I WAS AN ADVENTUROUS (20th Century-Fox)—A familiar plot about jewel thieves threatening blackmail when one of them decides to go straight and marry. Nevertheless, it fails to destroy the entertainment value of this well-directed melodrama which features Zorina, Richard Greene, Eric von Stroheim and Peter Lorre. Zorina does but one ballet number, giving the rest of her time to dramatics.

LA CONGA NIGHTS (Universal)—The most amusing part of this silly-dilly musical comedy is that Hugh Herbert portrays six different roles. The setting is a boarding house in New York's Spanish section. When the roomers can't pay their rent they turn it into a night club to make money. Dennis O'Keefe and Constance Moore supply the romance.

LILLIAN RUSSELL (20th Century-Fox)—Darryl Zanuck has done it again in bringing to the screen the life story of the theater's most famous beauty. Alice Faye is magnificent in the title role and, although for the most part the film is lavishly spectacular, she has many tense dramatic scenes, all of which she plays convincingly. Don Ameche, Edward Arnold, Henry Fonda, Warren William, Leo Carrillo and a whole host of favorites give brilliant support.

MY FAVORITE WIFE (RKO)—A smash-hit comedy with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, Gail Patrick and Randolph Scott heading a brilliant cast of performers, including Granville Bates, as a judge, who

Mum Every Day Guards Against Underarm Odor!

TODAY, when there are so many deodorants—how significant to every girl that more women choose Mum! In homes, in offices, in hospitals, in schools... Mum is used by millions of women. For nowadays, it isn't enough to be pretty and smart. A girl must be dainty, too...nice to be around at any minute of the day or evening!

Don't expect your bath alone to give you that lasting charm! A bath may remove past perspiration, but Mum after your bath prevents risk of future odor.

Thousands of men, too, are using Mum... it's speedy, safe, dependable!

QUICK! Mum takes only 30 seconds—can be used before or after you're dressed.

SAFE! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to any kind of fabric. So safe that it can be used even after underarm shaving!

SURE! If you want to be popular—make a daily habit of Mum. Get Mum at your druggist's today. Long after your bath has ceased to be effective, Mum will go right on guarding your charm!

* * *

MUM FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—More women use Mum for Sanitary Napkins than any other deodorant. Mum is safe, gentle...guards against unpleasantness.

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration

Martha Scott and William Holden as the young lovers in "Our Town," of which Hollywood may be proud.
"It's Quilted" that's why women choose FIBS THE KOTEX TAMPON

SPECIAL "QUILTING" makes Fibs the ideal internal protection. . . keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use—prevents risk of particles adhering—increases comfort, lessens possibility of injury to delicate tissues.

EASY TO USE
Fibs, the Kotex Tampon, is more comfortable, more secure, easier to use. Because of the rounded top, no artificial method of insertion is necessary!

A KOTEX PRODUCT
. . . Fibs Merit Your Confidence! Made of surgical Cellucotton (not cotton) which absorbs more quickly than surgical cotton; that's why hospitals use it. Mail coupon with 10c for trial supply.

ONLY 25c FOR 12
Fibs THE Kotex Tampon
SAVE OVER 25% Buy Fibs in New Economy Box 34 for 48c

FIBS—Room 1453A, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago. I enclose 10c for trial supply of FIBS, the Kotex Tampon, mailed in plain package.

Name
Address
City State

gets the heartiest laughs in the picture. Thinking Irene, her white deed, Cary takes Gall to the altar. When Irene turns up alive, after a sojourn on a deserted isle with Randy Scott, the fun really starts and there's no let-up until all is finally satisfactorily settled in the final fade-out.

OUR TOWN (Sel. Lesser)—The Pulitzer Prize stage play has been adapted expertly for the screen, with two major changes, namely, that it is played with scenery and the ending is a happy one. If anything, the changes are an improvement. The story is a simple one of simple people leading simple lives in a small New Hampshire town. The presentation of the story is quite different from any you've yet seen, but you'll like the new technique.

SANDY IS A LADY (Universal)—Baby Sandy does a lot of perilous walking along sky-high girders, the way bespectacled Harold Lloyd used to give you the creeps, which means your heart is in for a lot of sudden stops and starts. An unerring cast of comedians supports Baby Sandy, including Mischa Auer, Billy Gilbert, Edgar Kennedy, Eugene Pallette and Fritz Feld. All of which guarantees an extremely merry time of it at this film.

SKI PATROL (Universal)—Having to do with the recent Finnish-Russian war, this timely, well-conceived film shows that truth is more interesting and unbelievable than fiction. It is another indictment against war and the splendid cast, headed by Philip Dorn, Luli Deste, Stanley Fields and Samuel S. Hinds forcefully drive home the message.

THE MAN WITH NINE LIVES (Columbia)—A weird sort of a yarn, with Boris Karloff, concerning the freezing method as a cure for cancer and other ailments. It's believably done, with Roger Pryor turning in an excellent performance as a young doctor, cold-lying in the footsteps of Dr. Karloff who first started the freezing experiments. Incidentally, Karloff is not a bogey man, for a change.

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH (Paramount)—Again Akim Tamiroff steps forward and this time in the role of the unfortunate and lovable bank treasurer, made famous some years ago in a silent film of the same name by Emil Jannings. We have come to expect variety and perfection in the roles Akim Tamiroff portrays, and in this film our expectations are abundantly fulfilled. Muriel Angelus plays the part of the girl who leads him astray when he goes to New York entrusted with $100,000 worth of securities. Gladys George is his wife. If you have tears, prepare to shed them.

THOSE WERE THE DAYS (Paramount)—A college comedy of the Gay Nineties era with comic Ezra Stone, from the Broadway stage, grabbing all of the honors, despite formidable performances by William Holden and Bonita Granville, who's no longer a brat of a kid, by the way, but an attractive young miss. Don't think it's just another one of those silly college pictures, because it isn't.

TORRID ZONE (Warner) — With Adolphe Menjou and his wife, Verree Teasdale, dining at the Vine Street Brown Derby, a cozy rendezvous.
James Cagney, Ann Sheridan, Pat O'Brien and Andy Devine in the same picture, it can't miss being a box-office success, regardless of its shortcomings. The story and dialogue, of themselves, aren't too good, but they do give the players a marvelous chance to disport themselves in characteristic fashion.

**TURNABOUT** (Hal Roach)—You can't help but be amused by seeing a man and wife change places and that's the idea behind this comedy taken from the well-remembered Thorne Smith novel. Naturally, the dialogue and certain sequencers are strictly for adult audiences. Carole Landis and John Hubbard, as the young couple who change places, are wisely chosen.

**20 MULE TEAM** (M-G-M)—Wallace Beery is perfectly at home in the role of the toughest mule skinner in the borax industry in Death Valley. Interesting to note is the appearance of his brother's son, Noak, Jr., as the male romantic lead. Marjorie Rambeau, Leo Carrillo, Douglas Fowley and Anne Baxter have the other leading roles.

**TYphoon** (Paramount)—A feast for the eyes is this beautiful Technicolor film of the South Seas, co-starring Dorothy Lamour and Robert Preston. Bob and Lynne Overman go to the South Seas in an old, broken-down submarine for the purpose of pocketing a flock of pearls. They run into all sorts of trouble, including a typhoon, but they also run into Dorothy Lamour, back in her strong again, and that more than even things up.

**WATERLOO BRIDGE** (M-G-M)—This, most emphatically, is one of the pictures not to miss. It co-stars Robert Taylor and Vivien Leigh in a remake of the tragic Robert Sherwood story of an English officer and a dancer, but several changes have been made in the script for its betterment. Vivien Leigh is as effective as she was as Scarlett, which is an unbounded tribute. Furthermore, Robert Taylor never did as fine a job.

**YOU CAN'T FOOL YOUR WIFE** (RKO)—You'll get many a hearty laugh out of this comedy about a couple, married five years, and starting to find life pretty dull. James Ellison and Lucille Ball are the couple and neither has ever been more satisfactory. Emma Dunn is excellent as the mother-in-law, as is Robert Coote as an Englishman who unconsciously starts quite a bit of trouble. It's smartly written.

---

**Beech-Nut Gum**

*Always refreshing!*

Because it's filled with flavor through and through. You'll get real enjoyment for a longer time from delicious Beech-Nut Gum...because the finest flavors are mixed through and through. Try all 7 delicious varieties.

- Full-flavored Peppermint, Spearmint, Oralgum
- 4 Flavors of BEECHIES (Candy Coated)
  - Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin, Cinnamon

One of America's Good habits.

Don't miss the N. Y. World's Fair. Be sure to visit the Beech-Nut Building. If you drive near the lovely Mohawk Valley of New York, stop at Canajoharie and see how Beech-Nut products are made.

For August 1940
Stars often make statements with a tongue in the cheek, so let's read between the lines.

Robert Taylor has just accomplished a very neat return to popular favor in "Waterloo Bridge." The faults in the past have not been entirely Bob's, but centered in the sort of colorless roles that fell his way in rapid succession. I asked Taylor how he felt about it. Said Bob:

"There are approximately a hundred stars in Hollywood who average three pictures per year. That means that three hundred stories must be found for them. It stands to reason that there aren't that many outstanding stories, and the competition for the really good vehicles is becoming keener and keener.

The outstanding, lasting romantic stories of films you can count on one hand—'Camille,' 'Smilin' Through,' 'Farewell to Arms,' 'Seventh Heaven'—and for some reason it seems more difficult to find an outstanding romantic part than any other type. After all, there can't be an indefinite number of variations to the boy meets girl theme.

"I know that there has been and still is an argument that an actor is not a good judge of story values, that he reads a story purely from the point of view of whether it affords himself a fat part. That's true, you have to read a story from your own point of view, but I don't agree that all actors are poor judges of story material. In my own case it has worked out fifty-fifty.

"I wanted to do 'Waterloo Bridge,' because I knew that the Sherwood play was a fine piece of work. But I didn't feel certain in advance that the picture might be a hit. We started work with only sixty pages of script and that isn't enough to judge by. When we were halfway through I began to get the feeling that the picture had real possibilities, that I was getting a part into which I could sink my teeth. But right up to the preview night I had the jitters, I'll admit, still thinking I might be wrong.

"The two elements I believe essential to any role I play are romance and action. But that's almost a platitude. It can hold true of almost any star. If you can add to that a well rounded, believable characterization, whose problems are understandable and strike a responsive note, who gets in and pitches, then you've got something to start working on.

"As to whether it's any more difficult for a male star to find suitable stories than it is for a feminine star—I think it's a toss up."

Taylor thinks he has another good role in Mark Preising's of "Escape," his next film. Let's hope so. Bob is a boy who was almost destroyed by one stroke of bad publicity, that he-man exploitation that backfired. But I don't agree with him that actors know a good role. If they did, ninety per cent of them would be on strike in Hollywood or walking up and down with placards bearing the phrase, THIS STUDIO IS UNFAIR TO ORGANIZED INTELLIGENCE.

Now that Shirley Temple is retiring, at least temporarily, to grow up, Jane Withers probably will get a better break at 20th Century-Fox. Jane has made checking into their comments.

Above: Judy Garland, pictured with Mickey Rooney and Bob Hope, has this to say, "I really believe it is easier for a boy to achieve his ambition in pictures than it is for a girl." Left: Shirley Temple, with Jack Oakie and Charlotte Greenwood in a scene from "Young People," her final picture for 20th Century-Fox. This means a better break for Jane Withers below who says, "When I grow up I want to be in pictures. It's fun."
When I grow up I'd like to be a good actress. I don't mean a famous one, especially, although that would be fine. If I can't be an actress I'd like to be able to do something else that has to do with the making of motion pictures. Everybody who acts in pictures or directs them or photographs them or writes them or has anything else to do with studios would rather be doing this kind of work than anything else. I guess the reason is that no matter how long the day or how difficult the things that have to be done, none of it seems like work. Each day brings something new and exciting.

If the public tires of me as an actress, I'd like to be a writer of screen stories. I read all the scripts at our studio and many of my school compositions are efforts at scenarios. I know that being a good writer requires talent and lots of work. I'm willing to work, but whether I have or will be able to develop talent only time will tell.

If I couldn't act or write I'd like to design sets or costumes or be a script girl. I don't think I'd ever be a good director. I think that's men's work. When I grow up I want to be in pictures. It's fun.

Jane is playing safe with her dreams. Anything from stardom to script girl will be satisfactory, she opines, which is the height or the maybe the breadth of dreaming. Honestly, Jane, a child star has it tougher than anyone growing up, unless it's the millions of little boys and girls who haven't money or anything at all to look back on. I can't work up a tear for a bitter, for-gotten adolescence with three or four millions in the bank. But Jane has my good wishes in her eclipseless future.

Speaking of growing up, Judy Garland says boys have a chance, while the going is tough for the girls. Judy speaks from the standpoint of five years in films and a stage career that started when she was at the mature age of three.

Speaks Judy:

"I really believe it is easier for a boy to achieve his ambition in pictures than it is for a girl. For one thing, a boy doesn't have to worry about his looks. It doesn't matter if he is good looking or not. But a girl—oh, my! She not only has to worry about her features, photographically, anyway, but about her figure! I'm beginning to learn that French pastries, chocolate creams and fudge sundaes just don't go with stardom. Then it is easier for a boy to grow up, not only in real life, but on the screen. No one expects Mickey Rooney to stay as young as Andy Hardy, but just try to convince anyone that I can play almost grown-up heroines. Ann Rutherford agrees with me. That's one reason I was so pleased with my role in 'Babes in Arms.' In it I was a little girl, but a girl who was old enough to 'enjoy' a small hearthbreak and one who had the courage to help a friend in need.

"In the long run, I guess, if one has talent, it doesn't really make a lot of difference whether you are a boy or a girl—but, then, we girls just don't have

[Continued on page 16]
ONLY two points of the human visage can be changed at will and without plastic surgery,” comments Perc Westmore. “These are the eyebrows and the mouth.” Focal points of attraction, each. Responsive, each. They invite; they repel. All human emotions are mirrored in eyes and in mouth.

When you become tired of your appearance, when you long to look like somebody else, and when you feel that change is to be wrought alone through a brand new wardrobe that you simply can’t afford with your summer vacation and week-ends, turn to these two points of your face and work your miracle of change here.

Suppose you take your mirror in hand and study your eyes. Balance and proportion are secrets of much facial beauty and appeal, especially before the black and white camera lens. This is one reason why so many apparently pretty girls make poor pictures. Youth and coloring give a beauty of their own, but when this is translated in cold black and white, balance and proportion alone remain and they can be a cruel criterion of what casually passes for beauty.

According to Mr. Westmore, the eyebrow should begin directly over the inner corner of the eye. If your brow begins too far in toward the nose, remove these little stragglers and clear that brow. Normally, this brow should end very slightly beyond the outer eye corner. Generally, the shape should follow the curve of your eye. The round eye calls for more arch than the long, narrow eye. Never let your brow end in a drooping line. Droopy brows give a tragic, unhappy expression, as does every droopy line of the face, and suggest age. Do not end the outer brow abruptly. Taper it with an eyebrow pencil.

Brows that are flat across the top give a masculine appearance. You can curve this line gently with a subtle stroke or two of your eyebrow pencil. A winged line, such as Marlene Dietrich made famous some years ago, gives a feeling of “unfinished business.” Keep this line in normal harmony with your eye shape. The too highly arched brow makes the eye appear smaller and gives you a look of constant surprise. If the beginning of the line slants too suddenly up from the corner of the eye, it calls attention to your nose and increases its apparent size. The line arched abruptly at the beginning and slanted off toward the temple makes your eyes appear sad and questioning.

Study your own brows. Then, equipped with mirror (a magnifying mirror is especially helpful), tweezers and an eyebrow pencil, design the brow that fits your eyes. It will add immeasurably to the charm of your face. Perhaps you are familiar with Twissor, the scissor handle tweezers by Kurlash. They are so easy to handle, in fact, as easily handled as your own embroidery scissors. Formally, they came in one style only, with gay colored handles. Now there is a new style of Twissor, Professional Twissor, as precise as a surgeon’s instrument. Either style will do a fine brow-shaping job or remove that occasional silver thread that you may not like to see shining among your golden eyebrows.

Below: Marsha Hunt’s eyes have a gypsy glance. Corner: Perc Westmore works magic on Gale Page. Right: Anna Neagle’s blue eyes are gently accentuated. Blondes must be especially careful not to overdo eye make-up, or the effect is harsh and coarsening. Usually, brown or black mascara, brown pencil and appropriate shadow are their needs. Use a subtle touch.
All eyes have some point of beauty. Discover it. Dramatize it and yours will be beautiful eyes!

or raven locks. Both styles of Twissors are inexpensive. Professional Twissors are for sale in department stores; the original darlings, you will find in drug stores.

You will find splendid eyebrow pencils from your five-and-tens to your department stores. Use black alone for black brows. A brown does a more natural job on blonde and even deep brown brows. You will get a more artistic result by using your pencil in short, quick strokes than by drawing a long, hard line.

[Continued on page 78]
Checking on Their Comments
(Continued from page 13)

it as easy, Mickey Rooney’s opinion to the contrary.

Then again, Miss Garland, look at Freddie Bartholomew. And, Judy, switch back to Jackie Coogan, too. I’m afraid it all depends upon the occasion. Mickey is one of those rarities, with him anything goes, long trousers, freckles, cigarettes. He has the papa sham that can flatten out adolescence like a steam roller. 

JACK BENNY feels that he is doing better in films, getting the swing of the thing. And he says there’s a wide difference between the two mediums. Says Jack:

“The good film comedy is a matter of situations and sequences. In the movies you spend days doing a single comedy interlude, sometimes doing the climax first. You shoot and reshoot, you never know whether it’s funny or not until it is too late to do anything about it. You’re eternally groping in the dark for a laugh.

“My radio program runs in a continuity, carrying pretty much the same characters along. In brief, funny things happen to the same people. In radio, it’s not so much the laughs as getting the laughs in the right spot. The good radio program is the one people talk about across America the next day.

“I find it hardest making films because I’m without an audience. I miss the immediate reactions. In radio we have an audience beside us because it indicates at first hand what’s funny and what isn’t. Studio audiences keep us from being too clever for our own good. We watch them so closely that we frequently change our program between the eastern broadcast and the western.

“Radio and pictures, but not the two together. It’s too hard. After this I shall make my pictures when I’m not on the air. When I’m shooting a film, I have to work with my radio script men early in the morning and late at night. Then there are the radio rehearsals and the air performances which take a lot out of you when you’re on edge from your screen work.”

Now you know why Jack Benny seemed a bit unfunny in his earlier film comedies. He was learning his way about. Now he can reach for a laugh—and find it. Benny is too adroit and able a comedian to miss in any medium for long. Still, it must be tough trying to get laughs from audiences that aren’t there, that haven’t yet thought of buying tickets. Probably, that’s why there are so few really funny film comedies.

SINCE Don Ameche first found success on the air and then topped that success in films, I asked him which was tougher, radio or the movies. And Ameche replied:

“It is much harder to follow a screen career as compared to radio. Production of a picture requires long, concentrated effort over a period of time. There is research to be done, testing of wardrobe and makeup to fit the characterization. Continuity of thought and tempo must be maintained even though scenes are broken up into small sections, and scenes which follow each other may be filmed weeks apart.

“In radio, on the other hand, a few intense rehearsals set the tone and pace, and it is all done in one piece and over within a short time—until the next program.

“What I find hardest of all is to do radio and pictures at the same time. During a radio rehearsal I might be worrying about a picture problem and vice versa. The ideal state is to confine one’s activities to one field only. That may make things easier, but I’m a glutton for work.

“Whether in radio or on the screen, the types of roles I like best are those which require the hardest work. By that I mean characterizations which require a lot of preparation as opposed to the leading man type. An actor always prefers to create a character rather than just play himself.”

All of which echoes Mr. Benny’s thoughts and all of which I accept—although I except that crack about actors not wanting to play themselves. That’s a pleasant legend, Mr. Ameche, but the Hollywood screen is crowded with actors who are giving fair to middlin’ performances of themselves in all sorts of strange and bizarre clothes. The actors who really characterize can be named on the fingers of one hand. Off hand, no pun intended, I can think of just one. A gent named Spencer Tracy.

SPEAKING of Spencer reminds me of his Tom Edison. Not his best role by any means, for it isn’t easy to make outstanding a deaf inventor who was more interested in electric bulbs than in romance. But in this Edison No. 2 is a newcomer, Rita Johnson, a pleasant young woman with possibilities. Rita told me—

“By far the best role I’ve ever had is Mary Stillwell, the girl who married Thomas A. Edison. My proof is that I was so anxious to do this role opposite Spencer Tracy in ‘Edison the Man’ that I willingly did double acting duty, since I was, at the time, appearing in ‘40 Little Mothers.’ There were days when I was an 1869 girl in ‘Edison’ in the morning and a 1940 girl with Canter in the afternoon. I would take a fast lunch and no rest to do it, but the Edison part was worth it.

“I enjoyed that Mary Stillwell part above all others, because I had not just a type as a pattern but a specific model. I was recreating real life and portraying a woman who was beloved. There were other reasons. It was my first picture with Tracy, whose characterizations are so vivid and gripping that you find yourself being swept away by scenes as you play them. It was also my first costume role and I discovered that costumes make one forget one’s self completely, which is the basis of good acting. When dressed in costumes of another era, you easily become someone else.”

You’re wrong, Rita, about costumes making acting easier. They make most players artificial and hammy. It’s harder to be really human in a 1940s bathing suit. Think back. Only the rare costume film has a completely compelling performance. Most of its inhabitants are just dressed up mannikins going to a masquerade.

Gracious sakes alive, if it isn’t a male Lorelei! The lad with the hypnotic flute is Jim Moran and the poor lassies under the melodic spell are Wanda McKay and Virginia Dale, last seen in “Buck Benny Rides Again.”
about their pedigreed purses when Louis Hayward, whose sense of humor is one of the best in town, promptly started bragging about his dog. When he had gotten the experts worked up to a high pitch of interest, Louis then whispered for Fido. "He's a fine specimen of Curbstone Setter," said Louis, and grinning broadly, he walked off with what is probably the most nondescript pup in all Hollywood.

Margaret Lindsay has become a miniature automobile racing fan. The little cars are about two feet long and race around on a steel saucer track. Margaret is having a special car built with a jazzed up motor and hopes to beat Eleanor Powell and Andrea Leeds, both of whom are enthusiasts. Boy friend Bill Lundigan is on hand helping supervise the job.

Mary Astor's baby basinet is again being put to use. Woven especially in Hawaii, it was the first use with the arrival there of Marilyn Thorpe, who traveled back to Hollywood in it on the boat. It was next used by Tony del Campo, Mary's son, now eleven months old. Because it is bad luck to give a basinet away, Mary is loaning it to Tommy Mitchell's daughter Ann (Mrs. Bud Lange) who is expecting. Mary and Tommy are not only neighbors, but have been close friends for years.

Marlene Dietrich and Noel Coward dining at Ciro's, Noel's first night in town. Both wore exactly the same suit—except Marlene's had a skirt.

All the young men were on their guard the other evening at the dinner dance at the Arrowhead Springs Hotel when they danced with Phyllis Brooks. Reason? At the bottom of a split from the neckline to the waistline of her white jersey dinner gown she wore a long gold dagger with diamond and ruby studded hilt.

Lupe Velez dined a group of visiting "South of the Border" friends the other evening at the Hollywood Brown Derby before taking them to their first preview, "Torrid Zone." And Lupe, as usual, blazoning in diamonds, had everybody wide-eyed. She wore a black tailored suit and turban, with diamond earrings, lapel pin, and a not-too-small collection of diamond bracelets worn outside her black gloves.

Ann Sheridan says that George Brent is the only boy friend she ever took to Ciro's who put on dark glasses. Usually, they want to make it easy for the photographers, not difficult.

When Paulette Goddard donated one of her filmiest, flimsiest night gowns for an auction at a charity ball in New York she not only helped the needy Finns, but she poured glamour into the life of the man who bid $350 for the privilege of taking that night gown home with him. The gentleman in possession of Paulette's night gown has turned out to be a high official in the Eastern office of one of the airway companies and he has offered to return the night gown to Paulette provided he may do so in person. Maybe Charlie will have something to say about that!

Rudy Vallee has a new girl friend every week, and Frances Robinson has a new boy friend every week. Those two should get together sometime and see what happens.

Kay Francis' constant escort these nights is Bernard Newman, dress designer.

Off-stage dialogue on the set of "South of Pago-Pago" via Victor McLaglen on the telephone, caused some wild speculation the other day until Vic himself revealed what the excitement was about. Every five minutes during the morning's shooting Vic was called to the phone. His conversation went something like this:

"Oh, that's fine, that's fine. And how is the mother doing? I'm glad to hear it." Five minutes elapsed and Vic again: "Another one? Well, well—that's great. And they're both okay? Fine." After the fifth successive call the set bystanders were so curious to know who was giving birth to quintuplets that they almost broke a blood vessel. Finally, Vic broke down and explained that five new colts had arrived on his Fresno ranch. Incidentally, Vic has joined the roster of picture names with colors at Hollywood Park. He entered two horses "Lotwood" and "Sebelyn" at the recent opening.

Jackie Cooper's room resembles an arsenal when Jackie gets his gun collection out for display. The collection consists of valuable guns of all types, but Jackie says that it is less impressive than it used to be. "Whenever I run short on my allowance I buy a gun. So far, I haven't run long enough on my allowance to redeem them."
Flaming silks flashing against blue sky and green turf! Men born with a zest for danger and the right to worship beautiful women! Headstrong young love! Fierce family pride! Romance! Beauty! Courage! Again a great picture has captured a great tradition!

Greater than "Kentucky"

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
Production of

MARYLAND

IN TECHNICOLOR!

Walter Brennan • Fay Bainter • Brenda
"Kentucky's" great star
Joyce • John Payne • Charlie Ruggles
Marjorie Weaver • Hattie McDaniel
of "Gone With The Wind" fame

Directed by HENRY KING
Associate Producer Gene Markey • Original
Screen Play by Ethel Hill and Jack Andrews
A 20th Century-Fox Picture

Silver Screen
Jean Parker's favorite piece of jewelry is a tiny bow of diamonds from Cartier, if you please. Jean is one of the few girls in Hollywood who prefers to do her own bronze locks and seldom goes to a beauty shop. And you never know just how her hair is going to look, because she has a different hair-do every day.

And in a season when all the gals are wearing their hair curled within an inch of their lives, the new straight-cut Dutch bob affected by Patricia Ellis is both startling and becoming. Turned under just slightly in the back to take away the severity of the heavy bang, Pat's yellow hair has the additional advantage of being easy to keep pre-tied even without hair clips.
Flaming silks flashing against blue sky and green turf! Men born with a zest for danger and the right to worship beautiful women! Headstrong young love! Fierce family pride! Romance! Beauty! Courage! Again a great picture has captured a great tradition!

Greater than "Kentucky"

Darryl F. Zanuck's
Production of
MARYLAND
IN TECHNICOLOR!

Walter Brennan • Fay Bainter • Brenda
"Kentucky's" great star
Joyce • John Payne • Charlie Ruggles
Marjorie Weaver • Hattie McDaniel
of "Gone With The Wind" fame

Directed by HENRY KING
Associate Producer Gene Markey • Original Screen Play by Ethel Hill and Jack Andrews
A 20th Century-Fox Picture
Jean Parker's hair ornament is a tiny bow of diamonds, from Cartier, if you please. Jean is one of the few girls in Hollywood who prefers to do her own bronze locks and seldom goes to a beauty shop. And you never know just how her hair is going to look, because she has a different hair-do every day.

And in a season when all the gals are wearing their hair curled within an inch of their lives, the new straight-cut Dutch bob affected by Patricia Ellis is both startling and becoming. Turned under just slightly in the back to take away the severity of the heavy bangs, Pat's yellow hair has the additional advantage of being easy to keep prettied even...
was going smoothly until Dan suddenly walked onto the floor. About-Town Pat di Cicco as partner—and by popular ap-
praise two won the rhumba contest as Henie and Joe Schenck. The trophy was a dishpan. Although
already Mr. Topping (Arlene Judge's
husband) does not marry the two. Hollywood believes that it will be a long day for those two.

Robert Young will never again be
ook in the face one of those fa-
individual chicken pies" served in
the commissary. He thinks of a
$25 a pie every time he sees one.
is if Bob ordered some Indo-China
eggs, a very rare breed, to stock his

Left: One of the first Hollywood celebrities
to visit the N. Y. World's Fair was Gene
Autry. Below: At the Kentucky Derby, front
row, Irene Dunne, Jim Farley, Mrs. Conner,
Lt. Gov. Myers of Kentucky; back row,
Gov. Cooper of Tennessee, Gov. Johnson
of Kentucky and affluent James Cromwell.
favorites in Hollywood

Tarzana ranch. The chickens were delivered to him at the studio by mistake, and also by mistake they were sent around to the commissary where Dietrich received them. By the time Bob traced them down his prize chickens were in pies!

You can powder your nose by looking at Dolores Del Rio's ears. She's wearing tiny mirrors for ear-rings.

Otto Kruger, who believes in doing things the hard way, especially on the horticultural side, is growing the first orchid from "scratch" or parasite, or whatever you call it. Anyway, it'll be four years and three months exactly, according to Otto's calendar, before the precious flower rears its beautiful head. No star who ever received an Oscar will have experienced more of a thrill than Otto when that one orchid blooms.

Jimmy Dunn, who loves to eat, is forced to diet continually to keep his boyish figure. And he's a sucker for new diets. Most recent consists of spinach three times a day. Can you imagine spinach for breakfast?

Virginia Field and Richard Greene will be getting married any day now. They were discovered last week shopping for furniture—and among other things they purchased were twin beds!

Hedy Lamarr and Marlene Dietrich are all agog over the arrival in Hollywood, to fulfill an engagement at the Cafe La-Rasse, of Viennese Greta Keller. Hedy and Greta are old friends from way back in Vienna, while Marlene and Greta both learned to sing in their unusual fashion while appearing in the stage play "Broadway" in Berlin by listening, of all things, to records of Whispering Jack Smith.

Myrna Loy has started a new fashion fad by wearing starched lace glove cuffs to match the brim of a summer hat.

Louis Hayward tells it on himself. The first day on his new picture at RKO he walked over to Director Roy Del Ruth and said, "Listen old boy, you know I don't work after six."

"said Del Ruth with interest, "Is that so? Then you'll be working a whole hour by yourself. We don't work after five."

Claudette Colbert recently had the tragedy of the present war brought close to her when she received word that her cousin, Commander Raymond Chauchoin, had died of pneumonia during service along the Maginot line. The death of her cousin ends the family name (Continued on page 58)
IN THE event you still haven’t snagged your man, what with Leap Year about to go into the stretch, Joan Crawford has a word of cheer and counsel for you, girls.

She told us all about it the other day in her temporary villa atop a nifty Manhattan hotel from which dizzy heights the view of Mayor Fiorella LaGuardia’s Central Park was a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

Miss Crawford was in rare voice indeed, caparisoned in lounging pajamas of purple silk with an orange sash, her brilliant, dark-red hair fairly gleaming. With “Susan and God” already completed, and a two months’ vacation in the offing before the studio caliphs would be dragooning her home to Hollywood to do “The Woman’s Face,” you can understand exactly why Miss C. was as blithe as a sparrow.

“**This ‘How to Snag a Man’ question,**” Miss Crawford led off, as she sent a sophisticated little smoke ring caroming against the ceiling, “would be so much more simplified if young girls had even the faintest glimmering of what a man really is. Girls are always making men out to be the most complex creatures ever devised. Actually, like women, men are really simple. And I have a strong suspicion that they like their women simple, too.”

Miss Crawford paused, launched another smoke ring.

“What astonishes me most about us women is how we refuse to be ourselves. We break our necks to leave what is known in the art of meeting people, as
'an impression.' Some of us, alas, stop at nothing, ranging from card tricks to hanging by our teeth from chandeliers. The trouble with impressions like these is that they're too permanent."

We interrupted Miss Crawford, all a-blush, to pose a concrete situation. "Now here is a little miss named Susie, fresh-arrived at a cocktail party in her new dress (the well-tailed black job with a gold buckle that set her back three weeks' salary) not to mention a hair-do from the salon of the town's costliest beauty shoppe. Suddenly, she spots this Greek god in an English drape model, knee-deep in assorted female wild life, blondes, brunettes and titians. Her heart stands still. What does Susie do?"

Miss Crawford let out a refined squeal. "Good Lord, what a situation!" she exclaimed. She looked amused, leaned back, and carried on.

"I think Susie would do well to take her time. Of course, if she's the adventurous type, she might try to outflank the enemy. But that would only make her one of many and this Greek god you're talking about probably wouldn't remember her—or the others—ten seconds after he paid his respects to the hostess and looked to his gloves.

"Most girls in a situation like this are tempted to giggle like sixty, start talking loud, or begin looking for matches—anything to draw attention to themselves. I don't think being aggressive and obvious will get our Susie anything but frustration."

For a moment, things looked black indeed for Susie until Miss Crawford, in leisurely fashion, got around to the punch line. "What Susie ought to do is to turn her back. And act nonchalant. Let her make no mistake about it: she will be noticed. Only let her have patience, and this synthetic Greek god will amble over, in time, to tell her what a wonderful dress she's wearing and even offer her a drink. This is where too many Susies stumble and fall. They get anxious. They turn on a pay-day smile. Or they become cute. Or, worse still, perhaps they turn on that phony British accent. What these Susies get is the cocktail and a Hail and Farewell.

"But let's suppose that our Susie has skipped the (Continued on page 74)
WATCH FOR THIS MAN—HE'S WANTED!

WATCH FOR THIS MAN—and don't be too easily detoured, he travels under aliases, he does, Stanley Morner alias Richard Stanley alias Dennis Morgan.

He's a master of make-up, too. He was wearing a beard the day I saw him, for one of his dual roles in Warner Brothers' "River's End." But 'twasn't no prop beard, waxed on by a Westmore, he grew it 'natural.' The next time I see him, chances are he'll be clean shaven and I won't know him.

WATCH FOR THIS MAN: he's six feet two inches tall, weighs 195 pounds, has blue eyes with a blaze in 'em, thick tan hair, strong white teeth, is 29 years of age and a singing fool. Search for him first out of doors. He may be swimming, playing tennis, shooting a nasty game of golf, working out in a gymnasium; he's likely to be in the bleachers or on the field at football games, baseball games, track meets; he may be fishing or hunting or, if tracked down in his native Wisconsin, fighting the murderous muskalinge. Or again, for he's a slippery customer, with more strings to his always drawn bow than Robin Hood and Little John ever boasted between them, he may be at a concert, at the opera or in his music library at home, poring over rare and original manuscripts. He might even be in the parlor—anyway, don't overlook it, especially if there's a Queen in it. The
OATS OF DENNIS MORGAN

If ever there was a fellow who's "been around" it's this dashingly headed - straightfor-stardom stalwart who certainly has a way with women!

By

Gladys Hall

...only place you won't find him is in a night-club. Skip them.

Lusty, studious, boisterous, sensitive, a lumberjack, a lover, a fighter, a poet, a Soldier of Fortune, a singer of songs, loving thick steaks and platters of corn on the cob, wild fowl and brook trout, Dickens and "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," the trombone, roses, machinery, danger, the color blue, Scotch ballads, sea chanteys, comfortable clothes, bridge, opera, table tennis and pretty girls, this is a young man with an omniverous appetite for life and a prodigious capacity for living it.

Now he's not, of course, being hounded by the police, the sheriff is not on his trail; he's not being hounded by anyone except producers and pretty girls. If you saw him in "Three Cheers for the Irish," when you see him in "River's End," you will know why producers hound him. And if you are a pretty girl you will know why—well, you will know why...

He hasn't committed any crime, punishable by death or imprisonment or even fines unless you call it a crime to go romping around the world with the profile of a poet and the biceps of a bull-fighter. Which I do. A most heinous crime, I calls it, to be listed on the calendar as Disturbing the Peace.

For Dennis Morgan, born Stanley Morner, christened Richard Stanley when he was at Paramount, re-christened Dennis Morgan when he signed with Warner Brothers, has done quite a tasty job of Disturbing the Peace in the time allotted to him thus far.

At the age of nine, a miss by the name of Goldie Waggoner (aged eight) let him have it with a brick. He still bears the scar under his helmet of tan hair. I know he does, because he showed it to me. Perhaps, Goldie was prescient. Perhaps, she was, albeit instinctively, trying to protect her sex from the scars the boy Stanley was sure to deal out to them, with bouquets if not with bricks. Goldie, for all we know, may have been a one with the crystal ball or the tea leaves... she may have seen therein the faces of that little blonde up in the North woods, the damsel who was to play Marguerite to Stanley's Faust in the tent show, the girl named Mimi, the little tap dancer in vaudeville, but alas for Goldie and all her sisters, it takes more than a cock on the bean to restrain so robust a Romeo, a Romeo who can sing, Mr. Shakespeare, sir...

Of Goldie Waggoner, Dennis Morgan says simply, but its enough to give you the goose pimplies to hear it, "I'd like to meet her again, someday..."

In Prentice, Wisconsin, where, on December 20th, 1910, the future lumberjack, lover, singer, actor, feller of trees and Fellow of Hearts was born, they called him "Toughie" Morner. In spite of the fact that, (Continued on page 00)

Right: Dennis Morgan with Priscilla Lane in "Three Cheers for the Irish," which had the critics singing his praises. Below: With a group of airline hostesses.
DON'T GET THOSE POWELLS

TWO blocks from me, on a shady old-fashioned street, whose quiet is rarely disturbed by sight-seeing buses, is one of the homiest homes in Hollywood. Here, completely surrounded by tall, swaying eucalyptus, with their wonderful fragrance, live Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, the happiest married couple in Hollywood. (Of course, if you wandered in some day when Joan, sizzling like an Alka-Seltzer, is accosting Dick of swiping her comb, and Dick with great masculine dignity is saying, "Did you have to spend $30 for that ridiculous hat?" you just might think I was procrastinating a bit.)

When the Powells married, four years ago, came September, Hollywood didn't give them the customary year. Hollywood gave them six months, and was being very big-hearted about that. Their backgrounds were so different and so dissimilar that they were bound to be incompatible, so Hollywood said, Joan was "vaudeville" from way back. Dick was a nice friendly guy from a highly respectable Little Rock, Arkansas, family. Joan's first appearance in California was with the broke and slightly grimey, but bouncing, Blondells in a tired old Ford that collapsed with every mile, due no doubt to the fact that numerous trunks and boxes were tied to its top and fenders. "You must have looked like Okies," I once said to Joan, "Okies," said Joan, "why compared with us the Okies are the country club set." Dick arrived, immaculate, as always, in a clean shirt and perfectly tailored suit, and with money in the bank. His good looks and his happy boyish grin immediately had the movie girls saying, "Lookee, Lookee. That's for me."

How two such really swell people managed to fight their way through the synthetic shambles of the movie colony and discover each other I don't know, but they did. The first six months passed, the first year passed, and with the advent of Pretty Miss Ellen Powell, Hollywood became discouraged and sort of gave up prophesying a Powell divorce. But when Dick announced several months ago that he and Joan would appear together in a Paramount picture called "I Want a Divorce," Hollywood pricked up its ears and wondered if that could be wished thinking. I'm the last one to squash a tasty tidbit, but everybody might just as well go and relax, "I Want a Divorce" is just a title as far as the Powells are concerned, nothing more. Joan and Dick are still the happiest Mr. and Mrs. in town.

Now, I don't want to give you the impression that every time you open the Powell front door pigeons fly out, harps twang away, and an angel-chorus sings. Oh, no, no, indeed. There is nothing saccharine nor celestial about the Blondell-Powell happiness. It's of the earth earthy. It's the happiness of two perfectly normal married people. They're just like dozens of young couples in your own home town. And the fact that they indulge in a good family fight occasionally makes them all the more normal. As what married couple doesn't?

While Dick was whanging away at tennis balls (when he gets that back hand down pat Budge had better look out) the other Sunday afternoon I lured Joan into a frank discussion of her married life.

"Wives are so silly," said Joan, "running to a divorce court at the drop of a hat. You know how happy Dick and I are together, but just the same three times I've packed my bag to leave him. I get as far as the front gate (I always de Bernhard at the front door and Duse at the

Here is the reason for the marital happiness of Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, two totally different persons who weren't supposed to be meant for each other

When the Powells got married four years ago, Hollywood didn't give them the customary year. Hollywood gave them six months, and was being very big-hearted about that. Whether pitching horses or nightclubbing, the Powells have a good time together.

Little Mickey Kuhn of the "I Want A Divorce" cast taking a picture of Joan between scenes. Joan comes of a vaudeville family, while Dick comes of a homely Little Rock, Arkansas, family. With backgrounds so different they weren't given a chance.
RONG!

When I realize that I haven't any place to go. If I register at a hotel it will be in all the newspapers by morning. My friends are so fond of Dick that they'd slam the door in my face rather than let me in without him. So I just retire in great dignity to the bathroom, lock the door, and sulk for several hours. The next morning it's all over and forgotten and while I unpack my bag I wonder what ever made me think that I would leave Dick for one minute."

I think Joan has hit upon a solution for all domestic disagreements. The next time you get mad with your Dick, instead of calling up a lawyer why don't you just lock yourself in the bathroom and have a good sulk?

(Continued on page 62)

By
Elizabeth Wilson

an and Dick cutting their wedding cake. Says Joan, "Wives are so silly running to a divorce court at the drop of a hat. You see how happy Dick and I are, but just the same three toes I've packed my bag to save him." But she never did.
HEDY LAMARR

You'll notice Hedy's tresses aren't as long as they used to be. She had them cut shorter for her role in "Boom Town," in which she's starred with Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy and Claudette Colbert.
HELEN VINSON

Helen's speciality has been playing unsympathetic parts in pictures. She's invariably the "other woman" or the "nagging wife," but her latest, "Torrid Zone," she's once again an old meanie.
Paramount has a positive “find” in Muriel. She plays any type of part equally well. Notice the variance of roles in her latest films, “Safari,” “Down Went McGinty,” and “Way of All Flesh.”
GEORGE SANDERS

Just as George was acquiring the reputation of the screen's most popular villain (despite his work as the "Saint"), he is cast in "Foreign Correspondent," as a man you really admire.
ANNE SHIRLEY

Although she actually doesn't stress it, Anne can look just as glamorous as she wishes. In "Saturday's Children," she emphasizes her desire to be known for her acting, not her beauty.
Bob Hope

You'll next be enjoying the antics of Bob Hope in "The Ghost Breakers," in which he appears with captivating Paulette Goddard. Bob's just about the best liked comic on the screen today.
VIRTUE IS

By Ed Sullivan

MOVIE heroines offer proof positive that there is more than one way of winning friends and influencing people to go to box-offices. Bette Davis accomplished it by being a "meanie." Garbo wooed 'em and won 'em by being mysterious. Jeanette MacDonald sang her way to fame. Jean Harlow was as spectacular as a July 4th fireworks display. Clara Bow blazed the trail that Lana Turner and Ann Sheridan currently are following, and Marlene Dietrich put sex-appeal on a Continental basis. Joan Blondell wise-cracked her way to importance. Carole Lombard offered the bite of a northwest gale. Mae West was gay and vulgar. Joan Crawford typified all the shop girls behind all the counters of the country. However, it remained for Myrna Loy to achieve distinction as a contradiction of the old adage that "my wife doesn't understand me." There never has been a wife with the capacity for understanding that Myrna has brought to the screen, and it has been profitable to her.

The most amusing reflection on the success of the Loy characterization of the perfect wife is that she didn't start out the way she finished. Natacha Rambova, who discovered her legging a time-step
with a Fanchon and Marco unit, typed Myrna (she was then using her real name, Myrna Williams) as a siren. So Myrna started out, as a house-wrecking siren and graduated into a perfect wife. Evidently virtue is its own reward, because siren roles drove Myrna out of pictures, and "perfect wife" roles not only brought her back to pictures, but started her off on the second phase of a career.

Myrna is a product of Hollywood's "Roaring Twenties." Myrna, Claudette Colbert, Jeanette MacDonald, Virginia Bruce, Joan Bennett, Carole Lombard, Kay Francis and Loretta Young all got started in the years from 1927 to 1929. They really are the young Old Guard of pictures. Myrna Loy's first picture was in 1928. Two years earlier Greta Garbo had made "The Torrent." Three years earlier, Joan Crawford had made "Pretty Ladies." A year previous to the Loy debut, Claudette Colbert had appeared in "For the Love O'Mike," a picture noted because it was the only flop Frank Capra ever directed. In the same year, 1928, Carole Lombard was appearing in "The Perfect Crime," and the previous year, Loretta Young had played a small role in "Naughty But Nice."

You don't realize how well glamour resists the erosive effect of the years until you pause to remember that Myrna Loy has been in pictures for thirteen years, and that quite a number of other glamour girls have been around for fifteen years. Greta Garbo is in her fifteenth year as a star. Joan Crawford has been doing very nicely for herself and for M-G-M for sixteen years. Loretta Young is still a gorgeous slice of fluff after fourteen years. Joan Bennett, Jeanette MacDonald, Virginia Bruce and Kay Francis have been hopping temperatures for twelve years. Bette Davis, Joan Blondell and Marlene Dietrich have been in the headlines since 1930.

Say, the glamour girls could give Ponce De Leon cards and spades and beat him to that fountain of youth recipe. Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy and Jimmy Cagney all are accepted as movie veterans, but none of them were playing leads in flickers when Myrna Loy made that first picture for Natacha Rambova. In fact, it wasn't until two years later that Gable played a small part in "The Painted Desert," or that Tracy got a good part in "Up the River."

Fanchon and (Continued on page 82)
Hedy Lamarr actually scorns new hats for a five-year-old felt which she can punch into hundreds of assorted shapes. On the other hand, when Norma Shearer is invited to a formal affair she likes to wear a hat.

The surprising things which happen daily in Film Town would make even Believe-It-Or-Not Ripley wonder if they really were true.

By Ben Maddox

SOMETIMES I know Hollywood is as dizzy as they say! You wouldn’t believe the strange things that still do go on—if you couldn’t personally swear they were true.

For example, it’s true that Gary Cooper was beaming at a fur and fashion show during the cocktail hour on the Sunset Strip. He was one of three men attending the soiree, and was in a party made up of his wife and thirteen other women. He is strong and silent; but when Sandra (Mrs. C.) wants him as an escort to such an affair he doesn’t pull any of that screen dominance. He goes like a good little boy.

I saw Lucius Beebe chumming with Marlene Dietrich at the bar in Ciro’s one evening recently. They could have passed for two old friends from the same home town. But the jolt came when they parted and he turned to me and asked who she was!

Probably the only similar actual episode to top that happened to Ann Sheridan. Hurrying to the studio the other afternoon, sans makeup, she stopped for a quick bite to eat at a drive-in. “What’ve you got new?” she inquired. The waitress, not recognizing Annie without her warpaint, heartily recommended their Oomph Sandwich. Guaranteed to give her Sheridan’s pep!

I’ll bet you would be temporarily startled at some of the Neon signs that glow in Hollywood’s streets. You never realize how health-conscious the movie colony must be until you ride by the colonic irrigation station where the electric slogan

Extreme left: Lana Turner buys another red dress whenever she thinks of it, and drives a scarlet roadster with hubby Artie Shaw. Left: How Clark Gable gave an interview on the women in his past is one for the books.
IT'S TRUE ABOUT HOLLYWOOD!

is: "A Happy Colon Is The Life Of The Party."

How Clark Gable came to give the revealing interview on the women in his past is one for the books. Clark was determined he wouldn't talk on that topic. A candid cameraman, who worked with one of the best fan magazine reporters, chanced to see Clark (before his marriage to Carole Lombard) exiting from an apartment where Gable's maiden aunt did not live. The reporter insinuated his stooge had snapped the farewell kiss. Gable gave!

Constance Bennett, who descended on the town well fixed with a big settlement from a society husband, habitually pals with the most influential people. Questioned as to the secret of her success, she maintains knowing them means nothing so far as a job goes. David Niven was franker. He admitted he became a star because he met Goldwyn through Loretta Young and the Fred Astaires. If the famous Sam hadn't been impressed with Davie's social graces at that dinner party one star wouldn't have been born.

I am a little bored [Continued on page 64]

Some days crowds follow Robert Taylor, in Hollywood, other days people don't give him a tumble.

Claudette Colbert's husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, refuses to be photographed with his wife on all occasions.

Above: Tyrone Power has electric gates leading to his garage which automatically open as his car approaches, and no matter how fast. Left: Ann Sheridan, without makeup, wasn't recognized by a waitress in a drive-in quick lunch spot who suggested she try an "Oomph Sandwich" to get the Ann Sheridan pep.
Say what you want about Eddie Albert, his romances and gay cavortings, but remember there's no one in the world really as absent-minded as he is.

By Everetta Love

NOT long ago, Eddie Albert was reported missing in the wilds of Mexico. Newspapers flashed the story in bold headlines across the country. Eddie was a twenty-four-hour sensation. Then, next day, a little one-paragraph story said that it was all a mistake. He wasn't lost at all. He just "forgot" to tell his studio, Warner Brothers, where he was.

Fifty million people shrugged their shoulders and said, "Hollywood stuff!" But I didn't. I laughed and said, "If that isn't Eddie Albert all over—looking for buried treasure, too—same old Eddie!"

You see, I was fortunate enough to be in the group that knew Eddie a few years ago in New York, in the early days of his radio and stage career. I knew that in the Mexican escapade, as well as behind the footlights and under the Kleig lights, Eddie was just being Eddie Albert.

Did you think he was really playing dumb, lovable Bing Edwards in "Brother Rat," the abstracted doctor in "Four Wives," and all those other wistful, bewildered young men he has depicted so well that casting directors are now labeling them "the Eddie Albert type"? He was playing himself. Except that Eddie Albert isn't dumb. He's a college man, extremely studious and serious-minded, with books, music and microscopy—of all things!—as his hobbies.

It's just that he really is the most absent-minded person in the world.
He drives people wild, but they're crazy about him, so he doesn't worry. He wouldn't worry, anyway! His head is too far up in the clouds.

I remember a night in New York back in those early years. Eddie had invited some of the gang in for a party at his apartment in the Village. I was a member of the advance guard. When we arrived, we found Eddie in front of his fireplace, completely absorbed in building a fire.

"Hello, folks," he said, vaguely. "Look, you put this log here, and you put another log there. If you do it like this, smoke won't pour back into the room."

For an hour, we listened to a discourse on the fine points of the art of fire-building. Eddie would have made a terrific professor. Whatever he's interested in at the moment, he follows through to the unhappy end.

Finally, we said, "Remember us? We're the people you invited over for a party tonight."  

(Continued on page 66)
By William Lynch Vallee

She's been so sensational on Broadway, Hollywood wants her back again.
GRABLE MAKES GOOD—AGAIN

IN SEAT AA4 a smallish man sat in New York's 46th Street Theatre watching the hit musical "Du Barry Was A Lady" with careful attention. Occasionally, he would toss his head back and roar with laughter at a Bert Lahr antic or tilt an appraising ear towards Ethel Merman as she sang a number like "Friendship." But it was only when Betty Grable appeared that he leaned forward in his seat, eyes and ears working overtime.

If you would know, the man listening with might and main was none other than Darryl F. Zanuck, production head of 20th Century-Fox, one of the smartest operators in the business and a man ever on the lookout for cinema possibilities. Especially stage people who might turn out to be stellar movie material.

He watched Miss Grable in a scene with Lahr for a moment longer than leaned over and whispered to the man next to him who nodded his head slowly up and down in the most approved Hollywood yes.

The next day the gentleman to whom Mr. Zanuck had whispered signed Miss Grable to a juicy contract. She was to leave for Hollywood soon—but not exactly as a stranger to that town.

Hardly, since Betty Grable first landed there when she was six years old. Hardly, in view of the unassailable fact that since that time she had done as much movie work as anyone in Hollywood. No, it simply took a New York musical to sell her back to an industry that had given her up after sticking her into almost every single college movie made in the usual Hollywood academic style!

That's the movies for you. Girl makes too many bad college movies; girl marries Jackie Coogan; girl divorces Jackie Coogan; girl plays in hit musical comedy on stage; movies see show, excitedly sign girl; girl goes back to start all over again.

Miss Grable, at the moment, sat in her suite at the Essex House, on New York's Central Park South, talking to the reporter. A tiny Sealyham puppy named Mike squirmed and wriggled in her arms until she banished the fearful beast to the bathroom where he howled disconsolately, if not loudly.

"I was born," she said in answer (Continued on page 68).
Thanks to a cocktail party at the Waldorf-Astoria, the writer was able to start clearing up all misapprehensions about the fiery Southern star
IT ISN'T easy to know Miriam Hopkins. In all the years I've studied her, I never really understood her—and she never understood me. The mutual misunderstanding between us could be traced, I am convinced, to the fact that we had never met—never even shook hands at a cocktail party—until she came to New York recently on one of her frequent flying trips.

I clutched at that occasion to sweep away, once and for all, the heavy black clouds that had lain so long between us. When I received word from reliable sources that Miss Hopkins was coming to town I hired a beautiful Cadillac limousine at $5 per hour and sped to the airport. Miss Hopkins, I discovered later, always arrives at, and departs from, an airport. She is a rabid flying bug, prefers flying to any other mode of travel and unless the ceiling is absolutely zero will insist upon taking to the air.

When her plane taxied up to the shiny New York air terminal, I waived as rapidly as I could through a sea of autograph hunters to the gangplank (or whatever it is they wheel out to a plane to discharge the passengers via) and managed to get close enough for her to hear the few words that bobbled out over the lump in my throat. The conversation was brief:

William: Ulp, Miss Hopkins, I—er, I'm so and so from such and such.
Hopkins: How do you do?
William: Would you, er, mind posing for a few pictures? (Dozens of cameramen stood by with loaded cameras.)
Hopkins: Oh really, not now, I'm tired and messy. Some other time, perhaps?
William: Well, ulp, I have a car waiting. May I—
Hopkins: Why thanks awfully, but I have a friend here to meet me. Thanks awfully.

And, cool as the wind that swept my hat down the field, she disappeared into another automobile.

When I returned with my hat, she had left the field. Errol Flynn, who happened to be on the same plane, said that he wouldn't mind riding into town with me as long as I had gone to the trouble of driving out to meet him. I dropped him at his hotel. (And that's the last we'll see of Errol Flynn in this story.)

Well, from that first meeting with Miss Hopkins I could hardly have been expected to conclude that she was sweet and lovely. Nor could I have had any inkling that she was kind, generous, courteous, charming, intelligent, sophisticated, urbane and affectionate. But she is! It took me a little time to find out, that's all. And this is how I went about it.

When I caught up with her again I inveigled her into attending a cocktail party that was being given in her honor at the Waldorf-Astoria. This was no simple trick. When she discovered that members of the press had been invited she balked with both feet.

"But I've never attended a press party in my life," she cooed through the phone.

"Press parties are easy," I told her. "They're all alike."

"But what are they like?" she queried.

"Well, they're just ordinary cocktail parties," I explained, "but instead of ordinary people, they invite editors and writers."

"All right," she said, "I'll be ready (Continued on page 71)
He'd been a guide at the World's Fair until an impressed producer asked him to go to Hollywood, which he did only because the girl he loved insisted upon it—and then fateful things soon followed.

By Elizabeth Benneche Peterson
IT'S funny about Hollywood. The way it won't stay in place, I mean. I thought I was leaving it behind when I took the plane for New York; feeling exactly like a star myself with only half a day's notice in which to get ready. Sometimes prosaic business can be as exciting as life at the studios I discovered when my husband announced his hurried business trip to the East and I dashed madly around throwing things into our bags.

As the plane skimmed up into the blue spring sky, I thought I was seeing the last glimpse I'd have of Hollywood for another month. And I must admit I was already beginning to feel lonely for it looking down on its poppy fields and rambling gardens and the houses of the stars where I'd spent so many exciting hours.

But I hadn't left Hollywood behind after all. Most of it had come right along with me.

I discovered that the day after we arrived in New York and the two of us went over to the World's Fair. Of course, we weren't original in that. A few other hundred thousand people had had the same idea and the place was jammed.

As we passed the Terrace Club, we saw Merle Oberon lunching with Sam and Frances Goldwyn at one of the tables overlooking Liberty Lake and, before we'd gone another hundred yards, we'd exchanged greetings with at least another dozen Hollywood celebrities. And it didn't need the glimpse I had of Norma Shearer and George Raft to make me feel as completely at home as I ever had on Sunset Boulevard, itself.

They were being wheeled around in one of those luxurious chairs that take the ache out of Fair-going feet. Norma and George weren't paying much attention to the handsome young attendant who was pointing out the Fair's wonders to them. And who could blame them with a spring day at the Fair being what it is. If ever there was a place made for romance, it's this wonder city on the Flushing Meadows.

Everywhere I looked boys and girls were walking along, hands clasped, their eyes fixed as steadily on the future as the Fair itself. And I watched as I saw a boy wheeling a girl in one of the chairs, his head bending over her as he walked and she looking at him in a way that left no doubt of just how they felt about each other. I'd never seen a pair of youngsters look more in love and they made me remember the boy I saw last summer at this same Fair and the girl who loved him. They had been just as madly in love, too.

Let's call the girl Sally and the boy Allan. Those names suggest them as much as any I know. He was tall and blond and his eyes were as blue as the helmet he was wearing. For he was one of the college boys earning money for his next year's schooling wheeling a chair around the Fair grounds. He was going to be a doctor, as his father had been before him, and he was in his second year at Medical School.

Sally was small and dark and barely reached his heart that had started turning

(Continued on page 63)
Virginia Bruce, star of Warner's "Flight Angels," in a clever white pique sports dress, splashed with navy blue snowflakes. The double-breasted front fastens with gold disc buttons, while a red calf belt ties at the waist. Her blue and white wedged sportshoes are soft kid. Right: Patio pajamas with a double-breasted top of royal blue jersey and blue and white striped, full skirt pajamas. A belt of blue jersey completes the striking outfit.
To be up-to-the-minute when selecting your mid-season wardrobe, keep in mind these creations modeled by Virginia Bruce.

Left center: A stunning dinner gown with full skirt of heavy grey sheer, topped with a draped blouse of black, white, grey and red floral print.

Left: Virginia Bruce models a practical garden costume of grey denim showing a band of red, white and blue embroidered braid accenting the yoke and huge pockets which are set onto a waistband of self fabric. Her cartwheel of navy blue has rows of machine stitching and ties under chin.
Especially appropriate for mid-season wear

Above: Ann Sothern in a smart mid-season coat dress of black sheer, collarless and fashioned with a row of leaf-shaped buttons from throat to waistline. Front panels across the skirt give a smart pocket effect. A false front of black and white print adds a smart touch. Her veiled turban is fashioned of lilies of the valley and white roses. Right: Another coat dress of navy blue sheer, cut pencil slim, with tiers of navy and white polka dot taffeta and huge cat's whisker bow at the throat. Her off-the-face carriage of navy blue milan is draped with coarse fishnet veiling. Truly a chic outfit.
Here these fashions worn by Ann Sothern

Left: Ann Sothern in a trim tailored suit of blue and grey striped men's suiting with a jacket styled with single button closing and rounded front. It has collar and lapel facing of white linen cut out in a floral design. The white straw sailor has a navy blue band. Above: Luxurious silver fox has been used by Ann Sothern on this sheer black dress worn by her in "Brother Orchid," in which she appears with Edward G. Robinson. The princess style dress, designed by Howard Shoup, fastens down the front with tiny self-covered buttons while the collar and muff are of silver fox.
TO

GAIL PATRICK

WE POINT WITH PRIDE

A T THE moment, Gail is being featured in the two funniest comedies of the season, namely, "The Doctor Takes a Wife," and "My Favorite Wife." Moreover, since 1933 she has been consistently appearing in important pictures and her performances always have contributed immeasurably to their success. Her versatility as an actress has made her one of the most sought after performers in Hollywood. When Gail married Bob Cobb, wealthy restaurateur (pictured below with Gail), it was thought she would retire from professional life. But the truth is the producers couldn't find another Gail Patrick and they just wouldn't let her retire. Although she is forever making one picture or another, she manages to blend her career and private life so nicely together that she and her husband are one of the happiest couples you'll find in Hollywood or elsewhere, for that matter.
Bob, a perfect specimen of manhood, will be in the new Marlene Dietrich picture.

Handsome Robert Stack is six feet three, while petite Phyllis Ruth is scarcely five feet.

Bob Stack came into fame as the first fellow to give Deanna Durbin a screen kiss. Phyllis Ruth appears with Ad Randall in Monogram westerns. Like Bob she's an excellent swimmer.

Phyllis is effortlessly tossed around by Bob as if she were as light as a tiny feather.

Bob is in the cast of "The Mortal Storm" which features James Stewart, Margaret Sullavan and Frank Morgan. He is one of the most athletic of screen stars, being an expert at polo, boxing, handball and gymnastics.
EDISON, THE MAN
ANOTHER ACADEMY AWARD PERFORMANCE
BY TRACY—M.G.M.
SPECKER TRACY gives another of his superb performances which will probably bring him in another of those Academy Awards comes next February. As Thomas Edison, young man, and old man, Spencer is simply excellent, and his is a performance you don't want to miss seeing. Although authentic, biographically and historically, the picture has a great deal of humor in it and, unlike most biographical pictures, is first rate entertainment. Key events in the life of Edison are picked on and dramatically portrayed, beginning with his invention of the stock ticker and climaxing with the thrilling invention of the electric light. The scene in the picture where Edison pulls the switches and floods New York with light is one of the most exciting scenes ever to be filmed. Edison's romance is told delightfully, as is his home life with his children. Rita Johnson plays Mrs. Edison. Stand-outs in the fine cast are Charles Coburn, Gene Lockhart, Henry Travers, Lynne Overman and Felix Bressart.

TORRID ZONE
Hot Stuff!—Warner Brothers
Laid in Central American banana plantations this comedy-drama teams the Messieurs Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien in one of those fast talking Quirt-Flagg feuds. It's the job of Jimmy and Pat to move the bananas out of the banana country and they receive quite a bit of stiff opposition from the local bad men, headed by one George Tobias, who turns out to be one of the funniest people you've ever seen. In fact, Mr. Tobias practically steals the picture. Ann Sheridan plays a lady card shark, who convincingly gets stranded in the seaport and preys upon the pocketbooks of the banana company employees. The plot has to do with Pat's efforts to keep Jimmy from quitting and returning to the states, which he is constantly threatening to do. Pat finally manages to get Jimmy involved with Ann, and they end up in each other's arms. You can't think about the states with an armful of oomph. This is a fast moving robust picture, and your Aunt Hattie won't exactly approve of Ann Sheridan.

Ann Sheridan has little trouble winning away a native's attention in this rollick some scene from "Torrid Zone," in which she appears with Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien. Also featured is Andy Devine.

THOSE WERE THE DAYS
A College Comedy of 1904—Paramount
HERE he is—good old Pete Simmons, right out of Siwash College, just as

CAROLE LANDIS and John Hubbard make an excellent team as Tim and Sally Willows in Hal Roach's hilarious comedy, "Turnabout."
George Fitch wrote about him in his famous "Siwash" stories. Petey is played by William Holden in peg-topped pants, skirt-tailed coat, bulldog shoes, flat-topped hat, and mandolin. This picture, as you've probably suspected, dates back to the good old college days of 1904, when life at college was really something. Petey, the insufferable coxsworl freshman, gets in one jam after another, but finally falls in love with Bonita Granville, the judge's daughter. It's a light, easy-going picture with lots of laughs, and lots of early Americana—bustles, leg o'mutton sleeves, corsets, gas light, and the horse and buggy. Such grand old songs are revived as "On a Bicycle Built for Two," "In My Merry Oldsmobile," and "In the Good Old Summertime." Judith Barrett, Ezra Stone, and William Frawley stand out in the cast.

WATERLOO BRIDGE
SEE IT, BY ALL MEANS—M-G-M

VIVIEN LEIGH and Robert Taylor are teamed most happily in this remake of love and tragedy during the First World War. Vivien, in a role as different from Scarlett O'Hara as possible, gives another superb performance and proves conclusively that she is not a one-picture sensation. Bob, all done up in a mustache that gives him a certain something, also comes through with a grand performance, which most certainly will put him right back on top again. The story is that of Myra, the little ballet girl, who meets Captain Roy Cronin in an air raid shelter. They fall in love and are about to be married when Roy is called suddenly to the front. Believing that her lover is dead, poor little Myra, on the verge of starvation, becomes a street walker. Of course, Roy returns—and, of course, there is a tragic ending. As Myra and Roy, Vivien and Bob make as handsome and as appealing pair of lovers as you'll ever see.

The story's on the sentimental side, but women will like it. In the capable cast are C. Aubrey Smith, Lucile Watson, Virginia Field and Madame Ouspenskaya.

OUR TOWN
HOLLYWOOD MAY WELL BE PROUD OF IT—Sol Lesser

SOL LESSER'S film production of Thornton Wilder's famous play is, without a doubt, one of the finest motion pictures ever to be put on the screen. All who saw the play pronounced it the most exquisite and heart-touching drama they have ever seen, and the very same

[Continued on page 76]

Below: A dressing-room scene from "Waterloo Bridge," showing Vivien Leigh and Virginia Field surrounded by a bevy of fellow ballet dancers. Robert Taylor plays opposite Vivien. A picture to definitely see.

Top: Dorothy Lamour is a bit bewildered in finding a bottle of liquor in "Typhoon," but it's only a calling card of Bob Preston and Lynne Overman. Above: Alice Faye and Don Ameche in "Lillian Russell."

Above: Rita Johnson and Spencer Tracy as Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Edison in "Edison, the Man." He's telling her all about the phonograph he's just invented.
Lucille Ball used to be a chorus girl for the late Florenz Ziegfeld, so it wasn't necessary to get a double for her when the script of "Dance, Girl, Dance," called for her to do a hula dance. In fact, her first professional appearance was in the chorus of Ziegfeld's "Rio Rita," later made into a film.

Lucille was one of the mannequins in RKO's "Roberta," and photographed so well that the studio signed her to a contract. That's not how her movie career started. Her first screen appearance was as a show girl in "Roman Scandals," it being made possible because of her modelling.

Later, Lucille became a mannequin for Hattie Carnegie; also posed for commercial advertising.
Lucille Ball does a torrid hula in "Dance, Girl, Dance," her latest RKO film.

In "Dance, Girl, Dance," co-starring Maureen O'Hara and Louis Hayward, Lucille heads the featured cast which includes Mary Carlisle and Virginia Field. She plays the part of Bubbles White, a gold-digging rival of Maureen O'Hara who's known as Judy O'Brien.

She was born in Butte, Montana, but was educated in Jamestown, New York, and later New York City.

Hollywood's only woman director, Dorothy Arzner, directed the film and its producer is the celebrated Erich Pommer. It's a grand role for Lucille whose popularity has increased beyond all expectations. Lucille is unmarried; has a grand sense of humor; and wishes she wasn't so tall.
SUMMER grows hotter, earthquakes rock sunny California, war tears Europe and empires totter and fall, but the studios keep right on going full blast. And, thank heaven, there are only a few of the ever lasting and tedious biographies being made. I started to say it is hard to know where to start, but when Myrna Loy is working the answer is apparent. We start at—

M-G-M

"PLACES!" calls Director Van Dyke, and I am all set to watch Myrna and Bill Powell. According to the story, Bill has returned from a cruise, a victim of amnesia. Until she tells him he doesn't even know Myrna is his wife. But she also tells him she is about to divorce him. He tries to reconcile her, but—no! She will scarcely even talk to him. So, one night he goes into the kitchen and starts banging skillets together in the middle of the night. Her mother, who knows they still love each other, makes Myrna go down there to him. "All right," she says dryly as she enters the kitchen, "you can relax now."

Visits to the various sets to watch them make the pictures you'll soon be seeing

"Kay!" he exclaims, "You came to me!"
"Wild horses couldn't keep me away," she rejoins bitterly. "Want some eggs?"
"More than anything in the world," he tells her and then adds, "almost."
So she throws together some eggs and they split a bottle of champagne. "This is a good idea—even if it was yours," Myrna concedes.
"Careful, madam," he cautions her. "You'll turn my head with your pretty flattery...?"
"I wish I could turn your head—on a spit, over a slow fire," she responds.
"Isn't that a teency-weency blood-thirsty?" he asks her. "Makes my blood run cold."
"Your blood was cold to begin with," she remarks indifferently. "I wish you'd forget about the past," he whines. "I could show you the most wonderful game of two-handed post-office."
"I'd rather kiss that waffle iron—blazing hot," she begins as she starts to sip her coffee. One sip, though, and she reacts explosively. "What did you put in that coffee?"
"Just a little rum, darling," he informs her mildly. "We were talking about kissing, I think."
"We had better have an understanding," Myrna announces firmly. "I am in this house simply to convince the general public I am still your wife."
"All right," Bill challenges her, "convince me—I'm one of the public."
"That strikes me as a pretty rotten thing to say about the public," she squeals him.
"You're certainly making me pay for these eggs," he winces.
"You're not even eating them," she

By Dick Mook

notices.
"I'm not hungry, really," he admits. And that's when Myrna hits the ceiling. "You got me up out of bed and spoiled my sleep—but you're not hungry! You don't want to eat your nice scrambled eggs?"
"No, dear," says Mr. Powell, gently. "Then wear them!" she howls, beating him with them.

"Hello, Dick," says Myrna to me when the scene is finished and I know that at last I'm in. It's the first time she ever has recognized me except when I go to interview her.

Of course, Myrna is always beautiful, but today in her baby blue quilted satin negligee she is so extraordinarily beautiful that I stand and gawp at her like a high school kid.

"H-how do you like your new house now that you're in it?" I ask innately, forgetting that she has lived there for almost three years and it is no longer new.
"I love it," says Myrna, "You should see the gardens. Come up sometime."

Well, it goes without saying that for the rest of the day I was walking around in a trance and even if I had met Wendy Barrie I'd be apt to think I was facing Duse or if I met Shirley Temple's mother I might even think she was Glinda from "The Wizard of Oz."... that is, until she started talking.

* * *

In a daze I wander around the M-G-M lot ("Come up sometime." Of course, that's pretty indefinite but, even so) and finally land on the set of "One Came Home," which features Robert Young, Lewis Stone and Maureen O'Sullivan.
Bob makes a precarious living by racing a couple of stale horses and by acting as a super-tout. He has just finished selling a sucker a bill of goods when he sees the track detective approaching. That's Tom Kennedy. "Hi, Grantly," he greets Mr. K. effusively. "How you doing, boy? Glad to see you."

"Yeah?" counter's Mr. Kennedy dryly. "Old friend from the home state, I suppose," nodding in the direction of the departing sucker.

"Right," Bob agrees. "Come down from Virginia to see the races. A Mr. Charles."

"Sounds familiar," Kennedy opines. "Can't you think of any other name to hang on these chumps, but Mr. Charles?"

"Don't call any friend of mine a chump," Bob blazes. "When I give a man a horse — it wins!"

"I'll remember that," Kennedy agrees. "And if I catch you giving one of those so-called winners to a — Mr. Charles — we'll make a trip to the front gate!"

"That so?" Bob expostulates giving him a dig in the chest with his forefinger. "Well, get yourself a bet on my horse Skipper in the fifth."

Mr. Kennedy whips out his program, momentarily forgetting his antagonism, and scans it eagerly. "See you later — Mister Charles," Bob grins as he saunters off.

The scene is finished and Bob comes up. "Lo, Dick," he says.

[Continued on page 79]

Upper right: George Brent, Virginia Bruce, William Lundigan and Richard Barthelmess in "The Man Who Talked Too Much." Extreme right: Laraine Day and Joel McCrea in "Foreign Correspondent." Right: Eugenie Leontovich and gorgeous Mary Beth Hughes in "Four Sons."

Above: Effie Tillsbury does a bit of six-shootin' in "Comin' Round the Mountain," which is Bob Burns' last picture for Paramount. Right: A novelty scene from "Dancing on a Dime," which Dick Mook watched being made at Paramount and describes for you. The girls are Grace MacDonald, who is the blonde, and Lillian Cornell. The nameless gentlemen are all wearing plaster masks.
of Chauchoin, Claudette’s real name.

Mickey Rooney is going elegant now, and everybody is complaining bitterly. No longer does he call all the girls “Toots.”

Ann Sheridan blushed the color of her own red hair when she returned to the set the other day a whole hour late. “My, my,” said the director, “that Mr. Brent is certainly a fascinating fellow.”

Amusing sights on the Warner Brothers lot: Edward G. Robinson and young son Manny both having their pictures taken in Napoleon costumes.

Maybe Lana Turner is starting a new fad, and maybe she isn’t, but she appeared at the Brown Derby with hubby Artie Shaw the other night wearing a big green taffeta bow on the back of her head.

Left: Anne Nagel, Constance Moore and Peggy Moran frolicking at the beach. Above: Rita Hayworth and hubby Eddie Judson at Ciro’s. Right: Wendy Barrie, whose latest is “Cross Country Romance,” is a tennis champ.

Topics
For Gossip

[Continued from Page 21]

Bette Davis, just back from a vacation in Honolulu, says that since her visit to the Pacific paradise she is completely flower-conscious. She reports that one of the most beautiful things she saw in the Islands was the train, yards and yards long, and made solidly of flowers worn by the Queen of Lei Day at her coronation ceremony. May the first is Lei Day in the Islands and everybody goes on a flower jag. Bette learned the “language of the flowers” while in Honolulu and thinks it would make it much easier on the columnists if the stars would adopt it here. A flower worn over the right ear means that the girl is looking for someone. A flower worn over the left ear means that she has found someone. And a flower worn on the top of the head means that she has found someone, but is still looking. Bette, unfortunately, wore no flowers the day we saw her, so we don’t know how goes the Davis-Taplinger romance.

According to Paulette Goddard, there’s nothing like walking to keep a good figure, and Paulette who has the most beautiful chassis in Hollywood, ought to know. Paulette claims that she gets up each morning at six o’clock and takes a mile walk in Benedict Canyon near her home. We’ll never check on that one.

Bette Davis can consider herself snubbed by a hula dancer. When she was
visiting in Honolulu, the Hallidays had her over for lunch one day at their beautiful home there and when they heard that she liked to see the Hawaiian hula dancers Mr. Halliday called up the best of the hula dancers and asked her to come over and dance for Bette Davis. But the hula dancer informed Mr. Halliday that she had already worked two days that week and that was enough. We are leaving for the Islands immediately.

Jon Hall has the biggest "feet" of vessels of any of the Hollywood stars. He already owns a sailing boat, a speedboat, and an outdoor speedster. When he finished "South of Pago Pago," Producer Edward Small made him a present of the outrigger canoe which came originally from the South Seas, and which Jon had paddled around in for days during the production of the picture.

Lunching in the Green Room at Warner Brothers the other day, we saw Ann Sheridan and George Brent at one table together, at the next table Bette Davis and Bob Tauplingere, and at a table in the corner Olivia de Havilland and Jimmy Stewart. Love, love, love, all over the place.

There seems to be the making of a good feud at RKO. Ginger Rogers and Carole Lombard have adjoining dressing rooms, with the customary tissue paper walls, and Ginger, to Miss Lombard's distress, has discovered culture. All during the noon hour, Ginger sits in her dressing room and plays Mozart, Beethoven, and Brahms on her Capehart. Carole manages to talk above the music, which annoys Ginger, so she makes the music louder. Carole, in the next dressing room, makes her voice louder, and so on. So far, Miss Lombard has managed to make more noise than Miss Rogers' Capehart.

Alice Faye is being fought over by boy friend Sandy Cummings and ex-husband Tony Martin.

The Vincent Prices are expecting the stock very shortly now, and so are the Lloyd Nolans.

Well, sisters are sisters, all the world over, even if the sisters are famous movie stars. Priscilla and Rosemary Lane visited the studio the other day, and Priscilla was as cute as everything in a snood. "I like hats better," said Priscilla. "I can get a hat on in a few seconds, but a snood takes me ages."

"And when you get it on," said Rosemary cheerfully, "you look like a cocker spaniel."

According to Shirley Temple's mother, Shirley will not accept any radio or movie offers before next year. She is enrolled in an exclusive school for girls in Brentwood and her family has requested that no one discuss motion pictures with her. It must be awfully strange for Shirley, who has been before the camera ever since she can remember, to find herself suddenly with a lot of girls discussing "dates" and the next day's algebra lesson.

The best description of a woman's pocketbook was given by Bing Crosby in the Paramount restaurant the other day. He happened to look into Dorothy Lamour's bag when she opened it to powder her nose and hastily said, "Honey, that looks like a gypsy camp."

Hedy Lamarr is discarding her dirndls and is going in for all white summer slack suits worn with brilliant bead necklaces.

The nearly lost art of taffy pulling ought to be revived after the release of "Susan and God," in which picture Joan Crawford and Fredric March, as the parents of cute little Rita Quigley, stage a taffy pull for her.

The newsboy on one of Hollywood's busiest intersections had every reason in the world for thinking Ida Lupino had lost her mind. In fact, that's exactly what Ida was doing. She took advantage of the stop signal to rehearse the mad scene in her new Warner picture "They Drive By Night." Oblivious to the boy standing there beside her car, Ida went into her mental eclipse. The kid took one look at her and ran for the policeman on the corner. When faced by the Law, Ida apologized sweetly for causing them any concern—while the traffic jammed up behind her.

Left: Jeffrey Lynn entertains his sister from Massachusetts at preview of "Our Town." Right: Director Raoul Walsh helps Silver Screen's glamour-girl photographer line up Alan Hale, Ida Lupino and George Raft.

Read and Maureen O'Hara get a greeting from canine fans while horseback riding.

for August 1940
The Wild Oats of Dennis Morgan

[Continued from page 25]

even then, he could have sung a candy heart out of Gargantua. No one took exception to that title except his mother. (She knew how tender the little boy could be.)

But he was a raps.collide of a kid. He used to trap animals in the Northern woods he loves. On one memorable occasion he saved the husk of an unwary skunk, sneaked into the schoolhouse, threw the stuff all over the place. The school was closed for four days, fourteen of the desks had to be burned.

They never knew who did it. He was always being “Wanted” and never “Found.” He was always going scot free. No one could keep up with him. No more can I. Trying to write a piece about him is like going big-game hunting with a broken-down Underwood. I’ll simply have to daub the canvas of this story with splatters of color and hope that, when I’m done, you’ll get your man.

By the same token, in every grade school he fell in love with his teacher. “It was,” he explains, “the mother-complex sort of thing, as common to small boys as the measles.” (An international epidemic, too, no doubt, for I recall that the same blight “smiff” Charles Boyer in France!) Less commonly, perhaps, but providentially, Teacher must have had a son-complex, too. Because “Toughie” got away with everything in that grade, short of murder, Teacher liked to hear him sing, you see. That voice of his, being golden and fresh and strong, blazed easy trails for him. Trails he took, but all of them.

He used to take off his shoes in the dead of the Northern winter and skid on the ice, on a dare. Other boys who took the same dare had their feet frozen solid. Not “Toughie.”

Later on, in Chicago, he once shared an apartment with John Carroll (you saw John in the Congo with “Maitise”). John had two baby-grand pianos. Under each baby he kept a machine gun. In the bathroom and elsewhere were other guns. The apartment was an arsenal. But there’s not a patch on “Toughie.”

When he was working in his father’s lumber camp in Wisconsin, he escaped death by a paper-thin margin. The logs piled up there on the sideway wavered one day, one of them, weighing thousands of pounds, got loose on the runway, did a breakaway and Dennis was square in its thundering path. He jumped the right way. He always jumps the right way.

“The guy next to me,” he said, “was damn near killed, washed up pretty bad.”

Once, in Chicago, he was “awful hard up.” After he’d spent his last copper and just before famine set in, he got a job singing in a musical presentation on the stage. He sang the featured song. His salary was $75.00 a week. Come pay-day, he grabbed the “dough,” laid it down for a few days on the bureau in his hotel room, went to wash up preparatory to going out to eat and when he came back, it was gone. Every cent of it. A little fellow who played a waiter in one of the skits on the bill with him, took up a collection for him. He got $78.50.

On a football tour, during college days, the team went to Chicago. The game over, Dennis and a pal were in the station waiting for the train. They saw two girls. They missed the train. They had 65 cents between them. They borrowed $10.00 from the girls and went out with the girls and spent it. The money gone, they escorted the girls home, then how to get back to Carroll College, Wisconsin, was the question? They made a round of the bars. Dennis sang. He sang Annie Laurie and Loch Lomond and the bar-keeps sobbed into snifters of Scotch and gave the boy cash instead of free drinks. They got back to school, Dennis and pal, well-heeled and on time.

Dennis paid his way through school by being a choir boy in various churches. “There were quite a few choir-room romances,” he told me, “I had a romance denomination.” And not a denomination, or a dancel, denounced him.

He had a dance band at college, too. He played the trombone. Four football players joined his band. They toured all the resorts in the Northwest, they wore flashy outfits and made many conquests. And not a shot-gun marriage on, or off, the records. Wherever Dennis sowed a Wild Oat, it seems, heartease grew and perked at him.

In High School, in Marshfield, Wisconsin, to which the family removed when Dennis was ten or eleven, he was on the Debate Team. He always had a tendency to talk too fast, he told me, when he got worked up. On the night of the big annual debate, he planted his sister Dorothy in the audience, cautioned her to wink at him if he began to spiel it off. When he was done, the audience roared applause.

“Well,” he said to Dorothy, “guess you didn’t have to give me the wink this time, huh?” Said Dorothy, “I winked all the way through, but you didn’t pay any attention to me.” Which serves to demonstrate the magnificent abandon and absorption of Dennis in anything he does. Not for him the winks and shrugs and nudges, his pattern calls for huger gestures.

He can hold his own with the lumber-jacks of the Wisconsin timberlands, tremendous men who can, when drunk, tip pool tables on end and play Catch with them . . . and he can make love in the moonlight with the tremulous delicacy of a Shelley . . . a Bad Man to cross in Love or War. I’d guess.

In Marshfield High School Dennis met the girl who was to become his wife. They were both fifteen when they first met. It was on Armistice Day. She was selling poppies. Something unalterable happened, then, to Dennis alterable sort. Unblushingly he told me, “It was love at first sight.” Unblushingly he added, “Of course, she’s had a hell of a lot to put up with.”

For Dennis was to know many vicissitudes and many loves, was to take many roads to many romances before his wed-day. But throughout them all he told himself “This is IT.” And it was. And still is. Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Morgan are —but let Dennis speak for himself, none is better able—

“Reason I’m so happy with my wife,” he said, “is that we do things together. We fish, hunt, go to baseball games, golf, ride, dance together. She likes the theatre; she likes music, not because I like them, but because she really does. She’s about ten women in one. And that,” said Dennis, with a broad and unabashed wink, “that’s the answer.”

And there are two little Morgans (or Mornors, too) Stanley and Kristin. Kristin named after Kristin Lavransdatter, one of his wife’s favorite books. His ancestors were Scandinavian, you see, Dutch and Scotch, too.

Of his six-year-old son he said “the way I figure it, when he’s in college I can go on double dates with him!” Well, if Stanley Junior is as smart as his young, Old Man, he’ll do his dating solo, leave papa at home.
One of the busiest players on the Universal lot is shapely Constance Moore who's now vacationing after completing "La Conga Nights."

So, then, in Marshfield, "Toughie" Morner went to High School, met his future wife, played basketball, football and baseball, was a track man, worked in his father's lumber camps in summer vacations, and discovered that the voice lodged in his luscious larynx might well make the desire to be a singer and actor (long lodged in his capacious heart) come true.

In Carroll College at Waukesha, Wisconsin, he was a member of Theta Alpha Phi, honorary dramatic fraternity, and Beta Pi Epsilon. He starred at tackle on the college football team (later he was to play professional football and baseball whenever he was hard up), organized a band and was soloist in the glee club. On occasions, not few, he'd spy some girl in the audience, her eyes swimming up at him while he was singing. Between numbers he'd tell his pal, 'Get her for me' and after he took his last encore, there she'd be!

While he was in college, he had a terrific case on a little girl in the Wisconsin back woods. She was blonde and unworldly and, it is to be feared, without defenses. But—

"All I did was write poetry to her," reminisced Dennis, "probably my only attempt at the Browning technique. It's next door to insanity when you write 'em poetry. I was next door to insane. I al-

ways am, when I'm in love."

But in spite of those biceps, Dennis is never the Cave Man he could so realistically be.

"The Cave Man stuff," he laughed, "is just being rude, doing the most unorthodox things, slapping women where they shouldn't be slapped, that sort of thing. It's not in my line. I believe in a cave man being a cave man in a cave, not in the ballroom or the garden."

Another dangerous and disarming thing about Dennis is that he has a different line for every woman. He says, "and get had, very often, in being consistently a smoothie or consistently knock-em-down-and-drag-em-out is acting, not natural impulse. All women are different and bring out different reactions in a man if his reactions are honest and natural."

In college there was the girl, Margo, we'll call her, who played with Dennis in "Smilin' Through." Now, Margo's boy friend and Dennis' future wife both happened to be away from the campus the night the play was given. Here was presented ranges for Dennis to take Margo to the Pan-Hellenic Spring dance after the play. He did. And they stayed out all night, smilin' through at each other. Came the dawn, two of the fellows, friends of Dennis', but also friends of Margo's young man, saw them going into the Sorority House together.

"They were going to knock hell out of me," laughed Dennis, "but—I talked them out of it."

When Dennis finished college, he couldn't find a job. Not even as a lumberjack. One day he walked into a radio station in Milwaukee, sang a couple of songs, announced himself and remained there a year and a half, announcing his own songs and singing them.

From then on his experience was vast and varied. Tent-showing, for instance. For sixty consecutive one-night-stands he travelled on a Chautauqua circuit, the troupe caged in one small car with scenery and luggage stowed to the top and back, averaging 125 miles a day, putting on the opera "Faust" as a matinee, giving a concert at night. Frequently, they played to 4,000 people a performance.

And, of course, there was a girl!

"I saw sang Marguerite to my Faust," said Dennis, "I got very realistic with her for a time. We pitched our tent in beautiful locations, by dark lakes with loons calling and all that. In the duet scene where Faust and Marguerite are in the garden, I'll carry her out and carry her, still being Faust and Marguerite, you know, far into the night... when you are first in the theatre, you know, every emotion is a real emotion, you imagine you are in love with the girl you're playing with, as you are supposed to be in love with her in the opera or play. The last night of that tour, I re-
member, we were in Chicago and we walked Michigan Boulevard all night long, that girl and I, feeling that the world had come to an end. I saw her again for months later—two different people. The answer being that she wasn't, Marguerite any more nor was I Faust. We were two other people, who were strangers..."

"Besides, by that time there was Mimi. Mimi was just beginning to be mathe-

some. Mimi might well have been the one Wild Out to grow tares and nettles in my path except that, just in the slice of time, she fell in love with a millionaire's millions and she was saved for sables and I for matrimony. Because, of course, I never wanted to marry any girl, but the girl.

"In spite of the little tap dancer in vaudeville," grinned one of the seven unsubdued devils in Dennis, "one of a team of four, she was. We had quite a routine, she and I, if I may put it that way..."

But he leaves the story of the life of this Man Wanted... Dennis did radio work, which cast him in plays and all manner of programs; he did some seasons of stock through the Middle West; he did vaudeville; he continued the same old vicious and irresponsible as trope fruit seasons of semi-professional baseball in the Northern Wisconsin State League and work in lumber yards and lumber mills when theatre or radio jobs were not.

It was Mary Garden who, having met him while he was still a little thing in "Carmen" was being planned, arranged for him to make a screen test in Holly-
wood.

He was first signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, under his own name, Stanley Morner, in 1929, with Ann Rutherford; nearly went crazy, said things a politic young man doesn't say to Greatie, Biggie Producers, was re-
 leased and did a show in Los Angeles.

"The Student Prince." Paramount signed him "because he could sing," changed his name to Richard Stanley and he played a gangster. He nearly went screwy again, was released, signed by Warner Brothers where his name was changed to Dennis Morgan by Jack Warner, who likes Irish names, which is all right with him so long as he likes the parts Dennis Morgan plays. So far, so good.

"So, here I am," he told me, beaming beardedly, "satisfied, for a time, anyway. Settled down, at least geographically. You get temperament after awhile, you know. I believe in a fellow saving his wild oats in the hot blood of his youth. It makes a man a safer husband for a woman, too. Especially in this business, more especially in Hollywood, where the women are terrific, the temptations as rich and numerous as tropic fruit. If I were not pretty well immunized," said Dennis Morgan, his eyes with the blaze in 'em flicking Ann Sheridan, Brenda Marshall, Ida Lupino, lunching at nearby tables, "if I were not pretty well immuni-

ized, he, still, would have dropped madly in love."

"But I've been around. I know how to live my life now, because I learned how. I know what I want. I want to do a couple of operas someday. I want to do concert work. I'd like to play the Red Shadow in 'The Desert Song' on the screen. I want to do some action pictures, not too many near home in the valley, time with my wife and the kids, good friends, music. I want just what I've got," said Dennis Morgan, "I sowed wild oats and, miraculously, I got a goodly harvest... my only boast is that I'm wise enough to know it."

Yes, Watch For This Man, he's Wanted. But not for Murder and not, oh, certainly not for Escape!
Don't Get Those Powells Wrong!

[Continued from page 27]

"You're my happiest married couple in Hollywood," I said reprovingly. "I can't have you and Dick quarrelling.

"Listen, darling, and you have to love her—mutter of-factsness, so different from the elaborate chichi handed out by most of the stars, "all married couples have quarrels. Dick and I are no better, and no worse, than the rest of them. Of course," she continued with a laugh, with being an actress my dramatic scenes are probably more corny than those of most wives."

The last time the young and beautiful Mrs. Powell did her farewell forever scene at the Powell gate—an electric gate which undoubtedly gives a very modern touch to old melodramas—was about six months ago when Dick was starting out on his personal appearance tour. One of his trunks had been brought down from the storeroom and Jo was helping him pick it up when she discovered a folder full of old letters.

"Why, Dick," she cried excitedly, "these are the letters you wrote me before we were married. I thought I had lost them. Why, they are the most precious things I possess. Do you know, you used to write me every single day, and you said the most beautiful things. Oh, isn't this sweet. Listen, Dick. My own, my sweet. My very own Angel of Desire—"

"No kidding," said Dick, "did I write that?"

"It seems like an eternity since I held you in my arms," Joan continued. "Sitting here in my lovely room I can only see your eyes shining like sapphire stars in a summer sky! Dick, that's so beautiful. You darlin." Practically overcome by emotion, Mr. Powell's little bride of four years had to stop reading long enough to implant a big luscious kiss on his rather embarrassed pursed before continuing.

"Practically, my darling dear, because I can't be with you tonight, but I must drive to Palm Springs with Dr. Lippe!"

Joan stopped abruptly. The tears froze in her eyes. "You didn't go to Palm Springs with Dr. Lippe," she said in a voice you could cut with a razor. "That was the night you took that blonde hussy to the Trocadero. Don't lie to me. I know where you went. Palm Springs, my eye. And you had the nerve to write me that letter. You—"

"But I did go to Palm Springs," Dick insisted. "Now, darling, don't get upset. Honest, I did go to Palm Springs."

"How dare you stand there and lie to me, Dick Powell," Joan shrieked. "I happen to know that you were at the Trocadero with that creature."

"All right, all right, so what," Dick stormed back. "I only stopped there for five minutes to pick up Lippe and the dame asked me to buy her a drink. I went to Palm Springs, do you hear me. I went to Palm Springs with Dr. Lippe."

"You didn't," screamed Joan. "You had a date with that blonde."

"All right, all right, call me a liar!"

"List," screamed Joan, and hurried out to pack her bag.

After a good long bathroom sulk she realized how utterly foolish it was to get all upset over a letter that had been written nearly five years ago—and a blonde who never offered her the slightest competition.

One of the more recent Powell quarrels occurred of a Sunday afternoon, when Dick and Joan, with little Ellen in between them, were driving down to the beach. Joan looked down at Ellen and noticed that she was chewing gum.

"Don't you know you shouldn't give a twenty-months-old baby gum," Joan said to her spouse reprovingly. "She'll swallow it."

"Oh, no, she won't," said Dick with great superiority. "I've taught Ellen to chew gum. You see, you've been at the studio so much lately that you don't even know what your own daughter can do. Ellen knows how to chew gum, don't you, darling? Daddy taught her."

Of course, Ellen chose just that moment to swallow her gum. Alas, poor Dick.

I suppose every marriage has had a "Frenchy" in it at some time or other.

Joan admits that "Frenchy" made her so jealous that she could hardly work for a week, and she just couldn't decide whether to shoot Dick, or herself, or go to Chicago and shoot Frenchy.

It happened right after Dick returned home from his personal appearance tour, which included a most successful fortnight in Chicago. Joan was at home one night waiting for Dick to return from his broadcast when the phone rang and the operator announced that the long-distance was calling from Chicago for Mr. Dick.

"Who wants to speak to Mr. Dick?" Joan asked curiously.

"Frenchy. He'll understand," said the operator.

"Mr. Dick isn't at home," said Joan, going into a glacial period.

When Dick returned hours later, worn to a frazzle after a harrowing rehearsal, Joan greeted him sweetly with, "You had a good time in Chicago, didn't you, deary?"

"I could have had," said Dick, wearily curling up on the couch, "if you had been with me."

"Um-um-um," said Joan with the friendliness of a cobra about to strike. "Here's the paper, Mr. Dick."

"Thanks," said Dick, without batting an eyelash. "Did my beautiful little bride miss me tonight?" But Mr. Powell's little bride had retired to the bathroom to think the matter through.

The next afternoon, with Dick away again, the long-distance came through again. "Who is Frenchy?" Joan demanded icily of the operator. But she had cut off.

Joan was almost in a frenzy. She even bit a nail. A chorus girl no doubt. And probably a beauty.

Two nights later the call came through again. Dick was sleeping the sleep of the dead in his bed, so Joan answered.

"Mr. Dick," said the operator. "Frenchy calling. Mr. Dick, understand?"

"Listen," said Joan. "Mr. Dick doesn't understand. Put Frenchy on. This is Mrs. Dick."

Joan's hand shook so she could hardly hold the receiver. She'd tell that one where to head in. The nerve of her.

"Hello," a man's voice came over the phone. "Mrs. Dick? Tell Mr. Dick that Frenchy said Susie Q. in the third. He'll understand."

Frenchy, the beautiful chorus girl, who practically wrecked Mrs. Powell's health, was out to be nothing but a racing code.

Dick likes to tell about the little talk that he and the Missus had a few days before their picture started production. They were going to be so sweet and generous about the whole thing. We must watch each other carefully, they said, when we are not in scenes together, and point out each other's faults, if any. Yes, indeed, they were going to be so sweet and so generous about the whole thing.

So the first day Joan watched Dick do a scene. Dick felt that he had done it awfully well and could hardly wait for his wife's praise.

"How was I, darling?" he asked enthusiastically.

"You were wonderful, honey," said Joan, "the way you read your lines, really wonderful. But honey, when you bent over, your double chin showed."

"Sweetheart," said Dick, "I haven't got a double chin."

It was Dick's time to watch Joan, and after the scene Joan hurried over for some nice husbandly advice. She got it.

"You looked beautiful," said Dick. "And that bit of business you made up is simply perfect. But, sweetie-pie, when you stand there by the table your stomach bulges. Not much, but it bulges."

Joan was furious. Then Dick was furious. After several days they decided that they wanted no criticisms from each other.

And, of course, there was the little matter of billing in the picture. "You must have top billing, darling," said Joan generously. "The man's name always comes before the woman's—you know, like Mr. and Mrs."

"Oh, no, pet," said Dick gallantly. "You must have your name first. Joan Blondell and Dick Powell. I wouldn't think of having my name above yours."

Well, while they were gallantly arguing themselves into a state over billing Paramount stepped in and gave it to Joan. When Joan broke the news to Dick he simply said, "Ha, you won."
Their World of Tomorrow

Continued from page 45

somerseats at that first sight of her. Being a medical student he knew all the scientific and physical things there were to know about that heart. But emotionally it became as mysterious to him as it would to any young man betrayed into his first knowledge of love.

She was working in one of the industrial exhibits as a stenographer and they met the night before the Fair opened. There was an impromptu party for the youngsters working around the Fair grounds over in the Amusement Area and Sally was wondering whether she’d dare go up in the Parachute Jump when Allan came along.

Well, the upshot of it was that they went up together.

Afterwards, he took her on a tour of inspection of the Fair grounds, he pushing her chair and she leaning back and looking up at him and part of her feeling so happy and the rest of her so sad in the fear that it might not last. She thought it so strange she should feel like that. You see it was the first time she had ever fallen in love and she hadn’t discovered yet how much fear is a part of its mad rapture.

It was at the Futurama he asked her to marry him. Each girl of the exhibit had arranged to let them slip in through the press gate so that they wouldn’t have to stand in line. And so one lunch hour they met and sat in one of the little cars going around the World of Tomorrow as they called it, as it is the world of all young lovers. Today means so little when two youngsters are in love. Their eyes are turned on the tomorrow when they will be together always and there’ll be no goodbyes and no clocks to tell them how soon they must part.

"It’s going to be a long time, waiting,” he told her. "I’ve got two years of Medical ahead of me and after that I’ll be an intern in one of them.

"No, not two years. Now,” she whispered. "Let’s not wait and have things get stale and commonplace. Let’s get married while everything is so exciting and thrilling. After all, I’ve always taken care of myself and I can keep on doing it until...’

she laughed and her laugh caught in her throat so that it became almost a sob. "Until you’ll be giving me a diamond bracelet and a mink coat, because you’ll be so rich and successful you won’t know what to do with all your money."

It was the day after they had paid the first month’s rent on the little apartment not far from the Fair grounds that a well known producer came to the Fair and chose Allan to take him on a tour of the grounds. Maybe it was because he already saw screen possibilities in the boy that he chose him. Certainly as far as looks went Allan had everything anyone could ask for in a movie hero.

But no one could have been more flabbergasted than Allan was when he asked him to go to Hollywood. He thought it was a joke at first, That’s the way he told it to Sally. As if it were something they would laugh at together.

Sally didn’t laugh though.

"Oh, Allan, how simply wonderful,” she said.

"But don’t you see,” he told her. "I’m not an actor. I want to be a doctor. Ever since I was a kid I’ve dreamed about it. Dad never made me want it, but he was the grandest guy I ever knew and I always wanted to be as much like him as I can. I felt I’d be betraying him, as well as myself, if I didn’t carry on his work."

Sally didn’t try to urge him after that. But still in some way she felt. Maybe if he went to Hollywood he would have enough money to give her all the pretty things she wanted, the things all women adore. Even the apartment that had seemed so perfect before looked small and unattractive contrasted with the house they could have in Hollywood if he made good.

So, in the end it was he who suggested that he go. They’d wait to get married until he went out there and saw how things were. And, if his screen test went over, he’d send for Sally immediately.

I remember the day Sally came out to Hollywood. I’d met her for the Fair for I was one of the party who came with the producer when he signed Allan up.

My heart sank when I saw her. It frightened me to see the way she had begun to last. The last time I saw her she’d been wearing a simple summer dress and one of those wide-brimmed straw hats that are made for cute little girls like Sally and her manner had been just as casual and as unprepossessing as her clothes.

But now she looked almost brite in her sophistication. She’d evidently spent her last cent on her wardobe, one of those outfits that whispered of Paris before the war. It was the last word in smartness, but I liked Sally better the way she had looked before.

They had planned to be married immediately, but suddenly Allan was called to the front office and told of the no marriage clause in his contract.

Allan wanted to marry Sally at once and leave Hollywood right then and there, but she wouldn’t hear of it. After all, they could wait. Maybe in another year Allan would be such a success that he could dictate his own contract. And in the meantime they’d still be together. A year was a very short part of a life time.

I felt, as if I could shake her when I saw the look in Allan’s eyes when he told me about it. But when I saw her I could understand her point of view, too. It wasn’t that her feelings had really changed at all. She was still as mad about Allan as ever.

"Don’t you believe her,” she said. "I’ve been poor all my life. I’ve always had to wear my cousin’s hand me downs and I’ve never known what it was to worry about losing my job and getting in a jitter every time I’ve had to dig into my little savings account. So, don’t you think it silly to let luxury and security go, just because we’re too impatient to wait until we can have all that and each other, too?"

"Please don’t misunderstand me. I’d marry Allan in a minute if he didn’t have a cent. Just as I was ready to marry him before. But can’t you see it’s for his own sake as well as mine that I want him to stay. How do I know that he won’t hate me afterwards for taking away his big chance?"

I have to admit Sally was convincing. But afterwards I wondered if she didn’t regret her decision. After all, life in Hollywood isn’t much fun for anyone who has to stand on the sidelines. But Sally was definitely on the sidelines when Allan started work as leading man for one of our most successful stars.

It wasn’t really the studio’s fault any more than it was Allan’s or Sally’s. The way the break came was simply the same routine every newcomer has to go through in Hollywood. The studio made romances with the other beginners; the hectic pace that dictated his presence here and there; the way Sally had to be deliberately kept in the background.

She was a good sport about it at first. For it must have been hard for her reading about Allan being seen at Ciro’s and the Beverly-Wilshire and all the other smart places about Hollywood with this girl and that. She must have had to grit her teeth many times when gossip writers hinted at possible romances. And the loneliness must have been unbearable at times.

For she couldn’t be seen around with Allan and it wasn’t that she was spending alone or spending evening after evening hoping the phone would ring and Allan could come over to see her. So, I could understand it when she began going around with one of the young publicity men at Allan’s studio.

But Allan didn’t understand. That was the beginning of the quarrels between them.

Now they were antagonists when they met. Sometimes they almost seemed to hate each other. Allan seemed to have had screen aspirations for herself before, but soon all she talked about was the possibility of getting a test herself. Allan was furious when she mentioned it to him.

"Isn’t one ham in the family enough?” he asked.

It was the first time I knew how deep the hurt of giving up his own career had gone. He didn’t want to be an actor. I knew that the first time I saw the rushes of his picture. His heart wasn’t in it and his acting showed it.

There were plenty of attractive girls waiting to comfort Allan and for the first time Sally began to show a real interest in the young publicity man who was rushing her.

It was he who got her the test at his studio. And it was he who came to her, too, and told her it had interested an important director.

Sally called me jubilantly and announced he was giving her a small part in his next picture. And when Allan called an hour or so later to tell me he had been released from the picture he was working on and was going back East, I didn’t have the heart to tell him about Sally’s chance.

Instead I tried to reach her on the telephone. But I couldn’t get through. I never made a difference if I had been able to get her. For Sally didn’t know about Allan’s failure when he came to her that evening. I know she wouldn’t have been as triumphant about her own opportunity. [Continued on page 73]
It's True About Hollywood!

[Continued from page 37]

with these protestations emanating from Adolphe Menjou. He snorts over his reputation as the best-dressed actor. Because he fears being typed. Wives, who despair at their husbands' sloppy tailoring, will be interested to learn that Adolphe has customarily demanded five fittings on each suit, and there have been those occasions when he's had fifteen conferences on one suit! He's even ordered twenty-seven suits at one fashionable whack.

Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck recently went to Ocean Park, a half hour's spin from Beverly Hills, to do the concessions. They had to ride the roller coaster exactly nineteen times before the fans on their trail grew discouraged and broke up. Another Saturday night, Bob and Babs decided to try window-shopping. They strolled from one end of Hollywood Boulevard to the other, and not a soul gave them the eye. Add that up. It's still a screwy burg!

To be sure that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., began the day in the highest of spirits, his wife has had special breakfast napkins made for him. They're snow white, with "Good morning, Doug" neatly embroidered in red. Tis said it's quite the smart trick to send one's mate off gayly, and it gave the day in Virginia to think of it. (Mrs. F. E. to you.)

Do you suppose cinema stars are plain souls at home, abstaining from any touch of the theatrical backgrounds such as the studios provide during their working hours? Then you better not go home to play with Eleanor Powell! There's nothing homespun about her playroom. Because Eleanor eagerly plunked down cash for an entire movie set from one of her films—had it carted away to be her entertainment rendezvous. It's red, white, and blue, the walls are finished in cellophane to match the cellophane couches, and the ping-pong and pool tables are ultra-modernistic in the best Cedric Gibbons manner. Indeed, if Eleanor can't larceny how she's going to be off glamour for life!

Probably the most astounded husband in Hollywood has been none other than Errol Flynn. He had to prove he was married! It was the direct result of a suit filed against him by the Selznick Agency. Errol asserted the contract he signed, agreeing to pay the usual ten per cent commission for representation at his studio, was invalid because Lili Damita Flynn and Dorothy DeHann—name on it. He insisted his earnings are community property, and her participation as a wife stalled any collecting by the Selznicks. Whereupon the agency retorted with, "He says he's married, but is he?" The judge backed the "Errol Flynn debunked to Yuma, but it all goes to make things nice and complicated!"

Bill Gargan, meanwhile, has acquired a distinction which few men aim for. He wore Garbo's false eyelashes in his latest picture at Metro! Not that Bill has gone coy on us. He simply burnt off his own lashes doing a match trick and the harassed make-up man simply reached for the first substitute. Bill's pals say he is "too, too divine" in the remaining scenes shot with the false ones. Garbo says nothing. But you wouldn't think she'd leave her lashes laying about like that, would you?

Stars are noted for their swank dressing-rooms. Ann Sothern's must be quite a notable exception, as there is pictures of herself all around, framed appropriately. But they aren't new masterpieces from the portrait gallery. They're the silly gap and leg-art photos for which she had to pose when she was a beginner. When someone inquires as to her too-extravagant praise, Ann merely interrupts with, "Uh-huh. Look at what I was doing doing one year ago on this same lot!" She may look voluptuous, but she's no dummy.

Diners at the smart Cafe LaMaze, on the Sunset Strip, were bewildered when Gladys George made an evening of it in the most chic cowgirl outfit. Tourists are almost as amazed when they gape at the stellar hands and feet in the cement forecourt at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Grauman's new forecourt is called a day. He has Charlie McCarthy's tooties, Freddie Bartholomew's bare feet, and Joe E. Brown's mouth! Martha Raye contends he'll never get her to kiss any gob of cement. To blaze with posterity. Andrea Leeds became a Goldwyn heroine because she "enjoyed" four hundred and sixty-seven kisses in one single day. As little more than an extra she made romantic tests with three actors and did so well, Goldwyn chose her instead of any of the breasts in the room.

Of course, for sheer temperament it's the directors and not the players who are tops. William Dieterle can't do a thing until he pulls his white gloves on neatly. Robert Florey persists in directing in blue overalls. In fact, he hands his performers to imitate—and don't think Spencer Tracy liked that, or liked being branded a lousy actor by the thereupon irate Fritz, DeMille roars when balked. Van Dyke speeds the slowest as they're a runner before, and addresses the most dignified as well as the humblest people as "Honey."

If you've been wondering about the lack of stage experience for Hollywood aspirants, such directors as Van Dyke and George Cukor can tell you it isn't necessary. Says Van Dyke, "Being on the stage doesn't make you an actor. Hollywood wants personality, anyway." Cukor, who molded so many theatre names before he tackled the Coast, told me, "It's the other way around. Acting in films helps stage actors." He believes talent hunts are stupid. "Why don't producers give extras a break? Out of every ten extras I can find five with possibilities!"

And Leslie Howard once said, "The longer you know me the better you'll be in the movies. In fact, children and dogs do the best acting in Hollywood. They're the most unaffected."

The glamour crowd now has its first dude for dogs. Each dog sent there for a rest cure is spiced before, and addressed with a cedar bed, a sunbath platform, an individual eating bowl, and a large private runway. Ginger Rogers' dog is especially fond of getting-away-from-it-all in this fashion. Mary Brian (remember her?) is glad to advise that her chickens are laying once more, since she's had her henhouse air-conditioned. But referring to pets getting a Hollywood front, what about Greer Garson's cat bungalow? She put it on a small trailer, and when she went vacationing recently the trailer was tacked onto her car. "If Byron could travel over Italy with his pet goose, I'm going to take my cats!" Greer exclaims.

When one of our Hollywood beauz takes a girl out he never can tell how her other escorts will react. Randolph Scott, for instance, was in a trifle late with his corsage the other night. A bunch of scallions had preceded him. The lady was a trifle upset until convinced a rival of Randy's had sent them.

Movie folk who attempt to do things in the grand manner come a cropper, also. Consider Wallace Beery. He transported an entire Santa Cruz farmhouse some four hours to Hollywood! He couldn't return to the Fernando Valley, he added pedigreed cows and chickens, fruit trees and a pony. His wife wasn't awed by this; she still Renovated him and remarried.

I hope we'll get through the summer without Cesar Romero knocking us cuckoo. Two hot spells ago his trousers and shirts were nearly all of gingham, patterned in tiny squares of black and white. There is no answer to this puzzler.

Richard Barthelmess, making a comeback, still has plenty of money left. But Mrs. Barthelmess is an interior decorator in her odd time and she's just "done" a place in Ohio by mail. The architect's plans were sent her, and she designed each room and then mailed them the specifications for the furnishings. Artie Shaw is composing song hits for a new picture, but his partner is in New York. They, too, use the mail to communicate their thoughts. Lana Turner buys another red dress whenever she thinks of it. She likes wired. Last month she bought a scarlet red car you can imagine.

Yes, Hollywood is a place where Tyrone Power can whip through the garage gates into his own yard at forty miles an hour. He never has to step on his brake, either. When he's a specific yardage away the gates, via electric control, begin to open. Hollywood's a place where an extra at Universal, an old lady, gets $60 a week indefinately; she began when the studio was started, and the new owners had to promise to retain her. Song stars like Crosby, Faye, and Garland can't read a word of music. Myrna Loy's maid, Theresa, hides Myrna's best handkerchiefs because Miss L. gets losing bags and Theresa gets worried about the diminishing

It is the city where a life-sized picture of Ernst Lubitsch faced you when you entered his playroom the night of the day his twenty-fifth anniversary in films occurred. In fact, when Lubitsch faced me with a letter Lorette enacted Ernst in a playlet written to dramatize the director's life to date. [Continued on page 77]
EVEN IF I'M "ALL IN" AT BEDTIME I NEVER NEGLECT MY ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL WITH LUX SOAP

PAT LUX SOAP'S CREAMY LATHER LIGHTLY INTO YOUR SKIN. RINSE WITH WARM WATER, THEN COOL

CLAUDETTE COLBERT
PARAMOUNT STAR

Take Hollywood's tip—try ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS for 30 days

HAVE YOU FOUND the right care for your skin? Claudette Colbert tells you how to take an ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL with Lux Toilet Soap. Here's a gentle, thorough care that will give your skin protection it needs to stay lovely. Lux Toilet Soap has ACTIVE lather that removes dust, dirt and stale cosmetics thoroughly from the skin—does a perfect job. Try Hollywood's ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS for 30 days. You'll find they really work—help keep skin smooth, attractive.

YOU want skin that's lovely to look at—soft to touch. Don't risk unattractive Cosmetic Skin: little blemishes, coarsened pores. Use cosmetics all you like, but take regular ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS with Lux Toilet Soap.

9 out of 10 Hollywood Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
Ah—uh—say!!” he exclaimed, a great light breaking over his face, and that embarrassed grin coming out (you’ve seen it in the movies), “Why, yes!! What do you know—Is this Friday? Wonder if there’s any stuff for sandwiches around—?”

Well, we went out to the corner delicatessen and to various other spots, and we came back and had a party at Eddie Albert’s place. He was still juggling logs when we left. That gives you a rough idea. Then, there’s the time he used to tell about when he was singing in a trio, modestlytermed “That Terrible Trio,” over Station WLW in Cincinnati. It fell to Eddie’s lot one day to pick up the music for the program. They were singing along, and everything went well until they came to the number, “Auld Lang Syne.” Then the trio dissolved, and plenty of books aroundish and looked at each wildly. They struggled through the song, but at the end of the program, they pounced on a white and shaken Eddie. He had picked up a copy of “Auld Lang Syne” in pure Scotch vowel and the word “begged” to have a different idea of Scotch pronunciation. It was probably the most completely mystifying number ever presented on the air, thanks to Eddie’s non-present mind.

In Hollywood, he is the same old Eddie. Directors tear their hair out while they hold up scenes until someone can find Albert. He loves to watch Bette Davis act, so during a rest period, he wanders over to watch Bette do a take on “All This and Heaven, Too.” He becomes fascinated. He forgets that he is working across the street on “An Angel From Texas.” After a search all over the lot, they find Eddie. But his coat is missing. Another search. They find it resting comfortably across the back of Bette Davis’ make-up chair. In fact, when they sent out a frantic man-hunt for Eddie, he turned up on the set all by himself, blissfully waving a letter.

“I’ve been in the incinerator,” he said. “I had to find this letter I lost on the set yesterday. It had instructions about finding some pirate gold in it.” Same old Eddie!

It’s a wonder they get him to the studios at all. He always said his idea of heaven was a lodge in the mountains somewhere, with a fishing tackle, a gun, a piano, a riding horse, and plenty of books around—he hasn’t got the lodge, but he has a house all to himself on top of one of the most isolated hills in Hollywood. His family have moved out there from Minneapolis, the home town, and Eddie is very devoted to them, but he lives alone and loves it. He’s 32, and though his lost, absent-minded type is a terrific come-on for girls with maternal instincts, he’s definitely a bachelor. A girl might intervene with that freedom of which he’s passionately fond. Up there on his hill-top, he turns the phonograph on, puts on some of his fine records, and plays them full blast, if he feels like it. The nearest house is blocks and hills away. If he goes to sleep in the midst of the music, what does it matter? His records just play on all night. Nobody hears them. And, he can sing and play the piano, violin and guitar to his heart’s content. You know, Eddie has a fine, well-trained voice, so pleasing that he was the performer chosen to sing, “This Can’t Be Love,” the hit song in the Broadway success, “Boys From Syracuse.”

Maybe the Hollywood wives will wake up and put him in a musical, then you’ll see just how versatile he can be. He’s very literate, too. His collection of books is wonderful and, at last, he has a place where he can read undisturbed. Maybe he will even write some on that treatise on philosophy he’s always had up his sleeve.

Most of his friends can’t even find his house. There’s only a dirt drive, practically a trail, leading up to it, and when it rains, driving is impossible. Eddie says that’s when a breeches-buoy would help. Once a month, he invites a few guests for dinner. There might be a famous author, artist and musician one time. The next time, it’s a group of Mexican lobster fishermen he has invited to visit him when they come to Hollywood. He speaks to them in bad Spanish and treats them like kings. But, then, Eddie treats everyone wonderfully. He has a tremendous interest in people and in anything that is a part of real life. His tastes are simple. He loves “nuthamburgers,” those famous glorified hamburgers of Hollywood, and his favorite pastime is to drive out to the Nut Kettle on Sunset Boulevard and sit for hours, eating and reading a book or new play that has been sent to him. He is always looking for a good serious, romantic part that has something to say. He likes playing comedy, but, as he’s a very ambitious actor, he doesn’t want to be “typed.”

Eddie likes, too, to find those groups at the Brown Derby and other popular dining spots who sit around reminiscing about the good old days. He is fascinated by tales of the early vaudeville stage, and down-and-outers often get a hand from him, as do talented young artists. He hasn’t forgotten the days when he sang for his supper and the going wasn’t easy.

Eddie won on the success the hard way. But he was determined to get there from the beginning. He was in the second grade at Clinton School, Minneapolis, when his first stage role came along. It seems that in a fairy story, there was a little pig who got into his butter churn and rolled down a hill to his house right past the mean old wolf who was waiting below to eat the piggy. Eddie played the part of the little pig and rolled about the stage so vigorously in his churn that the audience was roused to great enthusiasm.

His ambition toward the entertainment field was helped along as he grew older when members of the Minneapolis Symphony, who rehearsed next door to his father’s restaurant, would come in and play records and talk about opera and the symphony. Eddie was all ears.

A steady determination carried him through the days when he was studying voice with the famous oratorio singer, Don Beddome, at Cincinnati Conservatory, and when he was acquiring a thorough educational background at the University of Minnesota. It was not all work and no play, however. Eddie was an all-around athlete and engaged in social activities as a member of Chi Phi fraternity. All of this, in spite of the fact that he did everything from jerking soda, and fighting in the prize ring, to managing a movie theatre to keep going financially.

But when he got a job on a Cincinnati radio station, singing with “That Terrible Trio,” he felt that everything had been worthwhile, and he was on the road at last to being an entertainer. The trio was made up of Eddie, a boy named Herbert, and a girl named Grace. They were almost as good as they thought they were, so they soon tired of small town stuff and set out to sly New York. Grace was slender and brown-haired, and had the most contagious laugh in the world. She was destined to play a big part in Eddie’s career. But, at that time, she had an “understanding” with Herbert, and Eddie was in love with a girl named Rose.

A few fruitless, disappointing months in New York, however, removed Herbert from the scene. It was in the late days of prohibition, and they had found rooms in the dingy Times Square section over an Italian speakeasy. They managed to keep their spirits up through the long period that followed when they camped on agents’ door-steps, but couldn’t get in, and radio stations paid no attention to them. But, when their slim supply of money was out, and Eddie had to go downstairs and sing Italian arias to the chef at the speakeasy to get a plate of spaghetti for them after two days without food, that was when Herbert decided he was going back to Minneapolis to be a business man. Grace determined to stick it out with Eddie. He was more her type, anyway, breezy and full of fun, able to laugh in the
You're a very Different Girl — under the Summer Sun
—and you need a different Shade of Powder!

— AND WHEN YOU'RE CHOOSING IT
BE VERY CERTAIN THAT IT CONTAINS NO GRIT —

1. Day by day, the summer sun is changing the tones of your skin! Are you still using the face powder that went with last winter's evening gown? Then, says Lady Esther, you are innocently wasting your loveliness! It's important to change to a summer shade that will harmonize with your skin as it is today—and to select a powder that contains no grit.

2. Many a romance crashes in a close-up and many a girl can justly blame her face powder. Get the right shade (I'll help you) but be sure that the powder won't give you a "powdery" look. Be sure that it is free from grit.

3. Make my "Bite Test"! Put a pinch of your present powder between your teeth. Make sure your teeth are even, then grind slowly. If your powder contains grit, your teeth instantly detect it. But how easily Lady Esther Powder passes this same test! Your teeth will find no grit!

4. Lady Esther Face Powder is smooth—why, it clings for four full hours. Put it on after dinner, say at eight, and at midnight it will still be flattering your skin. No harsh, "powdery" look will spoil your moments of magic.

Are you using the WRONG SHADE for Summer?

Thousands of women unknowingly wear the wrong shade of face powder in the summer—a powder shade that was all right for March, perhaps, but is all wrong for July!

For in summer, the sun has changed your skin tones—and you need a new shade that will glorify your skin as it is today.

So Lady Esther says: Mail me the coupon and I will send you ten glorious shades of my grit-free powder. Try them all!—every one. That is the way—and the only way to discover which is most glamorous for you this summer! Perhaps it will be Champagne Rachel, perhaps Peach Rachel, perhaps Rose Brunette.

So find the right shade of my grit-free powder—the lucky shade for you, out of this glorious collection of ten, and you will look younger, lovelier—you will be really in tune with life.

LADY ESTHER FACE POWDER

10 shades free!

(You can put this on a penny postcard)
LADY ESTHER,
716 West 66th Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me FREE and POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE
If you are in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.
Everybody Looks at Your Legs!

Use NEET—now PLEASANTLY SCENTED

Eyes are on your legs...so give them glamour with the new NEET! Preferred by hundreds of thousands of women, this famous cream hair remover is now pleasantly scented! No disagreeable chemical odor. NEET is painless, and easy to use. Simply spread over unwanted hair...leave on ONLY FOUR TO FIVE MINUTES...and rinse off with water. Ugly hair disappears...the skin on your underarms, forearms and legs is soft, and smooth!

Avoid Sharp Razor Stubble
Say goodbye to pointed, sharp-edged stubs of hair that feel unpleasant and may cause skinning runs. NEET also does away with the danger of cuts or razor-scraped skin. Help keep your arms and legs alluring with NEET! At drug and department stores. Generous trial size at all ten-cent stores.

Betty Grable Makes Good Again

(Continued from page 41)

Betty Grable was an accomplished dancer and actress. In 1916, she entered the school of the National Broadcasting Company and was signed by the "NBC Honeycombers," and, for several years, Eddie wrote the scripts and they both sang and enacted two of the most humorous and lovable radio roles ever known.

All along, Eddie was ambitious to get somewhere on the stage and screen, and to develop his singing voice. Grace encouraged him. She helped him to rehearse his lines when he went to a dramatic coach and approved his decision to leave the air for a period to work in summer stock companies. She was right on hand, too, to applaud when he gave a concert in German lieder and English classic songs. She, herself, was studying voice and dramatics, but she realized that Eddie's was the greater talent. They were terrific fun—always clowning, and getting a marvelous kick out of life, popular everywhere they went.

What a pair! You couldn't think of Grace without Eddie, or Eddie without Grace. That would be like ham without eggs (no pun intended there!), a Scotch without soda.

Were they "honeymoons" in real life? "Oh, we're too busy for that!" Grace would laugh. And, "Who said I proposed?" Eddie would counter, when questioned. "I just said I love Grace and she's the grandest girl in the world! She's sensational. She agrees with me in everything, and laughs at everything I say. She's interested in what I'm interested in, from honky-tonks to prize fights, from sculpture to opera. And, can she cook!" Which gives you a rough idea of the Albert preference in women?

Maybe he did go into mourning, as they said, when Jane Bryan married. Maybe he does carry a torch for this Hollywood name and that. Maybe he did misplace Grace somewhere along the way. But, I don't think so. He couldn't be that absent-minded!

The picture they were making was Eddie Cantor's 'Whoopie,' and after it was finished I worked in most of the Cantor pictures—along with Virginia Bruce and others. I was more or less the Goldwyn Girl and when the titles flashed on the screen and a bunch of girls sang 'We are the Goldwyn Girls...you saw me first.'

She spent a year singing with Ted Fiorito and his band—after she found that it wasn't hard to sing and that no one objected. Then she did a show with Frank Fay and his wife, who was Barbara Stanwyck. Fay before she was Barbara Stanwyck. The show was called "Tattle Tales"; it was a lot of fun and she improved considerably under Fay's able tutelage.

"OK saw me and signed me." Note the simplicity of that statement. Time and time again she explained that she had never come out of her way to get jobs—they just came to her. She got up to answer the door and admitted two maids with cleaning paraphernalia.

She made several pictures with Wheeler and Woolsey. I would play someone's sweater for the camera and then drop into a folding chair beside a tutor and study French verbs like any little schoolgirl.

"Next I got a part in 'Gay Divorcee,'
the second Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire vehicle. In it, I sang and danced a classical number called ‘Let’s Knock Knees’ to Edward Everett Horton. He broke me up nearly every time—he’s a wonderful comedian.” She accepted the “won” in “wonderful.”

Then she sat on the RKO lot for three years.

She got so she walked with a stoop from the constant sitting. Hollywood people immediately recognized the symptoms, but out of town it was quite embarrassing—so she asked for her release and got it. Paramount swore they had no chairs over there, so she put her name to one of their contracts.

“I went to college at Paramount,” she said. One of the maids opened the bathroom door and squealed—Mike, the rubber-doll-terror, looked up and scratched on.

“Yessir,” she continued, “for four years I played practically nothing but college pictures. Remember ‘Million Dollar Legs’? When I finally got a chance to play in something far removed from Rah Rah University (Jack Benny’s ‘Mou About Town’), I had to go and get an appendicitis attack. They couldn’t wait for me, so…”

Paramount college days over, she teamed up with the very comic Jack Haley and they played the San Francisco Fair where lots of people, including a man from New York, saw her. The New Yorker was R. G. De Sylva, who was casting a musical for the Broadway stage—which is the petrifying ambition of every other movie player. Mr. De Sylva signed her up and her blood froze at the very thought of what she had done.

“Things had been dullish in the movie line for me and I had made up my mind I’d make good in this show (it was ‘Du Barry’)—scared or not—or quit the whole business. I had absolutely no intention of calling the casting offices madly for anyone or anything. I didn’t have to. The first maid called the second one into the bathroom to admire the Sealyham. He yawned, they giggled.

Miss Grable, it seems, saves her pennies—an unusual quirk among the people of the movie colony—and she had enough laid by to retire on. Twelve weeks of personal appearances before joining ‘Du Barry’ added enough so that she and several others might have done the retiring Miss G. is a rara avis, indeed.

“Mr. De Sylva mailed me my sides (not the whole playbook, just her cues and lines) and asked me to memorize them while I was on the road—which I did faithfully. When I arrived, ten days late, for my first rehearsal and had crept onstage in response to my first cue, I spoke my lines without the book. Then I dared to look around. Io and behold, the others were still reading theirs! Do you suppose they thought I was putting on the dog? I felt quite the opposite, believe me!”

She reversed the usual procedure in one particular. All too often showpeople start out gaily with six numbers in a show and end up morosely with one. Betty started out calmly with one and ended up equally calmly with six—the sixth being added exactly one week before the show opened.

“Was I scared opening night? Was I?
BE YOURSELF
BE NATURAL!

I'll say I was! In the first place, everyone in the company had talked for weeks, in awe-struck whispers about Opening Night. Opening Night was that and that, be so careful! In the second place I—poor me—that was the first onstage after the opening curtain went up.

"Opening night—December the Sixteenth—came and I stood in the wings, shaking like a leaf. I forced myself to go on—boom!—I wasn't scared anymore, Whey!

"I owe so much to 'Du Barry'—it has taught me things I could never learn in pictures. After all, I never did do study drama, matins, journal, and flossy stuff, like stage wait, 'timimg' and the proper wait for a laugh, was Greek to me, before it."

"Aside from learning, it's been tremendous fun—I'll have to leave the show as I must, in a few weeks. The people in it seem like old friends—matter of fact I'd known Bert (Lahr) in Hollywood for years. Ethel Merman is simply wonderful, really. Every show there's so much ad-libbing and kidding on the stage that I'm sure the performers have more fun than the audience."

She leaves "Du Barry" to return to the Coast and Mr. Zanuck who will put her into a forthcoming picture.

Somewhere back there Miss Grable married Jackie Coogan and later divorced him.

"We're still married, actually. The divorce doesn't final until October the Eleventh. Oh, we're still good friends—he's a fine fellow and he has a swell sense of humor. He's flying his own plane East in a few days with Roger Pryor and a gang."

She thought that possibly having been a child star had made it a little tougher, cinematically speaking, for Jackie. She was quite upset at the thought that many people might think she had let him be because the money trouble he went through, which was not the case. Indeed, she had waited as long as she could before taking action in the hope that the legal mixup might be out of the way. As for future marital plans, she had none or would admit to none.

This Betty Grable. Hollywood let her go and now, after a stage success, wants her back. What sort of a girl is she? To begin with, she is five-feet-four and weighs 115 pounds. Her hair is blonde, her eyes blue. When she was interviewed she was wearing a blue-checkered wrap and her hair was tied up with a bright red bow. An elaborate, portable record-player was stacked high with Gerahwin and Lee Wile records. She buys sets of records in albums, mostly, and plays the machine all day long. A down or so obviously-read books stood on the table. She said she never read less than an hour a day, even when she came in at three or four in the morning after the show and a club. Among the books were: "Na- tive Son," "Kansas City Gun," "The Last Flower" lay athwart a chair.

She is not clothes-conscious—she is not a glam-glam girl. She knows no other work than stage and movies and if they fail she will simply retire to a life of ease. She will in the future avoid college pictures as she would the plague— that's final. Very independent, this young lady. She has never, since an early age anyway, been without money coming in and yet she hasn't sought out work, it has always come to her.

So the way to success—if you would find a moral in this—is paved with paradoxes. Don't try to find work and it will come looking for you. Above all, don't stay with the movies if you think they don't appreciate you—ignore them and take up the legitimate. You'll break down your dressing-room door in their haste to sign you up on your own terms.

At least, they will if you're Betty Grable....
Now I Understand Miriam Hopkins

[Continued from page 43]

five-thirty."

By six o'clock I was helping Miss Hopkins out of her mink coat and ushering her into a suite filled with writers and editors. Here was my opportunity toudy her further. Her behavior proved that she was indeed urbane, sophisticated and above all, charming.

For an instant she stood on the threshold surveying the gathering. Then, recognizing a God-sent old friend, she plunged into an excited and warm-hearted exchange of greetings. The friend was a flic who had granted her a few kindords in his column years before when Miss Hopkins was a dancing stage younger. Miriam took a cigarette from a unlit and smoked it through a long older. She seemed oblivious to the room and of guests of whom, a short time be-

fore, she had expressed such fear. In a few minutes, I was able to wear her from her critic friend and introduced her to some of the other guests. For a lady who claimed never to have attended a press party before, Miss Hopkins handled herself with such charm and assurance as to make Dale Carnegie look like a wallflower. She shook each newcomer firmly by the hand and said, "I'm so happy to meet you," or, if she were sure that she had seen the person's face before, she would say, "I'm so happy to meet you again." And so she passed among writers and editors, working her charms on each one in turn. She wore a black bengaline suit and her pink complexion—she wears very little makeup—and her very blonde hair made her look, I thought, like a well-bred little girl at a birthday party. When she left the party she favored me with a smile and said, "Thank you so much. I enjoyed it immensely." The cloud had begun to lift.

I saw Miss Hopkins again (I call on her at every opportunity) when I accompanied her to one of the New York news-papers where she was to be photographed in color. I discovered a few more things about her. She worries a good deal about little things.

"What kind of makeup shall I wear?" she asked.

"No makeup," I guessed.

"But my blonde eye lashes will be absolutely invisible without make-up," she wailed.

"All right," I said, "wear street make-up."

At the color studio Miriam (I never really called her Miriam) sat in the glare of the white lights and blinked her blue eyes.

"Blue eyes can't stand as much light as brown," she cooed.

"But blue eyes are more dangerous," said the photographer with a leer.

It didn't take me long to come to the realization that Miss Hopkins is a fascinating lady of the world. She leads the full life. Her interests are as diverse as George Bernard Shaw's. Her cocktail parties which she sometimes gives in a hotel suite or in her own home on New York's

Do this for Your Eyes

ONE—Just as Betty Grable does, blend eye shadow lightly over your eyelids, keeping it subdued above and slightly darker toward the lashline. Choose a shade to accent the color of your eyes.

TWO—Taper your brows with Maybelline smooth-smarting Eyebrow Pencil. Use black or brown to suit your type and match your eye color.

THREE—Darken your lashes to the very tips with Maybelline Mascara. Black, Brown or Blue. It goes on perfectly—dries-proof, non-smarting, solid-form in this unusual gold-colored vanity or Cream form in smart slipper case is 75c.

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS

And SEE WHAT THEY'LL DO FOR YOU

Just as Betty Grable's does here, your expression takes on new meaning. Your face has perfect color-balance. And your eyes are glorious! For they look larger, more luminous. The long, sweeping loveliness of your lashes is enchanting. Your eyebrows are graceful and expressive. Try these famous Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids today and see what they'll do for you. Attractive purse sizes at all 10c stores.
swank Sutton Place, are nests of fabulous characters. Noel Coward and Sir Victor Sassoon, the British tycoon, are her friends. Every time I saw her she discovered a new facet in her amazingly complex personality. One day, out of a clear sky, she told me that she had begun to think seriously about writing.

"I've written a few short stories," she confided, and added modestly, "none of them much good," and I asked her if she had thought of giving up acting for writing, but she denied any such intention.

"I'll always love acting," she said. "Sometimes it becomes an awful strain what with all that wrangling with producers and directors over scripts. But those headaches are inherent in the acting profession—and I guess they always will be."

Music, too, comes within the scope of her talent. Miriam can sing, but will do so only under compulsion. Singing does not come easy to her and she told me how difficult it was for her to do the barroom scene in "Virginia City." Nevertheless, she sang "Rally 'Round the Flag," and well, too.

Her busy life leaves her too little time to spend in the garden of her Sutton Place home which becomes, in summer, a sequestered retreat, a sanctuary from the squalor of the "dead end" streets that separate mid-Manhattan from the fine residences at the river's edge. There she might serve you a rare concoction called "Pim's No. 1 drink which contains a number of odd ingredients, among them, I think, a large slice of cucumber. Miriam loves to sit in this garden and watch the interesting river craft going back and forth.

In New York Miriam is too busy to bother with a car. She uses cabs for getting about, but if she did have a car it would be "one of those little things that are easy to park." Her zest for living intensely and her attempts to get more things done than she has time for often gets her into jams with people who don't understand her. She says "yes" to almost any reasonable request and consequently accepts so many invitations that she always has at least three or four of them conflicting. Once she disappointed me. I received a telegram from where she had gone to spend the week end. It said, "Find it impossible to get to town today. Same time tomorrow. Hope you'll forgive me."

In California, Miriam gets more time for relaxation. Her home is a ranch-like place in Brentwood, with a swimming pool tucked between a high rock wall and a patio that is a study in comfort. As often as she can she will fly from the coast to Tucson, Arizona, two hours away by air, where she visits with her handsome son, Michael. She sends Michael to school for his health and partly to prevent him from becoming spoiled by the antics of other cinema scions.

"I hope he doesn't want to become an actor," Miriam said, "but if he does, there is no help about it. At present he seems interested in architecture, but then I think all boys his age lean in that direction."

The last time I saw Miriam we drove out to the airport where she was to board a plane for Hollywood. Warner Bros. had just called her back to begin work on her latest starring film, "The House on the Hill." Her mother, a pretty, deep-dyed Southerner, accompanied us. From her I learned a good deal about Miriam's background.

She told me that Miriam had been born in Savannah and not in Bainbridge, Ga., as had been erroneously stated by many of her biographers. Her grandmother Miriam tramped around Savannah for three days and occasionally visited her grandmother's house in Bainbridge. When she was thirteen Miriam and her sister were taken north to Syracuse, N. Y., where they solved their coming-of-age time for them to go to college both girls carried at the thought of four cold years at Syracuse University, where their uncle was the head of the Geology department.

Instead, sixteen-year-old Miriam went off to Barnard, to attend Goddard Seminary. The records show that the precocious young southern lass did two years work in one, won the French medal, stood at the head of the graduating class and returned home on crutches—she had been from the stage during a performance of the French play in which she played the lead. When she recovered from her fall Miriam attended the Vestoli Seroba School of Dancing in New York. Soon after she decided to go with a dance group on a tour of South America. Mrs. Hopkins' eye twinkled when she spoke of the battle she waged against Miriam's going on that tour.

"Miriam didn't go on that trip," she told me, "but those who did, had to work their way home as well."

Miriam's uncle was Dixie Hines, a theatre man, who managed some of the great stars of the day, among them Tyrone Power, St. He secured her a role in "The Music Box Revue," which ran six months and started Miriam on her successful career. It was while she was playing in "Lysistrata," that she had her first chance to go into pictures. A film called "The Best People," was being made in Astoria, Long Island, across the river from Manhattan, and Miriam worked on that for thirty days and which, the evening to appear in her stage role. In the film with Miss Hopkins were Frank Morgan and a supporting player named Carole Lombard. Miriam appeared later with Maurice Chevalier in "The Smiling Lieutenant," and the rest, as they say in the movies, is history.

At the airport Miriam explained to her mother, who has never flown, that she could climb into her berth, go right to sleep and wake up in California, and that the passengers were so relaxed in their berths—free of charge! We spent a few minutes in the cocktail lounge where Miriam had a drink called a "Stinger," which, she claimed, was the best insurance against the sickness as if a seasoned traveler like Miriam never knew fear.

"Good-bye," said Miriam, as she started toward the plane, "I won't bother writing. If anything happens you'll read about it in the papers." And off she went.

"She's wonderful," Mrs. Hopkins marveled. But I was partial to her. I was thinking of the time when I would be sitting in Miriam's garden again, sipping Pim's No. 1 drink and watching the boats going to and fro, back and forth—all day long.
Their World of Tomorrow
[Continued from page 63]

she had known. But as it was, all the
art of the last few months was there in
her voice as she told him. She put her
shoulder on thick, she told me that after-
wards, wanting to hurt him as much as she’d
been hurt herself.

She didn’t know it meant forever when
Ellen said goodbye that night. It was only
a week later that she knew he had gone
back East. She felt desperate then wait-
ing to hear from him. Of course, she tried
to be gay and modern about the whole thing
and pretend it didn’t matter. But
nobody looking at her could see how she’d
changed.

At first, everyone talked about Sally’s
possibilities, but as the months went on
she went from one small featured part to
another all of us began to wonder.
If she wasn’t an actress any more
than Allan had been an actor. She was
title and young and incredibly pretty,
but girls like that can be had for a dime
doezein Hollywood. A pretty girl is no
doctrine out here.

“Anyway, I’m making more money than
ever dreamed of making in my life,” she
told me once. “And if there’s anything
more important than money in this world
it’s me about it. For I haven’t seen it yet.”

A week before I knew I was going to
New York myself, Sally called me.

“I’m going East to the Fair,” she an-
nounced, and her voice was full of the
bitterness that was so much a part of her
these days. “The studio is sending a dele-
tation and I’m to be part of the atmos-
phere. That seems to be my life these
days . . . being atmosphere. Just an extra
girl, that’s me.”

But she didn’t seem like an extra girl
that day I ran into her on the Fair
grounds. She was wearing a little silk
suit and a wide-brimmed hat that made her
look like the old Sally who used to work
there, even though anyone could see that
her outfit would have cost at least a
month’s salary at the rate she was paid then.

We hailed a chair and started off in
giant style when suddenly I heard some-
one talking right behind us.

“Pardon me, haven’t I met you some-
where before? Palm Beach, the automat,
maybe?” For a moment I didn’t recognize
the bantering voice. Then I turned and
there was Allan, pushing our chair.

Sally looked up and for a moment she
was the old Sally of a year ago, too,
looking at a man she had just met and fall-
ing in love with him at first sight.

“Allan,” she said then, and something
hard and bitter was gone from her voice,
just as it went from his face as he lis-
tened to her.

He didn’t tell her then how much he
had wished she would say that she was
with him that last day he saw her in
Hollywood. And she didn’t tell him how
lonely she had been without him, either.
That could come later. Now it was enough
to look at each other and grin in their

old infectious gayety.

“I hope you’ll be staying with us for a
while,” he said in the same mockingly
differential voice. But his eyes looking at
her weren’t mocking.

“As far as I’m concerned, I’d like to
stay . . . always.” Sally said, and it was
funny how she said it, as if she meant it
in every way. For she had thrown her
pride to the four winds and she didn’t
care if it ever came back. “I’d . . .” Su-
ddenly she put her hand out so that it was
lying on his holding the back of our chair.

“Did you ever find out what happened to
our old apartment?” she asked.

“I’m living in it,” he said. And again
it looked as if he were kissing her with
his eyes looking at hers so steadily. “It’s
just about right for a lad with one year
of Medical Left. But it gets awfully lone-
some sometimes, thinking how it might
have been if things had turned out dif-
erently.”

“Will you take me there?” she whis-
pered breathlessly. “I’ve dreamed about
it every night for the last six months, and
I want to see it . . . as beautiful as I remem-
ered it. If . . .”

“Why, of course, madame.” His hand
went to his helmet in a flip salute, but
his voice wasn’t bantering now, any more
than his mouth, trembling as he tried to
smile or his eyes, softening as he looked
at her. “This way, please, to the World
of Tomorrow.”

“Just a moment,” I said then. And I was
laughing, too, the way they were; laugh-
ing because I knew if I didn’t laugh I’d
cry. ‘Let me off, first. This is where I came
in.”

That modern natural look
is what men like!

SAYS VIRGINIA YOUNGMAHS,
SOPHOMORE AT
VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY

The glorious naturalness of gay, young
“collegiennes”—that’s the modern
trend in makeup! And Richard Hudnut
brings it to you in Marvelous Face
Powder, the exciting new powder you
choose by the color of your eyes!

For eye color, you see, is definitely
related to the color of your skin and
to the color of your hair. It is the
simplest guide to powder that matches
and glorifies your own coloring . . .
gives you that appealing natural look
men so admire!

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

So, whether your eyes are blue, gray,
brown or hazel, it’s easy now to find the
shade that’s right for you! Just ask for
Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder . . .
the pure, fine-textured powder that you
choose by the color of your eyes!

You’ll love the way Marvelous Face
Powder goes on smoothly . . . the way it
inglis for hours . . . agrees so well with
even the most sensitive skin! Try this
wonderful face powder today! For
greatest color harmony, use matching
Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, too.

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 673 Fifth Ave., New York City

Please send me tryout Makeup Kit containing generous
metal containers of harmonizing powder, rouge and Lipstick.
I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

Check the color of your eyes: Brown □ Blue □ Hazel □ Gray □

Name ____________________________

Street ____________________________

City ____________________________

(Good only in U.S.A. and Canada, except where laws prohibit.) 217-045
swank Sutton Place, are nests of fabulous characters. Noel Coward and Sir Victor Sasson, the British tycoon, are her friends. Even in one of her rare moments of ennui, she discovered a new facet in her amazingly complex personality. One day, out of a clear sky, she told me that she had begun to think seriously about writing.

"I've written a few short stories," she confided, and added modestly, "none of them much good, of course." I asked her if she had thought of giving up acting for writing, but she denied any such intention.

"I'll always love acting," she said. "Sometimes it becomes an awful strain what with all that wrangling with producers and directors over scripts. But those headaches are inherent in the acting profession—and I guess they always will be."

Music, too, comes within the scope of her talent. Miriam can sing, but will do so only under compulsion. Singing does not come naturally to her. She told me once that it was difficult for her to do the barroom scene in "Virginia City." Nevertheless, she sang "Rally Round the Flag," and well, too.

Her busy life leaves her too little time to spend in the gardens of her Sutton Place home which becomes, in summer, a sequestered retreat, a sanctuary from the squalor of the "dead end" streets that separate mid-Manhattan from the fine residences at the river's edge. There she might serve you a rare concoction called Pam's No. 1 drink which contains a number of odd ingredients, among them, I think, a large slice of cucumber. Miriam loves to sit in this garden and watch the interesting river craft going back and forth.

In New York Miriam is too busy to bother with a car. She uses cabs for getting about, but if she did have a car it would be "one of those little things that are easy to park." Her zest for living intensely and her attempts to get more things done than she has time for often gets her into jams with people who don't understand her. She says "yes" to almost any reasonable request and consequently accepts so many invitations that she always has at least three or four of them conflicting. Once she disappointed me. I received a telegram from where she had gone to spend the week end. It said, "Find it impossible to get to town today. Same time tomorrow. Hope you'll forgive me."

In California, Miriam gets more time for relaxation. Her home, high on a hilltop in Brentwood, has a swimming pool that is dotted between a high rock wall and a patio that is a study in comfort. As often as she can she will fly from the coast to Tucson, Arizona, two hours away by air, where she visits with her handsome son, Michael. She sends Michael to school there. There is a high mountain college there where they hold the evening to appear in her stage role. In the film with Miss Hopkins were Frank Morgan and a supporting player named Carole Lombard. Miriam appeared later with Maurice Chevalier in "The Smiling Lieutenant," and the rest, as they say in the movies, is history.

At the airport Miriam explained to her mother, who has never flown, that she could climb into her berth, go right to sleep and wake up in California, and that the passengers would not know she had slept right in their berths—free of charge! We spent a few minutes in the cocktail lounge where Miriam had a drink called a "Stinger," which, she claimed, was the best insurance against air sickness—as if a seasoned traveler like Miriam ever took one. "Good-bye," said Miriam, as she started toward the plane, "I won't bother writing. If anything happens you'll read about it in the papers." And off she went.

"She'll be back, soon," Mrs. Hopkins mused. "Miss Sasson, the British tycoon, is engaged to her. I was thinking of the time when I would be sitting in Miriam's garden again, sipping Pam's No. 1 drink and watching the boats going to and fro, back and forth—all day long."
Their World of Tomorrow
[Continued from page 63]

she had known. But as it was, all the art of the last few months was there in her voice as she told him. She put her jumph on thick, she told me that afterwards, wanting to hurt him as much as she had been hurt herself. She didn’t know it meant forever when Allan said goodbye that night. It was only the next day that she knew he had gone back East. She felt desperate then waiting to hear from him. Of course, she tried to be gay and modern about the whole thing and pretend it didn’t matter. But anyone looking at her could see how she had changed.

At first, everyone talked about Sally’s possibilities, but as the months went on she went from one small featured part to another all of us began to wonder. After all, she wasn’t an actress any more than Allan had been an actor. She was a little and young and incredibly pretty, but girls like that can be had for a dime dozen in Hollywood. A pretty girl is no novelty out here.

“Anyway, I’m making more money than I ever dreamed of making in my life,” she said to me once. “And if there’s anything more important than money in this world, I mean to find out what it is.”

A week before I knew I was going to New York myself, Sally called me.

“I’m going East to the Fair,” she announced, and her voice was full of the bitterness that was so much a part of her these days. “The studio is sending a delegation and I’m to be part of the atmosphere. That seems to be my life these days... being atmosphere. Just an extra girl, that’s me.”

But she didn’t seem like an extra girl that day I ran into her on the Fairgrounds. She was wearing a little silk suit and a wide-brimmed hat that made her look like the old Sally who used to work there, even though anyone could see that her outfit would have cost at least a month’s salary at the rate she was paid then.

We hailed a chair and started off in grand style when suddenly I heard someone talking right behind us.

“Pardon me, haven’t I met you somewhere? Palm Beach, the automat, maybe?” For a moment I didn’t recognize the bantering voice. Then I turned and there was Allan, pushing our chair.

Sally looked up and for a moment she was the old Sally of a year ago, too, looking at a man she had just met and falling in love with him at first sight.

“Allan,” she said then, and something hard and bitter was gone from her voice, just as it went from his face as he listened to her.

He didn’t tell her then how much he had wished she would say that she was going with him that last day he saw her in Hollywood. And she didn’t tell him how lonely she had been without him, either. That could come later. Now it was enough to look at each other and grin in their old infectious gayety.

“I hope you’ll be staying with us for a while,” he said in the same mockingly deferential voice. But his eyes looking at her weren’t mocking.

“As far as I’m concerned, I’d like to stay... always,” Sally said, and it was funny how she said it, as if she meant it in every way. For she had thrown her pride to the four winds and she didn’t care if it ever came back. “I’d...” Suddenly she put her hand out so that it was lying on his holding the back of our chair. “Did you ever find out what happened to our old apartment?” she asked.

“I’m living in it,” he said. And again it looked as if he were kissing her with his eyes looking at hers so steadily. “It’s just about right for a lad with one year of Medical left. But it gets awfully lonesome sometimes, thinking how it might have been if things had turned out differently.”

“Will you take me there?” she whispered breathlessly. “I’ve dreamed about it every night for the last six months, and I want to see if it is as beautiful as I remembered it. If...”

“Why, of course, madame,” His hand went to his helmet in a flip salute, but his voice wasn’t bantering now, any more than his mouth, trembling as he tried to smile or his eyes, softening as he looked at her. “This way, please, to the World of Tomorrow.”

“Just a moment,” I said then. And I was laughing, too the way they were; laughing because I knew if I didn’t laugh I’d cry. “Let me off, first. This is where I came in.”

That modern natural look is what men like!

Says VIRGINIA YOUNAMS,
SOPHOMORE AT
VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY

The glorious naturalness of gay, young “collegiennes”—that’s the modern trend in makeup! And Richard Hudnut brings it to you in Marvelous Face Powder, the exciting new powder you choose by the color of your eyes!

For eye color, you see, is definitely related to the color of your skin and to the color of your hair. It is the simplest guide to powder that matches and glorifies your own coloring... gives you that appealing natural look men so admire!

Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick at drug and department stores—only 56¢ each. (65¢ in Canada.)

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

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Ave., New York City
Please send me tryout Makeup Kit containing generous metal containers of harmonizing Rouge, Lipstick, and Powder.
I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.
Check the color of your eyes: Brown ☐ Blue ☐ Hazel ☐ Gray ☐

Name:
Street:
City:
(Good only in U.S.A. and Canada, except where locally prohibited.) 21-646.
dramatics and is sitting there on the lounge beside the wonderful one, being herself, friendly but just a trifle reserved. It’s a wonderful start, to be sure. But it’s the finish that counts.

Susie is by nature the biggest chatterbox in the Western Hemisphere with her chums at the office, let her stifle the mania just this once. Of course, she ought to keep the conversation moving along. But the object always should be to steer the chat to the subject that lies closest to the heart of the wonderful man beside her, himself and his work.

"Maybe he manufactures nuts and bolts, which is certainly not as exciting as being, say, a war correspondent. But let her show some interest in nuts and bolts. Let her ask him whether it isn’t true (it probably isn’t) that the Egyptians dreamed them up 3,000 years ago. Get him started and turn on that interested gleam in your eye and he’ll go home totting her telephone number and so happy that he’ll even forgive the girl for having such a silly little name as Susie."

And with that the impromptu sermon to Susie was over, but not until Miss Crawford had delivered herself of an ingratiating: "Shucks! Who in the world listens to advice—including me?"

For one who had just urged the young and tender to be themselves above all else, Joan Crawford is an object lesson out of the book. She has a contempt for any other way of life.

Take the first time this reporter ever caught a glimpse of the lady. She had piled out of her cab in a long red dress (Valentine), escorted by a man with a top hat, who looked as though smiles cost $1 apiece. A gang of moppets descended on her, autograph books in hand. Another cinema queen would have sprinted for safety. Not Joan Crawford.

Right there on the sidewalk, using the side of the building as a prop, Miss Crawford sat and wrote her name until the chore was done. She was all radiance when she stepped inside the hotel.

Or take the time we called around one Sunday noon, by appointment, to do this story on her.

"Hi," said Miss C., with no British accent, no drama and certainly no unnecessary attempt to make us feel that this was indeed a red-letter day in her life.

Not that she wasn’t hospitable. Just wait and see.

"I wonder if you’d mind if I had a few fittings before we talked. You’re staying for breakfast anyhow," she said with feminine finality.

Miss Crawford’s magnificent suite was donning in the best possible taste—gray, white and silver—and avoided any resemblance to the grandiose hotel suites which look like Hollywood sets. While she was away, we explored the place noting the numerous good books in evidence. The radio was playing Tchaikovsky’s "Nutcracker Suite" when she emerged, convoyed by a delegation of sighing fashion editors.

Her guests departed, Miss Crawford rang for a waiter.

"How many sausages are there in a single order?" she inquired, menu in hand.

"Six, madame."

"Better make it two orders, if you don’t mind," she told the garçon. "And I’ll have my eggs scrambled."

Miss Crawford must have caught us blinking with amazement.

"I love to eat," she said with relish. "And I don’t trouble my head over calories, either."

All during breakfast Joan Crawford, once a slavey in a girl’s school and now a cinema legend, behaved like a woman (and lady) first, like Metro’s $6,500-per-week star last, if at all.

What bothered her was the plight of the reporter in search of a new angle.

"Let’s try and think up something new—anything but The New Crawford. They’re writing that little number every six months."

"J. C. wrinkled her brow. No muse came to her assistance.

"Hello!" she shrugged, "let’s forget angles for the moment and talk. How’s the fan magazine trade anyhow? It must be pretty deadly having to deal with my ilk."

Using a little of the Crawford advice we steered the conversation back to the lady herself. It took an hour to get her autobiographical.

If you’re interested in the proper way to impress a judge while on the witness stand, Joan Blondell offers this demonstration between scenes of "I Want A Divorce," in which she plays a bride who almost gets a divorce.

First off, what is closest to Joan Crawford’s heart is not marriage—not right this moment. Perish the thought, however, that she’d turn her back on the perfect romance if it smacked into her at a 180 degree angle. What’s on her mind is her career.

"For months I’ve been trying to find the perfect play which would bring me to Broadway. I’ve read all kinds of scripts that producers, agents and well-wishers are always planting either under my pillow or in my traveling kits. Mostly they’re all alike: the little chorus girl skyrockets to the stratosphere, gets in pictures and becomes a Hollywood first lady. Can’t you see that little model winning the Academy Award?"

She grins, looks serious again.

"I dream of this play. When I find it, I’ll probably toss my bonnet in the air and come to New York with only a toothbrush—I’ll be so excited."

Picture plans, Miss Crawford?

"Ah, yes, picture plans. Well, to begin with, there will be, of course, ‘The Woman’s Face,’ a remake of a Swedish picture that Ingrid Bergman did, in which I play an ugly duckling sort of creature, made up something like Laughton on a binge."

"What! No Glamour?"

Miss C. doused her cigarette and focused her leaping eyes, blue and flashing.

"In the accepted sense, there will be..."
no glamour. But glamour, like gold, is where you find it. Do you want to know what true glamour is? Well, I'll tell you; it's excitement, plus enchantment. It doesn't have anything to do with legs or curves. Why Maria Ouspenskaya has more glamour than half the movie stars in Hollywood put together! So has Hattie McDaniel! As for glamour outside the theatre, I don't know anyone more glamorous than Mrs. Roosevelt."

With glamour attended to, we got around to clothes. Her favorite color is blue. She also "adores" red. Prints, all except something on the unusual, leave her cold. Ditto for stripes. Were some colors hotter than others? In short, did certain hues pack more T.N.T. for males than others?

"I don't think so," the delight of the fashion editors came back one-two-three. "Other elements are involved such as the girl, the place, the time, the geography, the climate and the occasion."

"Well, if I knew all that," you might reply, "I wouldn't have to try so hard." We gaped at this strange wisdom. "Nothing is more disillusioning to me than to catch a glimpse of a fabulously exciting dress, sophisticated and moulded to a svelte form, and to later discover that it's being worn by a sweet, demure young thing who looks fairly bewildered. In short, every dress demands its own atmosphere, an air on the part of the woman."

It was twilight almost before you could say "Susan and God." Miss Crawford's mood had taken on the dreamy quality of the Manhattan vespertide.

"You know what's bothering me," she burst out, all of a sudden. The interloper shook his head. "It's a voice I heard last night across the court, a wonderful dramatic soprano. It must have been nine or nine-thirty when I heard it. Ah, if I could only find out who she was. I was reading a book when the first notes came across the court. She was singing 'Tosca."

In a Sherlock Holmes frame of mind, the interviewer suggested a maneuver to discover her identity. Miss Crawford bounded up out of her chair. "If you find out who she is, telephone me right away, please, and let me know. I'll be at home."

It was eleven-thirty when the amateur Operative 38 cracked the mystery. The voice, it seemed, belonged to a famous Cuban singer. The timid sleuth put in a call to Miss Crawford. She let out a whoop. "Ask her if she'll sing a duet with me right now?"

"Really, isn't it a little late?"

"Hell's bells. It's only midnight."

In a moment the reporter had established contact by telephone with the singer. Would she stick her head out of the window and meet Joan Crawford, who lived across the court? After that, would she sing a duet with Miss C.?

The Cuban diva was charmed with the idea. As per instructions, she did appear at her window. La Crawford manned the bedroom casement across the canyon. "Hi, there," said Miss C. "How about making it a duet from Alda?"

"Fine," said the singer, fastening down the curtains so as not to obstruct the view across the court and repairing to her piano.

Then began the most outlandish concert in the history of New York. Miss Crawford singing from the 23rd floor of the Hampshire House dressed in a dusty house coat, face aglow, the Cuban lady warbling from the 22nd floor of the adjoining Essex House, providing her own accompaniment to boot.

Metro's pride and joy had an out-of-the-world look on her face, completely unmindful of the astonished hotel patrons who were poking their heads out of the La-de-da hostelry, wondering whether this wasn't really New Orleans in Mardi Gras season, instead of chic Central Park South, borough of Manhattan.

They sang until some oaf threatened to call the cops, these two did. Forced to withdraw Miss Crawford was all for chasing over to the Essex House and having a regular jam session with the singer she had just met without benefit of Hoyle, except that cooler heads prevailed and reminded her that it was one o'clock and she was due up real early.

As we rode down the elevator humming the duet from Alda, a two-word memory text kept turning over and over in our brain, like an old phonograph record with its needle stuck: "Be yourself... be yourself... be yourself."
Reviews

[Continued from page 53]

LILLIAN RUSSELL
The Original Glamour Girl—20th Century-Fox

Alice Faye can take herself a great big bow for her graceful and intelligent characterization of Lillian Russell, America's original Glamour Girl, and the inspiration for much of the nineteenth century's theatrical legend. Alice's hour-glass figure, her most becoming pompadours, and her jewels and huge feathered hats are representative of that flamboyant period. The story tells how Helen Leonard, the daughter of a suffragette (Dorothy Peterson) and a publisher (Ernest Truex), gets an engagement, by pure chance, with Tony Pastor (Leo Carrillo), who promptly changes her name to Lillian Russell, and as Lillian Russell becomes the most glamorous stage personification of that period. The "men in her life" are Edward Solomon (Don Ameche), her songwriter, who becomes her first husband, Diamond Jim Brady (Edward Arnold), who offers her a million dollars to marry him, the Famous J. L. Warren Williams) and Alexander Moore (Henry Fonda). As the year's newspaper man, who eventually becomes Ambassador to Spain, and Miss Russell's second husband. The review and variety show sequences are quaintly old-fashioned and extremely delightful. Besides a number of songs sung by Alice (including the famous "After the Ball") there is a dance by Eddie Foy, Jr., and a comedy sketch by Weber and Fields.

MY FAVORITE WIFE
A Side-Splitter—RKO

That irresistible team of Irene Dunne and Cary Grant are united again in this side-splitting comedy which does the Enoch Arden story in reverse. It's a riot of laughs from beginning to end and probably just right now with the whole world in the dumps. Irene Dunne, more beautiful than ever if possible, plays Cary's young wife, who seven years before the start of the story went on a botanical expedition and was shipwrecked. She returns home on the very day that her devoted husband has had her declared legally dead, so that he can marry the luscious Gail Patrick. Irene, who is completely unknown to Gail, of course, joins them on their honeymoon, and as you can well believe there is one comedy situation after another. And just to complicate matters, poor Cary, who is already harassed enough, discovers that his beloved Irene spent those seven years on a desert island with no less than the attractive Randy Scott, who is just about the most virile person he's ever met. With the help of Granville Bates, who almost steals the picture as a future budget judge, Irene and Cary get reunited.

WOMEN IN WAR
Elise Janis Returns—Republic

This picture marks the return to the screen of Elise Janis, the actress who quit the American stage in 1918 and devoted herself after America's entry into the First World War to entertaining the soldiers in hospitals in France. In this picture, she plays the matron of a group of British war nurses of World War II, and she gives the best performance in the picture. Against the background of war we have the romance of Wendy Barrie, a socialite who redeems herself with her nursing, and who falls in love with Patric Knowles, a Royal Air Force flyer. It's good to see Mae Clarke back on the screen again as one of the nurses. There is an exciting scene where a troop ship is attacked by Nazi bombers as it crosses the channel, Dorothy Peterson, Billy Gilbert, Barbara Pepper and Colin Tapley have important parts.

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH
Prepare Yourself for the Weeps—Paramount

This is the new version of the film that once added to the glories of Emil Jannings. It's old-fashioned and considerably on the weepy side, but extremely well played by the entire cast. The story deals with the psychological disintegration of Paul Kriza, the part played by Akim Tamiroff. His downfall is brought about by Muriel Angelus, a confidence woman, when he is robbed of $100,000 worth of securities which had been entrusted to him. Through a course of events his family believes him to be dead, and rather than disgrace them he allows them to go on thinking that he has been killed, and abandons them. Mr. Tamiroff is particularly magnificent in the scenes where he hears his son's violin concert from a seat in the gallery, and where he watches his family celebrate Christmas around a Christmas tree. Gladys George plays his wife and William Henry his talented son.

PHANTOM RAIDERS
Walter Pidgeon Saves the Day—M-G-M

The second picture in the Nick Carter series (oh, you remember Nick Carter, the detective hero of many a thousand paper-backed penny dreadfuls) is a very good adventure yarn, and
plenty entertaining. That excellent actor, Walter Pidgeon, again plays Nick, and the priceless casting of Donald Meek as the Bee Man continues. This time the story takes place in Panama and the villains are busily engaged in blowing up ships by wireless in order to collect the insurance on falsified cargoes. Nick puts an end to that. Joseph Schildkraut gives a stand-out performance as a modern pirate. Steffi Duna plays a native girl with great success, and Florence Rice and John Carroll are wasted on minor roles.

TYPHOON
EASY ON THE EYES—Paramount

WELL, if you're an escapist this is your picture. It certainly won't tax your mind in any way, and it will prove a sheer delight to your eyes. It is done in beautiful Technicolor and has the most naive story of the year, but goes quite spectacular in the end with a typhoon, a forest fire, and a tidal wave. Dorothy Lamour, avec sarong to be sure, has lived alone on a desert island, except for a chimpanzee, ever since she was washed ashore as a small child. One day she discovers Robert Preston, a South Seas down-and-out, drunk on the shore, so she takes him to her treetop penthouse, and the idyllic romance begins. When Preston, also in a sarong of sorts, escapes from her (imagine his being such a dope) she saves him and his pearl-diving pal, Lynne Overman, from a bunch of murderous natives. Then comes the typhoon.

TURNOOUT
STARTLING, BUT HILARIOUS—Hal Roach

ADAPTED from the Thorne Smith story of the same title, "Turnout" becomes one of those "different" pictures, and hardly less startling than the book was. Directed by Hal Roach himself it is played strictly for laughs, and laughs it gets, though maybe a few bluesies, too. The story concerns a young wife (Carole Lombard) and her husband (John Hubbard) who fall under the influence of the god Ram. They wake up one morning to find that the husband's personality, even his voice, has been transposed into the wife's body, and vice versa. Well, when a man becomes a woman, and a woman becomes a man there is the devil to pay, and you can well imagine what funny situations arise. Donald Meek plays a butler and dead-pate Marjorie Main plays the cook, and you can be sure they have plenty of surprises what with the strange goings-on of the master and mistress. Adolph Menjou is excellent as the drunken partner, and William Gargan as the dumb bootlegger. Mary Astor and Joyce Compton play wives, and Verree Teasdale as the head secretary gives all her scenes a special lift.

It's True About Hollywood!
[Continued from page 64]

Not too long ago there was turmoil in the home of Director James Cruze. A misunderstanding had arisen involving four of the people present. The commotion simmered down, the circumstances were combined into a play which ran in a little theatre in Hollywood. But sure enough—came a Saturday night when the cast drove out to the Cruze home and played the drama in its original setting!

I'll lay ten-to-one odds you wouldn't count on HedY Lamarr scoring a new hat for a five-year-old felt which she punches into assorted shapes. Or did you think Humphrey was far more of an individualist than Shearer? True, Katharine did drive to the Coast in a second-hand station wagon, sleeping in auto camps, and wearing dungarees when she was at her height. But Norma, when invited to a formal, adores to wear a hat and thus be conspicuous. Moreover, when Carole Lombard Gable asked all the girls to come to a dance in white, Norma showed up in a blazing red.

Jean Parker was among the many guests who recently attended a steak roast given by Richard Carlson and his wife Jean's a great one for corn-ex-Follies beauty and silent screen actress and now back from Paris to be an agent, showed up. It had been eleven years since Ruby had said adieu to her own acting career. She was dumbfounded to find the same director, the same assistant director, the same cameraman, and the same wardrobe girl functioning—only for Joan now. "What?" I asked Joan, "do you see for yourself eleven years from today?" There was no hesitation. Joan spoke fiercely, "I'll still be trying to be among the first ten in picture popularity!"

Yes, Hollywood is still Hollywood. . .

Holly-Pax
THE Economy TAMPON—10 for 20c

Universal Cotton Products Corporation
Box H3, Palm Station, Hollywood, California

For the enclosed 10c please send me trial package of Holly-Pax, in plain wrapper, also New Facts You Should Know About Monthly Hygiene.
Eye Appeal
[Continued from page 15]

So much for the brows, themselves. Let the eyes beneath them be beautiful, regardless of color or shape. Your first cue is good health and enough sleep. These are the backgrounds for clearness and sparkle. A good eye lotion, such as Eye Gene Eye Drops, helps clear and soothe tired eyes. You will find Eye-Gene a good beauty habit, and an especial boon after long motor trips, days on a glaring beach or long nights of dancing. Just two drops of this clear liquid can often mean the difference between eyes that look blurred and are heavy with fatigue and those that are clear and lovely. Eye-Gene should go on your vacation with you.

See that you have proper reading light. Don't deliberately sit with your eyes focussed on a sea that is glistening with sun when you might look at the soft green of trees in the distance. This is needless abuse of eyes. Don't try to sleep with brilliant day or night light in your face. When your eyes feel tired, rest them by gently closing or cup your palms gently over them to exclude all light, and close your eyes. This Sylvia Sidney taught me long ago, and it gives real eye rest.

Of course you want glamour! And this you will get by the subtle use of mascara and eye shadow. There are many excellent mascaras on the market, again from your five-and-tens up to department stores. Generally speaking, black is the color to use, if you are in doubt. However, it is my opinion that extreme blondes look lovelier with brown, especially those of the golden skin type. Blue is also very effective for evening, especially with light eyes that you would like to have appear more blue, such as grey, grey-green, etc. By the way, there is a new mascara that you might want to try. This is the House of Westmore Mascara, which has just been added to the other popular House of Westmore preparations. The Westmore Brothers have used this same type for years in making-up the famous stars of Hollywood. Every effort has been made to guard against smearing or irritation if it accidentally gets in your eyes, and many a star has gone into heavy emotional scenes of tears with no tell-tale marks from mascara. It doesn't flake or run. Let me add, readers, that I have used it with great success under a hot sun and with humidity high, yet every lash seemed to retain a natural and unimpaired effect. I think you will like it as much as I do, and the price is a pleasant surprise.

A few simple precautions will enable you to get better results from any mascara. Keep your brush clean. Wash it thoroughly after each application. Strong flow of water from a faucet does this. Experiment a little to find out just how far you can wet your brush without losing its point. If you over-wet, your brushes may be too soft for the brand you use. Some work better with less water than others. Literally brush every lash as you apply. By that I mean, brush on very carefully with an upward movement on upper lashes—never move the brush across them. This will make them clag and stick together, anything but attractive. Some eyes look better with a slight application beneath, and these are usually the eyes of blondes where the under lashes do not show. But use slightly here, and use a downward motion in just the direction the lashes grow. If any gets on the skin, remove promptly with a damp cloth or cotton before it dries.

Recently, there came to my desk a product that I think all of us who use mascara have long wanted. This is Camille Mascara Remover, which you will find in your five-and-tens for a song. The Remover, a clear liquid, guaranteed harmless and non-injurious, is accompanied by a little pad of tissues, convenient for carrying in your bag if you wish. Thus, you can in comfort and in a jiffy renew mascara when necessary. Formerly, in case eye beauty had to be renewed, it meant a complete washing or creming of the

MUSIC COMPOSED TO POEMS
Send poem for consideration, Rhyming pamphlet free. Phonograph electrical transcriptions under 79c from your word and music manuscript. Any subject considered. Keen's, Sacred, Swing.
KEENAN'S MUSIC SERVICE
Box 2140, Dept SC Bridgeport, Conn.

NEURITIS
Relieve Pain in Few Minutes
To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, or Lumbago in few minutes, get NURITO, the fine formula, used by thousands. No opiates. Does the work quickly—must relieve cruel pain to your satisfaction in a few minutes or your money back. Don't suffer. Ask your druggist today for trustworthy NURITO on this guarantee.

Muddy Skin
HOMELY SURFACE
Blemishes
Blackheads
Blotches
To the thousands of folks suffering from surface pimples, acne, nodules, complexion, skin eruptions, etc., we will send FREE booklet of a simple method of treating the skin. A noted dermatologist's personal method. No harmful medicinal, skin peel, diet, etc. Something different. Send to Dr. W. D. Tracy Co., 1171 Al, New Haven, Conn.

Fisherman Dorothy Lamour gets her tackle ready to go sailboat fishing before starting work on "Moon Over Burma."
Come up and see me sometime," I murmur vaguely.

"What the deuce are you talking about?" Bob demands, but I am already on my way to another set—a picture called "Gold Rush Maise" starring Ann Sothern.

** I **

I BARGE on the set and there sits Ann in overalls with her face coated with oil, to resemble sweat.

"Hiya, toots," I beam, but Ann only gives me a dismal look.

"I've been swinging a pick for two days and it weighs at least 100 pounds," she explains woefully.

"Well, what are you kicking about?" I demand. "When you finish being a miner you'll be brawny enough to handle Roger (her husband),"

"Roger!" she echoes weakly. "I'll be able to handle Man Mountain Dean—if I live through this."

They are on the process stage, so I can't tell you about the scene. Neither can I tell you about "Strike Up The Band" which stars Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland or "Escape," which stars Nazimova and La Sheater as both of them are just starting and the sets are closed.

There being naught else of interest at M-G-M, we proceed to—

** Paramount**

** T **HERE are four pictures shooting here, but two of them—"Rhythm on the River," starring Bing Crosby and Mary Martin, and "Victory," starring Fredric March with Betty Field—will have to wait until next month because none of the principals are working today. "Finding on a Dime" is being directed by one of my favorites—Joseph Santley—with a cast of newcomers over whom Joe waxes most enthusiastic. The leads are being played by Grace MacDonald, who is not only beautiful, but who dances like a dream, and Mildred Bennett, who is only beautiful, but who sings like a thrush.

Today they are staging a futuristic ensemble number called "Debutante Number One." Grace is in a picture in a pale pink net dress with a tight-fitting bodice and a bouffant skirt, and Lillian is a vision in a silver metal dress. All the others are wearing masks, even the news photographers. The music is mighty tuneful in this opus, too.

** S **

O WE leave Joe and proceed to "Comin' Round the Mountain," in which Mr. Robbin Burns makes his last appearance under the Paramount banner.

"Does he play his bazaaks in this?" I anxiously inquire of the director.

"Oh, yes," he explains eagerly, "and when he isn't playing it we use it for part of a still."

"A still is a very fitting place for it," I remark surlly. "The stiller the better." Then I start looking around and

---

** Pictures on the Fire! **

[Continued from page 57]

---

** KISSES by TATTOO **

The Kind That Are Never Forgotten

Men just can't behave when they get close to lips wearing the new TATTOO! It does things to them—with a shocking new odor—so delicious, so enticing, so intriguing and compelling that when you wear it you are in constant danger of being kissed. The new TATTOO, in nine thrilling shades—live, translucent, the startlingly beautiful colors of South Sea Island women. If you aren't afraid to take a dare, go to the nearest cosmetic counter—select the shade that does the most for you, and be a siren—49c is now the price of the regular $1.00 size TATTOO—the little trick you knew will stay on!

** New deluxe TATTOO **

** I LOST 42 POUNDS IN 60 DAYS **

NOW! EAT NEW KIND OF CANDY AND GROW THIN Fast, Easy Way

You can lose sixty pounds and have a beautiful complexion, too. No exercise. No expensive diet. You consume no more than a slice of candy each day. New Hood Candy Plan. New Hood Candy, No. 31608, 20 cents; No. 31609, 60 cents. The Hood Candy Store in every city.

** MONEY BACK GUARANTEE **

Some lose up to 5 pounds a week. Ask Candy Counter. Hood Candy威廉明纳—

Satisfy hunger without excess fat or calories. Apple is packed up a 1,300-calorie day. No need to over-eat. No need to wish. Just send your name and a postal card to Mrs. Betty Hood, Box 1548, Chicago 7, Illinois. Full results promised. Four weeks free. Hood Candy Store in every city.

**WANTED**

** Tired Kidneys**

**Often Bring Sleepless Nights**

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filer. It is these which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up nights. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, restful sleep. When disorders of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and more.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.
catch my breath. If I didn't know I was in Hollywood I'd swear I was way up in the Ozarks somewhere—or the Blue Ridge Mountains. I've never seen such types anywhere else. And the make-up man is actually combing the hayseeds out of one old settler's beard.

They're having an election. All those who can write do so. The ones who can't are offered their choice of making a mark or shooting at the ballot which is hung up overhead. Effie Tillsbury, who is really eighty, takes her place in the line. "Writing or shooting'Bama's?" asks the man in charge of the election.

"Shootin'," says Effie briefly. The man proffers her a rifle, but she brushes it aside. "Brought my own," she explains. She drops her apron,1 whips two six Shooters out of side pockets in her dress and starts blazing away wildly. And I mean she drives enough holes in that thing to elect her candidate six times over. These mountaineers are funny people and I decide I'd better leave before one of them doesn't like the way my hair has receded.

There are two ladies at R-K-O, but they are both on location so we'll skip them this month and jog on to—

**Warner Brothers**

**PLENTY** doing here, too, but some of these pictures will likewise have to carry over until next month—"The Man from Fleet Street," starring Edward G. Robinson with Edna Best and Albert Basserman, and "No Time For Comedy," starring James Stewart and Paulette Goddard, and "They Drive By Night," starring George Raft, Ida Lupino, Ann Sheridan and Humphrey Bogart. But there are still plenty left.

There's "River's End," starring Dennis Morgan, which starts next month with every picture. He plays a dual role in this one—a Northwest mountie, who gets killed, and a man who looks like him and who is under suspicion for murder. He is in the courtroom on trial and has just been sentenced to death. As the deputies are leading him from the courtroom, he pretends to faint and as they relax their hold he jerks loose, dives out of a second story window, jumps on a horse and escapes. It's an exciting scene, let me tell you, and I hold my breath as Mr. Morgan leaps the steps and落入 the oncoming traffic. And it's only fitting that I drop it here.

"Hey, Dennis," I grin. "do you think after this picture you'll have enough experience to play with Priscilla Lane?"

Priscilla refused to do this picture and it came out in the paper that her reason was she considered Dennis too inexperienced to work with.

"She didn't say that," Dennis assures me solemnly. "I'm really sorry for her, because everyone is jumping on her about it. I think she felt worse about it than I did when I read it. She called me up as soon as she saw it with Roger and said she didn't care what people thought of her, but she didn't want me to think she wouldn't work with me and that she hoped when this mix-up was straightened out we could do a picture together."

Any other actor would have laughed about it and let me go thinking Priscilla's success was going to his head, but not Dennis. I guess that's one of the reasons everyone in Hollywood is pulling so hard for him.

**NEXT** we come to "The Man Who Talked Too Much." George Brent has been a very successful district attorney until he gets a conviction on a man who is electrocuted and then found to have been innocent. George says he would rather see a hundred guilty men go free than one innocent man killed, so he resigns and opens a law office of his own. Things aren't going so well until he meets Richard Barthelmess, historian of an underworld gang, who engages Brent as his mouthpiece.

Dick and his henchman (Alan Baxter) are in Brent's office, along with Brent's secretary (Virginia Bruce) when Priscilla Lane's kid brother (William Lundigan) comes in from winning his first case.

"Good boy, Johnny," George greets him. "I want you to meet a couple of friends of mine: R. B. Roscoe (Barthelmess) and Joe Garland (Baxter). Mr. Roscoe," Brent goes on to explain, "is a financial expert, and Joe runs a collection agency."

"You see, Johnny," Dick elaborates, "Joe didn't stay in college long enough to get his degrees—but we manage to keep the home fires burning."

It's good to see Dick working again. Here he is back on the same lot where he was once the brightest star of them all. Only now, instead of playing a juvenile with a twisted smile, he plays an underworld character with a twisted conscience.

"Hello," says a soft voice and I look around to find Virginia standing beside me.

"Hello," I rejoin. "How you doin'?"

She smiles wryly. "Here I am back in a 'who-dunit'."

"Ginny," I console her, "you just have to reconcile yourself to the fact that every picture can't be a 'Flight Angels'."

She laughs, because while "Flight Angels" is good entertainment, it is an unpretentious little program picture that affords her, personally, little opportunity to do anything except look beautiful. I think Virginia was satisfified just to decorate a picture and draw down a big salary.

Down in her heart, I believe she still hopes some day to find a part such as she told me about once years ago when, with my rare discernment, I wrote that she was better than seventy-five percent of the actresses on the screen and, at the time, she couldn't seem to get even a job in Hollywood.

**THE** last picture on this lot is "My Love Came Back," which stars Olivia de Havilland, with Charles Winninger, Jeffrey Lynn, Eddie Albert and Jane Wyman. Prominent among the stars is Priscilla Lane.

Today, they're making close-ups of Olivia playing a violin. When she got this part she thought she was to play either a painter or a sculptress, both of which
she can do very well. But they changed her to a violinist and she couldn't even play a scale if her life depended on it. The magic of her turn was focused on Libby with a bow in one hand, fiddling away for dear life—and that's what you'll see. But the hand that fingers the frets is not hers. They have a specially constructed violin with an elongated neck. The hand that caresses the frets belongs to another lady who is crouched down behind a screen and who is never seen at all!

"Gee!" I enthuse when they call "cut," "you sure pick up things quickly. Why, when I left town seven weeks ago no one even suspected you played. "The Beat,"" which stars Jane Withers. And here is Jane in a beautiful garden dressed in a long skirt with a train and a waist with leg-o'-mutton sleeves such as they wore at the turn of the century. And her hair in a pompadour! She is whimsically regarded by Ran Brooke who is seated on the edge of a lily pond, holding his head in his hands.

"I guess you don't feel like talkin', huh?" she guesses when her greeting elicited not a response from the camera girl. "I don't feel like doing anything," he admits.

"Cause you was drunk last night?" she guesses. "Pardly." "What else?" she insists. "Aw—I'm just no good," he tells her bitterly.

He gets to his feet, very youthful and sincere in his distress. As he walks slowly around the pond, Jane follows him balancing herself on the coping of the pool, like a tight-rope walker. "I wouldn't never say that about myself," she encourages him quickly. "First place, I wouldn't believe it and if I did believe it I wouldn't admit it. I think you're—all right—because if you was no good you'd think you was perfect. You see what I mean?"

Then the scene is finished and I'm shaking hands with Jane and her mother and feeling like Methuselah when I look at Jane, beautiful as a girl five years ago that she was in very short skirts and was only seven. And now her hair is done up in a pompadour. It doesn't make any difference that it's only for the picture. It's upsetting, that's what it is.

And it doesn't help matters when, in a very grown-up manner, she says cordially, "You must come out and see our home since we've finished the alterations. You remember the last time you were there we were just starting to knock out walls."

* * *

I THANK her profusely for the invitation and journey on. The next picture is "Public Deb No. 1," which has to do with Elsa Maxwell, George Murphy, Mischa Auer, Charles Ruggles, Ralph Bellamy and Brenda Joyce. The scene is Hollywood and the camera is focused on Libby with a bow in one hand, fiddling away for dear life—and that's what you'll see. But the hand that fingers the frets is not hers. They have a specially constructed violin with an elongated neck. The hand that caresses the frets belongs to another lady who is crouched down behind a screen and who is never seen at all!

"Gee!" I enthuse when they call "cut," "you sure pick up things quickly. Why, when I left town seven weeks ago no one even suspected you played. "The Beat,"" which stars Jane Withers. And here is Jane in a beautiful garden dressed in a long skirt with a train and a waist with leg-o'-mutton sleeves such as they wore at the turn of the century. And her hair in a pompadour! She is whimsically regarded by Ran Brooke who is seated on the edge of a lily pond, holding his head in his hands.

"I guess you don't feel like talkin', huh?" she guesses when her greeting elicited not a response from the camera girl. "I don't feel like doing anything," he admits.

"Cause you was drunk last night?" she guesses. "Pardly." "What else?" she insists. "Aw—I'm just no good," he tells her bitterly.

He gets to his feet, very youthful and sincere in his distress. As he walks slowly around the pond, Jane follows him balancing herself on the coping of the pool, like a tight-rope walker. "I wouldn't never say that about myself," she encourages him quickly. "First place, I wouldn't believe it and if I did believe it I wouldn't admit it. I think you're—all right—because if you was no good you'd think you was perfect. You see what I mean?"

Then the scene is finished and I'm shaking hands with Jane and her mother and feeling like Methuselah when I look at Jane, beautiful as a girl five years ago that she was in very short skirts and was only seven. And now her hair is done up in a pompadour. It doesn't make any difference that it's only for the picture. It's upsetting, that's what it is.

And it doesn't help matters when, in a very grown-up manner, she says cordially, "You must come out and see our home since we've finished the alterations. You remember the last time you were there we were just starting to knock out walls."

* * *

I THANK her profusely for the invitation and journey on. The next picture is "Public Deb No. 1," which has to do with Elsa Maxwell, George Murphy, Mischa Auer, Charles Ruggles, Ralph Bellamy and Brenda Joyce. The scene is Hollywood and the camera is focused on Libby with a bow in one hand, fiddling away for dear life—and that's what you'll see. But the hand that fingers the frets is not hers. They have a specially constructed violin with an elongated neck. The hand that caresses the frets belongs to another lady who is crouched down behind a screen and who is never seen at all!
Silver Screen for August 1940

Virtue Is Still Its Own Reward

[Continued from page 35]

Marco dancer Myrna Williams changed her name to Loy and became a south sea siren at the direct instance of Natasha Rambova, who was then Mrs. Rudolph Valentino, and thus a person of consequence in the movie colony. Miss Rambova was a mystic in the full sense of the word. She looked at life through a purplish haze of incense, and she was apparently of a mind that all women should be garbed in long, flowing white garments that swished as they ambled along. At least, so she consumed disciple Myrna Williams, and after changing the disciple’s name, Miss Rambova’s makeup men plucked Myrna’s eyebrows and stretched her eyes, so that to all intents and purposes she looked like a Chinese Hedy Lamarr.

Thereafter, Miss Loy engaged in more South Seas romantic skulduggery than Sadie Thompson in “Rain.” In fact, in any photo finish, Sadie would have finished a bad second. Miss Loy focused all of her malevolent charms on English re- mittee men, largely married plantation superintendents and any other males who happened to be cast adrift in the South Seas, and what she did was a caution. She loved ’em and left ’em and if she left a trail of broken hearts and disrupted hearths behind her, that was none of her affair.

Then, at the very peak of her seductive career, Miss Loy was struck down, not by the Hays office—not by indignant wives—but by the miracle of sound. To Myrna, sound proved exactly a miracle. Rather it was a body blow, because when talking pictures came in, she passed out. The reason was fairly simple; Myrna couldn’t invent dialects to go with her South Sea siren characterizations. It was one thing to be a Javanese Peggy Joyce in silent pictures, where she only had to LOOK like a Javanese Peggy Joyce. It was quite another thing to talk like a Javanese Peggy Joyce, and sound pictures insisted that characters had to talk. Myrna tried, a gibberish of pig-Latin, but it was no dice. Sound made the movies; it threatened to unmake Myrna. The half-caste charmer succumbed to progress. She was muted by sound, oddly, and studios were too busy installing sound equipment to catch up to the Warner Brothers to pay much attention to her.

It wasn’t until 1932 that M-G-M, seized with one of those sudden bursts of inspired thinking that make movie history—decided to take a chance and give Myrna a fat part in “Animal Kingdom.” That was the picture that really returned her to pictures, and since 1932, her star has been steadily in the ascendancy.

Then along came “Thin Man” and the partnership with William Powell that rocked the country in praise of a new comedy team. The erstwhile siren was here revealed as the perfect wife, and the characterization fitted like a glove. She looked the part, she acted the part—she WAS the perfect wife, a sophisticated sort of perfect wife with a grand sense of humor.

It’s an unusual finish for a siren, but Hollywood truth being stranger than fiction, there you are—or rather there she is, for the moment.

In the first national movie King and Queen poll conducted by the Chicago Tribune-News Syndicate, Miss Loy and Clark Gable won, and it devolved upon me to present the crowns to them on the Mutual News radio program. After the afternoon rehearsal of the radio show, they went out for coffee and while we waited for the boy to bring it back, I sat with Myrna on the stage of the El Capitol Theatre and talked about this and that. “This is astounding,” she said.

“Here we are, directly across the street from Grauman’s Chinese Theatre, where I used to dance for a living in a Fanchon and Marco unit. Now I’m going to be crowned Movie Queen of the world. It is absolutely unbelievable.”

In the forefront of the Grauman Chinese Theatre, when Myrna implanted her footprints, she scrawled a message; “To Sid Grauman—who gave me my first job.” The story of Myrna Loy, who started on Hollywood Boulevard thirteen years ago is surely one of the most exciting sagas of Santa Claus Lane, because the girl from Helena, Montana, who went to school with Gary Cooper, has accomplished what every other girl in the country dreams of accomplishing some day, some how.
DURA-GLOSS

Ship ahoy, mates—aye, captains too!—did you ever see such bewitchingly beautiful fingernails anywhere—on land or sea or in the air? A striking new beauty that you've never known—your own fingernails can have it with Dura-Gloss, the nail polish that has swept America because it's different, better! For Dura-Gloss goes on more evenly, keeps its gem-hard, glass-smooth lustre longer, resists chipping longer! Your fingernails—the most beautiful in the world! Go to any cosmetic counter today—no, it's not a dollar, as you might expect,—but 10 cents!—so buy—enjoy Dura-Gloss.

The New and Better Nail Polish by LORR

Choose your color by the Fingernail Cap

Look for the life-like fingernail bottle cap—colored with the actual polish! No guess-work: you get the color you want!

10¢

Lorr Laboratories
Paterson, N. J.
Founded by E. T. Reynolds
LUCKIES’ FINER TOBACCO MEANS LESS NICOTINE

Authoritative tests reveal that Luckies’ finer tobaccos contain less nicotine than any other leading brand!

Here’s the natural result of buying finer, selected cigarette tobacco for Lucky Strike. The average nicotine content of Luckies, for over two years, has been 12% less than the average of the four other leading brands*—less than any one of them.

This fact is proven by authoritative tests and confirmed, from time to time, by independent laboratories.

You see, each year we exhaustively analyze tobaccos before purchase. Thus our buyers can select the leaf that is rich and mellow, yet mild and low in nicotine content—then buy it up.

The result—a cigarette of finer, rich and mellow tobaccos with a naturally lower nicotine content. Have you tried a Lucky lately?

With men who know tobacco best—it’s LUCKIES 2 TO 1

*NICOTINE CONTENT OF LEADING BRANDS

From January 1938 through March 1940, Lucky Strike has had an average nicotine content of 2.02 parts per hundred—averaging 9.82% less nicotine content than Brand A; 21.09% less than Brand B; 15.48% less than Brand C; 3.81% less than Brand D.
Paulette Goddard

16 MORE PAGES!

MORE STORIES! MORE PICTURES! MORE FEATURES!
W FASHION DEPARTMENT! HOW TO PLAN YOUR FALL WARDROBE!
The End of the Chapter

The papers were signed... the decree granted... it was the end of the chapter for Jim and Marion. And so her wedding ring, in accordance with the Reno tradition, went spinning into the bleak little river below, as if to wipe out forever the whole sorry business of Jim's charges and her counter-charges. Incompatibility... what a harmless-sounding word to separate two people. As she watched the ring disappear, some of Jim's accusations kept creeping back into her troubled mind:... that the said Marion was quick-tempered and unreasonable... that the said Marion did willfully, and intentionally, humiliate the plaintiff before friends and business associates... that on numerous occasions the defendant Marion's breath was objectionable and offensive to a high degree.

Her breath! Why, she hadn't even thought about that when they were married. It didn't seem possible that such a commonplace could be so important a factor. Yet, come to think of it, the breath is one of the really intimate things of life.

Take Care, Mr. and Mrs. If you ever came face to face with a real case of halitosis* (bad breath), you can readily understand why it would be almost impossible to "live with." Even the law has been petitioned to recognize this condition in a bill for divorce filed in Cook County, Illinois.

If you're happily married and want to protect your happiness, don't neglect your breath. Keep it fresher, sweeter, and purer with Listerine Antiseptic, notable for its antiseptic and deodorizing effect.

Anyone May Offend. Some cases of halitosis are due to systemic conditions. But usually and fortunately, it is due, say some authorities, to the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Excessive smoking is also a contributing factor.

Before Meeting Others. Why not take the delightful precaution that so many fastidious people rely on? Why not get in the habit of using Listerine morning and night and between times before business and social engagements? This wonderful antiseptic and deodorant first freshens and invigorates the entire mouth, quickly halts fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Almost immediately the breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

This pleasant precaution takes only a minute or two, and you are more than repaid by the sense of security and well being it gives you when you are out to appear at your best. Put Listerine on your shopping list right now. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Don't let halitosis end the chapter for you... try LISTERINE.
It hurts to find another's name where you hoped to see your own!

Helen could win happiness — if she'd learn that Mum each day guards charm!

Another wedding invitation!

"So," thought Helen, "they will soon be married." Some other girl—no more attractive, no prettier—had won the man that Helen loved.

Yes—it happens! And it's so easy to blame circumstances for loneliness... so hard to admit that you may have been to blame. But a fault like underarm odor—a simple thing like forgetting Mum each day—can spoil even a pretty girl's charm!

Don't expect even a daily bath to keep you fresh all day! Bathing removes only past perspiration. Future odor must be prevented each day, if you want to be sure underarms are fresh. Mum after your bath prevents odor. Mum every day makes you certain you won't offend!

More women use Mum than any other deodorant. Mum is so easy to use... so dependable... that women find it a "must" for day-to-day charm!

Mum saves time! You're through in 30 seconds with Mum.

Mum saves clothes! Mum won't harm fabrics—the American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you that. Use Mum even after you've dressed. And after underarm shaving Mum won't irritate your skin.

Mum saves popularity! Mum makes underarm odor impossible—not by attempting to prevent the perspiration—but by neutralizing the odor. Today—get Mum at your druggist's. The daily Mum habit means that underarm odor can't spoil your charm! * * *

Sanitary napkins need Mum—More women use Mum for this purpose than any other deodorant. Mum is safe—easy to use—makes you sure you won't offend.

Popular girls make a daily habit of Mum

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration
DEAR ED:

What with the Hollywood Park racetrack (which isn't in Hollywood at all, but in Inglewood) being so beautiful and so convenient, and what with my having so little money, I suppose it was only natural that I should find myself out at the track trying my luck with the Sport of Kings. It would have been far better for me if I had contented myself with a parchesi board, which I guess can be called the sport of peasants, like me.

Anyway, it was all very gala with Marlene Dietrich wearing a most amazing hat. I saw a whole slate of movie stars, including Deanna Durbin and her boy friend, Vaughn Paul, and Mickey Rooney trying to hide behind an Oliver Hardy sort of guy. Mickey has been told by his Alma Mater studio that he is too young to go to tracks, and if Mr. Mayer catches him there he'll probably birch him good. Well, at least, I hear Mickey and Deanna no grudge, but the rest of those movie stars, well—

No, I can't exactly say that they actually gave me all those bad tips—I can't really accuse them of proclaiming a "Get Liza Day"—but anyway I'm a little mad about the whole thing. I'd just sort of slide up when they were making their bets and say, so very brightly, "What have you got in this race. Bing, old boy," etc., as after all who am I to know more about horses than Bing Crosby, George Raft, Don Ameche, Spencer Tracy, Fred Astaire, Virginia Bruce, Constance Bennett, and Marlene Dietrich? Well, all, I've got to say is that if they select their pictures the way they do their horses it's no wonder that Mr. Mayer, Mr. Zanuck, and Mr. Warner are constantly having to clamp down on them. Why they know from nothing.

BING CROSBY

Thanks to Puddin' in the fifth, Oreco in the sixth, Shantytown in the seventh, and Honey Car in the eighth I am now a sadder, but wiser, person. After I had lost ten bucks I got frantic and nearly went to pieces—and it was just at that moment, most fortunately, that my eye fell on a nag named Hysterical. That's for me. I said, "Hey, look, my friend, was my one winner of the day—no credit due the Messieurs Crosby, Raft, Ameche, Tracy and Astaire.

The Sport of Kings, eh, well you can give it right back to the Kings.

Lesta

THE LETTER FROM LIZA

REFLECTING THE MAGIC OF HOLLYWOOD

SEPTEMBER, 1940

VOLUME TEN

NUMBER ELEVEN

SILVER SCREEN

Editor

Lester C. Grady

Western Editor

Elizabeth Wilson

Gene Lester

Staff Photographer

Frank J. Carroll

Art Director

CONTENTS

STORIES AND ARTICLES

Page

CLAUDETTE'S LIKE THAT............ Elizabeth Wilson

"A MAN DOESN'T TALK ABOUT THAT SORT OF THING" ............ Gladys Hall

THE PROBLEM OF SHARING A HUSBAND!........... Mary Jane Manners

HOLLYWOOD'S MOST AMAZING LOVE STORY.......... Ed Sullivan

MAGIC "Boom" .......... Frances Langford

"Away She Goes" .......... William Lynch

"MRS. MCGINTY" .......... Deanna Durbin

THE MAN WHO PLAYS ROCKNE........... James Reid

NO WORK AND ALL PAY........... Leslie Lewis

THE PRIVATE LIVES OF THE DON AMECHES........... Ben Madison

SMALL TOWN BOY............. Elizabeth Bennett

Hollywood was dangerous for Bob, who couldn't tell true love from false

SPECIAL FEATURES

"HERE'S MUD IN YOUR EYE!"........... 16

"The wettest mud-hole sequence between Tracy and Gable in "Boom Town!"

"SCOOP! GEORGE BRENT'S DESERT HIDEAWAY!"........... 16

Exclusive pictures of his hidden ranch in the Mojave Desert

JEAN PUTS GLAMOUR ASIDE........... 16

Only a girl with the natural beauty of Jean Arthur could undertake the role of Phoebe Truett in "Arizona"

MONTHLY FEATURES

THE OPENING CHORUS..................... 4

HOLLYWOOD EARFULS..................... 6

TIPS ON PICTURES..................... 8

CHECKING ON THEIR COMMENTS........... 12

TOPICS FOR GOSSIP..................... 19

WE POINT WITH PRIDE..................... 50

School for Smartness.................... 51

So You Want a Job?..................... 64

REVIEWS..................... 68

Pictures on the Fire.................... 70

ART GALLERY

IDA LUPINO..................... 28

VIRGINIA GREER..................... 29

JUNE DUPEZ..................... 30

JOHN HOWARD..................... 31

ROBERT CUMMINGS..................... 32

GINGER ROGERS AND RONALD COLMAN..................... 33

COVER PORTRAIT OF PAULETTE GODDARD BY MARLAND STONE

Y. G. Helmuthius, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher. D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer.

SILVER SCREEN. Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc., at 45 West 42nd Street, New York, New York. Subscription offices: 47 West 42nd St., New York; 543 North Michigan Ave., Chicago; 500 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention. Silver Screen assumes no responsibility for their safety. Yearly subscriptions: $5.00 in the United States, its possessions, Canada; $5.50 in Canada; foreign $5.00. Changes of address must be in writing 10 days in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new addresses. Earlier issues at second class matter, September 28, 1938, at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois. Copyright 1940 by Screenland Magazine, Inc. Printed in the U. S. A.

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

4
They're all in one picture and it's a sensation!

CLARK GABLE
SPENCER TRACY
CLAUDETTE COLBERT
HEDY LAMARR

in
BOOM TOWN

Screen Play by John Lee Mahin • Based on a Story by James Edward Grant • Directed by JACK CONWAY • Produced by Sam Zimbalist • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
Hollywood Earfuls

The most amusing of the current whisperings concerning the activities of the screen stars while at work and at play...

Left: Dolores Del Rio with Orson Welles to whom she gave a silver slave bracelet which he had soldered to his wrist. Right: Gary Cooper enjoying his conversation with Ann Dvorak at the new Pirates’ Den. His wife and her hubby were in the party.

A NOTHER romance reported to be getting cooler by the minute is that of Norma Shearer and George Raft. Seems that Georgie, in his sincere enthusiasm for Norma, talked too much to the reporters and interviewers—and Norma didn’t like.

The George Brent-Ann Sheridan is a very sensible fifty-fifty give and take romance. George goes dancing with Ann, though he was never one for night clubs, and Ann goes sailing with George, though she was never one for boats.

When a local newspaper printed that Dolores Del Rio would announce her engagement to Orson Welles at a Ciro’s party Dolores was much upset. She can’t very well announce her engagement to Mr. Welles, when she hasn’t even announced her divorce from Mr. Gibbons.

Happy—though married Clark Gable keeps Carole Lombard’s dressing room filled with red roses. And Gene Raymond keeps Jeanette MacDonald well supplied with pink roses, pink being Jeanette’s favorite color.

Margaret Lindsay is a gal who’s proud of her prowess in sports. When boy friend William Lundigan suggested recently that they take up riding, Margaret hedged, saying she’d like to put it off until the following week. Truth is, Margaret’s

[Continued on page 10]
PARAMOUNT PRESENTS
THE SHOW IMMENSE . . .

Captain Crosby and his Colossal Crew
of Comely Ladies and Comic Lads in a
Streamlined Musical Entertainment featuring
Seven (count 'em, folks) Hit Tunes to make September
a Month you'll Remember!

"RHYTHM ON THE RIVER"

BING CROSBY • MARY MARTIN • BASIL RATHBONE

Oscar Levant • Lillian Cornell • Oscar Shaw • Charley Grapewin
Jean Cagney • William Frawley • John Scott Trotter

Directed by Victor Schertzinger • Screen Play by Dwight Taylor • Based
on a story by Billy Wilder and Jacques Thery • A Paramount Picture

"Ain't It A Shame About Mamie"
"What Would Shakespeare Have Said" "I Don't Want to Cry Any More"

LILIAN (Wow, Is She Swell) CORNELL

"When the Moon Comes Over Madison Square" (or "The Love Lament of a Western Gent")

"That's For Me" "Only Forever"

for September 1940
Tips on Pictures

ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO (Warner)—It is interesting to recall "We Are Not Alone," with Paul Muni and Jane Bryan, one of the finest pictures Warners ever made. Yet it was by no means a box-office sensation. Oddly enough, "All This, And Heaven Too" is basically the same story with the same sort of principal characters. But thanks to the popularity of Bette Davis and Charles Boyer, its co-stars, it definitely will make box-office history.

ANNE OF WINDY POPLARS (RKO)—Audiences are apt to find this film too overly quaint and old-fashioned for satisfactory entertainment. Despite a gifted performance by Anne Shirley in the title role and an equally accomplished job by James Ellison in the male lead, this story of the young school teacher, who comes to a community where at first she's not wanted, remains uninteresting.

BROther ORCHID (Warner)—Edward G. Robinson in a hits-the-spot gangster yarn. He turns over his protection racket to Humphrey Bogart to live a life of luxury. He soon goes broke, comes back, but when he tries to regain his power, Bogart lets him have it. He finds a hideout in a monastery and reforms, but not before smashing Bogart's gang for interfering with the sale of the monastery's flowers. Ann Sothern, as his dizzy jilted girl friend, is a scream.

CROSS-COUNTRY ROMANCE (RKO)—Notable because it marks the return of Gene Raymond to the screen. He's a young doctor, driving across the country, and Wendy Barrie, as a rather screwy runaway heiress, slows away in his trailer. Just the sort of light entertainment for a summer's evening.

EARTHBOUND (20th Century-Fox)—Supernatural stories always are hazardous screen vehicles since it's so easy for them to go silly. This example, which has to do with a dead man being haunted by the living, just manages to squeeze by. Warner Baxter is the unfortunate who must stay unseen on earth, even though dead, until he rights several wrongs of which he's been guilty. Included in the cast are Andrea Leeds, Lynn Bari, Charles Grapewin and Harry Wilcoxon.

FOUR SONS (20th Century-Fox)—A forceful, timely re-make of the silent film [Continued on page 15].


"Lucky Cisco Kid" has the dashing Cesar Romero in the title role. The lassie with him is Mary Beth Hughes. Also in the cast is Evelyn Venable.
Errol Flynn in the thrill-swept story of 'The Robin Hood of the Seas'

The Sea Hawk

A New Warner Bros. Success
With More than a Thousand Players, including
Brenda Marshall
Claude Rains
Donald Crisp • Flora Robson
Alan Hale
Directed by Michael Curtiz
Screenplay by Howard Koch and Seton I. Miller
Music by Erich Wolfgang Korngold
A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

Your theatre manager will tell you gladly the date of this engagement •
Hollywood Earfuls

[Continued from page 6]

horsemanship isn't so hot, and knowing Bill to be a damned good rider she wanted a little time to brush up without admitting her shortcomings. On some pretext or another, she ducked up to Santa Barbara to visit a friend who is a marvelous horsewoman, and started her campaign. In her most dignified manner she asked for an English saddle (which she had never used before), and went for a long ride that lasted three hours. Result was that she was sore and stiff that she couldn't move for the rest of her visit. Riding is now a taboo subject between Bill and Margaret these days.

June was anniversary month for Jeanette MacDonald. She celebrated her third wedding anniversary with Gene Raymond on the 16th, and her birthday on the 18th. M-G-M celebrated Jeanette's birthday by starting production of her next picture, that famous musical "BitterSweet."

Doubt not that the great Garbo has a sense of humor. At a dinner party not long ago she was served black-eyed peas which had been cooked with hot Mexican peppers. She noticed that everyone was drinking tall glasses of beer. "I know the only reason you eat this hot food is an excuse to drink beer," commented Miss Garbo.

And from Dorothy Manners we lifted the following:

Erich Maria Remarque is taking dancing lessons twice daily from Eleanore Walsh, and while he is a persistent pupil his heart doesn't seem to be in it. So Miss Walsh asked him:

"If you don't like to dance, Mr. Remarque, why are you trying so hard?"

"It's the photographers," sighed the author of "All Quiet on the Western Front." "I've been photographed twice dancing with Miss Marlene Dietrich and the effect is that she is going her way and I am going mine!"

At the party given by the Edward G. Robinsons to aid the American Red Cross a kiss from Marlene Dietrich was auctioned off by Master-of-Ceremonies Harry Crocker. Marlene's escorts, Erich Maria Remarque and Joe Von Sternberg, bid against each other until they had raised the bid to $1000. A Mr. Bill Palmer, a visitor from the East, said $1025, and got Marlene's lipstick on his lips.

The most amusing Shirley Temple story of the month is the one about the little girl who goes to school with Shirley and who told her mother, "Shirley isn't going to work in pictures any more until she starts her farewell tour when she's thirteen or fourteen."

The busiest man in Hollywood these days is Dick Powell. Besides working on his Paramount picture, and his radio broadcast, he dashes off every Saturday night to spend Sunday with Joan Blondell who is on tour with the Al Woods' play "Goodbye to Love."

Guy Kibbee fans are furious because RKO did not give him the lead in the Scattergood Baines series. Guy was kind of hurt himself, but he was appeased when he received a wire from New York asking him to play the lead in a "Scattergood" play which the author, Clarence Buddington Kelland, and stage producer, Arthur Hopkins, are working on.

Every day before going to lunch Bette Davis receives a gardensia on "The Letter" set. There is no card with it, and the company speaks of it as the mystery gardensia. But everybody knows that it comes from Bette's newest boy friend, Robert Tuplinger.

When Greg Bautzer (he who used to go steady with Lana Turner) returned from New York recently Dottie Lamour was right there at the airport to meet him. Furthermore, she accompanied him to the Hollywood Bar Association meeting and pepped up legal matters considerably by giving out with a few songs. Dottie usually gets paid well when she sings, but she did her best numbers free, all for Greg. It must be love.

Jean Arthur wants her next screen wedding to be indoors. When, in a lavish outdoor ceremony, she married William Holden in "Arizona" recently the temperature was 130 on the big set in Tucson. You can't look romantic in that heat.

Virginia Bruce and her husband, J. Walter Ruben, were most chagrined when their favorite race horse, Big Ed, who had practically eaten them out of house and home in feed bills, was claimed in a claiming race at Hollywood Park—and immediately started out to break track records for his new owner. They were so disgusted at such ingratitude, in fact, that they've decided to sell all their horses, just retaining one mare and Big Ed's brother, which they will breed. They are in the process of building additional corrals, and a workout track on their new farm to take care of the situation.

Another horse that got claimed in a claiming race at Hollywood Park is Bing Crosby's Olympio. And Bing is wondering how he can break the sad news to his kids. Olympio didn't go in for breaking any track records, but he was the most lovely horse of the Binglins Stables and the favorite of the Crosby kids who fed him carrots by the hour.

If Joel McCrea ever lived in a boarding house he'd have a terrific advantage over the rest of the diners. His shirt sleeve length is thirty-eight and a half, compared to the average man's thirty-four inches.

Socialite Julie Brown Colt, of Washington, D. C., and Cary Grant pass judgment on a caricature of Cary done by Zel as they dined at the Brown Derby.

Robert Young and Lynn Carver going over their lines between scenes of "One Came Home," horse racing yarn.
The Bride Is Dizzy...
The Bridegroom's Busy

So Ronald's Finch-Hitting On Their Honeymoon

It's sensational—it's screwy—it's a scream—this story of a substitute bridegroom and the part-time bride he won on a sweepstake ticket. Not since "My Favorite Wife" have there been such laughs for sale at the movies. Come on . . . have fun!

Ronald Colman • Ginger Rogers

"LUCKY PARTNERS"

With SPRING BYINGTON • JACK CARSON • Cecilia Loftus • Billy Gilbert • Hugh O'Connell
HARRY EDINGTON, Executive Producer • Produced by GEORGE HIGHT • Directed by LEWIS MILESTONE • RKO Radio Picture

Screen Play by Allen Scott Adapted from the story "Bonne Chance" by Sacha Guitry

for September 1940
Checking On Their Comments

By Frederick James Smith

JOHN BARRYMORE is playing himself, or somebody suspiciously like John Barrymore, in "The Great Profile." John has a sense of humor or he wouldn't tackle the job. Moreover, the enjoyment he has been getting out of occupying Shirley Temple's former dressing room-bungalow on the 20th Century-Fox lot is a further proof of the Barrymore s. of h. John was as happy as a lark when he told me—

"At last! After long years of waiting—waiting while the hair above my temples grew grey and I grew haggard with the delay—I'm finally getting a chance to play my own imitation of John Barrymore.

"Just for the purpose of keeping the record straight, the script is not at all autobiographical. It's a sort of composite picture of all the ham actors of all time—with a slight—oh, ever so slight—tongue in the cheek emphasis on myself.

"Just between us, that slight emphasis on myself is what has me a bit worried. What will Fredric March and Adolphe Menjou think? Both gave such superb imitations of me, that I wonder how they will accept my, shall I say, homey or folksy version? Waiting the fateful day, however, I might warn Freddie in particular that his conscience is none too clear. When I went backstage after his performance of 'The Royal Family,' March threw up his hands in defense the moment he saw my face. I also know a couple of things about Adolphe that I've been holding back just for this occasion.

"Seriously, though, I appreciated the performances of March and Menjou a lot. They both had me down to a 'T'—or should I say, down to the hinge in my knees? But, while it's said that imitation is a sincere form of flattery, I wonder if I can do the original justice!"

Perish the worry, John. You'll do the original justice. You've been doing John Barrymore justice—and injustice—for years. You've been great, as with your stage "Hamlet" and your film "Bill of Divorcement." I won't go into the other side. Here you will run the gamut, ham to heroic. You can do it with ease.

BETTE DAVIS wants to get away from it all. In brief, she wants to do a comedy. Can you blame her when you hear the pathos of her comment to me? Let me quote Bette:

"I've gone crazy several times. I've been murdered, I've been tortured, I've lost my eyesight, I've been clapped in jail from 'Bordertown' to 'All This, and Heaven Too.' In 'Elizabeth and Essex' I was a queen, a good beginning, but in the end I had to lop off Errol Flynn's head. And, when I was an empress in 'Juarez' I lost both my handsome husband and my wits.

"So I really would like to do a comedy. This ambition reverses the usual dramatic impulse, I suppose. Comedians always want to do "Hamlet." Laugh-clown laugh years to strut his brief moment upon some tragic stage. Well, I think I understand the frustrated ambitions of the clowns, for there is a great kinship between tragedy and comedy, after all. Sometimes there is scarcely any difference.

Bette Davis, pictured here attending at a preview party for "All This, and Heaven Too," with boy friend, Bob Taplinger, remarks, "Some day I want to do a real comedy. I honestly think I could be very, very funny." Do you think so too?

In giving interviews, the stars don't always mean precisely what they say. So let's read between-the-lines and see what they really mean.
The Sun now demands that you change your

**POWDER!**

Yes, you need a new shade to match your Summer Complexion!

**says Lady Esther**

Are you making the most of the lovely new complexion that Nature and the Sun have given you? Or are you using your old winter shade of powder and risking the chance of looking older than you are?

For today, you have a new summer complexion that demands a new shade of powder—one that will bring out all the richer, younger-looking tones of your skin!

Yes, right now the **SHADE** of your powder can be of tremendous importance. But... the **QUALITY** of your powder can count even more!

For in summer, you need a **grit-free** powder that helps hide tiny wrinkles—a powder that will cling to your skin for **4** long hours! Why, you can put my powder on say after dinner at **8**...and at midnight it will still be bringing you compliments!

Lady Esther asks—Won't you please try my powder? I offer you 10 glorious new summer shades. Mail the coupon—find the one and only shade for your summer skin!

—Lady Esther, 765 West 66th St., Chicago, Ill.

**FREE** Please send me postpaid your 10 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.)

for September 1940

"Some day I want to do a real comedy. I honestly think I could be very, very funny. Perhaps, as a soubrette in a light-hearted music-comedy. But it would have to be one in which very little singing ability was required. I want to be comic—but not too funny."

"Calamity Jane," my next picture, is hardly a comedy, though, unless it's funny to see a girl in pants shooting from the hip. That'll be me, who's so afraid of guns that I always hide in a closet with Tibbie, my Scottie, on the Fourth of July. But there'll be plenty of lusty Western humor in 'Calamity' and I'll be glad of it.

"Every time I feel myself thinking I am a little bit important, one thought of the old days quickly squelches me," admits Anne Shirley.

Says John Barrymore, now engaged in making "The Great Profile," for 20th Century-Fox, "What will Fredric March and Adolphe Menjou think? Both gave such superb imitations of me I wonder how they will accept me, shall I say, homely or folksy version?"
I'm for an actress who doesn't take her art too seriously. Bette has a swell sense of humor, she hasn't lost her perspective in observing herself. I think she's the best actress on the screen. Probably it's because of that very sanity. So give me Bette in comedy pants, shooting from the hip. My charms are impatiently waiting.

ALLA NAZIMOVA is playing with Norma Shearer in Ethel Vance's "Escape." The Russian actress has long been absent from the screen, so her comments upon the Hollywood of today have real interest. Says Alla—

"I am frankly amazed by the progress Hollywood has made in every department. This is a much better, a far more efficient Hollywood than the one I knew twenty years ago. Any comparison is unfavorable to the past. The studio of the silent days lacked organization. If something went wrong, there was no one to take responsibility. Time was of no great importance.

When difficulties arose, you just sat around and waited until the tangles had been straightened out, which often took hours. The motion picture industry today is fortunate. Acting on the screen has improved, because the actor has nothing to think about but his performance. There are wardrobe girls, make-up people and hairdressers to see that you are ready to play a scene at the exact moment it is scheduled.

"In 1920 we had none of these helpful associates; we tried to do too much. Like myself, most of us were writing, directing and even cutting pictures as well as acting before the camera. And these things in addition to putting on our own make-up, fixing our hair and selecting our costumes. In the old days, we of the theatre were outraged by the inefficiency of the motion picture business. Now everyone has a definite job and it is done well."

Maybe, Alla, but somehow I have a lingering doubt. Out of all this efficiency come mechanized units of drama, but frequently the spontaneity and the spark of the old time movie is lacking. I, for one, haven't forgotten your first picture, "War Brides." It was a startling, electric sermon against war and it emerged from that old time jumble of ineffectiveness. Modern movie making is smooth, geared, expertly detailed. It needs a few erratic geniuses to override production schedules. Which sounds as if I were paging Mr. Chaplin.

A NNE SHIRLEY is on the brink of a great experience. Here is a girl who has grown up in pictures, to whom the films have been a magic carpet. Today she has everything, most of all personal happiness. How does it all feel? Here is what she says:

"It's all hard to believe. I have to pinch myself to make sure everything is real. When I look back eighteen years, when my name was Dawn O'Day, I was actually scared stiff of Hollywood. I was only three years old. My mother and I used to make the rounds of all the studios with very little success. When my big chance came,

I was still afraid. Every time I feel myself I am a little bit important, one thought of the old days quickly squashes me. I often wonder if I really am Anne Shirley.

Hollywood has not proven a cold, forbidding place to me. Maybe I have been fortunate enough to see only the good side. I hope to be able to spend the rest of my days in this town which I feel is responsible for my entire happiness. I met Hollywood, my Payne, my husband. I still think that Hollywood has done more for me than I can ever do for Hollywood. Still, having my name in lights, my picture career, those things are not so important to me at this moment. The reason being, if you don't already know, I'm expecting a baby sometime in July."

It's nice to know Hollywood isn't a big, cruel, impersonal town, at least to some. Pleasant to know it can be kind and generous. As I write this, Anne Shirley must be happy. Our congratulations await the Blessed Event. But, please, Anne Shirley, no more things like "The Petrifed Forest" in Hollywood to duplicate the role in the films. Says Bogart, in character:

"Get me right, boys, it ain't that I'm turnin' soft. Nothin' like that. It's just that I'm beginnin' to think there jus' ain't no future in the rackets."

"It's all okey for a kid, I guess. But I been puttin' guys on the spot for years now. I been double-crossin' dames, even me own mudder, if y' wanna know. I been dishin' it out and I been takin' it. I been kicked down four flights of stairs, slapped in the kisser and this carcass has stopped so many slugs I lost count.

"It's beginnin' to wear on me. I'm gettin' bored by the whole layout. I wanna go straight. Dis job I'm doin' now in They Drive By Night! convinces me I'm on the right track. I'm a nice guy in this thing. I hardly know how to act—and no cracks, buddy—it's all different, get me? This time I'm a right guy, see? Me for that. I wanna get out the rackets."

To that I say, be satisfied, buddy. You're lucky to be typed, lucky to be in the money. I doubt if the public would want you as a kindly, well meaning gent. Hollywood has too many colorless lads playing who some people say is the light sort of thing. You can give a nice, healthy tang to wrong-doing, you put a happy gusto into your killing. In brief, you probably represent a whole lot of folks' suppressed desires.

Keep your bat, Bogart, and forget the homely virtues.

Be sure to turn to page 51 for School For Smartness
Silver Screen's New and Enlarged Fashion Department

Silver Screen
of the same name, but with the present war as a background. It takes place in Czechoslovakia with Eugenie Leontovich as the mother of the four sons, Don Ameche, Alan Curtis, George Ernest and Robert Lowery. Without the last bit of bloody battle scenes, it shows the horror and sorrow wrought by Hitler's hordes. Don't miss it.

ISLAND OF DOOMED MEN (Columbian) — The idea of this film evidently was to give the audience chills and thrills in big doses. To make sure, Peter Lorre was cast in the principal role as an insane man who owns an island, captures men and brings them there as slaves to mine diamonds. But even with sinister Peter around the chills and thrills peter out.

LOVE, HONOR AND OH-BABY (Universal) — A fast-moving ribbing of gangsters who are a living murdering people. Dejected Donald Woods arranges to have himself murdered so his sister can collect his insurance. Whereupon he meets the only girl in the world for him and from there on the fun really begins. Katharine Cornell and Wallace Ford, as a newspaper reporter, manages to be the best performer in the picture.

LUCKY CISCO KID (20th Century-Fox) — Cesar Romero furnishes another effective portrayal of the Mexican Lone Ranger. Chris-Pin Martin, as his shadow, also continues to delight, despite a wearisome plot about a widow and a mortgage. Evelyn Venable is the lovely widow. Mary Beth Hughes is an eyeful as a dance hall queen.

MANHATTAN HEARTBEAT (20th Century-Fox) — When originally presented this was called "Bad Girl," and starred Lynn Bari and Sally Eilers. Now it has two promising newcomers in the lead roles, Robert Sterling and Virginia Gilmore, who turn in first rate performances as the woman-hater and the girl who ultimately marries. Joan Davis takes an extremely good care of the comic situations. It's still a graphic story of young married life.

MILLIONAIRES IN PRISON (RKO) — Five millionaires suddenly find themselves behind prison bars. Of the five, only one deserves sympathy. He's a doctor who got plastered and smacked into a pedi-

MAN ON THE MARCH (20th Century-Fox) — A lonely woman falls in love with a man who is engaged to another. The star is a repeated favorite, while Eurith Mathews is fine as a supporting player.

MY LOVE CAME BACK (Warner) — It's nice having Olivia de Havilland back with us again, especially in a frothy, smartly directed comedy in which she appears as a serious student of the violin. Charles Winninger, as her elderly, but romantic benefactor, is responsible for getting things revolving in a messy whirl, but Jefferson Lynn succeeds in straightening them out. Eddie Albert and Jane Wyman have important roles.

NEW MOON (M-G-M) — An elaborately produced musical co-starring Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. It's remarkably refreshing in these dull and gloomy times. Both MacDonald and Nelson wrangle the familiar Romberg tunes with ease and effectiveness. The setting is New Orleans, during French Colonial days, which makes possible some lavish pag-

PHANTOM RAIDERS (M-G-M) — Nick Carter, in the person of handsome Walter Pidgeon, goes a sleuthing again and quite entertainingly, too. This time he puts an end to a group of insurance thieves in Panama who've been mysteriously blowing up ships with fake cargo and then collecting. Donald Meek, Joseph Schildkraut, Florence Rice and Steffi Duna are also a part of the activities.

POP ALWAYS PAYS (RKO) — The first of a series of comedies starring Leon Errol, it gets them off to a fast and hilarious start. Leon is ably and comically aided by Walter Catlett, Marjorie Gateson, Tom Kennedy, Dennis O'Keefe and Adele Pearce. The script is nothing more than a series of gags, but even the worst of them is good for a chuckle, because of the expert direction.

PRIVATE AFFAIRS (Universal) — A highly pleasing comedy about an unbending Bostonian grandfather who stands in the way of his granddaughter's happy marriage and his own son's making a sizeable fortune. All, of course, ends happily with Roland Young, Montagu Love, Nancy Kelly, Bob Cummings and Hugh Herbert carrying out their chores commendably.

QUEEN OF THE MOB (Paramount) — It's as melodramatic as its title infers with Blanche Yurka well chosen for the role of the Queen. It's factual stuff from J. Edgar Hoover's "Persons in Hiding," and thrillingly relates the story of "Ma" Barker and her three notorious sons. Ralph Bellamy and Jack Carson are the G-Men who eventually bring the Queen and her sons to justice.

SAFARI (Paramount) — True, the story is about a hunting expedition into an African jungle, but it's done in a modern manner with no attacks from wild can-

SAVAGE (M-G-M) — You'll see a new Joan Crawford in this screen version of the well known stage hit. As a once-sophisticated leader of society, who becomes engulled in a phony religious

Tips on Pictures

[Continued from page 8]

NEW MOON (M-G-M) — An elaborately produced musical co-starring Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. It's remarkably refreshing in these dull and gloomy times. Both MacDonald and Nelson wrangle the familiar Romberg tunes with ease and effectiveness. The setting is New Orleans, during French Colonial days, which makes possible some lavish pagentary. Mary Boland, H. B. Warner, Grani Mitchell, and John Miljan are especially enjoyable in supporting roles.

PHANTOM RAIDERS (M-G-M) — Nick Carter, in the person of handsome Walter Pidgeon, goes a sleuthing again and quite entertainingly, too. This time he puts an end to a group of insurance thieves in Panama who've been mysteriously blowing up ships with fake cargo and then selecting. Donald Meek, Joseph Schildkraut, Florence Rice and Steffi Duna are also a part of the activities.

POP ALWAYS PAYS (RKO) — The first of a series of comedies starring Leon Errol, it gets them off to a fast and hilarious start. Leon is ably and comically aided by Walter Catlett, Marjorie Gateson, Tom Kennedy, Dennis O'Keefe and Adele Pearce. The script is nothing more than a series of gags, but even the worst of them is good for a chuckle, because of the expert direction.

PRIVATE AFFAIRS (Universal) — A highly pleasing comedy about an unbending Bostonian grandfather who stands in the way of his granddaughter's happy marriage and his own son's making a sizeable fortune. All, of course, ends happily with Roland Young, Montagu Love, Nancy Kelly, Bob Cummings and Hugh Herbert carrying out their chores commendably.

QUEEN OF THE MOB (Paramount) — It's as melodramatic as its title infers with Blanche Yurka well chosen for the role of the Queen. It's factual stuff from J. Edgar Hoover's "Persons in Hiding," and thrillingly relates the story of "Ma" Barker and her three notorious sons. Ralph Bellamy and Jack Carson are the G-Men who eventually bring the Queen and her sons to justice.

SAFARI (Paramount) — True, the story is about a hunting expedition into an African jungle, but it's done in a modern manner with no attacks from wild can-

SAVAGE (M-G-M) — You'll see a new Joan Crawford in this screen version of the well known stage hit. As a once-sophisticated leader of society, who becomes engulled in a phony religious
BEING a movie star does have its unpleasant moments, too. For example, in "Boom Town," Spencer Tracy and Clark Gable do a sequence in which they meet on a wooden plank stretched over a mud-hole. Each tries to make the other get out of the way. In the course of this scuffling, someone starts shooting down the street and both, for safety's sake, dive headlong into the mud. Coming up first, Clark good-naturedly tries to shake hands with Spencer who says, "Aw nuts!" and walks away. Mud-holes are nothing new to Clark. He did a nosedive into one in "Too Hot To Handle." Remember? After the sequence was shot the boys went back to their dressing rooms to get out of their messy clothes. When they had cleaned up and gotten into dry clothes, Director Jack Conway summoned them and announced he wasn't satisfied with the "take" and they'd have to do it all over!
movement, Joan gives a performance that only a great actress, such as she has become, would be capable of. Margaret Sullivan, James Stewart, Robert Young, Maria Ouspensksy, Irene Rich and Bonita Granville all help immersely to make it an outstanding production.

THE MORTAL STORM (M.G.M.)—No punches have been pulled in filming this indictment of Hitler's intolerance. Frank Morgan as an eminent scientist, Professor Roth, gives the most compelling performance of his career. Margaret Sullivan, James Stewart, Robert Young, Maria Ouspensksy, Irene Rich and Bonita Granville all help immersely to make it an outstanding production.

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS (RKO)—This will remind you tremendously of "Goodbye Mr. Chips," although basically it's quite different. It takes place at Rugby in England where Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as the headmaster, has difficulty no end inaugurating and carrying out the "honor system." But he finally succeeds Jimmy Lydon, Freddie Bartholomew, Billy Halop, and Josephine Hutchinson are particularly praiseworthy.

UNTAMED (Paramount)—Years ago Clark Bow made this saga of the north woods and they called it "Mantrap." The modern version, with Patricia Morison in the same role Clara had, and Ray Milland and Akin Tamiroff in the male leads, is considerably better entertainment, thanks chiefly to a terrific blizzard sequence which is the best yet filmed.

WOMEN IN WAR (Republic)—Another attack against war is this vivid tale of war nurses in which Elsie Janis returns to the screen. Wendy Barrie and Patric Knowles, as an aviator, supply the romantic interest. The most exciting part of the film is when the nursing unit trucks are caught in a barrage. Mae Clarke also returns to the screen in this picture.

YOU'RE NOT SO TOUGH (Universal)—The Dead End Kids, headed by Billy Halop, learn of an Italian woman, owner of a fruit farm, who keeps yearning for the return of her son, lost as an infant fifteen years ago. Billy leads her to believe he is the long lost son. But, instead of walking off with the loot as planned, the Kids stay on and become heroes when the Fruit Growers Association makes trouble for the woman. It's one of the best for the Dead End Kids.
"Jesse James was shot in the back! If the law won't take care of his murderers, I will—or my name's not Frank James!"

THE SPECTACULAR CLIMAX TO THE DARING EXPLOITS OF THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS OUTLAWS!

HENRY FONDA

in

THE RETURN OF

FRANK JAMES

with

GENE TIERNEY • JACKIE COOPER • HENRY HULL

John Carradine • J. Edward Bromberg
Donald Meek • Eddie Collins • George Barbier

Produced by Darryl F. Zanuck
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan
Directed by Fritz Lang
Original Screen Play by Sam Hellman
A 20th Century-Fox Picture

MORE EXCITING AND COLORFUL THAN THE UNFORGETTABLE "JESSE JAMES"!
Ann Sothern, whose movie comeback has been sensational because of her "Maisie" series, gabs with Director Edwin Marin on the "Gold Rush Maisie" set.

Left: Man-about-town Edgar Bergen with June Duprez, star of "Thief of Bagdad." Right: Rudy Vallee, imprisoned with Dotie Lamour at his Pirates' Den.

Directors Sam Wood (right) and Writer Frank Ryan listen as Fred MacMurray rehearses his lines for a scene in "Rangers of Fortune," his latest film.

Silver Screen

Topics for Gossip

It isn't true that Barbara Stanwyck doesn't like Bob Taylor's mustache. She has taken all his old pictures out of their frames and put in new ones with the mustachio. She's also insisting that he sit for an oil portrait with the upperlip adornment.

The most censored person in Hollywood these past few weeks has been Charles Boyer, because he attended the very gala and swank premiere of "All This, And Heaven Too" on the night that Paris was forced to surrender.

Tragic and little known fact has now come to light that Nedda Harrigan (Mrs. Walter Connolly) and the late Walter Connolly were to have done their first New York play together, which plans were being made just prior to his death. Strangely enough, the title of the play was "At Evening."

The flashiest dresser in Hollywood right now is Paul Whiteman. He even makes Jack Warner's sports coats look conservative. Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland follow "Mr. P.W." around the "Strike Up the Band" set like a couple of adoring fans, which they are. By the way, Judy has to take off her shoes now when she does scenes with Mickey—she's getting so much taller than he is. To Metro's annoyance, Mickey just won't grow.

Pity the poor Hollywood Glamour Girls. There weren't enough eligible men to go around before, but now with Europe at war it's even worse. All the heiresses and society dames who used to lounge around
All the very latest Hollywood news and gossip, candidly presented for you in print and in pictures

The Lido and the Riviera picking up titles are now descending upon the movie capital and casting eyes' at the actors. All the home talent, who had hopes of landing the very eligible Cary Grant, sort of got discouraged when Barbara Hutton arrived in town and took over Mr. Grant completely.

Ladies were barred from "The Great Profile" set one day recently when John Barrymore had to do a scene in his underwear. The most indignant lady who was barred was Elaine Barrie.

Victor McLaglen has a cook on his ranch in Fresno who's marvelous at anything in cooking except pies. And Victor loves pies. But for the life of him the chef can't bake a pie correctly. Vic thought it was pretty silly, so gave the fellow strict orders. "You bake a pie every day until you bake one right," he said. "As soon as you can sit down and relish a piece of your own pie, I'll have one." Last report was that the cook hadn't yet been able to go a whole piece of his pie. The hogs on Vic's ranch, however, are enjoying a pastry holiday—seven pies a week.

Edna May Oliver claims to have found the Fountain of Youth. Her health secret, she tells her friends, is a daily swim in the Pacific Ocean off Santa Monica every morning, rain or shine, summer or winter, working or not working. The veteran actress says she has kept to her daily schedule of a morning ocean dunking for over a year now, and never has felt better in her life. But when she tells her health secret to others, they just shiver.

Nelson Eddy has decided that the best way to keep that midriff in condition is bicycling. His average is three miles a day.

Cute little Ann Rutherford has something new in charm necklaces. The necklace is made of miniature car license numbers of her favorite actors. Among them are Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Jimmy Stewart and Mickey Rooney.

When Judy Garland celebrated her eighteenth birthday recently she had a dinner party at Ciro's—and the boy who sat next to her for the evening was Robert Stack.

Patricia Morison and Freddie Brisson have been seeing the town together these nights.

To see Anita Louise's slender figure you'd accuse her of having the appetite of a bird. But at a luncheon the other day Anita was seen piling her plate with spaghetti and potatoes au gratin. When one of her friends accused her of not eating breakfast, Anita replied, "Oh, yes, I did. I had two eggs, bacon and a waffle." It just isn't fair.

When the "Merry Macs," those four

A highlight of Jimmy Stewart's surprise birthday party for Rosalind Russell on the "No Time For Comedy" set was Sailor Vincent, disguised as a chef, falling into the cake. Charles Ruggles, Jimmy, Allyn Joslyn and Rosalind are helping him up. Right: Ken Murray with two lovelies appearing with him in "A Night at Earl Carroll's."
(three men and a girl) young people who can do wonders with harmony and rhythm, and who have made such a hit on the Fred Allen program, opened in Hollywood at the Victor Hugo, they were given a right royal introduction by one of their greatest admirers, Bing Crosby. But ole Massa Bing can slip it, just like the rest of us, he introduced them as a "trio"—and there they stood, all four of them.

The most enthusiastic fan of the "Merry Macs" when they made their debut at the Victor Hugo turned out to be long, lean and lanky Jimmy Stewart, who not only stamped his feet and clapped his hands, but would let out those ear-piercing whistles. Aided and abetted by Margaret Sulllavan and the Henry Fondas and the Bing Crosbys and a crowded night club, Jimmy coaxed one encore after another out of the very obliging young kids. They will make their movie debut soon in the Fred Allen-Jack Benny opus.

There were few secrets between Jon Hall and his pretty wife, Frances Langford, during the time that Jon was at Kayenta, Arizona, trading post on the Navajo Indian Reservation, on location for "Kit Carson." The reason is that the longest single telephone line in the United States stretches from Flagstaff, Arizona, 147 miles to Kayenta, and eighteen different subscribers could listen into every conversation carried over the single wire. Each evening during Jon's stay at Kayenta he would call his wife at their Hollywood home. Soon the word passed along the

[Continued on page 72]
LIKE THAT

It takes some one like the writer, who has known her intimately for many years, to tell you about Claudette Colbert, so often thoroughly misunderstood.

By
Elizabeth
Wilson

Top: Claudette, being a stickler for sincerity, personally answers all of her fan mail.
Above: With Spencer Tracy in "Boom Town," her latest film.
As friendships go in Hollywood, and they go pretty quickly believe me, Claudette and I have established some kind of a record. Of course, I realize it hasn't been too easy for Claudette, me with a nasty temper, but neither has it been too easy for me. There have been times when I found the Colbert girl rather trying, to say the least.

There was the time several years ago when she became completely fascinated (Claudette never does anything half-hearted) by "The Game," and every Sunday evening found me, the self-conscious type, perspiring profusely as I tried to act out "What is so rare as a day in June" on the rug in the Colbert living room, much to the amusement of her guests, and to the delight of her dogs. And there was the time when she went on a grammar jag and would ruin all my stories and kill the point of any joke I might be telling by correcting, in regular schoolma'am fashion, my tenses and my dangling participles. A stickler for perfect English, herself, and perfect French, too, she certainly did her best with me until she discovered that the subjunctive mood was casting a definite chill over our friendship.

No, it hasn't been easy, this being a friend of Colbert's, but I wouldn't turn her in for any twenty movie stars in Hollywood. It isn't every day in the week, mercy, it isn't every year in a century, that you find a friend like Colbert. Loyal almost to a fault, understanding and [continued on page 76].
That's what Brian Aherne said when asked about his marriage to Joan Fontaine and if all the things he'd imagined of her had come true—but he did talk and you'll love him for it!
A
ND didn't Brian Aherne fix me with a glassy eye when, over the luncheon table at Lucey's, I told him I wanted to do a romantic story with him, all about the reasons why he fell in love with Joan Fontaine and whether, now that he's been married a year, all the things he'd imagined of her had come true.

Did he fix me with a glassy eye? Didn't he, just!

"You once told me," I persisted, "about a month before you married Joan, it must have been, that you would never, never marry an actress; you would not, you said; wed a make-up box; you would not, you vowed, come home to a wife completely surrounded by manicurists and masseuses, to a wife parked under a dryer, a script in her hand. You were so positive about it, so, ah, so militant, indeed, that I believed you. And wrote some ten pages, very pathy, too, about how Brian Aherne would never marry an actress and, in detail, why. And then, ere the printer's ink was dry on the pages, you up and married Joan ... WHY?"

Mr. Aherne favored me with a bleak smile. "I meant it, then," he said. "Still, the French thought the Maginot Line impregnable. It was a question of days. It took about three days to get through the Aherne Line, rather less, really, rather less.

"Well," I said, "but what were the, uh, tactics? The maneuvers?"

Mr. Aherne made a gesture with his articulate hands . . . the hands of the glamorous Garrick, the hands of the poet Browning . . ., he then delivered himself of a little homily. Men, he pointed out to me, can't talk about "that sort of thing." It is all very well, he said, tolerantly, for women to discuss their romances, their feelings and reactions, why they fall in love, why they remain in love. The gossamer girdle of Venus becomes the ladies, said Mr. Aherne, but men don't, you know, he said, men just simply don't . . . Men, he continued, accept things more unquestioningly than women do. Love, Birth, War, Death, the major catastrophes, the major miracles, men accept them and ask no questions since there are, don't you know, no answers.

It looked pretty grim, you can see that, can't you? . . . it didn't look like I had a chance . . . but I counted on two things to help me get my story, namely: Mr. Aherne is a gentleman, as ever was. I mean, really a gentleman, of the Old School, courtly and all that, the kind you read about in the better English novels and feel snappish with your husband after reading . . . meanly I figured I would trade on that. For Mr. Aherne would never fail in a gentleman's duty which is to please the ladies, God bless 'em, at all costs. If I could play the plaintive plaintiff prettily enough, I calculated, I'd get my story!

Secondly, Brian is in love with Joan, so in love with her that, whether men talk about "that sort of thing" or not, lovers have sung their ladies' praises since the world began, haven't they? A prod here and a probe there, I thought, and the fluent lover will dominate the inarticulate male.

But how do I know he is in love? [Continued on page 78]
Linda Darnell, whose latest film is "Brigham Young," gives her own modern views about the old Mormon custom of practicing polygamy

"ME SHARE a husband?—well I should say not!" Linda Darnell's brown eyes were roguish. "I'd never have been one of Brigham Young's wives—never. Imagine a girl marrying a man and then having to spend an entire lifetime winning him away from the other wives!

"But," she suddenly amended, "on second thought, if I'd had to, I'd have made sure that I was the favorite wife!"

Linda and I had long enthused on going to Utah for the location of her new picture "Brigham Young." And here, at last, we were walking down the main street of Cedar City, Utah. All about us were pioneer homes of the Mormons who first settled Utah. Many of them had sheltered plural wives who'd have to share their husbands in polygamy as practiced by their religion in 1847.

"Just how would you have managed being the favorite wife of Brigham Young?" I asked as we continued our discussion. "For he was known to have had twenty-seven wives." However, it would have been inevitable that a girl with the fresh beauty and winsome personality of a Linda Darnell would, without doubt, have been Wife No. 1.

"Well," Linda replied frankly, "in the first place, whether it would have been then or now, I'd just have to be so in love that I'd think he was the most wonderful man in the world. And, naturally, before I'd marry him at all, I'd expect him to think I was the most wonderful girl.

"Then, if because of a religious belief or a shortage of eligible men, like in Brigham Young's time, I had to share my husband with other wives, why I'd make a complete study of the others. I'd try to discover what qualities he saw in them that he couldn't find in me. Then I'd develop those qualities until I could give him in myself alone what he had previously found only in several women.

"For example, if one wife was vivacious and gay, I'd be that way. And if he found sympathy and deep understanding in another one, I'd cultivate that, too. If a third made him comfortable with good food and had his bedroom slippers and favorite reading material placed in readiness by his favorite fireside chair, well I'd see to that. In fact, I'd be an angel, a bit of a flirt, a home-maker and a charmer so that he would find me the most fascinating wife to be with.

"Perhaps, my philosophy sounds a bit premature. After all, I'm still in high school and too young to really consider marriage for myself," Linda continued as we walked along. "I have to spend four hours every day with my school teacher here on location. Isn't that something? And me playing grown-up roles and everything on the screen and yet having to devote my spare time to high school lessons.

"But just the same I have my own ideas on the subject. So do most of the boys and girls I go with—Ann Rutherford, Jackie Cooper, Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney and the rest of our crowd. None of us will marry until we get in our mid-twenties. But every one of us wants to fall terribly in love and get married some day. No spinsterhood for me!

"You know," said Linda, "even today there are lots of women who share their husbands. Look at the business men who have attractive secretaries—office wives—they call them. And look at the actors, whose wives have to share their husbands with thousands of girl fans. I know, because I was a fan myself. I used to write Clark Gable and Tyrone Power for their pictures. If I'd seen them anywhere I'd probably rushed right up to get a chance to actually talk to them and get an autograph. I sometimes actually feel sorry for actors' wives—they have to be so patient and understanding, when all of the women dash after their husbands."

It was hot summer time and we stopped at a corner drug [Continued on page 80]
It was Linda's excellent work in "Star Dust" with John Payne which prompted Darryl Zanuck to reward her with her role in "Brigham Young."

BY
MARY JANE MANNERS
IDA LUPINO

In a role which outshines her brilliant performance in "The Light That Failed," Ida Lupino is now to be seen in "They Drive By Night," with Ann Sheridan and George Raft. She is decidedly worthy and capable of stardom.
Virginia Grey

Virginia's latest is "The Captain Is A Lady," in which she plays one of her most important roles. Virginia is one of the few girls in pictures who really hails from Hollywood. She was born and educated in the film center.
JUNE DUPREZ

June is one of the most beautiful of all English actresses. She recently completed "The Thief of Bagdad," in which she is co-starred with John Justin. The picture, started abroad, was completed in Hollywood because of the war.
John had made up his mind to become a professor of English at Western Reserve, so when a Paramount talent scout offered him a contract he turned it down. Financial circumstances, however, later made him reconsider.
ROBERT CUMMINGS

Before coming to Hollywood Bob was on the Broadway stage where he had producers fooled into believing he was an Englishman. He's from Joplin, Missouri. He's just about the best pilot in Hollywood and has an instructor's license.
A girlhood dream of Ginger Rogers comes true in having Ronald Colman, whom she's always idolized, as her leading man in "Lucky Partners," a gay and romantic comedy of joint owners of a sweepstakes ticket.
HOLLYWOOD'S

Adonis Jon Hall, a over-night sensational two years ago in "Hurricane," was soon ignored by all but his spirit alive and made possible his astonishing comeback.

HOLLYWOOD, in the very nature of things, can offer any and every bizarre story, but the story of Jon Hall, I think, is the most amazing chapter of a most amazing town.

On the night of Nov. 11, 1937, batteries of searchlights played across the Hollywood skies over the Carthay Circle Theatre, and thousands of movie fans sat on stands outside the theatre to watch the elite of Hollywood stream up in an apparently endless line of gleaming limousines for a Sam Goldwyn world premiere. This was to be the introduction of the new Goldwyn star, Jon Hall, to Hollywood and no younger ever got such a razzle-dazzling introduction as this one. "He will sweep the country," said Goldwyn, modestly.

Inside the theatre that night, to the accompaniment of "oh's" and "ah's," the new Goldwyn discovery, Jon Hall, made a very satisfactory debut. Obviously, he needed more experience as an actor, but when he stripped down to his swimming trunks, he needed no apology. As between the semi-naked torso of Hall and the torsos of Charles Boyer, Clark Gable and Robert Taylor, there was no disputing the fact that Jon Hall was several hundred biceps ahead of them all. "He will sweep not only the country, but Europe," beamed Sam Goldwyn. Goldwyn's elation was natural. He had Hall under a 7-year contract at $150 a week.

That night must have been the most thrilling that Jon Hall ever experienced. Overnight he had been lifted from bit roles to stardom opposite Dorothy Lamour. Overnight, his name had been wired to the far corners of the earth. He was a full-fledged Hollywood sensation. Goldwyn must have beamed even more expansively when Hall, within the next week, was invited to one of Countess Dorothy Di Frasso's parties, as HER escort. Countess Di Frasso, woman of the world, years earlier had displayed equivalent interest in comparatively unknown Gary Cooper, so when she placed the stamp of immediate approval on young Hall, and when he was taken up by the Dolores Del Rio set, it was Hollywood's way of acknowledging that the kid actually had arrived.

Now there is this to be said for Hollywood—no town in
By Ed Sullivan

world can flock so quickly and unerringly to the dressing-room of a winner. In the weeks and months that ensued, Hall got the full treatment. He was interviewed by all of the 360 movie correspondents who are based in Hollywood. His picture appeared in endorsements of articles under the sun. He appeared as a guest star on programs. When he walked into a restaurant, heads knocked themselves out bowing and scraping to get a prominent table. Stars, who had never heard of him, over to shake his hand and extend congratulations. was the hottest thing in town. ou saw him everywhere, at prizefights, at night clubs, the smartest parties: "That's Jon Hall," they'd whisper, people would smile at him, and the girls would size up his chest and his arms and look pityingly at their own pic millionaire escorts.

in the background, Sam Goldwyn radiated his full happiness. The receipts of "Hur- [Continued on page 87]
THE TRUTH ABOUT

After watching the sparkling performance of Muriel Angelus as the wife in “The Great McGinty,” you’re undoubtedly anxious to learn about her private life.

When she was a girl of fourteen, financial troubles swooped down from the London skies on Muriel Angelus and her family. “Ah,” said Muriel to herself, “I will save my family—with my indubitable dancing ability I will rescue them!” And muttering fie and foe and perhaps even jum under her breath she trudged the streets of London, stopping at every producer’s office—to no avail. Optimistically, she carried skimpy practice garb and ballet slippers in an over-sized handbag.

Leaving a theatre, after being turned down again, Muriel was probing in the depths of this monster purse for a handkerchief to you-know-what. Walking blindly along she careened into a tall, slim man, who was hustling in the opposite direction. She dropped her bag and out onto the sidewalk rolled the dancing shoes.

And what do you think happened? Of course, the tall chap picked up her belongings, took her by the arm and led her back into the theatre—and a well-paid job starting on Monday.

Shades of Cinderella! Incredible, you say? You’re right—it’s absolutely untrue, only typical of the stories floating around about Muriel Angelus and other movie people. It’s about time someone took the bull by the horns and tossed it out of the window.

To begin with—the financial troubles were very much on the level. There was a tall, thin gentleman and his name was James Whale—he’s a Hollywood director at the present time. But Miss Angelus did not spill her ballet shoes at his feet. Instead, she went to see him about a job as would any aspirant for a dancing part in the “Midnight Follies” he was producing for Sir Nigel Playfair. Her demonstrated-ability won the job for her, not the bouncing ballet boots.

“The only unconventional thing about it all,” said Miss Angelus in the too-too sedate restaurant of New York’s Hotel Plaza, “was that Mr. Whale was wearing football shorts. But then he could have been dressed as Mephistopheles for all I cared.”
Football shorts! With truth so colorful, why the implausible whimsy?

Miss Angelus has gone far in the theatre and Hollywood since that interview. Her most recent cinematic workouts are impressive, by virtue of parts like that of Maisie, the unemotional blonde of the Kipling novel, "The Light That Failed," opposite Ronald Colman. She did very nicely in "Safari" and in "The Way Of All Flesh." She stood out in "The Great McGinty," in which she played the wife of McGinty (Brian Donlevy). The critics justly think a great deal of this young twenty-five year old.

Her background is paradoxical in that while by birth-right she shouldn't be within miles of a stage, by her own efforts she has every right to her present job.

The background is scientific through and through. Father an analytical chemist. Sir James Simpson, on her maternal side, the discoverer of chloroform. Another a mechanical genius associated [Continued on page 88]
THE MAN WHO PLAYS ROCKNE

Celtic Pat O'Brien, cast as the great Nordic football coach, gives by far his most convincing performance and here's why

By James Reid

The female newspaper reporter, having found out everything else she wanted to know about him, asked the inevitable last question: What was he going to do next? He had been waiting for that question. Trying to sound matter-of-fact, he told her—"The Life of Knute Rockne"—and waited for a big reaction. She floored him. She asked innocently, "Who was Knute Rockne?"

Pat O'Brien, relating the incident, removes his cigar from his mouth and gapes blankly, pantomiming the extent of his consternation. "I thought everybody knew who Rockne was," he says helplessly.

Let's give her the benefit of the doubt. Let's assume she just had a poor memory for names—and couldn't remember people unless she knew them. The world is full of such misfortunes.

Pat only hopes they will know Rockne, inside and out, after they see the picture. He has tried to be Rockne, inside and out.

That was no mean feat, especially the outside part. Pat is Celtic. The map of Ireland is impressed indelibly on his face. Rockne was Nordic, with the map of Norway on his. Yet Pat, in his make-up, looks more like Rockne than Rockne did, through all the changes from the age of 26 to the age of 44. It's not only startling. It's uncanny.

Mrs. Bonnie Rockne, widow of the famous coach, was constantly amazed at the completeness of the resemblance. One of the first scenes she saw Pat do was a love scene, with Gale Page playing Bonnie. After the scene, Mrs. Rockne told Pat, "I could close my eyes and believe Dad was making love to me again." His voice was even the same.

The company went to South Bend on location, to do shots on the Notre Dame campus. The university gave a banquet in their honor. Six hundred people attended, people who had worked alongside Rockne, people who had known him well. At the banquet, Pat was asked to do a scene from the picture. Without make-up, he did a locker room scene. When he sat down, there was hardly a dry eye in the place. Rockne's sister expressed what everybody felt when she said, "You made him come alive again. He was like that. Exactly like that." Even without looking remotely like Rockne, he was able to create that effect. What must the effect be, with make-up?

Up to now, people have thought of Pat as a good actor, who played one hard-boiled gent after another, all believable, but all out of the same kettle. Now, suddenly, people may have to think of him as a great actor whose possibilities are unlimited.

All because he got the chance to play Rockne.

Before that happened, a lot of other things had to happen, according to Pat.

"In the first place," he says, in that rapid-fire way of his, "before Warners could make the picture, they had to get Bonnie Rockne's permission. That wasn't easy. Some other studios had been there ahead of them. Warners had to convince her that they wanted to do a biography of the man—not just a football picture, Pat O'Brien never ache more to play a role than that of Rockne. Oddly enough, Warners first tried to get his pal, Spencer Tracy, for the role, but Pat never batted an eye. He couldn't speak up for himself without knifing his best friend. But Pat was with Pat and he eventually got the coveted role.

with his name tacked on it for box-office come-on. And even then she wouldn't let them do it, unless Notre Dame was willing. Notre Dame had to be won over, too.

"Rockne had been dead only a very few years. People who had been close to him, people who couldn't be left out of any authentic biography of the man, were still alive. Warners didn't dare start the picture until they had the permission of all those people to use incidents concerning them. One refusal, one threatened lawsuit, might have stopped the picture.

"I knew the picture was coming up. And there never was a role I ached to play the way I ached to play Rockne. But I didn't have the nerve to go after it—me, the guy who has been playing nervous go-getters for years. I didn't think I stood a chance.

"When, out of the blue, they told me that I had the part, they didn't tell me that Notre Dame had to okay me before the role was really mine. I didn't find
that out till just the other day. And that Notre Dame had judged me by my performance as Father Duffy in ‘The Fighting 69th.’ It’s lucky they didn’t tell me. I would have lost so much sleep. I wouldn’t have been in any condition to play the part.

‘And don’t think I didn’t have to be in condition. The opening scenes show Rockne attending college, himself. That didn’t mean I had to look like a kid, but I did have to look like a peppery 26. There’s a scene where he says to some of the other boys, “You think I’m a lot older than you are, don’t you?” They don’t answer. He says, ‘Well, I am older. I’m 26. I had to work six years to get enough money to go to college.’

‘At the beginning of the picture, too, I was supposed to play football. I was in no condition to do that. Not with the excess weight I was carrying around. They gave me a month to lose some of it—including that extra chin. I went to work with Mushy Callahan, the trainer. He made me box, skip rope, run, ride a bicycle, play handball. In thirty days, I lost twenty pounds. Which shows you what exercise-and-no-desserts can do.

‘After going to all that trouble, do I burn when anybody asks who doubled for me in the football scenes?

‘An over-zealous press agent gave out a story that I made an unscheduled 90-yard run through the entire opposing team. I immediately denied it, but the damage had been done. That yarn was so preposterous, people decided they couldn’t believe any stories about what I had done in the football scenes. They jumped to the supposition that my part in them had probably been faked. I’m here to testify that they weren’t faked.

‘I myself, in person, did those scenes.

‘We show the highlights of the first Army-Notre Dame game, in 1913. That was the game in which Rockne and Gus Dorais, now coach of Detroit University, played by Owen Davis, Jr., turned loose the first big aerial attack. The summer before, they had been lifeguards together at Cedar Point on Lake Erie, and they had put in their spare time, tossing and catching passes. They had become football sharpshooters. In that game, they forward passed the heavier Army team right off its feet, changed the whole conception of football.

‘I had a pretty good idea of what I was supposed to do. When I was a kid,
NO WORK AND

For five years that's the way it used to be for Baritone Allan Jones because he was under contract to a studio that already had Baritone Nelson Eddy—but you'd be surprised how Allan felt about it.

By Leslie Leiber

Left and below: Allan Jones and his wife, Irene Hervey, both of whom appear in "The Boys From Syracuse." Allan is set to follow this with another musical at Universal called, "Riviera," with music by Jerome Kern. But Allan, through no fault of his own, wasn't always as active.
ALL PAY

HOW does an ambitious Hollywood star feel toward a picture company that pays him $100,000 per annum for five years just to remain idle? I had heard disquieting reports about the behavior of such cinema "unfortunates." They are said to collapse from nervous breakdowns as a result of high-strung aspirations and ham-strung egos. Their morale, so the stories go, suffer pitifully from this ignoble business of accepting a fortune for a pittance-worth of work.

I visited Allan Jones on the set of "The Boys From Syracuse" at Universal to clear up the question for myself. Here was a fine looking and ambitious young fellow with a heavenly voice whom M-G-M had kept in an icebox for five years. True, they had let him come out once in a while as a sort of auxiliary Marx Brother. But I knew that Allan Jones had definite operatic ambitions which were not likely to be satisfied by "A Night at the Opera." He must have chafed, I thought, under his all pay and no work regime at M-G-M. And there were rumors, too, that Nelson Eddy, his rival at the studio who was getting all the plums, was also Allan Jones' worst enemy.

So, it seemed a perfect set-up as I stood outside his dressing-room waiting to see Universal's latest acquisition and hear him let off spleen against his old bosses at M-G-M in particular and against the Hollywood custom of high picture incomes for low picture output, in general.

I could hardly believe the fragments of conversation that came out of the dressing-room.

"Allan," a voice was saying, "you know we've got a new part for a singing ice man in the new edition of 'Hellzapoppin.' If you want it, the job's yours... at fifty bucks a week."

"But, Abe," responded a melodious voice I knew must be Allan Jones', "I told you I wouldn't consider the offer under sixty a week. And sixty-five, if you insist that I furnish my own ice."

Boy, was this a scoop: Allan Jones... so disgusted with movies, so full of anguish at his long interment at M-G-M, that he had decided to give up a mint of money and a film-future for a $50-a-week job as a singing ice man for "Hellzapoppin." A minute later I met Allan Jones and his bosom friend, Abe Cohn, manager of "Hellzapoppin," and realized on sight that what had been said in dead-pan seriousness was all a joke and that the young man who had come out of the M-G-M icebox was in no mood for more ice in a Broadway show.

Allan was sitting backwards astride a chair, with his chin resting pensively where the back of his head should have been. Three colorful Grecian outfits which he wears in "The Boys From Syracuse," hung neatly on hooks against the wall, presumably to provide decoration, since Allan Jones received in blue shirt and suspenders. Lying within easy reach was a can of unsweetened and unopened pineapple juice, various brands of throat soothers with names like "Vocalzone Pastilles," and three brands of shaving cream which Allan confided he planned to use any minute.

"I could have grown ten beards waiting at M-G-M for the kind of a role I have in 'The Boys From Syracuse,'" said Allan Jones, talking just the way I thought he would. "But," he added, overthrowing my short triumph, "you can tell anyone who's interested that this stuff about going crazy from inactivity and hating big bosses for lining your pockets with uneared gold is so much sour grapes.

"When I signed up with Metro, I, of course, expected to get the sort of parts and the kind of pictures I wanted. But, Nelson Eddy got there ahead of me and the old adage about first come first served still works. You want to know how it feels, for five years, to be 'saved for the Junior prom?' Well, I look back on it as one of the most fortunate things that ever happened to me: You know—I've won three scholarships in my life. Two of them were to New York University. The other one was to M-G-M Studios. Why, they simply gave me two thousand dollars a week to con-

[Continued on page 94]
THE PRIVATE LIVES

HAVE you ever wondered what a movie star’s relatives are really like?
Stars have been publicized to the skies, but there has always been somewhat of a mystery about the family behind the front.
I asked Don Ameche to talk frankly. He doesn’t talk about his leading ladies.
Even though he is America’s number one dramatic star on the radio, he isn’t given to explaining how to lead a double-barreled career.
Actually, he was reluctant when I told him what I had in mind. An honest, unpretentious story of the way he and Mrs. Ameche had reacted to their parents and to their brothers and sisters, I told him, would give a lot of people an entirely new opinion of Hollywood. Many a sob tale has been tossed off about a movie star’s mother. Few, indeed, are the celebrities on the coast who have had fathers since fame. On the whole the theory prevails that the less said the better about an actor’s relations.
Six feet tall, unspectacular but funny-loving, Don finally said, “If you promise not to make it sound like Hollywood hooey, I’d be glad to admit how Honey and I figure things out. We aren’t dipped in flawless, honey and I. We haven’t had time for it. So, if you want to know us, you’re in for a rather different kind of expose!”

On the surface the Ameches have a luxurious set-up. Don recently bought the Al Jolson country place, a beautiful, fourteen-room farm house centering five acres of garden and orchard. There is even a fine swimming pool in this rural hideaway which, incidentally, is twenty minutes drive from the scenic studios.
Yet, from the moment Don met me at the door and we went into the comfortable sunroom stretching across the back of the house, Don was at ease. Mrs. Ameche came in and out a couple of times. Their conversation clinched what he had to me. It wasn’t sophisticated, Noel Coward dialogue, but the unaffected, conferring of two genuine human beings.
“If you get me going about our families,” Don explained, “it’s going to be just another version of ‘Our Town.’ Of course, I don’t think we’re freaks in any way. None of us has ever gone to New York and bowled over the big city. Before I got married, I guess I was the bad boy of my family. We have had our flush and our fast, imaging days, and we’ve survived. Each of us has his own little dream, and we always lend a helping hand when we can. But we don’t interfere with one another too much.”

What Don, the eldest of the Ameches, has done for his own and his wife’s folks and how they trust him fascinated me.
“Honey and I needed this bigger place. As it is, there’s hardly room to bring in anyone else when our families get together. You see, I have three brothers and four sisters and she has two brothers and two sisters. None of them live here with us, but we are always visiting back and forth.
“My father came over from Italy when he was twenty-two. My mother, who is Pennsylvania Dutch and Scotch-Irish, married him when she was just fifteen. There are eight of us kids and half are very fair and blue-eyed like mother.
“My parents were able to give their three oldest about everything a pre-depression, middle-class American family averaged. Dad went broke and I couldn’t help out until I got into pictures. Our family is great on marriage; we marry young and start raising children! None of us has ever thought of divorce. We have our little scraps, but once we walk up to the altar it is for keeps.
“You don’t need a lot of money, either. When Honey and I married I only had $200.00 saved and we splurged most of it on a fur coat for her. We had our share of struggling. Honey gave up her good job as a dietitian to take a chance on me. I use to telephone her at the most ungodly hours! I was working like the devil on four radio shows a week when we took the plunge in Chicago. I could only get off two days for a honeymoon. We had to scrump when Donnie was born. You bet I changed many a diaper when Honey wasn’t up to it. Sure, I believe a young husband should pitch in and do everything he can around the house if his wife is temporarily ill. Honey and I have no new fangled rules for holding each other.
“We had two sons when I decided to tackle Hollywood. Honey insisted upon moving out to a cheap summer cottage to save enough for me to come out here and start my luck. My first test, at Metro, was a failure. She didn’t reproach me. Eight months later two 20th Century-Fox producers accidentally saw it and phoned me to come on out. Within a month Honey, who’d been sick, came out with the babies. If you don’t think she’s a brick, you’re crazy! She was en route to the dentist to see about four impacted wisdom teeth when I sent her the tickets to leave that night. She had to shop, pack, make feedings for the three-months-old baby who had intestinal flu, and what a trip west she had! Donnie kept crying. ‘Put on my new coat so Daddy’ll think I am wonderful!’ the baby kept yelling and falling out of the basket. I’d rented a house, but there were no stores and no laundry near and I had to work until 11:30 the night she arrived. It rained steadily for the next three days. Honey struggled with my Ford jally, which started like a Mack truck. Ann, our hired girl, who’d been down with scarlet fever, got out here in a month. By that time, Honey was very sick, and we had to go all to Arizona to cheer up under the desert sun. It snowed there for the first time in fifteen years.
“If you think the final is more like

[Continued on page 9]
No two people ever have been more devoted to their families than Don and his wife, whose example should be followed by many erring Hollywoodites.

By Ben Maddox

Right: Don Ameche and his wife, who never have in-law rouble. Below: Don and his family, photographed in Kenosha, Wisconsin, in 1917. Left to right, standing: Don Ameche, Betty Ameche and Louis Ameche. Sitting, left to right: James Ameche, Dominic F. Ameche, the father, Bert Ameche and Mrs. Ameche, the mother. Don has provided unspiringly for all of his family.
EXT to something usually described as charm the thing
an actor has to have the most of, they tell me, is poise.
Ease, self-assurance, grace, the show must go on and
you've got to be gracious and dignified and all that stuff even
if there is a tack in your shoe or you feel an attack of hay
fever coming on.
So, they all study energetically, under fabulously expensive
coaches, how to pass a teacup, enunciate, bow from the hips,
dance a minuet, wield a mean rapier and back out of a room
without falling down. You'd think they'd be prepared for any-
thing. And so what?
So, the elegant Basil Rathbone, wearing a lavish medieval
costume, all-black silk tights, velvet tunic, silver buckles and
things, was entertaining a gushing lady in his studio bungalow.
Talking six to the dozen and dipping at the same time
into the elaborate hamper in which he brings his lunch to the
studio, he absently extracted an egg and tapped it on the edge
of the table. Only there'd been a mistake somewhere and the
egg wasn't hard boiled and it spattered all over the tights and
the velvet tunic and the silver buckles and the tablecloth
and all of a sudden the dashing creature was just a man who
had spattered raw egg all over himself and was just as mad
about it as any other gent would be, who maybe hadn't spent
a considerable portion of his life perfecting a suavity and a
polish which are worth lots and lots of shiny dollars at the
box office.
Just one little egg!
And take Jeanette MacDonald, who not only looks and
dresses as a beauteous prima donna should, but who has all
the arch sparkle and airy charm which seem to go with a
fragile public favorite. Maybe you can't imagine Jeanette
being at a loss for poise....
At a recent radio broadcast over a national hookup the
capacity studio audience was unusually distinguished. The
performance was over and people were crowding onto the stage
to meet the lovely creature who had been trilling over the ether
and Jeanette was saying, "Oh, but you must wait a few
minutes and meet my husband! He'll be here any mo---when
suddenly there was a crash at the stage door and squalls from various people as a large object resembling a hay stack
hurled itself across the boards followed by Mr. Gene Raymond
in person, whizzing along at top speed on the seat of his
trousers.
Another moment and Jeanette was entangled in the hay
stack, a leather leash and her husband, who is still puzzled
when he tries to think what the devil made him think of
taking Jeanette's English sheep dog to the studio. When the
animal glimpsed its mistress, it entangled Gene in the leash,
threw him neatly and darted forward as if it imagined that
it was a husky and he a sled.
It was quite an entrance and neither Jeanette nor Gene
could remember anything that any of their coaches had ever

By
Helen Louise Walker

Extremel left: Ann Sheridan wore a tight-fitting evening gown
to a premiere and it split! Left: Basil Rathbone lost his well-
known poise when he spattered an egg on his black silk tights.
Below: Errol Flynn invited guests to a lobster dinner, but his
chef refused to cook them. Below left: The Gables look happy,
but Clark wasn't very happy the day he publicly lost his pants.
Here are some excellent examples of embarrassing situations encountered by Hollywood favorites who were unable to maintain their customary dignity.

In the initial few moments of the construction gang, Olivia de Havilland, wearing her oldest slacks and her completely unadorned face, drove absent-mindedly through a wooden barrier into the middle of the road a construction gang.

Amid the usual din of, "Hey! Where-da-ya-think you're goin?" Olivia fluttered, "Oh, I'm so sorry! If I've done any damage I'll pay for it. My name's Olivia de Havilland..." To which the burly foreman replied with a bow, "Sure! Sure, lady! And I'm Ben Bernie and I wantcha to meet all de lads!"

Olivia proceeded to the studio where she had to take two aspirins before she could go into the scene which concerned a well bred young woman, who was never at a loss for words under the most trying circumstances. Only this time the words were written out for her and, besides, she had her eyelashes on.

After Ann Sheridan was dubbed the "Oomph girl," they put her through a terrific course of intensive training. After all, if you're going around attached to a tag like that you're going to need some self-confidence. But, perhaps, too many people tinkered with her before launching her at her early appearances at Hollywood functions. Or maybe she was just unlucky. Never did a girl have a worse succession of incidents than Ann.

Anyhow, she looked so-o-o beautiful when they got her ready for her first big premiere. The frock was a little tight for walking, she thought. But you don't have to walk much at a premiere. After she arrived she found that it was pretty tight for sitting, too. But she sat very erect and tried not to breathe too hard. They had piled her hair high on her head and bedecked it with lots of lovely gardenias and what with her sitting up so straight and all it was scarcely surprising that a cross old gentleman, sitting behind her, leaned over to say, "Young lady, will you kindly remove your hat?"

Ann gasped and reached for her hair—and heard a horrid, ripping sound. Her dress had split under her left arm. That was disconcerting, since there was to be a party after the picture, but, at least, it was nice to be able to breathe. Ann slid down in her seat and opened her evening bag to get a handkerchief. More horrors! She had picked up the wrong bag when she left home. This one was a present which had been sent her that very day and she certainly hadn't known that it contained a music box which burst into a cascade of shrill tinklees when the thing was opened.

Even as she struggled to close it and stop the noise she could hear the irate old gentleman making remarks about "vulgar motion picture actresses—always trying to be conspicuous!" while Ann was moaning, "If I ever get out of here, I'll never go anywhere again!" [Continued on page 77]
Until now, George Brent never has allowed his hidden ranch-house in the Mojave Desert to be photographed, for to him it is another world to which few people are admitted.

Below: The hideaway, itself, although not pretentious, was costly to build because of its location and inaccessibility. George, himself, supervised the plans and construction. The layout is typically bachelor. A tennis court adjoins the house. The game which he plays very well, is George's favorite sport.

Left: With his friend, Don Turner, who works with him as stunt man and double. Right: Tinkering helps George relax.
Above: George reaches his hideaway by means of his own plane. He's an expert pilot. He scarcely finished "The Man Who Talked Too Much" before his plane was zooming toward his mysterious haven. Left: Ann Sheridan, his current heart interest, thoroughly understands George's temperament of wanting to be away from all activity. Lower left and right: He loves exercise and a good book.
When Bob became a Hollywood star he had Madge come out from his home town to be his secretary. There wasn't a doubt she was head-over-heels in love with him. Although he was always doing the thoughtful little things for her that enslave a girl, he considered her nothing more than a pal.

So, the evening clothes we hadn't worn for months came out of hiding and we started on the long trek from the Brown Derby to Ciro's to the Cocoanut Grove to . . . but what's the sense of going on. The stubs in our check book told us how we went on and now we're trying to forget it.

But, of course, it wasn't all bills and headaches. There were the grand spots, too, such as the time Honore and Don Ameche asked us over for a barbecue supper in their garden and our guest from the east was shuttling between the heights of ecstasy and the depths of despair.

I couldn't begin to tell which emotion was uppermost the day we piled into the car and started off.

"Isn't it marvelous?" she began. And then quickly, "But what in the world will I ever find to say to people like that? Gosh, I feel like such a hick. Everyone will be so sophisticated and amusing and clever, I'll feel like such a dope."

When Bob became a Hollywood star he had Madge come out from his home town to be his secretary. There wasn't a doubt she was head-over-heels in love with him. Although he was always doing the thoughtful little things for her that enslave a girl, he considered her nothing more than a pal.

So, the evening clothes we hadn't worn for months came out of hiding and we started on the long trek from the Brown Derby to Ciro's to the Cocoanut Grove to . . . but what's the sense of going on. The stubs in our check book told us how we went on and now we're trying to forget it.

But, of course, it wasn't all bills and headaches. There were the grand spots, too, such as the time Honore and Don Ameche asked us over for a barbecue supper in their garden and our guest from the east was shuttling between the heights of ecstasy and the depths of despair.

I couldn't begin to tell which emotion was uppermost the day we piled into the car and started off.

"Isn't it marvelous?" she began. And then quickly, "But what in the world will I ever find to say to people like that? Gosh, I feel like such a hick. Everyone will be so sophisticated and amusing and clever, I'll feel like such a dope."

WE'VE been doing Hollywood with a vengeance this week. An old friend from my home town has been out to see us and we've discovered visitors to Hollywood aren't content with moseying around the garden or taking automobile rides or going on picnics. No indeed! They've been reading Silver Screen and when they come out here they want to go everywhere and do everything the stars are doing.

Wanting to have the house in readiness for Bob's arrival, Madge hurried in and found his wife gayly entertaining another man. Rather than have Bob disillusioned, she demanded that Helena change clothes and places with her before he arrived.
“Don't be a sap!” I laughed. “Hollywood people are the most down to earth, regular guys in the world. And don't forget Don and Honore come from a small town, too. So do Clark Gable and Myrna Loy and Robert Taylor and Roz Russell and Gary Cooper, along with practically all the rest of the stars out here.”

I told her about Bob Wood then. That isn't his real name, of course, but his own was just as simple and unassuming. Bob had been born and brought up in a small town somewhere in Wisconsin and the chances are he'd still be there if a car hadn't broken down on its Main Street the evening the little theatre group was giving their version of “Six Cylinder Love.”

The man driving the car was a talent scout from Hollywood and he wandered in to see the play at the local Elks Hall. Bob was playing the lead and he was [Continued on page 84].

Above: Helena was aware of the way Madge felt about Bob. She began treating her as if she were her personal maid, ordering her around and being generally obnoxious. Below: Kneeling on the floor beside her, his head cradled in her lap, his arms holding her as if they would never let her go again and begging her to forgive him for ever having doubted her.
WHEN Ann Sothern failed to get roles best suited to her talents, she had the courage to quit the screen and say she'd never come back until she got the type of part that would do her some good. A year went by without anything happening, but Ann held out. And a good thing she did, too. For along came the Maisie series and she got just what she wanted. And so did M-G-M. Her characterization of the stranded chorus girl is making screen history.

Lower left: Ann as she appears with Lee Bowman in the latest of her series, "Gold Rush Maisie." Extreme lower left: With her husband, Roger Pryor.
FIRST aid for busy budgets! School for Smartness brings you a buying guide to Fall fashions. A course about clothes that look like a lot, but cost only a little! Spot-lighting styles that are outstanding values and basic enough to be the backbone of every smart career wardrobe ... whether it's school, business or the domestic scene. Wearable fashions that are not just flash-in-the-pan, but undated enough to carry over smartly from one season into another. Everything you want to know about accessories is included, plus clever cues on cosmetics and grooming. Use School for Smartness to plan your perfect Autumn ensemble! You'll find prices mentioned for all fashions featured, as well as the names of stores where they can be found. There are additional store names listed in the back on pages 62 and 63. Above, the pert little calot, important for casual wear, is stitched felt with a quill. All colors, about $3.00 at B. Altman & Co., New York. The lumberjack cardigan is of Shetland-type yarn, comes in ten new eyecatcher colors for Fall. About $4.00 at Bullocks, Los Angeles. Ideal for school days.
FASHION follows suit for Fall . . . and we'll start out by talking **three-piece suit**, because it's the stand-by for every smart wardrobe. You can wear the coat alone over other dresses. You can wear the jacket for sports, over other dresses or skirts. You can wear the suit alone, in warmer seasons. If you're at college, you'll wear sweaters with your suit. If you're at business, you'll want tailored blouses and jewelry to lend more of an air. Remember to pick the accessories that really complement your suit. When it's in flecked tweed . . . stripes . . . or checks, don't wear accessories with conflicting patterns. Pick up one of the color notes in the fabric and echo this in your hat, gloves, bag. The stunning three-piece suit of checked tweed shown will be smart for seasons to come. It has a slick-fitting reefer coat, over a trim two-piece suit with chiffon scarf tucked in at the neck and a leather belt. Blue or wine combinations. About $29.95 at R. H. Macy & Co., New York.

A new Sunset Boulevard Fashion, designed by Howard Greer, one of Hollywood's foremost fashionists. The important pork-pie silhouette in soft Tish-U-Suede with glove-stitched brim. About $6.00. Write for store names. Plaid calot (left) about $2.00 at James McCreery.
BLESSINGS
for
SMART SCHOOLGIRLS
CLEVER CAREERISTS
MODERN YOUNG MARRIEDS

Cutting flowers and cutting a fine figure in crisp spun-rayon, with a cardigan neckline. Gay for mornings, at home, smart for business, too! One-piece with shadow-checked top, deeper-tone skirt. The belt slides under two pockets in front. Only $4.00 at Lansburgh and Brother, Washington, D. C.; The Dayton Co., Minneapolis.

Once you've found an all-around topcoat or three-piece suit, the rest is easy! Use the suit or coat as your fashion formula and find clothes to combine with it cleverly. An extra in-between dress is almost a must, of course. The long-sleeved jersey shown here is perfect for your fill-in frock, under a coat such as the covert one opposite. It also goes well with a topcoat from almost any tailored suit. About $7.98 at R. H. Stearns, Boston; H. & S. Pogue Co., Cincinnati. With it, wear a jersey head-twister. About $1.00 at Gladdings, Providence; The Emporium, San Francisco. The plaid wool bag is fitted with everything imaginable, including a memo pad. It comes in plain corduroy, too. About $2.00 at Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; Mandel Bros., Chicago; Saks 34th Street, N. Y.

Look pretty, please . . . in this smartly ribbed Shetland-type set. Slip-on, about $2.00, Cardigan about $4.00 at Frank R. Jelleff Co., Washington, D. C. Featherweight pearls, large but light, about $1.00 at Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia. Flannel backward pillbox, about $4.00 at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago.
FASHIONS are best when they're "double features." . . basic and simple enough for the office or everyday wear, but dressed-up enough—when you add the right accessories—to go places in style. A good example is this back-buttoning jersey with pocket interest in front and the new note of belting ribbon banding. About $7.00 at McCurdy & Company, Rochester; Stix Baer & Fuller, St. Louis. Quite correct for tea-time with the smart baker's-cap beret of fine felt, about $5.00. Write for store names. The pearl necklace and bracelet add an air. They're a twin-set that claps together to make a longer necklace. About $2.50 at William Filene's Sons Co., Boston; Chas. A. Stevens, Chicago. Another good example is this long-coat ensemble in a dull, thin fabric that has the look of wool, but none of its bulk. Over the simple one-piece frock, a long coat with waistline banding of gold kid and front-file of gold buttons. Another double-duty fashion for daytime or dress-up. About $8.00 at Jordan Marsh Co., Boston; also may be seen at Famous & Barr, St. Louis.

Important backward beret in fine Lyons velvet. Black or brown. About $5.00 at The Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh; Rich's, Atlanta.
Look for a slimmer silhouette, this Fall. Coats and dresses lose much of their flare and concentrate fullness at the front. There's wide interest in side-draped effects, too. Elegance is on a quieter note with less glitter and fuss, due to troubled conditions abroad. Richness is achieved through fabric texture and design interest, rather than with elaborate trimmings. The newest idea in accessories is—match your hat and gloves, smartest of all in vivid-colored suede. Gold is all important in jewelry and you'll see the Midas touch everywhere, on bags, hats, gowns, as well. Millinery's new mood is expressed in huge platter berets, worn high and handsome... and very flattering, too. The color question? A little early to answer that, but in addition to all-important black, you'll see new deep shades of brown stressed and subtle, smoky greys and taupes.

**Features**

For September 1940

Velvet coat plus matching wool dress. Another important double-feature fashion for Fall! The coat of fine twill-back velveteen buttons down the front over a slick-fitting dress on princess lines. Wine, green, brown, black. About $23.00 at Bloomingdale's; J. L. Hudson, Detroit; Bullocks, Los Angeles. The soft suede tie-on turban is about $3.00 at Frederick Loeser & Co., Brooklyn; Jordan Marsh Co., Boston. Stunning triangular pouch in suede, about $3.00 at The Lindner Co., Cleveland; Broadway-Hollywood, Hollywood. Topaz and gold bracelet about $1.00 at Abraham & Strauss, Brooklyn; Stern-Mann, Canton; The Boston Store, Milwaukee.
Dramatic color... good lines! That's the secret of an evening gown that makes heads turn! Remember, in choosing yours, to find a frock that's true to your type. Are you petite? Let your costume concentrate on the soft, feminine taffetas and crisp nets that show off dainty proportions. Are you tall? Glittering metallics, sumptuous velvets and satins are ideal. Are you fuller in figure? If so, keep clear of stiff fabrics that stand out, shiny-surfaced ones that catch the light. Choose, instead, dull crepes and suave fabrics that conceal flattering. And just a word of warning, please. Watch that posture! The loveliest gown in the world looks like nothing at all when you enter a room slouching.

An Empire air to this wide-spread- ing frock of whispering Celanese rayon taffeta. The perk jacket has pouf sleeves and highlights of gold leather applique with gilt embroidery. About $15.00 at Franklin Simon in New York, Greenwich, East Orange; Carson, Pirie, Scott, Chicago.

Silver Screen
CHIFFON SQUARE with Beauvior's flower. About $1.00 at Lord & Taylor; C. Crawford Holldge, Boston. PEARL TWINSBER— the bracelet attaches cleverly to the necklace for a longer strand— about $2.00 at H. Macf & Co.; John Shattito Co., Cincinnati. HEADNOTES—for a long, plain bob, the glitter bow of gold kid. Each about $1.00 at John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; George Lanes Co., Wichita; The Emporium, St. Paul.

SIREN SECRETS

Ideas for extra evening effect

.... and all from Woolworth's!

In eye-shadow, too ... two is better than one! Try blending two colors, for new excitement. Blue and green works into a stunning peacock color. Blend it on the side of your palm, then it won't streak; going on! Cost: 20c.

To dress up a plain dinner dress try wearing four different necklaces, two in gold, two in silver. Get narrow ones so the effect will be that of one lavish necklace, when they're massed. Cost: 40c.

Adorable earrings are made in the twinkling of an eye, by taking pearl stud earrings, then tying on little velvet bows right at the hoop part underneath, where they fasten to the ears. Use the narrowest possible velvet baby ribbon in a color to match your dress. Cost: 20c.

For pearls that are different-looking, take a necklace or earrings and duck them in nail-polish. You get a lovely iridescent pink. Cost: 20c.

BOLERO GOWN of lush high-shining Celanese Rayon slipper satin. The intriguing halter neck-band is caught by a jewelled clip. Add the bolero for less formal occasions. About $15.00 at Franklin Simon in New York. Greenwich. East Orange: Carson, Pirie, Scott Co. Chicago. COCKTAIL BAG of black silk, equally apropos for evening or for dressed-up afternoon. About $5.00 at Sears 34th Street; Mandel Bros., Chicago, BALL BRACELET in fouling gold and silver, about $1.00 at Cherry & Webb Co., Providence; Golden Rule, St. Paul.

for September 1940
MEET THE MUMMY

Only a Garbo with perfect face contours can dare this wrap-up! It takes every vestige of softening hair away from the face, hardens features, adds years. Not to be attempted, unless you're competition for Greta!

SEE THE SCRUBLADY

Equally sad, the I'm-so-tired-of-it-all effect with the same wilted air clever Zasu Pitts creates by droopy hands. This one's right only when you're cleaning house. Sloppy draping, therefore, alas, no silhouette!

HERE'S HOW

Draping an intricate-looking affair out of a plain straight band is easy.

Step 1—
You tie the ends into a knot above your forehead, holding the turban snug and firm.

Step 2—
Holding one end out, fast, you go round and round the knot with the other, making a little mound. Fasten this with an invisible hairpin.

Step 3—
Run the other end round and round, building the mound up higher. Tuck the end under and fasten securely with another invisible hairpin. Presto, a perfect turban!
NOTHING'S nicer than a turban, properly worn. Nothing's worse, when it's wrong! Because these fabric twists are so versatile . . . because they're effective as well as economical . . . because they hug the head so comfortably in windy weather . . . because they look so well with big fur collars, we say, bravo for the Turban Urge. Here are some don'ts and do's when it's your turn! Turbans shown in mesh or jersey, $1.00 at Accessory Dept., Bloomingdale's, New York; Scruggs, Vandevoot & Barney, St. Louis; The May Company, Denver.

PERFECT TURBAN
In the maharanee manner. Steal your Uncle Ebenezer's stick-pin or use any ornamental pin or buckle for headlight interest. Here, it's a seahorse from Woolworth's, only 25¢

Just a jersey band! One end looped, the other twisted around and tucked under at the back . . . for a towering turban with fly-away flair and an intricate air!

for September 1940
High-steppers, these Paris Fashion Shoes by Wohl, featuring the new "scooped" wedge heel. They come in black or port wine elasticized suede that caresses the foot into lines of beauty, grace and comfort. Just enough of an open toe, too. Happily priced at about $3, and a find!

For a fashion flare, look at "Spire," from the new collection of gloves by Julius Kayser. These gloves, designed by Natascha, are of Milo suede, Kayser's new sueded rayon, with pointless backs and applique of leather. The gloves have a rich and beautiful appearance and are so comfortable and adjustable to hands. In black, wine, chocolate, navy and stop red, at $1. That felt hat with its contrasting veil is a winner, by Sally Victor.

There's the correct campus touch to these Ansonia shoes for collegiates. They get class A1 approval! Of rust bucko, with swag- ger side lace and a heavy crepe sole. A pair of these, some bright socks, and you'll keep your feet on the ground. Priced about $5.98.

"FIRSTS" from Hand to Foot

Silver Screen
They are dramatic, these Milosuede gloves, also designed by Natascha and from the Julius Kayser collection. They have a wrist and hand slimming virtue, and are very right with your softer frocks and coats. These are "Flourish," as the leather applique suggests. The backs are pointless, like many of the new gloves. Black, wine, chocolate or navy, $1. Hat triumph in black velvet is by Sally Victor.

Anastasia has also done a nice job with these genuine calf closed ghillies. Note the large English type perforations with antique finish. Shoes that see you sturdily and smartly through school, or for general, casual purposes. At $3.50.

Rich beauty in black! You'll see this ensemble at the World's Fair in the Stuart Brocks shop. Red Cross shoes with ski heel, suede with alligator trim, $5.50. Imported French antelope bag, by Dubuler & Son, $2.95. Boule-

Faslon Flashes: Watch for sculpture in heels! See that you wear suede! Choose gloves in harmony with hats!

for September 1940
PAGE 51

Cardigan by Select Sportswear, Inc.

CHICAGO—Kremer’s Palmer House
CLEVELAND—The Halle Bros. Co.
EVANSTON—Milburn’s
LOS ANGELES—Bullocks
NEW YORK—James McCreery & Co.
PORTLAND—Lipman-Wolfe & Co.
WASHINGTON, D. C.—Frank R. Jeloff Inc.

Calot by Debway Hats, Inc.

BOSTON—Jordau Marsh
BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Frederick Loeser & Co.
CHICAGO—Carson, Pirie, Scott Co.
DALLAS—A. Harris & Co.
DENVER—The May Co.
HARTFORD—G. Fox & Co.
LOS ANGELES—J. W. Robinson Co.
NEW YORK—B. Altman & Co.
NEW YORK—Bloomingdale’s
NEW YORK—James McCreery & Co.
NEW YORK—Stern Bros.
PROVIDENCE—Gladdings
ST. LOUIS—Scruggs, Vandervoot & Barney, Inc.
SAN FRANCISCO—The Emporium

Backward Pillbox by Betmar Hats, Inc.

CHICAGO—Marshall Field & Co.
NEW YORK—Lord & Taylor
NEW YORK—Saks Fifth Avenue

Marvella Nature-Dipped Pearls by Weinreich Bros.

BOSTON—Wm. Filene’s Sons Co.
BROOKLYN—Abraham & Strauss
CANTON—Stern-Mann
CHICAGO—Chas. A. Stevens
CINCINNATI—The John Shillito Co.
CLEVELAND—The Higher Company
DETROIT—The J. L. Hudson Co.
INDIANAPOLIS—The Wm. H. Block Co.
MILWAUKEE—The Boston Store
NEW YORK—Bloomingdale’s
NEW YORK—R. H. Macy & Co.
NEW YORK—Saks 5th Avenue
NEW YORK—Stern Bros.
PHILADELPHIA—Bowen-Teller
PHILADELPHIA—John Wanamaker
PITTSBURGH—The Joseph Horne Co.
ST. PAUL—The Emporium

Jersey Dress by Mayflower Dress Co., Inc.

Baltimore—Stewart’s
BOSTON—R. H. Stewarts
CHICAGO—Carson, Pirie, Scott Co.
CINCINNATI—H. & S. Pogue Co.
CLEVELAND—The Halle Bros. Co.
DETROIT—The J. L. Hudson Co.

PAGE 52

Three Piece Suit by Siegal Bros.

BOSTON—Wm. Filene’s Sons Company
CLEVELAND—The May Company
DETROIT—The J. L. Hudson Co.
NEW YORK—R. H. Macy & Co.

Covert Cloth Coat by Siegal Bros.

See Preceding List—Page 52

Plaid Calot by Debway Hats, Inc.

See Preceding List—Page 51

Corduroy Bag by Friedman-Lobel, Inc.

CHICAGO—Mandel Bros.
CLEVELAND—The Halle Bros. Co.
NEW YORK—Saks 5th Avenue

Pork Pie Hat by Leighton Hat Company

Write for store names

PAGE 53

Slip-on and Cardigan by Select Sportswear, Inc.

See Preceding List—Page 51

Earl Carroll with three of his famous show girls have a friendly chat between scenes of Paramount’s “A Night at Earl Carroll’s,” a tribute to him.
JERSEY DRESS by Mayflower Dress Co., Inc.
See Preceding List—Page 53

BERET by Leighton Hat Co.
Write for store names

MARVELLA Nature-Dipped Pearls by Weinreich Bros.
See Preceding List—Page 53

EVELYN ALDEN FROCK by Lombardy Dress Co.
BOSTON—Jordan Marsh
ST. LOUIS—Famous Barr

BRACELET by Omar, Inc.
BALTIMORE—Hochschild, Kohn & Co.
BOSTON—Wm. Filene’s Sons Co.
BUFFALO—The Wm. Hengerer Co.
CINCINNATI—Rollman & Sons Co.
CLEVELAND—The Higbee Company
COLUMBUS—The Morehouse Martins Co.
DALLAS—A. Harris & Co.
DAYTON—Home Store
DETROIT—The J. L. Hudson Co.
FT. WORTH—Mohnig’s Dry Goods Co.
HOUSTON—Sakowitz Bros.
INDIANAPOLIS—The Wm. H. Block Co.
KANSAS CITY—Hartzfeld’s
MEMPHIS—B. Lowenstein, Inc.
MINNEAPOLIS—Powers Dry Goods Co.
NEWARK—L. Bamberger & Co.
NEW HAVEN—Hamilton & Co.
NEW ORLEANS—Maison Blanche Co.
NEW YORK—Saks 34th Street
OKLAHOMA CITY—Halliburton’s
OMAHA—J. L. Brandeis & Sons
PHILADELPHIA—Swellenbergs
PROVIDENCE—Cherry & Webb Co.
ROCHESTER—E. W. Edwards & Son
ST. LOUIS—Scruggs, Vandervoort, Barney
ST. PAUL—Golden Rule
SAN ANTONIO—Joske Bros. Co.
SAN FRANCISCO—Liese Company
SYRACUSE—Plak & Co.
TOLEDO—LaSalle & Koch Co.
TULSA—Brown Dunkins Dry Goods Co.
WASHINGTON, D. C.—Lansburgh & Brother
WORCESTER, MASS.—Denholm & McKay

PAGE 55

VELVET AND WOOL ENSEMBLE by Berkeley Juniors, Inc.

DETROIT—The J. L. Hudson Company
LOS ANGELES—Bullocks
NEW YORK—Bloomingdale’s

SUDE HEADTWISTER by Debway Hats, Inc.
See Preceding List—Page 51

SUDE BAG by Westerman-Rosenberg, Inc.
CHICAGO—Chas. A. Stevens
CLEVELAND—The Lindner Co.
DETROIT—Himmelfarb Bros. Co.
HOLLYWOOD—Broadway-Hollywood
NEW YORK—Franklin Simon & Co.
NEW YORK—James McCreery & Co.
NEW YORK—Saks Fifth Avenue
PITTSBURGH—Gimbels Brothers

GOLD AND TOPAZ BRACELET by Lisanda
See Preceding List—Page 53

PAGE 56

TAFFETA FROCK by Columbia Dance Frocks
CHICAGO—Carson, Pirie, Scott Co.
EAST ORANGE—Franklin Simon & Co.
GREENWICH, CT.—Franklin Simon & Co.
NEW YORK—Franklin Simon & Co.

PAGE 57

CHIFFON SQUARE by Burmel Hdkf. Corp.
BOSTON—C. Crawford Hollidge
CHICAGO—Marshall Field & Co.
MILWAUKEE—Smartwear-Emma Lunge, Inc.
NEW YORK—Lord & Taylor

MARVELLA Nature-Dipped Pearl Twinset by Weinreich Bros.
See Preceding List—Page 53

HAIR ORNAMENTS by Ben Hur Products, Inc.
BALTIMORE—Hetzel Bros.
BOSTON—Wm. Filene’s Sons Co.
CLEVELAND—The Higbee Company
LINCOLN—Gold and Company
MINNEAPOLIS—The Dayton Company
NEW YORK—B. Altman & Co.

COCKTAIL BAG by Friedman-Lobel, Inc.
See Preceding List—Page 53

BRACELET by Omar, Inc.
See Preceding List—Page 54

SATIN GOWN by Columbia Dance Frocks
See Preceding List—Page 56

PAGES 58 and 59

HEADTWISTERS by Debway Hats, Inc.
See Preceding List—Page 51

PAGES 60 and 61
Write for information and store names on all accessories featured in these pages
Then here's a new technique to help you. Important, above all things, is appearance, that unspoken introduction!

SEPTEMBER sounds the end of Summer. Good-bye to the beach, the pines on that lonely but lovely mountain, the care-free, casual days. But hello to something else, adventurous, exciting, demanding. Your first job! You, the graduate of the classes of '40, want a job. Then consider seriously the very first impression you will make on a prospective employer—your appearance. For appearance is your first introduction before a word is spoken, before anyone has opportunity to talk with you even or to discover those brilliant marks you may have to your credit.

In other words, you must look like a winner to be one, though you need be neither a Venus nor an Adonis. On the girls' side, there's Judy Garland—so fresh, so vital, so utterly appealing, and who also looks as if she could do a thing or two. On the boys' side, there's Mickey Rooney, with his alert, human, and sparkling personality that one immediately senses. Neither is strictly beautiful nor handsome, but they more than make up for it in the everyday variety of good looks.

According to an authority with whom I have talked, "The girl with clear skin, modish make-up and glossy, well-dressed hair has the edge on her plain, but intelligent, sister when it comes to landing a job."

This authority places appearance emphasis on skin, because a girl can go to a beauty salon and have her hair groomed for the occasion and she can, to some extent, avail herself of make-up consultations, many of which are free, but she cannot instantly correct a skin that is badly broken out and a source of constant embarrassment. This blemished skin is one of the crosses of youth or, at least, young skin—and your skin may be very young in this respect though you may be well into your twenties.

Just why do you get those ghastly bumps, those ugly little splotches and abhorred blackheads? Barring any extreme physical irregularity, the cause is oil—too much oil. The natural apertures of the skin simply are not sufficient to bring this oil directly to the surface where you might remove it. And so it remains under the surface, clogging up your skin disposal.

No one is more typical of the job-seeking youth than Mickey Rooney. Left: A comedy scene with Mickey and Judy Garland from "Strike Up The Band." Below: Director Busby Berkeley coaches youthful Joe Butler and June Preiser.
A JOB? By Mary Lee

system, as a drain is clogged. When oil remains in this condition too long, it decomposes, and the result is a nice blemish, blackheads, whiteheads and a generally most unattractive skin. Even make-up can do little to correct its appearance.

You will see many such skin cases about you, especially with girls and boys in their teens. The old thought was that this was, with many, just a phase of youth, such as the change of voice in boys, and the sudden outbursting of figures in spots with the girls, and that gradually youth outgrew this skin. While this skin condition is a phase of youth and many do outgrow it, alas, the cost is dear. How many a pocked, scarred and roughened skin remains, and how many hours of heartbreak and humiliation are suffered.

Again, according to our authority, "What should a young girl do? For a long time, beauty experts gave her no answer. If she had acne, she was told, 'Just wait; you'll grow out of it in a year or two.' A year at that age is a couple of eternities. Hating her own face, she tried things that did it harm, irritated blackheads until they became boils that left permanent scars, made herself wretched and spoiled her own social life.

"It's a serious thing to give an impressionable young girl an inferiority complex by letting her suffer with a bad skin. It leaves psychological scars that are worse than physical ones.

"So I began to work on formulas for the young skin that were utterly different from mature skin preparations, for young skins cannot be treated like mature skins. They secrete too much oil; mature skins secrete too little. Thus, this young acne skin must avoid oil, whereas mature skins need to supplement their lack of natural oil with heavier creams. So when Daughter, with her problem skin, borrows some of Mother's cream, in the hope that this is the magic cure for her bumps and 'bimples, she is doing exactly the wrong thing for her skin."

Hopefully, for you with problem skins, I would like to give an extra sincere paragraph or two to the splendid results I have seen from these formulas for young skin. There are a number of them, but I am especially enthusiastic about a kit collection of four, very reasonably priced, on which I shall be delighted to write you full details as to name, price and where to buy. In this kit you find a liquid complexion soap that is most effective in correcting and controlling the surplus oil, the cause of your embarrassing skin, a greaseless lubricant, which keeps skin soft.

[Continued on page 97]
IN PLAYING the role of Phoebe Titus, first white woman pioneer to figure in the Apache state's history, Jean Arthur has discarded all the magic of make-up relying on soap, water and the great outdoors to add to her natural beauty. Columbia Pictures, in spending close to $2,000,000 on this western classic, filmed it in its entirety in its authentic locale on a mile-square reconstructed Old Tucson, 14 miles from the present city. Above left: William Holden plays Peter Muncie, who falls in love with Jean and finally wins her hand in marriage. Above right: The temperature was 120 in the sun as this was taken. Right: Jean, an expert horsewoman, needed no double for the riding scenes. Below: With Producer-Director Wesley Ruggles between scenes of "Arizona."
If other actresses can do it, so can Jean Arthur who shuns all beauty aids in her thrilling role of Phoebe Titus, fearless pioneer, in “Arizona”
ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO
PASS ANOTHER AWARD TO BETTE—
"Wife"

BETTE DAVIS and Charles Boyer are teamed in the photoplay adapted from Rachael Field's widely read novel. The film follows the book carefully, and under Anatole Litvak's admirable direction becomes one of the finest and most powerful pictures of the year. As Henriette Delazy-Desportes, the little governness who becomes innocently involved in one of France's most sensational murders, Bette Davis gives another of her Academy Award winning performances. And as the Duc de Praslin Monsieur Charles Boyer has never been better. The picture centers on the experiences of the governness in the ill-fated household of the Duc and Duchess de Praslin, and with bated breath you follow one sequence after another leading up to the murder and suicide. Barbara O'Neill is magnificent as the insanely jealous Duchess who seeks her revenge on the governness whom she considers a rival for her husband's love. The de Praslin children are excellently played by June Lockhart, Virginia Weidler, Ann Todd, and a darling little boy named Richard Nichols. Jeffrey Lynn plays Henry Field, the American clergyman, to whom Henriette turns in her sorrow. Excellent in small parts are Helen Westley, Harry Davenport, Henry Daniell and Montagu Love. Like "Gone With the Wind," this picture is shown in two parts with an intermission. It's a long sitdown, but you won't be bored.

NEW MOON
AS BRIGHT AS EVER—M-G-M

WHAT a pleasure it is in the midst of all this turmoil to be able to forget for an hour our world-weariness and sit back and enjoy beautiful Jeanette MacDonald and handsome Nelson Eddy singing to each other, even more romantically and delightfully than ever before. To our way of thinking a romantic musical interlude is just what we need right now. Based on the well known operetta, "New Moon" takes you from the French Revolution in eighteenth century France to that distant colony, Louisiana. Like most operettas it's pretty stagey as far as plot is concerned, but the music makes up for everything. And when sung by Jeanette and Nelson what more can you ask? Very pleasant to the ear and the eye are the screen's famous lovers singing "Lover Come Back to Me," "Wanting you" and "One Kiss." The Sigmund Romberg music has lost none of its charm.

PRIVATE AFFAIRS
POKKING FUN AT THE SOCIAL SET—Universal

AN UNPRETENTIOUS, but very gay, little comedy that is guaranteed not to bore you. Roland Young plays the disinherited son of a rich and socialite Boston family. And that other grand comedian, Hugh Herbert, plays a taxi cab driver, who sort of teams up with the disinherited one in order to collect his cab fare. The plot concerns Mr. Young's efforts to save his daughter, Nancy Kelly, from one of those pre-arranged socialite marriages, and Mr. Herbert gives him plenty of cooperation. The social set comes in for considerable kidding.

THE GHOST BREAKERS
A GRAND COMEDY MYSTERY—Paramount

Do you split your sides laughing over the antics of comic Bob Hope and gorgeous looker Paulette Goddard in that comedy mystery "The Cat and the Canary"? Well, get ready to split your sides again because "The Ghost Breakers" is even more funny. Paulette plays an American girl, alone in the world, who inherits a haunted castle in Cuba. On the boat she finds Bob Hope, a radio commentator, in her trunk, and together they approach the gruesome castle. There are sliding panels, ghosts, murders, glass-sided coffins and all kinds of thrillers—with Bob keeping up a gay line of chatter throughout everything. In the cast are Richard Carlson, Paul Lukas, Pedro de Cordoba, Anthony Quinn, and Willie Best whom Bob calls "Syracuse." It's a grand comedy mystery that you shouldn't miss.

EARTHBOUND
DISAPPOINTING—20th Century-Fox

This picture dips into the supernatural and Warner Baxter appears as a ghost. He, now happily married to Andrea Leeds, gets shot at the beginning of the picture by Lynn Bari who just can't get over her love for him. Lynn's husband, Henry Willerson plays the condemned man's lawyer, who tries to save his client's life. The acting is adequate and the plot is well written and directed.
coxon, takes the blame for the killing and is sentenced to life imprisonment. Warner is a troubled ghost, unable to find peace until he has cleared his friend of the murder charge. The best thing in the picture is the performance by Christian Rub, who plays a witness at the murder trial.

THE MORTAL STORM
A TRAGIC STORY—M-G-M

THIS is the adaptation of Phyllis Bottome's anti-Nazi novel and tells what was happening in Germany in 1933—and which eventually led up to what is happening in the world of 1940. But what with the brutality in Europe today the picture, in comparison, seems quite mild. The story concerns a family in Germany when Hitler comes into power. Frank Morgan, magnificent in a dramatic role for a change, plays a kindly professor, loved by his family and honored by his colleagues and students. But with the advent of Hitler he becomes an object of scorn because he has non-Aryan blood, and he is doomed to die in a concentration camp. His wife and daughter stand by him, but his sons desert him and join up with Hitler. Margaret Sullavan, the daughter, is in love with Jimmy Stewart, a lifelong friend, but their romance too must end in heart-breaking tragedy. The picture is extremely well acted by every member of the cast with Irene Rich as the mother, Robert Young as a fanatical young Storm Trooper, Robert Stack and William Orr as the brothers, and Madame Ouspenskaya as Jimmy's mother. No escapism here, but it is a picture you ought to see.

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS
ANOTHER "GOODBYE MR. CHIPS"—KEO

FOR their second venture in The Play's the Thing productions Gene Towne and Graham Baker have chosen that famous old English yarn, "Tom Brown's School Days," which was written about 1857 by Thomas Hughes. Great credit should be given them for their excellent production of this wonderful old classic, which thanks to them adjusts itself remarkably well to the present times. If you took "Goodbye Mr. Chips" to your heart, then you'll certainly go for "Tom Brown" as the two pictures have that same nostalgic quality. Under the perfect direction of Robert Stevenson, an Englishman, the famed English school of Rugby is shown us at its authentic best. Sir Cedric Hardwicke plays Thomas Arnold, headmaster of Rugby from 1828 to 1842, who is supposed to have established the public school system as it is in operation today. Arnold finds it difficult to enforce his honor system and his theories of education and is on the verge of resigning when Square Brown shows his faith in him by sending his own son Tom Brown to Rugby. Poor [Continued on page 90]
It seems strange as I start out to cover the studios on a sunny, peaceful morning that elsewhere in the world people are dying by thousands and that the last thing they are thinking of in other parts of the world is amusement. Yet the studios are all running full blast in an effort to turn out entertainment that will take the eyes of people away from the war-torn headlines of the daily papers.

Paramount, for instance, has several light comedies shooting.

The most important is called "Rhythm on the River" and stars Bing Crosby and Mary Martin. It is cause for cheers that Bing, at long last, has a vis-a-vis who can sing and act, instead of an unknown, who is usually cast opposite him and who seldom turns out to be anything of a muchness.

In this picture, he writes music and Mary writes lyrics for a song-writer who used to be tops but who has run out of inspiration and hires them to work for him at $50 a week apiece, calmly signing his name to their efforts. Neither, of course, knows what the other is doing.

And here they are on a little old river boat that ran aground twenty years before. Bing's uncle owns the boat, and Bing is taking soundings as Mary watches interestingly.

"Three feet," says Bing, pulling the sounding line out of the water. "It's always three feet."

"What is it?" Mary inquires.

"Oh," Bing explains, "my uncle's boat was grounded twenty years ago and he's always taking soundings to see if the water is high enough to float it again."

Just then, the sound of music is heard on the radio. Bing holds up his hand for quiet just as Mary starts to say something, "This is a tune I've wanted to..."
You may well imagine I’m not going to linger in the face of such a pressing invitation so I git.

**AND when I stop “gitting” I find myself on a stage where a picture called “Victory” is shooting. Years ago, Richard Arlen and Nancy Carroll (remember her?) made this opus, but this time we have Fredric March and Betty Field playing the leads.

It’s about a beachcomber in the South Seas who falls in love with a dance hall girl. But there’s an insurrection—or something.

“I’m sorry about this,” Freddie says to Betty.

“I’m not afraid—for myself,” she returns hesitantly.

Freddie looks at her amazedly. And then a great light dawns. She’s afraid for him!

“D’ya know,” he replies slowly, “for the first time in my life I’m afraid of something—and it’s not for myself.”

And Freddie clasps her hands in his.

Heaven knows it seems a simple enough scene but the director, John Cromwell, isn’t satisfied with the “take.” They do it over and over and with each take the tension on the set grows. Once Freddie catches sight of me. “Hello—er—Dick,” he mutters, but at a time like this anyone can be excused for forgetting a familiar face.

“Let’s get out of here,” I whisper to Kathleen Coghlan, who is making the rounds with me. “There’ll never be any laughs here.”

**SO WE mosey on to what is called “The New York Street.” That is what is known as a “permanent set.” All studios have them. This one is a replica or reproduction of a New York street. Scripts frequently call for such a setting so the studio has erected one and it stands permanently. And, curiously, the picture that is shooting here today is called “The New Yorkers,” starring Dick Powell and Ellen Drew. Neither of them are in the scene that is being shot. It is simply

[Continued on page 75]
line and "click" after "click" indicated that the Hall-Langford conversation had a full audience. The whole thing reached a comical climax when Jon told Frances over the phone that he was suffering from a cold and asked her to send him a remedy from his home medicine chest. The next day he received several letters from subscribersalong the line, each suggesting remedies they considered far superior to the one he had asked for.

That photograph encased in the dashboard of Gary Cooper's De presence is an enlarged portrait of his two-year-old daughter.

Dorothy Lamour has a new diamond lapel pin which fascinates all her friends. It's a little diamond clown whose arms and legs wiggle when she pulls a tiny chain. Dorothy is signing her autographs "Dottie Lamour" now so that must mean that she wants to be called "Dottie."

With Jackie Cooper's boost in salary at Paramount for his very swell job on the Aldrich Family series, his folks have boosted his weekly allowance from $15 to $25. That's pretty meager spending money for a chap with as many girl friends as Jackie—but his family is determined not to spoil him. "Besides, when he runs low on funds he can invite the girl friend home to dinner," says his mother. "We can always tell when the cash is getting low. Jackie will ask us if we want him to go to the movies with us. Yes, he goes around almost exclusively with his family near pay-day."

From the way things look now the Jimmy Stewart-Olivia de Havilland romance is on the wane. Jimmy has been seen at various night clubs recently without Olivia, and Olivia has been dating with Tim Durant, who was head man before Jimmy stepped in. But you never can tell.

Right out from under Irving Hoffman we snared the following tasty bit: Bette Davis is telling the inside story on the telephone conversation she had with...

Top: Jackie Cooper, Eddie Brachen, Ray Stewart and Leila Ernst, the four young principals in "Life With Henry" (a Henry Aldrich yarn), get acquainted with Madeleine Carroll's amiable lion cub, "Safari." Above: Martha Raye does one of her hot dance specialties in "The Boys From Syracuse." Right: Alexander Hall, who worked out so well as Loretta Young's director in "The Doctor Takes A Wife" that Columbia hired him again to direct her in "He Stayed for Breakfast," chats with Loretta.

Mischa Auer attempts the trick of twirling a cigarette thru the air and into the mouth for his wife. P. S. It really worked.
Charles Boyer when Warners arranged a three-way hook-up for added scenes in "All This, and Heaven Too." It took Warners three days to locate Boyer in New York. Finally, when he was found a telephone hook-up was set up with Bette in Honolulu, Boyer in New York, and Director Anatole Litvak in Hollywood. Bette got on the phone and greeted, "Hello, Charles." Boyer replied, "Bette, I'm awful busy. Please get in touch with me later."

"I have to be back in Hollywood by September. We're having a baby," is Vincent Price's line which killed St. Louis newspaper reporters when the actor appeared there in "The American Way."

"What do you mean 'we'? the reporters chided him.

"I mean we," insisted Vincent. "I'm going to be right there."

Vincent will return to Hollywood from summer stock in time for the big event. The expected heir or heiress will be named "Barrett," after its mother, the famous stage actress, Edith Barrett.

Mary Astor is one star in Hollywood who doesn't mind admitting her age. Reason is that although Mary is only 34 she is celebrating her twentieth year in pictures, and she got so darned tired of having people ask on several years that she now insists on publicizing the truth. In her twenty years in pictures, Mary never has posed in a bathing suit. Which is some kind of a record.

Katharine Hepburn's back in Hollywood to appear in the screen version of her successful play, "Philadelphia Story," and the Hepburn stories, which are rarely flattering to Katie, have started again. It seems that the studio assigned her a special publicity man for the duration of the picture and he wrote her a very nice little note telling her how pleased he was to handle her publicity, how much he adored her as an actress, etc. He thought that would pave the way beautifully. Several days later he was introduced to her on the set.

"I am very happy to know you, Miss Hepburn," he beamed.

"You won't be when the picture's over," said Katharine casually.

Which reminds us of the time that one of Hollywood's biggest stars became a

Laraine Day has dated only Sydney Guilaroff, M-G-M hair stylist, since she's achieved popularity in Hollywood circles.
rabid Hepburn fan after seeing her in "Alice Adams." The two girls were working on the same lot and one day the star saw Hepburn in the street below her dressing room window.

"Miss Hepburn," she called, "I've been wanting to meet you. I think so much of you."

"Well," said Hepburn, cutting her short, "now we've met." And walked away.

When Gene Markey left for the East recently and Hedy remained in Hollywood, all those old divorce rumors were started again. But as usual, without foundation. Gene had to go to Washington on legal business matters for the new picture he is to produce at Paramount, and Hedy had to stay at home to make tests for "The Ziegfeld Girl."

Lunchees at the Hollywood Brown Derby nearly fell in their cold consomme the other day when Lana Turner, Artie Shaw and Greg Bautzer all arrived to have lunch together. Who says that Hollywood isn't one big happy family? Or can it be that lawyer Bautzer is going to handle the Shaw divorce?

Betty Grable and her rhumba are the sensation of the moment at Ciro's. All the men about town promptly made desperate efforts to get Betty's phone number, but they sort of got discouraged when Alexis Thompson, her wealthy New York boy friend, arrived by plane to keep an eye on her.

None of this light lunch on a card table in the dressing room for Clark Gable. He eats a hearty lunch in the Metro commissary every day when he is working, and his presence rarely causes a flutter, except when there are tourists lunching there. But the other day he went over to the RKO studio to have lunch with Carole and there was so much excitement in the commissary that things didn't get normal for hours. The waitresses became completely confused and people got soup who never ordered soup, and the poor RKO stars, who aren't appreciated on their home lot, got shoved around something awful. The studio may have to pass a rule that Lombard keep her husband in her dressing room.

Ah me, and slackaday, here's another of those heartbreak stories from the glamorous capital of make-believe. It seems that a little spider was found dead the other day on the set of "The Ghost Breakers." It had been strangled to death in a phony spider web which had been manufactured by studio technicians out of rubber cement, to simulate the real thing.

Robert Taylor will help support one of the 1205 underprivileged youngsters of the San Antonio Boys' Club for the forthcoming year. When the club received his donation it forwarded in return a glass egg mounted on an orange card. The card bears the inscription, "Robert Taylor is a good egg."
where the “heavy” crushes to pieces a toy airplane of one of the East Side children. Once again take after take is necessary because the “heavy” is over-zelalous and crushes the plane too soon.

Columbia

It seems there are a flock of pictures shooting here, too. First, there—“Honeymoon For Breakfast,” co-starring Loretta Young and Melvyn Douglas. I can’t tell you what it is all about, but, apparently, Loretta and Alan Marshal are married and there is some funny business going on between Loretta and Mel because there is the living room with Marshal and Eugene Pallette when the doorbell rings.

“Oh, I know who it is,” Loretta assures them too quickly. It’s Baron Durando—lives next door. He has a fixation, thinks every night is Hallow’en and he goes around ringing everybody’s doorbell.

“Poor fellow,” Gene mutters and turns to Marshal: “You take care of your wife,”

Alan pulls Loretta away and Gene opens the outer door.

“Don’t come in, Paul,” Loretta shrieks. “They have a gun!”

But Melvyn, the Brave, steps in anyway, “Amateurs shouldn’t play with guns,” he admonishes them, and turns to Loretta: “Don’t be frightened,” he encourages her.

I wish you could see Loretta in the flesh for this scene instead of in black and white. Although the men are all in dinner jackets she is in what she calls a “house dress” although it looks like an evening gown to me. “Gee, you look beautiful,” I enthuse.

“Isn’t it a lovely thing?” she agrees.

“Mr. Kalcock whipped it up for me. It’s a black chiffon over sateen, lace over crepe.”

It’s all Greek to me, but the result is sure stunning.

I proceed to the next set which happens to be “The Lady in Question.” The scene is the presence of Brian Aherne, Irene (Grape Juice) Rich, Rita Hayworth, Edie Norris and Glenn Ford.

“Mr. Ford,” Maggie Mascal, who is touring the lot with me vows further, “comes from a very wealthy family.”

“Then what’s he doing in pictures?” I demand.

“He was brought up to earn his own living,” she retorts severely.

If all the supposedly wealthy socialites who have come into pictures for no good reason except to satisfy their vanity were laid to end we could drown them and it would be a good riddance to bad rubbish. If they would just come out and say, I haven’t any money and I think I have a good idea pictures may be a way of earning some and God knows pictures have something to offer me (plenty of dough) everything would be jake. But this socialite stuff gives me several pains. (Are you listening, Miss Russell?)

Be that as it may, this scene is not of vital importance. All the principals are marching into a church as the congregation is presumably singing a hymn.

20th Century-Fox

From my point of view (if anyone is interested) the most important picture shooting here is “The Great Profile,” starring John Barrymore, who truly plays himself.

Evidently, he’s a theatrical manager who has married a woman much younger than himself with theatrical aspirations and not much talent to back them up. When he won’t cast her in a play, she takes a walk and the papers go to town. So he puts something in the papers that brings her to his office, boiling.

“Sylvia, my darling!” he breathes as they almost collide.

But his wife, Mary Beth Hughes, fails to share his enthusiasm. “Did you think you could get me back with a cheap, contemptible trick like this? I shall shriek, bellow, do anything to get him.

“Trick?” John echoes, cut to the quick. “How can you talk like that after I stayed up all night looking for the part best suited to your talents?”

“H-m-m,” mutters Miss H. “I mean it,” John protests, and quickly adds, “my darling, this play is for you and I can truthfully say it will do you justice.”

Just then a door opens and they look around to see who is entering, and then Walter Lang (the director) calls “Cut!”

 Barely outside of camera range is a man holding a blackboard with Mr. B’s lines on them. Despite his years and years on the stage he cannot memorize lines, although he has another explanation. “Why should I bother memorizing lines when there are so many more important things to remember?” he queries. “I get the same results this way, as if I knew them by heart.”

The other picture out here is “The Return of Frank James,” a sequel to “Jesse James.” Henry Fonda again plays Frank and opposite him is a newcomer from New York named Gene Tierney. I hasten to add that Gene is a girl and about as attractive a girl as I have met in many a long day. Not only is she pretty, but also intelligent with a nice sense of humor.

Mr. Fonda, to whom I was introduced by Andy Devine (when he first came to Hollywood) as follows: “This is Dick Mook. He can be one of the sweetest people on earth if he likes you—and one of the worst heels imaginable when he doesn’t”—keeps discreetly in the background. But odd that Mr. Fonda has not spoken to me since that libelous introduction—he’s taking no chances.) He is gabbing with Donald Meek when the director (Fritz Lang) calls him for a scene.

“I’m busy,” says Henry and a bowl goes up. Of course, even Lang, who I regret to state hasn’t much sense of humor, knows he’s kidding and laughs.

The scene is Frank’s trial and he is on the witness stand.

“You say you didn’t kill the watchman Wilson?” Russell Hicks demands.

“No reason to,” Fonda confides.

“Always need a reason for killing?” Mr. Hicks inquires sarcastically.

“Don’t you?” Mr. Fonda counters pleasantly.

“I’m not on trial,” Mr. Hicks reminds him curtly. “Your accomplice could’ve shot Wilson and could’t you?”

“Yeah—he could’ve,” Henry agrees, “but—” as he notes a gleam of triumph in Russell’s eyes—he didn’t. Wilson got shot from the outside.

They argue back and forth for quite some time, with Mr. Fonda, of course, always coming out on top (because he is the hero). In the end, he’ll probably be killed, because the Hays office always insists on criminals getting what’s coming to them.

And so-o-o, from here we go to—

M-G-M

“Escape,” starring Nazimova (who is the greatest actress I ever have seen, including Beruhart and Duse) and Norma Shearer, Miss Shearer’s art withers and fades under the unsympathetic glance of strangers on the set is closed, but I’ll guarantee you the picture will be well worth seeing if only because Nazimova is in it.

But there is still “Golden Fleece,” with Lew Ayres, Virginia Grey and Rita Johnson. Unfortunately for me, Virginia hasn’t started working yet, but it’s nice to know she is at last getting a good break on her home lot and one of these days she’s going to be one of the biggest stars in the business, because not only has looks, she can act circles around most of the ingenues in the business.

Last on this lot is “Strike Up The Band,” starring Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland. This is adapted from a very successful stage play of a couple of years ago and you may depend upon it, any picture with these two heading a cast is good entertainment.

Warner Brothers

There are a lot of pictures shooting here, but three of them will have to wait until next month. Bette Davis is doing a particularly tense scene in “The Letter” and for the first time in all the years I’ve known her, her set is closed—but only for today and you’ll hear about this picture later.

James Cagney isn’t working today in “City Conquest,” so we’ll let that wait, too, and John Garfield (his first day before a camera in six months) flips a lighted cigarette into his eye during a scene in “Flowing Gold,” and the company has been dismissed until he recovers.

However, there’s “The Man From Fleet Street” in another of Warner [Continued on page 98]
Claudette's Like That

[Continued from page 23]

sympathetic, considerate and kind, fun-loving and gay, and as refreshingly whole-some as a sunrise in the desert—that's Claudette. If you get the idea that I like her a lot, you are so right.

Of course, I pretend to be as innocent as a trusting baby bird about the whole thing, but Claudette says that she has noticed that this beautiful friendship of ours may lag for long stretches, but the minute she starts a picture with an at-tractive male star it is not long before the sparks fly. And if the attractive male star happens to be Clark Gable, it seems, according to Claudette, that I am so overcome by a sudden rush of friend-ship that I drop by the set practically every day to see her—and Gable. During the production of "Boo Town" it ap- pears I couldn't have been friendlier.

Which brings us up to a paragraph I read in a popular national weekly magazine one morning recently. Said the item: "Some advance publicity has been released on "Boo Town," and the story goes to say that it is going to offer more riches and beauty than any film in history. There will be the combined charms of Myrna Loy, Spencer Tracy, and Claudette Colbert... As if that weren't magnificent enough, the whole thing will culminate in a strip tease by Clark Gable, who is guaranteed by the management to take off his pants."

Well, when I read that my day was made. First, because Myrna Loy isn't in "Boo Town" at all (it's 'Hedy Lamarr'), and I was really heart set to discover that those very fastidiously correct weekly magazines can confuse picture casts, too. It's a little something I've been doing for years, to the annoyance of my editors, but even I new confused a Myrna Loy with a Hedy Lamarr. And second, be-cause if Clark Gable was going to do a Gypsy Rose Lee I wasn't going to miss it. I drove right through a couple of stop signals and nearly had a truck in my lap, but I made and actually was on record for Colver City, as the be M-G-M studios.

Alas, girls, What-a-Man Gable does not do a strip tease. He merely appears in an old-fashioned union suit, the droopy kind, for one brief sequence, which wasn't quite brief enough for Clark as he was embarrassed as hell about the whole thing. Pleased, yet not pleased, if you know what I mean, I wandered over to the "Boo Town" set."

"Hello," said Claudette, "I haven't seen you since yesterday (it's Hedy Lamarr), and I am really glad to see you. That new hair is lovely. Isn't it a pity Clark isn't working today? And you wore your new dress—and going in to red polish again I see." (Those big eyes of La Col bert never miss a trick.)

"I prefer to ignore your insinuations," I have to say that I laugh. "And besides, you, a happily married woman, wouldn't understand about such things. As for lunching with you, if I had my choice of all the brilliant and charming men and women of history—Papa, Mama, Eugene O'Neill, the then, Helen Troy, Don Juan, Madame Pompadour, Mark Antony, Marie Antoinette, and the Man in the Iron Mask—I would choose to lunch with you."

"Ha," said Claudette who is so lack-ing in conceit that I often wonder how she ever became an actress. "You mean no one else asked you today. Relax.

That's the trouble with Claudette. You can't flatter her. She is too energetic to flattery in all forms, and if you ever think you are going to put a fast one over on Colbert by a line of drip and droll you will find yourself sadly mistaken. Many a producer, director, writer and jewelry salesmen who have tried it have failed. She can detect a phony a mile away. Dis-pressingly sincere herself she heartily dislikes insincerity and hypocrisy in others, but after seven years in Hollywood she has learned to cover up her distaste with a very disarming smile, if she doesn't know you very well. Rather than tell a lot of silly lies in the Hollywood tradition, and feign an enthusiasm for something she doesn't feel, Claudette just turns on her charming, disarming smile, and has discovered the convenience of an occasion when you are on the run. But if you're stuck in a situation short of murder, like a number of oil wells owned by my acquaintances, Claudette simply won't gush. She may not believe what you say, but you can defi-nitely believe what she says. And after all, that is something.

How she has done as well as she has in the land of the gilded tongue I'm sure don't know. But well she has done. She arrived in town in the midst of all the frenzied artificiality of the Glamour Period—frilly, unassuming, sensitive girl who was so self-conscious that she refused to go to Hollywood night clubs or parties for fear people would say, "Is that Claudette Colbert? Whatever made Para-mount sign her. They must be crazy." Now she is accepted as one of Holly-wood's social leaders and highest paid stars. One of the highest paid, yes, but certainly not one of the richest, for money goes through Claudette's fingers like so much sawdust. Her contributions to all charities are small. She is too cool to read about, or see, humanity suffering. Immediately, the cool reserve and poise that she has built for herself, melts like ice in the sun, and she goes completely to pieces, but not until she has signed a few substantial checks. Emotions may be easy in Hollywood, but checks are not so easy. Since the invasion of her native France, Claudette has contributed so magnanimously to the poor refugees that I am sure that I will have to give her a benefit long before she can get a square meal.

On her way up, Claudette lost most of her shyness and self-consciousness, though it still pops out occasionally, but she has never lost her sensitivity, unfortunately, and like most sensitive people she goes out of her way to slap herself down. After the preview of one of her pictures Clau- dette, like all stars, reads her reviews—and always they are very flattering to Miss Colbert. Except one, perhaps. A re-viewer from "Colbert West with possibly a hundred readers will write that in her new picture Miss Colbert stinks. Immediately, Claudette forgets all the wonderful things that the ace re-viewers have written about her, all the marvelous things that her friends and family have said, she forgets everything except that one little writer with his hun-dred readers. He suddenly becomes right, everybody else is wrong. She stinks. She knows all the other reviews, the worries, and worries, and worries. Times like that you want to kick her teeth in.

When she first started in pictures, someone—probably a Fuller brush man, or a postman, or a Western Union boy—told her that her right profile was bad. It was. Her friends and her leading directors and cameramen of Hol-lywood have been telling her for years that there is nothing wrong with it, but Claudette is fully convinced that there is (though she couldn't tell you to save her life what it is) and she has scenes re-written and sets re-made so that she won't be caught with her wrong side.

Although she is known today as one of the gayest, most approachable actresses on a studio set there was a time when Claudette was considered cold and aloof with a very sense of humor then, as she has now, but she was so busy being sensitive (a laudress probably told her that people were talking about her) and self-conscious that she never gave herself a chance to warm up. If she was on a wave, she would hop on the set, Claudette immediately assumed that he was thinking, "Why did I get stuck with Colbert? Why didn't I get Bette Davis for this part?" Or if the leading man, suffering from a hangover no doubt, appeared unamused, it was but positive he was saying to himself, "Why the hell didn't I do the picture at Metro? I could have had Crawford." She'd go to her dressing room and worry, and worry, and worry. She probably would have worried herself right out of pictures if that grand guy, Gregory La Cava, hadn't been assigned to direct her in "She Married Her Boss." La Cava knows an inferiority complex when he meets one out, even if it is all done up in a blondine, so Claudette, "The Fretting Frog." The company froze in its tracks the first time he called her that, fully expecting that Miss Colbert would go for his scalp. But she didn't; she laughed. And the next morning she was painted out of her costume as "The Fretting Frog's Puddle." From then on it was nip and tuck as to whom could be gayer, Colbert or La Cava.

People who work with Claudette are crazy about her. She's considerate, honest, and right down to earth, without even a dash of that primness that has so many of the glamour babs go in for. The various friends she has made at studios are not a matter of convenience with her, as most studio friendships are, but they remain her good friends through the years. She is as interested in them and their problems today as she was the first year she met them. When they come to her for advice she doesn't soft soap them, she really takes the trouble to give them ex-cellent advice.

Though she has become very social-mined these last few years (she has finally decided that people might be dis-cussing the weather and not her when she enters a room or a night club) Claudette rarely gives out with a large party. She prefers to have six or eight congenial

Silver Screen
people in for Saturday night dinner fol-
lowed by a picture in her playroom. She
was a very charming hostess though she
has been known on occasions to upset
glasses, even as you and I. Once Bob Ben-
chley found a glass of rare old port in his
lap, and, of course, his friends will never
let her live down the night she
had to be the director of a famous
Ambassador who was quite
delighted and made a pretty speech about
it. But please don’t get the idea that Miss
Colbert isn’t house-broken. I’d even match
her against Emily Post.

Just the other day on the “Boom
Towner” set (the picture is nearly over)
you knew with Gable), Claude
twould suddenly found herself sur-
rounded by a group of Visiting Firemen
who were oh-ing and ah-ing over her
and making quite a fuss. “Isn’t she sweet,”
courees of the ladies, and another,
“Miss Colbert, my husband and
I just love you. We think you are the
most beautiful star on the screen. You
are just so beautiful we could eat you.”
“Thank you,” said Claude, “Thank
you, so much.”

“But we just wish you wouldn’t wear
bangs,” continued the little lady.

This was a second time. All
afternoon Claudeett kept asking me if I
really thought her bangs were awful.

“Claudette,” I screamed, “a million
people like your bangs. They’re part of
you.”

“What’s one person against a mil-
ion?”

But I wouldn’t be the least surprised
if in her next picture at Paramount.

“Arise My Love,” La Colbert appears
without bangs. What can you do with a
person like that?

Would You Have Lost Your Poise,
Too? [Continued from page 45]

Of course, she got over that. But the
studio had to soothe her pretty vigorously
and you can be certain of one thing.
Ann was still the belle of Flynn’s party
which was delivered on the afternoon of
any function. She preview a dress a day
or two in advance, to make sure that it
will function whether she is sitting, stand-
ing, dancing or playing leap frog.

Errol Flynn has never been daunted by a typhoon or a wild boar, but
he suffered a slight jolt the time he
took a sack of live lobsters home and informed the
Filipino cook that there would be
guests for dinner. After the guests had
arrived, he went into the kitchen for a
quick look. The room was knee deep in
crawling, indignant crustaceans and there
was a note from the cook.

“I do not like these animals,” it said,
succinctly. “So I have went.”

He had “went” so far that he hasn’t
been heard of since and there was Host
Flynn with a houseful of hungry guests
and dinner still not on the hoof, as it
were, but in a really dangerous mood.

So-o-o, he pulled out the menu was
put together, what was left of it, closed the
kitchen door, put a chair against it and
took his guests to a restaurant at the
beach where the lobsters had learned re-
pose.

Clark Gable has done some Nature
facing, too, and has had a lot of years of
trouping. But nothing had prepared him
for the situation which arose when a piece
of scenery fell on him and he heard that
awful ripping sound and found himself
without his trousers in front of five hun-
dred delighted extras to say nothing of a
raucous cast and crew. Not only that.

Unsympathetic blokes began cracking wise
at once about the Gable knees.

What does a seasoned trouper do under
these circumstances? Smile? Toss it off
with an airy gesture? Not this seasoned
trouper. He turned tail and ran for cover
and wasn’t seen again for hours. And
when he did return to the set he was dis-
tinctly unsociable. Maybe next time he’ll
remember something witty and
appropriate. But those things take time
and thoughtful preparation.

But there is always that fiendish little
chance which may wreck the best laid
plans, the most carefully prepared
 costume, the most thoroughly rehearsed smile.
And, doggone it, the candid camera boys
are almost a cinch to be right there when
it happens and pictures of your embar-
rassing moment appear in papers and
magazines all over the country. Think of

other things which she duly serves to
guests at Sunday evening suppers. She
spent hours the day before measur-
ing and stirring. On Sunday evening
the kitchen is put into the oven to
heat. Imagine then her feelings when she
went to the kitchen for the last food
peep at her creation before it
went into the oven and found four lively kittens having a
beautiful game with her pièce de résistance. Two
of them submerged in cheese-y goo and
two others frolicking on the floor with
long strands of macaroni.

Ah, in these domestic tragedies do
it take out of a person—even an
experienced trouper like Dolores.

And anyone who glimpsed Jeffrey Lynn
last week at his birthday party at Ciro’s
and thought that he was looking a bit
flustered was quite right! Here’s how
that happened.

Jeff was dated to escort a particularly
luscious lovely to the party and he really
spread himself and dented his pocketbook
for orchids to adorn her shoulder. He
was late getting away from the studio
and barely had time to rush home, dress,
seize the box of flowers from the taxi
box and dash to the girl’s home. No one told
him that a second box had been delivered
from the florist that day.

He thought she took rather a long
time when she disappeared into the bed
room to pin on her flowers. When
she came out at last she was wearing a single,
wee cornflower and a rather strange
expression. She had a card in her hand.

It developed that a friend had, for a
gag, sent the cornflower to Jeff’s house in
an elaborate florist’s box and had enclosed
a note to say rude, birthday greet-
ing. Jeff, of course, had picked up the
wrong box. There were explanations, of
course, and Jeff stopped at a florist’s and
made the orchids good. But he had a
good deal of trouble explaining the card which
had accompanied the cornflower. He didn’t
get over his futter that evening. I’m
afraid the luscious lovely didn’t spare
him.

You see?

They may work their pretty fingers to
the bone and practice their diction and
learn to smile and bow and pass teacups
and make gracious limited speeches. But
prankish old Fate will trip them up now
and again. And when she does you’ll find
that they blush just as furiously as Junior
did when he dropped the teacup he was
handing to the mother of the Only Girl.
Well, I've seen them together for one thing. And my eyes, though blind, could not help me. And then, I thought back to the Brian Aherne, B.J. (before Joan) . . . to Aherne, the restless. Aherne, the mercurial, the bird of passage, the migratory; Aherne, who would never sign a term contract in Hol-lywood lest his questing spirit be channeled; Aherne, who never owned a house, but made his bed where it pleased him, under the Alpine stars, in Italy in the Spring; Aherne who was, he admits, "always in love," but always a refuge from the final vows of love; Aherne who knew the most brilliant and intriguing women of several continents, who has worked with Kath-arine Cornell, Helen Hayes, Marlene Dietrich, Joan Crawford, Merle Oberon, Olivia de Havilland, Madeleine Carroll and (B.J.) dated most of them. . . . Aherne who, in the end, gave his freedom into the hands of a child of twenty-two.

That is love!

And I said so. And I added, "you must have had reasons for falling in love. And you are too analytical of mind not to have analyzed your reasons. . . ."

"You are determined to get your story, aren't you?" laughed Brian, and his eyes, so preoccupied with scenes, not of the tender passion, lighted for the first time, "well, let's be honest. It was love." Books Joan took with her on their honey-moon. . . ."

"Books?"

"Books," beamed Brian. "We drove to a charming spot in the northern part of the State. When I helped Joan out of the car, I saw she had two books with her. They were Etiquette by Emily Post and the Oxford Dictionary!"

Brian laughed, a lusty, lover's laugh. He said, "I call Joan the Etiqueterian. She is, you know. She does on Emily Post. Everything, with Joan, must be just so. The table, the linen, the glassware, the service. She's a great grammarian, too, always correcting my gram-mar . . . we have a lot of fun, in the household, trying to write by the dictionary, for the first, last and only time, we suc-ceeded. Olivia had a birthday. We gave her a birthday dinner at home. Joan went out to the pantry to inspect things be-fore dinner was announced. She found there were only 21 candles on the cake and Olivia was 23!!! She spoke to Frank about it, Frank being my Filipino man, and my shadow. Frank said, 'No Madam, there should not be 23 candles on the cake, the Blue Book says there should never be more than 21!' We had a won-derful time over that! A skirmish won ... but, actually, we live at the same pace, Joan and I. I, too, like the little formalities, like to dress for dinner, and do, we both do, always, even when we dine out, like the right time with the right course. I, too, like the service to be impeccable. Yes, we live at the same pace and that is so important. . . ."

"Then there are the surprises . . . the surprises of life with Joan. Christmas, for instance, what a surprise she gave me! We planned to give a party . . . leave it all to me,' said Joan, 'I was working at the time, making 'My Son, My Son.' It didn't seem to me to be necessary for me to do anything about it, anyway, all we wanted was a bit of holly, you know. I didn't realize what I had got on my hands, you know . . . I found out." Brian smiled, "I'm finding out. But at the time, I would come home after work and every night for weeks Joan would meet me at the door, solicit-ously, saying, 'poor darling, you must be tired, wouldn't you like dinner in bed?' Now I was not that tired and I said so, most decidedly. But one way or another she would maneuver me upstairs and we would dine in my library, or in her boudoir. One day my secretary said to me, with tears in her eyes, 'This party, Mr. Aherne, everything hangs on that!' Whereupon, she burst into entirely un-characteristic sobs and left the room. Come, come, I thought, what's all this fuss about a bit of holly? Women, I thought, get rather emotional over Christ-mas, that must be it. . . . Came Christ-mas Day, the guests began to arrive and, for the first time in weeks, I was per-mitted the freedom of the first floor and went into the living room. Delusions, I thought, I am having delusions, I am overworked, as Joan has said, I am fright-eningly over-tired . . . for everything in the living room was changed, the furni-ture, the lamps, the rugs, the color scheme, the ornaments, everything! I saw Joan, with that blue-green light in her eyes, watching me. . . . I heard my sec-retary's voice saying, 'everything hangs on this party. . . .' I knew that I was expected to be overcome and, perhaps, for the first time in my life, I not only lived up to great expectations, I exceeded them! But even if I hadn't been," grinned Brian, "there wasn't much I could do about it, since most of the guests were there. . . ."

"But," I was guilty of interruption, "you fell in love before all this, after all, before the honeymoon, I mean . . .""

"Yes, but more after the honeymoon," said Brian, "more and more all the time. Which is as it should be. For love is, or should be, a growing thing. No, it wasn't love at first sight, second or third sight, perhaps. We met at a concert in the Hollywood Bowl. We were in the same box, guests of Pierre Montex. Yes, I had seen Joan on the screen before I met her, once, in 'Damsel in Distress.' No, I am sorry, I did not fall in love with her shadow. I am," smiled Brian, "a touch beyond such adolescent fervours. I did not make truth stranger than fiction by saying to my heart, 'be still, this is she!' I knew Olivia and I thought, merely, this is Olivia's little sister . . . But at the concert we found that we loved the same music. After the concert, we were sepa-rated by the crowd, I walked down the hill ahead of Joan, and I still saw her coming toward me. I remember feel-ing a very pleasant sense of familiarity, much as though someone I had cared for very deeply for a very long while was coming back to me again . . . it was really rather nice. Later, I learned that she had had the same feeling.

"Then I gave a cocktail party for Pierre Montex. Miss Fontaine was among my guests. We were 'Miss Fontaine' and 'Mr. Aherne' to each other for quite a time. At the party we talked. We laughed a great deal. I remember thinking that I couldn't remember ever having laughed so much. We roared with laughter, we still do. Joan was talking about a date she was keeping. I suggested 'what about this party?' Next Wednesday? Next Thursday?"

"Both," said Joan.

"I liked that. It was the frankness of a young boy in a young girl, very in-triguing."

And 'both' it was. One night we went to the Cocoanut Grove. We danced. We kept step perfectly. It was really rather nice. The next night Joan came to my house for dinner. We talked about every-thing, about things I hadn't supposed a young girl would be interested in. I like that. We took a drive that night, to the beach. A familiar drive to the familiar beach became an unfamiliar experience, an adventure. . . ."

"I was rather caught out, wasn't I?" laughed Brian, "for I meant what I said that time, about not marrying an actress, you know. I still think it's a great mistake for any man to marry an actress, unless—he has the luck to marry Joan. And as he can't have that luck, since I have it, then I go on record as saying it is a great mistake.

"Now, again, you are going to ask me the 'why's' . . . but the 'why's' are as vari-ous as Joan herself! It's because Joan is various, that's the 'why.' It's because she
Lady in waiting

FOR A HUSBAND WHO SELDOM COMES HOME

She doesn't know that her "One Neglect" is ruining her marriage...

"LYSOL" could have prevented this

Friends call her husband "the luckiest man in the world". But despite all her charm—and all her talents as home-maker, helpmate and mother—love, somehow, flew out the window. "Lysol" might have saved her happiness.

When a husband grows indifferent and neglectful, the cause is often the woman's neglect of feminine hygiene. Do you use "Lysol" regularly in your routine of personal cleanliness? "Lysol" is cleansing, deodorizing, germicidal.

Thousands of women have solved the problem of intimate feminine hygiene with the help of "Lysol" disinfectant. Probably no other disinfectant is so widely used for this purpose.

"Lysol" enjoys world-wide acceptance among hospitals, doctors, nurses, and wives—because...

6 Special Features of "LYSOL"

1. Non-Caustic... "Lysol", in proper dilution, is gentle, efficient; contains no free caustic alkali.
2. Effectiveness... "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions; effective in the presence of organic matter (dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).
3. Spreading... "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension; virtually seach out germs.
4. Economy... Small bottle of "Lysol" makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene.
5. Odor... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.
6. Stability... "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, or how often it might be left uncorked.

PASTE THIS COUPON ON A PENNY POSTCARD... What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

Lehn & Fink Products Corp.
Dept. S.S.-409, Bloomfield, N. J., U.S.A.

Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

None...

Address...

Copyright, 1940, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.
is a wonderful combination of mind and heart. Very rare qualities, these, to be seen in one young girl. It's because Joan has an adult intelligence. I still like nothing better in the world than to sit down and talk with her. We enjoy the same literature, the same music, the same friends. I never miss men friends when I am with Joan, because she has the detached masculine viewpoint, made finer and more perceptive by the fashioned intuition of her sex. She has a terrific joie de vivre so that things that might have graced a heroine's story, seem longer. It's an adventure to Joan to read a new book, to play a game of ping-pong, to go on a picnic and because it is adventure to her, I, too, am caught up in it, and she shares adventure with me. As when, recently, I flew my plane from Washington, D.C., to Hollywood. We met up with bad head winds, we were pretty well buffeted about... Joan acted as my navigator and we shared the flight together, 'man to man.' It is because she is both clinging and courageous, dependent and independent. She is a real wife...she takes care of everything a wife should take care of, the house, the servants, the garden, the planning of meals, the service. And in her work, she stands on her own feet, has carved her own career with 'Rebecca.' As all the testimonial she needs. It is because she is extremely sensitive. I have to be very careful with her and a man prizes highly what my wife must delicately cherish. It is because she is young and inexperienced, the wife of a star of the theatre, as she do for her or give her. In fact, she will not allow me to give her half of what I want to give her. It's a wonderful thing,' said Brian, thoughtfully. 'to have someone to whom you can give and not add the things you give. I do mean,' he added, 'only material things....'

"All these qualities I imagined in her, almost at once. And all the things I imagined have come true. But what is more important, I can keep on imagining things about her because she is provocative of wonder."

"I didn't, for instance, realize what an actress I had on my hands. When we married, I didn't want her to work at all. I didn't think she would continue to work, or did she. Then the script of 'Rebecca' followed us on our honeymoon and... well,' Brian smiled, 'she is an actress. We are both actors. Joan's step-father has been our agent, recently, to buy a ranch, to have producing acreage so that if, or when the collapse comes, we will be safe. But we are not ranchers. Joan and I, we know nothing about ranching, we argue, we are actors. And, if the collapse comes, we would be more in character if we bought a tent and took it around and gave shows... people would always give us lunch. So, I realize now what an actress she is... of what calibre and quality. And more and more I realize how wise it would be for any person of her temperament to give up her means of expression. She is too highly strung and a girl like that needs an outlet. She is very imaginative, she is not a house frau by nature and she should have her work.

"I wonder, now, what I have been doing all these years. I know, now, that I was lonesome before. Perhaps, that is yet another reason. It's very hard to be a bachelor in Hollywood. Oddly enough, there are very few eligible, attractive, interesting women. And if you do have dates, friendships, there is no possibility of a normal relationship, the columns and Dame Gosse see to that.

"... and I have another reason for you. I... I recall the first time Joan came to the house after we were engaged. It was the first house I'd ever bought, ever owned. I bought it for an investment and because I was getting rather tired of not being able to buy a book or a picture because of nowhere to put them. I had just finished the house, just finished decorating and furnishing and had settled down with a sigh of exhaustion and relief. Well, there sat Joan and I saw her eyes begin to wander. I had a horrid premonition and, at the same moment, realized that I had lived in houses all my life and had never noticed anything at all... then Joan said, speculatively, 'the curtains here, brown. I think, soft off-brown...' 'Oh,' I said, 'really, do you think so, with this blue carpet?' 'Oh, but the carpet isn't going to be blue, darling,' said my bride-to-be. And then I knew it was my room," said Brian, laughing, "my room is the only room in the house left as it was. Not as it should be, mind you, I know that, but as it was. I had to insist on that one corner, just for the principle of the thing."

"I said it was a reason, another reason why I fell in love with Joan. It was, For as she sat there, mentally tearing my handwriting to pieces, literally planning to pull my house down around my ears, I felt very tender about it, very tender toward her."

I thought, I have got my--

"I'm sorry I couldn't give you the kind of thing you wanted," Brian was saying, dispensing with the check, preparing to go back to Columbia's 'The Lady in Question' (formerly 'It Happened in Paris'), 'I can only say there's no use having theories about life, certainly none about love. If I could tell you why I fell in love with Joan, I would be delighted, but men can't talk about that sort of thing, and—'

my story, I completed my thought.

The Problem of Sharing a Husband!

[Continued from page 26]

store for a soda. Pasted on the fountain's mirror were a half dozen pictures of Linda. A large vase of fat pink roses stood beside one. I noticed the soda clerk was more than attentive to our Darnell.

"Imagine that being me?" Linda laughed, referring to the Darnell art gallery. "A couple of years ago I was writing to Hollywood for autographed pictures of all my favorite movie stars. And after that talent scout came to Dallas, Texas, and sent me to Hollywood for my first screen test, and I was sent back home because I was too young, why I'd save every nickel I could get to get new pictures, and I remembered to Zanuck in Hollywood—so he would rediscover me.

"When I was a little girl," she confided further, "my parents thought it would be educational to take me on a long trip—to see historical points of interest in America. We were gone two months. An uncle gave me five dollars for candy and gum for my vacation. But I spent almost every nickel of it buying movie magazines. On the trains I kept my nose buried in them and didn't see half of the scenery.

"I always dreamed about being a movie star," Linda continued over her chocolate soda. "I perused the interviews and I'd mark down every statement an actress gave as the contributing factor for her film success. I just had to be a movie star! It was my one great ambition."

"I'd spend hours before the mirror registering expression. I guess I was pretty melodramatic for when I finally did come to Hollywood, they thought I was too natural and forget about my self-trained acting."

"I sometimes think I must have been the world's most enthusiastic movie fan," she laughed.

The clerk refused Linda's money for the soda. "It's wonderful advertising for our business, you coming in here," he said. But Linda left a couple of dimes on the counter. Later, I learned the clerk kept them as special souvenirs.

One morning we joined Tyrone Power, who plays Linda's screen sweetheart, and Annabella, Tyrone's wife, who was on the location trip with him, because they're so much in love, they can't be apart; and Mary Astor, who plays Brigham's first wife, all sitting on the sidelines, watching a sequence being filmed.

Brigham Young, played by Dean Jagger, was calling his followers to prayer, for the grasshoppers were devouring their crops and they were faced with starvation in the wilderness.

"We've been discussing how it really would have been to have lived in 1847 and had to share our husbands," Linda announced as we joined the circle. "I said if I'd have to share my husband I'd have preferred to live in 1897.

In the picture, Linda plays a proud little beauty, as she actually would be, rebelling against polygamy, although in love with Tyrone, who is scout in Brigham Young's party."

"Supposing you were forced to live the marriage idea of Brigham Young's group," said Mary Astor, who has the mature viewpoint of a woman who's had several years' experience of married life.

"Let us assume, Linda, that you were your husband's first wife, like I am in the picture. Then after a year, with you, he tells you he is going to marry another girl. In a few days, he brings home a new bride. You all dine at the same table. You watch your husband bestow affection on this freshly beautiful thing. As the
Test your Hollywood Knowledge...

She can't sit down! Movie stars rest by reclining against padded leaning-boards... to avoid wrinkled skirts. And to avoid "tell-tale" bulges, glamorous women of Hollywood do just what most American women do... choose Kotex sanitary napkins! For Kotex has flat, form-fitting ends that never show... the way stubby-end napkins do.

Save your sympathy! That skyline is a painted backdrop... that parapet only thirty inches off the studio floor! For safety of the stars is of major importance to movie makers. And your safety is of major importance to the makers of Kotex! That's why a moisture-resistant "protection-panel" is placed between the soft folds of every Kotex pad.

It's nip and tuck to make the stars look slim... for the camera adds pounds to their appearance! So costume designers use folds instead of bunchy gathers. To avoid bunchiness—Kotex also is made in soft folds, (with more absorbent material where needed... less where it isn't). This explains why Kotex is less bulky than pads having loose, wadded fillers!

In Hollywood—as elsewhere—stockings come in 3 different lengths... And Kotex in 3 different sizes: Junior—Regular—Super! So you can get a size that's exactly right for you! (Or you can vary the pad to suit different days!) Get Kotex in all 3 sizes this month... and treat yourself to honest-to-goodness comfort! Why not? All 3 sizes sell for the same low price!

"You scarcely know you're wearing Kotex"

● FEEL ITS NEW SOFTNESS... PROVE ITS NEW SAFETY... COMPARE ITS NEW FLATTER ENDS
years pass, he continues marrying new and beautiful girls. Perhaps, you’ve been tied down with several children. Perhaps, you’re getting older and are not so attractive. You see your husband bringing girls home ten years younger than you are—girls vivacious and pretty. What would you do? Would you try to make him get rid of his wives—or fight to keep him to yourself?"

"I would naturally want to tear their hair—and his, too, at first," philosophized Linda, who admits her lovely, large dark brown eyes match a bit of jealousy that could easily flame if provoked.

"But I’d be a good actress. I’d acting a part all of the time. I’d change with his moods. When I saw his interest lagging and his eyes turning in another direction, I’d assume a new role. I’d be like the other wife and keep him interested in just me."

"Too," she added, "I’d ignore the fact that there were other wives. I’d just pretend they didn’t exist and live in a world that concerned only my husband and myself. It’s up to a woman’s ingenuity, it seems to me, if she remains the most important factor in her husband’s life."

Over box lunches under the big trees, a short distance from where the grasshopper sequence was being filmed, Linda confided: "Annabella certainly knows how to share her husband with all of Tyrone’s fans—and still have his complete adoration and attention."

"Before I came to Hollywood, I had the walls of my bedroom covered with his pictures. He was my favorite actor. Just imagine breaking into pictures and playing with him the first thing on the screen! Sometimes, I want to pinch myself and see if I’m not Cinderella."

"I told Annabella that I’d had a regular school girl crush on Tyrone! She laughed and said she hoped all of the girls had. She’s terribly proud of Tyrone’s screen importance. You see how clever she is. She doesn’t try to monopolize him, even though she’s married to him. Tyrone, knowing this, is more than attentive to her."

Linda doesn’t seem like an actress to talk to or to be with. Rather she’s like the movie fan she claims to be, who has found herself in pictures earning the unbelievable sum of five hundred dollars a week and seeing her name on the theatre marquees—all in the short space of less than two years.

"That girl just bends over backwards to please everyone and be accommodating," a studio set worker told us. "The company here on location doesn’t work on Sundays. We only have a couple of stand-by cars here. Instead of Linda ordering one of the cars for her personal use all day Sunday, which she is entitled to, she made out a schedule and divided the day so that everyone could enjoy a ride. She only took an hour for herself. Few stars are like that. She doesn’t expect a lot of attention, but waits on herself and seems to really appreciate anything anyone does for her."

There was a Saturday night dance during our stay. Linda had been invited, but she’d elected to sit on the porch in slacks and a sweater and sing and tell stories with the members of the company and eat candy bars. Linda doesn’t smoke...
nor drink, but always has candy with her. About ten o’clock a little car drove up with some high school boys and girls. They begged Linda to go to the dance—even if for only an hour. Everyone, it seemed, just wanted to be able to say they’d been to a party where Linda Darnell had been. So Linda, whose stardom is still so new that any special attention thrills her, went along.

In Hollywood, Linda lives in a small cottage with her family. To date there are no servants and Linda often does her share of washing dishes and other household tasks, when she’s between pictures. Should any of her fans call her, they’d probably be surprised to hear her answer the telephone herself. And usually there are some of her school girl friends from Dallas visiting with her. Linda is quite modest in presenting them to other important stars on her lot. She still has the movie-fan complex towards Alice Faye and Don Ameche. Usually, she first asks their permission, before presenting her school friends who are in awe of an Alice Faye, without apparently realizing their Linda is now becoming equally important on the Fox lot.

Before I left Utah, Linda took me to visit with a sweet little white haired Mormon lady she’d discovered. She’d been one of several wives of a Mormon bishop. Linda admitted that she had spent many evenings listening to her relate stories of the early day Mormon pioneers.

“I was a very young child when I crossed the plains with my parents in a covered wagon,” she told Linda and I as we sat at her knee. “I came in a company long after the first pioneers arrived.

“Salt Lake City was pretty well built up then. But my mother told me much about Mary Ann Young, Brigham’s second wife. We were all raised to look up to her and respect her. She married Brigham after the death of his first wife, and became a mother to his two little daughters. She raised them and bore him a large family of his own, besides.

“Shortly after Mary Ann married Brigham, he being a leader and venturesome type, volunteered to go with the Mormons to take supplies to the mob-persecuted Mormons in Missouri. During the six months of his absence, she supported herself and took care of her two step-daughters.

“And when he returned he brought a new wife with him. You see, the Mormons were being wiped out by the mobs. The leaders took plural wives chiefly to care for the widows and to increase the Mormon people as rapidly as possible and strengthen their numbers. Brigham told her that the plan was actuated entirely by religious motives and that he really loved her deeply.

“Now if that had been me,” interrupted Linda, “I can imagine that I would have been very indignant. I’d have wept bitter tears.”

“But of course,” said the little pioneer lady, “our people were deeply religious and believed completely in their leaders. Non-believers ridiculed Mary for putting up with a husband, who in their opinion had, if not cast her aside, relegated her to second place in his household. Some said she was little better than a servant,
Small Town Boy

[Continued from page 49]

one of those born actors who manages to put something into a performance even though he'd never had one hour's instruction or seen a professional play in his life. And besides being an acting tool Bob had the looks to make Hollywood history. Not too handsome, as stars go, but so tall and straight and engagingly boyish that he was destined to set feminine hearts fluttering, be it in this small town in Wisconsin or in any of the world capitals to which a strip of celluloid would eventually carry his image.

The talent scout hadn't made a mistake in wiring his studio. He knew that when he saw Bob's screen test. And every woman person who knew him knew it, too.

I'd heard so much about him I was more than ordinarily curious when I went to interview him that first time. When he came dashing into the living room of his suite at the hotel, dropping the bundles he was carrying helter skelter as he came, apologizing for his tardiness in keeping his appointment, though he was only ten minutes late and telling me with that thoroughly engaging boyish grin of his that he'd been buying up practically all the stores in town, I judged Bob's size of his first pay check. I thought the whole thing had been worked out in the publicity office for my benefit.

"Hmmm, Hollywood must have de- cided sophistication is going out and naivete coming in," I thought grimly and began making mental notes on what a monkey I'd make out of him in my story. A kidding story is so much easier to do than a serious, down-to-earth job. Taking an actor or actress over the jumps is so easy it always seems a shame to take the money. But we fan writers have an unwritten law never to do it unless the subject is absolutely poisonous. So, we protect the real people and save our stillets for the phonies. And Bob was a small town boy sincerely convinced of that.

"Look," he was saying, "What do you think of this?" And he tore the paper off a box and held up the most atrocious silk negligee I'd ever seen. "I got it for Mom. She always wanted one and will she love it."

As I sat there, afraid to trust myself to speak, he began talking about the girl. Her name was Madge and he missed her terribly.

"Not that we're in love or anything like that," he explained hastily. "That's the swell part of it. We're pals. You know, she's the only person back home who didn't laugh at me for being stage-struck. She used to come over after dinner and we'd get books of plays out of the library and she'd coach me in different parts. And I could tell her about the things I wanted to do and it wasn't only that, sweetie, it was about set design, right things about right things. Like the time I drew a picture of a house I wanted some day and she pointed out how wrong it was.

"Look Bob," she said and she wasn't being superior or anything like that. Just sincerely and boyishly once again asking what I thought about. And Colonial architecture all mixed up together and it wouldn't be good at all. You'd hate it. Now if you change this and this you'd have what you want, but it would be right and lovely, too."

"You know, the way she said it was so nice. Not as if she was telling me anything, only making suggestions. But the best part of it was the way she acted, as if she really believed I'd have that house and all the other things I wanted some day. I love it even when I doubted myself. And that's an awful help to a guy, isn't it?"

Suddenly, I knew he wasn't putting on an act. This incredibly naive boy was real. And with the realization came a liking for the boy, an affection I've always felt since. He was a nice kid. And just as quickly as my liking came, I was afraid for him.

For I remembered Charlie Ray when he first came to Hollywood. He was just as naive, just as nice a kid as Bob. That was what ruined him in the end. I remembered the house he built with the solid gold plumbing fixtures that Holly- wood laughs about even today, though now the laugh is tempered with symp- pathy for a boy who went down in the maelstrom of quick riches.

"Why don't you send for Madge and marry her right away," I suggested, for the things he had told me about her showed a level-headed quality that would be good for him. "You need a girl like that."

"Oh, but you've got it wrong," the boy protested. "Madge and I don't feel that way about each other. Why I've even told her about girls I've gotten crushes on and she's been just as helpful about that as she has about other things. We're friends, that's all.

He showed me a snap shot of him and Madge then, taken at a Sunday school picnic. She was looking up at him and suddenly I felt sorry for her. Bob might not be in love with her, but there was no doubt that she was in love with him. And he was in her candid eyes that could never hide an emotion, in her mouth so wide and generous and tender. She was a pretty girl with her curly blonde hair blowing in the wind so it looked like a lopedised halo, with her pert, tilted nose and heart-shaped face. But her eyes and mouth were the eyes and mouth of a girl that love could hurt. They were so vulnerable.

"I wish she were here though," he said. "Gosh, I need her. She's always so smart about things and I feel I need someone like that around right now. I'm all at sea about things."

"Why don't you make her your secre- tary," I suggested. "You'll be needing one, you know."

I felt almost as if I were all the great brains of the world rolled into one.

"That's a great idea," he said. "I'm going to write her tonight." Then he grinned. "No, I'm not. I'm going to call her long distance. I can't get used to the idea I can do things like that now. You know, back home I had to think three times about spending a dime."

Of course, Madge came. Bob asked me to come along to Pasadena with him the day he was meeting her. She was just as nice as I thought she would be and the minute she looked at Bob I knew I had been right about her. There wasn't a doubt she was head-over-heels in love with him.

Sometimes I felt I could shake Bob for not seeing how she felt about him. Men can be so stupid about emotions and things like that. For there was Bob, unhappy when she was out of his sight and doing all the little thoughtful things for her that endear a girl. He'd come bounding into the studio where she worked, with an armful of poppies and lupines he'd picked for her in a meadow on the way from the studio and he was
“There’s Charm in Soft HANDS”,

says Martha Scott

(Lovely Hollywood Star)

A few seconds’ care a day helps prevent unalluring rough hands

EXPOSURE TO WEATHER and use of water tend to dry nature’s softening moisture out of your hand skin. But apply Jergens Lotion. It furnishes new refreshing moisture for your skin. And—remember—in Jergens you apply 2 ingredients many doctors use to help soften and smooth harsh skin. No stickiness! Quick and easy! Thousands of women keep the allure of soft, smooth hands by regular use of this famous Jergens Lotion. Get it today.

FREE! YOUR START TOWARD SOFT HANDS

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW
(Paste on penny postcard, if you wish)

The Andrew Jergens Company
1913 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
I want to see how Jergens Lotion helps me have charming, soft hands. Please send my free parfüm-size bottle.

Name: ___________________________

Address: ________________________

CARY GRANT and MARTHA SCOTT® in Columbia’s great romantic drama, “The Howards of Virginia”.

A FINE CHANCE I HAVE FOR THOSE SOFT HOLLYWOOD HANDS...

SALLY WAS RIGHT... VERY SOON AFTER

YOUR LITTLE HANDS FEEL SOFT AS VELVET

HOUSEWORK NEEDN'T ROUGHEN YOUR HANDS IF YOU LET JERGENS LOTION FURNISH BEAUTIFYING MOISTURE FOR THE SKIN

A few seconds’ care a day helps prevent unalluring rough hands

FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

MARtha SCott

Lovely Hollywood Star
Small Town Boy

[Continued from page 85]

his engagement to Helena. I mean, but none of us had taken it seriously. Bob had rushed so many girls and after a while his interest had lagged and he'd started on the quest for a new love.

Sometimes men are such fools about lovely girls. Of all the ones he'd thought he was in love with Bob couldn't have chosen anyone worse for him than Helena. She'd come out here a contest winner and she hadn't clicked. But she'd stayed on doing extra work and had somehow managed to hold on to the fringe of Hollywood. She was inimitably adorable and she had a way of flattering people so they liked her. A born sycophant, she'd managed to worm herself into a friendship with one of the most gullible stars out here and for months she'd been a guest in her home. That's how Bob met her.

Helena was aware of the way Madge felt about Bob. I knew that when I saw her look at Madge when Bob announced the engagement. Her triumph flashed from her baby blue eyes that for once weren't guarded and secretive. And I saw that she hated Madge, too, and was afraid of her, for I know she resented her place in Bob's affections and life.

Madge didn't break even at the wedding. She had the sort of pride I take my hat off to, the quiet, deeply instilled respect for herself and her own feelings that has no trace of vanity at all. It wasn't until the week after Bob brought his bride home from their honeymoon that Madge came to me.

'I've got to talk to someone,' she said simply. 'I'm so worried about Bob. Helena doesn't love him, I know that, and she treats him as if he's a puppy she's got attached to a leash. She takes such advantage of his adoration. And it's silly I know, but I hate seeing her in Bob's house. She doesn't belong. And she's beginning to change it already and it's just as if she's hurting a child I've borne. I love that house.'

There came the day when Helena tried to make Bob get rid of Madge. But for once he refused to bow down to her. And it was after that she insisted Madge give up her small apartment in town and live with them.

It was obvious why she did it. She began treating Madge as if she were her personal maid, ordering her around in front of guests and being generally obnoxious. Of course, she wanted Madge to quit. But she didn't. Madge wasn't the quitting sort. Not when she knew Bob needed her.

All of us saw soon enough that Helena wasn't playing the game fairly at all. We'd all like to have another, lunching with men at out-of-the-way restaurants or having cocktails with them or caught glimpses of her car heading toward the desert with some new flame on the seat beside her. Of course, Bob didn't know that. Neither did Madge, at first.

I'll never forget the day she found out about it. She came to me, her gray eyes blazing in her fury.

‘He musn't ever know,' she said and her voice sounded hard and dry as if she had been crying. ‘He adores her so. Isn't it funny how blind men can be? He can't see beyond her soft little baby face. He's always telling me how gentle and sweet she is and how he couldn't go on without her. She's just making a laughing stock of him.'

It was a few weeks after that Bob went on location. He'd begged Helena to go with him, but she pleaded a headache though Madge said the moment he was gone she was all over it. Then the next day she told Madge she wouldn't be needing her and she could have a couple of days' vacation.

Madge had dinner with me that evening. At first, she managed to hold herself in check, then suddenly she broke.

‘I can't bear to have Bob disillusioned,’ she sobbed. ‘He's really just a kid who still believes in Santa Claus and the silver angel on top of the Christmas tree. And Helena is that angel. He worships her. And if her loss is that belief, he won't be Bob any more.'

‘You love him, don't you?' I said.

‘Yes.' The word came as if it had been torn out of her breast. Only that one word spoken so proudly and with no excuses for it at all. Madge would never pretend about anything, even her own heart.

We had just finished dinner when the telephone call came from the studio. They'd been trying to get in touch with Helena and her telephone didn't answer and knowing my friendship with Madge they thought I might know where she was. Bob had left location and they thought he was on the way home and they needed him for some retakes.

Madge looked stricken when I told her.

‘Of course, he's coming back,' she said slowly. ‘I'm sure if we knew what he would do, wanting to surprise Helena. I'll have to go to her right away. I've got to be sure everything is all right. She must have let all the servants go if the phone didn't answer.'

Afterwards, Madge told me what had happened. The house was dark when she got there. But after she'd gone in and turned on the lights she knew there was someone in the house. The ashtrays in front of the sofa were heaped high with cigarette butts and ashes and two half-filled scotch and soda glasses stood beside them.

Then suddenly she heard Helena's voice and looked up to see her standing in the doorway.

Her eyes looked like two slits of fury and she didn't look at all pretty even in the filmy pink negligee that would ordinarily have been so becoming to her.

She was so mad she didn't hear the automobile turning into the driveway, but Madge heard it.

‘Listen,' she said taking a quick step forward. ‘Is someone here with you?'

Helena looked at her superciliously.

‘Of course you know we can't keep you on after this impertinence,' she began, but Madge didn't pay any attention to her.

'This isn’t any time for quibbling,' she said urgently. ‘Bob is coming and he'll see anyone leaving the house. You'll have to go home if someone isn't here.'

Helena didn't have to answer. Her frightened eyes told the truth for her and Madge, after that one quick glance at her, took her hand and pulled her upstairs.

So when Bob came running up the stairs it was Madge he found in Helena's nag- lige, lying back on the chaise longue with one of Hollywood's best known male boys sitting beside her in a dressing gown.

Helena came after a minute or so, fully dressed. She'd slipped down the servant's stairs and come around to the front of the house again. But she couldn't play the game squarely even then, after Madge had compromised herself to save her.

‘Of all the impertinance,' she began. Then she stopped at the look in Bob's eyes. He was staring at Madge as if the end of the world had come.

There was horror in his eyes and fury. But more than anything else there was jealousy as he looked at Madge.

Afterwards, he told me how Helena as if he were seeing her for the first time in that moment, seeing her and knowing he loved her and that he had loved her all his life, but had never realized it before he saw her this way with another man. If Helena decided to take Bob. Instead to his horror, he felt the tears come to his eyes and he could only stand there looking at her shaken with horror.

Helena made her big mistake then.

'Please leave our home at once,' she said to Madge. 'It certainly isn't very pleasant for me to come home and find this going on.'

Bob turned to her furiously and it was then he saw the pink satin mules on her small feet. The satin mules that went with the pink negligee Madge was wearing in her hurry Helena had forgotten to change them.

He didn't say a word as he walked over to the chaise longue and leaning over Madge, pulled the long trailing skirt of her negligee up far enough to show the walking shoes Madge was still wearing.

That was when he broke completely. Kneeling on the floor beside her, his head cradled in her lap, his arms holding her as if they would never let her go again and begging her to forgive him ever having doubted her, even for that moment.

It's funny, but there were a few people in Hollywood who thought Madge was a love pirate and had given her a hard time in her own defense. Even when Helena went around looking so pathetic after the divorce for all that she had taken practically every penny of Bob's savings, Madge kept quiet about the stories that were going around.

And there were others who didn't think his marriage to Madge would last, remembering the way he'd rushed one girl after the other when he first came to Hollywood. But, of course, they don't know what Bob knows now, that it was Madge he was looking for all those years, the Madge who had been lost to him in the commonplaces of a lifelong friendship.
Hollywood’s Most Amazing Love Story

[Continued from page 35]

worked as an extra and a bit player at Republic and Monogram—wherever I could get a job. Overnight, I’m on the road to stardom and it’s wonderful. I want to click. I’ll work hard.”

He told me that day that Goldwyn had given him the name of Jon Hall, instead of Locher. Norman Hall, one of the authors of “Hurricane,” is related to young Locher, so Goldwyn decided Jon Hall would be a good name for marquee display.

Now the story becomes fantastic, incoherent, completely mad and incredible. For two and a half years after the world premiere of “Hurricane,” Jon Hall never made a single picture!! The kid who so desperately wanted to click, and who was willing to work hard, never worked at all. Each week he received his check from Goldwyn’s offices for $150. Each week, for the first year, he was assured that the studio had a story in preparation, but by the time the second year had arrived, with nothing but promises that never came true, Jon Hall knew that he was deadlier than the proverbial dead pigeon.

“Now it’s a funny thing what does to a fellow,” he told me. “At first, when people asked me what I was doing and I told them that Mr. Goldwyn was readying a picture for me, I didn’t mind. But after a year of it, then a year and a half and then TWO YEARS, I was almost nuts. I ducked across the street rather than meet somebody I knew would ask me what I was doing. I avoided parties. I guess a fellow loses his self-respect, loses his confidence, loses whatever it is that makes a man.”

Hall shook his head like a fighter clearing his head of a series of heavy blows: “If it hadn’t been for Franches, I would have hopped a freighter and gone to the South Seas and stayed there. She is the most wonderful wife a guy ever had, and if it hadn’t been for her, I very likely would have gone batty.”

You see, a few months before “Hurricane” was launched, Jon Hall, building to stardom, met singer Frances Langford. They fell in love so hard that you could hear the repercussion all over Hollywood. The sound of it caromed from one peak of the Sierra Madres to another. On June 4, 1938, they were married at Prescott, Arizona.

Had he married a lot of other girls, Jon Hall very nicely might have gone crazy in the fantastic two years and a half that followed, because another girl might very nicely have determined to divorce him when it appeared that he was not going to achieve stardom. Such things have happened out here, involving very famous female stars. “Frances was wonderful,” says Hall. “She made me hold my chin up. She told me, week after week, when I was down in the dumps, that all I needed was patience and that everything would come out all right. If we went out and autograph fans asked for her auto-

Here’s the way Pepsi-Cola came to town

And today, after more than 35 years, Pepsi-Cola is still “goin’ to town”. A flavor favorite with millions—and growing all the time—Pepsi-Cola is sweeping the country! Join the swing to Pepsi-Cola today. Enjoy its fresh taste and fine flavor. 12 full ounces of this sure thirst quencher for one nickel. Lots—for little.
with Watt, the inventor of the steam
engine.

Before the start of this interview, Miss Angelus had been photographed in a corner of the dining room with her brother, Douglas Dean, who is understudy to Nick Long, Jr., in the Broadway musical "Louisiana Purchase." It took much persuasion to get permission from the dignified Plaza, and the unenviable thing the chef had added to the difficulties by swearing that kidneys could not ("sacre nomi") be cooked in three minutes, completely disregarding the explanation that they were to be used merely for the picture of the star at breakfast—no one was going to eat them. Miss Angelus, unperturbed by the confusion, plopped into a chair and spoke:

"Me? I'm afraid I wasn't any different from any other kid in the Kensington district of London where we lived. First it was the Ursuline convent, then private schools. I took up dancing only because the others did and because I worshipped the teacher, Ruth French. She was packed with glamour because she had been a prima ballerina in the company of London. But in spite of the glamour we got fed up with one round de jambe after another . . ."

Then Fokine, the fabulous dancer and impresario, arrived in London and stage "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at Drury Lane Theatre. From her school, Fokine picked six girls for the production—among them Muriel Angelus. It was for the Christmas season only, but it sold her permanently on the theatre—scientific words or not.

One grandfather, James Simpson, had somehow escaped the test-tube-and-caliper
parlance long enough to become a choirmaster. He undertook her singing instruc-
tion and his was a judging Westminster Hall and the provincial was a 'Hark! Hark! The Lark.' (Miss A. gets a lot of money for singing very nicely today.) She was now fourteen when, as said a while back, James Whale in foot-
ball shorts and a financial cloud got mixed up in a storm of sorts.

Not one walter-captain, but two, stared at the sight of a live (and pretty) movie star actually being interviewed in the Plaza's holy of holies. Miss A. grinned at them and went on:

"After 'Midnight Follies' I got a part in 'The Vagabond King,' and a talent scout for a movie company came back-stage the first thing he said was, 'You ought to be in pictures!' I opened the door for him, but he seemed so earnest that I decided to believe this one.

"Next day he took me to the British Lion Studio at Beaconfield. After a test they gave me the feminine lead opposite Leslie Faber in 'The Ringer,' an Edgar Wallace thriller. Funny I can't remember that scout's name. . . ."

After further theatre work she went to Berlin to appear in a picture starring
Kathie von Naghy. Muriel didn't speak a word of German and no one in the troupe spoke English—it didn't matter terribly since it was a silent picture. They trans-
lated the scenes in which she appeared and I had to learn the vague idea of what it was all about. However, she didn't know what had gone before or was to follow and since she didn't see the finished pic-
ture she doesn't know today. She didn't even find out the name of the thing—but she went on:

"Back in London I went into 'Red Aces,' the only picture Edgar Wallace himself ever directed. I played—at the age of seventeen—the wife of Nigel Bruce. In the Paramount commissary in Holly-
wood not two months ago he spied me across the room. 'My wife!' he shouted, running across. 'Youngest wife I ever had—and the cutest!' Great chap, Nigel, his real wife's a dear . . ."

To get back—she wasn't satisfied with herself. So she took up singing and danc-
ing again and studied dramatics with Fay Compton, who corresponds roughly to our Helen Hayes. Thus she was ready for the talksies when they arrived in England—very much later than they did

in America. Like this country, England drew heavily on the stage for the new medium and Muriel was swept into the vocalists as in the ingenue in 'Night Birds' and 'The Bridgewater's Widow,' big musicals, and in the comedy, "My Wife's Family."

A bevy of starched old ladies by this time had joined the captains in sneaking looks at Miss Angelus.

It was offered the second lead in 'Sons of Gold,' the part just vacated by Pat
Paterson (Mrs. Charles Boyer today) and I went back to the stage. It was during this run that Paramount gave me a test in London—along with a young man named Ray Milland. After the test had been run in they got us together and said: 'You're not the type we want. so sorry. We practically wept over tea together then, but look at Ray now!'

"When I arrived in Hollywood myself. I wondered if Ray had been changed any by his great success. I jumped into a taxi and the lot, but the only thing he yelled in my ear, 'now are you, I heard, oh let's go somewhere where we can talk!' No, he hadn't changed."

To go back again—her next show was

"The Jolly Roger," in which she played the lead for nine months at the Savoy Theatre. This tree of-comedies re-
vived a latent grand-opera ambition and she retired for a year to polish up her singing. A nervous breakdown, and ap-
pendicitis added to it, forced her to stay out of the theatre for two years instead of one. Upon her recovery she faced the problem of making a comeback—at the age of twenty-two.

Visiting a friend's dressing room one night, she was obligated the friend by running through a new song for her when another visitor heard her. He offered to back the song, and for the first time, five months it was a complete reversal of the usual great-play-no-backer situation. When she did exactly what she wanted she made theatre history with it—"Balalika," which broke all records in
London. Decidedly an achievement. "Babes in Arms," brought her an offer from Vinton Freedley, the New York producer. Freedley's show was delayed so, to fill in, she stepped into a show that turned out to be a hit, "The Boys From Syracuse."

And that where Hollywood found her for the second time. They quickly signed her to a long-term contract—they weren't making the same mistake twice.

Now, with four good pictures under her belt and more of the same to come, she was in New York, reputedly for the purpose of having her dog McGinty psychoanalyzed. McGinty is a hypersensitive dodcharshund who has been very unhappy about the snubbing he has had to put up with because of his nationality. He has worried so, that he won't eat or sleep.

One of his symptoms is a refusal to walk. He simply squats and allows himself to be dragged along the sidewalk until, as she put it; "I know his bottom's on fire and throwing out sparks!" McGinty is much too good a trooper for this—after all, didn't he appear in "The Great McGinty" with considerable aplomb and elan? "I wonder if I couldn't do something to change his looks?" she asked the reporter. "Maybe I could bone his ears, like they bone corsets, you know, and make them stand up."

She also has a Scottie named Bonnie, and that is much to the extent of thirteen pugs. The last eight came as the result of a casual dalliance with a lecherous spaniel. Bonnie's love for this canine cad cooled quickly and these days when he approaches the Maison Angelus he is sent on his way by scornful barking from Bonnie and one of the results named Sarapilla.

Looking at her it's hard to believe that she could have lived such a full theatrical life and still have that fresh, peaches-and-cream complexion. She has blue-blue eyes and blonde hair—now sun-bleached. Her manner is definitely lecherous, her grin genuine. She stands at least five-foot-six and is slim. She loves clothes, plain ones, but hates cheap things and would rather have one good dress than a dozen cheap ones. She won't wear slacks, but does wear wedge-heeled shoes.

Her accent is mildly British. She says "Mr. Gin-tay" in that picture. She is to be an American citizen and wants to talk like one. Says she can't help taking on the accent of every person she works with a lot—with the result that she will soon have an international accent if she isn't careful. Working with Madeleine Carroll in "Safari," she found herself being very British until the director yelled: "Hey, you dames, haul down the British flag and talk so we can understand you!"

She says the picture people are trying to amputate Miss Carroll's accent, because patrons resent an English accent in a woman. It gives her an air of coldness they don't care for. "Like it in a man, though."

She thinks Jimmy Savo and Teddy Hart, of "The Boys From Syracuse," are a scream. Savo, who gave up his usual pantomime to talk in this, is a genius in her opinion. He was terribly "(but terribly)" nervous in his first speaking-appearances. Teddy Hart, brother of songwriter Larry Hart (Rodgers and Hart), has been hampered, she says, by his brother's reputation, but he's married now and his wife is helping him get further up the ladder.

Miss Angelus is crazy about Hollywood and despises people who pretend they don't like it. She swears it's the end of the road for everyone in show business, so why kid about it. Her idol, Judith Anderson, feels that way and she could have her choice of stage or movies. Miss A. is glad that she didn't start with starring roles. Didn't like doing Mata Hari in "The Light That Failed." It was a cold part and lacked scope. Her father was dying at the time and although this upset her beyond words she told no one about it. She hated the character she played in "The Way Of All Flesh," but was very much taken with Akim Tamiroff ("Taim-say"), who was cute.

Of "The Great McGinty" she was proud. "We et, slept and dreamed that picture," she said. "It was Pres' (Pres- ton Sturgis) first chance at directing one of his scripts and he and we put our hearts into it. She said pleasant things about Brian Donlevy, who, it appears, is as natural off-screen as on and would just as soon turn his back to the camera as not. This was his first chance to get away from villain parts.

She reads a lot. "Don't drop dead," she said, "when I tell you that I'm reading the Bible now. It's fully as wonderful as everyone said it is." She has read "Mein Kampf," about which she made no comment. Likes biographies for the most part.
on Beethoven and such. Admits to being a snob about her pleasures—preferring concerts to jazz and long walks to night clubs. Gets up at 6:30 and walks miles, talking a blue streak to herself, working out problems.

Cooks, too. Likes American food and raves about the quality of the salad greens to be found on the Coast. Cooks fried chicken; roast beef; Yorkshire pudding; shepherd’s pie, which is hamburger with a potato cover—popularly “load in the hole” in America. It’s her maid out a basket and goes to market. Takes the maid to have someone to restrain her from buying the whole place. She delights in Coast barbecues and drive-in places. Three things must be plain; food, clothes and jewelry.

She is a nut about flying and is going to learn how. Recently flew over Death Valley, where borax comes from, for the first time. It was 8:30 in the morning and cool. When the pilot motioned downward she looked out and saw a vast expanse of soot. Shivering by this time she wrapped herself in a blanket and prepared to freeze to death. The pilot saw her and grinned, then he pointed to a thermometer which read 102 and shouted “boy!” The “snow” was borax.

She has a bright sense of humor. When she writes to her friends she signs herself “Anne G. Louise” for “Angelus.” Her screen favorites are Carole Lombard, Claudette Colbert, Maureen O’Hara and Irene Dunne. She thinks Helen Hayes is “perfectly beautiful.” She has a story about Maureen O’Hara. It seems that Miss O’Hara was being followed around at a party by a pompous bore who kept trying to talk to her. Cornered at last she was forced to listen to his boasts about his important Irish ancestry. His name began with Fitz and that made it important in Irish nomenclature, did it not? he demanded. “Certainly,” snapped Miss O’Hara, “Fitz means illegitimate-son-of!”

She’s quite a philosopher and her talk is disconcertingly studied with pedantic bits that the average person couldn’t get away with. Believes in relaxation—that breakdown saw to that. Life is what you make it, no more. Only a few of the film people are egocentric—most are real folks and the day of the great bluff in Hollywood is past. Doesn’t believe in heredity. Hates people who use it as an excuse for every fault they possess and which they won’t make an effort to change. It’s environment that moulds us, she declares.

Fear is an experience common to rich and poor alike, so why fear fear? She went into a lion cage (she practices what she preaches) to have some publicity stills taken. There were twelve unfed lions (she called them “lub-ons”) in it, but she forced calmness on herself so they wouldn’t see that she was afraid of them. She even cracked a whip and made one of them roar. She wasn’t worried, but the photographer outside the cage almost dropped his Graflex at the roar.

Someone in Hollywood told her to play a game for the New York Press—put on a big show, they said, the boys will eat it up. To her credit let it be said that the greenest cub on any sheet in town could have told you that this Angelus girl was as free from anything artificial as distilled water.

Would definitely have dropped out his very best adjectives for her just as—well, who could help it?

### Reviews

**[Continued from page 69]**

Tom has to put up with plenty from the brutal bullies, but he and the headmaster both win out in the end, and good once more triumphs over evil. Jimmy Lydon plays young Tom Brown and lives up to his publicity of being the sensational juvenile find of the year. He is. Another remarkable performance is given by Freddie Bartholomew—who is progressing quite nicely into an actor of maturity. Billy Halop of the Dead End boys surprises everyone by bursting out with a beautiful English accent. Josephine Hutchinson as Mrs. Arnold has one very touching scene, and Polly Moran is welcomed back to the screen as Sally, the shopkeeper.

**CROSS-COUNTRY ROMANCE**

**JUST WHAT THE PATIENT ORDERED—**

RKO GENE RAYMOND returns to the screen, after much too long an absence for such a talented young actor, in this very breezy romantic comedy which is pure escapism from the troubles of the world. Gene, at his best, plays a very personable young doctor who is motoring cross-country to join a scientist in China. He stops long enough to write a commentary scroll in commemoration of her hospital charities to one of those wacky society women (played by Hedda Hopper, and at her best, too) and soon afterwards discovers her heiress daughter has stowed away in his trailer. Wendy Barrie is the third stringer in that cast, and she gets immediately to share the young doctor, which she eventually does, but not until after all kinds of amusing complications.

**MY LOVE CAME BACK**

**WELCOME BACK OLIVIA:**

If you are world-weary these days here’s a gay, charming comedy that you should welcome with open arms. Olivia de Havilland is featured since her sensational Melanie in “Gone With The Wind,” plays a poor, but proud, violin student who simply can’t make both ends meet on a sixty dollar a month scholarship. Charles Winninger, the millionaire president of Monarch Music, sees her at a concert one day, and decides that now is the time for him to retire and take an interest in classical music in general and Olivia in particular. It’s the most innocent courtship in the world, but of course Jeffrey Lynn, the vice president of Monarch Music, understands everything, which confuses Olivia considerably when she falls in love with him. The comedy touches are magnificent, and great credit should go to Kurt Berndhart for [Continued on page 98]
The Man Who Plays Rockne

[Continued from page 39]

Not much, anyway. I felt so good, I trotted back to where the college boys were —we were using boys from U. S. C., U. C. L. A., and Loyola—and said, "If any of your fellow can be that spry at my age, you'll be doing all right." They started calling me One-Horseman O'Brien."

Maybe playing football for two weeks straight was no hardship for him. But how about wearing that difficult make-up for three months straight? Wasn't that a hardship?

Pat shakes his head. "My skin wasn't used to anything but greasepaint, and I was worried. I had heard about the tortures of trick make-up. But only torture I suffered was having to get up at 5 every morning, to be at the studio by 6. It took three hours to get the make-up on. Forty-five minutes to get it off.

"We worked on it nearly a month, before the picture. Père Westmore studied photos had, and blow-ups of newsreel shots showing Rockne from every angle. First, he would experiment on a plaster cast he had made of my face and head. Then he'd try an effect on me in person. Then we'd start all over again."

"He had a tough assignment. He had to turn a Celtic into a Nordic—and one particular, well-remembered Nordic. And then he had to age the Nordic gradually, three different times. I wasn't prepared for the results he got. Neither were other people. They were furious with him. And I was keeping myself. I'd look into a mirror, unconsciously expecting to see O'Brien, and there would be Rockne, instead. It was eerie."

"Make-up wasn't the word for what I wore. Make-over was the word. Every feature of my face was changed. The cleft in my chin was blocked out. My nose was flattened, and built out on each side. My nostrils were widened. My dark eyebrows were covered with blond ones, and my eyelids were taped, to make my eyes look deep-set. My hairline was raised. And I wore a blond wig that had to be altered as I grew older.

"I should like to stress at this time that no putty was used on my face. The entire facial metamorphosis was achieved with plastic rubber—which wasn't painful."

So much for the outside. How did he get "inside" Rockne?

"I studied recordings of his voice, slowed down my speaking tempo, tried to get his inflections. And the script was a big help. Robert Buckner, who wrote it, took infinite pains to make every word typical of Rockne. I studied newsreel shots of him, for little mannerisms. I remembered gestures he had used, the three times I had him speak at banquets. I talked with people who had known him—people like Nick Rukats, who is in the picture and who scored the last touchdown for the last team Rockne coached. And I consulted constantly with Mrs. Rockne, who was the greatest help of all. She deserves most of the credit.

"People think of Rockne as an aggressive leader of men. And he was that. But in the beginning he was shy. Mrs. Rockne tipped me off to that, and that's the way I play him at the start of the picture, which will probably baffle people, till they watch his gradual development. All his life he had a wide streak of humility, particularly with the clergy. We bring that out. He could be tough, and he could be tender. And he had a great sense of humor, loved a good story. There's a scene in a Pullman car where reporters ask him for a story, and he tells them a story about a Pullman porter, in dialect. Personally, I'd have liked more of that, but there were other things that were more important."

Pat paused reflectively. "I've played football coaches before, and I've taken them in stride. But Rockne got under my skin. This time I wasn't playing just a coach—I was playing a great man, a human being who inspired other human beings. He had a code of living worth perpetuating in the minds of most Americans, particularly with the way things are in the world today.

"The scene I got the biggest bang out of playing was the scene in which Rockne defends football, before a committee of educators. There has been talk of discounting the game, substituting something of a less violent nature. One of the board has proposed hockey. Rockne reveals that he had suggested hockey, himself, to the president of the University—who had wondered, with a little smile, if it would be safe to allow any game that put clubs in the hands of an Irishman. The committee laughs. Then Rockne launches into the most serious speech of his life. In which he says: 'Every red-blooded young man in every country is filled with what he might call the natural spirit of combat. In Europe and other parts of the world this spirit has manifested itself in continuous wars and revolutions. We have tried to make competitive sport act as an easier outlet for this spirit. And, gentlemen, I think we've succeeded.'"

"Don't get the wrong idea. He didn't stress football to the exclusion of everything else. It was, as he said, an outlet. There's a scene in which he speaks to the boys on the opening day of the season. You didn't come to Notre Dame just to play football,' he tells them. 'Don't neglect your studies. Football isn't that important. Five years from now, the public will have forgotten the best of you.' Hammers home that they are in college to learn, to develop character—something that will last. He keeps their perspective straight."

"And his boys loved him. There's a scene—lifted from life, like every other scene in the picture—that shows that. It's the end of the season, and Notre Dame has won the national championship. 'Rock' comes into the locker room after the game with the football, and says, 'Here it is. And the party is on me.' The boys whoop. 'We'll say it is,' and toss him into the shower, hat and overcoat and all. The boys on the set crossed me up in that scene. They went through all the motions of making certain the water would be just the right temperature.
but when I landed under it, it was ice-
cold.”

Pat grins, and shakes his head, as much as to say he’ll never stop being a victim of gags. Relighting his cigar, which has gone out while he is talking, he wonders if he has talked too seriously about his romance.

“But that’s how I feel about it,” he says. “It got me misunderstood when I went back to South Bend. I stepped off the train in a pouring rain. I went straight from the station to lay a wreath on Rockne’s grave, before I did anything else. A Chicago sports writer accused me of publicity-seeking for doing something it was legendary for Coach Howard Jones to do, whenever U. S. C. went to South Bend. If I hadn’t done what I did, that came up, he said, that people would have asked: ‘Doesn’t the guy even think enough of Rockne to go near his grave?’ ”

Whether or not the role of Rockne will change Pat’s whole screen future depends upon reaction to the picture. He’s keeping his fingers crossed on the whole "M.IGHTY by Heaven’s grace, or - after an hour and a half’s vacation’ — he is playing a hard-boiled gent, this time in an oil-field setting, in “Flowing Gold.” His reward for being a good boy, and not raising a fuss about one more rough-

neck role will be free of promotion. He will be free of clutter, August, the racing season at the Del Mar track, of which he is part-

owner, along with Bing Crosby and some other people. Unlike Bing, he owns no horses, himself. ‘Haven’t I got enough headaches already?” he asks.

The time he doesn’t spend at Del Mar, he will spend right at home. He hasn’t had a real chance yet to enjoy the new O’Brien house. All their lives, he and

Eloise, his pretty wife, have dreamed of having a white Colonial house, and they finally have it. And, to quote the passers-

by who don’t suspect that Pat O’Brien, the specialist in screen roughnecks, lives there: “What a house!” The pillared front is a replica of Mount Vernon.

Pat, with all the independence of an Irishman, scorned the idea of having an interior decorator. He and Eloise had the fun of planning the interior, themselves, so the interior reflects them, personally.

“Especially Eloise,” he says with a wink. His favorite hangout is the library, a huge, checker room, the room he likes best. That is one of those club lounges for which men leave home. His dressing-room is also some-

thing: completely walled in pigskin. He opens a closet door and exhibits his own idea of how to stow away hats (which he seldom wears) — a row of hats or five sloping shelves, each with a row of pegs rising from it, to hold the hats in place. One entire wall of the master bedroom is a floor-to-ceiling mirror, which gives a staggering illusion of spaciousness to the room. You have the feeling, all over the house, that Pat is a room with a phobia against feeling cramped.

The children, 6-year-old Mavourneen and 4-year-old Sean, have not only their own bedrooms and baths, but their own separate playrooms. They’re not going to feel cramped, either. Their “pronounced

(“Shawnt Salmono” is destined to go to Notre Dame. That was decided long before Pat played Rockne. “But the Rockne tradition at Notre Dame decided it,” Pat says.

The back lawn is spacious enough for a pool, a combination guest-house-and-playhouse, trees, flower gardens and a bandball court. He has a tough time finding bandball competition. “It’s a pretty strenuous game,” he concedes, “unless your ticket is all right. He’s all right. He’s a hard player. Now that he’s down to 171, he intends to stay there. He feels better than he has in years. “No more of that Pat O’Brien stuff,” he states, emphatically.

His closest friends are Spencer Tracy, Jimmy Cagney and Frank McHugh, Irish-

men all. He and Spence grew up together in Milwaukee, ran away together to join the Navy, later went off to New York together to learn to be actors. Pat doesn’t say so, but the real reason why he didn’t go after the role of Rockne was that he knew Warners were thinking of Spence for it, if they could get him. As it turned out, they couldn’t. Meanwhile, Pat couldn’t speak up for himself without knifing his best friend. And he doesn’t play that way. He says he owes a lot to Cagney, and their friendship. “One summer I was playing in stock in Asbury Park, New Jersey. A road company of a New York show came through and played there a week. In the company was a real-handed Irish-

man called Jimmy Cagney. We hit it off as if we’d known each other all our lives. We didn’t meet again for years, until we both landed on the Warner lot. As soon as we laid eyes on each other, we both yelled ‘Asbury Park!’ and took up where we had left off.

“Seeing that Jimmy and I were pals, the studio got the idea, years ago, of cast-

ing us as pals on the screen. Quarrlesome pals maybe, for dramatic effect, but still pals. So we did picture after picture to-

gether. Most of them were in big box-office.

“Then Jim had a blow-up with the studio. He was away for a year and a half. When he came back, they wanted to make it seem like old times. So they teamed the two of us again in ‘Boy Meets Girl’ and ‘Angels with Dirty Faces’ — even though that meant casting me as a priest in ‘Angels.’

“If I hadn’t played that priest, they wouldn’t have thought of me for the role of Father Duffy in ‘Stage Door.’” And if I hadn’t done that bit of biographi-

cal acting, they would never have thought of me to play Rockne. Funny how life works out, isn’t it? Pat, being Irish, is a combination of sentimentality and practicality, seasoned with a sense of humor. Somebody asked him the other day what the popula-

tion of Ireland was. He said, “Do you mean when they’re fighting or when they’re at peace?”

Somebody asked him also, the other day, what he thought of Ann Sheridan’s statement that, to her, he ranked second only to Charles Boyer in the matter of sex appeal.

“What should I do?” he quipped. “Get sore, because I didn’t rank first?”

In the October Issue of SILVER SCREEN

Stories on:

Katharine Hepburn

Ann Sothern

Virginia Bruce

Jeffrey Lynn

And many others
The Private Lives of the Don Ameches

[Continued from page 42]

to slug him with sleeping pills. He was furious when she intimated it was only broken promises that made her so unhappy.

"That never came in pink pills before!" While he’s been laid up Honey’s been cleaning house over there. She brought my Mother and Bert, my youngest brother, over to spend a few days. Bert graduated a year ago from the Catholic University in Washington, D. C. He earned half his architectural course by waiting on table and delivering newspapers; Don supplied the other half. The boy didn’t have a fancy car or a swanky apartment. He lived in a modest rooming house, Don, himself, roomed through four colleges and felt that less liberality might be better. And Bert did get straight A’s which is far more than Don did. Don sent him to Paris for one summer school session. "I didn’t want to spoil him, but I imagined I was being a little bit tough so I upped his allowance. He saved all of it so he could fly out here for his Christmas vacation. He’s got himself a job, an apartment in Hollywood; I don’t even know whose office he’s in. He’s fixed up a little studio_ over the garage at home and he’s getting all of the experience he can by taking on small jobs at night.

Radio listeners are already well acquainted with Jim Ameche, who’s twenty-four, married, and following fast in his illustrious brother’s footsteps. Don wanted him to go to college, but he didn’t want to. Like Don, Jim won first place in an Iowa state elocution contest. Like Don, but skipping the collegiate and professional stage, he worked in Hollywood, then up and married and he and his Betty moved in with Don and Honey in Chicago. Today, Jim is broadcasting from Hollywood, rents Glenda Farrell’s house a few miles from Don’s, and is a proud papa. "Jim’s being called upon to speak offers. He’s been substituted for but by 20th; he looks so youthful he’s afraid he’ll be typecast as a juvenile. Our voices are practically identical! We always wanted to do a skit together and at last we discovered the one we’d be waiting for. But they finally n.g.ed it because over the radio we sounded like the same person doing double talk!"

"I’m thirty," said Don, "and Louis, who is twenty-nine, has been closest to me all his life. He’s a truck driver. He’s a great guy and will do anything for a laugh. I don’t know for certain whether to blame him, but somebody put a blurb in a magazine saying I was saving our old homestead. They ran a photograp of the old house, with signs in from every supposedly ordered there by me. One sign proclaimed that Don Ameche was the best plumber in the neighborhood. Another referred to the college vacation days when I ran cement. There was no mention of my acting. You ought to see Louis leading me on out there in the swimming pool! We play follow-the-leader, which usually means I knock myself out cold. The last time he did a bull frog dive he broke the board. Louis is a massive hulk, strong as an ox. He lies on his back and brings me up on his hands. He’s always looking for a good fight, yet tell him a sad story and the tears roll out of him. Yep, he’s married. Honey’s brother, who is a priest out here, performed the ceremony and Louis and Polly rent a cottage near here." Louis once built up a thriving trucking business in Chicago and Don is anxious to set him up in some business of his own now. Louis lived with Don and Honey in Chicago for a spell, too.

Mrs. Ameche interposed, "Don and Louis are such clowns! They’re forever telephoning me with some accent. One day Louis said he was Ray Griffith, one of the producers at 20th, and could I have tickets for Don’s next broadcast? I was so positive it was Louis I kidded back with so many snappy repartee. The pay off, however, is that it was Mr. Griffith and picture me trying to get myself out of that!"

"My oldest sister is married and lives in Kenosha. I’ve two sisters who are in high school at the Immaculate Heart Convent in Los Angeles and one who is in a convent college in Brentwood. They open up a lot more with Honey than they do with me." She selects the unmarried girls’ clothes and they are on an allowance based on the average of what their classmates have. Whenever any special problem arises Don invariably replies, husband-like, "Let Honey attend to that." He confesses he doesn’t intrude with advice on how they should conduct their dates. Grandpa, it appears, still has old-fashioned notions.

Mrs. Ameche is as fond of her family as Don is of his and both sets of relatives are welcomed in their home. One of her brothers is teaching in Chicago; her two sisters came out from Iowa to take postgraduate work at the University of Southern California. Adept at making the most of their opportunities, she has Don’s expensive suits cut down into tailored suits for herself, then sends her clothes on home. Her dad is the Studebaker dealer in Kenosha. ‘And a wild Irishman!’ she added. ‘I want him to sell the business and come out here. We bought a car from him to get him to drive it out and sent him back by airplane when mother decided to remain a month with us.’"

Her cousin Johnny now has the job of keeping the Ameche motors in order. He also helps do some of the chopping.” Mrs. Ameche concluded. ‘None of us write letters often. I’ll bet Don hasn’t written more than twenty in his life. So, I’m the clearing-house; I’m perpetually making the rounds!’”

Don finished speaking for himself.

"I don’t want to brag, but Honey and I will celebrate our sixth wedding anniversary the day after Thanksgiving. When we came to Hollywood we had a lot of responsibilities and—as far as material possessions go—a broken can opener. Literally! Honey treasures it. We


Sample offer: Send 10c for trial supply of FIBS, mailed in plain package, to Fibs, Room 1443A, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.
Clear, Soothe TIRED * EYES IN SECONDS!

Only TWO DROPS of this eye specialist's formula are needed to SOOTHE and REFRESH dull, tired eyes... Its special EXCLUSIVE ingredient quickly clears eyes red and inflamed * (from late hours, fatigue, driving, overindulgence, etc.).

Thousands prefer stainless, sanitary, safe EYE-GENE, because it is quick and EFFECTIVE in making EYES FEEL GOOD. WASH your eyes with EYE-GENE today. On sale at drug, department and ten-cent stores.

DO WRINKLES OR FROWNS mar your Beauty

B & P Wrinkles & Frowns will help smooth them out. Be sure you get the genuine, the one with the TWO Women used by Ladies of discriminating taste for over 40 years, 6c & $1.00 per bottle sizes. Post direct on receipt of price.

THE B & P CO. P. O. Box 2632 Cleveland, Ohio

WANTED

ORIGINAL SONG POEMS, any subject, for musical settings. Publishing and Recording service. Don't delay—send us your best for immediate consideration.

RICHARD BICK, 28 W. W. Building, Chicago, Ill.

No Work and All Pay

[Continued from page 41]

hadn't gone Hollywood, because we've too much Iowa in our blood. In Chicago, Honey and I went around with four couples. One of the men was a lawyer, one ran a liquor store, a third was a milk dealer, and the other was a cop. Out here all our entertaining is still impromptu and we haven't attempted to be social climbers. We've been to but one of Mr. Zanuck's parties. Contrary to what you hear, you know, those things. We're crazy about spontaneous fun. I never know how late I'll have to work, and Honey never knows who's coming home for dinner until I phone to tell her. She's never made a date on knowing that, even since we married. In everything, don't you agree? We had twenty-two here for dinner last night. Honey can stage a complete switch and cook eight chickens instead of two without acquiring a nervous breakdown. She's philosophical, says we'll eat everything eventually so nothing's wasted.

"She never reads my picture scripts, doesn't even send my proofs or blueprint. I have no say about what I act in, so she knows it is far more important for her to keep the home fires burning."

Don never lived on a farm until now. He's picked this one so his children will grow up preferring simple country pleasures. He's bought an old plow horse from a cowherd and this winter he plans to ride. Many a pampered movie star has a headlined private life. But the Don Ameche love story is living fully because they have a batch of private lives—not headlined—behind the spotlight which plays on Don.
dollars for just a half-hour workout. Not far away from the Newell studio is Emma Dunn's dramatic school. Allan Jones had a daily date there from 11:30 to 12:30. . . . Gestures practiced, to be's and not to be's recited. wrinkles in delivery ironed out, mannerisms lost, polish acquired—a polish that shined only in Emma Dunn's mirror. For he was still playing second fiddle roles in "Reckless," "A Day at the Circus," "A Night at the Opera," in fact, wherever the Marx Brothers spend their days and nights. It was good for him—all this work without adequate recognition, these endless lessons followed by interminable hours of practice. No singer-actor, up to his neck in tough picture assignments, could have made the progress Allan Jones did in those five years. And he's grateful to have been a forgotten man.

His idleness did something else for him, too. It gave him time to develop his Bel-Air stables and riding academy into one of the richest and most successful in Hollywood. The Bel-Air stable is a joint undertaking which Allan runs with Robert Young. And that's where he spent almost every afternoon during his five-year Hall. Some of the most ardent riders in Hollywood, garage their horses under Allan Jones' care. Among his customers are Jeanette MacDonald, Gene Raymond and Edward Arnold. When Marlene Dietrich wanted a horse for her daughter recently, she bought it from the best horse-dealer in town: Allan Jones. You probably didn't know that the fine, half-Arabian stallion the romantic tenor rode in the picture "Firefly" was his own horse, "Smookey," one of the best roping horses west of the Mississippi.

Outside of taking lessons to improve himself, Allan probably spent more time giving lessons to improve his two trick ponies than in any other activity. Mack and Buster are two perfectly-matched black and white stallions with a bag of thirty-five tricks up their sleeves. A proud smile spreads across Allan's face when he talks about them.

"I think my trick ponies deeply appreciated the contract I had. I taught them to sit at table with me and eat their oats out of a dish, take a bow, play dead and kiss me on the cheek. That's worth five years in any man's life!"

Every Tuesday Allan put on a horse show out at Bel-Air for Hollywood sightseers. When he wasn't spending the afternoon at the stables, he could be seen speeding along in his car with an empty trailer bouncing behind, on the trail of a good horse bargain. The "horse thieves" as he calls them have learned to respect Allan's canny knowledge of horses. There's no uppin' the prices for this city slicker.

You'd never suspect from the appearance of this clean-cut fellow with the delicate features and artistic temperament that he was an expert judge of horse flesh. But then, it's doubtful that you'd think from looking at him that he had ever been a coal miner. He was, though—a true, deep in the carboniferous earth of his native Scranton, Pennsylvania. He was one of two thousand men who worked under his father, Daniel Jones.

"That mine, incidentally, was almost as responsible for my singing career as for my love of horses," Allan said. "One
Like a Complete Massage
Treatment at Home
The Handsome Young Man's Massage Treatment, picked up and delivered to the home of the man at a time he requests, or at the office of the man, if in a city. The treatment is developed and perfected to help men smoke throughout the world, and this treatment is temporary and the man may return to his usual appearance at home, of little cost.

Take off UNWANTED POUNDS
This method devised to get rid of unsightly fat on the head, neck, arms, and legs when no other method or device will remove it. The procedure is done under the supervision of the largest number of persons. For the treatment of obesity on the back, stomach, and thighs, a full-fledged weight reduction program is utilized. It is designed to make the body beautiful in a short time.

Send it to your address. Write for free samples.

E. LACY MASSAGER CO.
2321 Fullerton Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

Extra money SELL 50 PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS
WITH NAME ON $1
One card $4.75, 10 cards $30.00, 50 cards $147.50, 100 cards $295.00, 500 cards $1,475.00, 1,000 cards $2,950.00, 2,000 cards $5,900.00.


Complete FASHIONS FOR FALL!
presented by SCREENLAND
in a smart new
FASHION SECTION

Don't miss the big parade of fall fashions in SCREENLAND's new fashion section! All the new Fall Fashions in striking layouts, complete with prices and lists of nearest retail stores! Here is a style service that considers both your appearance and pocketbook!

See these exciting fall styles
IN AMERICA'S
SMART SCREEN MAGAZINE!
Buy the Big September Issue of
SCREENLAND
ON SALE EVERYWHERE
AUGUST 2nd

My other ambition is to sing grand opera at the Met.
And, incidentally, it is an ambition which Allan Jones fans may see realized before long. Edward Johnson, manager of the New York Metropolitan Opera, already has suggested an audition at the Met for Allan. And none of his vast army of admirers doubts that five years of Hollywood study and home-work will finally land Allan Jones with a Night at the Opera—without the Marx Brothers.

Ida Lupino, currently in "They Drive By Night," and Jeffrey Lyon, now in "My Love Came Back," lunch together at the Warner Brothers restaurant.

day I told my father, a Welshman with a fine voice, that I thought a year of study in Paris was necessary to round out my training. My dream of study abroad would require a thousand dollars, which was exactly a thousand times more than I had saved up. But Dad had the answer. He said he'd stage a concert for me in Scranton. All I had to do was sing. He guaranteed the audience. Dad hired a hall that seated two thousand people, although I feared there weren't a hundred in the whole city who would pay to hear an unknown. On the night of the concert in Central High School, I peeked out at the audience from backstage. There, row upon row, stacked up to the rafters was a vast sea of familiar faces. Not one stranger...

With "The Boys From Syracuse" under his belt and "Riviera," with music by Jerome Kern, to follow at Universal, Allan Jones looks forward to a new life of whirlwind success and activity. There'll be less time for horses now, but limitless opportunity to profit from all the study of the M-G-M era. Although working at Universal he is actually under contract to Paramount. His contract is one of the most liberal on the Paramount lot. It guarantees three big pictures a year, allows him to free-lance at other studios and provides for a three-months' leave every year for his concert tour. Blissfully happy with his wife, the actress Irene Hervey, and father of two children, Gail and John Allan, Jr., the handsome singing star owns up to only two further ambitions: one is to play straight dramatic roles with no singing required, either in the movies or on Broadway. "If you're just a singer," he says, "well, all right. But a combination of the two arts of acting and singing is far better. The day the studio calls up and tells me to come over for a picture and leave my singing voice at home—I'll consider myself a success."
and smooth without adding more oil or grease to an already overburdened skin in this respect. The kit also contains an overnight ointment, which further aids in correcting your blemishes while you sleep, and a protective lotion, which does two jobs in one—it carries on the good work of correction while it forms a good base for your make-up.

Recently, I experimented with a boy of sixteen, whose skin was his worse handicap. I talked with him first, then I gave him the kit and asked, "Use it." He did, and the skin improvement is just about 100%. I also tried the products on a pretty girl. Now she is what nature meant her to be, extremely pretty. Her bumps are gone.

In spite of the good wrought through these preparations, you must help them along. You must see that you have a good, normal, balanced diet and that elimination is thorough and regular. I do not believe it is necessary to go into diet details, but let me emphasize fresh fruits, fruit juices, vegetables, and salads, and suggest a cold eye toward too many chocolate sodas, fried foods, rich gravy and pudding. A too active vision, but too indulgence in this, as in anything else, is to be frowned upon. Train yourself in habits of elimination, as you do in the routine of bath, brushing of teeth, etc. It can be done.

You have a problem on your hands—or rather face—you girls and boys with your broken-out skin. But you can meet and solve it, just as you solve other problems. I have given you a thought, so your next step is to find out more.

And don't think you are alone with your skin worries. I have seen too many of our young screen hopefuls go through that stage from adorable screen juveniles on to starlet material. Practically everyone of them has had a "growing" problem to face. With some it has been figure. Last spring I talked with Jane Withers, rapidly developing into a young lady. There was little Jane turning cartwheels, stretching against the wall, tumbling like a bug in a rug, all in an effort to develop evenly and not have to go through a phase of being all legs at one time, or too developed here and not enough there, or too fat or too thin. I might add that Jane has one of the loveliest young bodies I have seen in a long time. But she is working for it. Then, there are two famous stars, undeniably lovely with stage and screen make-up but without, bearing the ravaged skin of adolescent acne. Avoid this, if you possibly can. Avoid it for the temporary unhappiness of the moment and avoid it for the lasting scars of the morrow.

If you want that first job, if you need it, listen once more to our authority, if you are a skin-conscious case:

"Look at yourself in the mirror, girls and boys. How will you appear to the man you ask for a job? Will you look healthy, sturdy, smart and on your toes? Or will you look muddy and a bit hangdog? Will he judge you lack initiative when all that's wrong with you is the consciousness of a headlight that feels to you as big as a house? If you're asking for a job where you'll meet your customers, will you make an attractive impression on them? If you're hoping to work for him directly, will he find you easy on the eyes as you walk through his office door, notebook in hand? Think it over. It's the new technique in job-hunting."

Think it over, readers, and let me send you further information, and meanwhile, to get a good start, do this:

Begin your campaign for a clear skin now. Correct that bumpy condition, and look as attractive as you are competent when you go after that job—boys as well as girls. Send ten cents in stamps to Mary Lee, Silver Screen, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, for a good trial size of liquid complexion soap. Use it and forget problem skin.

Paula Goddard makes friends with a malamute husky while on location for "North West Mounted Police."

Eddie Albert is another of the Hollywood stars who has succumbed to the miniature racing car fad. Here he is with one of his fastest models.
Reviews

[Continued from page 90]

his excellent direction. The wonderful Mr. S. Z. Sakall gives another of his priceless performances, and Eddie Albert wanders through the story in his always unhke style. Staged out in the cast are Jane Wyman, Spring Byington, William Orr and Ann Gillis. For pure pleasure don't miss this.

SUSAN AND GOD

CAUSE FOR CELEBRATION—M-G-M

JOAN CRAWFORD and Fredric March co-star in this excellent screen version of the Robert (brothers' play, and Joan and Freddie both give out with top-notch performances that are really something to write home about. The Crawford fans, and include me in, can certainly gather around and clap hands because

Joan has the best picture she's had in years, and at last a role that is worthy of her. Joan plays Susan, a fluffy socialite, who returns from a trip abroad and announces to her society friends that she has become a disciple of Lady Wigsstaff (Constance Collier), and has found a new approach to God. She insists that all her friends "confess" and thereby messes their lives up beautifully. But she is brought to earth, at last, by her drunken husband (Freddie), who challenges her to apply her new-found religion to her own marriage and make a home, for the summer, for her daughter.

Before it is too late, Susan realizes that she has been a selfish so-and-so and returns to her husband. George Cukor has done an excellent job of direction, and is particularly brilliant in his handling of young Rita Quigley, who plays the daughter. Susan's socialite friends are Ruth Hussey, Rose Hobart, Nigel Bruce, Rita Hayworth, Bruce Cabot and John Carroll.

Pictures on the Fire!

[Continued from page 75]

Brothers' endless procession of biographies. This is about Julius Reuter who founded the now famous Reuter News Service. As a boy, Reuter (Dickie Moore) becomes deeply interested in fastening mail to its destination when he guides James Stephenson (Special courier for the London service of the London Times) to the president of the bank in the little village of Gottingen, Germany, particularly when he hears Paul Irving (the banker) express a need for even faster handling of the mail.

Sixteen years later Reuter, now grown (Edward G. Robinson), opens a news business in Brussels with branches in several middle European cities. They deliver messages by carrier pigeons between towns and cities, lacking that new-fangled and uncertain means of communication—the electric telegraph.

He sees his chance to publicize his business when Edward McWade (a chemist) rushes in with the news that he has sent some fever medicine that has been poisoned, to a hospital in Aachen, and he wants to warn the doctor not to use it.

"Quick," says Robinson, "to whom does this go?"

"Dr. Magnus—Aachen Central Hospital."

Robinson hurriedly scribbles a message on a "flimsy"—a sheet of thin paper. "Fever medicine poisoned. Do not use." He pushes it towards McWade. "Sign this."

The chemist signs and Robinson quickly writes another—and another, ordering him to sign all of them.

"But they're all the same," McWade protests.

"We'll send three pigeons," Robinson explains, already risen and on his way, "and then no matter what happens, one of them will get through. Can't take any chances."

But when the carrier pigeons reach the hospital, the cages are open—empty.

UNTAMED

COOL OFF WITH A BLIZZARD—Paramount

THIS is the new version of the Sinclair Lewis novel which was originally filmed under the title of "Mantrap," and in which the Jucious Clara Bow played the lead. Patricia Morison, also Jucious, this time plays the young wife who has married big husky Canadian woodsman Akim Tamiroff out of gratitude. Into the north woods comes Ray Milland, a young doctor who is trying to get away from it all, and of course he and Patricia fall in love and there's the old problem of what to do about the husband. He's finished off nicely in a blizzard, but not a cornflakes blizzard, a real honest-to-goodness one that will practically have your breath forming icicles just from looking at it.

The picture makes excellent use of Technicolor, and is just the thing to see these hot summer days when the tar is soft in the streets.

WALTER WANGER has a picture shooting here called "Foreign Correspondent," starring Joel McCrea and Laraine Day, with Herbert Marshall, George Sanders, Albert Basserman and Robert Benchley prominently featured.

Joel is the foreign correspondent and has just met Laraine at a banquet the Organization for Universal Peace is giving in Washington. He thinks she is the publicity woman for the organization. He is struggling with a Mrs. Appleby and a Latvian. A waiter passes with a tray of cocktails and Joel takes one and hands it to the Latvian who toasts it off with an enthusiastic gutural speech of appreciation.

"Now, we're getting somewhere," Joel smiles. "The universal language. He hands the foreigner another and takes one himself. "One more of these and I'll be speaking your language."

The foreigner senses this is a joke and goes off into a gale of laughter. Laraine, making notes in a little book, almost runs into Joel. "I was talking at her, hows sharply and, in his own tongue: "How do you do, Miss Carol?"

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Pressey-dy?" she comes back in the same tongue.

Joel stares at her open-mouthed for a moment and then hastily decides to be a "racy" foreign correspondent. "They come in pairs," he laughs. "Sister, if you speak English, give me a hand with the Langkling Latvian. What's his racket? What's he speaking?"

"Latvian," says Laraine.

"No kidding!" he comes back. "I didn't know the Latvians had a language. I thought they just rubbed noses. You actually speak Latvian?" he goes on admiringly.

"Just enough to get around," she assures him.

"What does getting around consist of in Latvia?" he persists.

"I don't think you'll have any trouble," she squeaks him.

Maybe he won't, but if I don't bring this to a close I'm going to have trouble with the editor so—until next month—"So long, folks."

PRINTED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE GUESS PRESS, INC.
Riot Red and Rumpus
Take the Town!

NEWEST SHADES
BY
CUTEX

The liveliest, most flattering nail polish pair in many a moon! RIOT RED, so clear and bright itself, is right in the spirit of the clear, vivid trend in fashion colors—greens, gold, reds, royal blue and turquoise . . . A bright accent with brown, black and coverts. RUMPU S—the gayest, loveliest blue-red to date—marvelous with the new amethysts, wines, evergreen greens, blue of every hue—with conga brown and somber neutrals. Get Riot Red or Rumpus today and take the town! Other popular Cutex shades: Old Rose, Cedarwood, Laurel, Clover, Cameo and Tulip. Guaranteed to wear longer . . . or your money back! Simply return the bottle to us (with at least three-fourths of its contents) during 1940.

NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK, MONTREAL, PARIS, LONDON
THE ALEXANDER TWINS...Dorothy and Grace, Famous Drum Majorettes for American Legion Post 42, Martinsville, Virginia

SALUTE YOU

AND SALUTE
Chesterfield

FOR REAL MILDNESS
AND BETTER TASTE

These are the twin pleasures you look for in a cigarette. You'll find them in every Chesterfield you smoke...and it takes the right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos united in Chesterfields to give you the added pleasure of a cooler smoke...Make your next pack Chesterfield and join the millions of smokers who say

They Satisfy

Copyright 1940, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
LOVE . . . LAUGH AND WEEP WITH THEM!

Live their wondrously exciting romance! Let yourself be swept along by the relentless tide of a struggle so mighty the screen has never seen its equal... Created by Frank Lloyd, who gave you memorable "Cavalcade", "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "Wells Fargo"!

CARY GRANT
MARTHA SCOTT
THE HOWARDS
OF VIRGINIA

MAN OF THE PEOPLE
Swashbuckling son of the raw, untamed frontier . . . proud alike of his pioneer forebears and the lovely, high-borne girl he loves!

W A T C H  F O R  I T  A T  Y O U R  L O C A L  T H E A T R E !
Protect your own bright smile. Let Ipana and Massage help guard against "Pink Tooth Brush"!

SHE HAD ALWAYS HOPED it would happen this way—soft lights, smooth music, his eyes speaking volumes: "You're beautiful," they said, "beautiful!"

But then—she smiled! And his eagerness gave way to indifference. For beauty is always dimmed and darkened under the cloud of a dull and dingy smile.

DON'T TAKE CHANCES with your own priceless smile... with your own happiness. Give your gums as well as your teeth the daily care they need. And never ignore the warning of "pink tooth brush"! The minute you see that tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—make a date to see your dentist.

And take the advice he gives you.

WHAT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" MEANS. "Pink" on your tooth brush may not mean serious trouble, but let your dentist decide. Chances are he will say that your gums, denied hard chewing by the many soft, creamy foods we eat today, have become tender, weak from lack of exercise. And, like so many dentists these days, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

FOR IPANA, WITH MASSAGE, is specially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but to help invigorate the gums. So, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums whenever you brush your teeth. The pleasant "tang" you'll notice—exclusive with Ipana and massage—is evidence that gum circulation is increasing—helping gums to become firmer, healthier.

GET A TUBE OF IPANA TODAY! Start the healthful dental habit of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage... and see how much it helps your gums to become stronger, your teeth brighter, your smile more radiantly lovely.

Get the new D. D. Tooth Brush, too—specially designed with a twisted handle for more thorough cleansing, more effective gum massage.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

for October 1940
DEAR ED:

The most talked about young actress in Hollywood this month is Ida Lupino who wrapped up that grand Warner Brothers’ picture, “They Drive By Night,” in a neat little package and took it home, despite the fact that George Raft, Ann Sheridan and Humphrey Bogart gave out with perfect performances. They are calling Ida the “new Bebe Davis” and saying, “My, my, how she has improved.” As a matter of fact, she hasn’t improved at all, she could have played the neurotic Lana six years ago, but no one would ever give her a crack at a dramatic role. After eight years (and let that give hope to the frustrated thespians) of being on and off the screen in Hollywood, and kicked about something awful by half-witted producers, Ida at last gets the “break” — and her friends couldn’t be happier.

So, when Ida and Louis Hayward threw a party on a recent Saturday night for Glenn Ford and his Skylark, and Van Heflin of “The Philadelphia Story” cast (Ida and Louis love “theater” people), I couldn’t wait to get myself up to their hill-top home and join in with the adulators. The party was held in her brand new “play room,” which is quite the nicest play room in Hollywood, and is done in the Old English manner with a roomy bar, a rambling stone fireplace, and old prints, old mugs, and old guns all over the place. The house itself is small, but very comfortable and chintzy, with flowers in profusion in all the rooms — Ida being one of those people with a passion for flowers. She even wears a clip on her shoulder which holds water — the idea being that she can wear flowers in it and keep them fresh. Ida and Louis saw Ford in a house one evening when they were “killing time” on the way to a party. They liked the view, and the agent, so they bought the house that night. When they moved in they discovered that it didn’t have a dining room. Slightly cracked, those Haywards, but a hell of a lot of fun.

I was terribly interested in the old mugs (not the guests), and talking a mile a minute Ida told me how she had picked them up in various junk shops. Ida has all the luck. I never find anything but junk in junk shops. “Remember when we first met?” Ida asked suddenly. I did. It was about nine years ago when Ida, little more than a baby, but looking older than she does now, arrived in Hollywood to make a test for “Alice in Wonderland.” The casting director took one look at her heavily mascaraed eyes, her “touched” hair, and her high heels (at that early age Ida had her own ideas on what Hollywood actresses should look like) and said, “I’ll never make ‘The Light That Failed’ we’ll let you know.” Strangely enough, they did.
The Merriest Pair on The Screen in a Great Musical Show!

"STRIKE UP THE BAND"

with PAUL WHITEMAN and ORCHESTRA

Mickey’s marvelous! Judy’s a joy! If you thought they reached the top of the entertainment heap in "Babes in Arms", wait till you see them go over the top now! With catchy songs and a screenful of howls and a grand heart-warming story! What a show, folks!

**A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE with**

JUNE PREISSER • WILLIAM TRACY

Screen Play by John Monks, Jr. and Fred Finklehoffe • Directed by Busby Berkeley
Produced by ARTHUR FREED

Great Song Hits: "Our Love Affair", "Strike Up the Band", "Nobody" and many more!

for October 1940
Hollywood Earfuls

Current whisperings about your favorites

The Barbara Hutton romance with Cary Grant looks as if it will head for the altar the minute Barbara can get her Danish divorce complications unraveled. In the meantime, she is taking tennis lessons so she can give Cary a good game.

Dave Rose has been telling people that he is going to marry Judy Garland just as soon as his divorce from Martha Raye is final. Oh no, Judy, Metro won't like.

Since Hedy Lamarr called off her marriage to Gene Markey everyone has been wondering if she'll take up with Reggie Gardiner where she left off. After a serious interlude with Frances Robinson, Reggie is now very much whole heart and fancy free.

Mickey Rooney is not superstitious, but—

Coming out [Continued on page 14]

1 In what picture does Bing Crosby croon "That's for Me" to a lovely lady who used to admit publicly that her "Heart Belongs to Daddy?"

2 Who are known as "the most happily married couple in Hollywood?" And in what romantic comedy do they play the roles of very quarrelsome but very loving newlyweds?

3 What nationally known screen and radio character has a new girl, not to mention a new pal who is a terrific scene stealer?

4 What girl is fortunate enough in what moving picture version of a Joseph Conrad masterpiece to spend a week alone on a South Sea Island with Fredric March?

5 Who is the lovely English-born beauty who steals Fred MacMurray's heart in the big new outdoors adventure picture directed by Sam ("Goodbye, Mr. Chips," "Our Town") Wood. And what Daughter of the Dust Bowl makes news by playing a terrific kid role in the same picture?

1 Bing Crosby sings "That's for Me" to Mary Martin in Paramount's "Rhythm on the River," the big streamlined musical which also stars Basil Rathbone, with Oscar Levant.

2 Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, of course, the stars of Paramount's "I Want a Divorce," the picture Hollywood is raving about as setting Joan and Dick firmly on the comeback trail.

3 Henry Aldrich, America's new Peck's Bad Boy, played by Jackie Cooper, has Boston and Broadway's cute little Leila Ernst, success of "Too Many Girls" for a girl friend, and Eddie Bracken, also a star of the same New York hit show, as his pal in "Life With Henry" starring the Aldrich Family.

4 Fredric March in Paramount's all-star production of Joseph Conrad's immortal "Victory" welcomes Betty Field to his private island paradise in the South Seas and starts a thrilling series of romantic adventures in which Sir Cedric Hardwicke and other famous name players play exciting parts.

5 Patricia Morrison corrals the hard-boiled heart of Fred MacMurray in Paramount's "Rangers of Fortune," the Sam Wood action adventure drama of three rough, tough sons of the Old Border Country, "Rangers of Fortune." Betty Brewer, the little Okie kid, discovered singing on the Los Angeles streets, makes her film bow in this picture.
Tips on Pictures

The ones to see and the ones to miss!

ANDY HARDY MEETS DEBUTANTE (M-G-M)—This family series improves with age, the current offering being the most enjoyable of all. Mickey Rooney, boastful as usual, insists he can be photographed with the No. 1 Debutante of the country (Diana Lewis). It's not so easy. But had it been otherwise, there wouldn't have been half as much fun. Lewis Stone, Judy Garland, Ann Rutherford, Fay Holden and Cecilia Parker all help in making it well-above-average filmfare.

BLONDIE HAS SERVANT TROUBLE (Columbia)—Another family series which continues to be popular, thanks to amusing, well-played scripts. The title of this is somewhat misleading because it has to do with Blondie and Dagwood spending a vacation in a haunted house. When Dagwood (Arthur Lake) asks his boss for a raise because Blondie (Penny Singleton) wants a servant, the boss says no, but fixes it for them to live in a house with two servants. It doesn't take them long to find out it's haunted.

BOYS FROM SYRACUSE (Universal)—The highlight of this musical comedy is Allan Jones singing a duet with himself. He plays twin brothers. Joe Penner also plays a dual role. Martha Raye and Irene Hervey have the feminine leads. It has its moments, but they're too few, despite a capable cast of supporting comics—Charlie Butterworth, Alan Mowbray and Eric Blore.

GIRL FROM GOD'S COUNTRY (Republic)—An exciting melodrama of Alaska with Chester Morris as a young doctor who has gone there to make people believe that his father, also a doctor, did not commit suicide, but was killed by him. Charles Bickford, and Jane Wyatt, as an officer and nurse, have outstanding roles.

GIRLS OF THE ROAD (Columbia)—This probably sounds like a particularly sexy film, but it's far from it. The in-[Continued on page 16]
It's the happiest new-hit news in an age!
...And the happiest WARNER BROS. hit of all!
Just wait till you see it!
THESE Barrymores are picturesque minxes. A question to Jack will bring you any little intimate detail about his personal life that you may want. Ask Lionel and he will devolve his comment to boosting someone else. I asked Lionel what he thought of the 1940 films as compared to the silent pictures of 1909 and 1910 when he started performing before the cameras. And he turned the whole reply into a eulogy of Clark Gable. Here it is:

"I am often asked whether or not the motion picture has improved. There is only one answer to that. Nothing stands still. It must either go forward or backward. It has been my great privilege to watch and appear in pictures from the infancy of the business. Out of all my experiences, I think the one I have enjoyed most has been the success of Clark Gable. Gable's career, in a very real sense, is an indication of how the screen has progressed. I first knew Clark when he was a struggling young actor, appearing on the stage with me in 'The Copperhead.' Between times he was doing extra work in pictures. In 1932 I played with him in 'A Free Soul,' the picture that made him a star. Now he has become one of the truly all-time favorites of the screen. Gable, more than any other star in the business, exemplifies the progress of the screen. When I first knew Clark, the screen was just beginning to find itself. Now it is a mature screen, willing to tackle mature and important subjects. I hope to be a part of it for a long time, because the motion picture never has been doing a better job of entertaining."

Of course, the screen has grown in maturity. Every now and then the films do an astonishing, intelligent, fine thing. The run-of-the-basket pictures move along at low ebb, technically far better than the best of anything of the past, but really celluloid tripe. Yet the screen, as Lionel points out, has become a finer thing. And Barrymore actually personifies the whole development of the motion picture. Can you remember him in the pioneer D. W. Griffith pictures, later in such movie landmarks as 'Grand Hotel,' "Dinner at Nine?"

Top to bottom: Dick Powell; Lionel Barrymore; Lynne Overman; and Bob Hope. Below: Greer Garson. All have views to express which call for a little checking up, just to see if they're really sincere about what they have to say. For example, Lynne says, "I hate playing good, upright citizens."

**Often the stars say one thing and really mean another, so let's probe and learn the truth.**
Soothing Listerine Treatment gives hair and scalp antiseptic bath... kills millions of germs associated with infectious dandruff

If infectious dandruff has got you in its grip... if you are constantly embarrassed by all the ugly, distressing symptoms of this stubborn disease—the humiliating flakes and scales, the itching, or even inflammation... here's news—grand news!

Listerine kills millions of germs associated with the infectious type of dandruff—an all too common form of this scalp condition. It destroys, on contact, countless numbers of these tiny, almost invisible parasites, including the queer "bottle bacillus," called Pityrosporum Ovale, which outstanding specialists recognize as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

First Listerine treats hair and scalp to a cooling, soothing antiseptic bath. The scalp tingles and glows, ugly flakes and scales begin to go... inflammation and itching are alleviated. Then Listerine Antiseptic gets to work on the germs themselves. In test after test, in laboratory and clinic, Listerine Antiseptic's germicidal action brought amazingly quick results.

Improvement in 76% of Test Cases

When rabbits were inoculated with Pityrosporum Ovale in laboratory research, they quickly developed the usual dandruff symptoms. Within 14 days, on the average, these symptoms disappeared when Listerine Antiseptic was applied daily to the affected areas.

Clinical tests on men and women who used Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice a day brought even more impressive results. In one series of tests, 76% of dandruff sufferers showed either complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff within 30 days. So, if you have the slightest sign of a dandruff condition, do not neglect what may be a real infection.

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night. WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hair brush. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine massage once a week to guard against infection. Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a mouth wash and gargle.

Start right now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. Neglect may aggravate the symptoms. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE...THE MEDICAL TREATMENT THOUSANDS EMPLOY!
Silver Screen

Eight," "David Copperfield" and "Captains Courageous!" A grand old trouper—and he has our hearty cheers.

LYNNE OVERMAN says this is the day of the character actor and calls upon you to witness the great success of Spencer Tracy. True, Tracy’s appearance in "Edison the Man" as the great inventor was, as Overman points out, "just the love affair of Edison and an incandescent bulb," but you get the drift of his argument. Overman ought to know. He has been six years in Hollywood, has been one of Hollywood’s stalwarts in character roles. Says he—

"I like doing character stuff—and it’s fortunate that I do. It gives me a nice salary for falling apart gracefully and I’m very grateful, as I should be. I’ve passed the time when I can play college boys and everyday I think about it I drop down on my knees and thank God for the motion picture."

"So I go kicking along, doing the best I can. Just finished playing an old Scotch guide in Technicolor and a heather burr for Cecil de Mille in ‘North West Mounted Police.’ De Mille is wonderful to work for, if you know your business. His films are an actor’s paradise. He never handicuffs you. He lets you develop your role.

"The most important thing for an actor? A level head. It takes you miles further than talent. Personally, I hate playing good, honest, upright citizens. Let me do the good-for-nothing pal. He’ll have color. You’ll remember him. You always forget the good boy with the perfectly nice intentions."

There’s considerable to Overman’s theory. This is the era of character acting in films. Think back over the year. Whose are the performances you best remember? The Overman, the Donlevys and the Brennans are the boys who carry the ball for old Hollywood these days.

BRIAN DONLEVY has just had one of those splendid character opportunities—in "The Great McGinty"—of an unlettered thing off the breadline who gets all the way to the governor’s seat, pushed along by crooked politicians. Then his wife persuades him to go straight and three weeks after the smoke of his re-generation clears he is down and out in a banana republic in the tropics, a fugitive from justice. McGinty just isn’t built for virtue. And Brian is immense in the part. Here is what Donlevy complains about:

"If there were a character players’ guild, I am confident that one of the first things we would selfishly deplore, in the preamble to a bill of rights, would be the way in which our talents are used to make the romantic leads—the handsome boy and the pretty girl—look good."

"Does it occur to you that we character people, as my good friend, J. Carrol Naish, is wont to point out, often are used in scenes preliminary to the entrance of the hero or heroine? That we comment upon the splendid virtues of the romantic principals, paving the way for them to come into the scene then and take the bows we’ve built up for them? Well, we do, and more than most people realize.

"We character players are the blocking-halves who open the way for the romantic leads whose names go at the top of the list on the scoreboard. And glad to do it, for the recognition that does come our way from discerning folks.

"It is my opinion that there is a widespread misconception on the part of a large part of the show-going public about the supposed sincere that character players enjoy. Whenever a character player shines in a role, there is an inclination to discount the merit of the performance as being in a character part, and therefore footloose."

Personally, I am tempted to think that the character actor has it fairly easy. He hasn’t got to worry about looks, weight, those bags under those eyes, recuperating that lost athletic snap in his walk, none of those earthy problems concern him.

All he has to do is act. Remember, too, that romantic leads come and go, but the character man goes on forever.

DICK POWELL is going to act—or else. That’s one of the reasons you did not see him for over a year in films. He wouldn’t appear in another musical. Then he got his chance minus songs in "I Want a Divorce" and sang very nicely in it, thank you, says Dick:

"I’m through with musical clam-bakes" for good. I doubt if I ever will sing in a picture again. Ever since I came to Hollywood, more than four years ago, I’ve been that young blonde singing the light little ditty in the musical film. In ‘I Want a Divorce’ I don’t sing a bar of music and I have found that sustaining a dramatic role throughout a picture, with comedy relief tossed in now and then, actually is easier than ‘clam-bake’ leads, with the musical numbers dragged in by the heels.

"I have turned down ten musical films in the last fourteen months. If I can’t get solid parts in believable stories I won’t make a picture again."

I’m afraid I am one who believes that film musicals have their place. They are pleasant and little or no strain on the cerebrum. Maybe I think there are too many actors now who ought to be singing, or something. Still, what of it? I rather admire Dick Powell for his courage in sticking it out. So, if Dick says (as he does) "I’m like the man that got his first taste of meat, no more musical tuns and milk for me," I’m with him.

GREER GARSON, who was so good in “Goodbye, Mr. Chips,” turns in another outstanding performance in "Pride and Prejudice." The 'Trish' girl can act—and no mistake. That’s why I asked her why she liked being an actress. Here is her reply:

"This may sound odd to most people, but one of the many reasons why I enjoy being an actress is the fact that life is too short. There is so much to do and see and so little time in which to do it.

"I think all of us often have thought how interesting it would be to live in a differ-
helped him overthrow
the most ruthless power in the West!

SHE HAD
Courage
... the courage to fight the most
dangerous man west of the Pecos
... infamous Judge Roy Bean...
in the bitterest feud that ever
shook the frontier!

SHE HAD
Glamour
The most adored woman of her
time... exotic Lily Langtry... trium-
phantly touring the West, and add-
ing the flame of her beauty to the
fire that was raging in men's hearts!

SAMUEL GOLDSYN presents
GARY COOPER
in
THE WESTERNER
with WALTER BRENNAN
FRED STONE · DORIS DAVENPORT
Directed by WILLIAM WYLER
RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

Watch for this spectacular picture at your local theatre!

for October 1940
ent age and time. An actress, at least in a sense, can do that, by actually reliving interesting lives and periods. There is no restriction to the material from which the motion picture can draw. I do not say that actors actually ‘live’ their roles on the screen, but in the settings and costumes of a picture, whether modern or costume, which today are recreated with such authenticity and thoroughness, you do have a feeling of stepping out of one world into another. That is really what an actress does—and I wouldn’t want to be anything but an actress.”

All that is true. A Hollywood actress has a lot—real and unreal—crowded into her span of existence. Hollywood certainly gives its inhabitants action. Greer has had her taste of it at low ebb in a better-be-forgotten-right-way film called “Remember.” She twice has tasted the best it has to give. Two great breaks in a span of three years. Lucky gal, Greer.

I HAD sort of figured that comedians had a tough time in the talkies, that the fine line front comics such as the thoroughly likeable Harold Lloyd have faded, that the screen wasn’t developing any new talent. But Bob Hope sets me right, pointing out the long careers of W. C. Fields, the Marx Brothers, Joe E. Brown, Jack Oakie, Jack Benny, Eddie Cantor and the rest. Says Bob:

“The fact that motion pictures haven’t developed any comedians isn’t any reflection on the business itself. To speak seriously for a moment, you know that the art of timing is a comedian’s greatest asset. Without timing, gags and laugh lines are completely spoiled. And to learn timing, you’ve got to work with an audience. All of the top screen comedians of the day came out of vaudeville. The new ones—the Eddie Brackens, Ezra Stone and the like—will come out of night clubs and radio, that is, radio shows that work with an audience, and from the legitimate theatre.

“There is no opportunity to learn timing when your audience is a camera, completely surrounded by fifty or sixty workmen who aren’t allowed to laugh because it would spoil a take.

“Further, statistics indicate that comedians last as long, or longer, in pictures than anybody else. This proves that either the public or the statistics are wrong. And also indicates that either the comedians, or their jokes, are ageless. Or maybe it should be ‘and’ jokes.”

So Hope concedes there’s a chance for “a handsome, youthful, magnetic personality like myself, as long as I’ve got a good staff of writers.”

Anyway, Hope has turned in a surprise hit with “The Ghost Breakers,” apparently suddenly stepped into the front rank of boxoffice draws. Heaven knows, we need laughs these days. The distance between two chuckles has been growing longer and longer, with the blitzkrieg liable to turn the flank of either chuckle any day.

of a projection room recently he found that painters had placed a ladder from the pavement to the balcony, from which the staircase led downward, in such a manner that the stairs ran under the ladder. So Master Rooney climbed down the ladder, rather than take the stairs going under it, much to the delight of a crowd of tourists who were being shown around the studio at the time.

“Times like these are rare times to walk under ladders,” Mickey announced to the visiting firemen.

Not content to sit down now and rest on the laurels currently being heaped upon her following her sensational job in “They Drive By Night,” Ida Lupino is busy as a bee in her spare time helping young newcomers who have not yet achieved their big break. A room in her home is devoted to “the work shop.” Here her young friends gather regularly and work conscientiously on play recordings which Ida not only writes and directs, but into which she also works the musical backgrounds. The finished product is a very good wax audition for her ambitious cohorts who submit them for radio parties as well as pictures.

Jeanette MacDonald is sporting a gold aviation pin. It was given her by Gene Raymond, who now only lacks ten hours more in the air before he receives his full pilot’s license. Gene recently completed a cross-country flight.

When Lucille Ball met Desi Arnaz, who appeared in “Too Many Girls,” on Broadway, and was brought to Hollywood for the movie version, she completely called off her romance with Director Al Hall. Desi arrived in Hollywood with the reputation of being the best conga dancer on Broadway. He now has the reputation of being the best conga dancer in Hollywood. But Lucille had better look out—the fascinating Desi has the reputation also of being a ladies’ man.

Ray Milland is telling his friends that co-starring with Claudette Colbert in “Arisi My Love” is an education in the technique of acting. Ray says that Claudette has the “tact” of any actress he has ever played with, and knows more about acting than any twenty Glamour Girls. “When I play a scene with Claudette,” says Ray, “I’m so intrigued watching her that I forget to act.”

Ann Sheridan has changed her hair dress. She got tired of wearing it loose and flat in a long bob and is now wearing it tight to her head in a chignon.

If you want to hear the RKO studio go into raves just mention the name of Maureen O’Hara. To help out the publicity department she stayed in the gallery at the studio from two o’clock Saturday afternoon until two o’clock Sunday morning taking publicity pictures. Week-ends are sacred to most stars.
Now...she's a dancing romancing Deanna Durbin

Her 8th Great Hit

in a parade of perfect pictures...bringing you more happiness than you've ever had!

Music by the king of lilting melody

ROBERT STOLZ

Lyrics by GUS KAHN

UNIVERSAL PICTURES presents

Deanna DURBIN

in

SPRING PARADE

with ROBERT CUMMINGS
MISCHA AUER

Produced and Directed by the creators of her screen sensations...

JOE PASTERNAK
and HENRY KOSTER


Screenplay by Bruce Manning and Felix Jackson
Original story—Ernst Marischka

A HENRY KOSTER PRODUCTION

RELEASED SOON! WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR FAVORITE MOVIE!
CONTINUOUS ACTION IN FEMININE HYGIENE

NEW STRENGTH, NO MESS! Zonitors are designed to bring to feminine hygiene a new continuous-action suppleness. Suppositories are changed up to three times a day with no mess or inconvenience. Zonitors are easy to carry, are ready to use and are free from off-odors when applied.

Zonitorsare the only continuous-action suppositories that have been scientifically designed to meet all of the requirements of feminine hygiene. They have been specially formulated to meet the demands of the modern woman who is concerned with the highest degree of cleanliness.

Now made possible by amazing suppositories

Women have long wanted it. Scientists have strived to find it. And here it is at last! A dainty, safe method in feminine hygiene that gives continuous action for hours without use of poison. Yet—has the remarkable ability to kill germs on contact.

Zonitors—these dainty, white suppositories spread a greaseless protective coating. To kill germs, bacteria on contact. To cleanse and protect. To deodorize—never by temporarily masking—but by destroying odor. Zonitors are odorless, unusual, treat to a build up of bacteria and are free from off-odors when applied.

Zonitors are the only continuous-action suppositories. Yet entirely gentle to delicate tissues. Non-crush, contain no poison. Don't harden. Even help promote healing.


Tips on Pictures

[Continued from page 8]

GOLD RUSH MAISIE (M-G-M)—Ann Sothern, continuing in this excellent series, is on her way to a job when she gets stranded in a ghost town in the Arizona desert which suddenly comes to life because of an overnight gold strike. Lee Bowman is a young rancher who turns out to be an iceman in human form. But Ann thaws him out. The story isn't too good, but Ann, as usual, is marvelous.

GRAND OLE OPRY (Republic)—Obviosly, this was not made for big city consumption. It's basically rural entertainment, with more hill-billy entertainers in it than you shake a stick at. But it's burned good hayseed hilarity. Featured are the Weaver Brothers and Elviry and a whole host of rustic radio favorites.

HOT STEEL (Universal)—Richard Arlen and Andy Devine are a couple of steel workers in this lively melodrama, with Richard working out a formula for better steel that is stolen. A murder follows and Dick is accused. But thanks to Andy the truth comes out and all ends well. Peggy Moran and Anne Nagel have the leading feminine roles.

LAMBETH WALK (M-G-M)—It seems a little late to be bringing this one over from England since it is based on the dance which hit its peak over a year ago. Nevertheless, as musical comedies go, it's amusing and when it was made Americanized it has been done. To think that a year have been in mind. Lupino Lane heads the cast, playing a race track tout who inherits a fortune.

MAN WHO TALKED TOO MUCH (Warners)—George Brent, an assistant district attorney, is responsible for a man getting the chair and then finds out the man was innocent. So George decides to spend the rest of his legal career defending criminals. He's doing it successfully, thanks to shady tricks, until his young brother, Bill Lindiggen, tries to get him to go straight. Then the excitement starts. Virginia Bruce and Richard Barthelmess have important assignments and handle them expertly.

MARYLAND (20th Century-Fox)—The story is built around a Steeples class known as the Maryland Hunt Cup Race. It's all done in Technicolor, which, of course, is always beautiful if your seat isn't too far back. If it is, it's a hindrance rather than a help, because the film seems blurred. Fay Bainter, Walter Brennan. John Payne and Brenda Joyce head the cast, but it's Ben Carter, a negro comic, who wins the laurels.

OUT WEST WITH THE PEPPERS (Columbia)—Most interesting part of this otherwise dull picture is the rescue of children from a stream in one of the year's outstanding performances, contributed by Greer Garson. She's one of five daughters of a 19th Century English family whose mother, Mary Boland, is determined they'll all get husbands. The other girls are Maureen O'Sullivan, Ann Rutherford, Marsha Hunt and Heather Angel. Also in the cast, most prominently, too, is Laurence Olivier. A picture not to be missed.

SAILOR'S LADY (20th Century-Fox)—Rather disappointing because of a stupid script, and thoughtless direction. Jon Hall is the sailor and Nancy Kelly the lady. They're a young couple who want to get married, in a great difficulty doing so. There's a kid star, Bruce Hampton, who's amusing to watch, but the rest of the cast is uninspiring.

SCATTERBRAIN (Republic)—Judy Canova, queen of the hill-billies, triumphantly returns to the screen in this rollicking comedy of Hollywood and a director who signs the wrong person for a lead in a picture and then tries to get her out of it until he realizes she's far better than the right girl. Alan Mowbray is ideal as the director. Ruth Donnelly and Eddie Foy, Jr., are among Judy's supporting players. Long live the queen!

SOUTH OF PAGO-PAGO (United Artists)—A colorful and exciting story of pearl diving in the South Seas with Jon Hall, Frances Farmer, Victor McLaglen and Olympe Bracha in the leading roles. McLaglen heads a group of pearl thieves, while Hall is head of the natives who finally rebel and give the thugs what's coming to them. The photography is a treat for the eyes, as is Olympe.

SPORTING BLOOD (M-G-M)—An interesting story of Virginia horse racing and of a reawakened feud between two old Southern families with a fine cast including Robert Young, Maureen O'Sullivan, Lewis Stone, William Gorgan and Lynne Carver. It's the best racing story to come along this year.

THE MAN I MARRIED (20th Century-Fox)—In its original form this was called "I Married A Nazi." It concerns a German-born husband who returns for a visit to his homeland with his American wife and is so impressed with Hitler's activities he decides to remain much to the displeasure of his wife and eventually his own. Joan Bennett and Francis Lederer are the leads, with Lloyd Nolan, Otto Kruger and Anna Sten lending the main support.

Silver Screen
S.O.S. — S.O.S.
Swell Music—but Wrong Girl

It was such swell music—and such a should-have-been swell girl! But just a hint of underarm odor—even in a pretty girl—and men are quick to notice...certain to disapprove!

Stay popular! Every day...and before every date prevent underarm odor with Mum

THE SEA HAWK (Warner) — A magnificently produced spectacle with Errol Flynn in the type of role he's best suited for—that of a dashing, adventurous pirate in the service of his queen, who happens to be Flora Robson. Brenda Marshall is the girl who pirates his heart without much difficulty. Claude Rains and Alan Hale are standouts in the huge supporting cast. This, too, is a picture not to be missed.

THEY DRIVE BY NIGHT (Warner) — For many reasons, you couldn't ask for better entertainment than this compelling yarn of truck drivers. Ann Sheridan, George Raft, Ida Lupino, Humphrey Bogart and Alan Hale are the first five reasons. The story, direction and photography are three more. Ida Lupino, incidentally, steals the picture, despite flawless performing by all the others in the cast.

VILLAIN STILL PURSUED HER (RKO) — Remember a while back, when they revived some of the old-time melodramas for the stage and served beer at the performances and encouraged the audience to hiss and cheer? Well, here's the same idea for movies, except no beer will be served. Anita Louise, Alan Mowbray, Richard Cromwell and Buster Keaton are in it and needless to say overact all over the place.

WE WHO ARE YOUNG (M-G-M) — A touching little story of a young married couple and the hard time they have getting a foothold in life, Lana Turner and John Shelton are splendid in the leading roles, with Lana leaving aside her charms temporarily to show that she really can act when she wants to. Gene Lockhart, Grant Mitchell and Henry Armetta are also in the cast.

YOUNG PEOPLE (20th Century-Fox) — Shirley Temple's swan song for 20th Century-Fox and none too good a swan song at that, despite Jack Oakie and Charlotte Greenwood to lend a hand. It's a combination of backstage and rural atmosphere, with the trio, as vaudevil- lians, finally retiring to the easy farm life. But it isn't so easy, they soon find out, especially overcoming the prejudices some people have for show folk.

Director William Keighley of “No Time For Comedy,” co-starring James Stewart and Rosalind Russell, greeted Genevieve Tobin with a kiss every time she reported for work. But no wonder—he's her husband!

Stay popular! Every day...and before every date prevent underarm odor with Mum

IT WAS such swell music—and such a should-have-been swell girl! But just a hint of underarm odor—even in a pretty girl—and men are quick to notice...certain to disapprove!

To stay popular...from the beginning of the evening till it's time to go home...smart girls make a habit of Mum. It's never wise to expect your bath to keep underarms fresh! A bath removes only past perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor. Mum every day saves you worry—makes you "nice" to be near!

More girls use Mum than any other deodorant...and Mum makes new, de-lighted users every single day! You'll be sure to like Mum for dependability and—

SPEED! Only 30 seconds to prevent underarm odor for hours!

SAFETY! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to any kind of fabric...so gentle that even after underarm shaving, it won't irritate your skin.

LASTING CHARM! Mum keeps underarms fresh—not by stopping the perspiration, but by preventing the odor. Get Mum today at your druggist's. Use it every day. Then you need never worry that underarm odor is spoiling your charm.
THE GREATEST PICTURE 20th CENTURY-FOX HAS EVER MADE

... revealing the story behind the heroic Mormon trek westward! 20,000 people seeking a land where a man—wives and children—brave young lovers and a fighting leader—could find the freedom they were willing to die for!

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
Production of

BRIGHAM YOUNG

by LOUIS BROMFIELD

starring
TYRONE POWER • LINDA DARNELL

Brian Donlevy • Jane Darwell • John Carradine
Mary Astor • Vincent Price • Jean Rogers • Ann Todd

and DEAN JAGGER as Brigham Young

Directed by Henry Hathaway
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by Lamar Trotti
A Twentieth Century-Fox Picture

Silver Screen
Clark Gable has at last found a place where he isn't bothered by autograph-hunters. He and Carole have been planning to buy a cattle ranch, so while Carole was away on her location trip, Clark drove over to Arizona to take a look around. He says that no one between the Painted Desert and the Petrified Forest paid the slightest attention to him. He is wavering between two ranches near Holbrook, one of which he expects to buy. He expects to keep a herd of five hundred cattle on the ranch, and he and Carole have arranged their picture schedules so that they can spend September, October and November of each year on the ranch.

Shirley Temple, who is expected to sign a contract with Producer Joe Pasternak, the wonder man of the Universal Studios, was visiting the studio the other day and asked to be taken on the Deanna Durbin set. When the "take" was over Deanna took Shirley to her dressing room and ordered sodas for both of them. "I didn't know it was so much fun watching pictures being made," Shirley confided to Deanna. "It's fun to sit behind the cameras and not have to worry about anything."

Margaret Lindsay is one gal in Hollywood who always has lived [Continued on page 70]

Frances Farmer apparently feels there's nothing better for relaxation than a comfortable position as she chats with Pat O'Brien and Cliff Edwards between scenes of "Flowing Gold.

By Mary Jane Manners

Broadway long has been known for its Stagedoor Johnny. But until now little has been said of a similar species in Hollywood, which behaves quite differently and annoyingly.

"Men are NOT all alike. You have only to have a name that gets into print to learn that," lamented Dorothy Lamour with a sigh, as she replaced the telephone receiver.

"For five mornings in a row, here it is in the papers! I've been at Ciro's, the Sphinx Club, the Clover Club and what have you with a certain up-and-hope-he's-coming young actor. If I just called the newspapers now to find the source of all this material. Actually, I've only had one date with the boy. That once was one of the few times when I let my better judgment and past experience be swayed by my desire to have an innocent evening's fun, like any other girl, with an attractive young person. But—he turned out to be just another Hollywood Stagedoor Johnny!

"He's been calling the papers every day himself, giving them all this news. A regular one-man self-publicist!" Three years ago I'd have been very indignant at such an injustice. But now," she shrugged slim shoulders under an egg shell satin robe, "I just say to myself, 'Well, Dottie Lamour, it just proves again, for the 'eighth time, how careful a girl should be!'

Dorothy was spending the morning "luxuriating," as she put it, "playing the popular conception of a movie star as pictured in the magazines," and doing so in her lovely peach and crystal boudoir in her Coldwater Canyon home.

There's the nine-foot square peach satin bed, the crystal chandeliers, the paler shade of peach carpeting, the mirrored walls.

On a peach satin chaise longue reposed Dorothy in a gorgeous negligee—that did more for her lusciousness than even her famous sarong. Her hair hung shoulder length (since she actually did cut it off, but once she could sit on it) in soft curls. Dorothy's wide gray-green eyes were in a reflective, pensive mood. Her sultry red mouth quizical.

Dorothy had just finished "Moon Over Burma." She'd telephoned me that she was home for the morning and why didn't I come over? I've known Dorothy for three years, ever since she was a lonely little homesick girl getting her first break in pictures in "High, Wide and Handsome." Then, she was actually wishing she wasn't in pictures, but was with Herbie Kaye, her husband. She was that lonely. I liked Dorothy then and the years have only served to strengthen that liking: So here I was.

"A Stagedoor Johnny!" I repeated. "Why, I thought Stagedoor Johnny existed only on Broadway!"

"Hollywood has them, too," replied Dorothy, handing me her box of chocolates. She eats them to gain weight. "Only the Hollywood variety is quite different from those on Broadway. In New York, the men who keep their dates at the stage door, are usually well-known, smart, sophisticated men-about-town. They give a girl a terrific rush with orchids and supper parties—and sometimes expensive baubles. When I was singing at the Stork Club or making personal appearances on Broadway, I accepted the flowers, but not the geegaws. Some girls accept diamond bracelets, according to Broadway tradition. Others don't. It depends entirely on the girl.

"The Broadway men expect in return simply a dinner date and someone to hit the night spots with for fun. But out here in Hollywood! What they want is to use you for a publicity campaign!"

"Out here there's always boys and men around the sound-stage doors. Or those who actually work in the studios or young players on pictures.

"I pretty well protect myself from that sort of thing now. My agent and best friend, Wynn Rocamora, who is always with me, sees to that. But the first time it was sprung on me I was—well, I was just plain flabbergasted!"

"Here's a Hollywood Stagedoor Johnny, who's typical of many I've known. Only I didn't have him classified as such. He seemed a nice boy. I've always made it a point to mingle. [Continued on page 74]"
Contrary to the impression columnists give, Cary Grant is home three or four evenings a week, usually alone. He's a good mixer, but doesn't mind being alone.

BY JAMES REID

CARY PLAYS THE GAME HIS OWN WAY

Cary Grant disregards the rules of popularity not only in his screen roles, but in his private life, as well, and gets away with it!
HOLLYWOOD can't understand Cary Grant. The man just doesn't make sense. . . . Or does he?

As Hollywood understands the rules of popularity, when you make a great hit in a certain kind of role, it's smart business to follow up with something at least a little like it. Doesn't Cary know the rules after all these years?

Here he starts 1940 by making the two funniest pictures of the year—"His Girl Friday" and "My Favorite Wife." Both play to holdover business in the cities, and they fill the theatres in the small towns. They are undisputed hits. Everybody says, "Isn't Cary Grant comical? Yet you don't blame the heroine a bit when she falls for him. There's something about him. He can make you laugh at him and love him at the same time. Nobody else on the screen can do that—not the way he can."

So what does Cary do? He immediately turns around and goes serious in his next picture. And not only does he go serious. He dresses up in costume. He talks in dialect. And he grows older in the story.

Of course, "The Howards of Virginia" is one of the biggest pictures of the year, and all that. But why—WHY—should he suddenly turn to serious drama, when he's tops in romantic comedy?

Doesn't he want to be among the top ten box-office stars? Between you and me, there's only one reason why he hasn't been listed among the Top Ten before now, with the string of hits he has made—beginning with "Topper" in the summer of 1937. Certain studios control large chains of theatres, and the managers of those theatres vote first for stars of those studios, and for other stars afterward. Cary happens to be one of the other stars.

He's nearer the top than the latest ballots would have you believe. There's an untold story behind his making "The Howards of Virginia" that proves that.

For years Cary has wanted to do a picture with Producer-Director Frank Lloyd, the man who made one of his favorite pictures: "Cavalcade." For years, too, Lloyd has wanted to do a picture with Cary, having a healthy respect for his ability, not to mention his popular appeal. But, for years, one thing or another, conflicting schedules or something else, has kept them from getting together.

Somewhat over a year ago, Lloyd [Continued on page 76]
WHEN Ann Sothern told Roger Pryor that she was going to play "Dulcy," Roger with the customary husbandly lack of tact said, "Well, now you won't have to act." Seems as if Roger was awakened from a sound sleep about two o'clock the other morning by a mysterious light flashing on and off in the garden. Burglars, thought Roger, or fifth columns, or something. Carefully, so as not to wake Ann in the next room, poor dear Ann had a sixty-three call in the morning. Roger slipped into a robe, grabbed his gun, and with no more noise than a ghost let himself out of the house into the garden. He was planning his best football tackle when his foot caught in the sprinkling system and he went into a most ungainly sprawl all over the pansy bed.

"Roger," said Ann shooting the flashlight at his chagrined puss, "you are being most unattractive. Get off of my poor little pansies at once."

"What are you doing down here at two o'clock in the morning," bellowed Roger. "I might have killed myself."

"Now, Poppy," said Ann, "you know I'm a horticulturist. It turned cold during the night and I came down to put more covers on my little bulbs. Look, fresh, look at the baby tulips. Couldn't you just eat them?"

Roger's remarks have not been preserved for posterity.

So naturally when Ann told Roger that her next picture for Metro would be "Dulcy," Roger just couldn't resist saying, "Well, now you won't have to act." Ann was furious, for all of five minutes, Roger being the type who can't sustain a good mad, even with a husband, for longer than that. "Really, Roger," she said with her nose in the air, "I shall go upstairs and read my new seed catalogue. When you can be more attractive, let me know."

After all, calling your bride a Dulcy is not the most flattering thing you can say about her. Dulcy, of the play and picture of the same name, was a moron, high grade to be sure, but a moron. She just couldn't resist interfering in people's lives. She was a prize fixer-upper. A meddler de luxe. True she had a heart of gold, and was just crammed full of good intentions. But as Dulcy herself said, "I guess my heart is where my brain ought to be." No wonder Ann didn't speak to Roger for all of five minutes.

Now whether Ann is a Dulcy or not is something I'm not going to voice an opinion about. You don't catch me sticking my neck out in these family arguments. But I can say that anyone who had the remarkable intelligence to stay off the screen for an entire year in order to break away from sappy sweetness and light parts and hold out for good acting parts, is certainly not a moron, high grade or low. No, there is nothing the matter with the Sothern grey matter. But on the other hand Ann is a bit of a fixer-upper. (On the studio sets they call her Dr. Sothern. The most sympathetic person in the world, she knows the cure for every ailment, and fusses around like a mother hen with her chickens.)

Below: Ann Sothern, shown on her way to the flower garden in her Beverly Hills home, prides herself upon her gardening, but she had quite an experience with the Ray Milland's garden!

Above: Ann with her hubby, Roger Pryor, who cracked when she got the Dulcy role. "Well, now you won't have to act!" Left: As "Maisy," the character responsible for Ann's sensational comeback. Below: At the ball game with Gail Patrick.
Invariably, she catches cold herself—and can't do a thing about it.) So maybe Roger has something there. And of course when it comes to heart Ann and Dulcy have a lot in common. Ann, as everyone who knows her will agree, is all heart. In Hollywood, where everything is slightly confused anyway, the star is often confused with the character she plays on the screen. After the great success of "Maisie," Ann was greeted by her fans with shrills of "There's Maisie" every time she went to a preview or a night club. People who worked with her at the studio started calling her Maisie, and some of her friends took it up. But the preview of "Dulcy" changed all that. She was so good as the vague, scatter-brain, big-hearted Dulcy that now, whether she likes it or not, she is stuck with Dulcy. There are screams of "It's Dulcy! Isn't she cute!" from her fans whenever she makes a public appearance. Ann gives out with a great big smile and says to Roger, "Isn't it wondy!" Roger just gives her that I-told-you-so look.

[Continued on page 80]
MARY BETH HUGHES and JOHN BARRYMORE

"The Great Profile" not only marks the return of John Barrymore to the screen, but another step toward stardom for Mary Beth Hughes.
HEDY LAMARR and CLARK GABLE

In "Boom Town" Hedy is cast as a siren who steals the love of Clark Gable from his wife, Claudette Colbert. Spencer Tracy is in it, too.
GENE TIERNEY

When Broadway raved about Gene as both an actress and a beauty, Darryl Zanuck immediately signed her for 20th Century-Fox. Her initial appearance is in "The Return of Frank James," which stars Henry Fonda and has Jackie Cooper and Henry Hull among the featured players.
GARY COOPER

In "North West Mounted Police," in which Gary appears with Madeleine Carroll, Paullette Goddard and Robert Preston, he plays a man from Texas who gets involved in Canada's Riel Rebellion of 1885. Producer Cecil B. De Mille says it's Gary's greatest role. And C. B. should know.
WILLIAM GOLDEN

Bill "Golden Boy" Holden again appears opposite Jean Arthur, this time in Wesley Ruggles' costly production of "Arizona." Bill, who's more than lived up to expectations, should be set for solo stardom after this super-western. He and Brenda Marshall are nearer the altar than ever.
Deanna has Universal quite uneasy about her forthcoming marriage to Vaughn—Paul. The studio, still unable to realize that its greatest star is now very much a young lady in love, would like her to postpone it until after a few more pictures, following "Spring Parade," which is Deanna's current film.
Sidney Toler, of Charlie Chan fame, was born in Warrensburg, Missouri, but his director insists there's something Chinese about him.
WHEN Swedish Warner Oland, the best Chinaman the movies had yet produced, died, 20th Century-Fox culled a list of thirty-five actors for a successor. They eventually picked Missourian Sidney Toler. Toler was selected because of his blandness in the role of a smiling, villainous American stock swindler in “Up the River,” which gives you an idea of the way we do things in Hollywood. However, Missourian Toler says: “It is okay. As ancient philosophers might say: ‘Never tamper with gold fillings in gift horse’s mouth.’”

To date, and since his reincarnation as the Chinese detective, Toler has made eight Charlie Chan pictures. At first, the moving picture public complained that there was no Chan like Warner Oland, but the objections died away as a result of time and more particularly as a result of Toler’s excellent portrayals. His leap into favor has been manifested by a continuous increase in his fan mail. No other performer in movies gets quite the same variety of mail as Charlie Chan.

One man wrote from Florida asking Toler to exert his detective skill in locating his daughter who had been taken by his wife when she ran away with another man. “The police have been unable to do anything, but I think she is in New York,” the letter said with admirable vagueness and admirable trust. “I know you can’t go to New York, but I’m hopeful from seeing you on the screen, that you can just sort of reason things out like you do in pictures.” Other letters ask Toler to find missing persons. One woman wanted his advice as to whether or not she should leave a drunken husband. Another woman asked if she should marry a man much older.

Actually, Toler is not so shrewd as his screen roles portray him. He found that out recently. For thirty years, Toler has worn as a good luck piece a ring set with a piece of jade. When he was picked for the Charlie Chan roles, Toler told friends that the old Chinese ring had something to do with his good luck. Visiting the San Francisco Fair, Toler wandered into the Chinese exhibit of precious jade. The attendants recognized him and made quite a fuss over Mr. Chan. Before leaving the building, Toler exhibited the jade ring. “Correction please,” smiled the attendant, “that is not jade, Mr. Chan. That is a piece of green agate.”

Lucky Humberstone, who has directed as many of the Charlie Chan pictures as anybody else, insists there’s a definite oriental side to Sidney Toler’s nature that goes perfectly with the character of the Chinese detective originated on the screen by the late Warner Oland.

Toler was born in Missouri and his people have been in this country since Captain John Smith founded Jamestown. Nevertheless, Lucky swears there’s something Chinese about the man.

Toler’s physique might be envied by any North China man. Six feet tall and weighing a hundred and eighty, Toler has sloping shoulders, long muscles, high cheek bones, deeply tanned skin, dark eyes, a slow smile and an easy, unhurried manner.

He refuses to become excited. He doesn’t like to fight. He says there usually is a much better way to gain a point. He has great patience. He recognizes, but does not condemn, the weaknesses of the human race.

He is convinced that the longest way around is nearly always the shortest way home.

There’s the story of the peach tree at his home on top of one of Hollywood’s minor mountains.

“Two branches of the tree had grown across the breakfast room window, shutting out much of the light,” he explained. “Remembering Mrs. Toler’s opinion of my ability as a gardener, I said nothing to her about amputating the limbs. Instead, I talked to the gardener, who understands my position, and he went to Mrs. Toler and said that since the limbs were becoming diseased it would be best to cut them off. She agreed and he cut them off and I now have the morning sun with my breakfast coffee.”

Toler feels there’s nothing to be gotten out of fighting except perspiration and maybe a black eye. [Continued on page 82]
I am madly in love with my husband, I adore my little girl, I love my home. I am never bored. I do not crave fame. I do not lust after the things money can buy. Neither jewels nor expensive clothes nor night club life nor yachts nor the races nor streamlined cars. I have lived, and yet," laughed the porcelain-skinned, but puissant, Miss Bruce, giving the geraniums a last, vigorous shot of Vitamin A, "and yet—marriage is not enough.

"I haven't any of the stock reasons," she added, "for saying it is not enough." I should say NOT. I thought. For if any girl in Hollywood should be content to call a career a day, that girl is Virginia Bruce Ruben.

Here she sits, I thought, married to a rich producer (for all producers are rich producers, the good books tell us), here she is with a new, beautiful home, her little girl, her hopes and plans for other little girls and boys. Here she is with a life already so full that the cup is pressed down and running all over the place. It's often women with arid personal lives who seek to compensate for that aridity by having careers. But for Virginia life has been a fruity cake, spiced and rich with plums and goodies. And if there have been a few bitter ales, too, well, even pain is experience, isn't it?

Yes, what with her flaming romance and marriage to Jack Gilbert, the birth of their child, the work she has done on the screen, the crash of that marriage and the death of a dream; later, the deep, stable and satisfying love she found with J. Walter Ruben ("Sonny," as she calls him, affectionately) with the tributes given her beauty, she has had everything life offers few women in a lifetime. And what in blazes she wants to go on working for, that is the question.

Yet, she does want to go on working. She is working. Not only does she want to go on, but she fought for her career with pearly tooth and tinted nail, even to the extent of breaking away from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, her home lot. She could have stayed on at M-G-M indefinitely, taking her sufficient salary, resting comfortably on her laurels which, if not as luxuriant of foliage as the laurels of some other girls were, at least, evidence of success.

But no, she broke away from M-G-M, not an easy thing to do, as she will presently tell you herself. She went to Warner's to start all over again in Burbank pastures new. She made "Flight Angels." She made "The Man Who Talked Too Much," with Beau Brent. She is now making "Hired Wife" for Universal.

I tell you, she has everything . . . and yet, in the richly padded precincts of her white, Colonial house, staffed by four silken-footed Japanese housemen, a governness for small Susan, a husband who adores her, the battle light of the Career Woman still flares in the blue, Bruce eyes. And if this isn't the story to end (we hope) all stories of career-versus-marriage, then there's no such word as finis in the vocabulary.

"I can smash to atoms every one of the old tried-and-true reasons women give when they say I want a career," Virginia was saying.

In case you care, we were cozy now in the breakfast nook of the glittering white and navy blue Ruben pantry,

So says Virginia Bruce explaining why she continues her career, although blessed with a devoted husband, an adorable child at beautiful home, with all the luxuries of life and love and more things to do than she'll ever accomplish.

As told to
GLADYS HALL
inked iced tea laced with peppermint, Virginia fresh out of garden, in blue denim overalls, no make-up, straggly hair and still beautiful with that Dresden beauty of hers which so delicately con-"dals the dynamo she is.

"For instance," she continued, "many men want careers in order to have something warm and satisfying in their lives. Not me. For I have something warm and satisfying in my life, I have love. I love my husband. He loves me. Which makes a circle in the center of which I should live, content never to go beyond it. I am content. I do not feel complete. I do not feel unfulfilled. And all it isn't enough.

"My husband doesn't want me to work. He doesn't say so. The modern man can't try to shape the life of the modern woman. But I know he doesn't, not in heart. And I can understand that must be a wonderful feeling for a man to come home to his woman, entirely his because she is In The Home, with no life of her own apart from his. It I believe I give Sonny that feeling. I am always home when he gets home, even when I'm working. Susan and I are dressed pretty, our little faces pressed against the window pane. watch-

[Continued on page 86]
Jeffrey Lynn used to be afraid to ask a girl to go out with him for fear of being turned down. Below: At a Hollywood premiere with Doris Carson. Lower right: Jeff with Pat Stillman at a recent party she gave.

ELIGIBLE BACHELOR!
The life of an Eligible Bachelor in Hollywood is filled with many embarrassing moments, especially for a lad like Jeffrey Lynn, who hails from a Puritan New England home.

By Jerry Asher

ELIGIBLE bachelor indeed!
Before Jeffrey Lynn is many movies older, I'm afraid he's going to seethe at the sound of the words. Had he been born with bandy legs and protruding buck teeth, his life would have been as simple as a hermit's. He still might be trudging around the country in the second company of "Brother Rat." No little fans would have been particularly concerned whether he slept over or under the sheets. And he might have ended up a happy average man.

There's nothing very average about him today. Facts are facts. His molar display is the epitome of pearly perfection. He stands well over six feet without his pigskin brogues. As far as Hollywood is concerned, he's just what the casting director ordered. They seem to feel the same way about him in Kansas City and all points north, south, east and west. Young girls sigh over him and old girls cry over him. For a conservative young man with a New England background, he seems to be doing all right.

Yes, Jeffrey Lynn has "arrived!"
This startling bit of first-hand information he assured me, as we sat in his car parked in front of the makeup department on the Warner Brothers' lot. Jeff was grinning as he spoke. The entire aspect of the situation seemed to add to his momentary amusement. The grin widened from ear to ear.

"I just got back from a personal appearance tour," said Jeff—as if I hadn't read about the near-riot he caused in Milwaukee—the havoc that descended upon poor unsuspecting Worcester, Massachusetts (his home town), and the traffic he blocked in New York City.
"Well—I guess I'm famous at last," he mused. "Broadway Rose asked me for my autograph!"

"Now for your information and to further impress you (I hope) Broadway Rose is a strange legendary character, who has a passion for pursuing celebrities. When they arrive at that flight of fame where she considers them worthy of her attention—then she asks for" [Continued on page 85]
MISS PATRICIA MORISON started off in a big way. As a mere babe in arms at her christening, she tugged at the beard of the chaplain who was officiating. As a snip of two, she had a mad infatuation for a fat, old English boy who was, she assured him, a pretty boy. But in high school she slowed down and became a wallflower whose dancing partners were always the boys with the glasses. She despanned for herself.

Today, she is one of Paramount’s best bets—a stunning brunette with blue-blue eyes set off in clear whites. She has a seductive figure and tremendous poise that in no way connotes conceit.

What’s more, she plays tough characters like that of the murderous Dot Brenson in “Persons In Hiding,” in a way to make the cinematically-tough J. Carrol Naish look like a sissy. Wallflower, did someone say?

Her pictures to date: “Persons In Hiding,” “I’m From Missouri,” “The Magnificent Fraud” and “Untamed.” As she sat opposite the waiter for breakfast at New York’s Plaza Hotel, there wasn’t the faintest trace of the wallflower about her. Full lips, faint cleft in chin, black hair parted in the middle and encircled by a red turban. A white blouse and blue gabardine skirt completed the picture and made it a trim one.

“It’s terribly nice to be back in New York,” she began as she sipped the coffee that was all she breakfasted on. “I like Hollywood, but this is my home town. I was born here.

That was twenty-three years ago. Her father is William R. Morison, writer, artist and member of the Northern Hebrides clan of Morison with one “r.” The two “r” clan are tough Scotsmen, but not seafarers like the one “r.” Her mother was a Carson of the same family from which came the judge who tried Oscar Wilde. After Pat was born, they returned to their native England, where they settled in a small town near Liverpool.

“When I was born,” she said, “my Irish nurse told mother that if I wasn’t given a name immediately the wee folk would get me. So the nurse called me Ursula and that is my name on the registry. But when the christening took place at my father’s old school, Christ’s Hospital, Ursula was lost in the shuffle. (Christ’s Hospital is a monastery school where the students wear monk’s robes. Charles Lang and Samuel Coleridge are among its graduates.) As I tugged at the chaplain’s beard I became: Eileen, father’s choice; Patricia, mother’s; Augusta, a feminized version of godfather’s name and Fraser, for mother’s favorite brother. So everyone calls me Pat. . . .”

When she was a little older the Morisons returned to this country to live in Brooklyn, near Prospect Park. By this time, she had a brother named Alex who joined her in kindergarten. Alex, named after a naval-officer uncle, sported a terrific English accent which the young Brooklynites resented fiercely. It took only one “my uncle the com-mahn-der” to set off a barrage of blocks.

Eventually, the family moved to the Gramercy Park section of New York City and Pat went to the Tarrytown School until the depression put an end to that.

She picked up and went on to Washington Irving High School, where Miss Claudette Colbert, among others, put in a stretch.

“I went in heavily for art and dramatics,” she got up to answer the phone which was to ring eight times before we were through. “Mathematics were another thema to me, but I liked French and English. Come geometry and my papers would be filled with drawings. Of course, my papers were constantly being sent home with little notes from the teachers attached to them. ‘Dear Mrs. Morison,’ they’d say. ‘This isn’t good. . . .’ It certainly wasn’t—for me!” She chuckled and went on. “Then the acting bug bit me hard and I worked so earnestly they gave me the part of Portia in ‘The Merchant Of Venice’.

Herbert Brenon, the movie director, had known the Morison kids ever since they were, and had sat through a staggering amount of Pat’s imitations, even those of Chevalier and Irene Bordoni. Obviouly, he was very fond of little Pat.

“I couldn’t stand fractions any longer,” said Pat. “So I signed up with Marva Ostrom to study drama, pose and diction. I was promptly cast in ‘Madame X,’ as are all beginners. I banged the daylight out of my part and when Mr. Brenon and his wife visited us on their return from a trip to Ireland I boasted about my stellar performance. I boasted so long and so much that Mr. Brenon took me up on it. He wrapped a towel about his head as a British judge’s wig and commanded me to join him in a scene from the play. He was nice enough to say I was good!”

[Continued on page 89]
Matty Fox and Pat have been a popular, if not serious, twosome in the Hollywood social whirl.

Left: With her brother, Alex, a bandleader, of whom she's especially fond. Right: Lee Bowman is one of Pat's many admirers. She loves to dance the rumba and the tango. Is anxious to play opposite Charles Boyer or Robert Donat.

Oddly enough, Pat got in films because of her singing, but hasn't sung a song in a picture yet.

It's difficult to accept that so glamorous a personality as Pat used to sit out dances in her high school days, but it's true and so are several other amazing things about her.

By William Lynch Vallee
The woman who is probably the Star of Stars to Hollywood is Garbo, and don't let anybody tell you differently. Newspaper people in other parts of the country may be impatient with her independence and her "mystery legend," but Hollywood loves it.

Although Paul Muni enjoys professional admiration for his acting, nevertheless, he has never been known to stop a party with an entrance, like Dietrich.

Drives, considered a run-of-the-mill salary star, one day dressed him in a large white wigg and wimple. It was an orchids, sables and champagne occasion. Basil Rathbone and I had settled ourselves in a corner, and were settling the fate of nations, when we were conscious of a sudden hush. We felt the party suspend itself. Basil looked up, quizzically puzzled. "Heavens alive!" he ejaculated. "What is it?"

Everybody's eyes were turned in one direction. A woman near us murmured, "It's Marlene Dietrich!" Excitement began to mount, and, so help me, it kept on mounting, as Marlene made her entrance, flanked on either side by Josef von Sternberg and Erich Maria (All Quiet) Remarque. She was dressed completely in white, her hair was in severe lines, and she wore very little makeup. (A woman could tell you much more.) But the result was—well, arresting. And the party was completely arrested until Marlene had found a seat. And only a moment before, I had seen Cary Grant, Eddie Robinson, Edgar Bergen, Joan Bennett, and hosts of other important people, unnoticeably romping and chatting with each other.

Marlene, whose fame was thought tottering not so long ago, continues to be an object of particular interest to her fellow stars. There are only a few of these people who are stars to the stars—celebrities in their own village. I'll try to tell you of some of them.

Hollywood has its own conception as to what constitutes a star. In some instances it may depend upon quality of performance, or the size of the weekly stipend. But I think it depends far more upon personality. A great actor may be just another person in Hollywood, and a run-of-the-mill actor may be considered distinguished. Bette Davis, Paul Muni, Spencer Tracy, Lionel Barrymore, Director Frank Capra—these people are the objects of professional admiration which almost results in the formation of cults. Hollywood people are convinced that their performances or accomplishments will be "great, colossal, superb, exquisite" before the picture is even started. Walt Disney is a special sort of god in his own right.

But not one of these individuals will stop a party by making an entrance. They can enter in a body, and the orchestra won't miss a note. Scarcely a head will turn. But just let Connie Bennett come in!

Connie is by way of being a Personage in Hollywood, and I can't tell you exactly why. There may be one or two contributing factors. Hollywood is still naively impressed by "Eastern socialites" and by foreign titles. Connie has married both. And then, Hollywood has never forgotten the time when she was collecting a salary of such proportions that Eastern bankers came rushing out to the Coast in droves, to inquire...
EACH year at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios a golf tournament is held for the employees. Anyone working for the studio is eligible to compete. The result is that stars and celebrities mingle with workers from every department and good fellowship reigns supreme. This year was the twelfth annual tournament and was the most successful yet conducted.

Clark Gable and his wife, Carole Lombard, Robert Taylor and his wife, Barbara Stanwyck, Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney were the leading lights among the screen stars competing. The gallery was one of the largest ever to watch a tournament. As an added feature an orchestra serenaded the players as they left the first tee. You'll notice Clark Gable and Carole Lombard among those being serenaded if you study the picture at the top of the page. The stars didn't take their games too seriously. In fact, there was much horseplay, such as slipping over a few exploding golf balls on Mickey Rooney. We tried to get the final scores of the stars, but they begged off, admitting the studio workers were far too good.
“PENNY WISE,

Here’s proof the screen stars watch their pennies as closely as the average person in some things, but in others they often go to silly extremes

By Jack Holland

SOMEONE in a brilliant moment coined the phrase, “Penny wise, pound foolish.” And perhaps this same someone also said there was a quirk in every human’s nature. Whomever it was who dished out these choice bits of wisdom must have had the stars of Hollywood in mind. You wouldn’t think that the flicker favorites ever thought of money. After all, they are supposed to be riding all over the place on greenbacks. But, take it from me, they watch their pennies as closely as you and I—in some things. But they have their weaknesses in other things and that’s why their business managers slowly go insane.

If you ask any star today why he or she is economical on one thing and money crazy on another, you’ll only get a vapid answer, “Well, come to think of it, I don’t know.” Balancing the budget, in other words, is as much a mystery to the stars as it is to most governments—and just as difficult to do.

Take Olivia de Havilland, for instance. Now there’s a young miss who puts herself on a budget and sticks to it through thick and thin. She is still driving the same car she had a few years ago. When it gets rather woe-begone looking, Livvy takes it into a garage and has it Simonized. Out it comes, like new. So, says Livvy, “What’s the point of wrecking my budget just to get a new car when my old one does just as well?”

Then there’s the question of her hats. Now, she never spends any more than she can help on such things. But one day I saw her looking very disgruntled. I asked her what was wrong. She replied, rather abashed, “Mother made me buy a new hat—oh, a very expensive one. And I’m so ashamed. I won’t even tell you what I paid for it.” She paused and then added, “I don’t know what will happen to

Left: Fred MacMurray has a dime calendar bank which gives the date if you daily put in a dime. He never misses. Also saves old razor blades and has them sharpened. Above: Tyrone Power hates to buy new cars, but is a sucker for miniature trains, tracks and signals. Right: Alice Faye doesn’t see any point in spending exorbitant prices for clothes. But the same isn’t true of her when it comes to perfume. Top: Wendy Barrie’s weakness is shoes.
POUND FOOLISH

my budget now.”

But Livvy has a weakness, one that is so strong that not even an unbalanced budget can exert any influence. You lead her to a lingerie shop, her eyes widen, she becomes very excited, and soon in she goes and all but buys out the store. Of course, she pays enough for such dainty things to throw her allowance entirely out of whack, but she excuses herself by saying “I like the feel of good silk.” It doesn’t even matter to her that she can’t always use the stuff she buys.

On the other hand, Priscilla Lane’s mother has to drag her to buy anything like lingerie or clothes. She prefers plain old comfort and informality. But if she passes a pet shop and sees a few forlorn dogs, cats, birds, or anything else, it takes a militia to drag her away. According to Rosemary, she’d have the house cluttered up with pets and would throw the family in bankruptcy buying and feeding them if she weren’t watched. [Continued on page 91]
TODAY is one of those days that makes everything the Chamber of Commerce has ever said about California come true. A day to make a truant of anyone, and so I wasn't surprised when the man I married decided, after that one quick squint at the sky, to take the day off. So we packed a picnic lunch, put bathing suits on under our slacks and headed the jalopy towards the Pacific and Malibu.

Up the sea road we went passing the beach houses of the stars and it was almost as if all the stars were playing hookey from the studios that day, too. There wasn't a deserted swimming pool or badminton or tennis court to be seen. Of course, that wasn't surprising. It's the sort of thing everyone expects of Hollywood, gay beach parties and fun and glamour. The surprising thing was the number of children around. Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor were racing along the beach with young Dion and Mary and Jack Benny sat enthralled watching their little daughter trying to launch a miniature sailboat on the Pacific and as we turned in answer to a gay "Hi!" we saw Joan Blondell and Dick Powell and their youngsters pass in their station wagon.

I don't think there's a suburb in America where children are more in evidence than in the Hollywood of today. The stars adore their youngsters and love to be with them and talk about them as incessantly as any doting parents. Things have changed that way in Hollywood. I remember a time when children were practically non-existent out here. Those stars, brave enough to risk losing their glamour rating with the fans by having them, kept them well in the background and they improved on the old bromide of children not being heard. They weren't seen either. But most of them, especially the women stars, just didn't have them.

That was the time I first met the young couple I'm going to call Charlie and Gerda. Charlie wanted to be a writer, but

The true and pathetic story of what eventually happened to a young married actress who sacrificed her own and husband's happiness because she thought being known as a mother would ruin her screen career

By Elizabeth Benneche Peterson

THE GIRL RAN AWAY HAPPY
about all he could get to do then were occasional feature stories for one of the Los Angeles papers. And Gerda wanted to be a star, but the nearest she got to it was extra work and an occasional small part.

It was always a mystery to me that she didn't get along better at the studios. She was such a pretty little thing and at that time Hollywood demanded thinness in its favorites. Her hair was the color of sage brush honey and her eyes were the color of my favorite petunias, a peculiar half blue, half purple and they were as velvety soft as the flower petals, too. Her nose was short and tilted and she had the childlike mouth and dimples that the fans adored in their stars.

Maybe it was their happiness that stood in the way of her success. For Gerda and Charlie made no pretense about their adoration for each other and she never went out on the dates that in those days so often meant a good part in a picture. Hollywood has changed in that way, too. Talent and hard work and plugging are the things that go places today. But then many a pretty little girl got a start by running around with directors and assistant directors and camera men.

I don't think the driving ambition that was going to stand in the way of Gerda's happiness was much in evidence then. If it was she managed to conceal it. She seemed such a happy-go-lucky kid: finding everything she wanted in the cute bungalow that she kept as spotless as if she didn't have a thought in the world beyond [Continued on page 94]
When Director John Ford gave John Wayne the lead, in Walter Wanger's memorable "Stagecoach," he definitely established him as a star who would draw well at any theatre. Up to then, John's pictures, for the most part, were unimportant and never were shown at the leading theatres. Following "Stagecoach," he did "Dark Command," a big budget picture for Republic, which further identified him as a strong box-office attraction. John is now starring in another John Ford production, "The Long Voyage Home," by Eugene O'Neill. Also current is his "Three Faces West," for Republic. And he's making "Seven Sinners" with Marlene Dietrich for Universal. John Wayne is finally enjoying the recognition he has long deserved!
October ushers in new ideas galore!

Wood is important. You'll see it in the heels of shoes and for buckles, carved like period furniture. And wood makes some of the smartest jewelry this season. Topaz, amber, Oriental effects are good, too.

It's a man's world, these days. Mannish jackets ... masculine topcoats ... fly-front slacks and coats ... take the lead in sportswear. Fabrics follow the gentlemen's lead, too, with gabardine, covert, flannel and Shetland.

Slimmer skirts ... longer jackets. That's the style dictum for Fall. The "torso" jacket which first bloomed last Spring carries on definitely as a fashion first.

New-season headnote: Pompadours preferred! A hair style that's adaptable for almost every age! Up-swirls, halo effects, up-curls, bangs and front coxcombs are only a few of the pompadour's many variations.

Old Glory inspires a wave of exciting accessories. Smart lapels wear flags in red, white and blue rhinestones, Roosevelt or Willkie emblems. Out of smart bags come compacts in tri-color enamel and everywhere, everywhere, you will see the democracy-triumphant American eagle!
inexpensive answers to your coat question

A fur jacket that plays a double role. Smart with tailored or dress-up clothes and impressive enough to do duty as an evening wrap, too. Manchurian wool styled in the new longer length. Black only. About $40.00 at Gimbel Bros.; Erlanger Dry Goods Company, Canton.

Only $1.00 bags each of these beauties! All-over shirring and peplum topflaps are news in the fabric-leather bag on the left. The dressmaker bag on the right is softly draped in velvety suede cloth with a brilliant metal clasp. At L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis; John Shillito, Cinn.; H. C. Capwell Co., Oakland.

New Fall handouts! Capeskin with hand embroidery swirling across the back and around the cuff. About $2.00. Half-and-half glove, the palm in fabric, the back in leather with contrast piping down the center. About $1.25. Both at Meigs & Co., Bridgeport; R. H. Stearns, Boston; Bucknall Bros., Milwaukee.
Fly-front box coat, a very important new fashion for sports and street wear. Classically tailored in cozy knit-back fleece. Natural or tanbark. About $11.00 at the Wm. H. Block Co., Indianapolis; Neusteter's, Denver. The felt visor swoops high and handsome, has a huge quill spiked through. About $2.00 at The Rike-Kumler Company, Dayton; Golden Rule, St. Paul; Bon Marche, Seattle.

Muff-'n-Coat of needlepoint wool, following the boxy lines so stressed this season. The clever front pockets form a little muff to keep your hands as warm as toast. Black, brown, wine, teal. About $11.00 at Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.; Carson, Pirie, Scott Co., Chicago. Padre sailor with a quaint up-curving brim, only $2.00. Dayton Co., Minneapolis; Famous-Barr Co., St. Louis.
Bonnet Brim
in velvety Tish-U-Suede with peacock-feather eyes on the band. A Sunset Boulevard Fashion designed by Howard Greer, about $6.00. Write for store names.

Backward Beret
with its own hair-bow, worn angelically off-face. About $2.00 at Thalhimer's, Richmond; John W. Thomas Co., Minneapolis.

Tailormaid Topper
very swashbuckling in felt. About $3.00 at Younker Bros. Inc., Des Moines; Schuster's, Milwaukee.

Pompadour Pillbox
coquetish in velvet with a misty Chantilly lace veil. About $5.00 at Oreck's, Duluth; The William Taylor Son & Co., Cleveland.

Head Start on Fall
Four style-setting silhouettes you'll see on smart heads all Autumn
SHE SELECTS HERS STRIPED

Trimly tailored spun-rayon with a lively young air. Stripes of green, navy, earth or black, all with white. Equally right around the home or on the street and really a downright find for only about $4.00. At The F & R Lazarus Company, Columbus; Kline's, Kansas City, Mo.

SHE PICKS HERS PLAIN

Streamlined spun-rayon and tecca in a crisp swing-back sportster. There is a clever "sealed" placket at the side that unbuttons for added ease in action. Blue, brown, green, wine. An out-and-out budget booster at about $4.00. Write for store names.
MEET JANE DOE

wrong X

DRESS—fits skimpily. The bodice line is too high on her figure. HAT—too flat. A pillbox, true, but she wears it tilted sideways instead of far back, the right new way. It doesn’t do a thing for her! JEWELRY—over elaborate. The heavy necklace is really not right on a v-neck. BAG—too small and unimportant to complement the ensemble. GLOVES—too short, for a dressy costume such as this. Wrong in color, too. Dark ones to match the bag and hat are more suitable.
DRESS—softly flattering in rayon crepe with built-up waistline and shirred bodice, wearing its own golden pin. A Carol Craig fashion, about $8.00 at Mabley & Carew, Cincinnati; Crowley-Milner Co., Detroit. HAT—striking off-face felt with a flattering polka-dot veil for dress-up. About $5.00 at Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh; Gold’s, Lincoln. BAG—long capeskin bow-shaped pouch, large enough to be an important costume note. Only $3.00 at Wanamaker’s, Philadelphia; Maison Blanche Co., New Orleans. GLOVES—flattering longer length, perfect with the bracelet-length sleeve. Fabric, about $1.00 at Bloomingdale’s
Casually Yours
In Style And Price

Everybody's corduroy-conscious this Fall! Here, it's used in a knockout little shorty coat for knockabout wear. A gay red wool plaid lining highlights the creamy natural color. About $8.00. Matching the lining, a red wool plaid kiltie skirt with flyaway pleats. About $6.00. Find both at Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia; Jacobson Stores, Battle Creek; The Paris, Ft. Wayne. Classic shirt of natural color rayon and wool gabardine with the right new mannish touch. It's about $3.00 at Oppenheim Collins & Co., New York.

A brace of nonsense bracelets. Ball-and-Chain has a little glass globe that holds your true love's picture. Only $1.00 at Saks Fifth Ave., New York; L. Bamberger & Co., Newark. Date Bracelet has seven little gold flaps marked for every day of the week. Underneath each, individual memo pads for noting dates. Only $1.00 at Best & Company, Robert's Closet House, Columbus; Charles Stevens & Bros. Corp., Chicago; Meier & Frank Co., Portland, Ore.

You'll be smitten with this mitten, flaunting its gay little tassel! High-colored suede. About $2.00 at H. P. Selmon & Co., Louisville; The Ball Stores, Muncy.
Jumpers jump right into the fashion picture! This one’s blessed with carry-all pockets and a gored princess skirt. Snugly fastened with a slide-fastener down the back. Practical as well as pretty—the pinwale corduroy washes nicely. About $7.00 is all. The plaid-mad little woollen shirt comes in colors to blend with the jumper. About $4.00. Both at Forbes & Wallace, Springfield; Davison, Paxon Co., Atlanta; La Salle & Koch, Toledo; Ernest Kern Co., Detroit. Her bracelet tells a fish-story! Vivid swordfish mounted on wood—the all-important jewelry note. About $3.00 at Hutzler Bros., Baltimore; Lipman-Wolfe Co., Portland, Ore.

Cheering sight in her circular knee-cap skirt of fine men’s wear Shetland. (It can probably double for ice-skating, later on.) About $7.00. Write for store names. Fuzzy-wuzzy slip-on, all ribbed, about $4.00 and matching knee-high socks, about $2.00. The little matchmate knit beany is under $1.00. All at Owen, Moore & Co., Portland, Me.; Jenney Co., Cincinnati; D. J. Healy, Detroit. Handsewn Norwegian moccasins of tan cowhide, about $4.00 at The Fair, Chicago; Henry S. Manchester, Madison. Bright schoolbook necklace, about $2.00 at R. H. Macy; H. & S. Pogue, Indianapolis; Nice little squashy gadget bag in capeskin, shaped like a muffin. About $2.00 at The Blum Store, Philadelphia; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.
Sleepy-head wears butcher-boy pajamas of soft rayon crêpe with a cute eyelet hanky in the pocket. About $4.00 at Bonwit-Teller, N. Y. Silver Screen fan shows off in a stunning housecoat of red, black and blue striped spun-rayon with double bow-ties. About $4.00 at Mandel Bros., Chicago. For a cozier robe, soft dove-suede rayon with contrasting rayon satin at sash and neck-bow. About $7.00 at Saks Fifth Avenue, N. Y. Anybody's at ease in the new Bias-Cup bra. Clever straight-cut bands inside the bias-cut portion uplift and space sleekly eliminating all strain. Satin, about $1.50; batiste, about $1.00 at H. P. Wasson & Co., Indianapolis; Bollman & Sons, Cincinnati.
**PAGING VENUS**

Face Fall—and find a new cosmetic color scheme to complement subtle costume shades. Since clothes can only be the frame, see that the focus—your face—which means your skin, primarily, is groomed to smooth perfection. Try a new coiffure. Recondition your hair to high-shining loveliness that does right by a new hat. Resolve to carry out faithfully Fashion’s first commandment: a regular routine of beauty care!

When your face needs a lift. Tecor Liquated Cold Cream Cloths are the idea. You’ll find these saturated little pads delightfully cooling, definitely cleansing. Individually packaged, each in its own little tinfoil envelope, as shown above, so you can carry a couple right along in your purse. One dollar buys a package of sixty at leading department stores everywhere.

After a summer’s exposure, your skin needs gentle coddling to counteract the drying effect of Old Sol and prepare for cold weather. Lady Esther’s Four Purpose Face Cream cleanses, softens, helps refine pores and serves as a powder-base. Several sizes, from ten cents at chain stores to the ten-ounces-plus jar at $1.38. Drug or department stores everywhere sell these cosmetics.

To be ultra-fastidious, try a deodorant that’s perfumed. There’s a new one by Karess that gives your skin a lovely, fresh aura. Pat it on after bathing or immediately after using a depilatory. It’s non-irritant and won’t injure fabrics. Comes in a nice cologne-like two-ounce bottle for fifty cents. You’ll find it at your favorite department store or drug counter. Highly recommended.

Talco is a bath in perfumed bubbles and you’ll feel like a siren. Ask for Dancing Bubble Bath at any chain store. There are three scents: gardenia, wisteria and fragrant pine. Not at all extravagant, either. Each package has five separate packets, all for ten cents. Packages of fifteen are a quarter and there is enough for twenty bubble baths in the thirty-nine cent package!

Lipstick shades go deeper to blend with Fall costume colors. You’ll like a prophetic new shade by Primrose House, called Burgundy. It’s deeply crimson, like the petals of a red, red rose. Creamy-soft, and you’ll marvel at the way it lasts. The nicest part about Burgundy, though, is how well it suits either blondes or brunettes! One dollar at cosmetic counters and drug stores.

---

For October 1940
Page 52
Fur Jacket by Allan Blond
ALLIANCE—Elranger Dry Goods
BOSTON—R. H. White Co.
CANTON—Elranger Dry Goods Co.
EAST LIVERPOOL—William Elranger Co.
MILWAUKEE—Herman's
NEW YORK—Gimbels Brothers
NEW YORK—R. H. Macy & Co.
STREATOR—Odyce's

Bags by Elanbee, Inc.
CINCINNATI—The John Shillito Co.
INDIANAPOLIS—L. S. Ayres & Co.
OAKLAND—The H. C. Capwell Co.

Gloves by Sand & Simon
BOSTON—C. F. Hovey Co.
BOSTON—R. H. Stearns
Bridgetown—D. G. Hoveland
Bridgetown—Meigs & Co., Inc.
BROOKLYN—Namm Dept. Store
CHICAGO—The Boston Store
HARTFORD—G. Fox & Co.
NEWARK—J. Bamberger & Co.
PITTSBURGH—Gimbels Brothers
PROVIDENCE, R. I.—The Shepard Co.

PAGE 53
Fly-front Coat by Julius Nelson Corp.
BUFFALO—Satter's, Inc.
DENVER—Neusteters Suit Co., Inc.
INDIANAPOLIS—Wm. H. Block Company
PHILADELPHIA—Lit Brothers, Inc.
ST. LOUIS—Famous-Barr Co.

Visor Hat by Sperling & Spector, Inc.
BOSTON—Jordan Marsh Co.
CHICAGO—Samuel Katz Co.
CINCINNATI—The John Shillito Co.
CLEVELAND—The May Co.
DAYTON—The Rike-Kumler Co.
DENVER—Dry Goods Co.
DENVER—The May Co.
DES MOINES—Young Bros.
DETROIT—J. L. Hudson Co.
LOS ANGELES—Bullock's, Inc.
LOS ANGELES—The May Company
MINNEAPOLIS—The Dayton Co.
MINNEAPOLIS—W. W. Thomas Co.
MILWAUKEE—Ed. Schuster & Co., Inc.
NEW YORK—R. H. Macy & Co.
OAKLAND—Capwell, Sullivan & Firth
PITTSBURGH—Kaufman's
PORTLAND—Meier and Frank
RICHMOND—Thalhimer's
SACRAMENTO—Hale Brothers
ST. LOUIS—Famous-Barr Co.
ST. LOUIS—Sitz, Beer & Fuller Co.
ST. PAUL—Emporium, Inc.
ST. PAUL—Golden Rule Dept. Store
SALT LAKE CITY—Parl's Co.
SAN FRANCISCO—The Emporium
SAN FRANCISCO—The White House
SEATTLE—Bon Marche
SEATTLE—Frederick & Nelson
WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Hecht Co.

Muff-'n-Coat by Philip Shlansky & Bros., Inc.
CHICAGO—Carson, Pirie, Scott Co.
CINCINNATI—The John Shillito Co.
CLEVELAND—W. M. Taylor Son & Co.
COLUMBUS—The F. & R. Lazarus Co.
DENVER—Denver Dry Goods Co.
LOS ANGELES—Bullock's, Inc.
MEMPHIS—J. Goldsmith & Sons Co.
MIAMI—Burdine's, Inc.

MINNEAPOLIS—The Dayton Co.
SAN FRANCISCO—The Emporium
SEATTLE—Frederick & Nelson
WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Hecht Co.

Padre Brim by Sperling & Spector, Inc.
See preceding list—Page 53

PAGE 54
Bonnet Brim by Leighton Hat Co.
Write for store names

Tailored Topper by Sperling & Spector, Inc.
See preceding list—Page 53

Backward Beret by Sperling & Spector, Inc.
See preceding list—Page 53

Pompadour Pillbox by Brand Millinery, Inc.
BOSTON—Jordan Marsh Co.
CHICAGO—Carson, Pirie, Scott Co.
CINCINNATI—The John Shillito Co.
CLEVELAND—May Co.
COLUMBUS—The F. & R. Lazarus Co.
KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Kline's
MINNEAPOLIS—Ed. Schuster & Co., Inc.
ST. LOUIS—Famous-Barr Co.
SAN FRANCISCO—Livingston's
SEATTLE—Best's Apparel

"Georgiana" Dress by Tabin-Picker & Co.
CHICAGO—Carson, Pirie, Scott Co.
CINCINNATI—The John Shillito Co.
CLEVELAND—May Co.
COLUMBUS—The F. & R. Lazarus Co.
KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Kline's
MINNEAPOLIS—Ed. Schuster & Co., Inc.
ST. LOUIS—Famous-Barr Co.

Solid Color Dress by Sason Co.
Write for store names

Page 57
Carol Craig Dress by Carol Craig Fashions
ATLANTA—J. M. High & Co.
CINCINNATI—Mabley & Carew Co.
DETROIT—Crearty-Miller & Co.
LOS ANGELES—Broadway Department Store, Inc.
MINNEAPOLIS—Ed. Schuster & Co.
PROVIDENCE—Outlet Co.
ST. PAUL—Golden Rule Dept.
SEATTLE—Frederick & Nelson

Hat by Brandt Millinery, Inc.
See preceding list—Page 54

Bag by Goldberg & Seltzer, Inc.
ATLANTA—Rich's, Inc.
CLEVELAND—Highco Dept.
LOS ANGELES—The May Company
NEW ORLEANS—Maison Blanche Co.
PHILADELPHIA—John Wanamaker
PITTSBURGH—Joseph Horne Co.
ST. LOUIS—Famous-Barr Co.

Wear-Right Gloves by Winemaker & Rice
Baltimore—Hustler Bros.
CHICAGO—The Fair, Inc.
DAYTON—The Elder Johnston Co.
LITTLE ROCK—Guss Blaas Co.

LOUISVILLE—H. P. Selmon & Co.
PITTSBURGH—Joseph Horne Co.
MUNCIE—Ball Stores, Inc.
NEW YORK—Bloomington Bros.

PAGE 58
Corduroy Coat by Cambridge Clothes, Ltd.
ANN ARBOR—Jacobson's
BALTIMORE—Hutzler Bros.
BATTLE CREEK—Jacobson Stores
BOSTON—Wm. F. Fitch & Sons Company
BOSTON—R. H. White Company
BRIDGEPORT—Jean Wise Young
BROOKLYN—Abraham & Strauss
CINCINNATI—The John Shillito Co.
CLEVELAND—Wm. Taylor Sons & Co.
COLUMBUS—The F. & R. Lazarus Co.
DAYTON—The Rike-Kumler Company
DETROIT—The J. L. Hudson Company
FORT WAYNE—The Paris
GRAND RAPIDS—Helen Henry Shop
GRAND RAPIDS—Hutzler's Bon Marche
JACKSON—Jacobson's, Inc.
INDIANAPOLIS—L. S. Ayres & Co.
LOS ANGELES—Bullock's
MIAMI—Burdine's, Inc.
MIAMI—Richard Nord's
MIWELAUE—Boston Store
MIWELAUE—Hersfeld Phillipson Co.
MINNEAPOLIS—The Dayton Co.
MONTGOMERY—Kachnow & Meierleh
NEWPORT NEWS—Nachtman's Dept. Store
NEW YORK—Bloomington Bros.
OAKLAND—The H. C. Capwell Company
PHILADELPHIA—Stratford & Clothier
PITTSBURGH—Joseph Horne Co.
RICHMOND—Thalhimer's
ROCHESTER—B. F. Hannan
ST. LOUIS—Siz Baer & Fuller
SAN FRANCISCO—The Emporium

Matching Plaid Skirt by Jack Schnittman, Inc.
Same stores as for Corduroy Coat

Ball-and-Chain Bracelet by Silson Inc.
BALTIMORE—Hochschild, Kohn & Co.
MEMPHIS—Phil A. Halle-Woolf Bros.
PORTLAND, Ore.—Meier & Frank
NEW YORK—Saks Fifth Avenue
WASHINGTON—Frank R. Jewell, Inc.

Date Bracelet by Silson, Inc.
ABLENE—Miller Perkins Co.
ALBANY—Flah & Co.
ATLANTA—Rich's, Inc.
BOSTON—C. Crawford Hollidge, Ltd.
CHICAGO—Hendel Brothers
CHICAGO—Scott Bros Stores Corp.
CHICAGO—Charles A. Stevens & Bros.
COLUMBUS—Rice's Cloak House
DAYTON—The Rike-Kumler Company
DENVER—Neusteters Suit Co., Inc.
FORT WORTH—W. C. Stripling Co.
MINNEAPOLIS—The Dayton Co.
NEW YORK—Best & Company
PHILADELPHIA—Gimbels Bros, Inc.
PITTSBURGH—Gimbels Bros, Inc.
PORTLAND, Ore.—Meier and Frank

Mitten by Winemaker & Rice
See preceding list—Page 57

Kneecap Skirt by Arrowhead Playclothes Corp.
Write for store names

Silver Screen
Schoolbook Necklace by D. Lisner & Co.

See List—Page 59

Gadget Bag by Lesco Ltd.

ALLENTOWN—Hess Bros.
Baltimore—Hochschild Kohn & Co.
INDIANAPOLIS—Wm. H. Block Co.
NEWARK—L. Bamberger & Co.
NEW YORK—Franklin Simon & Co.
PHILADELPHIA—The Blum Store
WASHINGTON, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

Corduroy Jumper and Plaid Blouse by Dainty Mfg. Co.

ATLANTA—Davison Paxon Co.
BOSTON—Wm. Filene's Sons Co.
BROOKLYN—Frederick Loeser & Co.
CHICAGO—Chai. A. Stevens Bros. Co.
DAYTON—The Elder Johnston Co.
DETROIT—Himmelhoch Bros.
DETROIT—Everett Kern Co.
MILWAUKEE—Gimbel Brothers
MILWAUKEE—Ed. Schueter & Co., Inc.
NEWARK—L. Bamberger & Co.
NEW YORK—James McCrery & Co.
PORTLAND, Ore.—Charles F. Berg
PROVIDENCE—Cherry & Web Co.
ROCHESTER—McCurdy & Co., Inc.
ST. LOUIS—Kline's, Inc.
ST. LOUIS—Starks-Vanderpoort-Barney
ST. PAUL—Field Schlick Company
ST. PAUL—Golden Rule Dept. Store
SPRINGFIELD—Forbes & Wallace

Bracelet by D. Lisner & Co.

ATLANTA—Rich's, Inc.
Baltimore—Hutzler Bros.
COLUMBUS—F. & R. Lazarus Co.
DALLAS—Sanger Bros.
FLINT—Herbert N. Bush, Inc.
INDIANAPOLIS—H. & S. Pogue Co.
LOS ANGELES—J. W. Robinson Co.
LOS ANGELES—The May Company
NEW ORLEANS—D. H. Holmes Co.
NEW YORK—R. H. Macy & Co.
NEW YORK—Saks Fifth Avenue
PITTSBURGH—Gimbel Brothers
PORTLAND, Ore.—Lipsman Wolfe Co.

PAGE 60

Butcher Boy Pajamas by Sussberg & Feinberg, Inc.

CHARLOTTE—Efrid's Dept. Store
DALLAS—Volk Bros. Co.
DETROIT—The J. L. Hudson Company
FT. WORTH—H. C. Stripling Co.
HARTFORD—Mage Allen & Co.
LOS ANGELES—Bullock's
NEW YORK—Bonwit Teller, Inc.
PHILADELPHIA—S. Siegel Bros.
SAN FRANCISCO—City of Paris
WASHINGTON, D. C.—Julius Garfinkel Co.

Joan Kenley Striped Housecoat by Mitchell & Weber, Inc.

CHICAGO—Mandel Bros.
NEW YORK—James McCrery & Co.

Saybury Housecoat by Saybury, Inc.

DES MOINES—Younger Bros., Inc.
LOS ANGELES—Bullock's
MINNEAPOLIS—The Dayton Co.
NEW YORK—Stern Brothers
NEW YORK—Franklin Simon & Co.
NEW YORK—Saks Fifth Avenue

for October 1940

Dagwood (Arthur Lake) and Blondie (Penny Singleton) celebrate a birthday. Their latest picture is "Blondie Plays Cupid."

Bias-Cup Bra by Model Brassieres

AKRON—M. O'Neill Company
Baltimore—Hochschild, Kohn & Co.
BIRMINGHAM—Louis Petit Dry Goods Co.
BOSTON—Jordan Marsh Co.
BUFFALO—Adam Meldrum and Anderson Co.
CINCINNATI—Rollman & Sons
CLEVELAND—May Co.
DALLAS—A. Harris
DAYTON—The Elder Johnston Co.
HARTFORD—W. G. Smith & Co.
LOUISVILLE—Kaufman-Strass Co.
PHILADELPHIA—Strawbridge & Clothier
PIGTSBURGH—Gimbel Brothers
ROCHESTER—Sibley, Lindsay & Co.

OTHER RECOMMENDED STORES

ANNISTON—Berman's
AUBURN—Kate's
Baltimore—The Hub
CAMDEN—King's Dept. Store
BOSTON—Chandler & Company
BUFFALO—Russell Jay, Inc.
CHARLOTTEVILLE—Ley's Fashion Shop
DAVENPORT—Schaffs
FARGO—C. E. Shovel
GLOVEVILLE—Arbinger's
HARTFORD—Sieg-Allen & Co.
HARTFORD—Wise Smith Co.
HOLLYWOOD—Harry Cooper
KNOXVILLE—S. H. George & Sons

LIBERTY—Keller's Daylight Dept. Store
LINCOLN—Magee's Inc.
LOS ANGELES—Franklin's Department Store
LOS ANGELES—J. W. Robinson Co.
MACON—Borden Smith & Co.
MANCHESTER—Partridge's, Inc.
MIDDLETOWN—J. S. Cole Co.
NEWBURY—John Schoonmaker & Son
NIAGARA FALLS—Betty Shop
NORFOLK—David A. Ruets, Inc.
OKLAHOMA CITY—D. E. Peyton Co.
OMAHA—Goldstein Chapman Co.
OSWEGO—M. J. McDonald & Co.
PETERSBURG—Rucker Robinson, Inc.
PHILADELPHIA—Gimbel Brothers
PHILADELPHIA—Strawbridge & Clothier

PITTSBURGH—Frank E. Seiter
PLATTSBURGH—David Merkel
PORTLAND—Charles F. Berg
RALEIGH—Taylor Furniture Co.
ROANOKE—B. Forman & Sons
ROCHESTER—E. W. Edwards & Sons
RUTLAND—Claude Pitcher Co.
SCHENECTADY—H. S. Barony Co.
SEATTLE—Rhodes Dept. Store
STAMFORD—H. Frankel & Sons
STAMFORD—Mantell & Martin
TAMPA—O. Falk's Dept. Store
TOLEDO—Meyer Johnson's
UTICA—Frank T. Howard Co.
WASHINGTON, D. C.—Kaplowitz Bros. Inc.
WHEELING—Geo. E. Stifel Co.
YAKIMA—W. E. Draper, Inc.
Leave it to Earl Carroll! At his Theatre-Restaurant in Hollywood, he nightly presents a gay and hilarious number called, "Who’ll Lace Her Corset?" Guests are asked to lace Jean Tighe's corset. As it's a rendezvous for celebrities, there's scarcely a night goes by without some well-known male star being called up, usually much to his embarrassment, and asked to lace the shapely Jean. It's all in good fun and the stars are always good sports about entering into the merriment. On this page you see Jimmy Stewart and Harry Ritz trying their hand at it; Charles Winninger becoming quite entangled; Edward Arnold considerably determined; and Billy Gilbert and Hugh Herbert succeeding very well. On the opposite page Producer Gene Markey and Ty Power seem to be making a dance out of it; Henry Fonda and Walter Pidgeon go about it in workmanlike fashion; Jack Oakie and Cesar Romero try their darndest; and Billy Gilbert and Edgar Bergen convulse comely Jean Tighe.

Lacing the Girl in the Corset at Earl Carroll's Theatre-Restaurant has become quite the pastime!
Sport in Hollywood
PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

COSTUME CLASSIC—M-G-M

DON'T say that costume pictures can't be hits. Because this screen version of Jane Austen's classic of long ago, is a decided hit. The big excitement of this picture, however, is Greer Garson. Greer was so lovely as Mrs. Chips, and then her stock went into a definite decline, but as Elizabeth Bennett she gives a performance that will put her right up there on top again. Greer has that "womanly" quality that no other actress in Hollywood has. The story, as you know, is all about the middle class Bennett family in Nineteenth Century England, and how poor distracted Mrs. Bennett, with five unmarried daughters, manages to marry them all off. It's grand fun, and don't let the rustle of those voluminous Victorian skirts throw you off. The Bennett girls are Greer, Maureen O'Sullivan, Ann Rutherford, Marsha Hunt, and Heather Angel. The scheming Mrs. Bennett is played by Mary Boland, and Edmund Gwenn is Papa Bennett. Handsome Laurence Olivier has the leading male role of Mr. Darcy, and his romance with Elizabeth Bennett is something new in romances. Excellent in comedy parts are Edna May Oliver as the snobbish Lady Catherine, and Melville Cooper as Mr. Collins. Others in the perfect cast are Frieda Inescort, Bruce Lester, E. E. Clive, and Edward Ashley.

THEY DRIVE BY NIGHT

DOUBLY SWELL—WARNERS

GEORGE RAID and Ann Sheridan are teamed romantically in this smash-hit melodrama, but it's Ida Lupino who wraps the picture up and takes it home with her. Ida plays a neurotic young woman who finally becomes insane, and plays it so effectively that just watching her makes goose pimples break out. Her final breakdown on the witness stand is a sensationadically outstanding scene, and one that you will long remember. There is no doubt about it, Ida Lupino, after eight years in Hollywood, has come into her own at last. The story is all about truck drivers whose huge trucks ply the highways from San Francisco to Los Angeles. Attention is centered on Raft and Humphrey Bogart, the Fabian Brothers, who after years of being just one step ahead of loan sharks, finally become heads of a big trucking company. The picture has an exciting climax wherein Raft is tried for the murder of his boss, Ann Hale, and is just about to get the chair when Ida goes nuts and confesses. Comely Miss Ann is excellent in several wisecracking scenes in the first of the picture, but gets completely over-shadowed by the volatile Miss Lupino in the last. A swell gutsy picture, this.

GOLD RUSH MAISIE

GRAND PERFORMING BY ANN SOTHERN—M-G-M

ANN SOTHERN again plays Maisie in the third of the Maisie series, and Frances Farmer, in a scene of temptation in a tropical setting, attempts to learn whether or not Jon Hall is made of the sterner stuff. It's from "South of Pago-Pago."

by the volatile Miss Lupino in the last. A swell gutsy picture, this.

poor migratory family and travels with them in their broken-down car to a ghost town where gold has been discovered. The gold rush is a fluke, but Maisie stands by her little family until they have found a way of making a livelihood out of the soil. Lee Bowman plays a ghoucy.
young man who wants to be alone in the ghost town, but after several run-ins and heated battles with Maisie, he not only learns to smile, but learns to like people. Mary Nash, John F. Hamilton, Virginia Weidler, Scotty Beckett and a cute baby called Gladys make up Maisie's migratory family. The stand-out scene in the picture is when Ann, to ward off a cold gets herself beautifully plastered.

THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE

Screwball Satire—RKO

R ight merry indeed is this adapta-

tion of George Abbott's Broadway hit, which in turn was adapted, most freely, from Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors." It's a modern farce set in the locale of ancient Ephesus, and its idea is to show that men and women and politicians enjoyed the same civilization, as well as the same graft, in those days as they do now. Droll Charles Butterworth steals the show as the Duke of Ephesus and some of his policies bear a startling resemblance to those of F.D.R. The story tells how two brothers Antipholus of Syracuse and Antipholus of Ephesus (both played by Allan Jones), separated in babyhood, finally meet up with each other in Ephesus. Both have twin slaves named Dromio (both parts played by Joe Penner). Complications arise over the pretty wife of Antipholus of Ephesus (Irene Hervey) who can't tell her law-

ful spouse from her brother-in-law, and also over the female slave of the house-

hold (Martha Raye) who can't tell one Dromio from the other. The comedy is fast and furious, and if you've been wanting something different in pictures this is it. The trumpet fansates, blown in swingtime, alone are worth the price of admission. Rosemary Lane plays the sister who falls in love with the Anti-

pholus from Syracuse. She and Allan Jones sing the Rodgers and Hart songs beautifully, especially "This Can't Be Love." Alan Mowbray and Eric Blore, as a couple of tailors, contribute to the comedy.

SOUTH OF PAGO-PAGO

Adonis Jon Hall Returns—United Artists

T he white men are disturbing the peace of the South Seas. Something ought to be done about keeping these rusty white men out of the South Seas. A law ought to be passed, or something. This time it's Victor McLaglen, Douglas Dumbrille and Francis Ford who move in on the poor natives and force them to burst their lungs out diving for pearls. Frances Farmer, one of those hard-boiled waterfront gals, is used as the "allure," and she tricks good looking young Kehane, the boss of the island of Manoa, into a honeymoon with her on a neighboring island so Victor and the boys can coerce the natives with gin and guns. Frances repents, just in time, falls honestly in love with the stalwart Kehane, and catches a bullet meant for him. Jon Hall as Kehane is handsome, indeed, and

Ida Lupino, who steals the picture, and Alan Hale let loose with the laughter in "They Drive By Night," which also has Ann Sheridan and George Raft.

Greer Garson, Ann Rutherford, Maureen O'Sullivan, Heather Angel and Martha Hunt, as the Bennett Sisters, on their way to bed in the recommended "Pride and Prejudice."

Anita Louise and Margaret Hamilton in a typical scene from "The Villain Still Pursued Her," a hilarious comedy which encourages the audience to boo and hiss if it wishes. will start many a feminine heart flutter-

ing. This is his first big part since "Hurri-

cane."

THE GREAT McGINTY

A Spanking For Politics—Paramount

H ere's a rowdy, rough and tumble, smash hit that takes a good punch at corruption in American politics. It's loud, but it's funny, and a good time will be had by all. Brian Donlevy plays Dan McGinty, a grafting roughneck who becomes Governor of a State, and has to flee to Latin America before the people catch up with him. It's a wonderful part for Donlevy, a swell actor, and he makes the most of it. Akim Tamiroff plays the political boss of the State whose
Pictures on the Fire!

By

Dick Mook

ON ONE of the hottest days of the year I start my trek around the studios and, of course, with the usual Mook perspicacity I have to choose—

Warner Brothers

BEING located in "The Valley" it is hotter here than anywhere else. But, at least, the temperature is in keeping with the locale of the picture I see. "John Doe" (the new Frank Capra production), starring Gary Cooper and Barbara Stanwyck, is just starting today so that will wait.

"The Letter," starring Bette Davis, is laid in a South Seas locale and you can just see the heat oozing in between the bamboo screens over the windows.

Bette has just been acquitted of murder, but in order to get her acquitted, James Stephenson (her lawyer) has had to pay $10,000 for an incriminating letter she had written the murdered man. As he and Bette are discussing it, her husband (Herbert Marshall) comes into the room. He has made plans to buy a new house, thinking it will get Bette's mind off the ordeal she went through in their old home (where she killed the man). Stephenson tells him he won't have any money to buy a new place because he has had to pay $10,000 for the letter. Marshall can't understand it at first, but then the truth begins to dawn on him and he demands to see the letter. Bette realizes she is trapped and she motions Stephenson to show it to him. Marshall reads it and turns to Bette, known in the film as Leslie.

"What does it mean?"

"It means I was in love with Geoff Hammond," she replies tonelessly. "We'd been in love for years. I used to meet him constantly—once or twice a week. We had times and places we knew were safe. We planned it so carefully not a soul had the slightest suspicion. Every time we met I hated myself for it, and yet I lived for the moment I'd see him again. It was horrible. There was never an hour when I was at peace—when I wasn't reproaching myself. I was like a person who's sick with some loathsome disease and doesn't want to get well."

Visits to the various Hollywood sets to watch and listen to them make the important forthcoming productions and to chat with the stars who are appearing in them

Left: A highly dramatic scene about an engagement ring between Lucille Ball and Maureen O'Hara in "Dance, Girl, Dance."
Below: James Stephenson, Herbert Marshall and Bette Davis in a scene from "The Letter" which is described here in full. Right: Frances Farmer and John Garfield enact a comedy scene for "Flowing Gold."
"Then I heard about that—native woman," she rushes on monotonously. "I couldn't believe it. At last I saw her. I saw her walking in the village with those hideous spangles and that chalky face and eyes like a cobra's. Then I knew how she'd taken him away—how she held him—those eyes." She rises. "I couldn't give him up. You've read the letter. We'd always been so careful about writing, but this time I didn't care. He came and I told him I knew about his marriage. At first he denied it, but I insulted him and cursed him. I was beside myself. At last he turned on me and told me he was sick and tired of me—that it was true about the other woman. He said he was glad I knew because now I'd leave him alone. Then I—I hardly know what happened. I seized the revolver and fired. He gave a cry and I saw I'd hit him. He staggered to the veranda. I ran after him and fired and fired until there were no more cartridges."

Through the long recital she never once looks at him—her eyes darting here and there—at the ceiling—out through the window—down to the floor. Only at the last she turns and faces him squarely: "That's what happened. . . . And I have no excuse for myself. I don't deserve to live."

It's one of the longest scenes I've ever seen filmed and how she plays it! Every performance of Bottes' is a creation of art, but in this one she reaches her peak. * * *

NEXT door is a sort of municipal playground, outside a settlement house. This is for "City For Conquest," the James Cagney-Ann Sheridan starrer. A dance is in progress (and you never saw such jitterbugging in your life) when Cagney and Ann appear. He has just won a fight and is hailed as the future lightweight champion. Ann is his fiancée and she wants him to turn pro. But Cagney has dreams of the future and they're not the dreams of a prizefighter.

How the picture will turn out one never knows, but this is the best script Cagney has had in many a moon. He always gives a bang-up performance and no one who saw Ann in "Torrid Zone" can question her ability to act. In addition there are Frank Craven, Donald Crisp, Frank McHugh, Blanche Yurka and a newcomer from New York—Arthur Kennedy.

When they were casting the picture someone mentioned Kennedy. "Who's he?" Cagney asked.

"Well," he was told, "George M. Cohan says he's the finest young actor on the American stage."

"That's enough for me," said Jim. "Bring him out." So-o, meet Mr. Kennedy.

He's a pleasant young chap, about five feet ten, reddish blond hair, around twenty-five and totally unlike an actor.

I wish Mr. Kennedy luck, say good-bye to Jim and Ann and proceed to the next stage where "Flowing Gold," starring John Garfield and Pat O'Brien, is shooting. Frances Farmer is the girl and, apparently, is making big strides on the comeback trail.

This scene is right at the beginning of the picture, where John and Frances meet for the first time. Her car is mired in the mud and the wheel is spinning without finding any traction. She tries to pry it out with a board and falls in the mud. Then she hears a chuckle. She looks up angrily and there is John, grinning at her.

"I suppose it's funny!" she snaps. "Well, I'm laughing," he snickers.

She ignores him and attempts to wipe the streaks from her face, making it worse.

[Continued on page 72]
within her means. When she first came to town and was working at the Fox studio, Margaret went to work on the bus—

which is unheard of in the film city. It wasn’t until she hired the actual cash in the bank that she dashed out and bought herself a very modest car. It has been that way with everything Margaret has owned—cash on the line. So, she is doubly proud of the new house she has just bought, a very charming but unpretentious house, which serves as a background for her family and herself—but also a house which, should her income suddenly be decreased, she could maintain comfortably for the rest of her life. Smart girl, Maggie.

Patsy Kelly, making “Road Show,” her first picture since her return to Holly-

wood, found herself playing opposite George E. Stone, who is cast as her Indian lover. Patsy was so overcome at the sight of Georgie, all done up in his Indian finery, she blew up in her lines for the first hour of shooting. On the screen those two will be a riot!

WHEN the “They Knew What They Wanted” company had to go to Napa, California, for a two weeks’ location trip most of the company lived in tents. But Carole Lombard decided that tenting was not to her liking, and in as much as there wasn’t a hotel in Napa she stayed at a ranch nearby. Every night when she came back to the ranch for dinner after a day on location she noticed that she was waited on by a different servant. On the fourth night, when she noticed the fourth change in servants, she began to get uneasy. “Is there something wrong about me?” she asked. “Aren’t these good people able to keep their servants now that I’m here. Servant problems are bad enough in Hollywood, but I never heard of four changes in four nights before.”

Finally, the ranch owner put her wise. Seems as if all the gals in town wanted to get a close look at a Hollywood movie star, and particularly of Mr. Clark Gable’s wife, so they arranged to take turns serving her. “They’re the daughters of the social elite of Napa,” the rancher told her. “The bank president’s daughter served your soup tonight.”

Jeffrey Lynn who is rapidly becoming one of Hollywood’s most eligible bachelors, has been night clubbing of late with Dana Dole, New York actress, under contract to Paramount.

When it comes to making pictures Ann Sheridan is one of the busiest girls in this town. Ann had exactly twenty minutes off between “City of Conquest” and “Honeymoon for Three”—during which time she got a shampoo. The production schedule of “Honeymoon for Three” allowed her to have one whole day off, so what do you think Ann did with her one day off? She drove into the studio, on one of the hottest days of the summer, and had lunch with George Brent in the Green Room. It must be love.

Humphrey Bogart always introduces his attractive wife, Mayo Methot, as “Sugie.” She calls him “Bogie.”

It seems that one of Miss Hepburn’s secret desires was to meet Bette Davis all the while she was in Hollywood, but Katy being the hermit type the two girls never met. But now that Hepburn is back in Hollywood again she immediately “looked up” someone who was a friend of Bette’s (that wouldn’t be difficult, everyone is) and invited Bette to tea. The two stars hit it off beautifully.

The best laughs in Hollywood these days are to be found on the “Honeymoon for Three” set where Charlie Ruggles’ part in the picture calls for him to teach Ann Sheridan the rhumba. Of course, Ann knows everything there is to know about the rhumba, and Charlie knows from nothing, so Ann has to teach Charlie whom then has to teach her.

Left: Grace MacDonald, Broadway singing and dancing sensation, makes her screen debut for Paramount in “Dancing On A Dime.”

One of the reasons for the recent improvement in Bing Crosby’s golf game is that he’s now a member of the Southern California Caddies Association, and plays a match game with the caddies twice weekly.

Cary Grant, who is now appearing in “Philadelphia Story,” opposite Katharine Hepburn at Metro, is taking a terrific kidding from the people at that studio. Seems that there was no vacancy in the men’s dressing room building, so poor Cary was given a dressing room in the ladies’ dressing room building, and has for his very close neighbors Myrna Loy, Norma Shearer, Jeanette MacDonald and Katharine Hepburn. Katie, of course, didn’t miss an opportunity to call him “Sissy.”

Katharine Hepburn is terribly pleased


Rudy Vallee was appearing in the New York Strand when Jeffrey Lynn made a personal appearance in connection with “My Love Came Back.” They had a merry time.

Carole Lombard and Charles Laughton, co-starring in “They Knew What They Wanted,” for RKO, have a spirited, but friendly argument between scenes. It’ll be a great film, because she has taken on twelve pounds since she returned to Hollywood. All day on the set she drinks iced coffee with lots of cream in it, and golden bear cookies. We’d be as big as a house by now.

Laraine Day has the ideal way of keeping in trim. Every Sunday she rents a bicycle and peddles her way down to Santa Monica beach—more than an hour of good bicycling.

One of the best performances given in Hollywood was given by Lana Turner and Artie Shaw on the stage of the broadcasting studio a few minutes before the Burns and Allen program. (Show is now on the Burns and Allen program, if you don’t follow your radio.) Lana was right down there beside Artie to wish him luck on his first broadcast. When a photographer asked her quite casually if she was planning a divorce, she said she was, and right away, so then Lana and Artie took lovey dovey pictures to announce their divorce.

Tag on “The Great Profile” will have John Barrymore in a close-up addressing the audience with, “Any similarity between my character in ‘The Great Profile’ and myself is purely coincidental.” They say it’s one of the funniest pictures of the year.

Don’t let Mickey Rooney’s size fool you, if you’re thinking of picking a fight. Mickey may not be as tall as the other guys, but he is both strong and acrobatic. Recently, he decided to learn jiu-jitsu. “They tell me jiu-jitsu is a great equalizer of size,” says Mickey. “I think I’ll take a couple of lessons and then dare Gable to take a punch at me.”
"You'll never do it that way, Freckle-nose," he admonishes her. "She'll just slip back in." "I know what I'm doing, thank you," she barks. "I've been stuck before." "Look," says John good humoredly, "suppose you climb in the car and let me do it your way. Or—if you like it better here—"

She gets in the car without a word. John pretends it's a difficult job, but he finally gets it out. "Lucky for you I came along. I don't usually go to so much trouble for people."

"Pretty smart, aren't you?" comments Miss Farmer as only Miss Farmer can. "Just like a dame," John grins. "Do a favor and get bawled out."

"Oh, I'll pay you," she begins.

"Who says anything about pay?" he cuts her short. "But if you're going to the oil fields you can give me a lift."

And from such simple beginnings a great love is born. This is John's first picture since his recent ill-fated stage venture.


"Listen, wise guy," John cracks. "Button up your lip. I knew the play wouldn't be any good, but it served its purpose. At least, people know now I wasn't kidding when I said I'd take advantage of that clause in my contract that permits me to go back to the stage. It was the best play I could find and I enjoyed doing it. Now, don't you want to make something of it?"

"Hi, Pat," I say weakly to Mr. O'Brien.

"Hi, Dick," says the genial Pat. "Come down to the beach whenever you have a chance. I'll always be there now. Warner Brothers and I have kissed each other goodbye.

"Goodbye?" I echo. "Why, Warner Brothers won't be Warner Brothers without you."

"I'm not talkin'," says Pat sagely. "Just come down to the beach when you have a day off.

You can't argue with a man who won't talk and, I reflect, if I don't hurry on to another studio I'll never have a day off. So I set sail for—

Columbia

ONLY one picture going over here ("Before I Die"), but what a picture! Ben Hecht wrote it and he's also producing and directing it. The cast includes Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Thomas Mitchell, Rita Hayworth and John Qualen.

Qualen is a weak, wispy little clerk who steals $3,000 to give his faithless wife. His boss discovers it and threatens to expose him in the picture the next morning. He goes out into the night to commit suicide, but when he sees a policeman watching him he goes into a night club instead. There, unfeeling and unthinking, he tosses money around in such a way that it attracts the widowed eye of Doug, jr. (an adventurer and chiseler), who enlists the half-hearted aid of Rita in an attempt to fleece him. Mitchell is a once spectacularly successful playwright who has gone stale. As Mitchell prepares to leave the night club he gets Qualen's overcoat by mistake and finds a "suicide note" in the pocket. He goes back inside, finds Qualen leaving his story and persuades Rita and the unwilling Fairbanks to help him raise the money to save Qualen.

Every scene is so gripping that instead of giving you all of one scene I'm going to give you extracts from several scenes I stayed to watch.

There is one scene where Mitchell is attempting to show Qualen he isn't the only one with problems to be faced in the morning and a long night to be lived through. "The bleak day," he whispers, "the cry in the dark. The night sharpens its claws on my heart."

And there's another scene between the two. "Allow me to explain the secret of life," Mitchell offers. "Today's pain is tomorrow's strength."

I'll always end up laughing, my boy, if you can manage not to cut your throat first."

"You think this feeling will go away?" Qualen asks.

"Everything goes away," Mitchell assures him. "It all vanishes. We are made of sand—and time is a wind—blowing—"

And another scene between Rita and Doug when she is trying to enlist Doug's help. "That poor man," she cries. "I never knew anybody before who wanted to die—except myself. I guess lots of people are like that—with a pain inside them they can't stand."

And yet one more scene when she tells Doug how easy it will be—that even in books gamblers always let a sucker win at first as a come-on.

"Life is different from books, baby," Doug assures her. "In life, the wrong guy always wins."

Everyone in this picture is giving a bang-up performance. Mitchell's last scene in the picture is one that will raise you right out of your chair. It is one of the most emotionally upsetting scenes I have ever watched. They start to rehearse it, but how he manages to get any feeling into it I don't know for grips are barking at each other, electricians are snapping their fingers at each other and rattling lights around, the camera man keeps interrupting to tell him he's out of focus and there are a dozen other distractions. Finally Mitchell says, "I'll just run through the lines without feeling until you fellows relax. I lied and then I'd like to do it once for me, before we 'take it.'"

"Where's Hecht?" I ask Maggie Mascall, who is showing me around.

"I guess he's gone home," she laughs. "He often gets tired and says, 'I'm going home. You folks finish today's work by yourselves!'—But even so, they're nine days ahead of schedule."

I'd like to stay here all day, but just down the street there's—

RKO

THERE are really a flock of pictures shooting here. The Ginger Rogers-Ronald Colman set is now done and the picture is just finishing up so you'll see it before you read this.

Then, there's "Dance, Girl, Dance," in which Lucille Ball finally gets a part in an "A" picture.

Lucille and Maureen O'Hara are chorus girls in a dance act in upstate New York. The police raid the club and they're out of jobs. They finally work their way back to New York. Maureen's whole life is dancing and she has ballet aspirations. The Lucille comes into the picture and tells her she (Lucille) has a job and can get her (Maureen) one, too. Of course, Maureen jumps at it, but when she gets to the theatre she finds it's a burlesque house and that her act is just a build-up for Lucille's strip-tease. But she takes the job because the money will pay for dancing lessons—to say nothing of groceries. She is very interested in Louis Hayward, who has just been divorced, and he in her.

Then, one night, Lucille gets to the theatre late, after having cut the matinee entirely. The proprietors are on tenterhooks and follow her to her dressing room, expositulating volubly.

"Scram," says Lucille inelegantly, shutting the door in their face. "Let a lady dress."

"Anything wrong?" inquires Maureen, not really interested.

"Not a thing, dearie," Lucy assures her, retiring behind a screen to undress.

"This is my last film contract," says Maureen, without looking up. "I said, this is my last performance," Lucille repeats.

"I'm sorry," Maureen rejoins politely. "Did you get a better offer?"

"Yes," Miss Ball grunts. "I accepted it, too."

"With what?" inquires Lucille. "She shows a wedding ring. "I got married this afternoon. As a matter of fact, I married a friend of yours—a big rubber man from Akron—a Mr. James Harris, Junior."

Let me tell you, my friends, the hot is really in the fire now and almost before you can say "Scat!" the girls are going at it hammer and tongs. It's one of the loveliest fights I've ever seen and they end up in a night court.

Dorothy Arzner, who did such a swell job directing "Craig's Wife," is handling this one. Usually, she shoots pretty fast, but the delays today are enough to drive an onlooker screwy. They rehearse the scene over and over and over—and then they rehearse it some more. Not that (wetly, but Lucille's entrance, and the action in the dressing room. Lucille has on hat, furs, coat, gloves, ear-rings, bracelet and Lord only knows what all else and all of the accessories have to come off as she talks and then she takes them on again. She does it by the time she finishes her first few lines she can be behind the screen.

They rehearse so long there's no chance to chat with Lucille, which is a shame because there is a girl with a sense of humor. However, she finds time to tell me that from now on she's to appear only in "A" pictures, which is certainly a relief. It's a shame to waste talent
THERE is also "A Lady in Love," starring Kent Taylor and Linda Haymes.

At the moment (the moment being practically the beginning of the picture) Kent is lying on a cot. He's a stunt pilot for a picture company and he has just wrecked a plane for a picture, and got himself a gash in the head. Howard DeSilva, his buddy, is standing beside him as the doctor comes in. He steps aside and the doctor busies himself with applying a bandage.

"Yes, I always say, here today and gone tomorrow," the doc observes without cracking a smile. "Knew a woman just stepped off her back porch and broke her collarbone and dislocated her hip."

"Didn't I even have time to pull the ripcord, oh?" Kent grins, winking at DeSilva.

This scene, too, they do over and over.

OSHI! I almost forgot the most important picture on this lot—"Too Many Girls." This is from the sensationally successful stage play of the same name and George Abbott, who produced it in New York, is also directing the picture. Practically the entire New York cast has been brought out and a few picture names have been added—notably Frances Langford.

This scene, she's up on a balcony singing a football song to the students and I'm here to tell you that girl can really put a song over.

They finally get a take that suits them and I start off the set. Then I hear a guffaw from the whole company and I look around. In the cast is Tiny Persons who must weigh 365 pounds. Directly behind him is a visitor on the set who is actually 7½ ft. tall. Tiny looks around, too, and sees the gangler just behind him. "My stand-in," he explains briefly to the crowd.

As I have often told you, just around the corner from RKO is—

Paramount

ARISE My Love," starring Claudette Colbert and Ray Milland, is shooting, but work has been called off for the day. Ray has just received word that his sister in England died and he is afraid she was killed in a bombing raid. And not five minutes before he received the cable he was telling me her little boy was coming to stay with him during the war.

MAGIC in Music is shooting, though. This stars Allan Jones and Suzanne Foster, with Margaret Lindsay playing opposite Allan. I don't know what it's all about, but if you love music I can promise you your money will be well spent on this picture as there are no two finer voices on the screen than these two have.

At the moment, they are recording Grieg's Concerto. I have the advantage of you because I can stay and listen to the music while you see the picture will only hear it once. In fact, I stay so long that Kathleen Coughlin, who has been sitting on the Paramount lot, gets sort of testy and says, "You know, Dick, we really do have a couple of other pictures going."
Lamour and the Stagedoor Johnnies of Hollywood!

(Continued from page 23)

freely with everyone on my pictures. And why shouldn’t I? Just because I’ve had a break and some success doesn’t fundamentally make me different from any other girl.

“This boy was working in the picture, playing a small part. On the set one day he suggested we have dinner that night. I accepted. When he called for me, he brought along a huge corsage of gardenias. He was frankly dismayed to find me in a sports suit. He was wearing a dinner jacket. Well, I changed, I hurried, I hurried. He helped me on with my wrap, he mentioned he’d seen pictures of me wearing a full length white fox coat and wondered if I wouldn’t wear it.

“I began to think something was very, very funny. Goodness knows, we weren’t going to a premiere. But I gave in and put on the white fox which seemed to dazzle him. Now you know if a couple’s going out for an evening they’ll go out to one nice place to go to themselves. But not this Hollywood Johnnie!

“First we go to Ciro’s. Before we order dinner, he tells the waiter we’ll only have a cocktail. Then he drags me onto the dance floor and stops, and not by accident, at a table where a gossip columnist is sitting. Turns on his personality and says, ‘Of course, you know Miss Lamour.’ It looked pretty obvious.

“When he Waltzes me around, he says, let’s go to the Grove—maybe there’ll be more people there. As we leave, he all but beckons the photographers to step right up and snap our picture.

“Begin to say to myself, ‘Hey, what is this anyway?’ And then we’re walking into the Grove. The same thing happens all over again. We make a sweeping entrance. He turns on a Robert Taylor gaze on me for the photographers’ sake and begins to drag me out to the next place. We’d have visited every place in Hollywood, only I planked my foot down and said, ‘Enough of this is enough!’ I insisted on him, taking me home.

“Every morning since, you see, the columns have it that I’ve been out with him the night before. It’s just such men as these that make stay-at-homes of Hollywood actresses. And if you don’t think it’s let-down to our pride when you suddenly realize you’re being ‘used,’ you’re mistaken! It’s not because you’re a reasonably attractive girl who’s good company that you’re being taken out, but merely because you’re a figurehead for someone to use to get his name in the papers!

“That is probably why Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn and so many of the stars have become almost recluse. You can almost see them out at night club. They’d be the last to go through the mill of Hollywood’s Stagedoor Johnnies and from way back.

“Nowadays when I meet someone it doesn’t take long for me to determine if he likes me for who I am or for myself. When I was in Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. George Vanderbilt were very gracious. They took me about with them so I’d avoid all of the publicity seekers.

“So even, when I reached home I read in the columns where a young aviator was supposed to be my new heart. I was supposed to be wearing wings and the social significance attached to it fraternity pin—a mutual misunderstanding. An engagement. None of it is true.

“I’ve had to learn to differentiate between the ‘what-can-you-do-for-me-men,’ and the ‘publicity-seeking-romantic’ and the worthwhile man with good ideals of what constitutes a gentleman,” Dorothy continued. “I’ve had to learn to make sure of a person’s reputation as a person before I can accept friendly overtures.

“During a personal appearance this year that I made, orchestr a leaders and some cafe owners, who’d known me, but never thought of inviting me out, called up my agent and suggested, ‘Arrange me a date with Dottie—it will be good publicity for me.’

“My real friends are very clever in regard to their friendship as much as I do. For publicity can twist and distort and take away the finer qualities and relationship between friends. These publicity romances you read about—seldom ever last, if you notice. Goodness knows, I’ve had my share of those. One, it seems as though whenever the studio has wanted to build an actor I’ve been worked in on a new studio publicity romance.

“Do you really think New York men are so much different than those you meet in Hollywood?” I interrupted.

“No men in general,” answered Dorothy. “But there is a big difference in the type that date actresses.

“Broadway still has its wealthy New York playboys who call at the Stagedoor for me and ask me to the shows. They’re such men as Rudy Vallee, George Jean Nathan, Maury Paul, Lklisu Beebe, Shipwreck Kelly, Jack Kuendler and other well known New Yorkers. They’re seen with screen, radio and stage stars at ‘21.’

“But dates with them concern no thought of personal benefit or gain in a monetary or business sense on either side. Most of these men are already successful. They’re not worrying about keeping the name, for me and prominence. Those you meet in Hollywood?” I interrupted.

“Interesting. I am interested in what you are saying, but I am all the more interested in what you are doing.” Dorothy explained. “They’re the men who expect and accept. They want to always be on the receiving end—not on the giving. Now I’m not talking about all men in Hollywood. For there are charming ones too. But I met the Stagedoor Johnnie with a little girl.

“For instance, one time I decided to take a few tennis lessons. I visited a pro and took exactly three lessons. And then one day, I saw his name in the paper with mine saying that I was taking lessons because of a romantic interest. Six months later he came to the studio—got in, some way, to my dressing room.
BEAUTY CREED:

“T’d rather have a beautifully-cared-for skin than Beauty.” So you asserted pridefully—rightfully.

And, contrariwise, this beautifully-cared-for skin of yours proclaims you a Beauty!

For no girl who exercises such care of her skin—joyously and meticulously—ever fails to exercise similar care of two other aspects of her person which, indeed, set off her skin’s beauty. Namely, the shining sculptured glory of her well-kept hair, the chic simplicity of her dress.

All three are matters of Taste. Games of Skill!

Play your part in the exciting game of skin care with enthusiasm and with a wise head—and you will have exciting rewards. Play it, as do many members of our foremost families, according to the authoritative rules laid down by Pond’s:

There are five moves in this stimulating Game. Each has its definite intention, its ample rewards.

WORKING-ACTION:

1. Quick Release—Bury your face under lush, luxurious Pond’s Cold Cream, and spank it forthrightly for 3 full minutes—yes, even 5 minutes—with cream-wreathed fingers. Pond’s mixture with the dried, dead cells, make-up and foreign accumulations on the surface of your skin, softens and sets them free.

2. Removal—Clean off the softened debris with the white tenderness of Pond’s Tissues. Wiped off also are the softened tops of some of the blackheads, making it easier for the little plugs of hardened sebum to push their way to the surface.

3. Repeat—A second time spank your face with cream-softened fingers. This spanking increases both the actions of Pond’s Cold Cream—cleaning and softening. Again wipe off with Pond’s Tissues. Notice that superficial lines seem less noticeable—pores look finer.

4. Cool Astringence—Now splash with cool, fragrant Pond’s Skin Freshener, slapped on with cotton dripping wet.

5. Smooth Finish—Last, mask your face with a downy coating of Pond’s Vanishing Cream. This cream’s specific duty is to disperse remaining harsh particles, aftermath of exposure, leaving your skin silky, smooth, plant! Wipe off after one full minute for the richest rewards. Then observe with what ease your skin receives its powder, how surprisingly it holds it.

Play this through at least once daily—before retiring or during the day. Repeat it in abbreviated form when your skin and make-up need freshening. Act now to start your new daily rules for a fresh and flower-soft skin.

Send for Trial Case. Forward at once the coupon below. Pond’s, Dept. 78S-CVK, Clinton, Conn. Please send me a complete Pond’s kit of the 3 Pond’s Creams and 7 Pond’s Powder shades. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name: ________________________________
Address: ________________________________

Copyright, 1940, Pond’s Extract Company

MRS. MARY ELIZABETH WHITNEY (THE FORMER MRS. JOHN HAY WHITNEY), like many other members of distinguished American families, has for years observed the Pond’s rules for skin care.
He regards us with those brown eyes for a moment, as if we were the one with the aberration, not he. He shakes his head, like a man who can't understand other people. Then he grins persuasively, and says, "She was a little girl.

"In the first place," he says, stressing the words, to make it clear that this was what started the whole thing. "I've always had terrific admiration for Frank Lloyd. He's one of the really great directors. I've always wanted to make a picture with him. For that reason alone, when he offered me the role, and started telling me about it, I listened. And the fact that it was a serious role made me listen hard.

"It would be almost a year, he said, before he started shooting. I knew then what my line-up of pictures would be for the next year. All comedies. First, 'His Girl Friday' and 'My Favorite Wife,' and then, after a lapse, 'Passport to Life.' Somewhere along the line, I needed a change of pace, a different type of picture.

"Personally, I like doing comedy. Particularly in this day and age, with laughter getting scarcer by the minute. But you can overwork a good thing. You had better not tire audiences by never being different.

"That little thought was what made me do 'Gunga Din' and 'Only Angels Have Wings' after doing four comedies in a row. And that same little thought was what made me listen when Frank started talking up this role.

"Cary cups one hand over one ear, comically pampering how intently he listened.

"Not only was it a serious role. It was different from anything I had ever done. It presented a challenge. Could I get away with it?

"You've been in a theatre when a trailer would flash on the screen, advertising some coming attraction with someone known for comedy. And you've heard the trailer, even before they saw the guy do some silly little thing. Well, that had begun to happen to me. I had done so many comedies that audiences were all set to laugh at any character I played. Would they refuse to take me seriously in a serious role?

"To show you how smart Lloyd is: He foresaw that hazard, and he had ideas about getting around it. If people expected to laugh at me, we'd give them the chance, with little comedy touches at the beginning of the picture. Like a scene showing me squeezed into a wooden tub, taking a bath. And a scene showing me getting out of some tight boots. Little things like that. We'd let them get used to this character gradually—this big, blunt Brooklyn man. After they got into the story, they'd take him seriously, forget to laugh.

"Cary rummages on his cluttered dressing-table for an ashtray. Unable to find one, he carefully consigns his cigarette ashes to his trouser cuff.

"There was a further difficulty," he continues. "And, to me, this is an interesting angle. Up to now, I had made a point of being a natural, normal, hand-in-pocket modern male. Now, suddenly, I was going to be in Colonial costume, with my hair tied in a knot behind. How was I going to shave?"

He grins wryly.

"Maybe you've noticed what happens to actors when they put on costumes and wigs and do period plays. They go in for flourishes. Wide flourishes. Cary suddenly ought to have something both arms wide, and, gazing stupefied at the ceiling, says, with exaggerated aridor, "I love you, mildly." As suddenly, he subsides on the couch. "That sort of thing. Actors have been getting away with it for years, on the grounds that men of other centuries behaved differently from men of today. I claim that if men had ever made love like that, they would have been burned at the stake.

"I faced the problem. Should I follow good old theatrical tradition, or follow Cary's lead? Then I came to the conclusion that the costume gets in the way of naturalness. We decided we'd play the thing as if we were real people, not characters in a period play, Maybe we've started a theatrical revolution. But maybe it's time for one."

Still unable to find the ashtray, Cary frantically regards his cigarette, finally squashes the stub on the bottom of his shoe.

"In the book," he continues, "Matt Howard had red hair. We tried a red wig, but it didn't work. Photographed like a duck human. So my hair's still black, with a touch of iron-gray toward the end. At the finish I'm forty-five. He shakes his head. "And I don't look any better at forty-five than I do now. I've still got to worry about the future."

He grins, self-deprecatingly. He's silent a moment. Then suddenly he flips up his left hand in a hold-everything-maybe-this-will-be-interesting gesture.

I almost forgot to mention one of the things that made Frank know for me of the part," he says. "The character had to talk with a dialect—the dialect of an English countryman. And Frank knew that I knew all the English dialects. How I knew them is hard to explain. I just do. Picked them up, barnstorming around England. I had an ear for them, maybe. You hear of people like that."

"It's lucky for me," he adds with conviction, "that I did pick them up. They've come in handy. Given me breaks I wouldn't have been able to handle otherwise. This isn't the first one. Five years ago, George Cukor remembered I knew

[Continued on page 78]
DAINTINESS IS IMPORTANT! THIS BEAUTY BATH MAKES YOU SURE

IT'S SO EASY TO MAKE SURE OF DAINTINESS.
JUST USE LUX SOAP FOR A LUXURIOUS DAILY BEAUTY BATH

YOU'LL LOVE LUX SOAPS' GENTLE ACTIVE LATHER—THE DELICATE CLINGING FRAGRANCE IT LEAVES ON YOUR SKIN!

CAROLE LOMBARD

STAR OF RKO RADIO'S "THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED"

LOVELY SCREEN STARS, clever women everywhere use Lux Toilet Soap as a daily bath soap, too. Its ACTIVE lather carries away perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt—leaves skin really fresh from top to toe. You'll love this luxurious, sure way of protecting daintiness. You'll find this beauty bath relaxes and refreshes you—leaves your skin delicately perfumed, sweet. Just try it!

The Complexion Soap
9 out of 10 Screen Stars use
English dialects and sent for me to play the Cockney sharpener in 'Sylvia Scarlett.' That changed my whole career. I got out of bondage. I got out of straight leading-man roles, started playing character parts.

It's difficult for most people to remember that Cary is English. He usually plays Americans. He talks like an American, behaves like one.

I've been over here nineteen years. I ought to be like one, by this time. I came over when I was 16. You know, the age when you start absorbing everything and think you know it all. When you get to be my age, you finally realize you know nothing.

One thing he knows, however, and that is: he has never had more satisfaction out of playing any role, either British or American, than he had out of playing Matt Howard.

"There's a great idea behind the picture," he says, earnestly, "an idea that's worth preserving on this earth. And the picture is full of great scenes. Scenes such as I've never had before.

"I'll give you an idea of what I mean. I'll tell you about one that got under my skin.

"It's the scene in which they have their first child. The birth takes place in a little hovel of a cottage, the home of neighbors. They haven't been able to get home in time. Just before this, they have had their first quarrel. Now they both are in torment—she with the pain of childbirth, unattended by any doctor, and he with his pity for her. He can do nothing to help. He is a man of the soil, unacquainted with women. The child is born, and his wife still lives. And this man, so happy, so big, takes this little bundle of baby in his arms. Then he sees what no one else yet knows. The baby has a club-foot—like his wife's brother, whom he hates.

"The scene got me. And one near the end did, too. All through the picture there is this conflict between man and wife. He is a man of the soil; she is an aristocrat. Near the end, he realizes that he is proud of the boy with the club foot. He says to his wife, about the boy: 'He doesn't seem to know how to hate. What you were, and what I was, were brought together in him. We were both right, but we could never get to understand each other. Now, in him, we're united. It hits you like a terrific punch that he's saying democracy—the union of all classes— is the hope of the world.'

Cary leaves no doubt about the intensity of emotion he put into the part. Yet he is now, playing a part that calls for a great deal of being, not intense. "A man needs variety," says Cary, stubbornly.

After the size of his role in 'The Howards of Virginia,' there is a further surprise about his being in 'The Philadelphia Story.' Cary got his good role, a very good role, but it isn't as large as you expect a Grant role to be. How, then, does he happen to be playing it?

It wasn't on his schedule. As soon as he finished "Howards," he was supposed to start "Passport to Life." That was delayed a few weeks. George Cukor offered him this role with Hepburn. Cary wasn't going to take it. He needed a rest. He had been working hard. Then he had an idea. If he could turn his entire salary over to the Red Cross, it would be worth playing the role. That took some arranging. He had to go to Washington, talk with the Treasury Department. They finally gave him permission the day before the picture was supposed to start. And—here he is.

His salary for the picture is $125,000. A tidy bit for the Red Cross.

The Englishmen in Hollywood are in a peculiar position. People see them, seemingly vital men, and wonder why they aren't Over There, fighting. It isn't because they haven't offered to go. Their Embassy has given them strict orders to remain here, until called. But if they can't help physically, they certainly can help financially. They all feel that way. Cary is no exception.

At least, that seems to be his attitude. He refuses to discuss his contribution to the cause. "There must be something else to talk about," he says.

Modestly he rubs his hands—hands, by the way, that acquired callouses in "The Howards of Virginia."

"I had to plow," he reveals, "with an old-fashioned plow that didn't have a guiding-wheel, or whatever you call the thing. Don't think that wasn't tough. And I had to swing an old-fashioned scythe. It took some doing to find an old farmer who remembered how. I had to use a two-man saw. I had to lift some colossal, unwieldy things—because I was supposed to be a man of colossal strength. And I nearly killed myself, trying to chop down a tree, for the first time in my life. The axe-head came off and plopped one inch from my foot."

He doesn't think he's as fit as he used to be.

"I used to box a lot, but I've sort of given that up. I used to swim more than I do now. I can't tear myself out of bed in the mornings any more. I gave up golf as a bad job. I was too nervous for the game. I was making work of it."

Cary recently rented a house at the beach, a few doors from the place he rented for years. Cary's sudden entry into the ranks of home-owners has caused all kinds of speculation. Every time he has a date, columnists wonder if he isn't looking for a wife.

He positively writes when anybody asks him if he has plans to settle down and marry, or hasn't plans. "I refuse to answer," he says, "on the grounds that anything I say may be held against me. Besides, I don't know." Because he has just played the most serious role of his life doesn't necessarily mean that he's settling down. "Why," he demands, with a plaintive sneer, "why do people insist on confusing my private life with my screen roles?"

Something else that appals him is the public impression that he and comedy discovered each other only recently. "What I did on the stage was comedy," he says. However, he is one actor without any urge to go back to the stage. "I don't have any of those fantastic ideas, and I don't go for that art for art's sake" guff. We all know why So-and-So went back to the stage. She didn't like the way she photographed. And we know why Such-and-Such went back. She needed experience. You go to New York and run into writers who lambast the movies, because it's the intelligentsia thing to do. When you know they've got one bag packed, just waiting for an invitation to come out."

Hollywood hasn't changed him—much. He used to obey his impulses more, until he found out that all he usually got out of obeying them was "a poke in the chin." He's still absent-minded. When he steps out of the shower in the morning, he's as likely as not to leave the water on, and all the hot water in the house runs away. He forgets to tell his cook to expect company. Sometimes he even forgets to tell his cook to expect him. When that happens, he'll take whatever is in the icebox. He isn't fussy about his food. He is fussy about his clothes. And he's a demon furniture-straightener.

He's a great sleeper. He has the philosophy, "Sleep is one thing that's free in this world, and I'm going to have my share of it." Contrary to the impression that the columnists give, he is home three or four evenings a week, usually by himself. He's a good mixer, but he doesn't find it difficult to be alone. He can relax, alone.

Some philosopher once said, "Any human being who can be alone is really a great human being." And maybe he had something. Certainly Cary Grant is going great guns, and is a completely human being, even if he does play the Hollywood game his own way, all by himself.

It makes sense, when you think it over.
A Perfect Wife... until 6 P.M.

BUT HER MARRIAGE WAS MARRED BY "One Neglect" FEW HUSBANDS CAN FORGIVE

"Lysol" could have helped...

Romance is all bound up with feminine daintiness. Even the most loving husband may find it difficult to forget—or forgive—a wife's carelessness, or ignorance, about intimate personal cleanliness. That's why so many women use "Lysol" regularly.

Mary was such a perfect home-maker and mother. When her marriage with John ended, people called him a brute. They never knew John's side of the story. Be sure that Mary's heartbreak does not become yours. Do YOU use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene?

Thousands of women, for almost 3 generations, have used "Lysol" disinfectant for feminine hygiene. Probably no other product is so widely known and used by women for this purpose, for 6 reasons:

1. Non-Caustic... "Lysol", in proper dilution, is gentle, efficient; contains no free caustic alkali. 2. Effectiveness... "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions; effective in the presence of organic matter (dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3. Spreading... "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension; virtually search out germs. 4. Economy... "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in proper dilution for feminine hygiene. 5. Odor... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use. 6. Stability... "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, or how often it might be left uncorked.

Copyright. 1940, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name:

Address:

Send coupon for "Lysol" booklet

Lehn & Fink Products Corp

Dept. S-S-119, Bloomfield, N.J., U. S. A.

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE
It is always a pleasure for me to see Miss Maisie Dulcy Sothern. Not only because I, as interviewer and friend, think she is one of the greatest people in Hollywood, utterly unaffected, and as loyal and sincere as the day is long; but also because every time I see Ann I get a very pleasant, slightly startling, shock. Ann isn’t humdrum. There was the time I called on her at the hospital where she had been rushed and immediately Roger had to do all the dirty work, while she covered her eyes and squeals, the very quintessence of femininity. The barges were enveloped in that customary dreadful fish odor, so dear to the heart of the fisherman, who suddenly above the fish smell rose the tantalizing scent of fleurs de rocaille de Caron. Ann, it seems, had brought along an atomizer, and was making the most of it.

And I shall never forget the day I ran into her at the racetrack at Santa Anita Park. With everyone else watching the horses Ann was sitting alone in the corner of a big sofa in the lounge with her eyes closed. When I spoke to her she opened them slowly, gave me one of her vague smiles, and said, “Oh, it’s you, Roger. I’ll talk to you later. Right now, I’m being psychic.” She’s nuts, I thought, but Roger explained it to me. It seems that Ann had picked out of thin air a long shot who had won the first race and paid the magnificent sum of $5. As practically two one-armed bandits had that horse, a pot old nag that had been dead on its feet for years, Ann had decided then and there that she possessed miraculous psychic gifts. “It cost me a pretty penny,” Ann told me several weeks later, “before I discovered that I wasn’t psychic at all.” Now she never goes near a track. She’s allergic to horses.


When I last saw her, the day she was doing a re-takes on “Dulcy,” I cornered her in her dressing room, where she was fussing with her new pompadour hairdo (and most becoming, too), and suggested that she give out with a few “don’ts” for us gals. “You ought to know some good advice, coming from your personal experience,” I said.

“R-e-al-ly,” said Ann, reaching for a piece of candy, which she loves, but isn’t supposed to eat. She bit down on it, made an awful face, and swallowed quickly.

“That’s your punishment,” said Maria, her devoted maid. “You know you promised not to eat candy this month.”

“Well, d-a-r-ling,” said Ann, “I think the best don’t is don’t be a fixer-upper. People who meddle in other people’s lives should be strangled, r-e-a-l-ly. Of course, you might have the best intentions in the world, but the minute you start interfering not only do you bring unhappiness to your friends, but you usually find yourself up to your neck in hot water, too. I never will forget the time I tried to fix up a romance for one of my former boy friends. When he arrived for a visit in Hollywood, he was very eager to meet a beautiful young actress I knew, but not very well. Right away I had to become Cupid, I arranged it so they met, and they fell in love, and I thought I was just being wonderful scattering love and sunshine. Well, do you know what? That girl had a husband! She never told me! And that husband offered to sue me!” Maria turned her back, and Ann snatched a chocolate.

“Never again do I fix up any romance,” Ann said.

And I also know that never again will Ann fix up anybody’s garden for them, even though she is a most enthusiastic horticulturist. Among her best friends are the Ray Millands, and the Ray Millands moved into their new Beverly Hills home not so long ago. But for some reason or other they had a little trouble making the grass and flowers grow in their very beautiful back yard. “Fertilizer,” Ann whispered to Mrs. Milland, “d-a-r-ling, you need a different fertilizer.” Mrs. Milland agreed that she probably did, and thought no more about it. The first warm day of summer, and very warm indeed, she invited a few of her girl friends to have lunch outdoors in the patio. Ann couldn’t come as she was working, but Ann began to worry about the grass and flowers. Mrs. Milland had everything prepared beautifully, her first party in her new home, and she was all relaxed waiting for Joan Crawford and the other girls to arrive when suddenly she smelled something that she couldn’t stand. Being a flyer, she dashed to the window just in time to see Ann Sothern’s pet gardener scattering fertilizer all over the lawn and the garden. Mrs. Milland hastily removed her guest to the Victor Hugo restaurant.

“I’ll never be a fixer-upper again,” said Ann morosely. But she was.

It seems that Cesar Romero, one of Hollywood’s most charming and eligible bachelors, after living for years in various apartment houses, finally decided to buy himself a small home. “Poor Butch,” said Ann, “the d-a-r-ling. He doesn’t know a thing about furnishing a house. I must help him.” So she and Julie Murphy decided to give Cesar a shower—a kitchen shower. All of Cesar’s friends were there and they all brought him appropriate gifts and there was much fun with Cesar opening up the presents and saying, “It’s exactly what I wanted! How did you know? What is it?” But of course Ann, big-hearted Ann, wasn’t content to bring just one little knock-knock for the kitchen. Oh, no. She brought everything but the proverbial kitchen sink! And naturally, Cesar being a bachelor, hadn’t thought much about the kitchen anyway, and had built it very small, and now he hadn’t the slightest idea what to do with all those kitchen utensils. Because of Ann he’s got to build a new kitchen, and building costs money.

When Ann heard about it she said, “I’ll never be a fixer-upper again.” At times like this I see what Roger means.

Ann’s second big don’t is: don’t take yourself seriously. You only make yourself ridiculous if you do. Even your friends have to laugh at you if you do. And you completely lose your sense of humor if you do.

After being off the screen for a year Ann, being a human being, was as pleased as punch when people started raving about her Maisie characterizations. “I took it awfully big,” she said. “In fact, you’d think no actress had ever created a character before. But it wasn’t long before I had the wind taken out of my sails. And the conceit out of my mind.”

It happened one day at the studio when she was being interviewed by a big newspaper critic from New York. Ann was giving out with her best charm and everything was simply “wondy” until the critic said, “Miss Sothern, before I go I want to tell you that I think you are awfully good as Blonde.”

“Every time I find myself taking myself seriously,” said Ann. “I think of that.” And Miss Ann Maisie Dulcy Sothern returned to the art of picture-making.
Glamour Duo By CUTEX

Riot and Rumpus

IT'S A DATE! You have a rendezvous with romance in one of these glamorous Fall nail tones.

Riot is rich red—gay, clear, irresistible! Marvelous with your stadium furs and woolens... a flashing accent for "big evenings."

Rumpus is red with a deep blue overtone—very young, immensely flattering. Lush with gray and black... an added heartthrob with all the new colors with a hint of blue or purple—by day or by night!

Get set for a gay and glamorous Fall! See the new Cutex glamour duo—Riot and Rumpus—this very day! Other Cutex favorites: Old Rose, Cedarwood, Laurel, Clover, Cameo, Tulip. Guaranteed to wear longer or your money back! Simply return the bottle to us (with at least three-fourths of its contents) during 1940.

NORTHAM WARREN
New York, Montreal, Paris, London

CUTEX
Salon Polish
“Convincing a person through strong argument is usually accompanied by the loss of a friend,” he said. “Few of us have any to spare.”

Toler becomes excited only when the script of a picture calls for this reaction. The oriental realizes the futility of letting his emotions become unduly aroused over matters of minor importance,” he said, “and to a Chinese there are few of a major kind.

Take my young friend, Sen Yung, as an example. Sen Yung is the young San Francisco Chinese who plays the role of my No. 2 son in the Chan pictures. New to screen work, he was unable to overcome his natural calm in one of our pictures where, as he stumbled upon a corpse, he bears a lion roar right behind him. Lucky properly expected him to register a good deal of emotion.

“To obtain this reaction the director finally decided upon a trick. He borrowed a .45 revolver from the property man, loaded it with a blank, and stood ready to discharge it at the exact moment Sen was supposed to hear the reverberating challenge of the king of beasts. Lucky had tipped off Robert Barrat, Eddie Collins and myself who also were in the scene.

“Wham!” The gun went off like a cannon and I must admit Sen came completely out of his placidity—he almost jumped out of his pants. But, unfortunately, the scene was spoiled because when the gun went off the corpse sat up. Lucky had forgotten to let him in on the gag.

The oriental’s love of a joke, even on himself, is well known, and in this respect Toler again runs true to Chinese form.

There was the time in the stock company in Portland, Maine, when Toler was doubling in the role of a butler who came on stage with his nose pointed at the top row in the gallery and a tray of sandwiches, held by both hands, on a stick with a blank. He approached the first player in the scene the latter whimsered:

“Sid! Your suspenders are loose!”

“Aw, shudder,” said Toler, “but went on. The next player whimsered, ‘Toler! Your trousers are skidding!’ I’d have sworn they were. The third player, as I approached him, whispered, ‘Good God, Toler, you’re losing your pants!’

“What did I do? I dropped the tray and raced for the wings. No, everything was quite all right.

Sidney Toler also is able to take criticism without flinching. He says Alan Dale handed him the best jolt of his career when, reviewing a Brooklyn stock company performance of “Sappho,” he said of the character the artist carries the girl upstairs: “Mr. Toler picked the girl up and carried her like a sack of oats. She appeared to be chewing his ear as they ascended the stairs.”

The kindest remark made about him in print was contributed by Alexander Woollcott who said: “I enjoy the way Mr. Toler reads his lines, but I enjoy more what he is thinking while he reads them.”

A compliment to Toler’s intelligence. Toler refuses to believe there have ever been any really dark moments in his life. Broke? Many times. Hungry? Never. Well, almost never.

“I was a freshman at the University of Kansas. There I went to school, and once I wanted to go on the stage,” said Toler. “So did my best friend and we determined to go to Kansas City and try our luck. I knew a conductor on the train and he said he’d let me ride free, but couldn’t fix it for Phil who made the trip by hitch hiking, although it wasn’t known by that name in those days.

“We had agreed to meet at Main and Ninth, which was and still is known as the Junction. We met on schedule and we were broke and hadn’t had breakfast or lunch. The only person we knew in Kansas City was a printer at the Kansas City Star, a deaf and dumb chap we had known at school. We looked him up at the Star and talked to him in the sign language, but we just couldn’t make him understand we were trying to borrow money. We thought it was odd because we had conversed with him easily in sign language in school.

“Leaving the building we looked across the street and saw a sign outside a saloon reading, ‘Free Lunch.’ It was about 3 p.m. and only one bartender was on duty. Phil and I walked into the place, talking to each other on our fingers. We made the bartender understand—by means of our signs—that we wanted two beers, which he poured.

“Then we went over to the free lunch counter and loaded ourselves. Keeping our backs to the bartender we edged toward an exit into an alley. The barkeep saw us going and called and then shouted, but we kept talking to each other with signs and as we reached the door we ran like the devil.

“Several years later I returned to the same saloon, found our old friend, and paid him for the beers. He laughed when I told him the story, but not very heartily.”

Toler says the experience he acquired during his stock days has paid him handsomely in dollars and cents.

A stock player—if he’s in that line of theatre work for any length of time—acquires an amazing knowledge of an amazing number and variety of plays. Acting, directing and staging so many plays led me into a study of what made each—or fail—and I’d tinker with them and have turned more than one Broadway failure into a small city success.

This “tinkering” later enabled Toler to become one of Broadway’s top play doctors. He, himself, has authored a half dozen plays that have made the big league, including Helen Hayes’ “Golden Days.”

He left the University of Kansas at the close of his second year and went to New York as the result of encouragement given him by Julia Marlowe. On his second night in the big city, illness forced Bruce McCrea, her leading man, from “When Kindness Was In Flower,” and Toler substituted. McCrea was unable to return and the newcomer played the part for two years. Toler played stock for several years and was with David Belasco for 14 years, leaving him at the close of the long run of “It’s A Wise Child,” in which he played the part of the iceman, to enter motion pictures in 1931.

Toler’s home is a three-bedroom, early California type house on top of a hill overlooking Hollywood. For recreation he gardens, plays golf and tennis and swims.

In his spare time he writes plays and, differing from the majority of playwrights, he sells most of them. They are marketed by a company catering to little theatre, college, school and church groups.

He works most of the weeks of the year at the kind of work he likes best and is paid a fair figure weekly salary. As an actor, he contributes to the enjoyment of his fellow man. His health is excellent and he finds plenty of time for the outdoor life he has come to love since making California his home. He has a congenial home life and a few good friends. When he gets one of his occasional notions to clean the slate, he boards a freighter for Panama or South America.
“A Miracle is happening to You right now

A ‘NEW-BORN-SKIN’

for your OLDER Skin!”

—Lady Esther

Is that possible? Yes it is! It is not only possible, it is certain. For right now, nature is bringing you a wonderful gift, a gift of a New-Born Skin. It can make you look younger, it can make you look lovelier and my 4-Purpose Face Cream can bring to this New-Born Skin a newer and more flattering beauty.

JUST BENEATH your present skin lies a younger and a lovelier one! Yes, with every tick of the clock, with every mortal breath you draw, a new skin is coming to life on your face, your arms, your entire body.

Will it be a more glamorous skin? Can it make you look more youthful? Yes, says Lady Esther, it can! If...

If only you will let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you to free your skin from those tiny, almost invisible flakes of worn-out skin that must be removed gently before your new-born skin can be revealed in all its glory!

Why should any woman risk this menace to her youthful loveliness? Yes, why should she be a victim of her old, her worn-out, her lifeless skin? asks Lady Esther.

My 4-Purpose Face Cream gently, soothingly permeates these lifeless flakes...and the tiny rough spots vanish! Impurities are lightly whisked away...your skin looks fresh as youth itself...so smooth that powder stays on for hours! Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses so thoroughly and so gently that it actually helps nature refine the pores! All the world sees your skin in all its New-Born Beauty!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Only the purest of creams can make your budding skin as beautiful as it should be.

Ask your doctor, and all the better if he is a specialist on the skin. Ask him if he has ever, for any skin condition, administered vitamins or hormones through the medium of a face cream.

Ask him if every word Lady Esther says isn’t true—that her cream removes the dirt, impurities, and worn-out skin beclouding your new skin about to be born!

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream at my expense. See if it doesn’t bring you New-Born Beauty—if it doesn’t keep your Accent on Youth!

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!

—Lady Esther

3131 West 68th St., Chicago, III.

Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also nine shades of Face Powder, free and postpaid.

Name ________________________________

Address ________________________________

City ___________________________ State ___________________________

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

Stars to Stars

[Continued from page 43]

New under-arm
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration

tively calamistic. She was soberly and
casually dressed; she was unobtrusively
escorted; she sat at an unobtrusive table;
ate some solid food, as she watched the
goings-on with appraising eyes.

Somehow, the goings-on lost their spon-
tanenity. The glittering glamour girls and
their partners suddenly decided to sit out
a dance. No one seemed to care about
finishing the rumble contest which had
been going great guns. The orchestra
tootled its hottest quite in vain. Voices
were muted, and one could hear the sale of
drinks falling in a hush while Holly-
wood's fanciest sat and gazed. Garbo fin-
ished her steak sandwich, or whatever it
was, drew on her gloves, and walked de-
liberately to her car. It was some time
before the evening waxed again. And even
then, one could feel the effect of her
presence.

Nobody, out of the thousands who saw
Charlie Chaplin cavorting in "Fred
Karno's Mumming Birds" on the stages
of London's music halls, would have dared
to prophesy that he was destined to be-
come Hollywood's most outstanding fig-
ure. Hollywood, slap-happily, bandied
around the word "genius" most gener-
ously. If we have a genius—one only—
I think that Chaplin would walk away
with the votes of the stars.

In the days when he rarely appeared
in public, he would stop the show. He
looked morose and haunted, and would
sink in and out of restaurants and in-
frequent parties, alone and miserable.
People didn't dare approach him and try
to break down that melancholy reserve,
even in the gayest of gatherings. A hush
would fall, and there were curious whis-
perings in corners. Today, he is more
genial, friendlier, and almost a lively
conversationalist. But he is still a star
to the stars. He makes a picture when he
feels like it, and after shooting has
begun, he works when he feels like it.
I wonder if it is his complete independ-
ence that makes him the star to stars.
I don't know. Figure it out for yourself.

Stars to Stars

I have always admired the stars.
They are apt to mur-
ner their awed admiration of what she
is working upon, almost before she starts
shooting. (They won't be wrong; either,
although they've made a wide guess.)
Discussing her with a fellow scrivener the
other day, I ventured the opinion that
Bette was just about the greatest actress
on the screen today. He snorted. "Why
shouldn't she be?" he demanded, belliger-
ently. "She gets the best in stories and
direction. She can't have all the luck, and
it's all made easy for her." Which, to me,
is sheer balderdash. Many stars have had
the same opportunities and have muffed
them lamentably.

It has been fun watching Elsa Maxwell
in Hollywood. She was here before, and
isn't it wonderful this time, someone,
sees her, and it's all made easy for her." Which, to me,
is sheer balderdash. Many stars have had
the same opportunities and have muffed
them lamentably.

Stars to Stars

It has been fun watching Elsa Maxwell
in Hollywood. She was here before, and
isn't it wonderful this time, someone,
sees her, and it's all made easy for her." Which, to me,
is sheer balderdash. Many stars have had
the same opportunities and have muffed
them lamentably.

It has been fun watching Elsa Maxwell
in Hollywood. She was here before, and
isn't it wonderful this time, someone,
sees her, and it's all made easy for her." Which, to me,
is sheer balderdash. Many stars have had
the same opportunities and have muffed
them lamentably.

It has been fun watching Elsa Maxwell
in Hollywood. She was here before, and
isn't it wonderful this time, someone,
sees her, and it's all made easy for her." Which, to me,
is sheer balderdash. Many stars have had
the same opportunities and have muffed
them lamentably.

It has been fun watching Elsa Maxwell
in Hollywood. She was here before, and
isn't it wonderful this time, someone,
sees her, and it's all made easy for her." Which, to me,
is sheer balderdash. Many stars have had
the same opportunities and have muffed
them lamentably.

It has been fun watching Elsa Maxwell
in Hollywood. She was here before, and
isn't it wonderful this time, someone,
sees her, and it's all made easy for her." Which, to me,
is sheer balderdash. Many stars have had
the same opportunities and have muffed
them lamentably.

It has been fun watching Elsa Maxwell
in Hollywood. She was here before, and
isn't it wonderful this time, someone,
sees her, and it's all made easy for her." Which, to me,
is sheer balderdash. Many stars have had
the same opportunities and have muffed
them lamentably.

It has been fun watching Elsa Maxwell
in Hollywood. She was here before, and
isn't it wonderful this time, someone,
sees her, and it's all made easy for her." Which, to me,
is sheer balderdash. Many stars have had
the same opportunities and have muffed
them lamentably.

It has been fun watching Elsa Maxwell
in Hollywood. She was here before, and
isn't it wonderful this time, someone,
sees her, and it's all made easy for her." Which, to me,
is sheer balderdash. Many stars have had
the same opportunities and have muffed
them lamentably.
Eligible Bachelor!

[Continued from page 39]

their autograph!"

"I was coming out of the Strand Theatre," Jeff went on. "When I stopped to sign some books, I felt someone tugging at my sleeve. I turned around and there she was. 'Hello, Jeffrey darling,' she cried. 'Remember how you used to let me in the Embassy for nothing?'"

Jeff didn't remember, of course—because it never happened. During those lean days when he was a struggling young doorman, he wouldn't let anyone in for nothing. He would have been much too afraid of losing that precious job. But today Jeff doesn't have to be afraid of anything—unless it's the fate of an eligible bachelor. Seriously speaking, there's much to be said on the subject.

As we sat there talking (Jeff was waiting to get a haircut for his role in the current 'Four Mothers'), I couldn't help but compare the shy, ill-at-ease and much too formal Jeff Lynn of two years back, with the warm, friendly person I know today. There was a time when the absence of a necktie would have brought forth an apology. Jeff noticed that I was observing his grey flannel slacks, blue and white sweat shirt, blue canvas sneakers to match. Cigarettes and matches bulged from a breast pocket.

"Know why I'm dressed like this?" said Jeff, in answer to a question I didn't ask.

"I couldn't wait to get back and get into these clothes. It's the first time I've been comfortable since the day I left Hollywood. Please don't misunderstand—it was wonderful seeing my family. People couldn't have been more enthusiastic. But no one will ever understand what a nervous strain it is to constantly be on exhibition for so many people. This time there wasn't even any escape going home. I couldn't shut my eyes at night and I lost ten pounds. Hollywood is the most peaceful place in the world. The first night I got back to my house up in the hills, I slept fifteen hours without budging."

To fully appreciate Jeff's side of it, one must remember his background. It's a far cry from the Puritan home of his parents, to the Hollywood he knows today. The family was quite poor. Jeff says there weren't even electric lights until he was eighteen years of age. There were eight children all told. Jeff was no different from the rest. As Ragnar Geoffrey Lind, early in life he learned the meaning of hard work, respect for his father and mother, to live conservatively and clean. There was no time left for fun. Curled up in an arm chair during the long winter evenings, this young idealist found his one escape in books. Out of all this he had to fit himself into the Hollywood mould.

To Bette Davis who presented the picture clearly, when a few of us happened to be discussing Jeffrey Lynn.

"I know exactly what Jeff has been going through," said Bette. "I came from the same New England background and had to go through it myself. Jeff will work out of it, too—if people will just let

[Continued on page 38]

Theo, Thea—Theodore Todd is the name of Jeffrey Lynn's character in "The Man I Married."

"Soft Hands speak the poetry of Love,"

Says

Joan Bennett
(Lovely Hollywood Star)

Thousands of Loving Women help keep their HANDS Adorable this EASY way...

After outdoor exposure, and regular use of water, some of nature's softening moisture is gone from your hand skin. Better let Jergens Lotion furnish new beautifying moisture! Jergens brings you 2 fine ingredients used by many doctors to help rough, harsh skin to smooth loveliness. Regular use helps prevent dismal rough hands. No stickiness! Easy and quick! Start now to use Jergens Lotion.

[Continued on page 58]
“Marriage Is Not Enough!"  
(Continued from page 37)

"I, for instance," laughed Virginia, "have spent the entire morning supervising the scouring and de-clocking of our rugs, ripping and arranging a dozen bowls of flowers. I've conferred with the dry-cleaner about whether it's better to dry-clean or launder some little jackets of Susan's. I've worked in the garden, digging up last year's petunias, spotting geraniums with Vitamin A. I've called up some little girls and asked them to come and play with Susan this afternoon. If a woman is really domestic, there are certain things she does in her home herself, no matter how many servants she has. And neither nursery schools nor a governess take a mother's place with her child."

"I don't know what women mean when they say 'I have nothing to do.' Why on earth should they do nothing? How can they be bored?' I'd never be bored, if I were not working. I'd paint and draw. I can, too. I have a little talent that way. I'd take up pinno again. I love to sew and knit. I love to wash curtains and draw pictures. I love to mend fine linen, garden, make a cast-iron biscuit. I'd like to improve my tennis not to mention my mind. I'd like to be a good bridge player. I'd like to go to college. I would like to go to U.C.L.A. and study gardening and psychology. I'd like to learn to book-bind... why, there are so many things! Above all, I'd like to spend more time with my child, the one I have now, the others I hope to have some day..."

"No, I give up. I am not the career-type, the vital, go-getting sort of woman. I've never gone out after things. I've never fought for things. I don't know how, I haven't the weapons. Things have always happened to me and I've simply done the best I could."

"I gave up my career when I married Jack Gilbert. I went to Irving Thalberg then and asked to be released from my contract. I would never work again, I said. I would stay in the home, where women were women."

"You'll be back. I'll just suspend you," And he did. And I was. He knew, you see, that the modern woman lives in a different world from the world of her mother. He knew that the pattern has changed."

"And he was right. Well, then, my marriage went to pieces. And then I got ambitious for the first time. I had Susan, whom I had promised to give them everything I could. I knew I'd better get in there and pitch."

"I tried, I really tried. I got a little excited, felt I was getting a little bit of somewhere when I played in "The Great Gatsby," in 'Bourne To Dismay," in 'Bad Man of Brimstone.' I married Sonny. Then things just went along for a couple of years. And then, the last two pictures I did at M-G-M, they were my downfall. They washed over me like the waters of oblivion. I found I didn't take kindly to oblivion. It was sort of sickish, like a sickish anesthetic. I'd get letters from fans, asking 'Are you dead?'"

"When I didn't, I didn't. For all eight months. Maybe I should have gone in and talked to Mr. Mayer oftener. But I can't do that sort of thing. I stumble over my own feet, get twisted up in my own tongue. I had such an unwanted feeling. I felt they were fed up with me, bored with me. There were all the new girls coming along, Lana Turner, Greer Garson, Vivien Leigh, they increased my feeling of inferiority. I never feel I have anything to offer, compared with other girls."

"Then is when I should have said 'Marriage is enough.' But I didn't. Something in me that has no name made me stubborn. I got a new agent. He did for me what I, being I, could not do for myself. He gave me new enthusiasm and brought new courage to my heart. By him, I asked to be released from my M-G-M contract and that alone should have proven to me how much I want a career. Because that was the hardest thing I had to do in my whole life. All the harder because they were wonderful to me about it."

"So, why, then, why with love and child and home in my life, with more things to do than I can ever accomplish, why this compulsion to go on careering?"

"Well, I could evade the issue by saying that I can't stop now because I have too many responsibilities, too much to pay out. I like to do things for my family." (Virginia has just built her mother a home, and furnished it.) "I can say I like to have my own money. I do. That's part of being a modern woman. I can say, because it's true, that I kind of like to keep 'in things,' it's kind of fun. But only 'kind of.' I'm not hag-ridden by the thing. I know that if I had to make a choice between my marriage and my career, I'd take my marriage like a shot out of heaven."

"No, none of these reasons answers the question honestly, I could manage them, if I wanted to badly enough, without working."

"Irving Thalberg gave me the real answer. When he said 'You'll be back.' When he knew we live in a different world, we modern women. When he knew the pattern has changed."

"For that's the real answer: the pattern has changed. The loom is bigger, the loom is bigger. The woman's living capacity for living has so enlarged that nothing is enough, short of everything."

"Yes, that's the answer," said Virginia, "we've got to have everything, we girls of today. We've got to use every thread in the new pattern. It's not a question of the individual, any little me. The individual is just one thread in the pattern and as the pattern goes, the thread goes."

"That's why marriage, whether it's made in Heaven or in Hollywood, is not enough today. Because nothing is enough, short of everything."

"We're modern women, living in our times," Virginia fetched up triumphantly, "that's the answer."
and told me he had to have $500 right then and there to save him from a financial embarrassment. He demanded I give it to him, because we'd once been in the newspapers and we'd played tennis together.

"Then there was a boy who wrote charming and interesting fan letters. I replied to one and he sent me his picture and asked for a date. Next thing, he'd discovered my home address and was calling on me. I had to explain to him that I couldn't accept his invitations and for weeks he'd hang around the front of the house. He made me feel very uncomfortable just seeing him there.

"Then there was a boy who always stood out in front of the studio gate waiting for me. I began smiling at him and after six weeks he caught me at a stop sign and asked if he might ride a ways with me. I always drive my car by myself, so this once, I thought, there wouldn't be any harm in taking him along. We'd only gone two blocks when he pulled the car over to the curb and jerked out the keys and said he wouldn't give them back until I promised to go "steady" with him. He kept me there for two hours until some people came along and I called them for help!

"Then there was the one who picketed in front of the studio, Dorothy Lamour Is Unfair To Me. He was a mental case. Another drew a big picture of me on the studio gate. When the police asked him what in the dickens he thought he was doing, he begged off with the excuse that he was a Tyrone Power type and wanted to get into pictures. He thought by this way he'd get his picture in the papers and get some publicity.

"One sent me roses every day for weeks. Sometimes there were a dozen. Sometimes only one. But always roses. I didn't know who was sending them. And I began smiling inquisitively at every one who'd ever paid me the slightest bit of attention, wondering if they'd break down and admit them.

"Then suddenly there appeared at the studio gate a most disreputable man of about forty and baldheaded. He asked if he could be my body guard. Said he'd been sending the flowers and was in love with me. He'd come from Connecticut as a hobo and wanted to spend the rest of his life being my shadow.

"Of course, there's the perfectly harmless type—those who send you mash notes. And those who love to flirt a girl. And then there is the autograph seeker. It makes you happy when they think that your name on a piece of paper is important enough to ask for.

Everytime Dorothy Lamour makes a personal appearance on Broadway, with her name twinkling out in front in a colorful neon, there's a long line of Stagedoor Johnnies forming to the right. And can you blame them—for Dorothy's just as delectable—just as soft-voiced—and wide-eyed, as you see her in a sarong on a south sea island on the screen. More so I thought, as I looked at her relaxing on the peach satin chaise longue.

"The Broadway legend of the stager is still holds true." Dorothy says. "But the Stagedoor Johnnies are different in Hollywood."

"We've been a Pepsi-Cola family ever since our Wedding Day"

For over 35 years delicious, wholesome Pepsi-Cola has been a family favorite. Now a favorite with millions—the big, 12-ounce bottle is packed with flavor... and one handy Home Carton takes care of a big family. Pleasing to the taste... easy on the purse... that's Pepsi-Cola."

And this is the big, new, streamlined bottle of Pepsi-Cola, favorite with millions... because it's bigger and better!
BE YOURSELF
BE NATURAL!

[Continued from page 85]

him alone. When a person is discovered by Hollywood, it’s taken for granted that he can make the adjustment overnight. They don’t stop to think that it takes a long time to overcome the teachings and influences instilled from childhood. We grow up a certain way. We are taught to believe a certain way. We have to gradually retrench with a new point of view. To a person who has never known the spotlight of attention, it’s all pretty confusing for a long time.

Aside from his momentary weariness, Jeff has indeed come a long ways toward fulfilling Bette’s prophecy. He has developed an ingratiating humorous slant on himself. His amusing account of “Broadway Rose” is proof of this. Warner Brothers have made him a star—which isn’t bad in two years’ time. In fact, everything is pretty much under control, except this business of being an eligible bachelor. Jeff is really serious on the subject and yet he takes every precaution not to sound that way.

“A great deal has been written about this,” Jeff was saying, “Most of it I never said myself. I think the first day I signed my contract, someone asked me about my ideal girl. At that stage, the game out of which I was interested in was an ideal script! It’s easier for me to talk about these things now. I’ve really never said what I actually felt before. Maybe I’ve grown a bit. At least, I feel that I have.

“It sounds pretty silly for a guy to say that it’s tough to be pursued by a lot of women. I don’t mean that—please make this clear. It happens to every young actor I know. But people rib us a lot. They make suggestive remarks and ask how it feels to be a heart throb. We run into ticklish situations, too. Oh, I know it isn’t a matter of life or death. But there is another side to the picture. Everyone used to moan and groan because I didn’t make that hot romantic copy. Now, through one kind and one heart career has taken hold. Naturally, I’ve had many experiences with women and some are pretty strange. Looking at it objectively, this is the way I feel.

“To start out with, I was a country kid. When I went to high school in the city I was scared to death. The girls there were so poised and sure of themselves. Very modestly I say this, but I have always been a target for aggressive girls. I was busy working after school for one thing. But I was afraid to ask any girl to go out with me. I was afraid she would turn me down.

“When I first came to Hollywood I still felt the same way. I told myself that I didn’t have enough to offer girls in the way of companionship. Another thing, I never actually saw girls before. I was concerned over my future. I wanted to make good and do things for my family. Now that I have been able to do that, now I can see girls. Apparently, I am no longer a country boy.

“There are all sorts of problems and frustrations. Letters of every description have been sent to me asking to meet me—all of them threatening if I refused. One letter from a girl touched me so much I did follow through on it. This girl wrote that she had been in Holly-

wood for a year, trying to find a job. She was going home for a failure. For her last night in Hollywood she asked if she might meet me, because she had admired me on the screen.

“We went overboard for four hotels before I located her. She was quite tall, not beautiful, but attractive, and she made it clear that she had no ulterior motives. Instead of having the feeling that I was really making someone happy, I got extremely nervous. Her average was wiped out of my mind and myself tearing myself down to prove that I wasn’t any different than she was. I went overboard trying to behave like an ordinary human being—which I didn’t. I could have been more interesting if I had been the way she expected me to be.

“There are those embarrassing moments that invariably happen at parties. Sometimes it’s someone’s wife who can’t handle her cocktails. Not because it’s me—but because I am an actor she’ll clamp on to me and get very affectionate. This makes me ill at ease and I wonder what her husband must be thinking. I feel sorry for husbands who have to go to parties where actors are present. I always try to win them over because I know the theatre in Milwaukee, one nice chap handed me an autograph book and said: ‘My wife is out of town. She wired for me to get this for her.’ I looked up at him quickly and he was actually smiling. I wish they all would assume this attitude.

“There’s usually one girl at every party who shows up without a chaperone. When she finds you in a similar predicament, she feels it is a sacred duty to take you over. You don’t know who she is, whether she is married or single. You try to be courteous and not too personal. She turns on you and tells you she never thought you’d be this dull. Then there’s the girl who slips you her phone number and apologetically explains it’s the first time she’s ever done this, because ‘she doesn’t usually go out.’

“Just after I was in my first play, I received a letter from a married woman. She asked me to insert an ad in the local paper if I was interested in a ‘pleasant friendship with Mrs. Brown.’ So you see after we actors are put through this machine called fame, even though we’ve got to take chances—it’s pretty valuable that we keep in touch with normal people living in normal communities. Otherwise, there is no time to study life as we remember it. That’s when we do begin to take ourselves too seriously.

“I asked for it,” I said hurriedly, for fear he might start in making retractions. “And there is just one question more. Now that you know what it means to be an eligible bachelor—now that you are as popular with the ladies as you once wanted to be, just exactly how do you feel about it?”

Jeff looked thoughtful for the moment. Then he began to grin again.

“Did you ever hear the story about the donkey which stood between two buckets of oats and starved to death—because he couldn’t make up his mind which one to choose? Well—that donkey is me!”

Eligible bachelor indeed!
Meet Jeffrey Lynn the philosopher.
The fact that the Brenons brought back an Irish ham to the Morison family has no significance.

"Because of things like this I found myself losing interest even in drawing and growing constantly fonder of Shakespeare and the Lunts." She interrupted herself to ask how I could read the script I was making on the back of an old envelope. The same thought had occurred to me so there was no answer. She continued, "Then, after study and practice in front of a mirror, I landed a walk-on part in 'Growing Pains,' along with Johnny Downs and Junior Durkin. I remember that I wore a snappy peach-net dress."

Miss Morison lit a huge Russian cigarette, passed them around and went on through the smoke screen.

"I sang a risqué song in French in a short-lived Greenwich Village play and then things theatrical got slack. Sooo, I whipped up a batch of fashion sketches and took them over to Russels, on Fifth Avenue. They liked my stuff well enough to sign me on for six months. Then came a part in a Lenore Ulric effort called 'Road To Paradise.'"

In this she played the part of a Scotch girl who has gotten into an "interesting" condition necessitating a hasty marriage. The tight dress she wore on her slim figure as this character made the audience howl.

As Helen Hayes' understudy in "Victoria Regina" she was next door to a marvelous chance—a door which Miss Hayes' robust health kept closed to her. "Meanwhile, I studied dancing with Martha Graham to learn movement in relation to activity and to eliminate tense-ness onstage. Also singing with Ethelwyn Thorne—because a girl in this business should know how. Funny thing—I got into pictures through my singing and I haven't sung a note in a picture yet!"

"I wouldn't want to sing a great deal, say about as much as Irene Dunne does, yes? But to go back, I also tried my hand at modeling only to have a photographer say I didn't photograph well, but he'd use me for gloves." He should be made to eat his camera, that gentleman... "I had made the rounds of the agents' offices, you know how long that can go on! At each one I filled out a card saying that I could act, dance and sing. One particular office was low on singers, apparently, because they called me one morning."

"When I arrived there a biggish woman came up to me and barked: 'Are you Morison? You sing? All right, sing something!' She liked what I managed to get out well enough to send me to a theatre where fifty-nine other girls were auditioning for an operetta. I prayed that I would be last so they'd be so tired they'd be ready to accept any voice. I was first!"

They asked for something sweet and old so I sang the only thing I knew on that order, 'Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes.' It went over—they sent the others away and I found myself in the cast of 'Two Bouquets.'"

She wouldn't have been able to sing a note at that audition if it hadn't been for the producer, Bela Blau, who took pity on the shaking young thing and made her sit and talk calmly to him for a few minutes.

Warner Brothers sent a scout to "catch" the show, but they wanted a soprano and she was a mezzo-soprano—no go. Paramount's scout came next. He stayed until her name was on a contract and she was on The Chief, bound for Hollywood.

"I can remember my first scene on the movie set as though it were taking place in this room," she closed her eyes. "The picture was 'Persons In Hiding' and I was a beauty parlor operator, combing Judith Barrett's hair. When I finished I had to say, 'There now, it's done.' Then I tried on her fur coat and filled her purse—nice people!

I was so nervous that day that if it hadn't been for a studio visit from Stanton Griffths (Whitney Bourne's husband), who brought regards from New York friends and the encouragement of Mr. Naish, I just couldn't have gone through with it. I'm still jittery on opening nights of making a picture..."

Miss Morison isn't overly excited anymore, but Paramount is. After only three pictures the company has decided Miss M should be a star and has teamed her
What's New in Tampons?

with Ray Milland in "Untamed," a Technicolor epic of the north woods.

A Paramount drama coach and makeup expert recently studied Miss Morison carefully and gave the following confusion to the world via publicity releases. Said one: "... Miss Morison is a striking brunette with a brunette voice and a distinctly blonde personality, with all the vivacity of the blonde and the intensity of the brunette—she's all mixed up, but sweet." Not half as mixed up as the drama coach is...

The other one said: "Blonde-brunette. She's fire—and ice. Her hair is auburn, but what goes on underneath is platinum. Decidedly a blonde with blue--and dark hair. Funny, but awfully interesting." Not funny at all, Joe, but mighty, mighty interesting...

Suppose we study her—perhaps, we're smarter than these Hollywood experts.

She is mildly athletic. Stands five feet five inches and weighs 118. She rides and fences and expects to study with Basil Rathbone's fencing instructor. She and her brother have bought a sailing ketch (for $160) because they detest sinktops (motorboats). She bicycles, but has had to alone. Now however, her English cousins, Dennis and Ursula Skatke, newly arrived, are going to pedal with her. She swims badly and is too lazy for tennis. She will take walks in New York City where "there are things to see," but not in Hollywood.

Her eating tastes run to roast beef, chicken, European dishes and Italian and Spanish ones. For cooking ability is minus, which is only real achievement being tea-making. She uses an earthenware pot that she has rinsed well with boiling hot water. She measures the tea with her fingers. Then she brings the pot to the kettle and lets it brew for two or three minutes. She has tried her pretty hand at oliveei Messilini and a chafing-dish present resulted in a cafe dible that put the family under the table. Crepes suzette are distinctly out.

She is a terrific Mexican devotee and has haunted the (New York) Museum of Modern Art's Mexican exhibition. She and her brother, Alex, first drove to Mexico in his '35 Ford and stayed there three weeks. For the fun of it, Alex sang at a night club and the señoritas begged him to stay. He did—and formed a band. Pat flew back to the U. S. for Christmas, but returned in a month with her mother. Oddly enough, Pat doesn't like Mexican food, but loves the country's art. She visited Mexico's great artist, Diego Rivera, and he responded by taking her to spots few gringos ever have gone. He ended up by giving her two figurines his Indians had unearthed from Aztec mound. Something Mr. Rivera rarely does. She bought two statues of St. Francis from natives. The statues were two hundred years old and cost her 60 pesos—whatever that may come to.

She wears a native-made, silver charm bracelet loaded with miniature arms, legs and coins. There's a reason for it all. If you have a pain in your leg you buy a tiny silver leg, attach it to your bracelet and zing! the pain she is gone! One of the coins had what she called the Pillars Of Hercules on it. The Pillars are two columns held together by a weaving line from which was taken our dollar sign—catch on? Her understanding of Mexico was broadened by reading Prescott's "Conquest Of Mexico." Her description of the country is better than good—snow, orange, fearless, terrific, artistic—a land of natives who are appreciative of their country and at the same time proud and lazy.

Her movie favorites are Bette Davis and Greta Garbo on the female side and Charles Boyer and Robert Donat on the other. Oddly enough, these two gentlemen are precisely the men she wants to play opposite. She doesn't get to see many movies these days, but she is taking up sculpture and the piano and that occupies her spare time. She dances the tango, and the jitterbug, but is no jitterbug.

She doesn't mind talking over the telephone and hops out of bed early in the morning. But not until after her usual breakfast of coffee and orange juice which has been served her in it.

As for clothes—she believes evening dress can go to any extreme. Isn't used to slacks yet, even though her tailors sent over three pairs some time ago. Likes peasant dresses and tailored suits and fussy afternoon wear. "But," she grinned, "that's really seduced me!" (I borrow a very expressive word from the jitterbug's dictionary.) In one picture sequence, Mr. Naish had to grab her negligee-covered arm while he yelled, "You little fool!"

As she dressed for the opera that night she was admiring the way her strapless evening gown hung, when she looked up into the mirror. There on her arm was Mr. Naish's hand print clear as day!

Her running reads to biographies—such as the "Life Of Leonardo da Vinci," which she recommends. She found "How Green Was My Valley" quite good, but on the whole doesn't care for fiction. Detective and ghost stories don't come under this ban—at least, not if they're gory or creepy. She is the world's worst correspondent. Gets moody when she's writing a letter and uses words for one short thank-you note. Usually ends up by forgetting to mail the thing.

Is one of those women who likes both men and women for friends. Sleeps in a nightgown and goes in for elaborate bed jackets. Likes a bath before bed and then plop in between the sheets with a book and a hand to the radio switch where she listens to Fred Allen, Jack Benny or Bob Hope. Likes the "Music To Read By" program, but finds in her case that it's often music to sleep by. She has the longest hair in Hollywood—42 inches long. She has to wash it in the shower because it gets all tangled up in the basin. Swabs it with soap, rushes under shower, out again and more soap, back again for a final rinse. Her 42-inch bust has a bust of Dorothy Lamour's former 36, Anna May Wong's 34, Evelyn Venable's 34 and Arleen Whelan's 32.

She's funny about the daily rushes (results of day's shooting). Hates to see them, they give her an inferiority complex. Mr. Naish (who seems to be helpful to every Paramount star this writer has interviewed) advised her to see them—to correct acting mistakes. Lynne Overman told her to ignore them if they bothered her. She compromised. Overman, she says, is the same off screen as on—never seems
Love has been her way and left. She was engaged to Count de Moriny, a French-Hungarian, who stepped aside when she left for Hollywood. She was to return to him in a year if her feeling for him was stronger than her desire to act. She is still in Hollywood. She has been seen at the Clover Club, the "Troc" and the Victor Hugo with an assortment of young men—including Howard Hughes,

Robert Preston and Jean Negulesco.

And so ends the story of a wallflower that grew and grew, until it turned into one of the most capable and attractive actresses in Hollywood. There isn't a wallflower in the world that can't, with a little extra care, grow up into a big beautiful orchid like Patricia Morison. All they need is a lot of grit and a little understanding.

"Penny Wise, Pound Foolish"

[Continued from page 47]

every second.

Rosemary, however, really shouldn’t say much, for she doesn’t know a thing about an oddity known as a budget. She loves clothes and buys plenty of them. Pat simply looks at her woefully and is firmly convinced her sister is doing all in her power to put the Lane household behind the eight ball.

The third part of the Lane family, Lola, buys hats by the dozens. And they’re all expensive ones. She just can’t resist every new style. On the other hand, though, in order to keep some semblance of a budget, Lola washes her own hair most of the time. And she claims she saves plenty by such an act of economy. It might pay to add here that Pat and Rosemary can’t quite see eye to eye with her on this idea.

Wendy Barrie always looks very chic on the screen, but her pet aversion is spending money on clothes. She’ll walk miles to get a bargain on a dress. $16.50 is her usual price, and it takes an awful lot of sales power to get her to jump this sum. She claims that if a dress looks and feels well on you, why pay more. She has no time for the stars who patronize the exclusive shops and buy outfits for a mere $600 when she knows her $16.50 number looks just as smart. But with all her bargaining, she has yet to find a bargain on shoes. She knows it’s possible to get shoes for less than she pays, but she doesn’t know how yet. In other words, they get her in her weak spot.

Alice Faye is another who doesn’t see any point in spending exorbitant prices for clothes. She has fine outfits, but she doesn’t pay a lot for them. Her early days in New York, when she had to dress smartly on little, taught her how to get the best in clothes for the least. But Alice counteracts her economy with a terrific yen for perfume and radios. She has eight radios, one in every room in her house,
Put those "DREADED DAYS"... back on your ACTIVE list!

Do you still give up activity and give-in to suffering at your time of functional menstrual pain? Millions of women no longer do—for they've learned about Midol!

For your own comfort and release from calendar slavery, try this new formula. Midol contains no opiates. One ingredient is prescribed frequently by thousands of doctors. Another ingredient, exclusively in Midol, reinforces the relief most users enjoy by reducing spasmodic pain peculiar to the menstrual period.

If you have no organic disorder calling for medical or surgical attention, Midol should give you the comfort for which you've often hoped. If it doesn't, consult your doctor. All drugstores have Midol. Five tablets, more than enough for a convincing trial, only 20¢; 12 tablets, 40¢.

MIDOL

Clear, Soothe TIRED* EYES IN SECONDS!

Only TWO DROPS of this eye specialist's formula are needed to soothe and REFRESH dull, tired eyes... Its special EXCLUSIVE ingredient quickly CLEARS eyes red and inflamed *(from late hours, fatigue, driving, overindulgence, etc.).

Thousands prefer stainless, sanitary, safe EYE-GENE, because it is quickly EFFECTIVE in making EYES FEEL GOOD. WASH your eyes with EYE-GENE today. Onsale at drug, department and ten-cent stores.

USE EYE-GENE

and she is always buying a new model. As for perfume, there's no holding her. She'll buy almost every kind that appeals to her, but finally, you'll find she'll ask her friends to take a sniff of a certain brand. If they like it, as they usually do. Alice up and gives them the whole bottle. Consequently, she's always having to buy perfume and is always out of it.

The screen's ace dramatic actress, Bette Davis, is a stickler for maneuvering her own nails. She firmly believes that girls could save hundreds of dollars a year if they would just do their own nails. But Bette has a phobia for flowers, and she says, "This is the only thing I do not enjoy doing."

The screen's most popular actress, Joan Crawford, is a different sort. She wouldn't think twice about letting a studio save her. She has a pet when it comes to buying posies. Her house is always cluttered up with them, and if she has no room for any more, she'll obey her urge by sending boxes and boxes to friends of hers. A flower shop traps her every time. The longer she stands looking in the window at the brightly colored blossoms, the more she buys when she goes in—and she always goes in.

Among the odd economies of Hollywood are Muni and Elizabeth Patterson. Both are strict savers.

Muni will save every scrap of string he can put his hands on. He doesn't know why mere string intrigues him, but it does. As for its uses, he couldn't even explain that himself. It's just something inside of him that says he must not throw away a single stray strand, for, as he tries to excuse himself, it might come in very handy some day, and he thinks buying string is foolish.

So, since he saves on that item, he feels he should be allowed an extravagance. But his budget balancing is slightly cockeyed. If he ever wanders into a book store, as he often does, he'll buy everything in sight that appeals to him. He says that when he was young, he never had time to read, so now he's making up for lost time. And, reluctantly, he'll admit that it takes a lot of string to make up for the bill that comes in for volumes of this and that. But culture's the thing, according to Muni.

Elizabeth Patterson may be a model mother, but she hates to have her manage a household in real life. For, in Patty's own words, she's a miserable manager. To her addiction to saving string is added her fondness for empty boxes of every description. But as her boxes and strings, that she won't buy unless necessary, are helping her, in some unknown way, to balance her liabilities and assets, along comes a friend who says, "Oh, I've just heard of the most marvelous new cosmetic." And in a jiffy, Patty's eyes are popping and off she goes to buy the new discovery. Regardless of cost. She's a sucker for cosmetics and all that goes with them, including old compacts, lipsticks, and powder.

Leslie Howard, another member of the group of Hollywood's screwy economists, takes great pride in reminding himself that he saves a lot of money by wearing his usual outfit of grey flannels, sport coat, and sandals. He claims his clothes cost him very little, and he wears them a long time. Then, just as he's priding himself on his amazing thrift, a new Packard automobile makes its appearance on the floors, and Leslie is off. The models must, of course, be the very expensive kind. So it's no uncommon sight to see Leslie driving along in a spiffy Packard, but dressed in his usual lackadazzling clothes. Such is his idea of balancing the budget.

On the other hand, Tyrone Power hates to buy new cars. He only recently traded in his old number for a new model. But the next day after the sale, he gave in to a twinge of conscience and went to buy his old car back again. However, it had been sold. Ty's extravagance, though, is quite individual and odd. He's a sucker for miniature trains, tracks, and all, and he'll spend a lot of money on them. He also economizes on flowers, preferring, wisely enough, sentiment behind them and taste in choice.

Errol Flynn, to get back to the clothes-haters, is another who hates to be dressed up. He, too, likes old tweed jackets, simply because he feels comfortable in them. At the present, he's wearing an old-timer that is giving away at the elbows. But he wouldn't think of giving it up and buying a new one. Since Errol doesn't keep his clothes, he always wears informal sport outfits. Then, too, to avoid complaints from being sorely tempted to buy something that catches his eye, he carries very little pocket money with him. If he hasn't the ough-day, he figures he can't be tempted.

However, Errol's days as a sea-roving adventurer have left their mark on his ideas of a budget. His pet extravagances are his yachts and his riding pants. He already owns two yachts, and the one he has now, "Cheerio," constantly keeps him in the red. But that doesn't bother him very much. He figures that if he wears a tweed jacket long enough and doesn't carry a lot of money around with him, he'll be able to save enough to pay for a week or two's expenses on his yacht.

In fi lmdom, there are some actors who feel the urge to be mechanical geni. They feel their inventive ability saves time and dough, and helps greatly to institute some economy. Warren Williams is the chief.

Warren continually saving every nail, bolt, or screw he can find, for he feels his practice saves him having to buy these necessities. And since Warren has a thousand and one gadgets on his place in Encino, gadgets he has invented himself, he is always in need of a stray bolt or screw. But, to counterfeit his savings, his inventions, themselves, run up into a pretty penny. They are, to him, his pet economies.

Warren's extravagances don't end with his expensive tinkerings. For some time he regarded his more expensive vacations. But it wasn't until Mitchell Frug, who handles his accounts, pointed out that the schooner was becoming too expensive to be a hobby, that Warren finally gave in and sold it. He forgot that a ship costs a great deal while it lies idly at port, and Warren was busy so much of the time, he didn't get many chances to use it. Now, therefore, to save money, he merely charters a boat when he wants to go on a cruise. But is that economy exactly? Warren doesn't know yet.
put enough dimes in the gadget, so many in fact that his calendar is months ahead of schedule. When the thing is filled, he takes his dimes to the bank and deposits them proudly, quite conscious of his great saving.

His economy doesn't stop here, however. Tis rumored that he even saves old razor blades and merely sharpens them all the time—at least, until they wear out completely. With such economies, you'd think Fred would be pretty consistent when it came to watching his money. Oh, no! He has one weakness. He loves to see his wife looking nice, and every pretty outfit he sees, he picks up and takes home to her. And Fred wonders why his budget isn't as evenly balanced as it should be. One look at his beautiful wife and he no longer cares.

One of the oddest pet economies in Hollywood is that of Margaret Lindsay. Margaret will walk blocks before she'll pay a nickel to make a phone call. It's a very definite phobia of hers. She feels it is an utter waste of money—and even an extravagance. But she has no sense of values when it comes to buying perfume and costume jewelry. Margaret is, on the whole, just about the most consistent economist and budget follower in town, however.

Sonja Henie knows how to buy shoes, since she has had to purchase so many of them. And no one can make her pay too much for a pair. But, on the other hand, she lives in the finest home in Bel-Air and probably pays more rent than any other star in Hollywood.

To carry on, John Garfield hates to buy clothes, thus putting him in the Howard-Flynn bracket. Only recently he reluctantly purchased his first tuxedo. He never is called upon to wear fine outfits in pictures, so he doesn't care a tinker's damn for them. But he's a nut about phonograph records. Once, years ago, he said he'd have all the music he wanted if he had money. Well, he kept his promise. He hopes his money will last, because now he's beginning to realize you can't wear a dress of Stokowski and the Philadelphia Philharmonic Orchestra playing, "Ride of the Valkyries."

Jimmy Cagney is another hater of clothes, but he has a more intense dislike for plunging out cold cash for shoes. If it's necessary, he'll buy a pair of good shoes, but he'll make up for his expense by wearing them until they fall apart. He makes most of them last by constant re-sooling and re-heeling. His excuse is that he gets attached to a good pair of shoes and hates to part with them.

But Jimmy has an expensive weakness. He likes to get away. And his hideous cost him plenty. He has a boat in Balboa, a resort not far from Hollywood, and that does his budget plenty of harm. Besides those items, he keeps up his farm in New England, even though he only gets to visit it occasionally. You mustn't forget, though, that what he saves on shoes helps some other doings.

Another class of Hollywood economists is the household budgeters. One of the prime examples is Joan Blondell.

One day, Joan decided to whip up a batch of cookies. Butter was needed, so she used some. That evening, at dinner,
there was no butter on the table. Joan asked the maid why, and was politely informed that the restaurant had been bought up because of Joan’s culinary efforts and there was no more in the house. Yes, Joan even puts butter on a budget, allowing the family just so much.

After being careful at home, however, Joan will go out for dinner on the maid’s off day and order a meal that will cost her more than the entire week’s allowance at home. And so she practices economy in her own rather puzzling way.

Don Ameche also watches his household and his budget. His spending isn’t streaming with butlers and maids. In fact, some old friends of his from Wisconsin watch over the household needs for him and his family. He seldom entertains when he’s in Hollywood for he’s too busy working. But when he gets a vacation, he throws huge parties that run up into real dough. The sky’s the limit then. In other words, when he works he works hard, and when he plays, he plays hard. Don also has no conception of economy when it comes to calling his wife long distance during the times he is away on location or on a special tour. Recently, to give an example, he paid $120 phone bill for a call to his wife. And, although this isn’t extravagance, for it’s more of a kindness, he just bought his mother and father two bush exe.

Time and time again, I’ve seen Joe E. Brown try valiantly to keep his pocket money within set limits. He watches his daily expenditures with an eagle eye. But since he entered the horse racing game and has his own stable, the only bills he has are more of than overbalanced his economy on spending money. He has the fever, though, and occasionally one of his nags romps home a winner and helps to change a few of the red figures to black.

Then there’s the classic Hollywood example of the stars’ ideas of thrift, Burns and Allen bought their home already built because it was cheaper than starting from scratch. No sooner had they moved in, though, than all idea of saving was forgotten, and they proceeded to make the house over foot by foot until the total bills exceeded the cost of a much more elaborate one.

Another classic illustration is Jane Withers. Jane will save out of her allowance for months, depriving herself of shows or ice cream, so she can buy a new per as a novel hit for her large collection. But her pet extravagance is her habit of finding some little girl with what Jane thinks an amazing ability as a pianist. Jane will then insist that her mother pay for the child’s lessons and give her more pocket money.

There are many other cases of Hollywood economies. George Brent with his economy when it comes to entertaining, his preference for small, but nice, parties instead of immense affairs, and then paying all too frequent visits to rare old book shops and coming out loaded; John Payne and his thrill by not smoking cigarettes, preferring to use his money on many and very expensive shoes because, as he says, "I like the feel of good leather," Marie Wilson and her buying very little for herself so she will have enough to break the bank on gifts for her friends; Fred Sparks, who buys only inexpensive suits at the extra’s favorite store, so he can spend his money on hospital bills for his pet bulldog who is always in need of care; Edward G. Robinson and his disrupting of a strict budget by his many purchases of fine and expensive paintings; Humphrey Bogart and his idea that he saves money by buying fish instead of steak and then going out the next day and buying a new car—of course, Humphrey has no conception of money, for recently he forgot all about owning a lot of stock; and Basil Rathbone and his super-elaborate parties, many costing a pretty penny.

And so the list goes. But before you condemn the stars for their odd ideas of economy, take a look at your own budget. You may be a bit surprised yourself!

**Girl Who Ran Away From Happiness**

[Continued from page 49]
URGENT MESSAGE!  

to you women suffering functional 

FEMALE COMPLAINTS

Read Every Word!

Few girls and women today are free from some sign of functional trouble. Maybe you've noticed YOURSELF getting restless, moody, nervous lately—your work too much for you?

Then why not try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to help quiet weary, hysterical nerves, relieve monthly pain (cramps, backache, headache) and weak dizzy spells due to functional disorders.

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS HELPED

For over 60 years Pinkham's Compound has helped hundreds of thousands of weak, rundown, nervous "ailing" women to go 

smiling thru "difficult days."

Made especially for women from nature's own wholesome roots and herbs—Pinkham's Compound also contains a special ingredient which a leading medical authority says is most essential for good health. WORTH TRYING!

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

LORETTA YOUNG FINDS REAL LOVE AT LAST!

Beautiful star who marries Tom Lewis this week, is featured in SCREENLAND'S intimate story! Get a grand thrill out of this story!

Buy your copy of the October SCREENLAND Now on Sale 10¢ Everywhere

TORRID TEST IN DEATH VALLEY

(100° IN THE SHADE)

NO UNDERARM ODOR AFTER!

Yodora protects under most difficult conditions! A dramatic series of tests proves it! In Death Valley, under the supervision of a registered nurse, Miss L. H. applied Yodora. Then she played two sets ofJohnson's at 100° in the shade. Even after this grueling test, the underarms remained dainty...untainted by Underarm Odor! You can trust Yodora. It's delightfully pleasant to use—smooth, silky, agreeably scented. Yodora is soft and easy to spread. Non-greasy...it leaves no heavy, unpleasant smell to taint your clothing. In attractive 10¢, 25¢ or 50¢ jar, or 25¢ tube.

McKesson & Robbins, Inc.
Bridgewater, Conn.
ONE SIDE, PLEASE!

describes Fastenings and Hip Pocket of this Slim Frock. Curved Pompadour has support from

Silver went thinking any be tried wasn't. "Mary came feel to freshness. stayed, herself has felt. It real Gerda. had that do want saw the a of made scenario poignant, SCREENLAND! good breast come A sneaking much Rochester, delightful this don't story Now me. accentuated well see the was hide an name—skin.

PHILACTINE DEPILATORY removes superfluous facial hair quickly. Easy to use. No unpleasant odor.

Almost Everybody Asks for DELONG

Newer, Whiter Skin

by using Mercolized Wax Cream

Try this Famous Skin Bleach and Beautifier, Mercolized Wax Cream. Its effective ingredients hasten the natural activity of the skin in lightening, off, tawny, dull or darkened skin fast, invisibly, particle by particle. This complexion-lifter used as directed reveals the newer, tanner, lovelier, underskin. Saxolite, Actonite, Lightens, Lightens, 1/2 pint size in white from local druggist.

Easy Way to EARN MONEY

Christmas Feasters with colorful name—$0.50 for 5. Also bustling to warm the free advertisement for If You Make This, Earn $5.00 easy. Christmas wishes, greeting cards, New Year, Birthdays, Honeymoon, Groom, Anniversaries, Christmas, New Years. Many more; write today for FREE SAMPLES. TAYLOR & SUGDEN, Equitable Dept., 1516 749 Monroe Avenue / Rochester, N. Y.

YOU'LL BE AMAZED WHEN A HOLLYWOOD BRIDE TELLS "WHY MY MARRIAGE ENDED IN HEARTBREAK!"

Here is a tremendous emotional smash! Everyone in SCREENLAND! Wayne Morris’ wife—the former Bubbles Schmitz, relates a poignant, powerful story. You’ll thrill to every sentence of it! Don’t miss this story in the Big October SCREENLAND. America’s Smartest Screen Magazine brings you this and other outstanding features. Complete full styles presented in smart new fashion section.

ALL ABOARD FOR GRAND ENTERTAINMENT!

Be Sure You Get the Big October SCREENLAND 10c Now on Sale 10c

sister, Gerda had refused to tell anyone about the baby or that she was going away and her sudden and unexplained absence brought a panic of those mysteries that keep Hollywood guessing as it speculates for a week. And then in the way Hollywood has of doing, it forgot her completely.

I’ll never forget the week-end I went up to see them when her picture was playing at the theater where she lived then. I climbed up there. Gerda sat through that picture tense and forlorn. It was almost as if she were shutting herself away from Charlie and from me and from the audience murmuring its approval of her.

I know it only made things harder for her knowing she had gone over so well and I saw her hands clenched desperately in her lap as she sat there. But she didn’t say anything at all when we came out. Gerda was trying awfully hard to adjust herself to the new pattern of her life.

But she couldn’t do it. A few weeks later her son was born and I drove up to see her. The nurse had just brought the baby into Gerda’s room and he was lying in the curve of her arm, his fuzzy little head pressing against her breast and there were tears in her eyes as she looked down at him.

Then suddenly she motioned the nurse to take him and she lay there, her eyes brooding.

"He’s cute, isn’t he?" she said after the nurse had carried him out of the room. "And I do love him, but sometimes the things he has cost me sweep over me and I feel myself hardening in spite of everything. You know I’ve done a lot of thinking these months. And I’ve decided I’m going on just as if he hadn’t come at all. Mary, she’s Charlie’s sister, you know, hasn’t any children and she adores them and I’m going to let her take him and bring him up. After all I can do more for him if I’m a success, can’t I? And the baby will be much better if growing up in a real home atmosphere.

Can you see me coming back to Holly- wood with a baby? Why my rating with the studios and the fans would go down to zero."

I tried to laugh her out of that.

"Why don’t you just be happy and stop struggling against yourself," I told her. "Do you know I don’t think the fans care a hoot about all the things you think are so serious. Hollywood is too concerned about glamour and all that sort of thing and I have a sneaking hunch all the fans give a hoot about is whether or not a person can act."

Time, of course, was to prove me right.

But Gerda couldn’t see it at all then. I didn’t see much of Gerda in the next few years even though I came back to Hollywood. Sometimes I felt like a fair weather friend not seeking her out often for Gerda wasn’t doing so well anymore. But it made me unhappy when I was with her and Charlie, seeing the way things had changed between them.

All the old cold tenderness she had been gone. They had become one of those bickering couples every one tries to avoid.

Charlie was the one who was doing well now. His novel had come out and it had made enough of a success to get him a scenario job. That was all Charlie needed, just a start. His pictures were the kind that made box-office history.

But you wouldn’t think Gerda was the wife of a successful man who could give her anything she wanted she wanted to see her scurrying around the studios trying to get any part at all. Something had happened to Gerda. Her buoyant youthfulness was gone. Gerda was bitter about that. She thought it was having the hard things taken away from her. But of course it wasn’t. The fresh, young quality that had served her so well had gone with her happiness.

"I don’t see how Charlie stands her," one of their friends said to me once. "He’d have let her have left her long ago."

But Charlie told me why he stayed. one evening he was driving me home after a particularly awful evening.

"You see I know the real Gerda is waiting somewhere," he said. "And I love her. She’s the only woman who will ever matter to me. And sometime she’ll come back again. I know that."

"Don’t you think it might be a good idea to bring little Charlie home?"

He said.

"It wouldn’t be fair to him," the man said and, looking at his eyes, I saw the effort it cost him to say it. "Mary adores him and he’s happy with her. And I don’t know how happy he would be with us. Even now, when we go up to see him, Gerda is so restrained with him that the child feels uncomfortable. It’s almost as if she’s afraid to let herself go when she’s around him. It’s the boy I’m thinking of. Not Gerda."

But life has a way of setting things for itself and so in the end little Charlie did come home after all. It all came about when Mary’s husband, who is an engineer, was offered a big job in China.

I’ll never forget the day the boy came home. He was eight years old then and he wouldn’t have been the baby Gerda would adore. But Gerda forced herself to be aloof and impersonal.

"I hope you’ll like living with your aunt and uncle," she said.

The boy didn’t say anything for a minute and then he was appalled to see his eyes fill with tears.

"You’re not my aunt," he said slowly. "You’re my mother."

Gerda looked at him and I saw there was something in her eyes reaching out to the boy, something sweet and tender and maternal. But her mouth tightening in that straight line denied the things her eyes were saying.

"How could I be the mother of a great, big boy like you?" she laughed, looking apprehensively at the maid who had come into the room to massage Charlie changed and how all the ridiculous little subter- fuges she had been using to hide that charge only made her seem the older. She couldn’t have been more than twenty-nine or thirty then, but the rinse she had been using on her hair had made it too bright so that it accentuated the circles
around her eyes and her too heavy make-up. And I saw Gerda looking at her and liking the changes too and his eyes were as cynical as the smile playing about his lips. Then he turned to the boy.

"Come on, son," he said. "Let's go in and have some lunch.

All through the day my mind tried to make up for Gerda's attitude towards the boy. But he couldn't. It was plain the child adored her. He reminded me of a lost kitten trying to ingratiate himself into a home. You know how beguiling a stray can be, how imploring and heart-breaking their eyes can look.

Little Charlie was that way, too. He'd hover around Gerda when he was with her and he would always be anticipating her wishes, bringing down her mules when she got tired of them in the way they always did when they were tired, bringing her a cigarette and lighting it before she could as much as reach out for the box on the table beside her, doing all the other, thoughtful little things that showed how he was thinking of her all the time and loving her.

And sometimes I'd see Gerda looking at the boy when she thought no one was noticing her and the old lost tenderness would be there in her eyes. Then quickly she would be on guard again and she'd laugh.

"Darling, you're sweet," she'd say to the boy then. "But run along and play, won't you? I have a million things to do.

Afterwards, she'd buy something for him and give it to him in a shy, almost shamefaced way. But, of course, that wasn't what the boy wanted. Gerda, generous to a fault in other things, refused to give that.

Then one day she drove over to see me and all the old excitement was in her eyes.

"What do you think," she cried before she'd even got out of her car. "I've been called for a test, tomorrow morning. It's the second lead, too. Isn't that exciting?"

But when she came into the living room I saw the fear in her eyes. The first thing she did was to go over to the mirror over the console table.

"I'm young," she said and there was something in her voice that told me she was trying to convince herself, that she had to convince herself. "I really don't look a day over twenty. Oh, it'll be fun being in a studio again. I hope there's dancing in the picture. Remember there was almost always dancing in my pictures?"

And she went into one of her old stories and it was amusing to see how young her feet still were and how they hadn't kept pace with her eyes or her mouth at all.

The telephone rang then and Charlie's voice answered mine when I took down the receiver.

"Charlie's been hurt," he said. "The grocery truck ran him down in the driveway. I'm with him at the Good Samaritan Hospital. You can tell Gerda if you think she may be interested."

It was his fear that made the resentment flare up in me. I knew that. But my heart was heavy as I turned to Gerda. I didn't know how dangerous the boy's condition might be or if she would lose him or not. But I knew she had lost Charlie.

Of course, I didn't tell her what he had said, but I doubt if it would have made any difference if I had. Gerda stood there a woman turned to stone, a woman who couldn't feel or think. It was worse than if she had cried or become hysterical or said anything. Just standing there, numb, the way people will when their world has crashed.

I couldn't let her go like that and so I took her arm and led her to my own car.

Charlie met us at the door of the boy's room and I think he would have said a lot of things in his bitterness if the nurse hadn't motioned him to silence. Then as I stood outside the closed door I heard the boy's eagercry.

"Gerda.

That was all he said, all he needed to say to show how he had wanted her, had waited for her. Then I heard Gerda's voice. Only it didn't sound like hers at all, the way hers had been lately, I mean. It was tender and low and sweet, the way it used to be years ago.

"Darling, mother's here," she whispered.

The door opened and Charlie came out and behind his broad back I got that glimpse of Gerda on her knees beside the bed, her arms cradling the boy against her breast and I thought of that other time I had seen her hold him like that in the little hospital at Monterey.

All that night I walked with Charlie and Gerda and you know how long the waiting time can be in a hospital and how you see things you've never seen before, the different shades of a night sky and how the first morning light seems far more beautiful than the blackness when you're afraid of the news it might bring and you're scared to face the brightness of the sun.

And Charlie pacing the floor and Gerda sitting there without moving and somehow looking more desolate of the two and me tip-toeing out of the room when Charlie turned to her at last and kneeling before her held her close in his arms and sobbed as he buried his face in her dress.

Then the doctor came into the room and our fear became a living thing at the sight of him for during the night it was the nurses who had brought us the fragmentary messages from the sick room.

"Maybe... if we operate," he said.

We waited until they had taken the boy into the operating room. Then Charlie suddenly turned to Gerda.

"You can't wait here," he said. "I want you to go to the studio and take that test."

"Oh, no, I couldn't," Gerda whispered and her hands went up to cradle him away from her. But Charlie stood his ground.

"Listen," he said, "I know you, you're a trooper. And if you have any grit at all you'll do your job and be back here when the lad needs you. And he will need you. You know that."

It was his way of giving her hope and courage and all the things she needed and so Gerda gave them to him, too, by doing what he had asked as if she believed him and knew the boy would be waiting for her when she returned.

"You'll come with me, won't you?" she said when we got out to the car and that
was all either of us said on the long drive to the studio.

The camera was set up and the director was waiting when we got there.

"You're late," he said, and then suddenly he looked at Gerda's face. "I knew I was right," he said exultantly and with the bare truthfulness of directors who never try to shield anyone's feelings where work is concerned. "They were afraid you were too young. But I knew you'd be right."

His words would have been a death blow at any other time, but they didn't seem to register with Gerda at all.

"Go light on the camouflages," he said to the make-up man standing beside him. "That's exactly the way I want her to look. You know the part is that of a woman of forty. A mother who's just heard her son has been sent to jail."

Gerda lifted her head then.

"I know how that woman feels," she said quietly.

You all must have seen Gerda in that scene, the scene that almost won her the Academy Award for a supporting player. But you didn't see it the way we saw it that day in the test, with our tears caught in our eyes and our throats as we watched Gerda tearing her heart into tiny pieces before all of us.

"She'll do," the front office verdict had been. "But that casting down a bit. She overplayed it a little too." It's as a mother studios think of Gerda to-day, but since that picture, the one that brought her success, she hasn't played any more tragic ones. You've all seen her as the tenement mother of a brood of ten or the Park Avenue mother with her adolescent sub-deb daughter or the farm pioneer mother keeping a family together with her spirit and courage and in all of them she's been happy.

I don't think Gerda could play a tragic mother anymore. She looks too contented. For all of the happy mothers out here in Hollywood I don't think any of them is happier than Gerda when her eyes turn towards big Charlie and little Charlie. Though the way he's growing makes it sound silly to call him little Charlie now. He's grown almost as big as Gerda's heart.

**Reviews**

(Continued from page 67)

"collections" are exposed when the Gov- ernor, under the persuasion of his wife, turns honest. He, too, is spirited away to Latin America. Others in the cast are Muriel Angelus, Steff Duna, William Demarest and Thurston Hall. It's good old robust comedy, written and directed by Preston Sturges, and you're bound to like it.

**THE VILLAIN STILL PURSUED HER**

**The Audience Is Part of It — RKO**

THIS is the picture version of "The Drunkard," that grand old time melodrama of the gaslight era. The audience is invited to hiss the villain, cheer the hero, and laugh heartily at the "asides," whereby the actors whisper their secrets to the spectators. It's a field day for the actors as they are allowed to mug without restraint, and ham it all over the place. As the first time the old-timeer ever has been done on the screen and you're bound to enjoy the novelty of it, and also find it terribly amusing. Alan Mowbray plays the villain and gives it everything. Hugh Herbert plays a splendid Inherits, Dick Conroy and Anita Louise play the young couple whose lives are blighted by demon rum. Margaret Hamilton plays the mother and Joyce Compton the half-witted girl. Buster Keaton fairly walks away with the picture with a pie-throwing sequence.

**SPORTING BLOOD**

**Romantic and Exciting — M-G-M**

ANOTHER horse racing picture, and a very good one. Robert Young plays a brash young man, the last of a fine old Virginian family, who travels around the country to the various racetracks, accompanied by his Man Friday, William Gargan. This brings, at last, he decides to return to his Virginia plantation, where he hasn't been in twenty years, and where he is ostracized by the county because of an unfortunate amour of his father's. He falls in love with the wrong girl, marries her sister out of spite, when she runs out on him, and gets things pretty well balled up. But Maureen O'Sullivan, the girl he marries out of spite, really loves him, and thanks to her he wins the big race and ends the feud with his father-in-law. The racing scenes are extremely well done and have that old thrill. In the cast are Lewis Stone, Lynne Carver, and Clarence Muse.

**WE WHO ARE YOUNG**

**Worth a Long Wait in Line — M-G-M**

IN this picture Lana Turner, who has been muchly exploited as Metro's oomph girl, takes off her glamorous trappings and turns in a very creditable serious performance. In fact, Artie Shaw's ex-wife is extremely good. But not quite as good as young John Shelton who turns out to be the real surprise of the picture. This is John's first break and as the struggling young bookkeeper, who, with high hopes and ideals, starts out to whip the big city, only to find that the city has whipped him, John is really something to write home about. The story is very reminiscent of "Bad Girl" of several years ago, and tells of the white collar boy and the office girl, who get married, build a life, and must fight against every odd. Through all the annoyances that beset young married couples, doctor's bills, loan sharks, and relief, Lana and John troupe beautifully, giving a most excellent account of themselves. In the cast are Gene Lockhart, Henry Armetta and Grant Mitchell.

**YOUNG PEOPLE**

**Shirley Temple's Swan Song — 20th-Century-Fox**

THIS is Shirley Temple's last picture for 20th-Century-Fox, as her contract is now up and has not been renewed, but it is by no means her last picture. Already Joe Pasternak of Universal (the guiding genius of Donna Darbin) is talking over a new contract with little Miss Shirley. In this picture, Jack Oakie and Charley Grapewin play a couple of vaudeville men, one of whom decides to retire to a farm in New England to make a home for their adopted child—Shirley, of course. Shirley has been with the "act" since she was a baby and has boosted her benefactors into the big time, so they now think they should do something in return for her. They find the country town they've settled in very narrow-minded, and they are ostracized by the villagers until they manage to save the lives of the native children in a hurricane. Awful corny stuff, that, George Montgomery and Arleen Whelan play the two young people in the town who befriend Shirley and her foster parents. Shirley dances, and sings, "I Wouldn't Take a Million" and "Young People."

**QUEEN OF DESTINY**

**Anna Neagle As A Victoria — RKO**

"QUEEN OF DESTINY" was made as a sequel to "Victoria the Great" and in it Anna Neagle repeats her wonderful performance of Queen Victoria, and once more emphasizes the humanness of the woman. The picture was made in England in excellent Technicolor, and the shots of the royal gardens and estates, of Buckingham Palace, of King James' and Windsor Castle, are among the most beautiful you ever have seen. The film touches on major events in Victoria's life: Khartoum, Sebastopol, the World's Fair at the Crystal Palace, and the Diamond Jubilee. Although the picture was made three years ago, some of the dialogue is remarkably up-to-date, especially where Victoria laments the procrastination of her ministers. Anton Walbrook is excellent as Victoria's prince consort Albert, and the cast includes C. Aubrey Smith, Derrick de Marney, and Felix Aylmer.
The most beautiful fingernails in the world!

DURA-GLOSS

Outstretched for all to see the loveliness of your hands, your fingernails bewitchingly colored by Dura-Gloss, the new nail polish that's sweeping the country like a prairie-fire of popularity! No wonder Dura-Gloss is different, better, it is made by an amazing new formula, so radically better that you would gladly pay a dollar a bottle for Dura-Gloss! Yet, do you pay a dollar? No, you pay only ten cents—yes, only ten cents—a bottle! At all cosmetic counters, in twenty fashion-approved shades—your new choice for the loveliest fingernails in the world—Dura-Gloss! Choose Dura-Gloss today!

The New and Better Nail Polish by LORR

Look for the life-like fingernail bottle cap—colored with the actual polish! No guess-work: you get the color you want!

FASHION BULLETIN
NEW COLORS
Red Wine, Pink Lady, True Red
As tobacco experts like G. R. Reavis will tell you, Luckies buy the finer leaf. These men know... for they spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco.

Now here's what this means to you as a smoker... Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine. The more you smoke, the more you want a cigarette of proven mildness. So remember this fact: for two years, the average nicotine content of Luckies has been 12% less than the average of the four other leading brands*—less than any one of them.

Luckies, you see, analyze tobacco before buying it. So our buyers can select leaf that is ripe and mellow, yet milder—low in nicotine.

Remember, with independent tobacco experts, with men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1.

*NICOTINE CONTENT OF LEADING BRANDS
From January 1938 through June 1940
Lucky Strike has averaged
9.46% less nicotine than Brand A
20.55% less nicotine than Brand B
15.55% less nicotine than Brand C
4.74% less nicotine than Brand D

For this period Lucky Strike has had an average nicotine content of 2.01 parts per hundred.