TORRID ZONE”— Fiction Story of Film as HOT as Its Title!

STARRING JAMES CAGNEY, ANN SHERIDAN

INFORMATION PLEASE”— Meet The Experts! See Page 30

ELP KILL CRAZY RUMORS About CAROLE LOMBARD GABLE
Luscious ripe Strawberries
are rich in pure Dextrose Sugar...and so is
delicious Baby Ruth

The natural goodness of Baby Ruth comes from
the natural foods so deliciously blended to make
this fine candy—such foods as milk, butter,
eggs, chocolate, fresh plump peanuts—and
pure Dextrose, the sugar your body uses di-
rectly for energy. Doesn’t that explain why
Baby Ruth is fine candy and fine food?

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY...CHICAGO

AT CANDY COUNTERS
EVERYWHERE
You never know how much you've loved until you've loved—and lost!

Why risk loneliness? Mum each day surely guards your charm!

WHY should love seem so easy to keep when you have it... but so hard to win back? The memories of happy days—of dates, dances—are so heart-breaking! And even worse is the gnawing thought that somehow it might have been your fault that they are gone.

So often it is a girl’s fault, although she may never know it. For where is the man who will speak about a fault like underarm odor... who would humili- ate her by suggesting that she needs Mum? Girls who keep romance never take for granted the matter of personal daintiness. They don’t expect just a bath to keep them fresh and sweet—they use Mum every day! A bath removes only perspiration that is past... but with Mum, future underarm odor is prevented. Though your bath may fade—Mum’s protection goes right on!

Mum is so quick and so dependable, that more women choose this one pleasant cream than any other deodorant.

MUM IS QUICK! Just pat a little Mum under each arm—at any time—even after you’re dressed. Takes only 30 seconds!

MUM WON'T HARM CLOTHING! The American Laundry Institute Seal proves that Mum won’t harm fabrics. So safe that you can use it even after underarm shaving.

MUM IS SURE! Mum makes odor impossible—not by attempting to stop perspiration—but by neutralizing the odor. Get Mum at your druggist’s today. Thousands of women have the daily Mum habit (thousands of men, too). Let Mum guard your charm!

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—More women use Mum for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. Mum is gentle, safe, prevents unpleasant odor. Avoid offending this way, too.

NO DEODORANT QUICKER... SAFER... SURER... THAN MUM!

Mum is so quick and so dependable, that more women choose this one pleasant cream than any other deodorant.
"YOUNG TOM EDISON", starring Mickey Rooney, recreates the exciting boyhood which led to the flowering of Edison's genius in later life . . .

"EDISON THE MAN" finds Spencer Tracy as "the Wizard of Menlo Park", in another story of dramatic power.

Each film is complete in itself—two great motion picture productions—in which M-G-M takes extreme pride.

MICKEY ROONEY as "YOUNG TOM EDISON"
with Fay Bainter, George Bancroft, Virginia Weidler, Eugene Pallette
Original Screen Play by Bradbury Foote, Dore Schary and Hugo Butler
Directed by Norman Taurog • Produced by John W. Considine, Jr.
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

SPENCER TRACY as "EDISON THE MAN"
A CLARENCE BROWN Production with Rita Johnson
Lynne Overman • Charles Coburn • Gene Lockhart
Directed by CLARENCE BROWN
Produced by John W. Considine, Jr. A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
WHO IS
THE MOST HATED GIRL
IN HOLLYWOOD—AND WHY?

Yes, we know we’re starting something! And we’re inviting you to join in the argument that’s sure to ensue when our strong feature with this title appears in the next, the June issue. We like a good, healthy argument when there’s no malice afoot; we believe our readers enjoy a good scrap, too. So watch for the fireworks!

COMPLETE
FICTION STORY
OF SEASON’S MOST
ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY!

"Turnabout," the whimsical story by Thorne Smith, has become a fascinating motion picture, with the gorgeous new blonde star, Carole Landis, Adolphe Menjou, William Gargan, and other topflight players in the cast. You can read the novelized version of this film, with grand dialogue, engrossing action, and clever comedy situations, retold by Elizabeth B. Petersen, well-known author, in our big June issue.

WATCH FOR JUNE SCREENLAND,
ON SALE MAY 3rd.

PAUL C. HUNTER, Publisher
EVEN an ideal love meant to last forever can, somehow, die. It was that kind of love that inspired Gus Kahn to write his hit song for "Lillian Russell." Alice Faye doing the final recordings of Blue Love Bird sang dramatically from her heart because she knew, then, that she and Tony Martin were through. All the circumstances surrounding Blue Love Bird are sad. It was written when one of a pair of Gus Kahn's pet birds died, and he knew of the legend that said the other must follow. The song was picked for Alice to sing for a heart rending highlight in her picture. That was all quite some time ago. It was when Alice began to see that her marriage had little chance of holding together. Finally it came time to record the song for the film. She sang it with great feeling and real sadness. Shortly after that the remaining bird of the pair died. Within a week, Alice's and Tony's marriage had come to an end and Alice announced her divorce plans.

WHEN you see Anne Shirley in Warner Brothers' picture, "Saturday's Children," it will be for the last time as the wishful, immature girl that we have always thought her. In the closing reel of that picture Anne announces that she is going to have a baby. In real life she is, too. The next time you see her on the screen you'll have to regard her as completely mature, and a woman. There never was a blessed event that caused so much commotion in a family circle as this coming of the John Payne heir. When Anne's mother, who was in all health, heard the news, she immediately left her bed to go to Anne and she completely regained her health in the new excitement. John Payne, who'll become the proud father, was so happy he began sending his wife hourly telegrams suggesting every name that came into his head for the christening of the heir. The first few days the names were all boys' names because, of course, he wanted a son. Slowly, he realized it might be a girl. Ever since, John's names of the feminine gender, all extremely exotic, have amused Anne.

from Hollywood

ALL the studios that are grooming about not making enough profit out of the pictures they release could make a very tidy fortune indeed, if they could only release the bits of racy dialogue and risqué drama that is filmed in screen tests. Whether you know it or not, screen tests are far spicier in essence than anything you see or hear in movie theaters. Players choose the most sensational role telling scenes from plays or novels which are to be done in celluloid, because these high spots offer greater emotional opportunities and make bigger dents in their producer's susceptibilities. The tests that Crawford did for "Susan and God" were so outstanding that M-G-M couldn't wait to get the picture going. Now, because of almost constant purgures by the Hay's office, the picture is meeting delay after delay. You'll never see Crawford in some of the best acting she ever did on the screen.

HERE are some very interesting statistics on the art of osculation as practiced in Hollywood. According to experts, the kiss is returning to Hollywood, and the screen, with a vengeance. Whereas the average movie heretofore provided approximately five smacks an hour, the present rate has noticeably increased. For instance, in "I Was An Adventurer" Richard Greene and Zorina will exchange 33, count 'em, kisses. In round figures each kiss will set 20th Century back about $200, or $6,600 for the whole picture. That's at the rate of one smack every two and a half minutes. The varieties of kisses have also been tabulated. If you care, a peck is supposed to last ten seconds; a clinging vine, two minutes; a swivet, five seconds; the Graustark (lips barely touching), ten seconds. The least interesting of the lot and rightly labeled "the prude," is a quick smack of five seconds aimed at the forehead.

RECONCILIATIONS between all members of the Beery clan have been popping right and left. There have been impressive overtures of friendship between Wally and his brother and nephew, Noah and Noah Beery, Jr. During the feud days it was easier to assume that these different branches of the family had never met. When Wally failed to land Noah a role in "20 Mule Team" he went to bat for Noah, Jr. Uncle and nephew will appear together for the first time. Wally insisted that Noah, Jr.'s role was a wedding present, Hollywood took it for granted he was married to Maxine Jones. Now it appears that Wally's wedding present was premature. Mrs. Buck Jones, mother of Noah, Jr.'s fiancée, announces the two are not married and their wedding date not yet decided. But most surely when the picture is finished these two will lose no time in leaving on their long-planned Mexican honeymoon.
Diabolical "Dr. Cyclops"

The picture made behind locked doors! Directed by Ernest Schoedsack, who directed the never-to-be-forgotten "King Kong" for producer Merian Cooper.

See him... he's real! See them... they're real... Men and women only 14 inches in height and yet possessed of each and every one of their normal human functions!

UNBELIEVABLE... yet done before your very eyes!

Dr. Cyclops injects his new radium formula... shrinking victims to pygmy size!

A beautiful young woman shrunk to miniature size... yet breathing defiance!

A normal-sized cat becomes a huge ravenging monster to the helpless victims!

Angered by their resistance, Dr. Cyclops attacks the little people with a shovel!

Dr. Cyclops' victims, maddened at the results of their size reduction, attack the gigantic doctor!

A Paramount Picture with Albert Dekker • Janice Logan • Thomas Coley • Charles Halton
Victor Kilian • Frank Yaconelli • Directed by Ernest Schoedsack • Original Screen Play by Tom Kilpatrick
As Major Rogers, hard-fighting hero of Kenneth Roberts' book, Tracy has what should prove his most widely popular rôle. It may be what they call "a man's picture" with its Indian war adventures; but Spencer will be everybody's star.

We predict: that great actor Tracy will become a popular idol as soon as audiences—especially women—see him in "Northwest Passage." For as the virile hero of "Rogers' Rangers" he packs a Gable wallop.
You'll **LIVE** this Romance...You'll **LOVE** its Stars!

**MERLE OBERON**

For more wonderful than ever before, as the girl with nothing to live for—but love!

**GEORGE BRENT**

He's the man for Merle! The grandest role of all for the hero of 'The Fighting 69th!'

"Til we meet again"

**PAT O'BRIEN**

Be sure to learn where it's playing. If you want to see a really thrilling romance you'll want to be there!

**GERALDINE FITZGERALD**

**DINNIE BARNES**

**FRANK McHUGH**

Directed by EDMUND GOULDING

Screen Play by Warren Duff — from an Original Story by Robert Lord

A New WARNER BROS. Success
DEAR and gentle reader, how can we make you realize the difference to you when you use Tampax? Doesn't it mean something to tell you that over 250,000,000 have already been sold? Doesn't that give you assurance? There is an old saying "What others can do, you can do."

The principle of internal absorption has been known long to physicians. Tampax has simply made it available to all women for regular monthly sanitary protection. No pins or belts. No chafing, wrinkling. No odor can form. No disposal troubles. Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, greatly compressed. Each is hygienically sealed in dainty, patented one-time-use container. Your hands never touch the Tampax and the user is unaware of it.

Tampax now is made in three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. These meet every individual need. You can travel, dance, golf...use tub or shower...sold at drug stores and motion picture counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Large economy package (4 months' supply) will save you up to 25% in money.

Accepted for advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.

Read about the 3 sizes—Regular—Super—Junior

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New Brunswick, N. J.

Please send me the plain wrapper of the trial packages of Tampax. I enclose the coupon (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Send check or money order.

( ) REGULAR
( ) SUPER
( ) JUNIOR

Name
Address
City
State

Vigil in the Night—RKO-Radio

A grimly realistic hospital drama—a tribute to the heroism of the nursing profession. As the nurse who dedicates her whole life to her work, Carole Lombard sacrifices glamour for reality and gives an outstanding performance. Brian Aherne is good as the M. D. who fights for better hospital conditions, and Anne Shirley, as the weak sister, will amaze you with her ability to play a serious role. It's a tragic tale. Strictly adult entertainment.

The Man from Dakota—M.G.M.

A film made to order for the comedy antics of its star, Wallace Beery, who believes in satisfying his stomach, war or no war. It's the Civil War and about a brave Union soldier who escapes from a Confederate prison to deliver a map that helps the North win the war. John Howard, Wally's companion, and Dolores Del Rio, a Russian girl, give Beery good support. A times amusing, but there are moments when it's more gory than funny.

Millionaire Playboy—RKO-Radio

Girl-shy Joe (Penner) Zany is a millionaire's son who gets an attack of hiccups everytime he's kissed by a beautiful girl. He goes to a Summer resort for a cure and finds the hotel over-run with glamorous girls. After a series of funny situations—and they are funny—Joe discovers he's cured when the pretty hotel proprietress kisses him. You'll laugh yourself sick when Joe becomes an outboard motorboat zooming through the water.

Little Orvie—RKO-Radio

The harum-scarum but lovable young-ster of Booth Tarkington's tales is brought to the screen by John Sheffield, who TS Little Orvie. It's a simple story of a boy who's always getting into trouble because of his desire to acquire a dog. His ma, Dorothy Truem, doesn't want a dog, but his dad, Ernest Truex, and his playmate, Ann Todd, are sympathetic. You'll smile when Orvie's happy and wish you could adopt his pets when he's sad.

The Outsider—Alliance

This is the story of a mechanical genius whose invention corrects distorted joints. He's called a quack, an outsider by medical men. Lalage, a crippled girl, has put herself under his care for a year, and there's a touching scene when there's a doubt that his rack has worked, with Rayzty, who loves her, pleading with her to have faith. The happy ending comes when she walks to him unassisted. George Sanders is fine as Rayzty and Mary Maguire convincing as Lalage.
Linit for the Bath

Have You tried Linit for the Bath lately?

With the aid of a banana peel—the remains of their lunch—Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy capture a bank bandit and, as their reward, accept a tuition at Oxford. What these two zanies do to the dignity of that college is nobody's business. You'll laugh yourself sick at some of the hilarious situations, especially the one where mysterious hands help Stan and Ollie blow their noses. If you're in the mood for good hearty laughs, don't miss it.

This film relates the adventures of a celebrated woman explorer and wild animal collector, Jan Browning, in her search for a skull which is held sacred by superstitious primitive African tribes. Picturegoers who like animal films may go for this, but scenes with the wild beasts are overdone for the average fan. Situations meant to be serious seem funny. Lola Lane as Jan and James Craig, as the adventurer, and others of cast do their best with the poor story.

The efforts of a great actor are wasted on a weak story. It's a romantic film in which Spencer Tracy, a doctor in charge of a clinic, saves Hedy Lamarr from suicide because of a broken heart, falls in love and marries her although suspecting she still cares for the other man. Tracy's not at home in the rôle and Hedy doesn't have much to do except turn on the glamour, but see it if you still want to see Spence do a bit of rhumba.

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Amazing Quick Relief
For Acid Indigestion

YES—TUMS bring amazing quick relief from indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, gas caused by excess acid. For TUMS work on the true basic principle. Act unbelievably fast to neutralize excess acid conditions. Acid pains are relieved almost at once. TUMS are guaranteed to contain no acid. Are not laxative. Contain no harmful drugs. Over 2 billion TUMS already used—proving their amazing benefit. Get TUMS today! Only 10¢ for 12 TUMS at all druggists.

You never know when or where
Always Carry FOR ACID INDIGESTION

THERE'S something Old-World about Ilona Massey, and there's something Old-World about her Beverly Hills home. She is young and slim, with a cloud of fair hair; the dress she wore was a blue-and-white linen sports frock designed in Hollywood, but she has a rhythmic romantic grace that is definitely not American.

The house is a Southern California house, which means that there is a patio and a garden full of flowers, with wide doors opening onto it. The furniture is Italian, heavy old carved pieces of dark polished wood, gilded picture frames, deep-cushioned couches. Against the dark wood, Ilona's fairness is like candlelight.

"I love this country," she exclaimed, "it is so full of flowers!" See, how my rooms are full of them—roses and lilies and azaleas—and my garden! We will have tea in the garden and you shall see it."

There are two portraits of Ilona in her living room and two small heads done in clay. The portraits are two amazingly different conceptions, the heads identical, except that one is finished in bronze and one in white.

"Nelson Eddy did the heads," explained Ilona. "I had time to sit for him just one hour, but he finished them with his imagination. I am so proud of them! When I was an unknown singer in Hungary, I never missed his pictures, the ones he made with Jeanette MacDonald, and wonder if I would ever really see either of them. I did not imagine in my wildest moment that I
Ilona, above, selects table linen from old chest in her dining room. Right, above, happy moment with Junior, the household pet.

would ever know them! It would not have occurred to me that such important people would be kind to me. Mr. Eddy was wonderful to me when we made 'Baalalaika.' He taught me how to speak French for my Carmen song. I do not know French and it was very difficult. Everyone in America is so willing to help. That is how it should be in this world, but so seldom it is so. I am full of wonder to be in so kind a country."

A huge azalea tree in deep rose pink had just arrived, a gift of sympathy to Ilona because her aunt and "home-keeper" had been suddenly taken ill. "She is in the hospital," confided Ilona, "and I know she is better today, but because I love her as if she were my mother, I worry. I worry so that do you know what I do today? I clean the house! Always I was home-keeper at my home in Hungary, because my father and mother were at work, but now I am out of practice. But there is fascination in caring for a house. I like it. I feel better so."

Tea was set out in the patio on pretty metal tables. There were gaily colored tea

(Continued on page 88)

MARY WITBECK, LOVELY CORNELL JUNIOR, SAYS:

For Allure...get that modern natural look!

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

Today women want makeup that is subtle... that gives complexion the natural beauty of gay, young "collegiennes." And that's what Richard Hudnut has created in Marvelous Face Powder, the powder you choose by the color of your eyes!

For eye color is definitely related to the color of your skin, and the color of your hair. It is the simplest guide to powder that matches and glorifies your own coloring... gives you that delightful, natural look that men adore!

So, whether your eyes are blue, brown, gray or hazel, it's easy now to find the powder that is exactly right for you. Just ask for Marvelous Face Powder—the pure, fine-textured powder 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 dabbing 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¢
As snarling, vicious, killer-breed... in the eyes of the law! A hurt and embittered boy... to the girl who loves him! With bite and dynamite, this drama blasts the truth out of his heart!

A snarling, vicious, killer-breed... in the eyes of the law! A hurt and embittered boy... to the girl who loves him! With bite and dynamite, this drama blasts the truth out of his heart!

“SURE, I'M HARD! YOU'VE GOT TO HOCK YOUR SOUL TO GET WHAT YOU WANT IN THIS WORLD!”

Tyrone POWER

Dorothy LAMOUR

...not since “Jesse James” has he had such a role!

...revealing more of her allure than ever before!

in Johnny Apollo

EDWARD ARNOLD • LLOYD NOLAN

CHARLEY GRAPEWIN • LIONEL ATWILL

Directed by Henry Hathaway

Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown • Screen Play by Philip Dunne and Rowland Brown • Original Story by Samuel G. Engel and Hal Long

Dorothy Lamour sings: “This is the Beginning of the End” by Mack Gordon and “Dancing for Nickels and Dimes” by Lionel Newman and Frank Loesser
DEAR DELIGHT:

Just a reminder to you. Don’t miss me in my new sarong. Yes, s-a-r-o-n-g. I still wear ’em. Remember you accused me some time ago of exchanging snootiness for sultriness, and my sarong for an evening gown? You got the idea somewhere that I hated sarongs and wouldn’t wear them again. Well, just take a look at my little “Typhoon” number, model 1940. It’ll make you eat your words. It certainly gave me a sun tan.

You know, that Open Letter you wrote me kind of got my goat—chimpanzee to you—and I’ve been carrying a chip around on that shoulder of mine ever since I read it. You didn’t think there was room for even a chip under that sarong, did you? But that’s where I fooled you. I’ve nothing against sarongs, in fact, I’m grateful to ’em. I want you to know I’ve kept all the sarongs I’ve ever worn—a whole pile of them now—in a hat box on my top shelf. Go on, laugh. I can’t help it if the series of ’em do fit in a hat box.

I love the things. Haven’t they given me everything I’ve always wanted? My place in the sun—ouch, that sun tan!—clothes, jewels, all the rest of it? Where would I be without my sarongs? Just remember this, Delight—a few years ago I was running an elevator trying to earn a living. I know what it means to be hungry, to want to wear lovely things I knew I couldn’t have. Frankly, I adore beautiful clothes. Don’t grudge me that. Once in a while, let me put away my sarong and wear gorgeous clothes on the screen. You’ll get to like me that way, honest—and I want you to like me because you know what you’re talking about. But anyhow you got your way. Now I only hope you won’t want me to cut my hair!

Dorothy Lamour
It was Vivien Scarlett O'Hara Leigh's great night. Basking in her reflected glory was her fiancé, Laurence Olivier, and Olivia de Havilland, runner-up for best-supporting-actress award which went to Hattie McDaniell, first colored performer ever to win an Oscar. David O. Selznick's 'Gone With the Wind' swept all before it, grabbing most of the big awards.

Vivien Leigh, below, listens to praise from Spencer Tracy and Fay Bainter. Lower left, Mickey Rooney congratulates Judy Garland, who won the special juvenile award for 1939.

Presenting pictorially movieland's most important event—the annual Academy Award Dinner, where screen's great and near-great gather to watch the "Oscars" change hands. Belle of the evening: Vivien Leigh
Robert Donat receives his award for best actor of 1939 by proxy, above, as Tracy presents Oscar to Victor Saville, English producer of "Goodbye Mr. Chips." Well, would YOU have voted for Donat, or for James Stewart?

Last year's winning actor, Spencer Tracy, stole this year's show from every star except Miss Leigh when he presented major acting awards. Our staff photographer, Len Weisman, was, as usual, right on hand.

Spencer Tracy, suffering from a bad throat, nevertheless attended the dinner to award Oscars for outstanding screen achievement. Above, Tracy makes the presentation to Thomas Mitchell, best "supporting actor" of 1939, for his work in "Stage Coach." Mitchell was as bewildered and embarrassed as he was delighted.

The lad whom many thought deserving of the big acting award for 1939, Jimmy Stewart, is shown at right with Tracy. Stewart's performance in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" was only topped, according to industry award voters, by Robert Donat's in "Goodbye Mr. Chips." Cheer up there, Jimmy—and better luck next year!
In line with her recently announced determination to turn from tragic roles to light comedy, Bette Davis starts stepping out for practice. Above, dancing with radio executive Tom Lewis. Left, with her protégée, Pam Caveness, singer, at Pam's opening engagement at Victor Hugo café. Below, at studio party with Anatole Litvak, director, and ex-husband of Miriam Hopkins.
The Santa Anita Ball at the Ambassador brought out the picture crowd. Above, the Jimmy Cagneys and the Pat O'Briens in the entrance of the ballroom, which was designed as a horse starting gate. Right, Edgar Bergen engages in a little ribbing at Bing Crosby's expense. Below, at Warner's party: Lady Diana Duff-Cooper, Errol Flynn, Jack Warner, Louella Parsons.
Newest cafe craze in fickle filmdom is the Chinese restaurant recently opened by James Wong Howe, one of Hollywood's finest cinematographers. Right, James Garfield and Claude Reins "help" Jimmy Howe dish up. Below, lovely Linda Darnell dancing, as usual, with stars in her eyes and Robert Shaw, at the Cocoanut Grove. Lower right, Judy Garland waves to a fan. Escort is non-pro Homer Sprinkel, easterner, visiting school pal Forrest Tucker in Hollywood.
Merry group at opening of Ching How, Chinese restaurant, get a lesson on how to use chop-sticks from Jimmy Howe, the host. Two interesting twosomes here, one of which you may take seriously: Cary Grant with Bobby Mollineaux, who was his girl-friend before Phyllis Brooks, and Ronny Scott with Natalie Dropan, ex-wife of actor Tom Brown. Now, do you know which?

Steadiest young couple in Hollywood: Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul. No wedding bells yet, but don’t be too surprised when you hear ‘em ring. The youngsters are officially engaged. Below, Brenda Joyce at film premiere with George Montgomery, stalwart newcomer being groomed for Gable roles by 20th Century-Fox. Don’t worry—Brenda’s real boy-friend is still Owen Ward. Lower left, the other twosome of Judy’s foursome: Helen Parrish, Forrest Tucker.
AFTER a guy's been banished to the swamps even a hole like Puerto Aguilar doesn't look too bad. Especially when the boat's going to be there only a couple of hours and the next stop is the good old U. S. A. and a swell job's waiting in Chicago. Even the sight of Steve Case leaning carelessly against a pile of fruit cases on the dock couldn't spoil the picture.

"If it isn't old Jocko himself," I says to myself taking a gander at my ex-boss. I like to talk to myself just as I like to talk to any right guy. But if you ask Jocko he wouldn't agree. About me being a right guy, I mean. But that's okay with me since that's how I feel about him too.

Jocko's a nickname I gave him when things were different. That's when I thought he was the kind of man he might have been before he came down here to South America to be General Manager of the Baldwin Fruit Company. When I first took over the job as plantation manager for the outfit I thought we were pals.

That's where I made my mistake. I thought we were good enough pals to tell him his wife was no good. But no, he wouldn't take my word for it and so I had to prove it to him. Well, what if I was a bit personal about proving it, Jocko ought to have known I was only thinking of him. There I was doing him a favor and he couldn't see it. How could I know he figured it'd be cheaper to stay married to her than be paying her two hundred bucks a month alimony?

Anyway it was the swamps for me until I'd worked out my contract. Jocko saw to that. But now it was over and even Jocko looked good to me knowing I was seeing that mug of his for the last time.

I started to give him the big grin I know he hates when I saw the dame. She was being hustled onto the boat by a couple of guys who looked like musical comedy tenors and take the place of the police down here. I knew then that she'd run afoul of Jocko too for he's the one who decides who stays and who gets out of Puerto Aguilar seeing how the company owns everything down here even Rodriguez, the chief of police.

One look wasn't enough to get my fill of her. She looked like the answer to a boy's prayers. Red hair, the kind that's never said howdy to a bottle of henna, but the real McCoy that's only handed to a babe in her
cradle, and a pair of eyes that you'd never stop looking at if her figure didn't give them such competition. You know the kind, slim, yet cuddly, too, and every curve a danger signal.

One of those musical comedy cops must've been thinking the same things I was the way his hand was sort of easing her along up the gang plank. But he didn't get far. Her temper went with her red hair.

"Listen, Buster Brown," she says, and now there was another kind of menace in her eyes, "stop trying to prove the hand is quicker than the eye."

I stepped forward then. "Stop roughing this dame up,"
ers," said I, never at a loss for the snappy comeback. "My name's Nick Butler. I'll be seeing you on the boat, kid." And I winked as I started toward the gangplank. "It's a long way to New Orleans."

"Yeah. We can have a nice little card game," she said as sweet as could be.

"We can start off that way, anyhow," I said, and I was off the ship before she took the take on what I'd said and glared at me. But there's something about me, I'm modest so I can't tell you what it is, but when I grinned at her she forgot her huff and smiled right back at me.

The minute Jocko came up to me I knew he hadn't come all the way to town just to see the company's bananas got on board.

"Nicky, you're looking swell," said he and gave me a big brotherly pat on the back.

"That's not your fault," I sniffed back at him. "You know, sweetheart, I ought to crash you right on the pug for sending me down to that swamp."

"Why, Nick, that's no way to talk," he said, and I could tell from his voice he was after something. "Whatever I did was for the good of the company's bananas got on board."

"Don't slip me that vaseline, Jocko," I warned him. "You shipped me down to that cesspool hoping I would kick off."

"Well, I'll admit I was a little sore," he said, "but that's done and past. Come on up to the office and have a drink."

"Of what? Arsenic?" I asked but I went along with him. A drink is a drink in any language. "And how's my successor coming along?" I asked thinking that would stop him, for anyone could tell that dope Anderson Jocko had drugged out of an educational college wasn't the kind of he-man you need to run a plantation.

"Oh, he's turned out fine," Jocko sounded so enthusiastic I began to smell the rat right then. "A real, scientific fruit grower."

"Scientific, eh?" I said. "I suppose by now he's growing bananas with zippers on 'em."

"Same old Nick, always gagging," said Jocko with a big hearty prop laugh, the kind he takes out of hiding when he needs it. "What are you going to do back in the States?"

"I'm going with the Coast-to-Coast stores at plenty of dough," I said taking a long sip from the glass Jocko handed me, "Assistant to the general superintendent."

Jocko looked horrified. "You in an inside job!" He shook his head. "Imagine yourself closed in all day. No sun, no air, punching a time clock. No siesta in the after-

noon, no freedom. Nick Butler choked to death by a white collar and a tangle of red tape!"

"You don't know it, but you've just been describing Paradise," I told him. Now I knew Anderson hadn't been panning out. "What do you think I've been doing down here the past four years? Taking a rest cure? Out all day in a hundred and twenty degree heat, up to my knees in swamp, mosquitos that look like eagles and snap like alligators, fever, unfriendly natives, and you for a boss! And what was I slaving for? So that some silly yap in Battle Creek, Michigan, could have bananas and cream for breakfast. No sir! From now on I'm on the other side of the fence. I'm going north and be one of the yaps having bananas and cream for breakfast. I'll let some other sap sweat his brains out growing them for me!"

"Look, Nick," Jocko leaned toward me and from the sound of him you'd have thought he had no interest in anything under the sun except just yours truly. "Stop kidding yourself. You're not going to be happy away from here. You need the company and the company needs you. I need you, Nick. Sure I was sore at you, but are we going to let a little thing like my wife come between our friendship?"

So Jocko was up to something.

"What's this Valentine leading up to?" I asked.

"I'm going to tell you the truth, Nick," he said giving his voice the old 'between you and me' stuff that didn't fool me for a minute. "Anderson hasn't worked out."

"Noooooooooo!" I say in elaborate surprise.

But it wasn't only Anderson. There was something else bothering him and he got it off his chest in another minute. Now to explain it I got to go back a bit and tell you about Rosario. He's our pet bandit. Every self-respecting community has to have a bandit. And since you got to have one it's more fun to have one like Rosario.

You see he's sort of a nice guy and he has a sense of humor and he certainly enjoys life. The only trouble with Rosario is he's likely to blow your head off if he gets annoyed. He was always getting in the company's hair, shooting things up around here, but they'd finally caught him and put him in the jail. Then this morning when he was supposed to have been taken out and shot he swiped Rodriguez' own gun and made a getaway.

Jocko knew what he was doing telling me that. He knew I had a private score to settle with Rosario ever since the day he held me up and got my ring and my mouth's pay. But Jocko went further than that. He offered me a thousand buck bonus (Please turn to page 76)
The last time it happened I was fit to be tied and I swore it would never happen again. It was several years ago, before Carole Lombard became Mrs. Clark Gable and moved out to a Valley ranch practically isolated by mud, manure, and a toll telephone. In those days she still played tennis with wild racquet swingers. She won't play with us today. She says we stink. We say we can remember when she had lead in her pants, too. But she really never did. Not that long-legged bolt of lightning.

One morning I read in a newspaper column that Carole Lombard was dreadfully ill, that a breakdown was impending, and that the doctor had ordered her to stay in bed for at least two weeks. Well, I knew that the Round Robin (that was the name of our tennis club, silly, wasn't it?) wouldn't hold their tournament that Saturday with Madame President in bed, so I went out of town for the week-end, but before leaving I sent poor sick Carole who might die two dozen roses. Now I am not the type to send flowers, not even to a favorite corpse, so you can see how really upset I was over her illness. They were deluxe roses too. I spread myself. Poor dear Carole, I said, so fragile, so lovely, not long for this world.

Well, came Monday morning, and came me back from a dreary week-end, only to read in the social-goings-on that Carole Lombard had won in the women's tournament, and had been so pleased with herself that she had thrown a dinner party at the Clover Club, and danced with everyone in sight. I was livid. I remembered the price of those roses, not yet paid for. I called Miss Lombard on the phone—and I didn't call her so fragile and so lovely. I told her she had gotten flowers out of me under false pretenses. An hour later there appeared at my door by special messenger two dozen roses in the last stages of decay—and there is really nothing so depressing as a rose that has seen better days. The note accompanying them, written in the Lombard green ink, smelled too. Well, that taught me a lesson. Or so I thought.

But days passed, weeks passed, and ditto months and years. Which brings us up to a few weeks ago when suddenly one night I heard over the radio that Carole Lombard, or rather Mrs. Clark Gable, was in wretched health, that she was bordering on a nervous breakdown, and that the doctors had ordered her to retire from the screen for at least a year. It sounded even worse than that. It sounded like Carole was completely shot, and might drop off any minute. Goodness, was I scared! I couldn't live without my laughs from Lombard. I knew that she had looked pale the last time I had seen her but she was playing a nurse in "Vigil in the Night" and I thought she was only in character. I called her immediately to console with her, but learned from her
Rumors about Me!
Says Carole Lombard
(Mrs. Clark Gable)

secretary that she was out of town, but would be back Friday. Nerves, I said, probably her nerves are shattered, poor dear, and Clark has had to take her to some quiet place to rest. I was out at the Gable Ranch early Friday morning all prepared to hold a wan hand, stroke a fevered brow, maybe even say, while bravely choking back the sobs, Carole, old girl, you look wonderful.

Her nerves were shattered, like hell! With fifty million dogs barking and chickens cackling as I got out of my car it was I who had shattered nerves. If only the Gables would teach their dogs to differentiate between guests and burglars. I, evidently, looked like a hatchet woman.

Carole, all wrapped up in a white robe, was seated at her dressing table while the ever faithful Loretta fussed with her hair. She did look a bit peaked. Poor child. My heart simply overflowed with sympathy and I fought to keep the tears out of my eyes.

“Did you have a good rest, darling?” I asked softly and solicitously.

“Rest?” screamed Carole. “Are you crazy? Did you ever shoot quail? Do you know how fast they can dart over mountains? And with me right after them with eight pounds of gun and three pounds of shells over my shoulder? Rest? I’ll have you know I walked ten miles a day, every day. Look at the blisters on my heels.”

“But, darling,” I said, so quietly and patiently, the way one speaks to a petulant invalid, “do you think you ought to do that? So much exercise isn’t good for your health, you know.”

“What’s wrong with you?” Carole demanded indignantly. “You can talk louder than that. There’s no one sleeping around here. Unless it’s Loretta.” (Loretta gave her dome a none too gentle whack with the hair brush). “And what, may I ask, is all this hooey about my health? When we got in from Mexico this morning I found a whole stack of letters from fans saying they were so worried about me. Several of them suggested specialists I should see, and different medicines which they (Please turn to page 91)
ROMANTIC happiness is the most important thing in the world to those born between April 21 and May 20, in the earth Sign of Taurus. Born as the ancient weariness of winter departs, these children of Taurus reflect in their personalities the perennial miracle of awakening life. Spring’s hope, joyousness and, above all, its sweetness and sanity, these are the heritage of persons born in this fortunate sign. Added is the fact that the beautiful planet Venus dominates the heavens during April and May, bringing the thrill of newly awakened romance into the lives of those born in these two months.

If Taurus happens to be your own birth sign, compare your life and character with the movie stars of this sign, and see what experiences you have in common with some of your screen favorites. First of all, it will be found that many stars were born in this sign and that they number among them some of the most beautiful women and most handsome men of the screen.

In considering the movie stars born in this sign, let us begin with Shirley Temple. No matter to what position in boxoffice polls she may go, there is no doubt she will be for a long time first in the hearts of movie fans. As I heard an old lady say at the preview of "The Blue Bird," “Why shouldn’t we fans love Shirley? We raised her!”

I will not waste any time describing Shirley’s characteristics, because they must be as familiar to you as those of your own little pride and joy, but I will say this about Shirley’s future: Her chart shows that she will never suffer the sad oblivion of the has-been, because she will always be important in whatever field she chooses to enter. Although producers seem, at present, satisfied to employ her charm rather than her full histrionic talent, her gifts are great, and we will observe a new Miss Temple very soon. Shirley will continue her career on the screen indefinitely. She will marry by the time she is twenty-one—for love, of course. It will be a very successful marriage, for her chart shows unbroken happiness.

Another Taurian after your own heart is Tyrone Power. Although Ty is visually a glamour boy of the first order, if you will observe his life carefully you will see there is no nonsense about him. The down-to-earth quality of the Taurus-born dominates his every act. Take his marriage, for example. Ty could probably have won any heart—whole female in America. He
chose a girl notable for her good sense, of a race famous for its perfect wines and practicality. A true Taurian, Ty immediately built a home which is, in its perfection, an all-time high for Hollywood domesticity. He accepted Annabella’s daughter for his own and now seems as settled a citizen as we have in these parts.

The only unfortunate thing about this set-up, astrologically, is that Annabella’s sign is not compatible to Tyrone’s. I have predicted that such a marriage cannot last, but we must take into consideration the fact that Tyrone Power has the great stubbornness and sense of duty given to him by Taurus which might make it possible for this couple to over- (Please turn to page 96)
Step right up and meet the mighty men of wit and knowledge who make "Information Please" one of your favorite shows of radio and the screen.

You've heard them on the air, and looked at and listened to 'em on the screen—now meet the stars of "Information Please." Left to right above: John Kieran, Franklin P. Adams, guest Christopher Morley, Oscar Levant. Lower right, Clifton Fadiman. Right, making an "Information Please" movie in a New York studio. Below, trying to stump the experts, Kieran and F. P. A. with a "visual question." But they know all the answers.
THE calendar says Tuesday. The clock says eight thirty in New York, dropping across the continent to five thirty in California. The rooster crows! Milton Cross says: "Wake up, America! Time to stump the experts." And a large section of our literate population settles back, smacking anticipatory lips.

You can see them in the movies now too—Fadiman, Kieran, Adams and Levant, the felicitous four. You can go to your favorite theater and fit the voices you’ve known, lo, these many months, to their respective faces. In recognition of their boxoffice pull, INFORMATION PLEASE twinkles in lights above the marquee, big as Garbo and at least as alluring. The Pathé rooster who copped them crows with his brother of Canada Dry, as the distribution figures soar to a height that threatens to leave all but Disney behind.

In one respect, Information, Please is direct heir to Amos ’n’ Andy. Not since that program rode its crest, has a radio interval been held sacrosanct by so many. Unless you value friendship lightly, don’t phone anyone in New York between eight thirty and nine of a Tuesday evening. Don’t even phone the fire department, unless the flames are licking your toes.

In an NBC studio in Radio City, the fun starts fifteen minutes ahead of time. The auditorium is filled. No standees allowed, or they’d be hanging from the fixtures. “How do I get to a broadcast?” citizens wail. Write to Canada Dry, citizens. Your name goes on a list, and maybe will be reached some fine day in ’45.

A banner stretches across the platform, announcing that Canada Dry presents Information, Please. Ads of a certain beverage ogle you from either corner, lest you forget. Upstage left is the piano—right, the rooster machine and cash register. Milton Cross’s mike stands full center. Downstage right, two somewhat battered tables have been pushed together in a line at right angles to the audience. Here the experts sit. A small table mike does for two, but each has his own private lily cup of water. Downstage left, Mr. Fadiman faces them. His table is nothing to brag about either, but his dignity as teacher is delicately underscored. Instead of a lily cup, he gets a handsome chromium water bottle and a glass.

A representative of the astute advertising agency that sold the program to Canada Dry, introduces Mr. Fadiman to the audience with endearing brevity. Fadiman is a roundfaced young man, with a smile that suggests diffidence. If there’s anything in the suggestion, he keeps it nobly concealed for the most part. He does admit a reluctance to being photographed, on the plea that he has never been able to assume for the camera any expression beyond one of simple dummness. He welcomes the audience. He tells them to their obvious glee that there will be a fifteen-minute preliminary bout to warm up the experts. He asks them to observe (Please turn to page 82)
The O'Brien family, complete: Pat, his mother, son Sean, daughter Mavourneen, his wife Eloise, and his aunt. Left, Pat in front of his new Brentwood home; a view of the library, and Mavourneen with her doll cupboard. Complete descriptions of the home are included in our story.

**Pat O'Brien's**

First story and exclusive pictures of Hollywood's handsomest new home—a dream-come-true for a lovable Irishman and his devoted wife

LAST Summer one week-end Eloise (Mrs. Pat) O'Brien was entertaining a crowd of us at their Del Mar beach home when Pat returned from the studio. He was pretty disgruntled and Eloise (after greeting him as though he had been away for six months instead of just for the day) inquired solicitously as to the cause of his discomfiture.

"If only," Pat grumbled, "just one person would say, 'I saw your new home and it's beautiful' I'd be satisfied. But everyone comes up and says 'I saw that new hotel you're building' or 'I saw your sanitarium' or 'I saw your new winter resort.' It's disheartening, that's what it is."

Probably no two people in the history of Hollywood have taken the kidding about a new home that Pat and Eloise took while building theirs. Well, the new home is finally finished, they've moved in, and once again the truth of that old adage "He who laughs last giggles longest" is proven, for the ribbers have had to eat their words. It would be hard to imagine a more beautiful place. It is a large place—but not as large as it looks, and it is one of the finest examples of the Mt. Vernon type of architecture imaginable.
Coming into the house there is a large reception hall with a pure Georgian staircase rising by easy steps to the second floor. The banjo clock is an antique and the chandelier, one of the most beautiful in the house, was designed by Pat and Eloise. The living room, opening off the hall, runs the entire depth of the house, looking out on the lawn in front and the swimming pool in back. This, the dining room, and the master bedroom are the only really formal rooms in the house.

The twin lamps on either side of the living room fireplace are Dresden. They were bought at an auction sale years ago and were salvaged from their old house. The painting over the mantel is "The Lakes of Killarney" and the coloring in it is exquisite. "It typifies the things we love," Pat says. The lamp on the table behind the divan is of blue Bristol glass. The draperies are white serge with a floral print. All through the downstairs casement cloth has been utilized instead of blinds. Over this hang the glass curtains, made of hand-embroidered lawn.

The carpet is from Scotland and delivery was held up because of the war. "When the carpet was ready for delivery," Eloise told me, "the (Please turn to page 72)"
The Boy who Looks like Shirley

Have you a wonder-boy in your home? Read how 6-year-old Johnny Russell won fame as Shirley Temple's little brother in "The Blue Bird"

By Dora Albert

T WAS Louella Parsons, nationally-known newspaper columnist, who noticed it first. Long before Johnny Russell, the 6-year-old wonder boy, was cast as Shirley Temple's brother in "The Blue Bird," she saw him working on the set of another picture—I think it was "Always Goodbye"—and wrote, "He is such a sweet baby, sharp as a tack and looks enough like Shirley Temple to be her little brother."

Someone at Twentieth Century-Fox must have noticed it afterwards, for when a boy was needed to play the rôle of Shirley's brother, Johnny was the only child even considered for the part. Now everyone is talking about Johnny—and about his amazing resemblance to Shirley. That story is plain for everyone to see. But the story that hasn't been told is the story of the place Shirley has in Johnny's heart and life. That is a story which should be told as softly and gently as the muted playing of a violin, for it is a story of a woman who longed for a son for six long years, and prayed for one—and of how he finally came like an answer to prayer, just when she had given up hope. It is also the story of a lonely boy who never knew what it was to have a sister—and of how Shirley Temple has taken the place in his life of the sister he never had.

But first I want you to meet Johnny Russell, whose real name is Johnny Russell Countryman. Meeting him is like meeting a character out of a Milne book. He has light brown hair, blue eyes, and the most sensitive imagination I have ever seen in a child. He is deeply emotional and very sentimental. If Shirley had a 6-year-old brother, he would be exactly like Johnny. For Johnny doesn't merely look like Shirley. In everything he does and says, he keeps on reminding you of what Shirley was like at six, except, of course, for his natural boyishness.

Life, to him, is a vast game of make-believe, but he is sensible enough to know all the time that it is make-believe. That doesn't make it less important, however. Occasionally he bursts into tears when adults fail to understand. "They think that because something is done by a child, it isn't important," he'll say, his voice breaking.

There was, for instance, the incident of the French fleet. As I understand it (and I was there when it) (Please turn to page 85)
Imagine a sweet girl like Judy Garland being stood up! She's been beau-les because her movie team-mate Mickey Rooney's been too busy in "Young Tom Edison" to join her in another co-starring picture. But now—watch for them in new Andy Hardy film and in "Strike Up the Band."
After inspecting this picture can you doubt that Jane Gilbert, hitherto known as "Margaret Lindsay's sister" or "the girl who married Hedda Hopper's son," deserves recognition on her own?
Her first picture after her marriage to the scion of the wealthy Howard family of California, "Earthbound" presents Andrea Leeds in one of the gently spiritual roles she plays so well.
Ona Munson, whether as Edward G. Robinson's radio leading lady, or as the picturesque Belle Watling in "Gone with the Wind," combines sophistication with real appeal.
pencer Tracy, hampered by an interior story in "Take This Woman," nevertheless created character. Now in "Northwest Passage" he has a role worthy of his terrific talents.
No languid screen queen is Ginger Rogers. She believes in the athletic life and, between pictures, spends every minute soaking up sunshine at her beautiful California home, which occupies hilltop acres overlooking Hollywood. Right, in the nautical environment of her flagstone patio near the pool.

Photographs by John Miehle, RKO Exclusive to SCREENLAND
How Ginger Rogers retains her golden tan all-year-round with strenuous outdoor days at her hilltop estate

Part of the daily ritual at Ginger's house, left: she “screens” the pool to remove the leaves that blow in from surrounding trees. She says it's like rowing a boat, but not getting any place. Below, the Ginger Rogers special serve—she's Hollywood's best woman tennis player. Lower left: in her studio which is part of the dressing rooms beside the swimming pool, Ginger works on a clay bust of her mother, Lela Rogers. Ginger is a gifted artist and, after finishing “The Primrose Path,” put in several hours a day at her hobby.
Yes, Kay Francis plays the mother of an 18-year-old girl—Deanna Durbin—in “It’s A Date.” Hollywood, aghast at her “daring,” forgets that Miss Francis played Jane Bryan’s mother in “Confession,” back in 1937.
"DAUGHTER" DEANNA

The adorable Durbin plays her most grown-up role so far in her new picture, "It's a Date," with Kay Francis as her mother, Walter Pidgeon as the family friend, and young Lewis Howard as the boy of Deanna's heart.
WELCOME BACK, WARNER BAXTER!

You have been away too long! We haven’t forgotten and will give you a big hand in your new film, “Earthbound.” But you’d better not stay away so long again.
KEEP CLICKING, BRENDA JOYCE!

Don't let your sudden success go to your pretty head, will you? "Maryland," your next, will be the real test of your ability. Give it all you've got.
Carole Landis, far left, in her Summer, 1940, sun-and-swim suit; and Carole again, below, in the costume she wears in the new film spectacle, "1,000,000 B. C." Both suits show a lot of Carole Landis, which is—and was, even back in prehistoric times—the big idea. Close-up at left shows John Hubbard, movie cave-man deluxe.
The home-wrecker is not, contrary to popular report, a product of the 20th century, but just an old, established custom. In "1,000,000 B.C." Jacqueline Dalya, below, runs rampant from cave to cave as a primitive siren. Far right, Jacqueline, 1940 version. Right, the male menace—Victor Mature, Hollywood's latest Gable-threat.

And here we'd been thinking the abbreviated sun-suit was a 20th century invention! Seems that prehistoric woman had pretty good ideas of her own, if you can believe Carole Landis and Jacqueline Dalya, femme lures in novel new picture.
THREE SMART STEPPERS

Provocative trio of Lana Turner, George Murphy, and Joan Blondell try to turn "just another musical" into a really novel show. If "Two Girls on Broadway" doesn't please you it isn't the fault of these three swell performers.
As the "Okie" gal in "The Grapes of Wrath" Dorris Bowdon was "under wraps" in a shabby and pathetic part. Glance above at the real Dorris—all set for chic roles.

ROSAHARN STEPS OUT, TOO!

FOR YOUR SPORTING GESTURES

Enna Jettick

SPORT AND SPECTATOR SPORT SHOES

Are you good at sports? Or just o good sport on the sidelines? No matter what your line is, these gay ENNA JETTICK sports models will flatter your feet and give your personality a lift. Shoes with young ideas—brimming over with high style and high spirits. You'll get a kick out of their blithe little heels and trim rounded toes. Are you hard to fit? Think nothing of it. ENNA JETTICKS come in sizes 1 to 12, and in widths AAAA to EEE.

ENNA JETTICK SHOES, INC., AUBURN, N. Y.

OLIVE $6

$5 TO $6

CECILIA $5.50

America's Smartest Walking Shoes
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH
From “Florian”
BRENT Unbends!

A MINOR miracle has happened in Hollywood. George Brent, for years the original “Grrr-oomph” boy of the village, darned near has turned into Gregory the Glad Man!

What brought him out of his shell of aloof and chilly reserve? The simple truth is that George at last faced certain inalienable facts and compromised with life and himself. It was inevitable, he said, that he do so sooner or later. “I finally realized I had to make that compromise if there was to be any living with myself in peace,” he told me.

The time was, and not so long ago either, when most of us who recount the facts and fables of Hollywood always donned our ear muffs and long flannels when we set out to interview George. Not that he ever was rude or even discourteous. Far from it! He was, if anything, meticulously polite. Nevertheless, we usually found ourselves stumped, perhaps by his diabolically clever way of evading or turning our personal questions (and impersonal ones, too), or the subconscious way he made us feel guilty of trespassing on his strictly private domain. Somehow we never quite could get through to the man behind the tall wall of reserve; somehow he was adamant about letting us see him for the interesting and likeable man he is. And so we usually ended up with a good case of the shakes, blowing on our finger tips to warm them into comfort, and making a bee-line for someone like Bette Davis in whose open friendliness we could thaw out and relax. George, when we looked back, would have a puzzled look in his eyes.

The time was when he was called high-hat and anti-social. To see him dining, dancing, and having a good time in public with other celebrities, or even attending “must” affairs like swank premieres or benefits, was as unlikely as spotting Garbo hopping down Hollywood boulevard in cellophane shorts. The time was, too, when even his studio, Warner Brothers, could find neither hide nor hair of him once the last shot of a picture safely was in the can. He would vanish as completely and instantaneously as a puff of smoke (Please turn to page 74)
NORTHWEST PASSAGE—M-G-M

YOU may hear that this is "a man's picture." Well, it's raw meat, all right. It drips with gore. Some of the franker scenes may make you swallow fast and hard. But it is NOT only a man's picture. It is very much of a woman's picture, too. And all because of Spencer Tracy. Here, he out-Gables Clark himself for red-blooded realism and virility. Tracy, for years acknowledged a great actor, is now in danger of becoming a matinee idol as well. For all that "Northwest Passage" concentrates on masculine adventure in the early American wilderness, with Indian rather than boudoir battles the chief excitement, and scarcely an ounce of feminine interest, women are going to eat it up, because of Spencer Tracy: The way his strength and courage keep up the spirits of Rogers' Rangers, the tough band of Indian fighters who follow him through thick and thin, hell and high water. The way his humor seldom deserts him, as for instance when he ains a well-directed kick at a blonde squaw. The way, in the final tremendously touching scene, his indomitable spirit rises above his pitiful defeated hopes and the soldier, once more, triumphs over the all-too-human man. It's grand, rousing stuff—and only an extremely anemic audience will be able to withstand it without bursting into cheers at the end. Robert Young and all the cast, fine.

THE ROAD TO SINGAPORE—Paramount

A FIELD-DAY of fun—and not only for the stars. Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, and Dorothy Lamour—but for the audience and even the ushers. It's crazy and it's carefree; it's exactly the sort of picture we have all been wanting. (Well, then, all but a stray sourpuss or two; and they can revel in the dreey dramas of the month while we enjoy ourselves). Dorothy Lamour told me she had the time of her life working in this film, and I believe her. That zany spirit permeates the whole wacky show, with Crosby and Hope, far from trying to steal each other's scenes, positively putting on an Alphonzo-Garton act of politely handing each other the best laughs. Sometimes it's Hope's picture, as in the scenes aboard the yacht when Bob sings and dances; then it's Crosby's, as when the Crooner dons a South Sea mother-hubbard and does a hula—what other top star would make himself deliberately ridiculous for us to howl at?; and sometimes—briefly—it is Lamour's, when she has a chance to sing one of her characteristically throaty serenades. As the ship tycoon's son with the wanderlust, who lands in the tropics with side-kick Hope, Crosby is at his lovable, casual best, and Bob's comedy never misses. Heap big love feast with lush hula-hula maidens pursuing Bing and Bob is the funniest sequence of the season. The tunes are good, especially Sweet Potato Piper.

TWO MANY HUSBANDS—Columbia

OH, HOW the ladies are going to love this one! If this picture doesn't upset the complacent peace of more than one American household, bringing the husband home from the office earlier than usual and sending the little woman into jitters of smug joy, then it won't be the fault of those audacious trouble-makers, director Wesley Ruggles, his scripter Claude Binyon, and his three stars Jean Arthur, Melvyn Douglas, and Fred MacMurray. They are all engaged in putting a little more piquancy into the blessed state of matrimony, and doing it so disarmingly and charmingly that not even the Will Hays office can object, let alone us. Just one suggestion: husband and wives should see this picture together; if they attend separately no telling what may happen. "Two Many Husbands" is a brand-new twist on the old triangle with cute Jean Arthur pictured in one heck of a dilemma when her first husband, Fred MacMurray, supposedly dead, turns up after she has married a year to his best friend and business partner, Melvyn Douglas. From then on it's every man for himself, with Jean in the middle. It's all very chic and clever, and the real fun is for the femmes in the audience to try to make up Jean's mind for her. Imagine having to choose between Melvyn and MacMurray! As it happens, she doesn't—but I won't give it away; you'll have to see and enjoy it yourself.
STRAVE CARGO—M-G-M

A STRANGE, powerful, and at times deeply moving drama, this new film marking the screen reunion of Clark Gable and Joan Crawford is strong film fare. Not pleasant or persuasive, it is still well worth seeing for its awareness of spiritual values and its several superb performances. Strange is the word for this one; a strange, brooding story of escaped convicts, a café girl—delicate Haysian description of the Crawford character—and a mysterious stranger whose Christlike example serves to regenerate most of the bitter group who, thrown together when escaping from a French penal colony, undergo horrible privations in which the strong endure and the weak perish. In the extremely difficult rôle of the stranger, Ian Hunter, playing with magnificent restraint and feeling, carries the photoplay on his responsible shoulders; and if it conveys conviction to you, credit Mr. Hunter's performance. Personally I found "Strange Cargo" interesting all the way, Joan Crawford, casting aside her broad-A and mannerisms, her lipstick and her Adrian wardrobe, turns in a terrific portrayal of the tarnished girl—tremendously moving, truly sincere—the finest acting she has ever done. It is Clark Gable, strangely enough, who disappoints; the reason baffles me, but here he is no Rhett Butler. Blame it on the rôle, not too convincingly written, shall we?

MY SON, MY SON—Edward Small-United Artists

IF YOU liked the best-selling book by Howard Spring from which it was adapted, you're sure to like this picture. The long novel has been carefully translated to cinema, with sympathetic direction and some splendidly sincere performances. In casting Brian Aherne as William Essex, the producer made a particularly happy choice, for Aherne lends distinction and plausibility to the rôle of the English author whose great devotion to his only son is repaid with ingratitude and tragedy. Louis Hayward plays the son, Oliver, with such fidelity to the sinister flaws in the boy's character that you will find him thoroughly despicable—while applauding his uncompromising performance. Henry Hull as Essex's salty friend, Dermot O'Riordan, gives by far his best screen portrayal. The women in the cast are less fortunate in their assignments: Madeleine Carroll is an unconvincing Liéa, though Laraine Day fares better as Marie, whose self-sacrificing love for William Essex smacks more of the 18th than the 20th century brand of devotion. In fact, "My Son, My Son" is a traditional rather than a modern movie; it's for the conventional picture-goers who cherish their dramatic clichés and still prefer Dickens to Steinbeck. But it is also for fans of fine acting, and they're certain to be satisfied with the topflight performances of Aherne, Hayward, and Hull.

YOUNG TOM EDISON—M-G-M

THE family film of the month! This pictorial account of the boyhood of the famous inventor is not limited in interest to admirers of Thomas Edison and his works. "Young Tom Edison" might be the fascinating story of any boy of great talent, and it is an inspiration to other hopeful American boys, understanding mothers, and stern if well-meaning fathers. This picture's appeal is not confined, either, to fans of Mickey Rooney or Andy Hardy—for here the Number One Box Office Kid is not Rooney nor yet Andy—he is Young Tom to the life. It's a big advance historically for the mighty little Rooney, and a credit to him; he has the good taste to eschew false gestures and smoothness and stick to his characterization, with the result that he will make friends of those he once annoyed before. You'll find the experiments of Young Tom, which lead him into continual scrapes, with everyone in his home town of Port Huron, Michigan, pointing to him as a problem child, even his own father failing to sympathize with his ambitions, of genuine interest, no matter what your age; you will like the poignant performances of Fay Bainter as Tom's ever-encouraging mother; of Virginia Weidler as his sister. And you will find yourself looking forward to "Edison the Man" with Spencer Tracy as the grown-up Mickey Rooney—or is Mickey a miniature Tracy?
Spirit of Spring-time sweeps Hollywood! Here, exclusively, Priscilla Lane shows off her crisp new clothes.

Her new Spring suit, left, is a new shade, paprika, in an interesting new ribbed wool. Her taffeta blouse combines paprika, brown, and white. Her shallow-crowned hat and accessories are brown. Below, her new overall playsuit: green suspender shorts, Scotch plaid gingham shirt. Facing page, Priscilla's pet white piqué playsuit, accented with bright red ric-rac.

Glamar School photographs by Scotty Welbourne, Warner Bros.
For festive evenings, Priscilla prefers a daringly simple gown of navy blue sheer, emphasizing the new extended waistline. When she pleases, Priscilla can transform it into a dinner gown with a jacket of white piqué embroidered in red, green, and blue. The peplum front of the jacket is a double fold of the fabric and forms pleats. You will be seeing Priscilla Lane in "Three Cheers for the Irish."
Who "wears the pants" in the Power family? You've been hearing plenty about how Annabella has changed Ty—now read our intimate story for the real facts

By Liza
If Annabella has really changed Tyrone Power, is the change for the better or worse? Our famous Liza, who knows them better than any other writer, reveals the reasons for this much talked of change. Left above, Tyrone and Annabella off on their "third honeymoon." Right, actor Tyrone Power in a love scene with Dorothy Lamour from new film, "Johnny Apollo."

The last time I saw Tyrone and Annabella they both had awful colds. Tyrone was drinking orange juice, which is the California cure for practically anything that ails you, and Annabella was stretched out in bed in a beautiful blue bed jacket and a chest pad, like we used to wear when we were kids and had whooping cough. The doctor had told her not to have her hair done until she was well, but she had shipped out to the hairdresser's that morning, when Tyrone was at the studio, and every wave was in place. *Toujours la femme.*

The Powers had just returned from a glorious week's visit in New York where in that short time they had seen eight plays, a hockey match, Greta Garbo, and all the night clubs. I gathered that not only had they seen all the night clubs but that they had also closed a considerable number of them. "Every night we danced," said Annabella, with a Camille-ish cough, "until four in the morning. It was wonderful."

Well, no wonder you both caught such dreadful colds, I remarked. I hadn't been dancing until four in the morning in ages and I could be a bit sour about the whole thing. But Annabella hastily assured me that only she had caught her cold in New York. Tyrone, she added with a wicked gleam, had caught his in San Bernardino, California, just one hour away from home. "It was Fate, the kind Fate," she said with grim satisfaction. "Tyrone was so smug because he didn't have a cold and I did. He laughed when my nose began to run. He said only silly people caught colds. So—in San Bernardino he goes out to walk on the station platform and chats a few moments with Cesar Romero, and, *voila,* he catches cold. It was Fate."

"Fate works for Annabella now," said Tyrone with a boyish grin. "When anyone displeases her she reports it to Fate and Fate slaps 'em down."

From this conversation you might get the idea that Annabella had turned into a shrew of a wife, who fiendishly rejoiced in the misfortunes that befall her mate. But you would be dead wrong. The way she looked at him when she said it, with eyes full of devotion, and you knew that she was thinking how good looking he was, how attractive, what fun to be with. You knew that she was thinking—and he was thinking right back at her—that being together was so sweet and gay and satisfying. It was love, all right.

"We saw Garbo," Annabella said, remembering me.}

"Yes," said Tyrone. "As long as I have lived in Hollywood I have never seen Garbo. But the first day we were in New York, Annabella and I were walking along East 71st Street when suddenly the door of a brownstone front opened and out came Garbo. I'm afraid we just stood there and gaped like a couple of fans. We weren't at the Monte Carlo the night she showed up with Dr. Hauser and threw the place in confusion, but I hear it was quite a sensation."

"We dressed every night," said Annabella dreamily. "But we were at the Monte Carlo the night that Elaine Barre moved in on John Barrymore's party. That was a sensation too."

"Tell about the opening of the Barrymore play, darling," Annabella coaxed. And then annoyed because I didn't seem to be giving Tyrone the proper attention (she need never worry about that) she said to me, "Listen carefully, this is very funny when Tyrone tells it."

While they talked and laughed and remembered this and that about their New York trip I couldn't help but think what an utterly congenial couple the young Tyrone Powers are. And happy too. As bugs in a rug. Tyrone and Annabella were married the 23rd of April, 1939, nearly a year ago. When they married a lot of people in Hollywood said that they didn't give it a year. They said that Tyrone and Annabella were married twenty-four at the time, was only a kid, not even dry behind the ears, and certainly didn't know his own mind. They said that he was much too young to take on the responsibilities of marriage. They admitted that Annabella was young, attractive, and really quite fascinating, but no woman could hold Tyrone, for long. They said that it was only a case of Tyrone being in love with love. That when he got out of the mood he would be through with marriage, and Annabella. The world was his, right in the palm of his hand, to do with as he pleased. With so many enticements he would soon weary of the dull shackles of marriage. They said, and this definitely, that she would ruin his career as sure as day followed night. They said all this and a lot of other things too. But why bother? A year has passed. Time has made complete liars out of the self-appointed prophets of Hollywood.

When I reminded them that their first anniversary was right around the corner, as if they didn't know, Annabella announced, "And we have had three glorious honeymoons in one year. It's been the most beautiful, happiest year of my life." (Please turn to page 94)
By THE side of George Cukor's swimming pool, under a green and white striped canopy, sat a small group of people and five golden cocker-spaniels. The dogs, Romeo, Juliet, Scarlett, Rhett, and Constance, are just as excited as the people by the strange noises coming out of the portable recording machine that Fannie Brice is trying to make play. The first time people got up out of their deep cumfy chairs and said things into the microphone, Vivien Leigh still talking with a Scarlett O'Hara accent and everyone trying to be very brilliant and witty, Miss Brice forgot to switch the set on. Then when at long last Errol Flynn found the right switch, Rhett—who is the mean dog and incidentally George Cukor's favorite, even though he's bitten several distinguished guests—jumped up and knocked the whole complicated affair over.

While Miss Brice was on her hands and knees picking up the parts and using language not exactly suitable for Baby Snooks, Constance Collier was telling Olivia deHavilland how last night at the Brian Aherne party some man came in trying to look like Hitler, with upraised arm and hair pulled down and that little mustache, and how everyone thought him so funny and clever until it came time to go home, when it was discovered that he had ripped off a nice little piece of Miss Collier's sables with which to adorn his face for his clowning.
They aren't all movie people in this beautiful hillside garden; nowadays Hollywood draws every kind of world-famous personality. Aldous Huxley, the brilliant English writer, is here with Michael Brook, Lord Warwick on Sundays, please, and they are both amazed how this garden which looks as if it's been here for years was nothing but barren mountain just three years ago. Tons and tons of rock were blown away and fifty-year-old magnolia and olive trees were moved on gigantic trucks in the trafficless still of the night and set down bodily up here. Just then Lili Damita, who everyone thought was asleep in the sun, broke in and told Lord Warwick that if George Cukor wakes and finds the trees not in full bloom and covered with ripe olives within a week of planting he has them all uprooted and taken away on those huge trucks again. Luckily husband Errol Flynn is there to throw her in the pool, but Hollywood is such an amazing place that far more strange things than that do happen.

Now Vivien Leigh, who has the grandest sense of humor of any girl in pictures, is telling a story about another girl who thought she ought to play Scarlett. She was a stenographer in a downtown department store and had a six-foot replica of the book, "Gone with the Wind" made, and dressed as she thought fit for the part hid inside the three-ply dummy book ready to step out and say, "I'm the girl who ought to play Scarlett." Well, she hired a truck and the huge (Please turn to page 92)
He Makes his Camera SING!

Photography is more than a hobby to Kenny Baker, it's an art

By Ruth Tildesley

"FRANCES," said Kenny Baker, one day, when the Texaco program was rehearsing, "sing 'Night and Day' for me, will you?"

"Yes," said the obliging Frances Langford, "but why?"

"I want to shoot you the way you look on the third line," explained Kenny, busying himself with camera and exposure meter.

"I still don't know what's right or wrong with the way I look on the third line," said Frances, telling of it later, "but that man made me sing 'Night and Day' twelve times before he got what he wanted!"

Kenny's the thorough sort. If he goes in for anything, he isn't satisfied with almost getting it. The results must be better than he expected, or he'll do it again. He never dashes up and clicks the shutter. He studies his subject, moves things, consults his exposure meter, tries different angles, and then, like as not, comes back next day to do it all over again.

"Every cameraman shoots his own way; it's like a signature on his work," said Kenny. "I don't think it would be any fun to make pictures if you didn't work the shot out carefully first."

Kenny and his family live on top of a mountain in Cold Water Canyon, so far from Hollywood that directions include: "And ask the real estate man at the summit to show you the house." There's a view every way you look for miles and miles. It's an English house, with a controlled gate, gardens, a court for parking cars, a playhouse for the babies,
Some of Kenny's pictures: Capitol dome at night; his wire-haired terrier; night scene at airport; highway near Yosemite; Texas tanks.

and a darkroom built over the garages. Like many another man, Kenny was born, grew up, got through school and even got married before the camera bug hit him.

"I don't remember ever having a paint box in my hand, after I grew beyond the kindergarten stage," he observed, "and I was never interested in sketching. When our first baby was coming, we decided it would be wonderful to have a record of the child's life; so we bought a movie camera. I had the outfit, so I used it as often as I had time. Pretty soon I realized that color stuff was so far above black-and-white that I discarded all film except color. When I use the movie outfit, I don't bother with titles. I know lots of movie experts who write a title on the sand, for example, and then take a fan and blow it away. Or they have someone run on carrying the title written on a card, and then run away. But I don't bother. I let come what comes.

"The trouble with movie stuff, though, is that you have to set up your screen and projector every time you want to look at what you've done. Sometimes, too, I would see a single shot that looked good and it seemed foolish and extravagant to use a movie outfit for them. So-o, I bought a Contax camera. Being used to color in my movie film, black-and-white didn't (Please turn to page 95)."
"Give us in-betweeners a fashion break!" begs Gloria Jean, now co-starring with Bing Crosby in "If I Had My Way"

Youthful play tags for in-betweeners recognize all the fashion notes set forth for grown-up girls. Gloria Jean, above, wears for 'cycling a smart two-piece playsuit that adheres to the newest style decrees. Her shorts of blue denim are the new longer length; while the contrast which is so good this season is shown in the multicolored striped overall top. At right, Gloria Jean's casual slacks outfit that spells comfort as well as chic for eleven-year-olds this season. The sailor-styled white gabardine slacks are topped by a white angora sweater. Over this she wears a marine blue hand-knit sweater of baby floss. Of course she tops it all with a colorful scarf.
Mothers of eleven-year-olds (or thereabouts) will find Hollywood hints here on what sub-sub debs like to wear.

Stripes are so good that little daughter shares them with mother and older sisters this Spring. Gloria Jean, above, wears her new "practical" dress of navy and white striped broadcloth. The skirt with side pleats buttons on to the white linen blouse which has a Peter Pan collar piped with same material as the skirt. Over this goes a matching brief bolero. Something gay and smart, which must combine complete freedom of movement, is the fashion requirement for girls of Gloria Jean's age. At left, she wears for active sports this navy piqué playsuit with white zig-zag design interspersed with colorful flowers. The wide shorts allow for freedom.
Gather 'round and we'll gossip about the goings-on in that wacky, wonderful Hollywood

MAYBE you won't be hearing so many stories about how startlingly temperamental and painfully aloof Jean Arthur is, because she seems to suddenly have taken a turn to a more friendly attitude toward the people she works with. Previously, these same people were the ones who were close enough to her to be able to start the rumors of her very strange behavior on the set. Everyone who worked with her during the making of "Too Many Husbands" would think twice before they'd say anything about her self-centered aloofness now. Before the picture was finished, and for the first time, Jean gave the members of the working crew a sizeable personal check with her appreciation of their help. Every girl she had worked with was given her choice of a selection of imported, hand-made sweaters.

Wheat! Diana Lewis is leaping into her place in the sun! She's just 21, the divinely happy bride of Bill Powell, and she has a nice part in the new Eddie Cantor picture. Next, the rôle of the debut in "Andy Hardy Meets a Debutante."

Here's Hollywood

AS AN after-sickness token to give her a convalescence a lift, Ann Sothern got an arresting gift from Mrs. Ray Milland—a pair of earrings in the shape of tiny, fiery lobsters that cling to the ears realistically with their ingenious claws. . . . On Ingrid Bergman's recent return to Hollywood she ordered corn on the cob as a favored repeat of all the delicacies California had introduced her to, and was unbelievably disappointed to find it out of season. . . . Hedy Lamarr made a sweeping sally through a not so crowded theater lobby the other night, and no one seemed at all impressed. Hedy whisked out the door without the leap of a lens-hound. Inside of five minutes Hedy did her sweep all over again. Could it be that she was fishing for some kind of a reaction that she didn't get? . . . A local charity organization representative in Hollywood now does her soliciting for funds in a sleek limousine with a liveried chauffeur. When she went the rounds in an old model of a moderately priced car she found no one at home to her call.

CARBO is the greatest old signal gal in all of Hollywood. She has so many signals down pat with her friends that she can get along nicely without much actual talking. Secret signs give her that spice of mystery that she demands in everything she does. The story comes out, now, that when Garbo and George Brent were having those secret tête-à-têtes at George's secluded Coldwater Canyon home, Garbo had her signals working

By Weston East

UNA O'CONNOR is crazy about American fountain specials. Her record for a 24-hour period is ten banana splits with other assorted parfaits and soft drinks thrown in. . . . This is irony. At Pomona, the alma mater of both Robert Taylor and Joel McCrea, James Stewart was just chosen as the coed's choice of the man they'd like to propose to this leap year. . . . Dolores Del Rio has ditched that watch she wore on a choker around her neck because she got tired of looking in a mirror to see what time it was—only to find the hands pointing out the hour backwards.

THERE should be some kind of insurance to protect actors from being sued by women who find it possible to blame a movie star's super appeal for their loss of life and limb. Richard Greene's latest experience takes the prize, though. The sight of Richard bowling out Sunset Boulevard in his open roadster does make the most blasé out-of-towners stop and stare. One morning about a week ago Richard came down Wilshire on his way to the studio. A very smartly dressed woman driving a car with an out of the state license took one hungry, excited look at Greene's young handsomeess and promptly got hysterical, lost control of her car and crashed into a street lamp. Richard, not even realizing what was happening, drove on home. He never knew what had occurred until the woman tried to sue him for causing the accident.
E V E R Y O N E knows that besides being a gaunt-eyed student of Shakespeare at the tender age of three, Orson Welles also knocked much older magicians for a loss by conjuring up astonishing sleight of hand tricks when he was only a sprout. So when he reserved a whole section of seats at the Hollywood El Capitan Theater for the opening of the International Magicians show, those in the know smelled a rat. Welles is so in the habit of stealing the national spotlight, even crowding movie big shots in the shade on their very own stamping ground, that an amazing coup de theater was expected. All the Welles henchmen were in his party to see their little major domo serve another ace. Everyone of those who were suspicious of Welles motives were as right as rain as to his plans. Not one to ever be caught napping, he came to the theater fully expecting to be asked to the stage to give a little demonstration, and he was fully prepared. The secret pockets of his evening clothes were stuffed with handkerchiefs and eggs. Then came the blow—the magicians running the show didn’t give him his chance, and he went home with a high hat full of unused rabbits.

Love? Not! Just Ray Milland obliging the publicity department by attempting a "different" pose with Loretta Young, his co-star in "The Doctor Takes A Wife." It's one of those crazy comedy pictures.

Sunny side up at sunset! These two grand trouper, Beulah Bondi and Guy Kibbee, have the best roles of their long careers in "Our Town," screen version of Thornton Wilder's play.

Best Undressed Woman? Janice Logan is so pretty, here and in "Dr. Cyclops," that we don't mind concealing her the silly title if she really wants it. Janice, a Junior Leaguer from Chicago, has her big screen opportunity in Paramount's novelty thriller directed by Ernest Schoedsack. She goes through "Dr. Cyclops" clad only in this brief affair; but her real-life interests are—writing and clothes!
HOLLYWOOD is rife with rumors about Warner Baxter. On one hand you hear that he is going to quit the screen for good now that his Fox contract has run its course, and on the other, that he definitely intends to take up the stage offers waiting him. Some say he will re-sign with another company for more pictures, and others, that he's going to wash his hands of Hollywood forever. The least concerned about the whole affair is Warner, who doesn't intend to commit himself. He is worried about only one thing and that is that, somehow, rumor has spread about that he is as bald as a billiard ball and the heavy mop of hair we see on the screen is a wig. The rumor started when his luxuriant thatch was tightly curled for his rôle in "Under the Pampas Moon," that Marcel Job made him look so phony that fans took it for granted he wore a wig. Ever since then rumors have grown and people persist in writing about it. If fans don't stop asking him if he's bald, Warner may set out on a personal appearance tour if only to prove that he's got a real head of hair.

FROM the moment of the announcement, until after the preview of the new Deanna Durbin picture, "It's a Date," all the glamour girls thought Kay Francis was altogether out of her mind to enact the rôle of a mother of an eighteen-year-old girl. Eyebrows shot sky-high on her decision to take the part, and they remained arched during wholesale broadcasts of the most dire consequences for Kay. Everyone said her declaration was an outright resignation to middle age, and they predicted that in no time she would be doing only character grandes daus on the screen. But, as usual, Kay was smarter than all the calamity shouters put together. Miss F. is canny enough to know that although Deanna is 18 years old, her public thinks of her as a little child and to play her mother can do an actress no harm. Deanna is actually several years older than Linda Darnell, who is playing sophisticated roles on the screen. Nancy Kelly and other girls are the same age as Deanna and yet they are grown up on the screen. To play the mother of one of these teen-age sirens Kay realizes would be quite another thing and she, as well as any other actress of her age, would steer well away from such a complication.

THE WARNER BROTHERS' publicity department has tried everything short of out and out theft to get a hold of a picture album that belongs to Pat O'Brien. Pat made a visit to Jimmy Cagney's fabulous Martha's Vineyard estate, which Jimmy has never allowed to be photographed. Pat being newly bitten by the photographer's bug had taken his camera with him. He spent his entire time there filming the picturesque spot. When Pat boasted of his camera studies around the studio and the publicity department got a look at the photographs of Cagney's holy of holies, they grabbed for the shots. But Pat and Jimmy must have had a pact. Pat's pictures of Martha's Vineyard will never see print.

IT'S BARELY possible to live with Henry Fonda these days. And it isn't because he has a swelled head from all his acclamas in "The Grapes of Wrath"—far from it! It's simply because he fancies himself as a handy man. He thinks he won a bet with his wife, but she hasn't the heart to tell him that all his fancy fiddling with the out-of-order radio only doubled the eventual repair bill. Hank used to be a trouble shooter for a telephone company and he prides himself on his self-imposed ability to repair ailing electrical gadgets. Mrs. Fonda didn't want him to teach the coroner's photographer and radio that went on the blink. They laid a stiff bet that he couldn't fix it. He got it apart and together again. It worked, after his fashion, till he left the house. Then it practically fell apart. Mrs. Fonda had it all secretly repaired and Hank's still taking the credit for a grand job, until he reads this.

WHEN George Raft buys a new hat he immediately rips the lining out of it. They say it's because he thinks it might mess his slick hairdo. Greer Garson can do double-jointed contortions that would put a professional to shame. When she is among friends, and at ease, she'll tie herself into a knot at the drop of a hat. . . . Robert Donat, touring the English provinces, writes that the small hotels in rural England are advertising like this: "Room and Board—and excellent view of the air raids—reasonable." . . . Grace Allen is taking real Hawaiian hula lessons from an honest-to-goodness island princess.
BRENDA MARSHALL is unique in Hollywood because after all her acclaim she is still the most retiring leading lady in those parts. When she first arrived on the Warner lot almost a year ago she was introduced to Errol Flynn and, as is Mr. Flynn’s wont, the impression Brenda received was terrific. She was so conscious of his devastating charm and popularity that she could never bring herself to speak to him after that because she thought he would never remember her, and she didn’t want to take any of his time. When it was announced that she was to do “The Sea Hawk” with him, Brenda’s knees began to quiver and she dodged around the lot hiding behind things whenever Flynn came in sight. She didn’t want to be embarrassed by not having him remember who she was. All that nonsense came to an end when Errol walked into the make-up department one day and came face to face with Brenda. By the time he finished complimenting her on her tests for the picture and letting her know how lucky he considered himself in having such a fine actress to work opposite, Brenda was truly amazed. Her shyness had previously made Flynn into a magnificently handsome ogre.

Papa Cantor gets a son! Comedian Eddie, father of five daughters, shown with the 8-months-old boy boy whose proud parent he plays in “Forty Little Mothers,” with Rita Johnson. Lower right, Baby Quintanilla and Eddie in cute scene.

GRATITUDE in Hollywood: Muriel Angelus has just given to Hugh McMullin, in appreciation of many past favors, a black Scotty pup. Hugh McMullin is the one who made the test of Muriel which got her a long-term Paramount contract. Ruth Gordon, Broadway actress, has “gone Hollywood” by her own admission. She just bought a rhinestone collar for her French poodle. . . . An innovation in commemoration: Hollywood’s newest theater, the Hawaii, will honor Charlie Chaplin through the years by having an imprint of his famous cane placed in a cement block in the foyer. . . . It’s true, the back seat of Wally Beery’s car has become a miniature nursery for the convenience of his adopted daughter, Phyllis Ann. The seat is specially built; a heater to warm milk has been installed, and there’s a supply of triangular pants.
Success Story

A firm answer to the "Please tell me what to do" problems of face, figure, and fascination

By Courtenay Marvin

Failing knowledge, experience, taste, and understanding.

Sometime ago, I met such a person, Ann Delafield, Directress of the Richard Hudnut DuBarry Salon, New York. To me, she is an ideal in appearance. But if she weren't, the moment you heard her speak or saw her function, you would feel a kind of magnetism. This, I believe, is because she has delved deep within the feminine heart and mind and, therefore, from her rich background, knows how to attack our failings from the outside. She feels that most of us develop less than half the promise of fulfillment we hold for face, figure and fascination. She also knows that most of us, conscious of this, develop a slightly vinegar flavor in our psychological outlook on life and thereby miss many of the good things that should be ours.

About a year ago, a school in charge of Miss Delafield was opened here in New York. This school promised success to attendants who devoted a number of hours a day for a period of six weeks. (Please turn to page 87)
Of the new American Symbol Prints—identifying marks of products you know—used as designs for fabrics, we have chosen the Coty Powder Puff as the most charming. Here you see it in a smart warm-weather rayon print, with matching turban. Emphasis on the slim waistline, front fullness and Paris pockets. In a variety of colors. About $14.95.

Put design and color in your life! See Store Directory on Page 89

A crisp candy-striped rayon taffeta pettiskirt to rustle enchantingly under your suit or frock. A Miss Swank garment, with the usual perfect fit of the Miss Swanks. In a variety of color combinations, such as black and purple; green and black; brown and orange, or navy and red. For added chic, choose a color combination to match your costume accessories. It's a young fashion, a good one and very neat under-protection. At about $3.

"Jujube" looks like a party frock, but it's one of Munsingwear's newest nightie inspirations. It's striped like an old-fashioned candy stick, has a heart shaped bodice for good figure lines and an Empire skirt. The fabric is a cool tricot knit—and vacationists and business girls please note; it launders beautifully and needs no ironing. It makes a bright thought for a going-away present, and you might put it on your list for some of your friends who are graduating in June. Meanwhile, you might do yourself a favor, too, by possessing and wearing it. This is only one of a fascinating collection of nighties by Munsingwear that dress you up for bed. About $4.
manufacturers wrote and asked if we wanted to take a chance on having it sent over on an English ship or if we wanted it shipped to a neutral country and sent over on one of their vessels. We told them to ship it to Holland and re-route it from there on a Dutch boat. Finally it arrived in Wilmington, California, and for three weeks it lay there on the docks in plain view of God and everybody—but we couldn’t get it. We had the bill from the manufacturers to show but the agent in Holland had forgotten to forward the shipping papers. It would probably still be there if we hadn’t called up the manufacturer’s agent in New York and had him cable the Dutch representative to forward the papers. Then we had to wait until they arrived.

On the table behind the divan are a pair of Sheffield book-ends, one figure being a woman (a colonial dame) and the other a man. It’s the only pair like it I have ever seen. It is too bad that the fireplace doesn’t show more plainly, for the brass fender and andirons are among the most striking features of the house. They are 17th century English.

“Who did the house?” I inquired casually for the décor is unusually harmonious, without the “studied” effect decorators usually manage to achieve.

“We did it,” they exclaimed happily. “We’ve dreamed of this house for years, studied plans, furnishings, decorations, and we knew almost exactly what we wanted before we started building. We were tired of Spanish architecture and we wanted a house that would be suitable for this climate so our choice naturally fell on Southern colonial.”

“What?” I laughed mockingly, “no farm in the East?”

“No farm anywhere,” they grinned. “You see,” Pat went on, a serious note creeping into his voice, “in New York we had a back bedroom and we were lucky to be able to afford that. We’ve made our money out here and we think it should be spent out here. We have the house at the beach, and now this place, and that’s enough for anyone. If I can keep going for another three years we’ll be able to keep these places up on our income and that’s all anyone could ask. Come on, and we’ll show you the rest of the house.”

He led the way into the library. The desk and divan were brought over from the old house. The desk formerly belonged to Gene Stratton Porter and was bought at an auction. It was at this desk she wrote most of her famous books, including “The Girl of the Limberlost.”

The divan was recovered when they moved into the new house but as the original upholstery on the back and sides was still good the thrifty Eloise had the large chair next to the desk recovered with it. The base of the lamp in back of the divan is an antique Russian samovar that has been wired.

“Pat has a passion for collecting animal skin rugs,” Eloise explained. “He has a lot more of them that I have stored away. I won’t let him put any in the house. It would be just about like every kind of skin there is except an agent’s and producer’s, and I’m going to get them before I quit.”

The walls are pickled pine with an old English wax finish. Here, too, the rear window looks out over the pool towards the rumpus room and guest house. The ship on the mantelpiece is a reproduction in miniature of “The Royal Sovereign,” which was built in the reign of Charles I of England by Phineas Jett. Pat once had some research done on the original vessel and learned it was built at a cost of 65,558 pounds sterling, was launched at Wilwich, England, on October 13, 1637, was 124 ft. long, 40 ft. wide, weighed 1637 tons and carried 100 guns.

On the right side of the mantle you’ll notice a bronze plaque. There is also another on the left side. These are imprints of Scan’s hands, when he was a baby. One of them is inscribed, “To Daddy” and on the other, “From Scan.”

The most noteworthy feature of this room is the collection of Irish literature, first editions and old theater programs and magazines. He had bought a collection of water prints called “The Haunts of Dickens” which Eloise had bound for him. It is a six-volume deluxe edition of the stories of the plays and a deluxe edition of Milton’s “Paradise Lost,” published in 1827 and dedicated to King George IV, bound in black crushed morocco. He also has a beautiful portfolio for photographs with a small Holbein portrait in the cover—a present from Jimmy and Billie Cagney. The walls boast the presence of three original Whistlers—“Reading by Lamplight,” “Annie Seated” and “Adam and Eve Tavern.” The lamp shades on either side of the mantle are copies of pages from the Gutenberg Bible.

The dining room, to my notion, is the cream of the house, not only on account of the excellent food served there, but because of the decoration. The walls are murals done on canvas depicting scenes of Southern life in ante-bellum days. The corners of the room have been rounded so there is no break in the paintings. The dining table
is early Duncan Phyfe and the chairs are Chippendale.

Even the kitchen in this home is distinctive. Pat’s pride and joy is a garbage mincer which crushes the garbage so that it flows out the drain and into the sewer—obviating the necessity for an incinerator or garbage pail. Technically, this machine is called a “garbage disposal,” but Willie, the colored houseboy, has euphemistically re-christened it “the garbage disposal.”

The ice-box is of Gargantuan proportions and is always filed to overflowing so a midnight raid always bears fruit—or cold chicken. It contains a dozen ice-trays. In the butler’s pantry is another large ice-box containing six trays. This box is used mostly when they entertain. Salads can be prepared early in the afternoon and kept here until it is time to serve them.

The master bedroom looks to be only a trifle smaller than the waiting room of the new Los Angeles Union Station. It is a large room, but the effect of great size is obtained through the use of a mirror at the far end which covers the whole wall. In this mirror you can note the size of the bed, which is reflected in it. The chaise is double the ordinary in width and is called a “double chaise.” It is upholstered in the same pattern of satin as is used on the bedspread and for the apron of Eloise’s dressing table, except that this has not been quilted.

What appears to be a desk, with Eloise’s picture on it, is really a plant stand. On the right is a lamp table—with no lamp. They have not yet been able to find just the lamp they want for this room.

The apron around the fireplace is of glazed tile with a small floral pattern. Note the fan screen. Eloise is making a huge hooked rug, entirely of rags, to go in front of the fireplace.

Both hers and Pat’s dressing rooms are different than any I have ever seen. Hers has walls covered in phlox—a bluish-gray material (washable) that looks something like a shiny felt—but isn’t. Every possible inch of space has been utilized. Built in, under every wash-basin in the house, is a hamper for the reception of soiled linen.

In one closet, instead of the regulation one rod, hung near the top, there are two rods—one at the top and the other halfway between the floor and top. The top one is for her blouses and sports jackets and the lower one for odd skirts. There is also one closet with no shelf and the rod hung near the top for evening dresses, so the trains don’t touch the floor. The carpet is apricot and is a carry-over from the bedroom.

Pat’s dressing room has walls upholstered in pigskin leather. As all the laundering is done on the place, the laundress conceived the idea of hanging Pat’s shirts on hangers, instead of folding them, doing away with creases.

Going into Mavourneen’s room, we find a mahogany tester bed and a genuine antique mahogany desk. All the draperies, and the aprons on the coverlet and dressing table are point d’esprit edged in blue. The mirror over the dressing table has a real Dresden china frame. This formerly belonged to Julian Eltinge, the first and certainly the most successful of all female impersonators. Mavourneen has a cupboard full of dolls but only desines to play with one of them, explaining, in all seriousness, that she is not the “maternal type.”

Sean’s room is severely plain and strictly masculine. The wall-paper has red figures in it and he is proud of this. It is the only thing in the room—although he is somewhat at a loss to explain it when you ask him why.

The playroom is probably the most used room on the place. Pat’s hospitality is famous and people avail themselves of it on any and all occasions. In the old days when they first came to Hollywood, Eloise had always he kept a ten-gallon pot of beans on the stove on Sunday, for she never knew how many guests would suddenly arrive whom Pat had invited and forgotten to tell her about.

Usually rumpus rooms are too small. People insist upon having their parties in these rooms with the result that the air is always fetid and the guests uncomfortably crowded. The O’Brien playroom will accommodate fifty people comfortably and the bar alone, in a pinch, can accommodate eighteen people. It is the largest bar I have ever seen in a private home.

In the fireplace is an old maple pot that was formerly used for boiling sugar. The rugs are Navajo, some of them presents from Bert Lytell. The little figures on top of the bar are Toby mugs, most of them having been brought back from England by Wally Ford. The room is a reproduction of an old English Tavern and the chairs around the tables are reproductions of cabin chairs aboard ships.

The guest room is on one side of the playroom. It is furnished throughout in rock maple. Note the Bermuda fireplace. The pictures are antique frames with Godey prints. The old brass medallion they picked up in an antique shop for $3.50. They have been offered $75 for it. To the left of the fireplace is a sampler that Eloise worked herself. Eventually the floor will be covered with a braided rug that she is working on now.

On the opposite side of the playroom from the guest room are the dressing rooms and showers for guests who have taken a dip in the pool.

One could go on and on about this house. It is truly one of the show places of the cinema capital. The only thing not pretentious about it is the owners who greet guests as informally and with as much genuine pleasure in this palace as they did in their one-room, three-flights-up apartment in New York City, years ago.

The painting, "The Lakes of Killarney," which hangs over the fireplace in the living room of their home, above, typifies the things the Pat O’Briens love.
Joan Blondell’s baby daughter paid a visit to her mother on the set of “Two Girls on Broadway,” the streamlined musical which costars Joan, Lana Turner, and George Murphy. The cute little miss made a big hit with Lona.

Brent Unbends

Continued from page 51

and stay vanished until time for the cameras to roll on his new production. It was futile to check the usual vacation spots or rest places where the majority of stars relax between pictures: George would be lost to view in some small Mexican town, on board an unknown boat bound for an unknown port, or hidden away in some nook of the vast Mojave Desert. Added together, these things did not make him the most popular man in Hollywood. Because they could not understand him or his complex compulsions, people made snap judgments and condemned him on face values. No one knew, for instance, what drove him to run away as soon as his work in Hollywood was done. For a long time George himself was not sure. Mercural restlessness and a passionate curiosity about life always have been the two besetting sins of the Irish and he is Irish from the crown of his straight black hair to the tip of his well-made brogans. The twin devils have hidden him without mercy since he was a brook of a boy in County Galway in his homeland. His heart was warped, and his feet walked with a light-hearted step only when they were carrying him over the far hill and out of sight.

“The trouble was that I never had a set goal to reach or a material end to accomplish,” he said, “Nor was it pure adventure in the sense of excitement that I sought so endlessly. Mine was an intangible restlessness. I wanted to see new colors, smell new smells, touch new surfaces, hear new sounds, know new customs and experience new emotions. I guess most of the Irish are like that; it’s why you find us all over the face of the globe doing strange jobs in strange places.”

It was not unnatural that George, as he grew into manhood, wandered the world to live dangerously and by his wits as he did when serving as a dispatch runner in the Irish revolution; or impatiently and by manual labor as he did when picking fruit on a farm in upper New York. From the beginning of his life he was encouraged to follow where his heart and curiosity led him. As a boy of seven he sat at the feet of his imaginative old grandfather in the family’s stone house near Shannonbridge, listening with rapt eagerness as the elderly Brent spun glowing yarns of the world beyond the Irish farm. Dreams stirred within him and a restlessness was kindled to go out in that world and one the few deeds other men did. Only with his discovery of the theater and the intense satisfaction it could bring him was he content to be tied in one place for a stated period of time by a scrap of paper called a contract. But even then the flight within him would not be silenced entirely. To assuage it he seized short trips as temporary escape, trips that left him free of other men, and will of the harassing problems that crowd any Hollywood actor.

“Something stronger than myself made me rush off and out of sight,” he said, “I don’t know what that force was. I never could tie it down with a name. I simply knew I had to go or something inside me would explode. In a way I was like those people who never can hear a train whistle in the distance without an almost unbearable longing to get on it, any train, and go some place. The difference between us was that I could not reconcile myself to wishing. I’d find a train and go!”

No one knew or understood either the superstition which made him withdraw, as he once did, into a shell from the hull-fellow-well-met camaraderie of the town and seem unfriendly, cold, high-hat and superior. “I could not help that shyness,” he said. “I was born with it, and as any excessively shy person can tell you, it is more than a handicap; it is an agent of very real and tangible self-torture. Many times I tried to analyze it, thinking if I could bring it out in the light I could conquer it. As nearly as I could define it, my reserve around others was a deep-rooted defense mechanism. I subconsciously built against disappointment, disillusionment, and being hurt emotionally. We Irish are sensitive fools; we have thin skins around our hearts.”

That same shyness, combined with another factor, influenced George’s relations with those of us whose business it is to write about the stars and length of uncomfortable in his presence. (But not half as uncomfortable, it turned out, as we made him!) He could not believe that anyone outside his circle of personal friends could be interested in anything he did not pertain to his work. Therefore certain questions embarrassed him horribly. He honestly felt that the majority of things about his private life were no one’s business but his own. Therefore other questions angered him.

Now, suddenly, all that is changed. He has stopped running blindly away every time a new restlessness surges up in him. He has conquered his shyness to a large extent and is easy to approach and friendly in conversation. And he has made fast friends of us whose work was something of a miracle for Honolulu! It is a gay place and a favorite haunt of the stars when “off duty.” It is not the ideal habitat of the recluse of the world of which George was a shining example. Originally, he said, the voyage was planned as just another sop to the restlessness that was driving him to still another horizon. Once there, however, something happened. Somewhere, sometime on the trip he examined his heart and mind honestly and dared define exactly what he wants of life and exactly what constitutes happiness for him.

Just when or where he made his decision he does not remember. Perhaps it was on that morning he lay on the sunbaked sands of a hidden beach on the far side of the verdant island and stared into the blue sky above him. Perhaps it was on that magic night when drifts of clouds were scudding across a moon-washed sky and he looked down on the incredible beauty of the rocky cliffs of the majestic Pali. Perhaps, even, it was on the afternoon he stood on the deck of his homeward bound ship, watching the belittling of the island that was so far in the distance, unaccountably without regret and glad he was returning home to the ties of work to be done.

“When I discovered it does not matter,” he said, “What I discovered does. I found suddenly I had my fill of restlessness and the turmoil it inevitably brings in its wake. I knew if I could find release from it I must find it within myself though it meant compromise. I realized traveling in itself was only a stop-gap, a temporary medicine that was effecting no permanent cure for what ailed me. I finally acknowledged that getting everything I wanted, satisfying all my whims was not the answer, for then I was worse off than before.

“The very vasting of something is the stimulus that gives zest, color, and meaning to life. To be able to buy whatever you want solves nothing. I decided I was through fighting with something beyond my power to whip. That, in turn, left but one course—compromise. It was futile to try to run away from myself; the solution to my problem was within me.”

“I found I secretly coveted the friendly fellowship of men and women and since they had shown they were willing to give it to me, I alone must answer to myself for the lack of it; that I must share in order to receive a like amount; that since I alone had built the wall of reserve around me, by the same token I alone could destroy that wall.”

“I admitted in all fairness that the interest of the fans and others in my private life need not be construed as a prying nosiness but as flattering evidence of their warm-hearted fondness for me as well as an actor; and while part of that interest still might seem exaggerated to me, none the less it sprang from good-will. I defined my concept of happiness as three-fold; financial security enough for creature comforts; contentment in love; and pride and satisfaction in work.”

“I found that what I already had or were within my grasp. The others he knew he must find for the first time. Experience had proved they did not lay at the end of any of the blind alleys he had been following, but only at the road and a straighter course. He put the theories into practice. It was not easy at first, nor did he expect it would be. But he has won. A changed, happier Brent is the result.”
Whitney Bourne's luxurious New York apartment is the meeting place of society and the arts. She spends a great deal of time in Hollywood where she follows a career in the movies.

Miss June Rothe, TWA air hostess, has learned to serve a 7-course meal alone to 21 people traveling at 200 miles per hour! Charm, limited weight, nurse's training are other job requirements.

Glamorous Society Actress

Arriving for premiere at Carthay Circle Theatre

But BOTH give their skin this same thorough care

QUESTION TO MISS BOURNE:
With a busy social life and a demanding career like yours, Miss Bourne, how do you keep your complexion so vibrant and fresh looking?

ANSWER: "It's a matter of regular skin care with Pond's 2 Creams. To keep my skin clear and glowing, I cleanse it thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream night and morning. And, of course, before fresh make-up."

QUESTION: Aren't the sudden changes from California sun to New York weather hard on your skin?

ANSWER: "No, because my powder base—Pond's Vanishing Cream—also serves as a marvelous protection against sun and wind and weather. I always use it before make-up!"

QUESTION TO MISS ROTHE:
Does your appearance count very heavily when you apply for a job as air hostess, Miss Rothe?

ANSWER: "Yes—we needn't be actually beautiful, but we must look attractive. I give my complexion the best care I know—with Pond's 2 Creams. I use Pond's Cold Cream to cleanse my skin, help keep it soft and supple—and Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth it for powder."

QUESTION: Does using two Creams seem to affect the way your make-up goes on?

ANSWER: "Definitely! Cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream freshens my skin. Then a light, satiny film of Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths little roughnesses and makes a perfect powder base. No wonder make-up looks better!"

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Each special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquifying Cream (quicker-cleansing cream), and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name

Street

City

Copyright, 1940, Pond's Extract Company
While Deanna Durbin was romancing for the screen in "It's A Date," her new film, Betty Harrison, her stand-in, was finding real-life romance with Fred Reincke, an aviation engineer. Deanna is shown congratulating the happy pair after they told her of their wedding plans. Betty will retain her stand-in status after her marriage.

"Torrid Zone"
Continued from page 25

to stay until the next boat left, and another grand room in if I got Rosario before a firing squad again. Not bad for a couple of week's grind, so I gave in. Dough is dough and could I spend a wad like that on the Chicago cuties. What? Jocko had some business to attend to so I sauntered over to the dump they call a hotel and hired me a room and bath. Then just to get the taste of it outa my mouth I dived into my suitcase and got out a bottle. If you've never been down here you don't know about the glasses this hotel hands out. They throw in the rings gratis. You know the kind of rings that come out with a bit of soap and water.

I'd just come out of the bathroom where I'd been rinsing it out when who should I see closing the door to the balcony behind her but the red-headed dame. She looked like she'd swum the Atlantic. Her clothes stuck to her like they were glued on and I saw a couple of curvatures that had escaped me before. The way that chassis went in and out in all the right spaces was something. But I didn't want her to know it was getting me.

"Raining out?" I asked casually.

"I didn't notice," says she, just as calm as you please, but her lips were chattering and she didn't say no to the shag I handed her.

"Thought you were on the boat." I said.

"So did the captain," says she. "I didn't like the suite they gave me. So when the boat pulled out in the harbor I got a head-ache, and the clock who was playing watch-dog took me for a walk around the deck. First thing I knew the clumsy lug trpped over one of my feet.

"I get it. He fell so hard, he knocked you overseas," I said to her winkle.

"That swim back wasn't any picnic. I'm not Johnny Weissmuller." "Nobody's going to argue about that," says I, liking what I saw of her more and more. "What happens now?"

"Well, the ship's probably radioed back, so the cops will be looking for me," she said.

"I thought you might put me up for awhile, I don't know anyone else to turn to. You're the first guy here who didn't try to boot me around."

Boy, if this was a dream I didn't ever want to wake up. "Here," says I, tossing her my bathrobe. "You better get out of that shower and you mustn't be in one of the larger suites of the Waldorf. What I mean is, there's only one bed." She started to get mad at that so I hurried on.

"What I'm getting at is that someone's got to have to sleep on the floor."

By the time she'd put on the bathrobe and had another drink I found out her name was Lee Donley. She was a bit mysterious about other things though, and I admit I was surprised when she picked up my deck of cards to see how she shuffled them. Her technique was as good as her figure. It was then I saw the ring she was wearing. It was mine, the one Rosario had taken from me.

I knew they'd held her in the jail till the boat left and by that time I figured she'd met Rosario. Things are a bit informal in our jail house, but when I mentioned his name she didn't bat an eyelash.

"Nice looking ring you got," I told her. "Tell me what I'll do, I'll cut you cards for it. If I win the ring's mine and if you win, well—what about twenty bucks?"

She fell for it. But after I saw her luck I knew it was me that had fallen. The luck that girl had. Before we were through she'd won my roll, three hundred smackers.

No girl's worth that dough. I didn't like it. "I'm turning in," I says, starting to take off my shirt.

"Me too," she agrees and before I could stop her she'd started to dive under the mosquito netting draped around the bed.

"Not in that bed," says I, "I said someone's going to sleep on the floor—that's you. You can use that three hundred bucks for a pillow and watch out for the splinters."

She musta been reading about Sir Galahad the book she gives me. But I just turns over on my side and goes to sleep. And I'm lost to the world until I think there's been an earthquake the way someone's banging at my door.

It was those cute musical comedy cops after Lee. But she'd gone. Then I heard what she was in jail for. A card cheat! With a sucker I turned out to be. I was off Lee good and plenty. Curves are curves and all that but so is cheating. And I can't stomach a cheat. Especially when it's me she's been taking. So I wasn't pleased when I got to the plantation next day to find her rolling out of the baggage car of our tin raffler. But there was nothing to do but let her stay until the next train pulled out. And that wouldn't be until the boat left in another week. But you couldn't kick a girl out into the jungle.

I got back my three hundred bucks, though, I had to ruffle her up a bit to get it, but I was sore. Jocko hadn't kicked in with the thousand he promised either. He'd given me a hundred on account when I said goodbye to him in town the other day.

I took Lee over to Gloria's shack. I was looking for an excuse to see Gloria again anyway. She's Anderson's wife and we'd been pretty friendly before Jocko sent me to the swamps. She's a nice eyeful herself, Gloria is. I never could understand how Anderson got that cute dish.

Those girls batted each other at first sight. They looked like a couple of fighters eyeing each other before the bell.

"She goes back to Puerto Agile with the next load of bananas," I said. "Can you put up until then?"

"Oh, I suppose we can find room for her somewhere," Gloria said, looking as if I'd asked her to give hospitality to a scorpion. "I won't strain you. Says Lee, pert as ever. "I can always sleep in a tree."

"Hereditary, I guess," snaps Gloria. By the sound of it you know those girls didn't get together on a tea party. It was a good thing for Lee that Jocko was still in town. But it gave me a laugh when he called me up on the phone telling me how him and the police was looking for her all over town.

Gloria and me took up where we left off which was plenty. And one night when I strolled out to her shack I found her on the porch and her eyes looked all puffed as if she'd been crying.

"I can't stand it here another day," she said. "I married that guy thinking South America would be romantic. If a mug like you didn't come along I wouldn't have stayed."

And she threw her arms around me and kissed me and I sizzled. She is cute and she sniffs sweet and any man has been a sucker for dames. Suddenly I heard a laugh and there stood Lee at the door in one of her nighties.

"I understand the Chicago fire started from something like this," she said.

"That was caused by a cow," I told her, giving her a dirty look.

"Yeah, I know." She laughed and looked at Gloria who had been out. "I was trying to cool off but I can see it's much hotter out here."

She started to go and then she turned and grinned at me. "You'd look pretty funny with some Anderson's bullets nailed to your back porch."

Evidently she thought that was the note to leave on for she went in hanging the door behind her. Gloria had called to go on with the little parade but I'd kinda lost the taste for it. But I had to be chivalrous and play up to her. She was a lady, wasn't she? Not like Lee.

"If you've got to take me back to the States with you," Gloria said.

Just then I spotted Anderson coming up the path and I edged away, making it in something under a minute.

"I haven't intruded on anything private, I hope," Anderson sneered.

"Not at all," Gloria said innocently, and went in the house. Anderson and I stood and talked in the light he suddenly leaned over and mopped
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If the new Cutex Salon Polish doesn't wear longer than any polish you've ever used, simply return the bottle to us and we will cheerfully refund your original purchase price! (Offer good during 1940 only.) Buy a bottle of Cutex Salon Polish today—at any toilet-goods counter.

The smartest, longest fingertips will be wearing Cutex Salon Polish this spring, smart fashion creators prophesy. In Cutex shades, they predict, you'll find the right answer to what to wear with every fabric color from deepest "Storm Cloud" shades to palest nude pink . . . With Royal Air Force blue, Legion red, Scandinavian green, Chinese tea . . . And the newest neutrals—Turtle gray, putty, greige.

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GADABOUT: Vivid blue-red to go places with your dashing new exposed-midriff, hooded-head gown.

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OLD ROSE: Rich rose—an added romantic touch with your innocent off-the-face hat.

CLOVER: Deep winey red to tone down your noisy plaids, stripes, checkerboard fabrics.

LAUREL: Rambler pink—delicate, young. Perfect with your new pinafore frocks.
The most widely discussed book of modern times, "Gone With The Wind," by Margaret Mitchell, received overwhelming honors at the 12th annual dinner of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. The film version was awarded eight of the prizes, with David O. Selznick taking the producer's trophy, and Vivien Leigh winning the best performance award for her interpretation of Scarlett.

his handkerchief across my mouth and it came away smeared with red.
"Do you always use that shade of lipstick?" he asked. "I always tell Gloria she uses too much."

There it was, high, wide and handsome, and not a thing I could say. And I have to admit Lee saved me from that one. She'd come in carrying a plate of sandwiches.
"That's my lipstick," she said cool and collected. "And I don't use too much."

I could have laughed to see Anderson's jaw hanging. When he'd gone Lee shook her finger at me.

"You're a big boy now," she says. "You should know about lipstick. Have a sandwich?"

I took one even if I was sore at the way she was laughing. "Why don't you get in your cracker box and go to bed?" I asked.

"Now look here," she said getting sore herself. "I just saved you from being the heavy in a nasty little bedtime story. I don't know why I bothered. And I wish you'd stop pushing me around. What do you think I've got? Smallpox?"

"Whatever it is, I don't want to catch it," I said as I walked away. I admit she'd helped me out of a tough spot but did that mean I'd have to be pals with a card shark? Not on my three hundred bucks!

I was right, too. That dame sure was a sucker for trouble. The very next morning I was walking along the river with Wally, who's second man under Joels, when who should I see swimming along but Lee. That river's alive with alligators.

"Get out of there!" I yelled. But she only grinned.

"Come on in, the water's fine," she laughed. "Just like Coney Island only not so crowded."

"You got plenty of company in there, sister." I warned her. "Alligators!"

I didn't need to say anything else. Two alligators, big, brutal ones were heading towards her. She looked at them and tried to scream. But she was so paralyzed she couldn't even yip.

I whipped out my gun and got one. Wally shot off his too and I dived in after her. It wasn't any picnic dragging her back to shore with Wally's bullets whizzing around us and the alligator snapping at our heels.

She was game enough in the river, then when I got her on land if she didn't go and keel over on me! I picked her up and I gotta admit I went a bit soft over her again looking down at her in my arms with her red hair falling like a fan. She'd rigged up some sort of bathing suit out of an old pair of slacks and she'd cut 'em so short they hardly concealed a thing. And the feel of her, close like that, sent shivers down my back. You wouldn't think Lee could look like that but she did, like a little kid sorts helpless and forlorn. I guess it was my protective instinct she appealed to.

Suddenly I felt her wriggling in my arms and she smiled like a siren. "Am I heavy?" she asked sweetly, and sigled as if she was enjoying it. "What are you thinking about?" she asked.

I was sure she'd been faking. That she'd
Lady Esther says  Won’t you please help your

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To Keep Its PROMISE of NEW-BORN BEAUTY for you?

Careful! Your new skin depends on you to help remove those tiny flakes of older skin that can “smother” your new-born Beauty!

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If only you will let my 4-Purpose Cream help you to remove—tenderly and gently—those almost invisible flakes of worn-out skin beclouding your complexion today—concealing the glory of your new skin!

For those tiny flakes of worn-out skin are the thieves that steal your beauty. Feel with your fingertips now the little rough spots they leave on your face. They can make you look older, for they keep even the finest powder from going on smoothly—give you a lifeless, drab complexion!

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(Screenland)
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Now you can slim down your face and figure without strict dieting or back-breaking exercises. Just eat sensibly and take 4 Marmola Tablets a day, according to the directions.

Marmola Tablets have been sold to the public for more than thirty years. More than twenty million boxes have been distributed during that period.

Marmola is not intended as a cure-all for all ailments. This advertisement is intended only for fat persons who are normal and healthy otherwise and whose fatness is caused by a reduction in the secretion from the thyroid gland (hypothyroidism) with resulting subnormal metabolic rates. No other representation is made as to this treatment except under those conditions and according to the dosage as recommended.

We do not make any diagnoses as to the function of your physician, who must be consulted for that purpose. The formula is included in every package. Start with Marmola today and win the slender lovely figure that is rightfully yours.

taken me again. “I’m thinking I should have rescued the alligator,” I said and I dumped her. She fell on her rear with a thud and I walked off without another look at her.

There wasn’t much time to think of her after that. I didn’t even give Gloria a second thought these days for there was trouble. Rosario was riding again. And when that baby rides, you sure know about it!

Anderson came up against him once and he had a gang of men with him, all with guns in their belts. But Anderson is yeo-fight. He turned heel and didn’t spare the horses getting back to camp. But when Rosario’s gang blew up the bridge the train crosses to get into the pretty good bunco where to find him. So I set out with a gang of men, all of ‘em hand picked and able to take it.

My hunch was right and we fought it out in the jungle. Our guns blazed and we let them have it plenty. But there’s one thing you’ve gotta admit about Rosario and that is that he can take it, too. I wished he was on our side instead of against us. And afterward when I shot at him and hit him I was almost sorry to see him go down as the rest of the gang got on their horses and scrambled.

But I wasn’t as sorry as I was when I went over to him and saw it wasn’t Rosario after all but one of his greaseballs. There were a few men you got dead but none of them was Rosario. He’d hoodwinked me plenty changing sombreros with one of his men. His was extra fancy with its silver trimming and leather bands.

I’d been on a shoulder but I didn’t realize it until I saw the blood trailing down my arm. I hated to go back to camp but my shooting arm was useless. Gloria came running over to me when she saw me and Lee was back of her.

“Nick, are you all right?” Gloria asked and it did me good to hear how upset she sounded.


“Nick,” Gloria said ignoring her, “get in the house and let me fix that should’up.

Lee snorted as she followed us in. “A touching little drama entitled, The Nurse’s Curse, or ‘Where Was the Banana?’” she said, but neither of us paid any attention to her. “I’ll be more practical and mix you a drink. I could stand one myself. I didn’t have much to drink.”

“Why not?” I asked her. I had to say something to keep from yelling at the way Gloria was digging into my arm.

“I was worried about you,” she said, giving me a look and made my heart turn a cartwheel if it had come from anybody else.

“Stop cooking with gas,” I snapped at her. “Why should you worry about me?”

“I’ve been wondering about that myself,” she said. Then she came over to us and pushed Gloria out of the way. “I never could stand amputations. Let me look at him. Why don’t you go for a bite to eat and practice on your finger nails awhile?”

I was fed up with the two of them but even so I had to admit that Lee knew how to make a woman comforter. Her fingers were as light as fluff as she worked on me. She didn’t hurt a bit.

The next morning I woke up late and I was still groggy from the medicine when Jocko walked into my cabin. “Good morning, dearie,” he sneered. “Would you like your breakfast served in bed? What are you doing, rehearsing for the Chicago job?”

“That does it!” I said, “I’m blowin’. I’m goin’ back to town and sleep for forty-eight hours. You capture Rosario and for my money you can shove him in your hope chest.”

He saw he’d gone too far and tried some of his old soft soap on me. But it didn’t go. I was going to Chicago and nothing could stop me. I got out of bed and threw some clothes on and packed my bag with him standing by. I wanted to go and stay. Then Gloria blew into the room.

“You can’t go like this,” she said, “What about me?”

“Meet me in Chicago,” I told her. I was fed up with her. Fed up with all dames. I’d never look at another one as long as I live so help me!

“Lee’s taking that train,” she said burned to a crisp. “You wouldn’t leave without her.”

Jocko got up as if he’d been shot. He went out with murder in his eye and I after him, and Gloria tagged after me. I didn’t want to see even Lee wrestle with him, the mood he was in. He bellowed to someone as we started toward the cabin where Gloria had exiled Lee last night, though I didn’t know it until then. Rodriguez came up to him and it gave me a laugh to see Jocko had brought his musical comedy cop along. A fat chance he’d have against Rosario!

Well, we bust into the cabin and Lee was sitting there as calm as could be playing solitaire. But I saw two piles of chips on the table and a gun and a holster lying on the floor. I knew she was right, and I knew my hunch she’d met Rosario in jail had been right.

Rodriguez let out a yell that could be heard in the States when he saw the gun. It was the one Rosario had cowed him when he escaped. There was only one place he could be hiding and that was the closet, and when Rodriguez started counting pointing his gun at the door, Rosario steps out.

We got him up to the main house and Jocko was talking big about me and Lee being under arrest too when suddenly he stops. The house was surrounded by Rosario’s men and there was a gun at every window.

Jocko was plenty scared. He handed me over the nine hundred bucks he owed me on the spot knowing Rosario would do just what he did, put it in his pocket. But it didn’t turn out to be the bright thing he thought it would be. Rosario told him in the pleasant voice I’d ever heard from a man with murder in his heart that he was going to shoot him. Then he turned to Lee.

“Seloria, you are coming with me,” he said giving her a sweeping bow. “We have a lot of fun together. I teach you three important things. I teach you how to ride,

“TORRID ZONE”

[Warner Bros.]

Cast

Nick Butler ............ James Cagney
Lee Donley .......... Ann Sheridan
Steve Case (Jocko) ...... Pat O’Brien
Wally Davis ........ Andy Devine
Bob Anderson ........... Jerome Cowan
Gloria Anderson .... Helen Vinson
Rosario .............. George Tobias
Rodriguez ........... Frank Puglia

S C R E E N L A N D
I teach you love, and I teach you some more how to play poker.

I could have laughed at that if I hadn’t seen Lee’s face. It was so innocent and sweet. Then I remembered the pile of poker chips on the table in her cabin and how much bigger it was than the one in front of her. She’d been pretending she didn’t know how to play. That was clear. And I wondered what her game was. But the rest of it made me see red. And I don’t mean Lee’s hair.

“If you think you can hijack her, you’re screwed,” I doubted up my fists. If anyone had told me I could ever feel that way about Lee I’d have thought they were screwballs. But I did. I felt my heart go down in my shoes at the thought of her going with Rosario or any man!

Rosario didn’t like my butting in and told me to stand against the wall with Jocko, that he was shooting me too. Gloria cut out a scream at that but Lee didn’t bat an eyelash.

“Look, Rosey,” she said, “I think you’re a swell guy but I’m a home gal at heart. What fun would it be for you to take away a girl who doesn’t want to go with you? That isn’t what I’ve heard about you Latin lovers. Now, you’re a poker player, aren’t you?”

“I am definitely, positively the card poker player who can’t be beat,” he said beam ing at her. “Maybe perhaps the best in the whole world.”

“Okay,” said Lee. “Here’s the proposition. We play one hand of draw poker. If you win you can knock off both these clucks and I go with you. And if I win I don’t go, you leave these guys alone and take your larceny and beat it.”

“I am too good for you,” Rosario grinned. “Anyway, why should I play for a pot I have won already?”

“There’s a difference between a lady who’s agreeable and one who isn’t,” Lee pointed out to him.

He couldn’t argue that one and he was so sure of himself he agreed. Lee dealt the cards. From where we stood we could see both their hands. He’d drawn three jacks, a nine and a four and Lee had a complete bust, a deuce, five, seven, ten and queen.

Jocko’s teeth chattered, he was so scared. And I admit I shook a bit when Lee announced she was playing her hand. Rosario drew two and snatched another jack.

He slapped ‘em down on the table and Lee smiled. “I’m afraid you have to go by yourself, greaseball,” she announced. She laid down her hand and how she’d gotten them I’ll never know but she’d lagged four queens. Sometimes I don’t mind a girl knowing a bit about cheating at cards, at that.

I must say this for Rosario. He comes of sporting stock. He shrugged his shoulders and smiled as he got up.

“Unlucky at cards, unlucky at love,” he said. “Actually, Senorita, it is you who have had bad luck, because now you will never know the joy of Rosario making love to you. And you, Señor, some things you see clear, but one thing you see like mud in your eye. You fool around with this squeak-pip,” he glowered at Gloria, “and all the time, hanging right under your nose, is a fine lady who is in love with you, maybe perhaps?”

“Don’t you think you ought to let me propose to him myself?” Lee said then. At first I thought she was only wisecracking. But that was before I saw the look in her eyes and it’s never left them yet even though she’s settled down on the plantation now with her husband. That’s me, of course, and we’ve turned into one of those married couples that don’t look for any excitement except making love.

Yeah, I stayed, all right. I couldn’t leave a pal like Jocko in the lurch—could I?
Here's one of the very first scenes from "If I Had My Way," which co-stars Bing Crosby and Gloria Jean, the 11-year-old singing star who was introduced to the screen in "The Under-Pug."

Time to Meet the Experts!

Continued from page 31

one rule. "You may have an answer on the tip of your tongue. If you let it slip off, it's likely to be caught by one of the mice, which would give our listeners a poor idea of these gentlemen who are paid small sums of money for their information—which you, after all, are not. So we ask you to hoard your knowledge till nine o'clock. You may then depart, congratulating yourselves on being so much smarter than we are." In acknowledgment of either his flattery or his irony, the audience titters.

He then proceeds to introduce the experts: Oscar Levant, be-wigged, rather fat and bad boy, eyes mournful in his swarthy hillbilly face; burly Christopher Morley, the guest, who reminds you of Benjamin Franklin, either because of his air of serene benevolence or because his hair, worn rather long, is brushed back from the forehead and behind the ears, as in photographs of Ben; Adams and Kieran, the regulars—Adams sad and saturnine looking, till he breaks wide open in a grin; Kieran small and spry like a leprechaun, his bald spot fringed in white, his ruddy face alive with humor. Levant looks pained under the formality of presentation, Morley looks pleasant. Kieran exclaims for himself, while Adams kisses him.

"I have slighted someone!" Fadiman inquires. "What else do you do, John?"

Kieran runs a meditative hand over his scalp. "He tries," booms Adams, "to think he's got enough hair to smooth."

The questions start popping, and the banter pops with them. Levant's hand goes up with a quirk of two fingers. His face is a brooding mask most of the time, and he smiles as if it were an air, lips tight. Adams' mobile features mirror the goings-on. Morley is deliberate. He removes his glasses, blinks, and restores them, while a question almost gets away. But he flags it in time. "I'm a little bashful," he explains.

"You don't say!" Kieran peers at him in solicitude. "When did that happen, Chris?" Except when in action, Kieran keeps his hands on the table, and his eyes on his hands. His arm goes up smartly. In moments of urgency, his fingers snap. Morley answers a question without signalling first. "Don't forget the hands, gentlemen. As in a classroom, you know. I won't point the gesture," Fadiman assures them gravely.

"How did you happen to know that?" he demands of Adams, who has just solved a sticker. Adams, about to reply, bethinks himself that it's not the Gestapo he's facing. "Don't ask me how I know things," he growls. "Watch," says Fadiman, "how neek he gets at eighty-thirty." At a given signal, he spits without emphasis, "We're on the air in fifteen seconds." Adams lifts his head, as a charger scenting battle. Levant squirms, Morley removes his glasses, Kieran continues to contemplate his hands. Cross steps to the mike, and this is where you hear in.

Actually, they are only a shade less casual on the air than off, though casual is hardly the word to apply at any time to Levant, who is supercharged with nerves like a highstrung horse. Let us say, then, that he remains uninhibited or, more accurately, he defies his inhibitions to trample them. He seems now and then bewildered by his own pyrotechnics, and will turn in confusion to Fadiman or Kieran or Adams with a look that plainly cries, "Get me out of this!" The latter two regard him with the mingled awe and exasperation bestowed by reasonable adults on a wonderkind. When he covers himself with glory—at which moments he's most likely to duck his head as if in shame—they exchange a congratulatory handshake. When he perpetrates an outrage, they turn on him what Kieran calls the twelve-pound squeeze.

The tall, purpose-looking gentleman in horn-rimmed glasses who sits near Fadiman and clocks the program is Dan Golenpaul, from whose brow this Minerva of the air,,,,,,,,, sprang Frank, the producer and director, who whips up ideas to sell to the networks. He has fathered other programs, some moderately successful, none to compare in boisterous vitality with his youngest. He will tell you it was his feeling for the underdog that got him started. On all the popular quizzes, Mr. and Mrs. Average Citizen act as guinea pigs from omniscient Dr. Thies and Professor Thats. Why not let Average Citizen, in mass, form a questioning body for a change to take cracks at a so-called body of experts?

NBC sniffed. Show us an expert, they said, who'd be fool enough to lay himself wide open. Golenpaul consulted friends and strangers, scholars and men in the street, emerging heartened by the assurance that the plan might click, provided (a) that the questions were fair, edited by a board aware of the pitfalls, difficult enough to challenge the wits of the experts, not so technical as to fall outside the scope of the program's potential public; and provided (b) that the experts were well-informed generally, wore no stuffing in their shirts, could bandy language and take their blunders in stride. Various candidates were suggested—Adams of the Conning Tower among them, as a connoisseur of the American scene, an omnious reminder who retained everything he read, a verbal swordman trained in the West's school. Woolcott, Kaufman, Ferber et al. "You'd be great on the air, Frank," an agent had told him. "I'm going to put your name in." "You remind me," said Frank, "of a city editor." It was through the agent, however, that Golenpaul reached him.

"I've got an idea for this question business the other way." He sketched it in brief. "Would you let yourself in for something like that?"

"Why not? I've been doing it all my life."

Of the present board, only Adams and Fadiman graced the initial tryout. Adams says he was picked because he had the voice. He has seven hundred hours of radio experience, as a book reviewer and on The Magic Key. He's sure he'll have twelve listeners, because he got twelve cards, saying he was terrible. The thirteenth listener didn't write him a card, but stored the memory of his voice into a mental cubbyhole. That was Golenpaul. Fadiman's board has been naming "I've been meaning to phone you. I've got an idea."

"At the studio," says Fadiman, "they shushed. I've got a lot of cards in my hand, I read 'em, and found mostly that I had a job. One of those breaks that always goes to the other fellow. This time, surprisingly, the other fellow has several his editorial connection with Simon and Schuster. He continues to write book reviews for The New Yorker because he likes to review books. But radio is now his dearest love, and promises to do as well by him as he's done by it. We needed out that the break wasn't as fortuitous as his modesty would indicate. He slipped into his role as sweeterly as a hand into a glove. An agreeable voice was only a first requisite. He had the others as well. Genial, urbane,
he can still loose a shaft with the best of them. He keeps the divetinnamon going on a steady keel. His temper is even, his humor tolerant. He can smooth the edge of an awkward moment, and he brings an almost judicial calm to the settling of disputes. He's fair, knows when to yield a point, but won't let the boys get away with murder. He's their favorite teacher.

That first audition broke the moguls of NBC down. It ran three hours, and the audience yelled for more. Information, Please was scheduled as a sustaining program, with Fadiman, Adams, and three variables. "Who else would be good?" Golenpaul asked F.P.A. "John Kieran."

"Who's he?" "Writes the best sports column in the U.S.A. all." Does he know anything besides sports?" Franklin showed signs of a seizure which subsided by degrees. "Look, do me a favor. Call Kieran."

The phone rang in Kieran's office. "Do you want to go on a radio program?"

"Certainly not." "Why not?" "I can't take on any more work." "This isn't work, it's fun." "I've heard that one before too."

"This time it's true. Will you come over and try it?"

By his own account, Kieran is a weak-minded person who can't say no. He went over and tried it, and by golly, it was fun. First thing he knew, Golenpaul was saying, "Sign here."

Levant came later. He was already a legend among the creative intelligentsia. Kaufman and Hart commended him to Golenpaul's attention. His knowledge of music and his cheek were both incredible, and both assets. He accepted the bid avidly, though he swears he was frightened and still is. Eventually he became an every-other-week fixture. The rumor that Golenpaul-staggers him out of regard for his own blood pressure is false. He thinks a guest and a half a week provides the right leaven of unexpectedness.

The program ran for six months without a sponsor. Many auditioned and mixed it as too highbrow. The experts weren't greatly concerned. They were being paid for enjoying themselves. They felt that a sponsor might inject high-pressure methods. But they reckoned without Golenpaul, who knew a good thing when he had it. One of his conditions was: no change in the mode of procedure. He owns the program. The experts are under contract to him, and consider themselves blessed in the arrangement. He's a shrewd negotiator in their interests and his own, and they trust him as a babe its mother. Adams will tell you he's never read his contract. "All I know," says Kieran, "is what I see on my check—Loung live Golenpaul."

Canada Dry, off the air for seven years, had been shopping for something nifty in programs with which to launch a new radio campaign. Their advertising agency were by way of being tormented, breaking loose from the sacred advertising dogma that the average intelligence of radio listeners, as of moviegoers, was that of a twelve-year-old. They introduced Canada Dry to Information, Please, and the union soon followed. An agency for a second national product, that had blown hot and cold, came around the day after the contract was signed. They were left chewing their nails, in which futile activity they have since been joined by others who watched with glazed eyes as the alleged twelve-year-old mind sent Information, Please soaring to second place in the Crosley ratings. The experts were gratified. Naturally. They are not so unworldly as to turn up their noses at money. They decided to go out and get drunk on Canada Dry.

Federic Ullman, Jr., producer of Pathé News—he looks like Laurence Olivier, girls—was a phenomenon. Every morning but Wednesday, his fellow-commuters from Connecticut buried themselves in the papers, or discussed business, the market, and the government. On Wednesdays such trivia were laid aside. All the way in to Grand Central Station they compared eager notes on questions they could or couldn't answer, bowled over with wisecracks made on a certain quiz program, called Information, Please, Mr. Ullman had never heard it. He made it his business to listen the following Tuesday. He phoned Dan Golenpaul. Would Golenpaul sell the idea to Pathé for movie shorts, acting as agent for the guests involved? After weeks of wrangling, Mr. Golenpaul did. The wrangling was mostly over money. Mr. Ullman will attest to the experts' good fortune in having drawn Mr. Golenpaul as their collective bargaining agent.

As on the radio, the movies are unhearsed. Frank Donovan, the director shoots more than he needs. The film is cut—not for correctness, but for laughs. As Ullman points out, "if all we wanted was right answers, we could hire four good-looking fellows who'd learn the lines, and we'd save money. You never know what these birds are going to pull, wherein lies their value."

When F.P.A. observes in a movie that he never goes to the movies, the line is kept. "And a week later," shortlites Ullman, "I find that the fellow sitting next to me in the log is F.P.A., snickering at himself." Adams explains this as pure scientific curiosity. "They say the make-up and lights can improve any face, I wanted to see if they could. They can't. I was surprised, though, to hear my voice. It sounded perfectly beautiful," he says firmly. Kieran expected nothing of his face, atoned to it as he is by daily shaving. He, on the other hand, was horrified.
by his voice which he failed to recognize.

“IT sounded like my brother’s and I never did like the way he talks.”

A pleasant book-lined living room forms the movie set. Each short is made in a day and runs ten minutes, though they may be lengthened by popular demand. An invited audience is present, on the theory that listeners pep the experts up. The former are treated to the sight of Levant having his hair combed, and Morley lifting a delicate face to the make-up man’s powder puff. He says it soothes him. In addition to Morley, the guests on the shorts made to date have been Rex Stout, Gene Tunney, Clarence B. Kelland and Deems Taylor.

Visual questions, barred on the air, can be used in the movies. A dummy was brought in, its physiognomy changing with changing mustaches. Levant identified one as “the Berets-forgetten kid.” Another question featured a duck. Levant proffered it a drink, but withdrew it hastily as the creature stuck its neck out. “He wanted to bite me,” yelled Oscar, “more likely the other way round.” Kieran grumbled giving the bird a consolatory pat and pronouncing it “as amiable a duck as ever I met.”

Questions for the movies are compiled by Goldean Paul and his editorial board, consisting of a playwright, a music critic, an attorney, the heads of a university English and history departments. For the air program, they are supplied by the country at large. Letters come in at the rate of ten thousand a week, representing an approximate total of sixty thousand questions. These are sifted by a staff of five readers, who emerge with about two hundred possibilities, which are then tackled by the editors, singly and in conference. The questions, eventually phrased for the air, and turned over to researchers who check the answers, Goldean Paul is the ultimate decision. He picks the guests too.

Morley had to be shoved into his first appearance. His wife, his daughters and his secretary did the shoving. “After all,” they said, “you got a book coming out.” “Kitty Foyle” would doubtless have been a best-seller on her own, but Fadiman’s plugging did her no harm. In the movie, you question about Morley, a suggestion of the cat who licked up the cream, it will be because “Kitty” had just been sold to RKO.

Levant’s other collaborator, “A Smattering of Ignorance,” flowered directly from the program. Smitten by the combination of his personality and musical lore as revealed on the air, Doubleday Doran asked him to write it. He has garnered some tributes still closer to his heart in the form of invitations from symphony orchestras to play with them. He is proud, treated, and suspicious. Provocatively skeptical by instinct, he cocks a wary eye at fate. She looks more natural to him, scowling than smiling.

He says he doesn’t mean to be fresh, and is sometimes conscious of getting talk-drunk, as others get drunk on liquor, which he doesn’t use. Then he can’t stop himself. For days after the Eleanor Roosevelt gaffe, he suffered tomorrows of conviction, but an overdose of badgering restored his perspective. After all, the answer had been conditioned by the question, which he had honestly misunderstood. He doesn’t resent the discipline of his colleagues—gets a kick, in fact, out of being bawled out by F.P.A. “He’s so terse, economic, acid. Anything he says is O.K. with me. I’ve got a fattier complex about him.”

His bride, June Gaie of the movies, listens to the program, but makes no comments. He says she has an instinct. He’s been accused of going around looking mad, in order to scare people, “I scare myself—How would you like to be me?” he inquires darkly.

Kieran too has known his embarrassing moment. Some day he’d like to meet the guy who dreamed up the one about “when’s your wife’s birthday?” At that, he got it within a day. But when he shunk into the house that night via the kitchen, the first sight to greet him was a placard propped on the frigidaire, red-lettered: “SKUNK! TRAITOR!” That was his daughter’s contribution. As for his wife, “It’s a laugh,” he says bitterly, “when she tells it outside, but not such a laugh around the house. I ought to be decorated as a public benefactor, I’ve made every home save for the married man but my own.”

What astonishes him is that people should be astonished by what has been termed his encyclopedic mind. He con-

siders himself no better informed than the next one. He says Adams, the meticult, knows more than he does. “I may know it faster, but he knows it better. He pulls me up frequently, and he’s always right. I’ll say this for myself, if you’re just a little faster than Frank Adams, you’re pretty fast.”

Hit or miss, they remain a nonchalant pair, as well as they may be in the face of their batting average. They note, with appreciation of human nature, that for every, applauding “How did you know that?” they get a hundred who cackle, “Why didn’t you know the other?” Adams’s two elder sons, allowed to stay up till nine on Tuesdays, alternate the latter every with, “Why didn’t you wish me much, papa? You didn’t give anyone else a chance.”

They’re always a little surprised when Fadiman starts his closing announcement with, “Next week we’ll have Mr. Kieran and Mr. Adams.” Surprised that people continue willing to tune in, and sponsors to fork out, while they have a circus. “I used to think ballplayers had it pretty soft,” says Kieran, “getting dough to play ball. Now I know what it’s like.”

“Gee that half hour went fast,” says Adams at the end of every broadcast.

“Gee,” says the listeners. “Ditto!”
The Boy Who Looks Like Shirley

Continued from page 34

...soldier... They once gave him a bill fold. As any sensible person realizes, the thing to put into a bill fold is a bill. For a time Johnny had a couple of real bills in his, but after he spent them, they were stamped. Then it occurred to him that he couldn't have real money, maybe he could have "pretend money." He would try it all out so that he could buy a flower for his mother and suspenders for his father. They once gave him a bill fold. As any sensible person realizes, the thing to put into a bill fold is a bill. For a time Johnny had a couple of real bills in his, but after he spent them, they were stamped. Then it occurred to him that he couldn't have real money, maybe he could have "pretend money." He would try it all out so that he could buy a flower for his mother and suspenders for his father.

Johnny read omnivorously, preferring books about pirates. He idolizes an uncle who was a pirate for twenty-five years, and who was killed in a duel. Mrs. Countryman thought it inadvisable to travel all over the country with Elmer.

"I'm sorry Elmer couldn't come," Johnny told me, "but meet Brown Butterfly Russell." He extended toward me the long, brown hand of a somewhat worn-looking teddy bear. "He is five years old today," he told me, "and he has been all over the United States. He has traveled on trains with my family. Nine times he has seen the White House. I call him Winkus Tail. In my language that means 'no tail.'"

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just on the point of adopting a baby when she discovered she would have one after all—and the baby was Johnny.

She says quite honestly that Johnny was an answer to prayer. She also says that she and her husband continually ask themselves what they have done to deserve a boy like Johnny. Apparently Johnny has heard her say something like that because when a woman gushed over Johnny and said to him, "What can I do to get a little boy like you?" he said quite gravely, "Pray."

Johnny was born in Brooklyn, but when he was very young, his mother and father moved to Mount Vernon. His father was and is art director for the Associated Press. Just as any father would, he took photographs and snapshots of Johnny and showed them to his friends. They were impressed. Some of them were artists, and begged Johnny's father to let him use his pictures. For a time Johnny became a famous photographers' model. He was registered with the John Powers agency, with which usually only the most successful and talented models are registered. Before long, all of New York's leading photographers were telling Johnny's father that he ought to be in pictures. "When that boy is so wonderful in photographs, what would he be like on the screen?" they exclaimed.

Nevertheless, the Countrymen didn't react to the idea very favorably. But Johnny went to the movies and read about pictures and wanted to see Hollywood. Mrs. Countryman could use a vacation. When Johnny was four she decided to take him with her on a trip West.

In California, everyone kept saying the same thing, "Why isn't your little boy in the movies?" Mr. Countryman had when Shirley was born no objection. In fact, he is so grateful for having a child like Johnny that he feels it's only right to share Johnny with the world. "Of course I wanted Johnny on the screen. He is the loveliest, most talented boy. He's a perfect little screen."

Mrs. Countryman took him to an agent. Johnny gravely told about his experience with "Conquest." The agent gasped. "How could a boy of four talk so well?"

"Did you let him know before he came here?" he asked.

"No," said Mrs. Countryman truthfully.

"There are two qualities that are necessary for a child in pictures," said the agent. "Intelligence and screen personality. Your little boy obviously has intelligence. Now we must see about the screen personality."

Republic took a chance on the boy. They cast him as Allan Lane's son in "The Duke Comes Back," a prize-fighting story. If you saw it, you may remember Johnny as the boy who took after his father, and also wanted to be a prize-fighter. He didn't get as much attention to the screen that the train will be wrecked.

Around New Year's Johnny heard his parents talking about their New Year's resolutions. "So I thought it would be a good idea to make one myself," he told Shirley. "I have thirty-seven girls. I just have one problem. I made some New Year's resolutions that I'd have just one girl. She seemed to me the perfect one."

"Her name is Barbara Stanwyck," chuckled Shirley.

"That's right," said Johnny. "She has always been my idol."

Barbara Stanwyck was also enchanted with Johnny. She gave him a Snow White book inscribed "To the nicest son I ever had."

Johnny played in a number of other pictures—in "Jesse James" as Tyrove Power's son; in "Five of a Kind," where he was the brat who brought the quintuplets puppies to the quintuplets; in "Warner's" "I Am Not Afraid," in "Prison Break" at Universal, in "Mr. Smith Goes To Washington," and he was a member of Guy Kibbee's family.

His outstanding memory seems to be of Tyrove Power and of the puppies. He said the cocker-spaniels were so nice he would have liked to have them for himself. Of Tyrove he said, "In the picture he seemed to be such a villain but he was really the nicest boy. He wanted to be the long location trip to Noel, Missouri, and a rather disagreeable little boy on the train who kept calling Johnny names through the transom on the bottom of the door. The number of people he wouldn't dream of repeating them. But they evidently disturbed him very much.

Because of his work, his father had to stay in New York, and Uncle Rudy took the place of a father in his life. But still there were no brothers or sisters. One day he saw the picture called "The Little Puppies." As he wanted to be a child star, he saw what it meant to be a member of a family. In his troubled heart he wished it could be that way for him. Where he not home that day, his home seemed to him strangely silent in comparison with the noisy, joyous Pepper home. He said wistfully, "Mother, I wish we had a bigger family. I wish we had some brothers."

So perhaps it was Fate which made it possible for him to meet Shirley Temple, who has taken the place in his life of the big brother he never had. Because of their work they were making "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." They met for the first time, she had learned a few Chinese sentences for her role in "Stowaway." She saw Johnny on the movie, and decided to try her Chinese on him. "What are you, man or mouse?" she asked in Chinese, then translated, "Why, neither, I'm a boy!"

Later, when Johnny was chosen for the role of Tyloy in "The Blue Bird," he and Shirley became friends. He liked her for her sense of fun, her love of make-believe, her enjoyment of games and scenes. One game they played together in Shirley's trailer was a guessing game in which Shirley would name something, and he would have to name something similar. She said a number of things if she said "desert" he had to say "cactus" quick as a flash. The game was, unfortunately, interrupted in the middle for the cameramen. They were very anxious to make another scene in the picture.

Shirley became very much attached to Johnny and said she would like to adopt him. He said he would like to adopt her. She told him what her ambition was and he confessed that he would like to be a railroad engineer when he grew up, so he could "see scenery as it goes by." His mother had never set so much attention to the scenery that the train will be wrecked.

"We the People."

Johnny's memories of "The Blue Bird" are very clear, too. He thought of "The We the People." He talked about the audience being "smarter and thinner."

Johnny was enchanced with Shirley. She was a Snow White, he was a Charley's Aunt. They had a lot of fun together.
Success Story

Continued from page 70

To this school came college girls, whose mothers despair of their "campus" appearance, unkempt, awkward, gauche. Came, also, girls intelligent enough to realize they must improve their appearance if they hoped for a job, and movie stars and middle-aged housewives, worn with work and worry. The beautiful swan that grew out of the ugly duckling was something to write home about. I was privileged to see some amazing cases.

In this school, the pupils literally remade themselves. They learned the simple, sensible diets that help a good complexion, the sparkle in the eye and vitality to spare. With diet and exercise, they slimmed down their figures or built them up, as they learned how to keep that fine figure, largely through posture. I think few of us realize the vast importance of posture. But hear what Miss Delafeld has to say about this later on.

These pupils learned how to care for their hair, how to coif it to best advantage, how to care for skin and how to make up. They learned, too, and this is priceless knowledge, that the human body is an inferiority complex, how to be charming people, because they had become charming people. Word spread, and students came from all over the country.

To find yourself with a waistline once more; to find a double chin you thought you could never part with erased from your profile; that fine old spine, which at one timeCarousel, and have friends ask with wonder and admiration, "Have you been doing to yourself?" is an allowed joy that all of us who have been through a period of reconstruction know.

Miss Delafeld is an ardent disciple of good posture. She knows that if you can ever get your spine under control and in good order, it is the best insurance of beauty worries from your life. If you could ever stand off and look at your own spine, you'd have due respect for it. You'd see it as the foundation of you-twenty-six little pieces of bone-excluding from your dainty neck to your seating apparatus.

According to Miss Delafeld, "Nine out of every ten women who are winners, have perfect backs. For a perfect back, the spine should hang in a straight line from behind the ears. This results in better health, better looks, better spirit and mental alertness."

Miss Delafeld cites Norma Shearer as an excellent example of this perfect back type. Because of this, Miss Delafeld says she will always look younger than she is and will continue to look that way. She says that Helen Vinson, also, has perfect posture, and for the same reason the young star, Linda Darnell, will have a bright future certainly until she is forty. With a correct spine, Miss Delafeld says the profile always remains good. The head does not gradually jut forward nor the chin sag—both definite marks of middle-age. Further, our mentor says that the spine is a straight stick with no double chin, no sloppiness of the body and can go on and on to success, as they choose to gauge it.

Perhaps you never thought that that hidden bit of you, your spine, could be so important. But—-if you were to take a natural picture of yourself right now, a frontal and a side view, and six weeks of constructive work on yourself, and then photograph yourself in the same position, you might have a shock—a very pleasant one. You might honestly say to yourself, "How in the world did I ever manage as I was?" To get a quicker idea, however, do a little wall work. Remove your shoes and edge up to a wall, preferably without a baseboard. Let the back of your head, your shoulders, your buttocks and heels touch this wall. Then push in with the small of your back, trying to touch the wall with it. If you have a nice, straight back, maybe you can. If you have a lordosis or sway back—and this is a weak back—you can't, but you can improve. Or try the same test from the front. Face the wall and first with the tip of your nose, your bosom, reaching up with it to do this, and your toes. From whichever position you assume, move from that wall as you are, and give yourself a good look in your mirror. Quite an improvement, I should say.

Were you to take this success course, you would have the most interesting experiences, plus the happy revelation of that lovely person you've kept hidden and disguised these many years. For example, you might be surprised to learn how far you can stretch. You might be surprised to learn just how much you can increase your height by correct standing. You would shed a lot of your face skin, unveiling that nice, new, soft skin you all have beneath. As Miss Delafeld says, "It's amazing how women hang onto their skin."

We ought to shed, you know, as the animal kingdom does, hair, feathers, skin, and so on. The human body needs special aid, and this you get. At times, you would find yourself lying flat on your bed, feet higher than your head, with a soft, sweet cream on your face, making you feel very luxurious and pampered. And you would be pampered, because you'd be letting a special position and preparation give you the results of increased circulation in your upper body. And face, instead of spending tedious minutes at patting, stroking or other manipulation. You would say goodbye to ill-assorted foods, because you would tell exactly what to eat and when I gather that a combination of ice-cream and pickles, peanuts and chocolate are out. Confusion as to the cosmetics or make-up you should use is out, too, because with your lessons comes a handsome travel case, filled with DuBarry beauty and make-up preparations. This ends confusion here. You would also say goodbye to intentional weight loss, and instead have them all your life, and where did they get you? Where, indeed? Nowhere. "Say goodbye to them and just do things," says she. Only recently, a famous doctor joined in on this "do" chorus. Said he, "Work will never kill anybody. But sitting and stewing about it can. Just do it." There's a solution to many a problem in those two little words. Yet, reader, I am probably like you. Now and then I want to be told what to do, and I want to be told by somebody who truly knows the answers. That's why I think Miss Delafeld is a person who tells success both for herself and others. She knows the answers.

apple blossom cologne
A junior vial of this sensational fragrance is yours with the May bulletin of beauty, fashion and good times, Send a three cent stamp to Courtenay Marvin, Screenland Magazine, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.
Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 13

cloths and ivory white cups and plates, great trays of "strudel", platters of "dobos torte" and cakes covered with chopped nuts.

"In Hungary, food is heavy and if you are not careful you gain too many pounds," warned Ilona, her hands busy with the tea things. "Over here, I have learned about calories and vitamins and I eat only salads for lunch. I still do not like them very much, but they are good for me. In Hungary we serve grapefruit with so much sugar on it that it is like syrup, but I like it better the way you serve it here, quite plain.

"Today our "strudel" is filled with apple, some with cherry, and some with cottage cheese and raisins. You will like it!"

APPLE STRUDEL

2 cups flour
1 egg
1 tablespoon Wesson oil
1 pinch salt
Water

Put flour on pastry board. Make a well in the center into which place egg, oil and salt. First mix with a knife, then knead with hands, adding water gradually. Work for 15 to 20 minutes. Take dough in hands and knead on board. When it shows bubbles and no longer adheres to hands, put on floured board with a clean cloth under the dough, cover dough with a bowl and let stand one hour.

Then roll out dough until it reaches size of cloth. 2 feet square, then roll on cloth until thin and transparent. Brush with melted butter or Crisco. Sprinkle with fried bread crumbs, put in the apples, raisins, currants or cherries, lift the two corners of cloth with both hands and roll the paste into a long thin sausage. Bend and lay carefully on well greased pan. Brush with melted butter or Crisco and bake until nicely browned.

Sprinkle with sugar, cut in slices and serve hot.

DOBOS TORTE

1 cup sugar
1 cup butter
Grated peel of ½ lemon
2 cups Swansdown Flour
1 cup yolks of eggs
Cream butter and sugar and lemon, add slowly egg yolks, hold in flour, spread very thinly over paper baking sheet. This makes several layers. Bake at 370 degrees. When cold sandwich layers with bright red jelly. Carmelize some sugar and spread over top layer, cut in sections and serve.

"Hungarians make the most delicious soup in all the world. When I serve it, I have one of these little bowls. I put meat stock, after that a dessert and coffee. Nothing else. To make the soup, first you buy veal bones with marrow in them and meat on them, also a little pork and lamb, the kind you choose for soups. Put the meat, uncut, into a pot of water with plenty of vegetables, the amount depends on how many you wish to serve. I use carrots, turnips, a whole onion, chili peppers and two small slices of garlic. I am fond of garlic. I like plenty of seasonings so I use red pepper, chilli pepper, black pepper and salt. When the meat is half done, take it out and cut it up, add two peeled potatoes, whole, put back the cut up meat and finish cooking. When the meat is well cooked, take it out and put it on one dish, take out vegetables and put them on another; add thick noodles to the soup and cook them quickly; then serve each dish separately."

Ilona's two dogs, a slimming brown dachshund named Junior, and a white-and-black bull with bow legs and several chins, romped through the flower-filled garden.

"I have a little salad with jelly on the soup, and sometimes, because she is so ugly she is beautiful."

"Oh, I must tell you of my favorite dish. It is chicken paprika, and everyone who comes here adores it. When I serve this, I have only a thin soup first, say consommé and a dessert of "dobos torte," perhaps, or fruit if weight is to be considered.

"Consommé Tropic is a little different and tastes good."

CONSOMMÉ TROPIC

Parboil 1 seeded green pepper in 2 cups of water to which has been added ½ teaspoon soda (Arm & Hammer Brand), drain, cool and cut in small pieces. Heat 3 cups of clear consommé, add the green pepper, 1 diced pimento and ½ cup of cooled rice; heat well, season with salt and paprika and serve in cups.

"For the Chicken Paprika, cut your chicken in small pieces, season with salt and pepper—we like plenty of pepper. Take your frying pan and try 1 whole..."
large onion, finely chopped, in pork grease, stirring constantly so that it will not stick. Then put in your chicken, sprinkle with 1/2 tablespoons flour, mixed and sifted with 1 teaspoon paprika. Then pour in 1/2 cups of chicken stock and cook until tender. With this we serve a bread made of dough with an egg in it. "I serve cucumber salad with this dish, too. We make it differently over there. We cut the cucumber in slices, put salt on it and let it stand to draw the water out; then we strain it, put lemon and a little sugar on it and serve it with sour cream. Sometimes we add some rings of green pepper. It is wonderful. "We have many marvelous dishes in my country, but it is true they are so fatening. Did you ever taste baked noodles? They make a nice luncheon dish."

BAKED NOODLES

Cook 1/2 pound of white or whole wheat noodles in boiling salted water until tender, drain and place in a baking dish and mix with them a seasoning of salt and pepper. 2 tablespoons of butter, 1/2 cup of chopped cooked ham, 1/2 cup of grated Blue Moon cheese and milk to fill the dish 1/2 full. Sprinkle the top with buttered bread crumbs and bake in a moderate oven 20 minutes.

Ilona is delighted with American corned beef and cabbage, but cannot understand another American dish. "When you serve fried chicken over here, you sometimes serve honey with it," she marveled. "What for?" To her the flavors don't complement each other. "They tell me that corn on the cob is an American dish, but we have it in Hungary, too; only we cook it differently. We use the green leaves, too. We put the green leaves in the bottom of the pan, then the corn, then more leaves, and cover with water. When it is cooked, we eat it with salt. The green leaves give a sweetness to the corn. The water they are cooked in also has a delicious taste so we strain this off and put it in the盘 when it is cold and drink it. You would like it."

But the best way to eat corn on the cob, according to Ilona, is to toast it before an open fire. "You could do this at your barbecues over here," she suggested, "but in Hungary we light a fire in an open grate and stand before it with our corn cobs on a fork, turning the fork before the blaze until each kernel isasted. The full flavor of the corn is there."

Pimpernella, a proud white cat, appeared at the screen door and we went inside to meet her. "She is very friendly with Molly-O and Junior," said Ilona. "It must be the country; everyone is friendly here. I have a little neighbor, a boy named Steve. He comes to take me shopping whenever I am home by day. I think he must be six years old. He told his father one day: 'Daddy, I think Miss Massey is in love with me, she is always holding my hand!' And he is right. I love all children. I have a friend who has three of them, and they are also mine because they are hers. I had a letter from Stevie today, saying: 'Dear Miss Massey: I have a headache. I am in bed. Come and see me!' And I am flattened."

The telephone bell rang and Ilona came down the three steps from the dining room, very fair against the black iron railing and twin sets of verandah candles that guarded the stairs. She picked up the receiver. A studio cameraman wanted her to ride an aquaplane for publicity stills. She agreed, with enthusiasm. "I can swim now," she exulted. "The first time I ride an aquaplane I do not swim and I fall off. But now it will be wonderful. When I fall off, I can swim!"

SCREENLAND'S Glamor Guides

Fashions featured on Page 71 will be found in the following stores and in others in principal cities throughout the country.

Enna Jettick Shoes by Dunn and McCarthy, Inc., 41-49 Washington Street, Auburn, N. Y.

Rich's, Inc., Atlanta, Ga.
R. H. White, Boston, Mass.
Frederick Loeser & Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.
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The Dayton Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
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Smooth, tempting lips are every man's ideal.

No man likes to kiss lips that are hidden under a coat of heavy, greasy color. Don't let your lips repel men! Use Tangee Lipstick because it doesn't hide the softness of your lips... because it has a marvelous cream base that gives your lips alluring smoothness, flattering color--just the kind of lips that invite kisses!

The Natural shade of Tangee looks orange in the stick, but magically changes, when applied, to the one color, ranging from rose to red, that is most becoming to you. It doesn't blur or smear--and it stays on!

When you try Tangee Natural Lipstick, be sure to use the matching rouge, compact or creme. And, use Tangee Face Powder, too, to give your make-up its final, perfect touch. When you want more vivid color, ask for Theatrical Red, Tangee's new brilliant shade.

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Loth Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City... Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of Sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose the stamps or coins. (15¢ in Canada). Check Shade of Powder Desired:

- Peach - Herb Rachel - Flesh - Dark Rachel - Tan

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SUS9
Designs on Spring

Extra glamor never harm your romantic prospects in May!

By Marina

NEW beauty from the inside out to start you on a new "appeal" program

Opposite, is a rare kind of beauty. It may not look like it. But it is! You can’t put it on. You put it inside. It gives vitality and sparkle. It gives that quality from which spring success, popularity, appeal or even "oomph." Test after test has proved that you can build amazing vitality and freedom from fatigue by the daily consumption of Knox Gelatine in its natural form. This you take for a given length of time in your fruit or tomato juice or water. Thus, it stores in your system an extra force or power. Vitality is an asset much to be desired. From vitality spring the clear skin, the sparkling eye, the ever-ready-for-action spirit. These points spell beauty and magnetism far more than perfect features. They are the points that invite life, and the points to which life responds. For your extra slice of life, fight fatigue with Knox Gelatine and acquire an urge to be up-and-doing.

Knox Gelatine will encourage a sure appeal—vitality—vivacity, freedom from fatigue.

If you’ve ever caught a reflection of yourself in a candle-light, you’ve probably felt reassured and confident of your appearance. Again, when you’ve looked in your mirror in the cold light of day, you’ve probably felt pretty disappointed. Your make-up was very likely the cause of that emotion. To give you a good time by day, Louis Philippe laboratories worked long and hard to develop tones in powder, rouge and lipstick that would be imperious to the harsh rays of daylight, which can turn make-up to hard, cold tones. Illustrated are a coordinated three-piece, keyed to flatter individual color types. The rouge, in a jewel-like container, is new. You will like this rouge. It is a new process "soft-presses" it to a delicate, feathery consistency, so that it looks as soft and even as a natural blush. It will not change color on your skin, and it will not look hard and blotchy. Its perfect blending makes you look young, radiant, lovely.

If you have lost or never had colorful hair, or if your hair is flecked with disheartening strands of grey, look to the modern Rap-I-Dol Shampoo Tint Method for help. This up-to-date method of tinting hair has been refined. Those of the hair shaft is quite unlike old methods of dyeing. Often youthful hair is an economic and emotional life-saver, Rap-I-Dol Shampoo Tint Method, which shampoos, reconditions and tints all at once, is given by your hairdresser and a thorough test of your reaction is first made. There are eighteen natural shades to choose from, and your hairdresser will gladly advise you.

When you see any member of the 18th Century Toiletries group—and there are twenty-three—you simply want to gather it up and take it right home with you, regardless of the contents. For these preparations are so exquisitely arranged. Sketched are the toilet water in a Jenny Lind hobbled bottle, and bath powder in a quaint spinning wheel box that you will later use for trinkets. In fact, no two packages are alike, and you will cherish every one, ranging from the perfume inserted in a little flask in a wooden hurricane lamp, the soap so beautifully carved you may hesitate to use it and the water softener in an old wooden bucket with a wooden scoop. The perfume, itself, and in the other accessories is something new, characteristic of young America, vigorous with new life yet with a definite allure. Not expensive.

Now and then a gadget comes this way that gets this department all agog. Opposite, you see the latest gadget excitement, these neat little Vassar Wavers for long hair or bob. "Comfort and curls combined," as the manufacturer says, and that’s the cause of our excitement. The wavers are soft, green rubber that snugly button your curl in place. You can lounge or sleep in them with relative comfort, they can’t possibly cut or break your hair and they curl with a professional touch. Every girl should keep a card of these at hand. They’ll give you an all-over curl or freshen up that bang in a jiffy, and are particularly suggested for little girls’ soft hair and sensitive scalp. There’s a helpful chart on the back of the card, showing how to achieve any type of curl or wave, from a child’s long curls to a spiral or Croquignole effect for yourself.

C. M.

For girls who like to crochet! Make yourself Debonair, winsome pullover, or Bandbox, lacy shirtwaist. Complete instructions for making either or both will be sent you on request to Marina.
guaranteed would cure me. I appreciate their interest. But I'm not sick. Maybe I'm a little goofy. I'll even admit that maybe I'm a little dopey, at times. But I certainly am not sick. I've never been about me? Why are you giving me the Camelie business? What's it all about?"

"It was on the radio," I gulped. "And in all the newspapers. You've supposed to be completely wrecked. You're run-down, your nerves are shattered, you haven't any red corpuscles, and you're in the last stages of something. You're dying, too, or something like that. Anyway, you have to retire from the screen for at least a year. You're-."

"Oh, so I'm retiring from the screen, am I? Well that is news. I think that rumor could have been started by some people who saw 'Vigil in the Night,' do you? No, it can't be that bad. In fact I think it's rather good. If I were going to retire from the screen, I'd like to have some pictures I should have retired after 'Food for Scandal.' See this-" She showed me a slip which had a message on it to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. Clark were. Well, that means that I am going to do a picture at Universal in a few months. As soon as Bover is available. And maybe before that I even have to do the Norman Krasna show. I've sold three stories to Technicolor and two of them are..."

"But you do look a bit peaked," I insisted. When I come to bury Caesar I won't give up easily. "You are run-down, just a little, aren't you?"

"If it means so much to you," said Carole one of the Lombard guffaws. "I'll be big about it and admit that maybe I am just a trifle weeny bit off-color. Note—does that make you and the radio commentators and the newspaper columnists feel better? But I deny any of you to go through what I have looked forward to for two months and not look a little pale. You, cutie-pie, would look bedraggled. As you know, I had an acute attack of appendicitis last August and was hospitalized for an emergency appendectomy. Three weeks later I reported to RKO for 'Vigil in the Night,' the Cronin story with Brian Aherne and Anne Shirley, who, by the way, is a grand actress. For seventy-eight days I worked from nine to six on that picture without a single day off, didn't I, Lor- etta? And me fresh out of a hospital. The studio kept planning for me to have a collapse, but I fooled 'em. I didn't miss a day."

I ought to take time out to say that Lombard is the side and joy of directors, producers, and her fellow workers because she never upsets the schedule of a picture. She does not go in for those hysterical "set collapses" which most of the Glamour girls get the several times during the production of a picture and which are mostly caused from temperament, not from overwork. The promptest person on the set is Bette Davis, but the last to go to bed is Carole."

"After a week of retakes," Carole continued, "I packed my bag all of a sudden and flew with Clark to the Atlanta premiere of 'Gone With the Wind.' (Writer's note: I think I gushed about Clark Gable as Rhett Butler. I know I did."

"When I next gushed about Clark Gable as Rhett Butler. Honey, we're amateurs! We have a marvelous time, I have never seen such genuine, charming people as I met in Atlanta—but it seems to me that there were shams hands with somebody every minute we were there, and you have to admit that it is rather wearing, even when you're having a lot of fun. As soon as we got back to Hollywood Clark had to finish up 'Strange Cargo' and I had to rush around and do all our Christmas shopping."

"As soon as Clark had finished at the studio we jumped in the station wagon and lit out for Mexico where we have been hunting for the past few weeks. We had so much fun that we decided to call off the New York trip and return to Mexico—maybe we can stay a month or so, though I doubt that Metro will give Clark that much time off."

That, I take it, is the only disadvantage to being married to Clark Gable. He's just too much in demand.

"Do me a favor, please, and tell everybody who will listen that I'm not sick, that I'm not retiring from the screen, and for heaven's sake, to stop worrying about me. I wish they could have seen me tramping around in those marshes after ducks. A breakdown, fine thing—why, I looked about as fragrant as a picnic turkey."

"I knew it was coming, and here it was."

"Seems to me," Carole cooed, "that once before you read in the papers that I was practically a corpse, I came you read, and I never have roses. No, those roses this time? I must be slipping. And," she screamed at my retreating figure, "sometime you'll know better than to believe all you read and hear."

Well, Carole and Clark got off the next day in the most beautifully equipped station wagon you ever saw, it fairly made your mouth water. But they had been "south of the border" only ten days when all the newspapers carried headlines that the Gables were lost in the wilds of Mexico. It seems that a boy from the studio had flown in a plane down to the ranch where they were staying to take pictures of them (poor Clark, even on vacation, his studio never lets him alone) and they had lost the ranch, and no one knew where they were. Which was just exactly what Clark and Carole wanted. But a gas station attendant, one of those amateur reporters, heard the photographer and public man discussing the Gables' disappearance, so immediately he phoned the San Diego newspapers that the Clark Gables were lost. And such a hullabaloo as that caused. With newspapers and broadcasters simply going mad, "We're not lost," Clark finally phoned his studio in the midst of the excitement. "And please stop worrying about us!" Carole shrieked over his shoulder. If it's not one thing it's another, says Carole.

Carole was right. The studio wouldn't give Clark time off for a honeymoon but had him back soon afterwards preparing to start "Boom Town" which is going to be one of those super-colossals with Gable, Claude Rains, Spencer Tracy and Hedy Lamarr. And hardly had they gotten the studio wagon back in the garage before Walter Winchell announced that the Gables were expecting a blessed event. Well, after my last encounter with Carole I knew better than to believe all I heard and write... So I have the dogs, horses, and chickens again.

"Rumors that I'm going to have a baby are not true," said Carole. "I wish they were."
Hollywood Sundays

Continued from page 61

affair was lifted on and driven out to Beverly Hills to be a Christmas present for David Selznick, producer of the epic. They carried the immense book with its live casts into the Christmas tree-filled hall and out stepped the girl saying, as she did a much practiced curtsie, “Merry Christmas to you and I should be Scarlett.” But, and here’s the sad part of the story, they had gone to the wrong house and who should the terrified girl confront when she looked up from her graceful bow but Panette Goddard, who as you know thought at that time that she ought to be Scarlett!

Vivien Leigh especially loves these informal Sunday lunches. It gives her a chance to talk about other things besides “Gone with the Wind.” People who only know one side of the story shouldn’t criticize her for refusing all parties and never going out nights to the Hollywood gay spots. Although she certainly isn’t the type of girl to do anything she doesn’t want to, the last thing you can call her is high-hat. It’s just that after ten month’s solid work from 8:00 in the morning to very often later than 8:00 in the evening, most Sunday afternoons, anyone would be too tired to do anything but eat at home and go straight to bed. You can’t blame her if she did get a bit difficult and not feel too kindly toward Hollywood, always seeing the same faces every day (except for different directors!), and with a leading man who dropped her like a hot cake the moment the “take” was through to go and see his attractive new wife, while the best Vivien could do was to talk very long distance to the person she likes best.

When Ina Claire is in Hollywood she’s sure to appear for lunch and today, the best-dressed actress on the New York stage, she’s here with enough flowers pinned on her to open up a nursery, enough jewels sparkling to set up a fire, and her new San Francisco husband. When they aren’t sitting together she calls out to him and waves every five minutes, “Hello there, lawyer!” and suddenly turns and questions, pointing at her husband, “Just who is that attractive man over there? Why, that’s my husband.” Just at the moment everything’s fine and dandy for Miss Claire and she looks even more attractive than ever, if that’s possible.

I saw some female heads get down in a huddle and that look in the eye and quick movement of lips which I know from experience means dirt’s flying and one is edged over to do that horrid trick of cavedropping. It seems Phyllis Povah, who had never been to Hollywood before but was brought here by M-G-M to repeat her brilliant performance in “The Women” she gave on the New York stage, was feeling a bit lonely at first not knowing many movie people, and wandered around a restaurant quite lost. Imagine her delight when she saw someone she knew very well among so many strangers and rushing up to him said how delighted she was to see him again and it was new and old again till she realized he was being polite in a kind of foggy way but didn’t remember her. Looky here,” she said, “you don’t know me, do you? Well, I’m Phyllis Povah and I know your face so well but I can’t think of your name, either.” “Oh, my name’s Clark Gable,” he replied, and that’s where Miss Povah wanted the door to open up and swallow her because she had never met Mr. Gable before in her life but had seen him on the screen so often he was absolutely her old friend! I know the feeling, don’t you?

If you think that’s embarrassing, wait until you hear what once happened to actress Joan Crawford. Driving down the road, he spotted a automobile stop giving Katharine Hepburn in her station wagon a ticket. Trying to be funny he pulled up alongside and informed the cop that he saw her get in and drive away, passing through a red light and nearly knocking down a poor old woman with two small children and to arrest her at once. Don’t take her to the cop—it was very gay till the utterly strange woman who wasn’t Miss Hepburn turned around and slapped him in the face. I also overhear a dirty trick on someone if it’s worth fifty cents to you. Bill Haines did it to George Cukor. Wait until they are in the barber shop with someone working on their hair, nails, and shoes, and the place is very full. Then have a Western Union boy arrive and sing to the poor person who can’t get out of the chair “Happy Birthday to You.” That’s another Western Union trick and even in the most embarrassing situation I don’t know what is.

You wouldn’t think anything short of an earthquake could silence this gathering of laughing friends and even if they were Elia Maxwell bubbling over with something that must be very important indeed from the look of terrific excitement on his face. At least it was the 20th Century-Fox studios are on fire. But no, it’s another new Maxwell game and to a poor unfortnightly boy like me quite amusing. Try and see if you can figure it out yourself.

Maxwell sat down, while around her stood Fannie Brice, Ina Claire, by this time the theater’s best dressed woman by any means with her hat and coat off and some of the corsage floating on the pool to keep fresh, host George and myself. “Now,” dictates Elia, “in strict slow motion put your right hand one at a time, first your right hands then the second time round your left hands, pressing down all the time with the palms and at the same time bring the forefinger and the pinkie of both the same time they are moved, and the beat. Now each of you people put your two index fingers together, that’s all, just the two fingers, and a pair of you put your index fingers under your head and the other under my arm and lift. You see the ninth beat is taken up in moving your hands from the top of my head to your other person’s head. Well, I have seen the way Maxwell shot up over shoulder high, and I promise you none of
of us were cheating, but I wish more of you could have seen the real amusement covering everyone's face until she was down to earth again. Try it sometime, it's amusing and amazing, but I'm afraid I can't give you the why and wherefore of it. Everyone then started thinking up tricks and Cole Porter tried to do the Hitler trick that's going around Hollywood like the old chain letter. You know, about folding a piece of paper and cutting it into three parts, one part's a cross, one a swastika, and the other spells Hell. Well, he tore up three boxfuls of nice clean stationery trying to make it work out and drove the dogs almost frantic with the rattling of something they seemed to think would be good to eat, and then gave it up as a bad job. Still we'll forgive him because they say there's another Night and Day in the new "Broadway Melody" picture.

Gradually the noise died down again as everyone strained to hear Olivia deHaviland's terrifying story of far-away location on "Dodge City." While they were 40 miles from Modesto in the heart of uninhabited country little Miss deH, not being needed for the day, thought she'd take a walk. On and on she strode to the center at a trot across the open land where, and after taking a few deep breaths and thinking how grand nature was she suddenly realized to her horror that she was in sight of a house in a little valley and she started to run a little in the direction of where she thought the Warner Bros. unit was working, when out of the corner of her eye she spied two large men running after her. As she slowed down they slowed down too. After about two miles of trailing they came up quite close behind her and she, no longer terrified but quite resigned to her fate by this time, was determined all the same to give the two harly men a good fight. Somewhere she'd read that if you suddenly turned and met your foe and looked them straight in the eye it completely floored them. Taking off her shoe with its high wooden heel she wheeled around and, bracing herself, went to meet them, weapon in hand. They stood still, nudging each other as she approached, one little girl against two huge men far out in the middle of God's most wide-open country. Then—the larger one of the two drew something from his pocket—pointed it at her—demanded: "Please, Miss deHaviland, can we have your autograph?"

One thing I'll never understand, and that's the Hollywood diet. At lunch, and it's the same thing every Sunday at the Cukor house, each one of the slim attractive women has a line she says as she helps herself liberally to fresh peach iced cream, or creamed chicken and asparagus tips. With Brice it's "Oh, George, I shouldn't!" With Leigh, it's "Well, today's Sunday!" With deHaviland it's "Just this once, then." and with Damita it's "But, George, creamed chicken isn't fattening!" It's about time those girls thought up a new line!

And already here come the servants again laden down with tea, cakes, and sandwiches. There's a happy groan from this group of Hollywoodites on their day of rest at the sight of all the cups, plates, and food piled up on the huge silver tray, although only an hour ago they all said they never wanted to see a bit of food again. So it's goodbye to George Cukor's Silver Service and goodbye to the waiters. Eric pouring tea as Lili likes it, Vivien Leigh with a cup in one hand and a sandwich in the other, Brice licking icing off her fingers, George with the perfect best with a plate of fancy cakes in both hands seeing that all his guests are happy. Goodbye to Sunday lunch—it's tea time!
Does Annabella Boss Tyrone?
Continued from page 59

"Yes," said Ty enthusiastically. "The Powers may not have much else, but they have plenty of honeymoons. Our first honeymoon we spent at Grand Canyon. Good American sightseers. Remember, honey, how crazy we were about backgammon then? We swung the backgammon board over the donkey's rear end when we rode down into the Canyon so that we could have a game when we got to the bottom. But the donkey wasn't a backgammon lover, and we were one perfectly good backgammon board. We spent our second honeymoon in Europe, mostly in Italy and Annabella's France. Annabella was the perfect guide, she told me then that I didn't miss a single worthwhile sight, not even the smallest chapel or the most crumbling old statue escaped her. Then of course, this New York trip made our third honeymoon."

"We are going to have a fourth one soon," Annabella added. "After Ty's pre-view we are going to Big Bear to ski. Though we already go at it and will probably break our necks." Annabella had lost none of her enthusiasm. Which is one of her most attractive characteristics. I remembered meeting her for the first time nearly a year ago in the garden below. I didn't want to like her—yeah, me and a million other Tyro Power fans. But it is impossible not to like Annabella. She is fresh and clean and enthusiastic, so full of that intoxicating joie de vivre. No wonder that she, of all his girls, was the one Tyro fell in love with.

In the movie industry a box office poll, the most important and carefully watched of all popularity polls, Tyrone Power has the enviable number-two place. Which means that, next to Gary Cooper, Ty is considered the biggest box office attraction in the country. So those old smarty-pants who said that marriage and Annabella would ruin Ty's career will have to eat their words. He was more popular in 1939 than he was in 1938. His career is getting along very nicely, thank you.

As a matter of fact he is far more interested in his work than he ever was before. Annabella has brought about that change. Before, Ty was perfectly content to be a personality. It was easy for him to charm away his feminine admirers. And women loved it. But all that is changed now. Ty, with Annabella to inspire him, is playing the hard way, He wants to act. No matter how hard he has to work. He wants to be known as an actor, and not just a popular Hollywood Glamor Boy. His plans now are to return to the stage as soon as his picture commitments will permit. The stage experience, he feels, will make him a much better actor. There won't be as much money, but Annabella would be the last one to carp about money."

Before he married Annabella, Ty was well on his way to becoming a jitterbug. He was nervous and high-strung and when he finished work at the studio he was so keyed up that relaxing was the last thing he wanted to do. He and his gang had a rip-roaring time of it. But after he met Annabella he suddenly lost all interest in tearing around in a high-powered car with a lot of kids who had very little between the ears. During their engagement, and now following their marriage, Ty and Annabella spend many an evening strolling out in front of the fire reading plays to each other. Annabella will read the French classics to him, and Ty will read Shakespeare to her. At first he didn't understand French very well, and Annabella would have to stop frequently to translate. But he has been taking lessons for nearly a year now and has proved himself a very quick scholar. These nights of French and English literature have been very good for Tyro. Good for his voice, for his nerves, and especially for his soul. It's a very nice change, thanks to Annabella. With all her vivacity, and enthusiasm for living, Annabella has an intellectual quality which none of Ty's other girls ever had. An intelligent wife is certainly no drawback. Especially for a boy like Tyro. When he first met Annabella, Ty realized that she was different from all the girls he had run with. This was on the set of "Suez" and if you saw that picture you may recall the number of sand storms in it. Annabella refused to have a double. For hours she stood before the wind machines with sand blowing in her face. Tyro had never seen an actress "take it" before. When the scene was over she wouldn't rush to her dressing room to powder her nose or put fresh lipstick on, but she would stand there dripping sand and talk to Tyro, quite seriously, about serious things. None of that coy small talk. Now Ty had never talked seriously with any woman, except his mother, and he found it quite a novel experience. He found that lengthy discussions of the serious things of life were far more interesting, and that that idle chit-chat and snappy repartee he had always indulged in with other girls. Gradually be became a serious-minded young man.

He found in Annabella the perfect companion. Serious and sympathetic one minute, she could be the gayest of the gay the next. Whatever his mood he could never find Annabella in a contrary mood. His mood was her mood. Just as his career is now her career. When a talented and beautiful young actress gives up her career to be your wife and match you mood for mood, boy, she must be in love. And she is.

Not only did Annabella bring to him an appreciation of the better things of life but she awakened a sense of beauty in him. When someone asked him, a few days after his return from Europe, what the most beautiful thing he had seen on his trip, Ty answered, "The Pope's hand. It was like a Michelangelo." Now the fresh kid who went to Missouri to make "Jesse James" would never have said that. He wouldn't
He Makes His Camera Sing!

Continued from page 63

satisfy me, I discovered that I could use color in my movies. I confided to Eastman that I would develop it for me, and I could either project the tiny prints in my movie projector, or blow up the ones I liked into real pictures. Of course I use black-and-white for the foreground, but when the light isn't bright enough for color.

"The more I worked with a camera, the more I wanted to know about it. It's fascinating. When I get negative back from Eastman, I go into my darkroom and make three prints from one—blue, one red, and one yellow. Come on out to the darkroom and see for yourself.

Kenny, junior, aged three and a half, was playing between the house and the darkroom. Susie, who had firmly taken possession of her brother's camera, and Kenny, junior, smiled and welcomed us with "Hi." "Susie was so fond of Kenny's little red scooter that we gave it to her and bought the velocipede for Kenny. Now she has that," observed her amused parent.

"At first we were afraid she'd fall, but her nurse watches her and she's too determined to fall when she's having her own way. She prefers the bicycle to the car and to the darkroom, singing "Hi!" with every step, and had to be discouraged. "No?" she inquired, his sunny temper never failing, and she went right on singing "Hi!" happily on each downward tread.

Kenny led me into the long, narrow darkroom, equipped with sinks, knotty pine shelf-table, enlarger, printer, water filter, developer trays, time clock, and all the paraphernalia of the camera fiend.

Color printing is exacting work. Films must be dyed, washed, and enlarged. The three prints are dried, red, and blue, must be put together carefully so that no tiny shred of color overlaps before the final picture can be made.

"The trouble with color pictures is that you can't make them over in the darkness," said Kenny. "Most of the successful cameramen who work in black-and-white change a poor shot into a good one by care in lighting, or by developing, or by washing, or bringing up interesting points, and so on. You can blow up one part of a color shot, yes, and you can cut off too much foreground, but you can't have much contrast, too much light or shade, or it won't turn out well.

A monotonous color picture is best. If you take a shot in brilliant light so that the cheeks and chin of your subject are lighter and there is shadow in the neck and under the eyes, it's bad. You can't get your hand in while you're printing to stop the shadow from going black, and you can't hold back the light where it's too hot. That's why it must be right when you click the shutter.

On the walls of the darkroom hung finished color prints—red poppies blowing in the wind, a girl against a sapphire sky, swallows at work in a field.

Kenny regarded them frowningly. "Some of my first work," he said. "Lots of things wrong with them. Now—" he tapped a shelf where a glass slide had been inserted—"is some of the stuff I've just made. It got back from Eastman yesterday and haven't selected the ones I'll blow up.

He snapped on a light beneath the glass slide and immediately there sprang into view a dozen or more small colored pictures—"little beauty," smeared with paint from his paintbox, small Susie tilting back a golden head, sunsets almost too vibrant to be true, an English village asleep on a hot afternoon, a forest deep in ferns, a clump of daffodils.

"Try this gadget and look at them," Kenny extended a tiny microscope that figured in no more than a handful. In the forest stood up graceful and delicate, the baby skin of the children showed appleblossom smooth, the stone in the English chlmneys looked old and worn and warm.

"No, I shan't blow them all up. Ask any cameraman; they'll all tell you that they often shoot a whole roll before they get one that's worth showing and said my host. "Over in England, where I went summer before last to make The Mikado there are lots of camera fiends, but it's an expensive hobby. Everyone likes his camera. They do things more simply than we do because there's not so much money. Over here if a man gets the bug, he may spend as much as $1000 on an outfit, and every time he hears of a new gadget, he gets it. But over there they figure out ways to get along with what they have, or build something themselves. If I had a little more time to give to photography, I think it would be fun to figure out substitutes for all this stuff.

"When I do black-and-white stuff, as I've done for Screenland pictures, I go into experiments which I find interesting. The shot of Yabbut, our terrier, is made from a positive, so that black prints white and white prints black. I took the dog from the front of the lagoon to get the effect of the floodlights on the fountains."

Kenny hopes to be a gentleman farmer. That's the trend today, he can't spend every spare moment with his camera.

"Some day, I'll have a ranch. I'm taking courses in cattle breeding, because breeding cattle will be my major interest, and I think I'll be happier."

We were back in his den by this time, thumbing through stacks of government pamphlets issued to help the farmer solve his pressing problems. "I have all sorts of theories," confided the young actor. "I shall analyze my land when I find the right thing. I can't do what I want to do it.

According to my analysis, I'll enrich it, or give it time, or do whatever is indicated. I shall keep chickens, naturally. I have a theory about hens, too. Each hen should be given her own pen and her own pan; she should be kept to herself so that a record can be made of how much she eats, how frequently she lays, and so on. Then if one hen gets the pip or whatever disease is going around, she'll have it alone and not infect the rest of the flock. This is all in the future, but I'm preparing now.

Little Kenny put his head in at the door.

"Hi!" he observed cheerily. "Hi, yourself!" said his famous father.

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come the obstacles shown in their charts. That's what astrology is for—to open the hidden shoals of life and teach us how to overcome them. Then, too, you've no doubt heard that old astrological loophole, "The stars incline but do not compel." I seldom use it myself, but in this case I shall, because no one would be happier than I to see so perfect a marriage as Ty's continue indefinitely. The stars show divorce for Annabell and Tyrone, We shall see.

Because Taurus represents the second house in the Zodiack, ruling money, it is only natural that these persons should know how to make money. What's more important, they know how to invest it and hold on to it also. Some of the screen's biggest money-makers are Taurians and they have proved the astrological truth of this statement. They include: Shirley Temple, Bing Crosby, Gary Cooper, Alice Faye, Tyrone Power, Kate Smith, and Lionel Barrymore. If you choose a Taurus person for a marriage partner you can be almost certain that you will eventually grow rich, for everything these persons touch seems to turn to gold—not a bad gift in these depressed times.

Typical of this Taurus touch is the life of Alice Faye. The tenacity and even stubbornness that characterizes Taurians helped Alice Faye in her long, hard climb up the ladder of success. No actress started out in Hollywood with fewer apparent possibilities than Alice. A sort of road-show version of the one and only Jean Harlow, she inspired great indifference on the part of fans and critics at the beginning of her movie career. Now, however, by dint of hard work and the help of her lucky star, she is an actress not to be ignored. While she may never wrest the mantle of greatness from Bette Davis, Alice Faye will some day be a really important actress.

The recent divorce of Alice Faye and Tony Martin was no surprise. Although Tony's sun position in Capricorn was the right one for Alice, there were so many other adverse aspects in their charts which indicated a stormy marriage that a divorce was inevitable.

Leat I sound like an agent for Reno, let me hasten to say that there are more happy Taurus marriages of long standing in Hollywood than those of almost any other sign in the Zodiac. Witness the eminently happy marriages of these Taurians: Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby, Lionel Barrymore, Sigrid Gurie, Maureen O'Sullivan, James Ellison, Henry Fonda, and Richard Barthelmess, to name only a few.

There is this to be said about Taurus persons in marriage—they want to stay married more than anything else in the world, and they generally make every effort even to sacricifying a promising career if need be, to make marriage successful. In past instances where Taurus-born have failed in marriage, it has generally been when both parties were so interested in a career that neither had time to concentrate on problems of the home. The more outstanding cases of Taurians whose marriages have failed include Henry Fonda and Margaret Sullavan, both born in Taurus. These two wonderful persons might have been happy together if each had not been so concentrated on career. Then, too, many times those born in the same sign are so much alike they wear each other out. Then there was the case of Mary Astor. Her famous red diary in court made romantie history. In her case she had not

married a compatible sign. Her husband, Dr. Thorpe, was born in Leo and had afflications in his chart that made them most incompatible.

If Taurus persons follow the star-given talents shown in their charts they generally become successful and even famous. This sign happens to rule the creative talents, the ability to originate ideas and carry them out. Physically it also rules the throat, tongue, and organs of speech. Therefore it isn't so surprising to find that many Taurians attain fame through acting or singing. They are generally given pleasant, if not striking, looks, which enable them for stage, screen or radio. It is interesting to note that Bing Crosby, Kate Smith, and

Helen Parrish is wearing a fruit bouquet and something new in link bracelets. Crisp white pique trims her dress and perky white straw hat.

Alice Faye really began their careers as singers, and they are all Taurians. There is one outstanding Taurian on the screen for whom I predict a truly brilliant future. Do you remember "Algie?" Remember how, when your eyes were thrilling to the highly spectacular beauty of Hedy, your intelligence was responding to the splendid acting of Sigrid Gurie? In any other picture except La- 

marr's début that performance would have won instant stardom for Miss Gurie. Now she is being given every opportunity to reveal her beauty and dynamic talents to best advantage. Not only will Miss Gurie be a sensation on the screen but her very happy marriage will last indefinitely.

Of the younger screen stars who were born in Taurus and who will rise to even greater heights than they have so far attained, are Maureen O'Sullivan and Jimmy Ellison. Maureen has been on the screen for years, it seems, but then she started when just a child. To her wealth of experience and the maturity of marriage that will enhance her work with a new richness and vitality. She can make of her marriage a great success if she does not let her career become too all-engrossing.

Jimmy Ellison has been a long time emerging, but his Taurian charms should prove as effective as Tyrone Power's with
further grooming for star roles. Jimmy Ellison will continue on the screen for years, and is one of the most outstanding men. Happiness in marriage is also indicated for Jimmy and a family of two.

Garry Cooper needs no astrologer to predict his future. Yet Garry can thank his lucky stars that he was born under the brilliant rays of Venus otherwise that gabling six feet four might have remained out on the ranch. Garry who is a thoroughbred baritone might have struck terror to the hearts of lonely coyotes rather than palpitation to the hearts of millions of women throughout the world. As it is, Garry has nothing to worry about, for his horoscope shows continued success for years to come on the screen. He has already made his marriage one of the happiest in Hollywood and there is no reason why anything should happen to upset this pleasant pattern of his life.

There are other Taurus-born screen stars who have experienced success in 1940. They are; Brian Aherne, better roles, and happiness in marriage to Joan Fontaine. Richard Carlson, who shows promise of doing splendid dramatic roles in the future; Eddie Albert, whose star is just beginning to rise, can go on to better things if he does not let his stubbornness stand in his way. Then there is Lionel Barrymore, who might have better health disturbances in 1940, which we sincerely hope will not be too severe.

The trend toward happiness is so clearly defined for those born in Taurus that there are only a few brief warnings that your stars give: be cautious in regard to romance, for your eager, impetuous nature often mistakes infatuation for real love. Do not enter into any serious alliances unless you first know the person involved is compatible to you in every way. If married you can remain happy if you give as much sympathy to your mate as to the marriage partner. Be careful not to let your work become too all-engrossing.

Those not born in the Sign of Taurus have varying experiences during this month. To find out how you will fare in the month, please refer to the section below that deals with your birth sign.

Aries—March 21 to April 20
A stimulating month romantically, for Venus brings you one or two exciting experiences. The romance is favored over the old, however, and there is a strong possibility that you will make a decision to break off with someone you have cared for deeply. Do nothing hastily under these rays for you are inclined to rash action this month. The aspects for financial matters are somewhat favorable in April. An opportunity may come to advance your work through a superior. Those in secretarial, sales work, beauty parlors, teaching positions are under the fortunate vibrations of Jupiter and Venus at this time. Those anxious to make a business change may seriously consider same any time this month. Short trips are favored, visits to friends in residence and returning the home come under good vibrations. Watch the health during the first and last weeks, avoid overtaxing the strength and overeating.

Taurus—April 21 to May 20
As usual, activity in romance is favored for Taurus-born this month. Use your charm cautiously, however, for there may be a slight tendency on your part to be somewhat flirtatious and inclined to trifle with the affections of someone who cares deeply. This is an excellent month to make a decision about marriage. Because love happiness means so much to you be sure you are taking the right steps. Your chances for happiness are greater with someone born in the Sign of Virgo, Capricorn, or Pisces than any of the other signs. Those engaged in the business world have better opportunities this month to express their talents. This month is especially favored for those seeking a rise in salary or for promotion. It favors those engaged as designers, salesladies, stenographers, nurses and accountants. It is also extremely favorable for any independent business venture. The urge to settle into a home may express itself in concrete terms this month. Choose a new location, buy or build, or otherwise be interested in home furnishing, as this is a good time for promise in any marriage consummated during this month.

Gemini—May 21 to June 20
You are highly favored by your planets this month. Make the most of your vivd personality and versatility and use them to progress in a business way. It favors all professional and commercial endeavors this month. Expect you are required to meet the public and use the personality. The executive side of your personality should exercise itself; go into new business contacts, but not into independent lines. The month favors things of the mind, so study and develop your talents, decide on your future course. Studies along creative lines are favored; especially music, dancing, singing or commercial art. Social activities are on the increase at this time and some man may enter your life who has the power radically to change the whole outlook for you. Concentrate more on financial matters at this time for the romantic affairs of life take care of themselves now. Avoid complications in romance, make no immediate decisions about marriage. This month favors elderly persons and the home.

Cancer—June 21 to July 22
Your stars promise you some relief from the depression this month. You should be able to find a happy solution to money difficulties, either through seeking a job or through financial assistance from others. Jupiter brings this change, and whether you stay where you are now or go into another location depends on you. The tendency is to make changes this month. Make no sudden decisions regarding love or marriage. Let romance seck you out if it chooses but do not be too anxious to find love for the stars hold some minor warnings at this time. You are still apt to be looking for the one big love of your life, and this month may bring several persons who nearly fit the bill—but quite likely not as one desires the lover as the Moon for the home and values will get along quite well in the home.

Leo—July 23 to August 22
The social side of your life should require much of your time this month. Invitations to attend parties, chances to go on trips with friends or relatives—are all in order during this month. Your sign is a very popular one in the entertainment world such as musicians, actors, and singers. Travel is favored at this time, or moving into another locality. Any decisions should be good. For your mind is clear and you will avoid mistakes. Be alert to new opportunities in business, accept opportunities especially from others regarding partnership or going into business. If you have the aggressiveness needed to make a success. Warnings are held in romance; do not break off existing romance and avoid complications that might prove disastrous. Your heart may rule your head at this time so use caution in all you do.

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Virgo—August 23 to September 22

Some doubts may exist in your mind about the one you love, but dismiss such doubts. Venus favors present romance. Although no immediate changes are noted that favors marriage you can continue indefinitely with the person in your life now. New business ventures come under favorable aspects: profit may come from some plans you made in the past; someone may help you or members of the family in a business way. This month favors those working as teachers, nurses, secretaries, telephone operators, salesladies, designers, interior decorators, and those in the investment fields. The health must be guarded this month, as some sensitivity in the stomach region may be affected by, nerves. Avoid complications with relatives. Do not spend too much during last two weeks of the month. Make a special effort to save at this time. The general aspects are favorable for the home and financial affairs.

Libra—September 23 to October 22

As usual, activity dominates your affairs this month. There may be a tendency to waste of time and energy. Watch out in the romantic side of life especially that you do not waste time on some person who is not truly worthy of your time and attention. One or more persons may vie for your heart. The stars bring you the predominant radiations of the love planet Venus and it promises you much in the way of great love happiness. A good time to become engaged, if you are sure you have chosen wisely. The business side of your life holds fewer problems now than in the past; although the stars do not shower you with immediate riches the prospects should be somewhat brighter. Jupiter will bring some man into your life who may change your financial outlook. Be prepared to make changes in business, travel, change residence, or redecorate your present living quarters. Avoid over-activity in regard to social affairs, for the health must be guarded. Real estate and investments are favored this month.

Scorpio—October 23 to November 22

Your problem may be how to get your hands on more money this month, for your expenses may be out of proportion to your income. Balance this by cutting down your expenses. Your mind is stimulated by Mars and Venus. A decision may arise in the first two weeks of the month about a proposition you may receive in business. The stars favor changes for you at this time. Those having to do with meeting the public or creative endeavors are most favored, especially art, music, literature, advertising, publicity, or promotion schemes for raising money. Use your personality to advantage this month. Romantically do not expect immediate solutions to your problems for Mars may agitate and disturb your love life. It may take you a month or so to quiet down again but you are assured of more contentment in the latter part of the month. Certainly you will have one or more new opportunities in love but your great sense of loyalty and the need to continue to keep you by the side of some person you feel really needs your attentions.

Sagittarius—November 23 to December 21

Conditions in your life should show steady improvement this month; if not, the fault might lie in you and not in the stars. You may not be alert enough to the opportunities about you for very often you expect them to be on the surface when they are really hidden. Jupiter gives you talents free expression this month but you might have to work harder than ordinarily to bring yourself to the attention of superiors. You have executive work ahead of you for your sign is the "boss" rather than the type to be "bossed." Watch out for cupids this month for he may deal you a knockout blow. You are promised thrilling action this month in love but should be cautioned to take it rather lightly. No decisions should be made regarding marriage at this time. Those married have some disturbances of Mars to contend with but they should not be serious enough to cause separation. Avoid haste, temper, and confusion, and the month should be fairly normal in most departments of your life.

Capricorn—December 22 to January 19

You may have much to look forward to this month. This may apply to romance as well as finances; although Venus may cause some unrest in love it may be of your own making. You may disagree with someone you love and eventually you or your sign causes you to be hasty and, at times, rather stubborn, so use your head this month to think your way out of your various problems. Important messages may arrive by telephone or mail. A chance to obtain a new position may present itself. Some man you meet socially may become interested in you romantically and you may receive a promotion, and improvement, these are all favored by your ruling stars for this month. Avoid spending money too freely, save and direct your funds toward some goal. Your sign favors independent ventures such as owning a dress shop, interior decorating business, beauty parlor, candy store, or magazine counter; this month is a good time to consider such ventures. Health is somewhat more favored during the last two weeks of the month. Avoid vehicles and dark places the last week of the month.

Aquarius—January 20 to February 18

Money matters may cause concern; you still spend more than you make and you can't get ahead fast that way! Although you might advance where you now work it seems doubtful; your monthly stimulating vibrations a chance might come for a new job. Remember, you lean more toward the creative and artistic; try to get work out of your own way, designing, music, radio, or even beauty shops, and your chances for using your talents would be more numerous. A climax may be reached in romance. Your sign falls in love often and many times you are a little too hasty; twice, so let your head rule your heart this month! Of two persons in love with you a choice may have to be made between them, alert to the fact that you're a long time married! Attend social functions and entertain friends in your home this month, for Venus favors making new important contacts socially. Attend to personal development, study along cultural or musical lines. The month ends on a very progressive accent with more balance than usual.

Pisces—February 19 to March 20

You may long for a change of scene at present. The stars incline to some restlessness but your affairs may keep you somewhat confined for a while. Lay plans for the summer and develop your latent abilities for progression in your work. If you follow the usual Pisces trend, early marriage is shown, and problems arise in such an union. Try to be much more cautious this month about romantic ventures. Some person may appeal physically only to be incompatible mentally. Choose a person born in the signs of Taurus, Cancer, Scorpio, and you have a chance for happiness in love or marriage. Watch the finances at this time for you may be too generous for your own good. This month is a good time for shopping, buying legal affairs, signing papers, leases, contracts, and dealings in real estate. Relatives may impose on you if you permit them to. Attend to them. Do not get in haste for the last two weeks by land, and be calm in everything you attempt this month. Because the planets reveal various destinies for every person it is necessary for you to consult your own individual astrologer reading for your birth sign.
Regardless of your age, there’s a very simple way to make your eyes appear much larger, more luminous—your eyebrows truly graceful and expressive—you're lashes a vision of long sweeping loveliness. It takes just about three minutes to give yourself this modern Maybelline eye makeup. And it's so natural-looking—never obvious.

First, blend Maybelline Eye Shadow lightly over your eyelids and note the subtly flattering effect. Next, form trim, tapering brows with the Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. It's perfectly pointed and just soft enough for best results. Then darken your lashes to the very tips with Maybelline Mascara. Either in Solid or Cream-form, it goes on beautifully—is tear-proof, non-smarting, harmless. Now your own mirror will show you the thrilling difference.

At any age, your eyes will be noticed and admired when you use Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids—the eye make-up in good taste. Prove it, today! Attractive purse sizes at all 10c stores. Just be sure to insist on genuine Maybelline.

Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in stunning gold-colored vanity, 75c. Refills, including new brush, 35c. Shades—Black, Brown, and Blue.

Maybelline Cream-form Mascara (easily applied without water) in dainty zipper case. 75c. Shades—Black, Brown, and Blue.

Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown (and Blue for eyelid liner).
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MISS ELAINE SHEPARD
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Chesterfield

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OF THE HOUR

Today more than ever, smokers are turning to Chesterfield's skillful blend of the world's best cigarette tobaccos. Now is the time for you to light up and enjoy a Chesterfield... they're COOLER SMOKING, BETTER-TASTING AND DEFINITELY MINDER.

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June

G DATE with JEFFREY LYNN! FUN FEST with KAY KYSER
CLAUDETTE COLBERT IN SMART NEW CLOTHES—Exclusive

SATISFY YOUR SUPPRESSED DESIRES AT THE MOVIES!
See Page 24
The World at the Dawn of Time...Savage Cave Men and Weird Monsters that Stun the Senses...
The Heroic Struggle of a Boy and Girl for Life and Primitive Love...SIGHTS...WONDERS...THRILLS...
Never Before Beheld by Man!

So Amazing
You won't believe your eyes!
Hal Roach presents
ONE MILLION B.C.
with
Victor MATURE • Carole LANDIS
Lon CHANEY, Jr.
Directed by HAL ROACH and HAL ROACH, Jr.
Released thru United Artists
See Real Pre-historic Beasts of Bygone Ages...
Re-created and Filmed by a new secret process!
Her Chic "Frock Coat" invited His Look
But Her Smile invaded His Heart!

*New Frock Coat of shepherd check, trim little waistline, flaring skirt, huge saddle pockets.

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.
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.

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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
“ANDY HARDY MEETS A DEBUTANTE”
AND YOU’LL MEET HER, TOO—
IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!
FULL-LENGTH FICTION STORY OF MICKEY ROONEY’S BIG NEW FILM

We’re looking forward to this feature and we know you will join us, especially when you hear that it is not only the best of all the immensely popular Hardy Family series, but that featured with Mickey will be none other than Judy Garland and—surprise—Diana Lewis, the new Mrs. William Powell in private life, playing the dashing debutante who captures the fickle Rooney heart—for a while. Amusing “inside” slant is that Mickey was sorta “sweet on” Diana when they were a couple of kids, long before she ever met Mr. Powell and HE ever met Judy.

See them in our grand illustrations for this fictionalization. Watch for our “Double” cover of Mickey and Judy. And don’t forget we will also be giving you many other features, all exclusive, all colorful!

GET JULY SCREENLAND—ON SALE JUNE 5

Paul C. Hunter, Publisher
Finest portrayal by a young actress in many movie moons is Joan Fontaine's as the sensitive, idealistic second wife in Alfred Hitchcock's sympathetic screen translation of the Daphne du Maurier novel, "Rebecca"...
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 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 HONOURED TO OFFER 'ALL THIS AND HEAVEN TOO' FROM THE WORLD-APPLAUSED NOVEL BY Rachel Field
**SCREENLAND’S Crossword Puzzle**

By Alma Talley

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<td>32. Co-star of “Broadway Melody of 1940”</td>
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<td>33. Co-star of “Strange Cargo”</td>
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<td>34. Part of a church</td>
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<td>35. She’s featured in “Buck Benny Rides Again”</td>
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<td>36. Mid-Western state (abbrev.)</td>
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<td>37. What every extra hopes for</td>
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<td>38. Justing rock</td>
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<td>39. Lacking moisture</td>
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<td>40. “Incidental”</td>
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<td>41. College yell</td>
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<td>42. Short for Robinson’s name</td>
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<td>43. Army officer (abbrev.)</td>
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<td>(Solution Next Month)</td>
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The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It’s good for every member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢
"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."

At the University of Missouri, many of the co-eds used Listerine and massage regularly. We couldn't afford to neglect distressing dandruff flakes, nor 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—practically 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 . . . time and again I saw dandruff's scales disappear.

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 50 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. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

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.
I'm "Choosey"
...and here's why I choose

**FIBS** *THE KOTEX* **TAMPON**

The Ideal Internal Protection. Fibs, the Kotex Tampon, with new exclusive features, 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 10¢ for trial supply today.

***FIBS** THE KOTEX TAMPO**

**ONLY 25¢ FOR 12**

SOME SAMPLE OFFER

**FIBS** Room 1419A, 910 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago. I enclose 10¢ for trial supply of FIBS, the Kotex Tampon, mailed in plain package.

Accepted for Advertising by The Journal of the American Medical Association

**SCREENLAND**

**Florian—M-G-M**
There's a tender love story woven through this film—the love of a commoner for a member of the royal family—but primarily it's the story of a horse, Florian, descendant of the imperial line of Lippizan stallions bred in pre-World War Austria. It's a delightfully told tale, with Robert Young excellently portraying the horse's trainer, and Helen Gilbert as the Duchess. You'll want to stay to see the scenes in which the horse performs again and again.

**French Without Tears—Paramount**
Here's a romantic farce which has an endless number of amusing lines and hilarious situations. The fun takes place in a men's college in France when a flirtatious miss visits the school and disrupts the French studies by turning her charm on the students—off of them. Ray Milland is the one in whom she seems less interested, but he turns out to be the one she loves. Ellen Drew good in light role, and Milland gives his customary fine performance.

**The Biscuit Eater—Paramount**
A dog is the hero of this deeply touching, emotional story. A boy and his Negropal are given the run of a litter born on an estate where bluebloods are bred. The kids have their troubles with the dog who turns out to be a "biscuit eater"—that's what dogs who do nothing except hunt their own food are called—but the boys' patience and love make him a champion. Shot in Georgia's bird dog country, it shows dogs being trained in the fields.

**The Earl of Chicago—M-G-M**
If you want to see Robert Montgomery in the best role he's ever played, here's your picture. It's even better than "Night Must Fall." Montgomery portrays Silky, a dashing, warm-hearted, courtly young man, who falls in love with a woman he finds attractive. Edward Arnold also gives a smooth performance as the manager who doubles as Silky. It has no romantic plot, but it's a fascinating tale and expertly done.

**Beyond Tomorrow—RKO-Radio**
This is a strange picture, as you might have guessed, since it deals with life after death. Charles Winninger, Aubrey Smith, Harry Carey are cast as three bachelors whose spirits linger on earth after they're killed in a plane crash. They yearn to help their friends—Jean Parker, Richard Carlson—get the right start in life. Fine photography effects are achieved in giving it a hazy spiritual touch, Maria Ouspenskaya and Helen Vinson in cast.
The Courageous Dr. Christian—**RKO-Radio**

The second of the "Dr. Christian" series tells the story of a small town doctor's tireless efforts to help the under-privileged of a shanty town. Jean Hersholt fits the role of the kindly, lovable old physician to a T. Although the film deals mainly with social problems, it has a good share of comedy—supplied by Mandel's Eubanks and Vera Lewis—and Tom Neal, Robert Baldwin, and Dorothy Lovett make up the romantic trio of the film.

Rancho Grande—**Republic**

This modern western has Gene Autry as a ranch foreman and guardian of its youthful heirs. Unless an irrigation system is completed the ranch will be foreclosed, and Autry makes two of its scatterbrained owners realize its importance before the villain gets in his dirty work. The picture has everything to make Autry fans happy—plenty of Gene's songs and plenty of riding and, of course, Smiley Burnette's standard brand of comedy. *Rancho Grande* is film's theme song.

The Human Monster—**Monogram**

In this horror film, Bela Lugosi, screen's bogeyman, plays the dual role of a diabolical doctor who murders to collect on insurance policies of his victims and head of a blind man's home, conducted as a "blind" for his crimes. The gruesome chores are not performed by Lugosi, but by a blind giant who strangles victims and drowns them in a tank before throwing the bodies in the river. It's not the best horror film, but it's good for some chills and thrills. Don't bring the kiddies.

Just a Pretty Stranger—in her own Home Town

**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 men) make a habit of Mum because Mum keeps you "in right" everywhere—with everyone!

POPULAR GIRLS MAKE A DAILY HABIT OF MUM

For Sanitary Napkins, Too—

**MUM** takes the odor out of perspiration
Join "the kids" at Ann Rutherford's for good food and fun

ANN RUTHERFORD shares a smart "Wilshire district" apartment with her mother and sister. Unlike some apartments I've visited, this one is a real home, overflowing with laughter and affection, not to mention more tangible objects: Ann's friendly fans simply shower her with gifts.

"We're going to be crowded out of the place soon," smiled Ann's mother. "It's lucky that most of the things are tiny cabinet pieces, and is Ann thrilled with them! She has a collection of little angels in her bedroom, and more frogs, ducks, and Scotties than you would believe existed."

"But look—just look—at my Farway Farms horses!" cried Ann, an animated whirlwind in blue-and-white summer print. Along the white mantel ranged a line of adorable little horses done in bronze. "They're from the famous Farway Farms near Lexington, Kentucky," said Ann. "Our family was born in Lexington and grew up there. Last year we went back to visit and spent a day at the Farms."

"Ann romped with Man O' War," related her mother, gaily "but when she began talking baby-talk to him he got so
embarrassed! He hung his head and acted just like a person."

"That horse has his own office" declared Ann, brown eyes wide. "Yes, sir! A grand fireplace in it and everything. All the thoroughbreds live in beautiful places and are treated almost like royalty, maybe better. Man O' War was a pet—he adored romping and I had a marvelous time. It was after I left that they sent me these precious bronze replicas of all the horses at Farway Farms. Aren't they perfect?"

YVONNE FOX, SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY JUNIOR, SAYS:

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—and 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!

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 house or office.

Specially priced for a limited time only

55¢
At drug and department stores
In Canada, 65¢
THIS happened not long ago at the Fox Studio. It wasn't perpetrated as a gag, but just as an instance to show how incomprehensibly irregular and obtuse the motion picture industry can be. A very famous, highly touted director on the lot accidentally came across a very old picture of Tyrone Power. Ty was very young-looking and the photograph suggested an immature country bumpkin. The director sent the picture to the casting department with the following note, "Can we do anything for this young fellow? I've seen him act and I think he's very good. To me, he shows promise!" This director's recommendation is not without great weight at his studio. Nevertheless, there was very little delay in the answer from the casting office. Their reply read, "Dear Mr. —: From our experience we find that this young man has the kind of face that is impossible to photograph. It is our belief that he would not be found satisfactory."

ANDREA LEEDS found a very becoming hat in a small shop for $2.95. The studio had to reproduce the bonnet so her stand-in would have a duplicate for "Earthbound." They did—at the cost of $35. . . . Young Bill Holden was all for accepting one, and only one, answer to the ad he ran in the paper for a secretary, but his agent talked him out of it. The answer came from an entire graduating class of a girls' business school.

To Myron Selznick, actor's agent and brother of David O. Selznick, went the privilege of escorting two of the screen's famous beauties—Joan Bennett, wearing white wrap, and Loretta Young—to a recent première. Some fellows get all the breaks!

HOT

JOHN PAYNE recently received a many times forwarded letter which took him back more than five years in his struggle for a career. The context of the terse business note was in the form of a stern reprimand to him. It was from an employment bureau where he was once registered. It said, "Dear Mr. Payne: It has been called to our attention that you have not availed yourself of the privileges of our organization for some time. You have been most uninterested in our efforts to secure employment for you. Our notices of available jobs have been consistently ignored. We are therefore eliminating your name from our lists of ambitious young men. If you should care to still keep your registration with us please inform us to that effect within the next ten days."

AND now they are accusing Hattie McDaniel of going Hollywood! Who has a better right? Hattie has lately been criticized because she suddenly blossomed out with a whopping limousine, a liveried chauffeur and what seems to be an insatiable taste for orchids. However, in spite of that, her grinning face in her spacious limousine is, somehow, more thrilling than all the other glamour girls put together. Hattie was once an attendant in a powder room in a Milwaukee night club. She worked as a cook in Denver. She is so genuine that at the Academy Award banquet she brought all of bored Hollywood to its feet with rousing praise and with not a few eyes blurred with real tears. Hattie was deeply impressed by being honored in the Cocoanut Grove by all of the industry's big shots, but no one knew better than she that a week or a month hence the Cocoanut Grove would be as remote as Mars to one of her color. I say, if Hattie wants to glitter in her new-found fame, let her glitter. To Hattie McDaniel all the orchids she could ever wear!

THEY'RE calling Eddie Albert Hollywood's Technicolor Orson Welles. His attempt to grow a beard sprouted out a ferocious red . . . Brenda Joyce, well on her way to stardom, fights any show of pretense. She has even refused to buy a new car. She drives a very modest 1936 model coupe and hopes for a few more years' use out of it. (Please turn to page 95)

Humphrey Bogart may be a bad man on the screen, but to his wife, Mayo Methot, he's an attentive husband. Left, they're at the Cocoanut Grove for an evening of fun.
His first wife left him on a tidal wave and came back like a cyclone—smack in the middle of his second honeymoon! That's the signal to commence firing . . . and the laugh bombardment never stops until Irene and Cary have scored more direct hits than in "The Awful Truth". . . . It's "THE YEAR'S FIRST GREAT COMEDY HIT," SAYS LOOK MAGAZINE . . . . And it's coming soon!
$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 Rahndigor.  
   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 □

YOUR NAME ____________________________  STREET ____________________________  CITY ____________________________  STATE ____________________________

ATTACH THIS TO YOUR LETTER ON "WHY LILLIAN RUSSELL IS FAMOUS AS AMERICA’S NO. 1 GLAMOR GIRL."

EASY TO WIN!

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 and your letter of not more than 50 words to the Lillian Russell Contest Editor, 20th Century-Fox Film Corporation, 444 West 52nd St., New York. You can submit as many letters as you want, provided each is accompanied by a separate True or False printed form.

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.
DEAR GINGER:
How you've changed!
In all the history of American entertainment, there
is no actress who has worked more of a miracle than
you. Just a few short years ago, you were prancing
around the screen all decked out in sequins, singing a
little something in a throaty voice about gold-digging.
Anyone seeing and hearing you then would have
thought, just another pretty blonde cutie, and gone his
way forgetting. Well, he might have been right, at
that. For the cutie has vanished; there is no trace of
her in the girl called Ginger Rogers today. She's a com-
pletely new and different person. And a very, very
fine actress.
Aren't you proud of her? You should be! You have,
after "The Primrose Path" every right to pat yourself
on the back and say, "Good girl! It was a tough fight,
but we won." For you have won. Despite the skepti-
cism of critics and public who said, when the dancing
team of Astaire and Rogers split up, well, goodbye
Ginger, it was nice watching you—through sheer grit
and iron determination and, not incidentally at all,
a great deal of talent, you have turned yourself out one
of the two or three best actresses on the screen. And I
mean actresses: not personalities or glamor girls. I
think we must all take you seriously as an artiste,
with the e, mind you, from now on. It was a bold thing
you did, forsaking first the sequins, and later the trail-
ing chiffons that always seemed about to trip up Fred
Astaire but never did, of course—for acting. And such
fine acting as I've seldom seen. Why you don't win an
Academy Award for it is one of Hollywood's major
mysteries. Can it be that, in your courageous climb to
artistic success, you have lost the common touch? It's
there, in your work—that compassionate quality, that
sensitive understanding of the other fellow's problems.
But in the almost Garbo-esque aloofness of your
private life, has it disappeared? I'm wondering, along
with the readers who berate me for not printing more
good, human Ginger Rogers interviews. How can I,
when you won't give 'em? Or else blue-pencil 'em so
that there's very little left of the grand, warm, in-
tensely human girl we know you must be, really? Why
not take a tip from Bette Davis, who has permitted
vivid publicity to become an important part of her
brilliant career; who, bored or tired or not, somehow
always finds time to tell us, through the interviewers,
what we want to know about her? Let down the bars,
Ginger, and shake hands with your public.

Delight Evans
Arrival of Hollywood's most speculatively romantic couple, Olivia de Havilland and Jimmy Stewart, at the Guild party in the Cacoanut Grove. Below, at their table: the girl-friend listens as Jimmy tells a story, with gestures, to screen-pal Maggie Sullavan and her husband, agent Leland Hayward.

Miss Sullavan turns an amused profile and a pretty back as John Swape and Stewart listen, this time, to Miss de Havilland. By the way, how'd you like our Livvy's new pompadour coiffure?
Maybe it's taking a mean advantage, but don't you prefer sneaking up on your picture pets and catching them off-guard, like this, to carefully retouched studio photographs? Here are the best candid close-ups of the cinema month.

All Hollywood Whirl photographs by Len Weissman, exclusive to SCREENLAND.
Still honeymooning! William Powell and his young wife, the former Diana Lewis, dancing blissfully at Cocoanut Grove. Where did you get that hat, Missus Powell?

The girl who converted Jackie Cooper to the simple life is dancing with him, above. She's "Jimmie" Rogers, who helped teach Jackie to ride 'n rope, in Palm Springs.

The opening of the baseball season is the same everywhere in America. The celebrities toss out the first ball, as George Raft, Gail Patrick and her husband, Bob "Brown Derby" Cobb (left), and Gracie Allen and George Burns are doing here. Scene is the Hollywood Ball Park, where you'll always see a dozen or so screen favorites rooting at the national game.
Remember when Ronald Colman wouldn't face a candid camera? That was before his marriage to the gracious Benita Hume, who now persuades Ronnie to smile into the lens and like it.

Ann "Maisie" Sothern, in her best bib 'n tucker, and her best beau who also happens to be friend husband, Roger Pryor, table-hopping at the Guild party. Top of sleek head, and hand, are Liz Whitney's.

The picture at right, we believe, is a reassuring sight. Surely the top box office boy, Mickey Rooney, might be excused from any more bayish hero-worship, now that he's so famous; but he's still a fan himself, especially when his idol, Benny Goodman, comes to town. Mickey tells the maestro of swing how good he is, at band's opening night at Grove.
And girls—it's Leap Year!
ALL This, And Heaven Too— (strictly the title of Jeffrey Lynn’s next picture)—might never have happened if a movie glamor girl hadn’t said she was “simply dying to meet that Lynn!” “Jeffrey’s the most interesting boy in pictures, that strong New England type,” she murmured with a Priscilla Lane look in her eyes. “And so eligible,” she’d continued. “He’s shy, I think, for there haven’t been any romance rumors about him. It seems he’s been so intent over his career since he’s been in Hollywood, he’s simply neglected the girls. If I could just meet him—”

“Then why don’t you?” I said in my own naive way—thinking that of course for an Ann Sheridan, Loretta Young, Wendy Barrie, or Dorothy Lamour, that should be easy.

“But how?” she wailed. “He works at a different studio—and I haven’t the slightest excuse for an introduction. Now if I were only you,” she sighed. (Imagine a movie queen with her Beverly Hills mansion and swimming pool and her three automobiles and mink coat and diamonds and her three-pictures-a-year contract with a salary check at four (Please turn to page 86))
WE ARE bound to the movies by a power which roots far back beyond the beginning of civilization into the primitive world when the race was young and lawless, and men roved the earth like animals, intent only on following out the instincts of their own natures without interference.

The two great primal necessities of the human being which are accountable for all his actions—the demand for food and the demand for reproduction which results in what we call "love" or "sex"—were not disguised and subverted as they are today under a thousand differing pretexts and sublimated causes. Our primordial ancestors went straight for their goal—fought, slew or were slain, indulged in cunning or stealth, plundered and dragged each other's women off by the hair of their heads. Nothing but death could come between them and what they wanted. They knew no restraint.

Then one day, thousands of years ago, some of our stone age ancestors laid the foundation for the astonishing hold our movies have today on the twentieth century, with their fabulous previews, glamour, autographs, "Gone With the Wind," and all the rest. They got together and decided that it could not hurt anything and might make life a lot pleasanter, if they gave up some of their fierce determination to have their own way and agree to a few rules for the common good. They laid out a sort of five-year plan obstructing the rugged individuality of the caveman for the first time.

That was the beginning of the "repressed desires" we have heard so much about ever since Dr. Sigmund Freud began to delve down into the unconscious mind to see if he could discover how to help men overcome their mental kinks and difficulties. The consciousness, or ego of these primitive men, gradually hardened into something like a conscience. And the brute passions, the aggression and disregard of others had to be thwarted, rudely submerged and crowded out of sight.

"All of us have been forced to repress many of our primitive emotions, such as hates, fears, secret forbidden longings, grievances, schemes for revenge hidden within us," says Dr. A. A. Brill, the noted authority on human behavior, who is more familiar with the works on "Psychoanalysis" of Dr. Freud, perhaps, than any other modern psychologist since he translated them into English from the German and introduced Freud's methods into America. "All of us have things we're mortified and ashamed about. (It sometimes does us good just to know that.) Most of them are forgotten by our conscious mind; or they are distorted, so that we cannot recognize them.

"The movies by showing us human beings in action—in every sort of action, in every sort of character and situation—often reach down into this submerged unconscious mass of taboos, and repressed desires, and enable us to get an outlet for restless and starved emotions. By stirring up this lower mind to unsuspected depths, they purge the individual of many sources of trouble. Aristotle ascribed the same effect to the Greek drama.

"One of the reasons that the motion pictures do us so much good," said Dr. Brill in this exclusive interview, "is that they give us the means to identify ourselves with situations or characters that appeal to us or that we feel are like us in some way. They allow us to 'empathize' or read ourselves into the player and the character which he represents. Thus, a girl who never went out with a boy in her life may become the best beloved of Clark Gable. A telegraph operator in a way-station in Kansas may become the handsome, swashbuckling Errol Flynn. And it is safe to say that every boy, everywhere, will choose to be Robert Preston as he woos Dorothy Lamour in the new wild, primitive 'Typhoon,' which I understand is now in the making."

And here it might not be amiss to point out that Dr. Brill agrees with the box office that the "native" or exciting adventure picture if well done, with winds shrieking, palm trees flinging their fronds in the air, with towering seas, floundering boats, and human nature in a battle with the elements, makes excellent material on which to give the contents of the mind a thrilling work-out.

"Movie stars are our 'scapegoats!' " says Dr. Brill.

"Motion picture actors and actresses earn every penny we pay them, and all the adulation we give them, for the great service they render their audiences in this difficult world," he stated in a speech at a recent luncheon. "Like the goat called 'the scapegoat' that was sent by the ancients loaded with the sins of the people out into the wilderness once a year, our movie players take our sins upon themselves. They commit adultery for us," he added with Freudian frankness, "do crimes for us; kill, lie. They do all the mean and malicious and unscrupulous things for us that we would (Please turn to page 78)
Make the most of your movie-going! Learn to "empathize"! This exclusive interview with Dr. A. A. Brill, world famous authority on human behavior who introduced Freud's methods of psychoanalysis into America, opens your eyes.

At the Movies!

Did you know that a girl who never went out with a boy in her life may become the best beloved of Clark Gable? That every boy, everywhere, will "empathize" himself into the character of Robert Preston as he woos Dorothy Lamour in a wild, primitive new film? Read our article to learn just why the movies may do you more good than you realize. They give us the means to identify ourselves with the characters played by Gable, Errol Flynn, Robert Taylor and Bette Davis.
Famous screen star returns to the scene of her childhood. Myrna, top, re-visits the loghouse her grandfather built when he pioneered in Montana, and opens the family album to pictures of herself as a baby, as a devoted sister to her little brother, as a freckled-faced grammar-school girl. Left, family farmhouse where she lived as a child. Right, actual library card showing overdues of .50, unpaid until Myrna Williams, now Loy, made her first visit to Montana since she achieved Hollywood fame.
FOR a long time now, Myrna Loy has planned to visit the folks back home. And the folks back home in Helena, Montana, have been planning great big gala receptions for Della Williams' girl who made good in Hollywood.

It was rumored around town at least twice a year that Myrna was coming home to appear at some charity ball, benefit, or bazaar, and all the townsfolk and kinsfolk—Myrna has more aunts and uncles and first and second cousins in Montana than Scarlett O'Hara had in Georgia—would get the brass band and the red carpet out and polish up their welcome home speeches. But Myrna never showed. In the first place, up until the last two years when Myrna discovered that she could say "No" and get away with it, she has been one of the hardest working stars on Mr. Mayer's lot, with little more than breathing space between pictures. Her pictures bring in millions at the box office, so naturally her bosses aren't going to let her go gallivanting around the countryside enjoying herself if they can help it. Then too, Myrna married Arthur Hornblow, Jr., Paramount producer, a few years ago, and ever since then the only vacations they have been able to snatch from their busy lives have been spent in Mexico (Myrna is (Please turn to page 92)}
T IS rarely that a band leader, no matter how famous, popular, or successful he may be in radio, scores a smash hit in a motion picture. Aby supported by talented casts, Artie Shaw, Rudy Vallee, Harry Owens, Benny Goodman, Fred Waring, and other nationally-known maestros have done well in their respective movie assignments; but their appeal has been essentially to their radio following.

Kay Kyser, on the other hand, has chalked up a more individual and distinctive achievement. His case is outstanding in that he was able to sell himself to the movie-going public as well as command support at the box-office from his loyal radio admirers. For his initial film effort, “That’s Right—You’re Wrong,” was received far more generously by the movie audiences of America than he or the movie producers ever dreamed it would be. Its pronounced success has, therefore, prompted RKO to line Kyser up for a second starring screen venture late this spring. This new vehicle will again involve Kay and his band in a series of amusing adventures in Hollywood.

Kyser’s only insistence is that no attempt be made to turn him into an actor, Hollywood style; he’s determined, wisely enough, to remain his natural, ebullient self.

Autumn of 1939 saw Kyser and his troupe portraying themselves in “That’s Right—You’re Wrong.” In the early stages of that production Kay learned the necessity of strict discipline while he was working before the cameras. He relates: “It made no difference that I was supposed to be sharing star honors with Adolphe Menjou—I was just one of the cast, so far as rules and regulations were concerned. If I thought I could prance around like I do on the stage, I was speedily disillusioned. The cameraman let out bellows you could have heard in a storm. I was jumping in and out of focus and out of the lens altogether.”

Director David Butler told Kay that he couldn’t “play tag with the camera.” Then, says Kay, “they marked definite limits in which I could move around. I felt like I was in a straight jacket with chains and balls on my feet. I couldn’t move my head more than an inch or two each way, or I’d be out of focus. And still, I had to be natural—not act stiff or frozen. My first few days were torture, and then I began to get the idea. Movies,” he submits, “are just like the band business: each has its own set of rules.”

For the College of Musical Knowledge scene in “That’s Right—You’re Wrong,” Kyser was granted a rare privilege—that being permission to ad lib for 1,500 feet of film. This took up fifteen minutes of the playing time on the screen. Kay insisted that a clause in his contract contain the provision extending him freedom of action for this one sequence. His explanation was: “I ad lib my shows, never script them. That’s the way I get spontaneity. It’s the only way I can operate.”

When he first plunged into the College of Musical Knowledge episode, Kyser lacked his customary zip. Then it occurred to him what was wrong. There was no audience in the rows of seats in front of him. He realized that he must have one; so a group of extras were brought in to fill up the vacant space. Thereupon Kay
"Evenin', folks! How you-all? That's good!" Meet the Old Professor of radio in this exclusive interview by a writer who knows him well. Kay will soon be seen in a new movie comedy so read up, chillun!

Kay Kyser and his band will make a second movie any minute now. His first, "That's Right—You're Wrong," firmly established the genial Southerner as a big film as well as radio personality. Kyser's only insistence is that no attempt be made to turn him into an actor, Hollywood style; he's determined to remain his natural, ebullient self. For facts about Kyser and his popular company, you'll want to read this informative article. Our photographs show him, top left on facing page, in his role as Professor of the College of Musical Knowledge; with Ginny Simms, his favorite vocalist; above, rehearsing his radio show; and right, as himself.

struck his usual lusty stride. Not even Director Butler knew what would happen or would be said next. In the remaining scenes of the picture Kay had to follow the script. It caused him to wonder whether he could avoid memorizing his part. Maybe he was thinking of how John Barrymore's lines are written on a board, out of camera range, just in case he might forget them. At any rate, he inquired of Adolphe Menjou: "Don't you fellows have some easy way to learn all this stuff?" Menjou wasn't exactly helpful. "If you find an easy way, tell me," he said. Kyser gazed into space, a sad expression in his eyes. "Why didn't I make that ad lib clause include the whole show?" he lamented.

Kay plucked immense enjoyment from his initial movie chore. He was his natural, entertaining self at all times. His co-workers applauded his homespun ways, his joviality, and gay good humor. He incited their laughter more than once by fighting the Civil War all over. Kyser's level-headedness came to the fore when press agents gave indication that they would like to dub his performance in "That's Right—You're Wrong" as "terrific" and "sensational," in advance of its release. Then and there he requested them to leave off the adjectives and let the public decide for itself the merit of his film effort.

Kay was born to Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Kyser at Rocky Mount, North Carolina, on June 18, 1906. His father died about two years ago. His mother lives at Rocky Mount today. Her famous son is never too busy to remember her with cheery messages and presents. He is today, notwithstanding his (Please turn to page 90)
**Most Hated Girl in Hollywood!**

She won the acting plum of the year: **Scarlett O'Hara** in “Gone With the Wind.” Then she won the Academy Award for her artistry in playing the part. So rival stars resent her. They even say: “Leigh will meet her Waterloo”—as she appears on screen with Robert Taylor—see facing page close-up—in “Waterloo Bridge.”

**CIVILIZATION** advances by leaps and bounds. Don Ameche discovers the telephone, Richard Greene the steamboat, Edward G. Robinson 606. Yes, indeed, we are getting places. But when it comes to good old-fashioned envy, human nature hasn’t changed one iota since Lot’s wife looked back, and it was a long time ago that she took that backward gander.

Just let somebody get something that we want and right away we are consumed—no, not with joy and gladness—but with a deep-dyed envy. When we shout congratulations we’ve got our fingers crossed. But that’s the way we are, that’s the way we’ve always been, and it’s too late to do anything about it now. You can change the map of Europe overnight, but you can’t change human nature in a million years. Isn’t it depressing? Aren’t we human beings just terrible? But isn’t it more fun?

When a dictator envies somebody something he simply goes out and grabs it, but in Hollywood we don’t do it that way. Imagine walking up to Vivien Leigh, snatching “Oscar” right out of her hot little hands, with a casual, “Thanks, Toots, I’ll just take that.” No, in Hollywood we have more finesse. We just hate the person who has something we want, and let it go at that. The most thoroughly hated person in Hollywood right now is Vivien Leigh of London, England. And really, one of the nicest people who ever came to Hollywood. You can take it that Vivien has something that the other stars want. She has indeed.

Now don’t think that the Glamor Girls are a vicious lot who wouldn’t be a bit averse to dropping a little arsenic into Miss Leigh’s tea (which would be the last place she’d find it as she doesn’t drink tea, and she is an English gal), or batting out her brains with a ping-pong paddle when she wasn’t looking. Good heavens, no. (Certainly nothing untidy.) Honestly, the Glamor Girls are an all right bunch, but they just happen to be human like the rest of us. So don’t be too hard on them. You and I resent the new girl who gets ahead in our profession, they resent the new girl who gets ahead in theirs.

When Vivien Leigh first arrived in Hollywood, less than two years ago, not a single soul in the entire village disliked her. Her boy friend, Laurence Olivier, and mighty attractive too, was busy being menacing as Heathcliff in “Wuthering Heights” and Vivien, who had never been to Hollywood, thought it would be a good time to drop in for a visit and a little (Please turn to page 71)
Read why all the other Glamor Girls have their daggers drawn on lovely Vivien Leigh

By Elizabeth Wilson

After it was over, it seemed like a dream, too fantastic, too cock-eyed ever to have happened. But then, Tim and Sally Willows were used to a fantastic, cock-eyed existence, gay young moderns that they were. Sally always insisted it began five years ago when Tim's Uncle Remus sent them the sacred Ram's head from India as a wedding present. But Tim had his own ideas about it. He wondered if anything out of the way would have happened if little Miss Gale hadn't left her sunny southland behind and wandered north and so into the Advertising Agency of Willows, Manning and Clare.

"Good mornin', ah'm Miss Gale," she said that morning going up to the receptionist. She had that honey-chile sweetness in her voice, that look of magnolias and candle-light and mint juleps in her eyes. Miss Edwards looked beyond her expecting to see a plantation trailing her right into the office.

"The agency sent me," she went on, fishing out a card from her bag. "Ah'm to see Miss Edwards."

"Oh," the girl at the desk raised her eyebrows, "So you're to be Mr. Clare's new secretary, huh?"

"Oh, yes, and I'm so thrilled," Gale almost went into a tap dance in her exuberance.

"Oh, now isn't that exciting!" Edwards said dryly. "You're pretty young, aren't you?"

"Yes, but I'm real fast, awful fast," she said quickly. "Wouldn't Mr. Clare like that?"

"I'm not sure that Mrs. Clare would," Edwards said grimly. "Listen, honey, you look like a nice kid. Why don't you just go home and take an aspirin and a hot bath and forget the whole thing?"

There's no doubt at all that things would have been better for all concerned, particularly for Tim and Sally, if Gale had taken that sage advice. Instead, she stayed to see Tim come into the office like a tornado.

He was the human dynamo, the one man beehive, the chief spark plug that fired the mighty engines of Willows, Manning and Clare. His were the mighty dreams that blazoned their sponsor's wares on the advertising pages.
of every magazine in the country, and on the side he found time to go in for the daily dozen, jiu-jitsu, wrestling and every other type of athletic torture known to man.

He was living up to all of them as he came in, eyes clear, step brisk, head up, giving his all for home and country and business as he approached Edwards and gave her his customary greeting.

"H'ye, Butch, how's your love life?"
And with an ease born of daily practice as impersonally as anyone else would have said "good morning," he tilted her head back and planted a kiss on her bored lips.

He saw Gale then and bestowed his bounty on her too. "We play no favorites here," he explained jauntily.

Gale's eyes widened and she smiled as he went on to his office. "My, he's powerful friendly, isn't he?" she said staring after him expectantly.

"Well, I suppose that's one way of putting it," Edwards agreed crisply.

Things began humming in Tim's office the minute the door closed behind him. There was copy to be okayed, the photographs for the bathing suit layouts to be gone over, and his weekly refusal to see Allen Pingle, whose manner was as sweet as his money.

"He's willing to send $30,000 a year with us," Manning complained as he came into Tim's office. "And all you've got to do is to see him."

"If I see him I'll punch him in the nose, the big petunia," Tim said grimly. "I don't care what he spends. The guy swishes and I don't like swishers."

Manning couldn't do anything about it when Tim was like that. He knew better than to tackle him again when the three partners met in the gym for their daily pre-luncheon going over. Tim went through his routine like a colt let out to his first pasture, snorting as he heard Clare telling his troubles to the masseur.

"My back needs a bit of going over," he was explaining patiently. "It's my wife, I guess, her feet, that is. It's—er—at night. She puts her feet right there on my back and well, they're awful cold feet. I guess I caught cold."

"Cold feet!" Manning snapped. "Is that all you're worried about? Why, my wife goes to bed with a hot water bottle every night of her life. Not only that, but it leaks! And a mask on her face. I wake up in the night
and think the Ku Klux Klan is after me.'

Tim felt he hadn't done so badly in the matrimonial game after all. Sally didn't wear a mask and never yet had warmed her cute little feet on his back. Of course they had arguments. But that only happened twice a day, mornings and evenings. And there was Dopey. Dopey was the dog, the sort of a dog for a be-man like Tim. A great Dane with floppy ears and a heart as big as himself. Sally didn't like him.

She was on the phone to tell him so the minute he came back to the office. "That mutt of yours is going out of here voluntarily or he's going out between two pieces of bread," her voice came through the instrument with every bit of sweetness shrilled out of it. "He's too big for a house dog and he's too small for a saddle. He goes to a kennel tomorrow or I go."

Tim was mad enough to think that was exactly the place for her but he managed to bite back his words. He raged out to the studio where they were photographing a bit of the tropics with palm trees and pretty models for Marlowe's fruit juice. It was their biggest account and Tim cherished it like a baby. And right now he was planning—like any other doting parent just how to make the flattery pretty girls knew how to give. Throwing compliments at Marlowe was like casting bread upon the waters and having it come back, not only buttered but covered with caviar.

It would be so simple to get a couple of girls, the pretty model in the fruit picture, for instance, and maybe that cute little southern number who'd blown in that morning, and introduce them to him as Sally's sisters. That would give the glamor-plus the family stuff all bachelors like when it isn't their own. And then the girls could whoop up a couple of phrases and when Marlowe was still staggering he'd clinch the deal. Gosh, if things went right Sally wouldn't have to struggle along in last year's mink after all, but could strut her stuff in sable.

Gale was an apt pupil. She was so good in the rehearsal of the meeting with Marlowe there wasn't a doubt she'd carry it off the next day with flying colors. Tim was sure he had everything under control by cocktail time. Everything but one. There was that little matter of Dopey, and Sally usually (Please turn to page 96)
Claudette Colbert in Exclusive New Fashions

Posed for SCREENLAND in the star's own beautiful home
Description of the evening gown worn by Miss Colbert on preceding page: of white slipper satin, the skirt sweeps out in a billowing line; the decolletage is heart-shaped; at the high waistline black and white sea horses are embroidered with highlights of silver thread. Designed for Claudette Colbert by Irene, at Bullock's Wilshire in Los Angeles.

Favorite Spring top coat of Hollywood's best Dressed Lady is navy and white broadcloth, designed by Howard Greer to be worn over a slim dress of navy silk jersey. An interesting new type of "high hat" is introduced in Robert Galler's black, rolling brimmed toy, designed especially for the star, with a touch of black silk fringe in the shallow crown. Miss Colbert's gloves are particularly smart—short white fabric gauntlets.
Pink and black polka dots in a variety of sizes riot over this silk crepe Summer frock from Claudette's personal wardrobe. An original Howard Greer model, the dress stresses a flattering surplice bodice and short, full sleeves—a perfect foil for black shoes and a black straw hat which can be worn or carried as the mood demands. Above: pert dressmaker suit created by Irene, with clever buttons of dull gold in snail motif, an entirely new note in fastenings. Her hat is a high crowned black French felt, with a wide and novel band of brown yarn. The gauntlet gloves are the same shade of brown.
GOLDEN YELLOW AND BLACK!

Charm for Spring, posed by Claudette Colbert in her own elegant back yard in Bel-Air! The dress: golden yellow crepe with unusual drapery in the bodice and the skirt. Designed by Irene, with a pert turban of the same material with provocative black veil. A clip of rubies set in gold matches the wide bracelet worn by Claudette over her black glove.
GOWN FOR
A GRACIOUS LADY!

Beneath an oil portrait, by Anna Wilson, of her beautiful mother, Madame Colbert, Claudette poses in her favorite hostess gown of cerise red, with piquant shoulder bows. Clip, bracelet, and ring from Claudette's fine collection of jewels add rich accents.
CHARLES BOYER, BETTE DAVIS: DRAMATIC DYNAMITE!
“All This, And Heaven Too” brings together, for the first time, the acting genius of Davis and Boyer. Watch for fireworks when you see this screen version of the powerful novel which is based on a tragedy of real life with Bette as the governess, M. Boyer as the Duke
That blonde bombshell of movie box offices, Alice Faye, has a rich new rôle, that of the fabulous Lillian Russell, box office stage beauty of the gay '90's, in the spectacular new film
Those were the days of ribbons and ruffles, confining corsets and unconfined humor. As the star of "Lillian Russell," Alice has two leading men: Henry Fonda, left; Don Ameche, right—with Edward Arnold and Warren William, and a bevy of corseted beauties, top right, also in the cast.

Perhaps no other part Alice Faye has played, or ever will play, equals in dramatic opportunities the role of the legendary Lillian Russell. Alice will be coy and kittenish as the youthful actress; she will mature to wifehood and motherhood; she will have a chance to wear the costumes most becoming to her fullblown beauty.
Pat, or Priscilla? Her nickname seems sometimes to suit her more trimly than her prim moniker. She can go screenically gay, as in “Three Cheers for the Irish”—but she can be dignified and dramatic, too, as small picture proves. Which shall she be?

Princess Pat of PICTURES
Man of "Destiny"

After counting John Howard with one mediocre role after another, Fate finally gives him a good, strong part worthy of his talents—in the new film, "A Date with Destiny," opposite Ellen Drew.
SUN GODDESS!

Rita Hayworth, on her way to the swimming pool, pauses long enough to give the cameraman a gorgeous grin. Rita is wearing a smart and new Catalina Swim Suit.
Pooling their smiles and swim technique are the Hollywood players on this page. Below, newcomer Wanda McKay suns herself; above, group of Paramount starlets have fun. Upper left, Joseph Allen wants to join in; upper right, John Payne is really in the swim. BVD suits worn by the girls and Mr. Allen.
"OUR TOWN and YOURS"

New picture, adapted from Thornton Wilder's Pulitzer Prize-winning stage play, will appeal to everyone with precious memories and even a scrap of sentiment. Directed by Sam Wood who made "Goodbye Mr. Chips," uniting the talents of two fine young artists, Martha Scott from Broadway and William Holden of Hollywood, featuring also such seasoned actors as Guy Kibbee and Thomas Mitchell—"Our Town" should be one of the season's truly distinguished screenplays.

At left and below, Martha Scott as Emily, William Holden as George. Thomas Mitchell, below center, plays Dr. Gibbs, with Guy Kibbee, far left, as Editor Webb.
OUR DISCOVERY of the MONTH

Her name? Virginia Dale. She has flaxen hair, big blue eyes, a sense of humor, and a swell swingy voice. Look at and listen to her in "Buck Benny Rides Again" and we think you'll agree with us she's a bet!

Y

es, you'll look divinely lovely in these new white shoes by ENNA JETTICK. Fresh as a white cloud in the summer sky. And almost as cool, with their breezy open toes and showers of perforations. Clever little models that actually seem to perform miracles for your feet—making them look smarter, slimmer and sizes smaller. You'll bless ENNA JETTICKS also, for their perfect fit—sizes 1 to 12, widths AAAA to EEE. All this and heavenly comfort too, for just $5 to $6 a pair!

ENNA JETTICK SHOES, INC., Auburn, N. Y.

NEW WHITE

Enna Jetticks

America's Smartest Walking Shoes

$5 TO $6
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH
Marcia Mae Jones in "Tomboy"
IF YOU'RE a conscientious movie fan, you've met her—as the high school kid in "What a Life," as the baby-talk charmer of "Seventeen" and—to your probable astonishment—as Curly's wife in "Of Mice and Men." Despite visual evidence, it still seems slightly incredible that one and the same Betty Field should have played the gawky little calf of the first picture and the sex-conscious woman who taunted her husband with such expert venom in the Steinbeck film. She took the hurdle by virtue of being an actress in more than name only. She herself didn't believe it could happen. Not that she doubted her capacity. "I'm not an outstanding personality," she says, "and I'm certainly no beauty. Acting ability is all I've got to trade on."

For the past seven years all her waking hours have been geared to a single end—learning to act. It wasn't a question of sacrificing other interests. They didn't exist. She knew she could play Mac, but was much too wise in the ways of casting to expect anyone else to share that conviction. "They want you to look the part, they don't care if you can act it. I get so tired of being told, 'You're too young, you haven't the face for it.'"

She'd pleaded in vain at Paramount for a chance at something other than an ingenue. It never occurred to her that her prayers would be answered on another lot. It happened this way. Sam and Bella Spewack, authors of "Boy Meets Girl," were friends of Lewis Milestone, directing "Of Mice and Men" for Hal Roach. Betty had toured the country with the Spewacks play. Ah, but there's nothing in the rôle of simple Susie, you'll be quick to point out, that would indicate Betty's fitness for the part of Mac. Ah, but the Spewacks had also watched her performance of a bad little nymphomaniac in a flop opera called "Angel Island." It was the deftness of that performance which prompted them to commend her to Milestone's attention.

He knew what he wanted—not an out-and-out hussy like the stage Mac, but an ignorant girl who craved kindness from men as much as anything else and, to get it, abused the only art she possessed, that of flaunting her body. The director explained his conception to Betty, and asked her to make a test. She did the scene with Lennie, which ends in death. Fired by Milestone's ideas and her own yearning for the part, she worked so hard that when the test was finished and they said, "We'll phone you and let you know," reaction set in. (Please turn to page 70)

Meet AN ACTRESS!

Says Betty Field: "I'm not an outstanding personality, I'm certainly no beauty. Acting ability is all I've got to trade on." It seems enough

By Ida Zeitlin

You've applauded 22-year-old Betty for her amazing versatility in portraying with equal brilliance the baby-talk charmer in "Seventeen," with Jackie Cooper, below; and the sex-conscious wife in "Of Mice and Men," left below. Now meet her here in this revelatory interview.

51
Best of All: "REBECCA"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: Fascinating!

APPEAL: To sophisticates and sentimentalis alike.

PLOT: From Daphne du Maurier's famous novel of the dead wife who dominates her husband's life even after he marries again.


ACTING: Joan Fontaine sensationally good as girl wife—she's our next big star—see Honor Page. Laurence Olivier in difficult, sombre rôle of husband falls short of his Heathcliffe of "Wuthering Heights." Others, all fine.

OBJECTIONS: Definitely not for children, but just try to keep them at home!

"Rebecca" is a RKO-INTERNATIONAL picture released by United Artists.

You'll Enjoy: "IT'S A DATE"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: Gay!

APPEAL: To the young in heart from six to sixty.

PLOT: Amusingly tender complications when maturing stage star finds a rival in love and work in her own daughter.

PRODUCTION: By Pasternak, who guides Deanna Durbin's screen career so sympathetically and astutely. Direction by Seiter, expert. Settings, slick. Photography, fine. Girls will clamor over Deanna's wardrobe, women over Kay Francis'.

ACTING: Deanna Durbin, now a lovely, slim young lady, emerges as charming comedienne and is vocally better than ever before. Kay Francis stunning as her youthful mother, Walter Pidgeon a handsome heart-throb as the family suitor. Others: Cissie Loftus, Eugene Palette, splendid.

OBJECTIONS: Absolutely none—it's the ideal family show.

"It's A Date" is a Universal picture.

Down-to-Earth: "PRIMROSE PATH"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: Gripping!

APPEAL: Strong stuff, for those who can take it.

PLOT: Picturesquely poverty-stricken family pulled back to decency—more or less—by devoted daughter.

PRODUCTION: Convincingly sordid, concerning as it does private life of the under-privileged. Direction, the best—by Gregory LaCava who made "Stage Door." Photography excellent, giving glimpses of real beauty among the ashes.

ACTING: Ginger Rogers a revelation in artistry as pathetic, proud daughter of problem family who fights her way to better things—her finest performance. Marjorie Rambeau heartbreakingly real as her mother; Joel McCrea, Miles Mander, fine. Queenie Vassar, terrifyingly good as grandma.

OBJECTIONS: Artistic triumph, but children and squeamish, beware!

"Primrose Path" is a Grosvenor Pictures production released by RKO.

Pick your pictures here and guarantee yourself good entertainment without loss of time and money.
Go Slow To:
"VIRGINIA CITY"

For Benny Fans:
"BUCK BENNY RIDES AGAIN"

Big As All Outdoors:
"THE DARK COMMAND"

ONE-WORD GUIDE:
Stale!
APPEAL: To not-too-fussy fans of frontier melodrama.
PLOT: Perhaps too much—all the stock situations dusted off to dress up laborious efforts of Southern-belle spy to aid lost cause.
PRODUCTION: Everything demanded of a Western in the technical departments—elaborate sets, scenic grandeur, fine photography—but little imagination in the creative, with scenario and direction uninspired.
ACTING: Errol Flynn swaggers through hero’s rôle without offering any new slants on standard character—but how handsome! Randolph Scott is earnest but uninteresting as his rival. Miriam Hopkins is incredibly colorless when she could, with more verve, have scored vividly.
OBJECTIONS: You may think you have seen it all before.

ONE-WORD GUIDE:
Fun!
APPEAL: To addicts of Jack Benny’s Sunday programs.
PLOT: None to speak of, and why worry?
PRODUCTION: Rich and gaudy, especially scenes in the wild (?) West where Benny sojourns at palatial "dude ranch" complete with night club and pretty girls. Photography, positively magical, with Jack looking like a bouncing boy in the closeups.
ACTING: Star is suave, sly, as you like him; Andy Devine, orchestra leader Phil Harris as usual. Rochester is all over the place, clowning and clogging, more sophisticated but less engaging than in “Man About Town.” Added attractions: heroine Ellen Drew, cute discovery Virginia Dale.
OBJECTIONS: None if you date on Benny and Co. Otherwise not for you.

ONE-WORD GUIDE:
Yippee!
APPEAL: To small boys and girls of all ages.
PLOT: Texas cowboy cleans up guerilla hordes infesting Kansas in Civil War times; also cleans up villain and wins gal.
PRODUCTION: Just right for this lusty, riproaring outdoor drama. Director Raoul Walsh, who shoots first and worries about "effects" afterwards, is concerned chiefly with action, and gets it. Striking photography, gorgeous outdoor shots.
ACTING: John Wayne, tall, unassuming cowboy actor, is genuinely likeable as hard-riddin', fast-hittin' hero whose bluff ways prove more potent than Walter Pidgeon's more subtle machinations. Claire Trevor makes a vital person of routine heroine. George Hayes grand as Doc.
OBJECTIONS: None, unless you’re too snooty to enjoy a good, wholesome Western.

(MORE "BEST PICTURES" REVIEWED ON PAGE 94)
Deanna leads the Spring Dress Parade! Here, modeled for you by the star herself, are favorites from her own clothes collection.

Cotton pickings! Above, Deanna wears a smartly styled chambray frock of cocoa brown striped with white, with full flared skirt with inserted squares simulating pockets suspended from the waistband. The stripes of the bodice run straight, to contrast with the diagonal lines of the skirt. At right, a crisp red and white piqué frock that's a delight to Deanna with its slim lines and its rick-rack embroidery edging the front and neckline. Her shoes are the ever-popular pumps.
The indispensable two-piece outfit in two versions, worn by Deanna on this page. Left: two-piece dress of pastel blue sheer wool with slightly flared skirt and smooth-fitting hip-length jacket. Amusing little wooden hats with navy yarn bands fasten the front to the high round neckline. Deanna's hat of white angora is banded in navy; her gloves and shoes are white suede, her bag white kidskin. Below: two-piece suit of imported linen in colorful plaid with short sleeves, collar, and unusual pockets trimmed with natural. This comes in natural with green and brown, pink and navy, red and yellow, all crisp and very wearable.
PAULETTE GODDARD flashed across the screen in a "different" type of rôle in "The Women." Her portrayal of the wise-cracking woman of the world, which critics believe was her best piece of film work, may have surprised movie-goers, but to an astrologer, Paulette was living up to the dual nature of her ruling sign. She was born on June 3, in the Sign of Gemini. This sign rules every one born between May 21 and June 20 of any year, so if this happens to be YOUR birth sign, listen to the strange-patterned destiny the stars reveal for you and your future.

When I first set up Paulette Goddard’s horoscope it was at the sumptuous Charlie Chaplin estate in Beverly Hills. Great mystery had attached itself as to whether Paulette was really Mrs. Chaplin. When I examined her chart the mystery was instantly dispelled. “Your chart definitely shows that you are married to Charlie Chaplin,” I said, “and what’s more, the only reason this romance and marriage have been shrouded in such secrecy is because of your love of privacy in your personal affairs.”

Paulette breathed a sigh of relief. “Thank heavens!” she exclaimed, “that someone really understands how I feel about my private life. An actress belongs to the public, naturally, but I believe there should be a small part of every person’s soul that is reserved for one’s personal affairs. That’s about the only way a Hollywood marriage can be kept safe from gossips and scandal-mongers.” And a very sensible idea, Miss Goddard!

This is so typical of those born in Gemini—they resent people prying into their private lives and being publicly dissected. Although I must in all truth report that Paulette and Charlie Chaplin are born in signs that are incompatible, I still maintain that she is a very wonderful girl and sincerely hope that the Hollywood busybodies and columnists give her a chance to make her marriage a happy one. As I told Paulette, “Our stars never dominate us—we dominate our stars.” As to her career, I predict it will be one of Hollywood’s brightest when producers once discover the type of part she should play. I predict further that her rôle in Chaplin’s picture, “The Dictator,” will prove Paulette Goddard to be one of the screen’s truly great actresses.

Another Gemini star who startled audiences throughout the country with her rôle in “The Women” was Rosalind Russell. The vastly amusing rôle of the mischievous, querulous, and talkative gossip she portrayed was truly a revelation. Rosalind was also living up to the dual nature of her ruling sign. Roz’s birthday is June 4, just one day later than Paulette’s.

It is only natural that Gemini-born are dual in personality. This sign is symbolized by the twins and those born in Gemini are changeable, versatile, complex and inclined to vacillate in their fortunes as well as their affections. You never really know a Gemini person; one moment they are easy going, genial, and sentimental—the next, some whimsical mood may catch them up and cause them to suddenly become aloof, reserved and unemotional. In Rosalind Russell’s case, her phenomenal change of character and new lease on life was to be expected. The Sign of Gemini came into popular favor in 1939 and promises to remain so during the next two years. It brought Roz a new cycle of success and prolonged her screen career indefinitely.

This new transit of your ruling star also brings into your life strange personality changes, new business opportunities, and recognition in whatever field you happen to express your talents. And, speaking of talents, you
aren’t limited to acting and the creative arts by any means. If Gemini is your birth sign, you have been endowed with special mental gifts by your ruling star, Mercury. This planet rules teachers, nurses, secretaries, reporters, designers, interior decorators, artists, beauticians, dancers, musicians, and actors. There is one consolation about being born in this sign, you are so endowed mentally that you have the ability to follow more than one profession in a lifetime and sometimes, two at the same time. So—if you are chafing at the restraint imposed upon you by Fate, make up your mind to seek a change and presto—your stars will produce it!

Robert Cummings, the coming Universal star, is one Gemini who was caught up by this changing era. Cummings, born on June 9, is no mere flash in the pan. His unusual versatility, and love of adventure attracted him to acting as a profession. He also has a love of aviation deeply ingrained in his character. Bob is one of the best licensed pilots in Hollywood, and if he hadn’t met with success in acting there’s no doubt but that he would have gone far in aviation.

A strange story lies behind Bob Cummings’ career which I don’t believe has been revealed before. When I recently visited Bob, he told me that he and his mother had both studied astrology for several years. His mother made up Bob’s chart when he was still in school and predicted accurately that Robert Cummings would become a big star. “I had only toyed with the idea of astrology,” Bob told me, “until I actually saw that prediction coming true. Strangely enough, mother also read in my chart a love of aviation.” That is another natural thing for Gemini—after all, this is an air sign and gives a love of aviation, radio and all things connected with the air. As to Bob’s future, I predict that he will be one of Hollywood’s biggest stars in the next two years.

One of the most romantic figures to come to the screen in the past year was Laurence Olivier. Strangely enough, he had been viewed by Hollywood with only casual interest in his previous screen attempts. Then suddenly came “Wuthering Heights,” and Olivier was the talk of the town. When we realize that he was born on May 22, in the air Sign of Gemini, we can readily understand just why he should be caught up by public fancy at that particular point in his career. Laurence Olivier’s stars were with him—Fate beckoned, and (Please turn to page 82)
Hilarious account of a certain festive occasion in Hollywood, with Dick and Joan Blondell Powell in their zaniest mood

By Liza

Joan and Dick Powell, who should have known better, decided to give a party the other night, a party that was “different.” When Dick returned recently from his personal appearance tour Joan gave him a welcome home party at swanky Ciro’s, and it was all very la-de-da with caviar and champagne and Mary Livingstone in a new bracelet and Barbara Stanwyck in a new hair-do. But Joan didn’t have any fun. And Joan is the kind of hostess, thank heavens, who sees no reason why she shouldn’t enjoy her own parties.

“I think,” said Joan dreamily over a glass of skimmed milk, “I’ll whip up some of my spaghetti and meat balls, and invite some people in who aren’t on a diet—do we know anybody who isn’t dieting?—and we’ll simply eat ourselves into a coma. I’ll call it a stuff party.”

You can easily tell from this that our Miss Blondell has been counting calories again, and is darned tired of it. “Spaghetti,” said sister Gloria, “is just what you and Dick need now that you are reducing for your new picture. But don’t let me stop you. My mouth is watering at the thought of it.” Dick said nothing. He merely grabbed

THE POWELLS THROW A PARTY, OR

If you like Dick and Joan Powell; if you like spaghetti; or even if you just like a good party—you won’t want to miss this gay story straight from Hollywood at its wackiest. The Powells, fed up with formality, found a wonderful old recipe for spaghetti and tried it out. Result: a grand time; also, a later disillusioning session with the scales. But it was worth it, in the exclusive pictures, besides Joan and Dick are Joan’s father, sister Gloria and her best beau, Cubby Broccoli.
his racquet and dashed out to the tennis court in the
backyard to play six sets with Cubby Broccoli, Gloria's
heart throb.

As a matter of fact Joan's famous spaghetti sauce and
meat ball recipes weren't found tucked away in that old
theatrical trunk that the Blondells traveled around in for
years, though Joan might lead you to believe that. The
recipes really belong to Cubby, who is fine old Italian
family from way back, and Joan just sort of lifted them,
in a nice way of course. You know how movie stars are.
But no matter whose recipes they are, I am here to state,
several pounds heavier to be sure, that I never ate such
delicious food in all my life. And being a nice generous
girl, when it doesn't cost me anything, I shall now pass
on to you the famous Blondell (?) spaghetti recipes, and
heaven help you if you're reducing.

**SPAGHETTI SAUCE**

A good spaghetti sauce cooks slowly for
at least three hours in order to have flavor.
The sauce is cooked with three different
kinds of meat: fresh Italian pork sausage,
young spring hens, and meat balls made from
sirloin. The meats are cooked separately in in-
dividual saucepans in the tomato sauce. Then
the sauces from the three pots are put into a larger
pot together. After the meat is removed it is again placed
in individual pots with kids and placed on the stove where
it will keep warm without cooking. (The meat takes
about an hour of cooking in the sauce; otherwise it will
fall apart and disappear into the sauce.)

In order to make the sauce for six people you would
use three cans of solid-pack tomatoes and three cans of
tomato paste. (One can of tomatoes and one can of
tomato paste to each pot of meat.)

In order to cook the meat, pour about a quarter of an
inch of olive oil in the pot and brown three or four
kernels of garlic with the meat, and then throw the
tomatoes and paste in on top of the meat when it is
browned. Then add salt and pepper to taste, sprinkle a
little origano (Italian thyme) and a little basilico (sweet
basil), chop up one large onion and a green pepper in the
now cooking sauce and meat, and also a can of little
button mushrooms. Stir the contents of the pot gently in
order to keep the sauce from burning and not break the
meat. After cooking for about an hour, remove the meat
as explained before and pour into one pot and simmer
slowly for remaining two hours.

A large kettle of water should be kept on the stove so
that when the sauce is finished you can boil the spaghetti.
Throw a small handful of salt in the boiling water and
cook the spaghetti for about ten minutes or until it is
done. Do not cook spaghetti *(Please turn to page 72)*
PATRICIA MORISON is Mexico-conscious. "I'm mad about the place!" she exclaimed, "My pet ambition now is to follow Tyrone Power's example and buy myself a slice of land down there. I'd go back tomorrow, if I could, and I'm only just home from my repeat visit."

She is tall and slim and delightfully animated, with a very fair skin and dark hair, which was partly concealed beneath a scarlet snood that made her skin the fairer. "I took my camera with me this last time," she continued, "and I seemed to be shooting pictures all the time, but unfortunately, I made all the mistakes possible and the best pictures were like the finest fish—they got away! The trouble with Mexico is that it's so full of color, it cries out to be painted—and I'd get enchanted with color."

At the age of sixteen, Patricia was awarded high honors by the Metropolitan Museum of Art for her paintings. She still works with brush and canvas but a screen career leaves small margin for the sort of art that is long.

"The first camera I had was an Argus," she said, making a colorful silhouette of herself before the wide white mantel. She sat on a low crimson footstool, her bountiful black-and-white skirt spreading around her, a curling pile of prints in her lap. "I suppose I got the Argus because everyone in Hollywood has a camera and I was curious about the fad. But after I'd worked with it a while, I got the fever, too, and decided I must have a swifter lens. Actually, I think it was the bullfight I saw the first time I was in Mexico. I sat behind two little girls of eight and nine and when I tried to snap the matador and the bull, all I got was a cloud of dust rising from the children's hats!"

"Yes, I thought I'd never go near a bullfight, or if I had to go I'd sit through it with my eyes tight shut. The bullfight season was beginning just as my brother and I arrived in Mexico City, and all our Mexican friends talked of was what sort of bull should be used and who was the finest matador, what method was best, what fight most exciting. So I went to the fight out of curiosity, and I found it interesting. I took it as a sort of spectacle and scientific adventure; but no matter how you take it, it's bound to be thrilling.

"I don't know why we chose Mexico in the first place," she went on, thoughtfully. "I had some time off from the studio and had my mind half made up to go to New York, when suddenly Alex, my brother, talked about Mexico. Between daylight and dawn, we made up our minds and off we went in a little car—Dad wouldn't trust us with the big one."

"We traveled through State after State and crossed into Mexico from Texas. Then we had seven hundred
Travel is more fun when you take your camera along, as pictures from Patricia Morison's Mexican album prove.

By Ruth Tildesley

Picture-making is the Morison family hobby. Here's Patricia shooting brother Alex, who accompanied her on the visit to Mexico where she snapped the fascinating pictures on these pages. Top left, convent at San Angel. On this page, from top right: Patricia ringing the 500-year-old convent bell; Carmen Convent; page from old hymnal; candy stand in street in front of cathedral of Guadalupe; and, close-up below, Alex, co-worker Akim Tamiroff, and Mr. Morison, father of the family.

miles of Mexico! It's a wonderful road but it's all ups and downs and sharp curves and grades. Alex had to go back those seven hundred miles a little later on a rush trip to get a permit to remain; he was born in England though he was five years old when he came to America and Father is an American citizen, but the law's the law. Alex had an offer to sing in a popular night club, you see, and got a six months' contract. He is as thrilled with Mexico as I am."

Among her early attempts with the Argus, Patricia tried her hand at portraits. "We were making 'Untamed,' and had to work in an ice house during some furiously hot weather," she explained. "Because of the extremes in temperature we had to go into a sort of defrosting chamber when we entered or left the set so that we'd become better adjusted and not catch pneumonia. While I sat there, I amused myself with my camera. There were no movable lights there and no chance for anything artistic, so I attempted to get a angle shot of the director, without great success. This portrait of Dad is better. He was out on the terrace and the sun was coming through the vines, so I had him lean forward into the light and let the shadows dapple him. I like that kind of effect. The shots of Alex on his boat aren't bad—the sail. (Please turn to page 79)
Greer (Mrs. Onra) Garson is back in costume, above, for role of Elizabeth Bennet in "Pride and Prejudice." Director George Cukor has the floor, above right, explaining a scene for "Susan and God" to Joan Crawford and Ruth Hussey while Bruce Cabot looks on. Below, Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland consult with Director George Seitz on their next scene for "Andy Hardy Meets Debutante"—watch for our fictionization in the next issue.

Make this your news guide to Hollywood happenings!

By Weston East

It was during the closing days of this year’s racing season at the beautiful Santa Anita race track. Every movie player who could wangle it had excused himself from work that day. A beautiful star whom you all know waited impatiently tapping her beautifully shod foot while her escort, a newly discovered he-man of the screen, spent an unusually long time at the parking lot. When he joined his companion he had turned very serious for such a gala occasion. She chided him persuasively and softly to cheer him up. The excitement at the smart Turf Club mounted to a climax. The $100,000 handicap was to be run. The young man, with his fist full of crisp, crackling bills, left the girl to place their bets. Suddenly, instead, he headed straight for the parking lot and pressed the money into the hands of a surprised and grateful youth. Then he joined his companion and told her what he had done. He explained, "It really made me feel that I’ve helped in a little way. He’s still working for money enough to go to school. I worked beside him, right here, less than three years ago, but I got a lucky break." The girl never said a word, but patted his arm in deep and perfect understanding. The young man, believe it or not, was Robert Preston, the girl was Dorothy Lamour—the stars on our cover.

Lana Turner has nearly everyone convinced that she and Artie Shaw mean to live a highbrow cultural life and ignore the shallow tinsel of Hollywood. Lana is telling all interviewers these days that sitting home with Artie and listening to good music has Hollywood night life beat all hollow. Lana and Artie never miss a Hollywood appearance of Stokowski and his orchestra. At a recent Marian Anderson concert, Artie spent the entire intermission in deep discussion of the Negro singer’s lieder singing for the sole benefit of Lana. Her only comment was, "Artie, you’re wonderful!" They chug to each other in the foyer of the theater and caused no end of comment. "That guy Shaw is bad news for Lana Turner," I heard someone say. "She’ll never go on with her career now that she’s married him." Lana has given the town something to think about. She married the King of Swing, and now she’s learning about Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert.
Hollywood

When Mr. and Mrs. John Garfield packed up their bags and baggage and, on their departure from Hollywood, announced that they were moving to New York for good, insiders here knew that at last Mrs. Garfield had won. Most of Hollywood knows that ever since the Garfields came West, their forced residence in California has always been a point of contention between them. John is resigned to the fact that from now on any living in Hollywood will be considered camping out. Their established home will be in New York. John will even scorn the health angle of having his child grow up in the constant sunshine of California. A plain, substantial home in Westchester is John's new choice of a fitting background for his baby daughter. Hollywood has always been too gaudy for the Garfields.

Now I know why Charles Boyer has all the women under his thumb. That guy is as sleek as an eel. He has a line that would melt the heart of a brass monkey—if the monkey were of the weaker sex. On the set of "All This, And Heaven Too" Boyer ladled out his charm with an amazingly telling effect. He had co-star Bette Davis purring; hand-kissing was startlingly promiscuous that day; and every woman on the set was starry-eyed. What finished flattery he can dish out—and with what an accomplished hand! Within earshot of Bette he said to me, "It's such a privilege for me to play with Miss Davis. An actor gets big results only with big people. It's a great opportunity for me because Bette is the idol of France, she has tremendous popularity there." This from a native Frenchman, always a great success in his own country. What finesse! Boyer's voice affects women like a caress. They warm to it and wait for more. He doesn't talk too much. His eyes say many things he leaves unuttered. His subtleties are all lost to men, but women read many meanings into them. Boyer went right on, "Women are more than human creatures, they are everything that a man could never hope to understand—fully. They, in short, are wonderful!" Boyer had struck a sympathetic chord in every feminine breast from script girl to star. That fellow understands women!
THE arguments for and against Robert Taylor’s moustache in “Waterloo Bridge” are still waxing hot and furious. There are those who say that it was because of that very controversial element that his studio bosses made the new adornment compulsory. Taylor’s sleek British uniforms and the dashing, streamlined fielder were supposed to whip up a new frenzy of interest in his lagging appeal. The telling effect on his career remains to be seen. To create a moustache for a glamour boy isn’t as simple as it sounds. A great deal of thought and design go into its creation. Taylor’s new moustache wasn’t his own. It was a transformation, so to speak, glued on like fake eyelashes. Its size, shape, and heaviness were argued over for weeks. An unbelievable and exhausting series of tests were made trying every sort of design that would please women’s fancy. Barbara Stanwyck helped discuss every model. The day the perfect design was created, tested, and finally chosen by studio bigwigs, Taylor, himself, in his carelessness, courted near tragedy for the new-born moustache. It was mounted on invisible gauze. Taylor zipped it off his lip, and in a rush to get home tossed it away. The next day the frantic search for this one and only design of the perfect moustache was found in his dressing room waste basket. It was retrieved and you will see it on the screen.

JEANETTE MACDONALD, quite unintentionally, has gathered a most amazing collection of peculiar epitaphs. Dabbling with touching last sentiments was no pastime of her own choosing. It all came about on her recent countrywide tour. In each city on Jeanette’s itinerary, the vicinity of her hotel and the theater she played were always so crowded with fans that she found it impossible to get in her daily walks. And if you know Jeanette, you know she has to have her brisk jaunt of a few miles each day or she isn’t happy. One day, in despair, she hopped a taxi and told the driver to take her to any quiet place with room enough to walk. He took her to a beautiful, secluded cemetery. Jeanette was entranced. In every other city after that her standard order to her taxi was, “to the largest, quietest cemetery in the city, please.” Swinging along on those quiet walks it couldn’t help but naturally read thousands of epitaphs. The strange and unusual ones stuck in her mind. Now she has written a collection of a whole volume of quaint last sentiments.

A WOMAN tourist gave Basil Rathbone the town’s most unusual fan experience this month. When he finished his lunch in a Hollywood restaurant this fan pounced on his plate and kept it as a souvenir. Basil obligingly paid the added cost of the plate to his luncheon... Irene Dunne knows racing forms as well as any stable owner. She can tell you the ancestry of every important horse in the running today... A very amusing mistake in public records places one of our most important male stars in a very peculiar position. Of all people, Clark Gable, in his birth registration, is listed as a girl... That old, vicious-looking tusk that Dennis Morgan wears as a watch charm is a bear’s tooth. Dennis shot the fellow himself.

Sandy, who made her movie début as a bay, permits a candid cameraman into the privacy of her boudoir to prove that the title of her new starring film, “Sandy Is a Lady,” is right. Below, at the dressing-table ready to begin her beauty ritual, and smiling, showing her preference for the good old-fashioned nail buffer.

IT WAS Alan Curtis’ most embarrassing moment. He was left speechless with chagrin on the stage of a crowded theater in Boise, Idaho. He had pulled the most awkward boner of his life. Alan was making a personal appearance with some of the members of the “Northwest Passage” company, and he stood before the curtain in the theater doing his stint. It was his job to introduce both Nat Pendleton and a very pretty young girl, a local resident, who had won a personality contest and been dubbed “Miss Northwest Passage.” The girl’s friends and townsmen crowded the theater, eager to shower their applause on a local girl in her first stage appearance. Alan drowned through his speech and kiddingly went into his introductions with, “and now I want you all to meet the personality I was telling you about, two hundred pounds of genuine bloopers.” The curtain parted, for a moment there was an awkward silence, then pandemonium. There stood the slip of a girl who had been chosen “Miss Northwest Passage.” Allan had mistakenly put Nat Pendleton into her spot in the introductions.

Above, make-up expert Charles Dudley is giving Rosemary Lane a dirty look, but it’s all part of the day’s work. Dudley is getting Rosemary’s face ready for a gag scene in “An Angel from Texas.”
When Bill Holden arrived at work later and later each succeeding day for a week, his studio eventually diagnosed the upset and deep distraction as girl trouble. That's exactly what it was, but of a most unusual kind. It proved that even Bill Holden has become a slave to that old devil, public admiration. But with his youth, charm, and popularity, that is just as it should be. Bill was late the first day because he drove his kid brother to school at U.C.L.A. and found to his surprise a welcoming committee of girls expecting him. His brother was guilty of the prearranged treachery, but Bill enjoyed the tremendous fuss made over him so much that the next day he was back again. That day the girls doubled their enthusiasm and their numbers and Bill had a personal appearance on his hands. He signed autographs furiously and the next day was back for more. The glut of worshipping females soon grew out of all bounds, and impressionable Bill finally felt it his duty not to disappoint such ardor. The dean of women at U.C.L.A., and Bill's bosses, broke the spell at last. They both forbade their individual charges to further these orgies of admiration.

Ilona Massey has a devastating old world appeal that can charm the birds right out of the trees. Quite shamelessly Ilona uses her great gift to help her out of tight situations. Recently, returning to Hollywood, she was caught in a mob of excited admirers. They threatened to crush her in their demand for autographs and their desire to touch her. Ilona soon had the situation in hand. Smiling, she said, "I will sing you a song, if you would like that, but I cannot sign all these autographs." She calmly seated the mob in the waiting room seats of the station and sang the most impromptu concert she ever sang. Completely awed and very grateful, the crowd saw Ilona calmly walk out of the station, board her waiting train, and disappear.

All at once Hollywood is buzzing about what is going to happen to Shirley Temple. What, everyone is asking, will be decided about Shirley's future when her option comes up in July? There are predictions that little Miss Temple's popularity will steadily continue to fade now that she is growing up and has slipped from her position as the most marketable. Insiders read a grave significance into the fact that there are no pictures planned for Shirley to follow immediately after Young People, her next. They point out further that should 20th Century take up its option their contract would hold Shirley only for twelve more months, then her seven-year contract is washed up. Everyone seems concerned about Shirley's future, but Shirley herself. She's grown up making pictures as a kind of fascinating game, and, I'm sure, she isn't bothering about contracts or pictures, but she doesn't intend to stop playing her fascinating game, ever.

It wouldn't surprise me much if the gossip hounds would soon be intimating that either a new romantic twosome of celebrities is about to burst upon Hollywood, or that these same two exponents of real acting are in the coils of a bitter feud. Stranger things have happened. The reactions of two famous people in the acting world are often the most marketable. Insiders chronicled strange interpretations. It happened that Madame Ouspenskaya and Spencer Tracy very suddenly came face to face with each other for the first time in their lives on a set at M-G-M. They both were speechless and until introduced they just gawked at each other. Finally Madame Ouspenskaya stammered out that she thought Spencer was simply superb in "Captains Courageous." Spencer blushed to his ears and haltingly assured her that she was a hundred-fold better in her role in "Love Affair." Ouspenskaya countered with a paean of praise for his work in "Northwest Passage" and Spencer again begged to bow before the artistry of Ouspenskaya in "The Rains Came." This Alphonse and Gaston routine went on until everyone listening was conscious that these two were so genuinely awed with each other's presence that they couldn't say anything else. When that happens between two celebrities, it's news. In due time you're apt to hear all sorts of stories attributing their hedging to everything from love to jealousy. The truth in this case, is that each sincerely thinks the other is a genius.

Even the screen's handsomest he-men must stand for being fussed over by make-up men and hairdressers. Above, Errol Flynn had to muster up all his patience to be prettied up for 'The Sea Hawk' rôle.
The Playtex Living Pantie Girdle is something new in figure control. It's made of liquid latex, weighs less than five ounces and feels exactly like your skin.

An all-occasion garment, as perfect under a bathing suit as for business, sports or under an evening gown. An all-way stretch makes it live and breathe with you, and fit wherever it touches, as if you were poured into it. In pink, white or blue, delicately perfumed, at $2.

For work or play in the sun, a striped Sanforized pique trak by Jantzen. It comes in red and white, blue and white, or gold and white. Knee-length ballerina skirt, peg top pockets, fitted bra top. A practical dress that is color fast and promises that shrinkage is limited to 1½—it cannot affect size or fit. You'll love it for vacation or home. At $4.95.

For your spot in the sun or for beauty by night! You can buy these fashions in the stores listed on the page opposite.

Sorel and land's Glamour Guides

By Marina
Yours for Loveliness

These five vital beauty preparations are a formula for your beautiful skin!

*EVERY woman can have a beautiful skin if she will cultivate the habit of scientific, thorough, coordinated beauty care every day of her life,* says Helena Rubinstein, known the world over for her research and creations in the interest of fair beauty. And so Madame Rubinstein has collected five of her preparations, the ones she considers essential to skin care, in a convenient and inexpensive kit, so that your basic skin care routine may be correct and that your skin may benefit day and night—constantly—instead of just now and then. And because skin types vary and need different care, Madame Rubinstein has designed one kit for dry skin and one for normal or oily skin. I have always believed that it is more beneficial to use preparations to work in unison, because each aid the good work of the other and you will get the maximum of benefit. And this coordination you get in a smart kit of lizard grain fabric in black, brown or red, which snaps together and is finished with a handle. It makes a good-looking pocketbook if you like to carry your beauty with you; a compact travel companion, an ever-welcome gift or a handsome addition to your dressing-table. Inside the kit, you will find that pièce de résistance of Madame Rubinstein's creations. Pasteurized Face Cream—Special for dry skin, or the usual formula for normal or oily skin. The Special formula is a boon to dry skin. It is rich and mellow and besides truly cleansing, it sweeps away those small particles of dried cuticle that often obscure the fine tone and texture of fragile skin, making it appear rough and dull. This Special formula has unusual lubricating qualities, and so softens, smooths and helps prevent those lines of dryness, especially about the eye area. You will see gratifying results from using this cream merely as a cleanser; you can double those results by using it also as a night cream while you sleep.

Left, famous Pasteurized Face Cream. In two versions, Special for dry skin and regular for normal or oily skin. Right, Beauty Grains, an unique granular wash to aid excessively oily, blemished, or dull skin. Bath are by Helena Rubinstein, and precious to a skin to be admired.

*In my correspondence, a great many writers ask, "Should I use cream on my oily skin?" Normal or oily, Pasteurized Face Cream in regular formula is a cream you should use, because it will benefit oily skin. It has a normalizing, purifying effect on this skin; it helps prevent blackheads and enlarged pores; it is soothing to blemished skin and excellent for the younger fry, whose sensitive skin often breaks out. Oily or normal, the regular formula is the version of Pasteurized Face Cream you need. A tube of this worthy cream, long one of my "loves," comes in a generous size for your special skin type.* Now, the dries are going to get a bottle of Skin Toning Lotion, Special, a non-drying astrigent, especially created for this type. It is soothing and refining and helps your day-long beauty. If you are normal or oily, you get Beauty Grains, an unique, granular washing preparation. Wonderful for too much oiliness, roughness and those annoying under-skin bumps. These grains and your type cream make an effective treatment for disturbed, blemished skin. A good wash with Beauty Grains, and you seem to have a better skin immediately! Third in your kit, whatever your type, you get a jar of Town and Country Make-up Film, and this spells the instant beauty you can see the moment you spread a little over face and neck. It seems to become a part of your skin, giving it a young, soft and dewey look. A film of this type is a secret of those marvellous Hollywood skins we may well envy. It gives glamor, grooming, and benefits as it glorifies.

Madame Rubinstein spent years in perfecting her Moisture Proof Face Powder, and results show it. It cannot swell with skin moisture, and so protects pores equally, and protects inner skin moisture even as it gives skin an exquisite, luminous glow, young, natural, lovely. This is truly a discovery in face powder, and comes in your kit. Then there's an enchanting Helena Rubinstein lipstick, full size, radiant, lovely, lustrous, with biological ingredients to keep lips forever young. C. M.
Meet an Actress!

Continued from page 51

Throughout her stay in California—her first—she'd been homesick for New York. "Gee," she decided, "they'll never let me do it, and I'm too tired to care." So she packed her belongings and hopped a plane for the East. New York looked less alluring in fact than in nostalgic visions. She arrived at the crest of a heat wave, got herself an air-cooled room at the St. Regis, and set out to see the Fair. Five days later, the phone in her air-cooled room rang. Hollywood calling. Hollywood calling. Hop another plane, Betty. You're not too young, Betty. Your face is O.K., and your acting is superlative. Betty. Milestone wants you for Mae.

You don't take to the girl as warmly as you do to the actress. There's more than a suggestion of Lady Disdain, which sits gracefully on her young shoulders. She tends to carry her nose upward—either because she was born that way or because of her success or as compensation for certain childhood memories. Humility is rare in the young. So when she quotes the critic who called her "the most promising young actress in the theater today," you condone it as excusable. After all, while the movie marques were flashing two hits in which she's a standout, Betty herself was gracing Broadway in "Two on an Island." But the minute her show closed, Betty caught a train for Hollywood and Paramount studios, where "Victory," her new film, will be made. (Her contract with them leaves her free for six months of stage work.) Wanger tried to borrow her for "Personal History," but previous commitments forbad. If her head's been turned, in view of all this, time will doubtless restore it to its normal position.

She hasn't endeared herself to the press, but the press is notoriously a fickle fellow, unreasonable enough to consider his job as important to him as Betty's to her. So it irks him when she breaks a date or, having promised him an hour, vouchsafes him ten minutes on the fly. The press doesn't stop to consider all that a popular actress has on her mind. Miss Field, for her part, evidently disagrees with Mussolini, who thinks that interviews are the best of all possible forms of propaganda.

In street clothes, with no visible trace of make-up, she looks nearer seventeen than the twenty-two she's attained. Item: brown hair; item: gray eyes; item: trim figure; item: assorted features that add up to a pretty face; item: bountiful measure of self-assurance. Walk half a mile through any well-populated district, and you'll meet a dozen to match her in looks. Only two of the dozen, perhaps, would have her intelligence, and none the strain of grit, so at odds with her childish appearance which has been the determining factor in landing her where she is today.

By her own account she was a gawky, unattractive youngster—the last person in the world you'd associate with theatrical ambition—braces on my teeth, glasses on my nose, and things in my shoes that they give kids with flat feet. She was an only child, and her mother didn't stay put long enough for her to find companionship of her own age. They moved from Boston to Forest Hills to Porto Rico to New Jersey, and Betty changed schools with each move. The other little darlings tittered, because she was funny-looking and wanted to be an actress—a dream she couldn't keep to herself, despite derision. She grew self-conscious, awkward, and unhappy, and the line her mother took—"Well, Betty's not a pretty child, but she's sweet"—didn't mend matters. "Sweet!" Betty would mutter between clenched teeth, and suppress an inclination to howl like a wolf.

Neither her own self-consciousness, however, nor the gibes of her contemporaries nor maternal candor moved her for the fraction of an instant from her appointed task. She was attending high school in Morristown, New Jersey, when she saw and grabbed her chance. After weeks of hanging around the stage door of the Newark Theater after matinées, she was advised by some kind soul to write to the manager's secretary. Her third letter brought a phone call. She was to report for rehearsal the following Saturday—as an extra at a dollar a performance. She doesn't know how she got to Newark, but she thinks she floated.

Thereafter she hung around without apology. Since she was always there and cost only a dollar, they used her frequently to save themselves the trouble of hunting up a better and more expensive actress. The girls at school were speechless. "I
could hardly bear to talk to them, I felt so superior. At least I had my revenge." Revenge still seems sweet. "They were a dull bunch," she comments from the vantage point of her present pinnacle.

Having tasted blood, she had no intention of retreating to the boredom of academic life. The stock season ended, she crossed the Hudson to New York, and at fifteen set out in quest of a career. She tripped up the steps to producers’ offices, and gained occasional admittance to inner sanctums. "I’m Betty Field," she’d announce in a clear treble, "of the Associated Players in Newark." They never took the cigars out of their mouths. Often they didn’t bother to look up. "Sorry, baby, no kids’ parts in this show."

Her mother intervened—not to stop Betty, you don’t tangle up with an irresistible force, however small—but to help her to a more orthodox start. She moved her daughter from "the funny little old hotel," where she’d been living to a girls’ club, put her on a "kind of budget," and sent her to a dramatic school. Of that period, Betty recalls that she worked very hard and ate very little. Through one of the school directors, she also met her first playwright, Elmer Rice. He hadn’t yet written "Two on an Island," and if he had, Betty wouldn’t have been in it. "How d’ya do?" he said, which was that.

But an agent saw her in one of the school productions, got her an understudy job, and tried to gyp her out of her salary. "So I learned a lot," says Miss Field cryptically. No one has gypped her since. The play was a flop. She grabbed an offer to go to London with "The Loves Me Not," because once on the boat, they couldn’t change their minds and chuck her back into the ocean. The play, a hit in New York, wasn’t fancied by London.

Back she came, and started the rounds again. "You’re too young. You’re too young. You’re not striking enough! You’re too young!" It used to drive her crazy. She couldn’t refuse the charges, and had nothing to counter with except, "I can act." They weren’t interested.

Finally she got a bit in "Page Miss Glory," produced by George Abbott. She even doubled, playing an old man with a beard in a crowd scene. Abbott wasn’t impressed. When she appeared to tryout for the Boston company of "Three Men on a Horse," he growled: "What are you bringing up in for?—She’s too young.—Oh, well, she’s here, let her read it. Might need another understudy."

Betty read it, and Abbott sat up, surprise written all over his face. "It was always like that," says she, "too young, too young, but when I read it, I’d get the part." P.S. She got it. P.S. She was later transferred to the New York company. After that the sailing was pretty smooth.

Paramount tested her while she was appearing in the Broadway production of "What a Life." "The only reason I took it was because I felt dull in spirit and mind and health. I’d been working five years without a vacation. Everybody said, ‘California has such a nice climate. You’ll get a lovely rest there.’"

Instead of resting, she made three pictures in six months, then flew back to New York for Abbott’s "Ring Two." Meanwhile Elmer Rice had written "Two on an Island," and by now Miss Field needed no introduction to him. He wanted her for the girl. The notices of "Ring Two" were painful. Betty read them all, passed them behind her, and picked up the script of the Rice play. When "Ring Two" folded a couple of weeks later, she was in rehearsal.

The New York critics may not know it, but she’s pleased with them for the first time in her theatrical career. "They always used to say, ‘Betty Field was her usual excellent self,’ or something equally innocuous. Good old standby, drooling and sweet as usual,” she jeered. To be called sweet still seems to set her nerves on edge. "It infuriated me. But now I’ve apparently crept up on them. In this show they sat back and discovered me, as though they’d never seen me before. For the first time they really took me apart and raved about me. I could kiss them for it."

She’s due to report back to Paramount in June. So far, she hasn’t had a chance to find out what Hollywood’s like. She lived in a hotel, worked incessantly, went to bed early and had no time to taste California’s delights. Now she plans to take a house and get a horse. Riding is her hobby.

As for the movies, they interest her not only because of the salaries they pay but as an acting medium. For the present, she sticks to her six-months clause, but refuses to forecast the future. On her record, the industry will roll out the red carpet for her. It’s not Betty alone now who knows she’s good. Everybody knows it.
The Powells Throw A Party

Continued from page 61

too long. Just until it is chewy. Then drain the water from the spaghetti and mix grated Roman cheese or Parmesan cheese in the dry spaghetti. And then mix the sauce in. Empty this onto a platter and sprinkle a little more cheese on top and spread some more sauce and garnish with a little chopped parsley.

MEAT BALL RECIPE

The meat ball recipe is an entirely different recipe. They are made of ground sirloin with chopped parsley and garlic mixed into the meat and the yolk of an egg to one pound of ground sirloin. This is all mixed together and seasoned with salt and pepper and enough dampened bread is mixed so that the meat balls will be light and fluffy. The meat balls are also browned in a skillet with olive oil.

SALAD FOR SPAGHETTI DINNER

To balance the meal of Italian spaghetti, a salad should be served in the Italian style. For six people the ingredients would be: ten tomatoes, four green peppers, four onions, Italian olive oil, one half teaspoonful of origano, salt and pepper—which is the same seasoning used in the sauce. Slice tomatoes, peppers, and onions in a wooden salad bowl; add oil, then flavor with origano and salt and pepper to taste. This is served with the spaghetti. Cheese should be served after dinner, along with fruit. For dessert there is nothing so delicious as Italian spumoni.

Place cards for the spaghetti dinner were very large Bermuda onions made into faces. To make the face, pins, rubber bands, whole cranberries, raisins, and bearded scallions were used. With pins to fasten, attach cranberries for eyes, raisins for nose, rubber bands for mouth and scallions for moustache. In making the moustache, cut end of scallions about half an inch from the roots and let roots droop in moustache fashion. Make two holes just above the mouth to insert the end of the scallions. Arrange parsley over the top for hair. When you have the head complete, keep in refrigerator until ready for dinner, then make a small slice in the top of the onions in which to put cards.

If you have a large table and want to copy Joan’s centerpiece get yourself a Horn of Plenty (certainly in keeping with the dinner.) Take a large squash, cut a hole in one end. From its mouth should come onions, scallions, carrots, parsley and radishes with their natural foliage. And by the way, if you serve wine, be sure and serve red wine. (Red ink we used to call it in the speakeasy days, ah me!)

Those onion place cards of Joan’s caused a lot of comment from the guests (Dick said, “Huh, onion sandwiches tomorrow”), and you have no idea how attractive and “different” the table looked. I noticed that none of the guests tried to swipe the place cards, for a change.

Of course some of the guests came early, and some came late, which threw Joan into a frenzy as that spaghetti has to be cooked just so. And Joan, smelling strongly of garlic, would dash in and out of the living room playing a dual role of hostess and cook, and loving it. Invited to wear slacks, or “any old thing,” and “stuff,” were Sonja Henie and Dan Topping, Liz Whitney and Bruce Cabot, Ann Sheridan and Pat de Circo, the Robert Taylors, the Jack Benny’s, and the family. Sonja in a big black hat and a short print dress arrived on Dan Topping’s arm and didn’t leave there the entire evening—romance, right under my eyes. Dan is very wealthy and very social, and will make quite a good catch for the Norwegian skating girl. Sonja with her mother and brother had reservations to sail for Honolulu the next day, and it seems that Mr. Topping also had reservations. And what fun the two of them were planning on that paradise island. (I got a big laugh the following evening when I read in a newspaper that Sonja Henie had been greeted by the press when she arrived at the boat and was taken completely by surprise when she learned from them that Mr. Topping was on board. No, no, Sonja, I know better.)

The Oomph Girl was so mad at Harvard that she could hardly eat her meat balls. (Ann, you know, was recently chosen by the Harvard undergraduates as the movie star most unlikely to succeed.) “I wonder what those bozos think is success,” Ann fumed. “I’ve looked up that institution and I don’t think its graduates have any cause to be criticizing anybody. Statistics show that the average inmate of that school earns less than $500 a year, twenty-five years after getting out of it.” Red-headed Annie, five years out of college herself, earns $100,000 a year. “I had a date with a Harvard man one evening,” Ann continued bitterly. “The men present all assured her that they had never been nearer Harvard than Yale, and Ann cheered up and had another helping of rice.

After dinner most of the guests stretched out on the floor, there’s nothing like a good stretch on the floor after a Blondell spaghetti dinner. A few tried ping-pong, and Dick and several of the boys tried a little harmonizing, but stretching out on floor or couch seemed to be the favorite pastime.

Sonja Henie asked for a rack of carbonaré of soda which brought a murderous look from Joan—no hostess likes that.

When the last guest had been shoved out of the front door, Joan herself collapsed on the couch. “What divine food,” she said, “even if I did cook it myself. I don’t see why they say it’s so fattening. I think I’ll have a spaghetti stuff party every week.”

“Just for fun,” said Gloria, “let’s step on the scales before we go to bed.” They did.

When I last heard of Joan she had gone to Santa Barbara to take off five pounds. Dick had gone to Catalina with Errol Flynn to shoot wild pigs—and walk miles.
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If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.
Most Hated Girl in Hollywood!

Continued from page 30

sight-seeing. She was invited to dinner by Merle Oberon, whose husband, Alexander Korda, has Vivien under contract in Eng- land. While the Cohns, Demmes, Glamor's May Whitty, and the rest of the British colony, Except for a few people who had seen her in a minor role in Robert Taylor's Londonler" at Oxxford, she was completely unknown in Hollywood. Everybody who met her thought her an awfully "cute little trick," "a sweet little thing," and "pretty as a picture." Hollywood said she was "big," and that "Vivien Leigh" was a "beggar." The Hollywood press caused no more ripples in Hollywood than Baby Sandy's breath. And then—BOOM—came "Gone With the Wind." Not every Glamor Girl in Hollywood secretly or not so secretly considered herself the perfect choice for Scarlett. What she could do with that part! Dozens of actresses were tested. One day it was announced that Norma Shearer would play Scarlett, the day after it was Margaret Sullavan, the day after that Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins, Katharine Hepburn, Paulette Goddard, and so on for months until movie star nerves were at the breaking point. And then it was suddenly announced in February, a year ago, that Vivien Leigh, a little known English girl visiting in Hollywood, had been secretly signed for Scarlett and production would start at once. Some of the Glamor Girls hoped that the South would strenuously object to an English girl playing a Georgia heroine. But the South didn't. Other Glamor Girls hoped that there was something wrong with Miss Leigh's visa and that she would have to return to Eng- land. But there wasn't. And still others, the more obvious sort, just hoped that she'd fall down and break her neck. But she didn't.

Scarlett was a part that every actress in Hollywood would have given her eye-teeth for. As a matter of fact a lot of them offered to play it without salary. So everyone except one of the Hollywood's little snip of a Vivien getting the plum of the year. They were good sports about it to all appearances, they smiled sweetly, and made pretty little speeches, but deep down in their hearts they wished they had never heard of Vivien Leigh. Possibly they could have forgiven Vivien if she had given a bad performance as Scarlett, if the picture had been a flop and Vivien had been banned to high heaven by the critics. But you well know what happened. From Coast to Coast Vivien was acclaimed the most brilliant star in Hollywood. That was too much for the Glamor Girls.

The fact that Vivien Leigh was an "outsider" didn't help matters, either. The movie business is a lovely little affair, if any business, is a business. Ten years ago, with the advent of talkies, when the Broadway stage stars started pouring into Hollywood, the home guard commented, "We've got to have Claudette Colbert, Irene Dunne, Miriam Hopkins, Jeannette MacDonald, Katharine Hepburn?" the columnists wrote. "An Englishwoman enough?" With every one of the stage stars were quickly assimilated and easily became a part of the clan—they even joined up with the home guard when Hollywood was threatened by an influx of foreign stars. For the past few years these "outsiders" have been a sore point with Hollywood. Luise Rainer with her vivis- torial and her two Academy Awards was greatly resented; so was Simone Simon with her baby face and her million dollars' worth of publicity. After "Algers" the glamorous Hedy Lamarr was pretty well disliked by the old-timers who admired that she did have a beautiful face, when she kept her mouth closed, but mercy, what auteur acting! When Hedy's sky-role was fairly exquisite with two flaps of the Hollywood pond than Baby Sandy's breath. And then—BOOM—came "Gone With the Wind." Not every Glamor Girl in Hollywood secretly or not so secretly considered herself the perfect choice for Scarlett. What she could do with that part! Dozens of actresses were tested. One day it was announced that Norma Shearer would play Scarlett, the day after it was Margaret Sullavan, the day after that Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins, Katharine Hepburn, Paulette Goddard, and so on for months until movie star nerves were at the breaking point. And then it was suddenly announced in February, a year ago, that Vivien Leigh, a little known English girl visiting in Hollywood, had been secretly signed for Scarlett and production would start at once. Some of the Glamor Girls hoped that the South would strenuously object to an English girl playing a Georgia heroine. But the South didn't. Other Glamor Girls hoped that there was something wrong with Miss Leigh's visa and that she would have to return to Eng- land. But there wasn't. And still others, the more obvious sort, just hoped that she'd fall down and break her neck. But she didn't.

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SCREENLAND
Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 13

faded, her soft Southern voice, like Ann's own, gliding with terrific speed past every r.

"I said: 'Good heavens, child, what are you going to do with that?' 'Gussie up my bedroom,' she replied, and started silk into the goods. My, I wouldn't dare be so reckless! But come and see what she did!"

Ann's bedroom had been what decorators call a "color scheme," but Ann's inspiration had brightened it: she had made soft peach glass curtains for the windows and a heavy silk valance of deeper peach, the same silk being used for shades for the wall lights and dressing room lamps.

"Then she did the dressing room in a lovely flowered silk in peach tones," Mrs. Rutherford exhibited the result, proudly.

"But did one of my jokes backsfire?" chuckled Ann, bobbing into the room. "See my attempt at humor on the wall by the dressing table? I thought I'd tease my sister, so I cut out some of the flowers, and pasted them lightly on the walls, expecting to tear them off after she had seen them. And will you look? The paste took the paint off the wall, so I had to leave my flowers up."

You'd think it was a minor tragedy to hear Ann tell it, but actually the flowers give the room a decorator's touch.

"Well, it doesn't look as ugly as it did, for a fact," commented Ann, beginning to be consolated. "But we're forgetting that you came over to hear about our Sunday brunches. You see, I simply never get any time off, except maybe a Sunday or so — that's why I have the kids in then. If we were working late Saturday, we slept late and everybody comes trooping in around noon. The kids are simply mad about my creamed crab.

CREAMED CRAB

2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
2 cups milk
1 can crabmeat
Paprika, salt and pepper

"You take your butter and flour and brown them in a pan over the fire. When thick, add the milk and keep stirring. When quite thick, add paprika (lots and lots of that!) and salt and pepper.

Ann's guests like potato pancakes too.

POTATO PANCAKES

4 potatoes
1 large Bermuda onion
1 egg
2 tablespoons milk
2 tablespoons flour

"I grate the potatoes and onions," said Ann, "whip the eggs and milk and pour them into the potato mixture. That makes them a little too loose for frying, so I add the flour and if 2 tablespoons isn't enough, you must use your own judgment about adding more. Of course you need your salt and pepper to suit your taste. Have your skillet very hot. The pan usually holds about four of the pancakes and you flip 'em and flap 'em on the drum and Ann were really brown. This recipe usually makes about ten pancakes. You can serve bacon and eggs or tiny sausages if you aren't having crab.

"Talking about what you serve, I think just ordinary soup is so unimaginative! If I'm serving it, I take a can of, say Campbell's celery soup and Campbell's pea soup and mix 'em together. Or any two soups that aren't too far apart.

"I think serving fresh peas all by them-

selves looks stupid. So I take a piece of bread and pinch the corners so they will turn up and then toast it. It will make a sort of little cup. I put the peas in that with a chunk of butter."

"Ann knows more about cooking than I will ever know," contributed Ann's proud parent, "I go to the kitchen and turn around four times trying to decide what I'll do to feed my family, and by that time, Ann has everything thought out and ready to eat!"

"Just for you; she's a swell cook," laughed Ann.

"Oh, let me tell you about my pet salad! The one we're having today is a green salad, sort of a good standby, but I hadn't time to fix the salad greens. It will Screenland readers about. We call it"

GRAPE SALAD A LA ANN

1 head of lettuce
Blue Moon cream cheese
Ripe pears
Seedless grapes

"I take a chunk of lettuce as the base and fill it with cream cheese. Then I cut the pears in halves and paste them well with the cheese and press them down into the lettuce. Now comes the fancy part: the seedless grapes must be pressed down on the pear until they form bunches of grapes."

The Rutherford maid appeared just then with a plate of inviting sandwiches. Ann hovered over them with a critical eye.

"My favorite is here, I hope, I hope! Yes, it is. You take a hardboiled egg and make a teaspoonful of Beechman peanut butter and a tablespoon of Hellman's mayonnaise. That peps up the peanut butter and it's marvelous. And here's my avocado sandwich:

Mix all the ingredients and have a 350 degree oven, and cut into two-inch squares.

"Put whipped cream on top. Aren't you staring? Wish we had a flock of brownies this minute! Another thing we do the night before the kids come in: we freeze a strawberry in each ice cube with which to dress up the fruit juice or ice tea we serve." Ann drifted back to the living room and she suddenly cried out: "Mother! They've put my drums away again! Where are they? I must show Betty what a fine noise I can make."

Mrs. Rutherford confided that she was wickedly wise to put away Ann's drums whenever Ann wasn't on the premises.

"They clatter up the room so," she sighed, "but she was edged with a smile. "When Ann was alive, a little girl she longed for a drum. But I gave Ann and her sister piano lessons, because I thought that would be of more use to them. A little neighbor girl was taken to the drum and Ann was so envious. 'Wait till I grow up!' she kept saying. And the first thing she bought with her own money was a drum.

"By the time Ann was going, all the little drum had been dragged from their closet concealment and set up by Ann.

"Boom-boom-boom! I said the drums. Ann's sister took her head above the racket, but Ann shouted and sang in time with the beats. She was supremely happy.

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Satisfy Your Suppressed Desires at the Movies!

Continued from page 24

like to do and can’t—as did Scarlett O’Hara in ‘Gone With the Wind.’

A decent, upright, law-abiding citizen who would not for the world commit a question-

able act, may go to the pictures where he sees characters do all sorts of things which he, in

the role of the man known to himself and his

friends, can never indulge in. It is im-

possible for him to do them, he has been

too well brought up and conditioned. And

yet, by a process of empathy, he uncon-

sciously lives through these same experi-

ences as his own, he identifies himself with

the characters doing the very acts he would

not do in the character of himself as known

to his world. Thereby the repressed and

hidden emotions, primitive desires, forget-

ten disappointments, which he may not be

conscious of, are there, are given expres-

sion, and subside again or diminish, or even

pass off altogether into thin air, Aristotle;

again speaking for the Greek drama, called

it a mental purge, or ‘catharsis.’ He espe-

cially felt that the tragedies were inval-

uable in purging the soul of sordid and base

ideas and desires.

“And coming down to the movies,” said

Dr. Brill, “I think Aristotle’s idea about

the purifying effects of tragedy have been a

potent part of the phenomenal success of

Miss Bette Davis in her recent contribu-

tions of pictures with unhappy endings.

Many of the Greek tragedies were tragedies

of fate in which the individual was run to

bow to the will of the gods. Miss Davis’ skill

in acting lifts the pictures in which she

appears to heroic proportions attaining

the effect of one of these ancient pieces.

Miss Davis has been the first of our screen

actresses to do the tragic thing supremely

well. As Judith Traherne in ‘Dark Victory’
in which the heroine goes blind; as the

Empress Carlota in ‘Juarez’ in which she

goes insane; as Charlotte in ‘The Old

Maid’ in which she is forced to relinquish

all claims to her unknown daughter; and

as Elizabeth and Essex, in which she is

forced to send her lover to the scaffold, she

has brought to light a rare and forceful

power of the screen to practice the healing

art. There is in the present release that

they bring emotive in a tragic theme and

many find escape from reality in the sor-

rowful theme as well as in the happy, or

truly dramatic ones. We are accused of

associate with escape. I would not say

that Miss Davis’ success means that there

is a definite transfer of taste and trend

from happy to unhappy endings as a gen-

eral thing. Her work shows one of the

infinite possibilities of the screen to satisfy

every kind of emotional need.

In speaking of the beneficial influence of

the motion pictures on the individual Dr.

Brill discovered that people had an

instinctive feeling for the type of picture that

appeals to them, and that, as a matter of

fact, almost any program of pictures strikes

some familiar, and pleasant chord in the

audience.

Dr. Brill was the first to recognize in

the movies the same great human device for

the relief and the release of the inhibitions

being forced by civilization on human be-

ings, that the Greeks, and especially Ari-

stotle, saw in the drama.

“When we were restrained by the ne-

cessity of living harmoniously together to
give up most of our primitive impulses, we
did not give them up altogether,” Dr. Brill
points out. “We created by-paths or sub-
stitutive ways of living through these prin-

tive urges. One of the ways of living

through these impulses is to make believe

we live through them. This we have done

in plays, and now are doing with movies.

Baseball is another outlet, which exercises

those primitive mechanisms which are do-

mestic in all of us and which may spill over

at some time if we don’t burn them up altogether.”

Dr. Brill has been for many years inter-

ested in the work of the National Board of

Review of Motion Pictures in fostering a

demand for better contributions to the

screen. This demand paid for at the best

office will do more for the permanent

improvement of the screen than all of the

screen censorship could possibly do is the

policy of this large organization, which

functions through “Better Film” commit-

tees everywhere. The National Board is

one of the oldest and most persistent forces

for the encouragement of a broad, tolerant,

and patient attitude towards the screen.

Through weekly reviewing groups, every

picture released is seen and is classified and

rated according to excellence and audience

suitability. Dr. Brill has recently been made

chairman of this body to succeed Dr. George

Kirchway, the sociologist, and Dean of the

Law School of Columbia University.

“An essential of the function of the board

on the part of the intelligentsia concerning the

artistic standard of the movies is unfair,”

Dr. Brill believes. “The producers of pic-

tures have accomplished miracles against

great odds.

“I do not believe,” states Dr. Brill, “in

the necessity of censorship—because I feel

that we all have within us a censorship of

our own that is equal to our own prob-

lems. Children come under a little different

heading than adults. It would be well if

they could always go with their parents—

but since they cannot, great protection is

being offered them by the lists of suitable

films provided by the National Board and

other groups, which are being used widely

by exhibitors. I have heard it said fre-

quently that certain cases of juvenile crime

have been traceable to the movies, but have

never found it proved true.

It was now time for me to go, and I

asked the pleasant grey-eyed psychiatrist

with his small, pointed beard, and his

interesting accent, if he would tell me in a

word his idea of the movies for which he

has such a profound admiration.

“They give us the world,” he replied.

And his eyes twinkled through his glasses.
Pictures by Patricia
Continued from page 63
and the shadows help the composition.
"Taking pictures on sets is difficult because the reflection of lights creeps in, or the shadows are blacker than you expect. If I did my own printing, I could overcome those faults."

Over the teacups, Patricia confided that she sometimes has doubts of her own judgment about pictures. "When I was seventeen, the family had financial reverses, so I decided to make my fortune doing fashion sketches. I took them around to the big New York stores, and the next thing I knew I was fashion designer for one of them—they didn't care for my sketches but they did like my designs!"

Judy, the family dachshund, attempted to crash a nearby cabinet and brought Mexico again to mind, the cabinet being filled with souvenirs.

"We met Diego Rivera, the artist, and he gave me the tiny figures in red and gray clay—mother and child and woman with folded arms—for some reason his favorites. Indians dig them up from ancient ruins. Diego took us to see his murals; also to see his ex-wife, who lives in a palace filled with marvelous paintings. I found him most interesting. Mexicans say he embroiders his stories, but whether that's true or not, he's a splendid host and no dull moments drag by when you're with him."

"Later he took us to a little Indian village on the beaten track; it is nestled at the foot of some curious old cliffs that look as if they were made of horn and the little Indian huts are like straw stacks. Perhaps it doesn't sound romantic, but it's full of color and beauty, and there's where I'd like to have a vacation cabin. Tyrone bought an island, you know, because he had the same feeling."

"Oh, romance! We visited the palace of Chapultepec, and had dinner in the gardens of the palace where Emperor Maximilian and Empress Carlotta once lived. It's a restaurant now and they serve meals in the gardens."

Patricia pointed out that her cathedral shots were made with the idea of getting "angles." I went angle-mad sometimes and the results were quite wild, but there are few interesting things. I like especially the shot of the old hymnal and the saint inside the cathedral. The fast lens was a great help on my street scenes and in this shot of Alex diving into a pool.

"Now that my pictures are developed, I can see exactly what's wrong with them, and I'm going back as soon as I can to try it again! What an excuse!"

---

Voted the Ideal Couple

But her husband knew of her
"ONE NEGLECT"
"Lysol" could have helped her

I F 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.
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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, how often it is uncocker.
And So You Graduate!

To the sweet girl graduates and the brides—your charm is now more precious than ever, and beauty is, indeed, where you find it. Here are cues on where to look

By Courtenay Marvin

Both you in your white graduation frock, awaiting that diploma that certifies to the world you've learned something, and you in your white wedding gown, awaiting that circlet of gold or platinum that certifies to the world you've learned where love lies, have something much in common. Before each lies a nice, big slice of life that you can take and make into something fine and successful or that you can accept merely as a matter of course and let Fate decide which way it's going to go.

You, and everybody else, for that matter, need all you can muster in the way of normal good looks, practical knowledge and experience and personality. And though this may look like a pretty big assignment at the moment, it truly isn't when you take yourself apart, bit by bit, do a lot of work on one angle of you, and leave well enough alone on another.

We begin down the scale, on the girls in their 'teens and work up to the brides, many perhaps still girls in their 'teens.

Judy Garland will keep her balance, and so will most of the graduates who are now finishing one chapter of their lives and about to turn to another, wonderingly, perhaps. Judy wears a suit in chalk-white linen, with red, white and blue trim, a red hat with yarn brim, navy gloves and shoes with scarlet hearts. Below, Judy at play at home.
School girl problems largely fall into three groups—hair, skin and figure. These are the things you fret and stew about, that make you long to exchange your little plain Jane face for that of a star, and that can give you a bad inferiority complex if you just sit and concentrate on yourself long enough. Yet—don't think you are the only girl who ever knew these pangs. You aren't.

Not long ago, Lucille Ball, now a regular glamour girl, told me that youthful self-consciousness had all but ruined her life. “I was too high (she is a tall girl), and my forehead was too low.” Those were her words. However, she discovered that height is an asset and that a soft, loose curl over her forehead made you guess as to whether it was high or low. So that settled that.

And that is the way to settle many of your worries, for some things won’t change. But illusion will, and when you can’t physically remedy a fault, then we use magic, which is illusion, and we actually do it with mirrors!

Suppose you have hair worries. Suppose your hair is mousey. Then we’ll put some life and color in that hair and it won’t be mousey any longer. We won’t dye or perm, but we will brush it! That sounds dull, I know, but your hair won’t look that way after a few weeks. And I’ll bet that mother will even buy you a really good brush out of her own budget, if you ask for it. You’ll brush long and hard, and count the strokes, just to be sure, and you’ll put on a polish like the family best silver or mahogany. And you’ll shampoo weekly or at least every ten days, and rinse and rinse out the shampoo. And if good grooming becomes important enough to you, between rinses you’ll use a hair and scalp freshener, made especially for young heads, plus a creamy dressing that you apply very softly to draw in your waves and make them looker, softer curls as well as to give your hair a real “make-up,” an ultra-plus sparkle. If your hair is absolutely straight and without body, then a permanent in those ends is your solution. If it has a wave or curl, train in these beauty marks simply by first brushing at night and pushing in the waves or twirling into place those curls before you go to bed.

Some day, take off an hour before your mirror, and experiment with hair-dos. If you haven’t any notions in your own head, skim through the pages of this magazine, and see what you see. Try hair off your forehead, in a bang effect, up from the sides, down from the sides, everything you can think of, and something good will come out of this hour. Hard, artificial waves, curls or arrangements are out for everybody, and especially for you.

And now your skin. Soap-and-water should be your theme song, but all skin needs cream also, and so do you. Maybe you are already a good girl who really cleanses her face thoroughly twice daily. Then be better and do it three times, and I don’t mind if this third cleansing, say about noon or afternoon, isn’t as thorough as night and morning. Now and then, every skin and especially that which is not so good, needs a good, nursing cleaning, and for this purpose comes one preparation in the form of granules that you use for washing your face. It’s splendid, especially when you have a tendency to break out, look rough or muddy, and for that lane of all skin, blackheads. This, plus your favorite soap and a nice cream, especially suited to your skin, as opposite, and you ought to get off to a good start on skin cleanliness.

If you’re ever going to know an acne condition, you’ll probably know it in your teens. It’s heartbreaking, I know, but you can control it with persistent care. And please try, or it may scar and disfigure that young skin forever. Any serious case should have the attention of a doctor immediately.

(Continued on page 82)

Beauty that every woman can own

HELENA RUBINSTEIN’S
famous
“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 immediately, softens and soothes 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 pearly transparency 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

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S C R E E N L A N D
81
he became a glittering star in that constellation which is Hollywood.

If you recall that the February issue of SCREENLAND I predicted that Vivien Leigh would be divorced, and that she and Laurence Olivier would in all likelihood marry. Only recently both stars filed for divorce and announced that they will not be married as soon as possible. This was clearly shown in both their horoscopes months before it occurred, I predict marriage happiness and continued success on the screen for Olivier.

As a rule it takes Gemini persons a year or two to really get started in their chosen work—then when they once begin to win recognition, they seldom ever drop back into past obscurity. Such is the case of John Payne, born May 28. He was lucky enough to ride the stellar waves to fame during the current success cycle of Gemini, but I predict that he is one of Hollywood’s best bets for stardom in 1940. John is at the same place in his career as Jimmy Stewart and Robert Taylor were only a few short years back. With his singing ability and appeal to the ladies, John Payne is definitely assured of a top spot in the Hollywood roster of future. The other days are somewhat adverse for new ventures, finances, or business changes. Curb the temper, avoid overindulgence and watch out for accidents on the adverse days.

Robert Preston: Marriage in 1941, continued success.

Aries—March 21 to April 20
Better vibrations exist this month for business and finances, Grasp opportunities that may come your way, seek changes through friends, and do not hesitate in assuming any new responsibilities that come your way. Favors from executives may be expected, and this month may even bring a raise in pay. There are apt to be dangers through the emotions which means you must be careful who claims your heart this month. Certainly enough temptations exist, but no definite decision should be made in this department. Activities, entertaining and visiting relatives are favored. The good days this month are: 3rd, 5th, 7th, 8th, 12th, 15th, 16th, 18th, 20th, 21st, 23rd, 25th, 27th, 28th, 30th.

Taurus—April 21 to May 20
A marvelous month for new developments in your life. The planet Uranus favors new and expansive ideas in your work—you may be more than casually interested in seeking a new job. This planet may also take you into another locality to live. The favorable aspects of Jupiter and Venus this month will make your birth-expected good fortune from some public official, doctor, lawyer, or executive. Progression mentally is also noted. News may come through a letter of some important event about to transpire. Favors contracts, signing of papers, leases, and deals in real estate. Also good for hospitals, schools, dealing with public officials, and buying or selling. Those interested in going into independent business have the aggressive vibrations of Mars to help them this month. Some little danger to the health from nervousness or overwork. Watch the health and watch your diet in the last two weeks. Romance thrives and brings completion in the love life. Children are favored and all activities of the home come under favorable aspects. The good days are: 1st, 2nd, 4th, 6th, 7th, 11th, 12th, 16th, 17th, 19th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 25th, 28th. The other days are somewhat negative and favor only routine matters.

Gemini—May 21 to June 20
A better month in many ways than last—that is for the romantic side of your life. Some confusion may still exist about business matters, but the imaginative tastes must be curbed this month, for money will be too easily spent. Vibrations from Neptune may produce some mysterious event in the financial side of life. Avoid involvements with those married or in other ways hampered in love. A good time to build future plans, use the creative talents in art, music, dance, radio work, or acting are favored for Gemini. A short trip may take you on a visit to friends or relatives. A good month to become engaged or to marry. Be careful of deceit or treachery in business.
and friendship. Avoid assuming the obligations of others. The health should be fairly good, although Mars may cause stomach disturbance in the second week of this month. Favorable days are: 3rd, 5th, 7th, 8th, 12th, 14th, 16th, 18th, 19th, 23rd, 24th, 27th, 28th, 30th. The other days are slightly adverse. Use caution in business and avoid complications in love.

**Cancer—June 21 to July 22**

This month produces mixed vibrations for your sign. Jupiter brings you a tendency to progress through your work, but the cautiousness of your sign causes you to sidestep the issue, and to bury yourself in the background. Develop your progressive and executive tendencies. Those in secretarial, teaching, clerical, and nursing lines come under favorable vibrations. Those engaged in artistic work, such as beauticians, designers, interior decorators, writers, etc., face a productive period, new ideas, and original methods of execution. Attend to personal habits, beautifying yourself, changing the home, and progressing in romance. For Uranus, the planet of changes, sends some disturbing vibrations to your sign. Love affairs may cause concern—you may lose someone you dearly love, or some other problem might arise that is difficult to solve. The days most favored for business and romance are: 1st, 2nd, 5th, 7th, 8th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 24th, 27th, 29th. The other days are negative. Use caution in vehicles—avoid overeating, watch the health, and avoid quarrels in the home.

**Leo—July 23 to August 22**

This month should just suit your personality and character. It is a month that requires drive and determination to carry you through the month, but with the sun as your ruler, and symbolized by the lion, you like a good scrap and generally come out the winner. This struggle applies especially to the romantic side of life. Some trying problems may be upon you at this time—you may be worried as to the outcome of a love affair, or wonder if you can win the one of your choice. In this case there are apt to be some overwhelming odds, but if you use your charm and magnetism you can win anyone you set your heart on. As to finances, there may be a shortage of money, as usual. You still may be learning how to take care of your money. This month brings opportunity for advancement or change. The chances are excellent that you will get another position paying better money. The month favors work dealing with the public, such as sales work, or

---

**Eyes turn to You**

A breath of eternal spring a lyric fragrance tender as young dreams.
Eyes turn, and are captured. Once again you have woven a spell with Evening in Paris...the fragrance of romance. Evening in Paris Perfume, $1.10 to $10.00. Face Powder, $1.00.

**Evening in Paris**

Bourjois
New York
work in dress shops, beauty shops, hotels, night clubs, radio stations, doctor's or dentists' offices. Your stars bring you into good favor in the latter part of the month. Favorable days are: 1st, 3rd, 4th, 6th, 8th, 10th, 13th, 15th, 19th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 26th, 29th. The other days are only slightly negative.

Virgo—August 23 to September 22

The planet Mercury brings you new ideas for promoting your welfare, and under these vibrations there should be decided benefits come through employment. This sign favors staying in one place of employment for some time, and being promoted through your natural abilities. Take action in any new business venture you may have planned at this time for, if you wish to make a change, this month is favorable. Venus, the planet of romance, brings you a continued love affair with someone already in your life. It does not favor the return of an old sweetheart. Long-delayed plans in love and marriage may materialize at this time. The home life, and especially relatives, may cause some concern. Try to unload some of the heavy responsibility resting on your shoulders. A good month for investments in stocks, or real estate, but not so good for oil, or gold mining speculation. Social activities may be more pronounced, and happiness comes from close friends. Travel by land is favored. Watch the health and diet during the month, as nervous rays from the planet Mercury cause high mental tension. This may affect the stomach. Favorable days are: 1st, 3rd, 6th, 8th.

Libra—September 23 to October 22

This month brings changeable conditions in your life. Some little disturbance is due, owing to afflictions of Mars. This affects the departments of love and marriage. If you watch your tongue and temper you may overcome this trying period. Until the 15th, watch your step in love. Someone may come into your life who intrigues you greatly, but it may not be the right person—so be cautious. Business prospects should be better, employment is assured, but no great benefits can be expected at this time. Favor the following lines: investment and insurance business, real estate, banking, wholesale distributors, accounting, bookkeeping, teaching, and automotive trades. Favorable days this month are: 3rd, 5th, 7th, 8th, 10th, 12th, 14th, 17th, 20th, 22nd, 23rd, 25th, 26th, 28th, 30th. Other days neutral.

Scorpio—October 23 to November 21

The month is ushered in with a shower of good aspects for your sign. You may not know which way to turn, but with these planetary aspects you can definitely progress in your work and come into a better situation financially. You should be able to get more money and stay out of debt from now on. Mars gives you courage to go ahead in new fields—It favors selling merchandise, radio work, newspapers, advertising, beauty products, and those working in hospitals, dentists' offices and public institutions. Caution must be used in the steps you take in love and marriage. Emotions are apt to rule. Avoid haste in your choice, for some new and interesting love affair may come into your life before the month ends. Attend to investments, and matters connected with insurance, banking, etc. Watch the health on the 5th, 9th, and 21st. Be cautious in dark places, and avoid intoxicating liquors. Good days this month are: 1st, 3rd, 4th, 6th, 7th, 10th, 11th, 13th, 14th, 17th, 19th, 22nd, 24th, 26th, 28th, 29th. There are few negative or adverse days.

Sagittarius—November 23 to December 21

The planet Jupiter favors most of this month for you. This is true in the business world especially. Your capable nature and efficiency should win promotion at this time. Strive for the highest in your line of work, for you have earned it. Money does not flow in abundance yet, but with Jupiter well-aspected there should be a gradual increase in salary. Travel to another city if you wish for work, or you may stay where you are. Someone in business may help you gain a cherished goal this month. Meet the public, and do any work where it is necessary to use the personality. The month is good for all creative work also. If interested in music, art, writing, radio work, you may have one or more chances to express your latent talents. Venus brings love, but your independent nature might restrain the emotions. You can find happiness in love, but do not let a career cloud your vision. Those single may meet someone romantically inclined. Those married may have trifling problems that can be easily overcome. The health should be good, relatives may cause some concern. Mars brings some danger of a secret enemy in the business world—avoid overeating, temper, and overwork. Favorable days: 1st, 2nd, 4th, 7th, 10th, 12th, 13th, 16th, 19th, 20th, 23rd, 24th, 26th, 30th. All other days of the month are neutral and favor routine action.

The time has come for Beech-Nut Gum

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.

Robert Cummings told Norvell that he had only toyed with the idea of astrology until he actually saw the prediction made by his mother, that he would some day be a star, come true.
January — December 22 to January 19

Business opportunities that you should be prepared to grasp may present themselves this month. The somewhat severe afflictions of Saturn should have subsided in your life, giving you a breathing spell for the first time in months. Money may come unexpectedly from some source. Employment is favored. Although some restlessness may exist it is of a progressive type — causing you to seek changes, move to new locations, and in general to better your life. Some confusion may exist in the love life. It is more than likely that you have made no definite decision about anyone in your life. The month may bring one or more romances, but a decision regarding marriage is still somewhat premature. Mix socially, avoid too many family obligations, and seek entertainment and amusements this month. Favorable days: 1st, 3rd, 4th, 7th, 9th, 10th, 13th, 14th, 17th, 19th, 20th, 24th, 25th, 28th.

Aquarius — January 20 to February 18

The vibrations of the Sun and Jupiter favor the mental activities in your life this month. New and progressive ideas should come regarding your work, and for advancing your personal interests. A good month to plan going into another business or even going into business for yourself. Progress may come through business executives or persons romantically interested in you. A person of means may take a sudden interest in you and your affairs. Money matters improve somewhat, and the future appears generally brighter, under these aspects. Watch out lest confusion and discord enter the home, as the house ruling families show some disturbances of Mars. This can be avoided by being tactful. Love fulfillment is shown at this time. If you still have not made up your mind regarding the present romance this month may bring someone else who sways the emotions. Favorable days: 3rd, 4th, 6th, 8th, 10th, 11th, 13th, 15th, 16th, 18th, 21st, 22nd, 25th, 26th, 28th, 30th. The other days are somewhat negative for new ventures and romance.

Pisces — February 19 to March 20

Your independent nature may bring about a crisis in love during this month. Use caution in what you say or do, for Mars and Saturn bring disturbing rays that might cause you to act hastily and regret leisurely. The prospects in business are only fair — in secretarial work, beauty parlors, clerical and nursing activities, Mercury and Mars and Neptune bring favorable opportunities to win recognition, but in general nothing of a startling nature occurs in working conditions at this time. Handle your money cautiously, avoid being too extravagant, avoid losses of personal jewelry and money in the first two weeks of this month. The month favors writing letters, moving place of residence, social activities, short trips for vacationing purposes or visits to friends and relatives. Also a good month for meeting members of the opposite sex, seeking a new romance, or becoming engaged. Those who are under twenty-two should use caution in romance, for hasty decisions are not favored. Those married may experience discord and confusion. Divorce is not favored at this time. The health is favored, avoid indigestion, overeating, and drinking. Keep regular hours, and much difficulty can be avoided. Favorable days are: 2nd, 4th, 5th, 8th, 10th, 11th, 14th, 18th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 26th, 27th, 28th.

A SPECIAL READING FOR YOUR BIRTH MONTH

Everyone has a different character — a different destiny. To find out what YOUR destiny is consult your own individual horoscope for your birthdate.

NIGHT TIME Kisses Can Happen in the DAY

Special Type LIPSTICK Gives You NIGHT-TIME GLAMOUR in Harsh Daylight!

The night was made for love ... because that's when you look your loveliest! But use this amazing, special type lipstick and — night or day — your lips can have the warm, tempting, teasing color that seems to beg for kisses.

Louis Philippe created this flattering lipstick — color-blending it in a special way so that its shades won't turn cold and hard in daylight.

It's the sun's violet rays that make daylight so cruel to your beauty. And that's why all colors used in Louis Philippe Lipstick must pass the violet light test ... and prove that, day or night, they'll give your lips glorious, warm tones that are utterly young, natural and glamorous.

Louis Philippe Lipstick will amaze you in other ways, too. It stays on for hours. You can smoke, eat or drink hot coffee — you can even surrender your lips to an ardent kiss — and still you need not fear that this wonderful lipstick will smear or smudge.

In fact, there's a startling test which proves how perfect, how lasting Louis Philippe Lipstick is. . .

MAKE THE ELBOW TEST

Put some Louis Philippe Lipstick on the skin inside your elbow. Let it set a minute— then wipe off the excess. Bend your arm back and forth vigorously several times.

Now examine the patch of lipstick and you'll see that it hasn't smeared, smudged, nor lined — even in the natural creases of your skin at the elbow. Notice, too, that water does not affect it. . . you must remove this lipstick with cold cream!

Of course, you'll want the lipstick that can pass such an amazing test.

But to have a completely enchanting make-up, get Louis Philippe Rouge and Face Powder, too. . . ask for harmonizing shades by the same color number. They, also, are color-blended by the same special process so that their lovely shades won't turn cold and hard.

And that's why Louis Philippe Make-Up works a miracle of glamour for you. Night or day, it gives you the seductive color — the soft radiance — usually seen only in romantic evening light.

LOUIS PHILIPPE LIPSTICK, COMPACT ROUGE & REFILL, FACE POWDER AND ANGELUS ROUGE INCARNAT.
A Big Date with Jeffrey Lynn

Continued from page 23

figures a week, besides her trip to Europe last year—wanting to be me, just a writing girl?) "All you'd have to do to meet him is to ask for an interview!"

Actually, the thought had never occurred to me before. All these years in Hollywood—and I'd never known my own power! Here was something I could do, and quite naturally under the guise of business, that even a movie actress couldn't do. The more I thought of the idea the more fascinating it became. So quite casual-like I let drop a little hint out at Warner Brothers Studios that I would like very much to meet Jeffrey Lynn—for an interview. And I did—but he was so busy on the set making love to Bette Davis that he didn't have time to talk and asked if he might call me sometime later.

And presto, three nights later Jeffrey telephoned and said he wasn't doing anything that evening, and if I'd like he'd call around and we'd have dinner and perhaps some fun. It didn't matter that it was the night of the Academy Award Dinner and I promised Vivien Leigh to be on hand to see her win the award (that is, if she got the award—and she did). I said without the slightest hesitation, "Why, of course, I'd love to!"

Jeffrey had no sooner hung up than I was calling Miss Movie Star who has such a yen for Jeffrey. "You're going to the Academy Award Dinner tonight, of course," I purred over the telephone. "And you'll be wearing something gorgeous designed by Adrian or Irene."

"Yes," she admitted.

"Well," I said, "if Jeffrey Lynn called up instead and asked you to have dinner with him, and wear something comfortable in which you could have some fun—what would you say?"

"Why, I'd forget the Academy Award Dinner in a minute," she replied. "They're stuffy things anyway with long speeches—why?"

"Because that's what I just did!" I said, and hung up quickly before she could catch her breath.

The phone rang all the time I was singing in my bath—I knew how curious she must be—but I went blithely on and let it ring. At seven o'clock the chimes rang in the hall—and I ran down the stairs to admit Mr. Jeffrey Lynn, who looked even more handsome than he did the first time I saw him on the screen way back in "Four Daughters"—and was so impressed.

I'd heard he was born in Massachusetts of Puritan ancestry—and was not without that New England reserve. That he didn't care for frivolity or fun, and would at times draw right into his shell and be very serious and conservative. But I was to find Jeffrey as natural a young man as any girl could wish for, with a delightful sense of humor, and an affinity that would place him right on top of any preferred date list.

"Hope you don't mind these,"
he laughed, pointing to his sideburns. "I'm wearing them in this new picture, " he apologized. I told him I thought they were very nice—and before I could say another thing, he suddenly grabbed my arm and whirled me around in the general direction of the kitchen—from which came the odor of burning pork chops!

"Oh, my goodness!" I exclaimed—and rushed to the rescue. Simultaneously the kitchen alarm clock began ringing and the door chimes made it a duet. I found the cook in a dither over the chops—and came back to find Jeffrey at the door of a next-door-neighbor Stuart Ervin's butler— who'd come over to complain that our dog was barking through the hedge and scaring their cats out of seven of their nine lives.

What a setting—my lilac perfume was permeated with the aroma of scorched pork chops—and I had to go out and frantically call the family bound to come in and leave the cats alone.

"Before anything else happens, let's go!" said Jeffrey, picking up my coat and throwing it around my shoulders and bundleing me right out the door into his car—a big sports convertible in two tones of green. And off we went.

Jeffrey drove to a charming little place tucked away in the hills—called "Tail O' the Cock." "The name came from cocktail turned around," he explained after we'd chosen a corner table by a window looking out onto the twinkling lightsblanketing the city below.

Glancing over the menu, he suggested a New York steak—saying they were excellent and that the baked potatoes were just like his mother bakes up in their farmhouse in New England. I ordered the steak—but the waiter prevailed on Jeffrey to order something very foreign-sounding cooked in wines. When it came he didn't like it—so I cut my steak in half and we shared it.

From no place at all, it seemed, a camera bulb flashed, nearly blinding us. And we discovered that the studio had sent a photographer sleuthing after us. "Don't mind me," he said. "I just thought I'd take a picture or two—if you don't mind."

I murmured something about "two being company and three a crowd" but he didn't take the hint. So I tried to forget that he was there—as much as possible. But at the most unexpected moments flash would go a bulb. After a while he became a habit.

As we left the Tail O' the Cock a friend of Jeffrey's stopped us at the door. "Do you know what night this is?" he asked.

"Yes, Thursday night, February 29, 1940—Academy Award Dinner—and—" began Jeffrey.

"It's Leap Year night," came the announcement, "and not a safe night out for any bachelor. Mark my word!"

Here I'd been saving up names for Leap Year ever since Christmas—never hoping I'd be so lucky as to have one of the movies' most eligible bachelors right in the palm of my hand, so to speak. But Jeffrey squelched such a thought. "I don't believe in Leap Year tactics," he said. "If a man's interested in a girl he'll seek her out. The minute a girl goes to pursuing a man, he loses interest."

So that was that—but somehow I just couldn't get Leap Year out of my mind, seeing it comes only every fourth year—and this being it.

"Tell you what let's do—let's go down to Hollywood and go on the giant racer," said Jeffrey, buttoning up his coat against the early spring breeze. "I haven't been there for years. Would you like to do that?"

"Tell me about the possibilities of a ride on a giant racer with Jeffrey Lynn offered—surely he wouldn't let a girl fall out of the racing contraption."

At Venice, we took the most unobtrusive and sallied forth down the amusement pier, I noted that Jeffrey's very tall and very handsome with brown wavy hair and hazel eyes and dimples when he smiles. He had a way of tucking your arm under his—like he's glad you're along—and takes the initiative in suggesting things to do. First we tried the Dodge-em autos—and hit everything on our way, completely taking the breath out of the both of us.

"Are you hurt—or are you all right?" he asked, after we'd hit the railing with such a terrific thump on one of the rackets that was still in one piece—whether I looked it or not.

Across the walk I saw a fortune teller, and said boldly, 'Jeffrey, let's have our fortunes told.' Jeffrey was skeptical—butsecreted no patents into his future and held out any hope for writing girls, seeing how this was Leap Year and all. So I coaxed him to go in. The clairvoyant asked our birthdates—Jeffrey's being February 16th and mine September 1st—and then told us that astrologically speaking we were compatible; that Jeffrey would have to make an important decision of the next couple of months, and that for ten dollars apiece she'd tell us more! What about my Leap Year prospects, I ventured—and she said that would cost twenty dollars.

Like Gabby in "Gulliver's Travels," a new land had been turning up and down the pier shouting, "Jeffrey Lynn is on the pier—Jeffrey Lynn is on the pier!"—and when we came out of the mystic there were dozens of people to see Jeffrey. He was surrounded by people with pencils and paper for autographs and I was left straggling on the outer edge of the crowd—my usual accustomed place at bargain basement sales and parades.

Jeffrey was furiously signing away when he remembered something he'd forgotten.
Stepping on a box, he peered over the crowd and located me. "Hey, that's my girl friend out there!" he protested—whereupon several gallant youths grabbed me by the arms and lowered me right through the middle of the crowd up to Jeffrey. Jeffrey then took out his pipe and puffed in perfect comfort as he signed autographs for a half hour.

Now if you think Jeffrey's strictly a romantic heart throb on the screen, don't be fooled. For there were as many boys and men as girls who crowded up for his signature. Jeffrey has that same swell something in his smile that Gable has.

At the salt water taffy stand he purchased a five pound box and from then on he gave a kiss to every girl he saw—and I had a dozen—candy ones, I mean. In the penny arcade we consulted the Hindu mystic, who for a penny gave Jeffrey a card that said he was a "G-Type"—and further, "You have more force than most people and continued failure is unknown in your hand."

So in such a forceful mood we took a ride in the roller coaster—and I did a Martha Raye, which Jeffrey said must have been heard from Venice to Santa Monica. But one thing—he assured that if you ever go coaster-riding with Jeffrey Lynn and scream loud enough, he'll hang on to you—which will make you feel very Priscilla Lane-ish, if you get what I mean. From there on we tried the whirly-gig bucket—and went up in the air and round and round to emerge the dizziest couple on the beach. On the merry-go-round, Jeffrey became quite expert as a trick rider and rode backwards catching the brass rings for another ride.

At the shooting gallery, he amazed even me by hitting everything in sight—and I came away with a Charlie McCarthy and a Mae West and a golden dog and a green cat. At the Casino Gardens we joined in the Leap Year dance, and without a doubt Jeffrey is the smoothest dancer in all Hollywood. He doesn't go into a strange hold or clutch you when you step on the floor, but with perfect ease and grace you just naturally lose yourself with him in the rhythm of the music—be it swing, rhumba, or waltz time. He smiles and talks a bit—and looks into your eyes—and holds your hand warmly and reassuringly—ah, me! We danced every dance—and of course there was plenty of excitement about a movie actor being present in person. The manager asked if he'd say a few words to the crowd.

"Well, we're just here like the rest of you, to dance," he said after the cheers and applause had subsided. And we did—everyone being very swell about not asking for autographs or anything. Though I knew there were dozens of girls who would have liked to use the Leap Year prerogative and ask for a dance.

On the way home I congratulated Jeffrey on his being selected as the actor likely to win the greatest fame in 1940 by the Newspaper Film Critics of America—which had been announced in the morning's papers.

"I'll have to cut it out and send it to Dad," he commented. "For years Dad thought I was making a mistake in trying to become an actor. I'm the second of eight children and we lived on a farm, working hard to make a livelihood. Dad was afraid I'd never make a living in this profession. But both of my parents and all of my brothers and sisters are happy about the luck I'm having now."

"I had a pretty hard time of it at first, and for years for that matter. I studied law in school—earning my way through, doing all sorts of jobs from sweeping dormitory floors to cutting lawns and shoveling snow. I studied dramatics, because every good lawyer has to be a good actor to convince juries. That's how I became interested in the theater.

"I joined little theater groups and taught school for a couple of years—then went to New York to take a real film on Broadway. There had never been an actor in our family, and my Dad was dubious. But I didn't crash Broadway with a bang at all. I had to begin ushering in a newsreel theater. Then I spent a summer in stock. Then I played understudy to the juvenile lead in a Broadway play—and bits. Then another season in stock at Bar Harbor, Maine. On my return to New York that fall I couldn't find a job on the stage, but finally I located one in Macy's bargain basement.

"But hard luck can't go on forever. I was signed for the No. I road company of 'Brother Rat'—and when we played in Los Angeles Metro had me make a screen test. Warner Brothers saw the test, and I was signed to a contract. This is my third year in Hollywood.

"I hope you'll remain a bachelor star for a long time—they're so in demand and so few." I remarked, not mentioning the fact that when Gable, Tyrone Power, and Robert Taylor all up and married they left half of feminine America without an eligible star to whom they could give their complete adoration. Jeffrey Lynn's photographs have replaced those of the married stars by hundreds—young girls not thinking it good taste to have Carole Lombard's or Annabella's husband in silver frames on their dressing tables. But after giving Jeffrey all this valuable professional advice, he replied that he wasn't so sure—for if the right girl came along, he was afraid he wouldn't be able to resist her.

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**PEPSI AND PETE**

**THE PEPSI-COLA COPS**

"I make sure each bottle holds 12 full ounces!"

"I make sure it's wholesome and grand tasting!"

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**BRIDGE CLUBadopts OFFICIAL DRINK**

The monthly meeting of the local Bridge Club was held last Friday evening. During the evening, Pepsi-Cola was served—to the delight of all members present. "Pepsi-Cola is so grand-tasting and so economical to buy," said the president, "I move we make it the official drink of the club." The motion was put to a vote and unanimously carried.

**GOOD NEWS FOR HOSTESSES**

It's easy and economical to entertain when you have Pepsi-Cola in the house. The handy home carton holds 6 big bottles—and each bottle holds 12 full ounces.
“Everyone tells me that I must not fail in love, now that I’m really getting some place in pictures,” he said. “Or that if I do I must put my career ahead of any girl. I think that would be a very cold-blooded thing to do. In fact, I don’t think I could do it. It certainly wouldn’t be fair to the girl.”

“I haven’t thought seriously of marriage—until now—because I didn’t want to ask any girl to take a chance with me on my prospects, which from a financial viewpoint have been a struggle until recently. I think a man wants to give his wife everything he possibly can to make her happy.

“Someday I hope to find a girl who is lovely, refined, and sweet. A girl who wants only to make a home for the two of us—and who will be interested in everything I do. Especially in being with me! I want her to be interested in athletics, and in all outdoor sports. I’d want her to ski, swim, play tennis.

“She doesn’t have to be a glamour girl. However, I’d like her to be pretty and know how to wear clothes well. When she’s out with me, I’d like other fellows to look at her and say, ‘Jeffrey’s a lucky man!’

“My college chum and his wife live out here. I think their marriage is ideal. I’d like to have a wife just like her and live just as they do. They have a nice little home of their own, have their friends in to dinner, and they’re completely interested in each other.

“This being a bachelor and going out every night to Ciro’s, La Conga, and the Grove, sounds exciting—but a fellow gets tired of it. I like to take a girl out to dinner—for I especially don’t like eating dinner alone. Then I enjoy dancing. But I like to go with the same girl pretty much of the time. I think you enjoy each other’s company better when you know one another, and can plan going places and doing things together.

“Last year I took a house out in San Fernando Valley. I began furnishing it—but a house is not a home when you live alone in it. It was lonesome, so I moved back into Hollywood. I stored the furniture, for I may need it some day!”

“I like girls who are intelligent and can talk about interesting things—girls who have ideas and who keep up on books and current happenings. I’ve always admired brunettes with blue or brown eyes. I like a girl of medium height to dance with. I rather think I like college girls—although a fellow is sure to make a statement like that and then fall in love with just the opposite type entirely!

“At present, I’m just going along. I have three or four dates a week when I’m not working. And I jump into my car and go up to Palm Springs—or out to a ranch or anywhere to spend a few days. I generally go alone—and as I drive along I think that it would be to have a girl, who was my wife, sitting there by me. It would be so much nicer to have someone to share things with.

“One of my sisters came out a short while back to visit me. She’s about eighteen, I never had a better time, than taking her about with me. I bought her clothes and took her to every place I could think of. We went sailing over to Catalina, drove to a dude ranch on the desert, up to Arrowhead in the mountains, and went dancing and previewing and dining. When she went back home I was lost for a while without her.”

“It wasn’t until Jeffrey had said goodnight and was walking down the footpath to his car, that I suddenly remembered that it was Leap Year night and I’d been out with Jeffrey Lynn, one of the screen’s most eligible bachelor stars, and hadn’t done anything about it—except to advise him NOT to get married!

“while minor breakings-out usually respond to a good anti-septic lotion or cream designed for this special purpose. Scrupulous cleanliness is necessary. Avoid touching your face, or you may infect eruptions or spread them. Good physical condition—and this means diet, sleep, exercise and elimination—will aid in clearing the skin. The

same cure goes for boys, too, as well as girls.

The figure problems of many girls are wide and varied. Either you have too much or too little. Lucky is the girl who grows and develops evenly, and for one of the loveliest thirteen-year-old figures I have yet seen from Hollywood, let me hand Jane Withers an orchid, though her taste runs to race horses. Jane even had one named after her. If you suddenly pop out here and there, instead of rounding out and curving in as you’d like, don’t be discouraged. If you have too much of you, it won’t hurt to eliminate those chocolate sodas and between-meal snacks and substitute fresh fruit and the salad you don’t like and green vegetables. On the other hand, if you’re straight as a pin and long to send the scales up, then drink more Grade A, and
sleep and don't worry. And exercise! Exercise, whatever shape or size you are. Exercise, says Mrs. Withers, is responsible for the all-around good development of Jane.

You can create some helpful figure illusions through choosing your clothes with care. Tall girls look shorter in sweaters and skirts, blouses and skirts and frocks with belts. In fact, any line that cuts you in two makes you look shorter, while the pee-wees and the frankly fat girls look taller and slimmer in one-piece frocks. In many schools today, there are counselors who have an eye to dressing to type, and they will gladly help you. Or concentrate on the stores and magazines that have your age in mind.

Recently, I interviewed a number of boys of prep school and college age as to what they liked in girls. A clarion chorus rings out, something like this: "Not too much lipstick. No painted mouths. No deep, dark lipstick. Just a little lipstick." Smart girls, take your tip from this. The boys like lipstick, all right. They'd feel pretty lousy if you didn't use it. But I gather that they want it to look like you, natural, that is. Then, they didn't like fat girls, and all wanted the girls to be sleek dancers, and they didn't like them fresh and sophisticated beyond their years and they didn't like boasting girls. There were lots of other things they did and didn't like, but above you have the pertinent facts on faces and figures.

As to personality, well, I think the Judy Garland and the Deanna Durbins and girls like that should be a big inspiration to everyone of you. Girls just like you, who are their age and no more, though they may sometimes look it; natural, unaffected, friendly and good sorts. The boys like them; the girls like them, and magazine women like myself pay to go and look at them. I believe that a pleasant openmindedness, a friendliness and consideration are about your best bets. These make everybody like you, and for your own young set, of course, there is a certain "line" or attitude that's right there.

And now, the tempo changes from swing king rhythm to the stately and beautiful chant of a church chorus or the sonorous march from an organ, for here comes the bride. She is the lucky girl who now has, but her problem is to hold. And I have faith that she will. An important thing to remember is that your loveliness and just the you that once attracted this groom must continue and not be allowed to slide now that you're married. Especially must I stress personal immaculacy. With the reasonable means of good grooming at hand today, there is just no excuse for any errors here.

Deodorants, depilatories and sanitary protection have been so highly perfected that there seems little more to wish for in this field. Keep alert on these subjects, for they simplify many personal phases. If you do your own housework, do it in the hours that your husband is away working. It is more distressing to men that we realize to find us mixed up with soiled dishes or struggling with a mop. Organize your work so you have time for play. Keep those lovely hands. Use the mild soap chips instead of harsh soap wherever you are. Wear gloves when you dust or do chores. There are some splendid new ones made of pliofilm that are great hand-savers. Utilize these work hours for putting up your hair in curlers, if you use them, and for that extra cream on your face. You'll get beauty by day as well as night, you know.

Never forget that your lovely skin, hair and figure are more important now than ever. You have a man to be proud of you. That is an achievement. And to keep him proud, is still more of an achievement.

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) (56)
LADY ESTHER, 7101 West 63rd St., Chicago, Ill.
FREE Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, postpaid. (Offer limited to one per family.)

Name: ______________________
Address: _____________________
City: __________________ State: ____________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)
If you haven't tried Camille Cream Mascara, you're missing one of the most exciting beauty helps ever perfected! For this amazing mascara, you use without water, works even magic! It lines your lashes to the very tip, makes them look thicker, longer — makes your eyes bewitchingly lovely. Smearproof, stinging proof. Comes in a large, colored variety that keeps your purse clean. Get Camille Mascara at your 10c store today, or send 10c (15c in Canada) coin or stamps to CAMILLE 46 E. 21st Street, New York, N. Y. Dep't E.

**YOU'LL ALWAYS BE CONSTIPATED UNLESS—**

You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely every day into your intestines to help digest fatty foods. So use COMMON SENSE! Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure gentle yet thorough bowel movements but also stimulate liver bile to help digest fatty foods and tone up intestinal muscular action. Olive Tablets, being purely vegetable, are wonderful! Used successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 15c, 50c and 90c.

**SONG POEM WRITERS**

Write free for inspiring booklet outlining opportunities for amateur songwriters, ALLIED MUSIC, Inc., Dept. 10, Box 507, Cincinnati, Ohio

beauty your hair at home

**Solo curlers**

At 5c & 10c stores

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**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, you use without water, works even magic! It lines your lashes to the very tip, makes them look thicker, longer — makes your eyes bewitchingly lovely. Smearproof, stinging proof. Comes in a large, colored variety that keeps your purse clean. Get Camille Mascara at your 10c store today, or send 10c (15c in Canada) coin or stamps to CAMILLE 46 E. 21st Street, New York, N. Y. Dep't E.

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**Fun Fest with Kay Kyser**

Continued from page 29

achancements and celebrity, pretty much the same unsuspoiled Kay Kyser he has always been; the same gallant Southern gentleman; and still a shade on the sentimental side. As a youth, he worked in the tobacco fields for which his native Tar Heel State is widely famous. His pursuits and pleasures were those of a normal boy, sports held his fancy. He was a clean-cut, well-mannered lad and believer in fair play. And being well-liked and popular with his associates, any undertaking with which he identified himself usually produced good results. That's why his bright example was responsible for the reformation of a group of young toughs in his home town who called themselves "Peck's Bad Boys." On one occasion Kay was challenged to enter a song contest. He readily agreed to do so, seeing that he was one who seldom passed up a dare, particularly if it held forth promise of fun and adventure. It was an amateur affair. To insure that he wouldn't forget the words of the three tunes he had chosen to sing, Kay scribbled them on cards which he held back of him. Nervously he glanced at the cards a last time then opened fire. In the excitement that followed his cards became mixed and, our hero sang the lyrics of one number to the music of another. This brought whoops of laughter from the Warm Springs crowd, who also greeted the performance, and Kay marched off with the prize.

Kyser's screen and radio work have paid him handsome dividends. It remained for his rollicking fun-fest, the College of Musical Knowledge, which he introduced about two years ago, to send him rolling down the road of popularity. It was caught on with the public almost overnight. Audiences were delighted to participate in the frolics of a merry Kyser program. And they are even more tickled to do so today. He is currently rated as one of the country's top-notch band maestros. His earnings are among the highest in his profession. His following is exceedingly large and enthusiastic. They have revealed his orchestra as the nation's current number one favorite.

From the outset Kyser has shown the good judgment that led to his successful College of Musical Knowledge simple and fast-moving. Most of his questions are easy to answer—and likewise hangs the secret of the success of the Kyser program. Kay helps with hints, sometimes all but telling the person he is interviewing what to say. Most important of all, he dispels the participant's nervousness or microphone fright with his playfulness, informality, and reassuring manner.

Being a philosopher, wit, comic, and hairdresser, Mr. Kyser seizes upon every opening or chance remark to jest and provoke the mirth of audiences. One night he asked a pretty young woman to identify the sentiments from which his orchestra had just played. She replied: "Now's The Time To Fall In Love." Which was correct, Kyser then let out one of his rebel yells, then exclaimed: "Yes for the lady!"

In another instance, he was getting ready to test the knowledge of an attractive girl. Kyser flashed her an approving look; then, smiling sweetly turned around her shoulder and pulled her close against him, under the pretext that he wanted her to come "nearer the microphone." Fun rules range during the College of Musical Knowledge presentations. Ludicrous answers to "Professor" Kyser's questions have been heard on some of these programs. Kay chuckles when he recalls the gold nuggets of the lot. They go like this: "One fellow, asked to name the national anthem, promptly asserted that it was 'Flat Foot Fling.' Another contestant said it was his belief that a Broadway columnist wrote 'Now It Can Be Told.' Another declared that the weather bureau must have introduced 'April Showers.' And another volunteer thought that "Home, Sweet Home" must have been none other than his brother — when he needed money.

Mr. Kyser, a Kyser fellow to the microscope, to find out what makes him tick, and he turns out to be a many-sided person; and, in some respects, a study in contradiction. He observes that swing has been prevalent in musical trends for many years and that it's here to stay, in one form or another. But for his part, he prefers music of charm and quality; the kind that appeals to your heart. This does not, however, prevent his playing that "makes you want to dance" music. Truth is, his programs emphasize the latter, although they are spiced with such high-spirited numbers as 'On the Avenue' and the like.

You will note, that by and large, Virginia Simms, charming, dusky-voiced contralto of the Kyser troupe, sticks to torch numbers in her characterizations, and especially those songs which pulse with plaintive and wistful themes. Her rich voice lends itself to a happy rendition of these selections. This is the kind of musician Kyser is.

On his personal appearances and during his radio broadcasts, Kyser projects himself as a jokester, a gag buffoon. There is punch in his spontaneity. He dashes about the room in a break-neck speed and makes such faces. His bag of tricks seems inexhaustible. He overlooks no bet to promote the spirit of jubilation. His approach is among the friendliest and most natural on record. He steps forth and, in his gentle Southern drawl, begins: "Evenin', folks. How you-all?" A momentary pause, then: "Yes, good day!" After this, festivities whisk away to a flying start. Harry Babbitt comes to the microphone and sings the title of the latest hit in a pleasing voice. Ginny Simms sometimes sings with him. Otherwise, she is featured in a solo. "Sassy" Sally Mason, the only other North Carolina boy of the organization save Kay himself, does his share of tousles on the show. Ish Kabibble (real name, Mervyn Bogue) claims the spotlight from time to time in his role as slow-witted comedian.

Kay is a bespectacled ash-blond, stands about six feet, and weighs in the neighborhood of 160 pounds. His build is solid. Unlike the glamorous girl who wishes to reduce his Kyser's size, he refuses to lose weight up to par. His strenuous exercises and vigorous actions during his one hour program, as well as the requirements personal appearance, have left the Kyser to a good deal. As soon as it's all over, he goes out in search of appetizing, energy-building foods. He is a hearty eater and has a weakness for Southern cook Rubin's. Whenever he hits a new town, he loses little time in ferreting out quaint and unusual dining places.

Members of his band admire and respect Kay and respond to his leadership with cooperative spirits. He's a firm yet very democratic taskmaster. Harmony prevails in his organization. He's glad that most of his boys are happily married; thinks that factor helps them to concentrate on their work to better advantage. There are no petty squabbles or jealousies to stir dis-
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Stay Free From Shine

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first conceived "Kay Kyser's Kampus Class." Patrons signed their approval. Cheered by this reception, Kyser was later to re-vamp and polish his idea, and present it as the College of Musical Knowledge. His first commercial radio effort bore the tag of Elgin Football Revue. Then began his ascent of the ladder. By 1935 polls dis- closed that Kay Kyser carried himself high placed in the popularity sweeps. His rise con- tinued. Lucky Strike sponsored him, and the NBC network of stations carried his program. He was to reach the top rung in 1938 and consolidate his position in public favor in 1939.

In private life, Kyser is an earnest and quiet and thoughtful person; almost retiring of disposition. He has moments of solitude for serious thinking. He reads magazines and newspapers extensively, and keeps sharply abreast of current topics. His mind is alert and he absorbs his sub- ject. During games of solitaire he often thinks of questions to include on his College of Musical Knowledge.

Thriftly though his own habits are, he is, nevertheless, generous to a fault toward his friends and those others who have done him the slightest turn or favor. And his loyalty to those who have shown him a kindness of some sort is proverbial. A striking illus- tration of that may be had from the ensuing incident: In 1933 Kyser was doing an en- gagement for Frank Martinelli at San Francisco's Bal Tabarin. At that time he was struggling to push ahead in his pro- fession. His offerings did not hit the bulls-eye for the first several days. Criticism was leveled at him from this and that source. Others were for tossing Kay and his boys out, bag and baggage. But Martinelli stuck by him. Later, Kay began to click. His "Man on the Flying Trapeze" act won wide-spread favor and applause. Hence Martinelli's confidence in Kay Kyser was justified.

Last summer Kay had a chance to repay the man who befriended him in 1933. He had swept up from Catalina Island, a fa- vorite stamping ground of his, to the San Francisco Fair, where his appearance for one week garnered him $16,000. From there he jumped over to the Bal Tabarin, then limping about on financial crusts, and performed for seven days and nights for $600. That was a rich friend. He would have filled the engagement for much less than that had not union officials inter- fered. His stay at the Bal Tabarin served to transform that place into an em- porium of cheer and put it back on its traditionally lusty feet.

Kay is a neat and nice-looking fellow, but not by any stretch a handsome one. Nor has he any illusions of being so. More than likely he didn't mind in the slightest, the inferences in "That's Right—You're Wrong" that he was homely. For that matter, he is first to lib himself. A little incident will serve to prove: That Adolphe Menjou strove to con- vert Kay into a snappy and natty dresser, and took him to his own tailor. That didn't do the trick. The new clothing produced no noticeable results of improvement. Menjou shrugged his shoulders in resignation. Kay was philosophical about the whole affair. He laughed: "You can't put a dud-dollar suit on a dud-dollar ma- le!"

Should tides of public fancy shift and send him towering from the heights, Kyser admits that he would probably try his hand at films, radio, music, etc. And come out edibles. But, as movie-goers have placed a warm stamp of approval on his first movie venture, and with the making of a second on the horizon, the radio program and personal appear- ances, isn't likely that he will have a chance to pull out his pipe, don slippers, rest his feet beside a fireplace, and start reminiscing, for some time to come.

Myrna Visits the Old Home Town

Continued from page 27

awfully romantic about Mexico, she was married there), New York, and Europe.

So it was a case of "Wolf, Wolf." And then one day, a few weeks ago, Myrna, quiet as a mouse with an inferiority com- plex, arrived in Helena with her mother, and started calling up friends and relatives. No one believed that she was really there, until they saw that familiar red hair, freckles, and cute little tilted nose. And then they knew that Myrna Williams had come home at last—and she hadn't changed a bit.

When Myrna was a long-legged, freckled-faced tomboy of eleven her father, David Williams, died in a flu epidemic, and shortly afterwards her mother, who had

Like Mrs. Artie Show in her new cocktail hat of white silk blossoms with gold and crystal hot pin? Now don't let the new name puzzle you 'cause Mrs. Artie is none other than your own favorite Lana Turner.

been in bad health since the birth of little David, decided to sell the Williams home in Helena and move her small family to Southern California where the climate was mild the year round. Myrna, heart-broken over leaving the neighborhood kids, (though they were rather relieved to have her go), divided her toys among them, made a last face at the little boy who had turned her down, took out on a couple of fines at the local library, kissed her aunts and uncles and first and second cousins goodbye, and left for the California that in a few years would make her one of the most famous women in the world. Others, she'd be back soon. But she never did go back. Until a few weeks ago. Lives can get so busy. So tangled. We seem never to do the things we really want to do.

Nevertheless, Helena, and the little western town of Radersburg, sixty miles out of Helena, where her Uncle Elmer's ranch is, and where she spent all her summers as a child, have always been "home" to Myrna. Even after she entered into the exciting life of making pictures, even after she became the most popular "wire" on the screen, Myrna never got her nostalgia for her home town. For weeks, maybe months, she
I wouldn't think about "home" at all, and then one day driving out to the Valley to a location she would see an old rambling house, a farmyard gate slightly sagging and a bedroom window, the way of homesickness would sweep over her. I'll go home as soon as I finish this picture, she'd say to herself. I want to breathe that breath of cold winter wind against my cheeks. I want to smell those pleasant scents of a country store on a snowy night. I want to see my trees, my home, and everything is finished. I'll go back. But when that picture was finished there was always another one waiting. And another, and another.

Then suddenly, and without any warning, it was as if Myrna had thrown everything she packed a couple of bags, and with her mother, and colored maid, Theresa, she caught a train for Helena, Montana. And once were Myrna Loy, subject of the screen, became Myrna Williams, home town girl, and almost cried from the pure joy of it.

The first night she was in Helena, Myrna made her one and only personal appearance. The manager of the Marlow Theater had arranged for a special showing of "Test Pilot" and after the picture Myrna was mobbed by an audience by Mayor Roberts. In a strapless evening gown of mousseline-de-soie, made in Paris for her, Myrna fairly took their breath away. Helena was a picture of everything like that before! For a few moments there she was a Queen, and then they remembered that, after all, she was only Elmer Williams' niece. She was as well in Hollywood. "I can't remember much about my personal appearance," Myrna told me later. "I wanted to be awfully gay about it all, so I got up there. They tried to keep those things as a couple of stories. Then I got all sentimental, and choked up, and I think I cried a little." Whatever she did, the audience went for it. They applauded so loud that the roof nearly fell in.

The stage of the Marlow Theater has always been lucky for Myrna. It was there that she made her first public appearance, hidden good-to-goodness footlights. It was for a benefit put on by the Elks, and Myrna, all done up in blue tatarian, did a "Bluebird" dance that was the hit of the show. The applause that followed was sweetest, and she went home and there she decided to be an actress when she grew up. But not even in her wildest dreams, and Myrna being an imaginative child had some of them, did she ever think that she would come to be the Marlow Theater some day as a famous Hollywood movie star.

At the reception held for her that night at the hotel Myrna shook hands with practically everybody in town. If she missed a name and then no one noticed, for Mrs. Williams was right there at her daughter's side. Mrs. Williams, fortunately, has a remarkable memory for names. Myrna saw again the kids she used to go to school with, grown-up now with families and horror and thrilled when several of them told her that their lives had been far more pleasant after she left town. "You were always making us dress up in funny old things and do silly shows down in your basement," they said. "You were so determined about it, and we wanted to please you, but really we were glad when you finished. You never could have had peace!" Myrna gave them her biggest giggle. "But I was surprised," she confessed to me. "I thought they were enjoying it just as much as we were.

The high spot of the evening was when the woman who had been librarian in the Helena library when Myrna lived there presented her with her old library card. "How sweet," said Myrna. "You kept it all these years!" "Yes, Myrna," said the librarian with a chuckle, "I had good reason to keep it. Just you read those blue slips! You owe the Helena library fifty-five cents." Sure enough, one blue slip showed that some years ago a certain Myrna Williams had borrowed "The Camp Fire Girls' Log" and had kept it overtime without paying the fine. The second blue slip proved beyond a doubt, that the same Williams girl had borrowed "The Peter Pan Picture Book" and had kept it considerably without paying the money. (Why, Myrna Loy, to think you would skip out on your obligations! I'll have to warn Mr. Mayer to watch you in the future.) Well, anyway, we know what a movie star reads. And the library will get a check—after all these years.

Next day Myrna and her mother drove out to the old family ranch, sixty miles out of Helena, which had started as a log cabin a long time ago when Myrna's grandparents had been covered wagon pioneers. The ranch is still owned by Myrna's Uncle Elmer. It was here that Myrna spent all her summers when she was a kid, and you can be quite sure that she had herself a sentimental spree as she visited the benches, the trees, the barns, and the fences, and the rose location where she used to sit and dream of the future. Hollywood with its artificial lives and laughter seemed millions of miles away. Myrna in the beauty and simplicity of the soil, her soul, and loved it. Then she wondered, as we all wonder when we visit our home towns, if it is not better to have never to have left at all.

She visited the little town of Radersburg nearby, where she had bought Hershey bars and ice-cream cones, and where she had seen her first moving picture. Radersburg was very glad to see her because she was Elmer's niece and Delta's daughter, but by now wasn't going to fawn over her because she was a movie star. She entered the small store to make a few purchases and visit the old pickle barrel—(she doubtless filled the pickles when she was down about Myrna now)—and ran right into a pinocchio game over by the stove. "They didn't even bother to look up at me," said Myrna. "That took me down a notch.

But on the outside sidewalk she heard someone call, "Why, there's my girl!" It was a man who had once worked on the ranch when Myrna was a small kid. "Do you still run away?" he asked. "When you were a little girl you used to jump over fences, irritation ditches, and everything that got in your way. Your mother told me one day that I was to spank you if I ever caught you running away across my fields. I caught you one day, and I had to spank you, but I didn't spank you very hard."

The rest of the week Myrna spent with her relatives, reminiscing about old times, visiting old scenes—and every night, of course, there were family dinners. "They are awfully wonderful people," Myrna told me. "So frank, and honest. They hate everything that is fake. Myrna who has had so many thrills these past ten years, got the biggest thrill of her life because these grand Montana people accepted her simply as a person, and never as a star. "You'd think I had only been away a few months."

Myrna confided, and that we were taking up right where we left off, they never said, "Do you remember? They always took it for granted that I did remember. And certainly by my maid, Theresa, who told me the morning we left, Mrs. Hornblow, these are the nicest people I ever met in all my life!"

Well, I'm telling you, after an afternoon with Myrna, I'm going to pack my trunk right away and leave for my old home town. But I hate to think what kind of blue slips might be waiting for me.
We're tired of the old-fashioned, long-winded film review! We believe you are, too. So, this month, we are beginning a new policy: telling you, tersely and straight-from-the-shoulder, without fear or favor, exactly what you may expect from the current film offerings. This way, when the head of the family says, "I'd like to see a movie if there's anything good in town," grab your copy of SCREENLAND and be guided, at a glance, to the best pictures. Let us know if you like our new reviews, won't you? D. E.
Right now, Hollywood’s hour of grace has been visited upon Laraine Day. At the moment she is the most exciting find in Hollywood. Actually, motion pictures and acting aren’t new to Laraine at all. For years she has been preparing herself and waiting. She isn’t a miraculous discovery, she is a deserving, experienced actress. Anything outstanding that comes to her now isn’t by any means luck, it’s a well-earned reward. Her one exceptional performance in “My Son, My Son!” has established her as a promising feminine personality. Yet Laraine has appeared in picture after picture, thirteen to be exact, and was never mentioned as being unusual.

She lived very modestly with her family in a small town near Hollywood. When she couldn’t get a job in the movies she went back to little theater groups for more experience, but she never gave up. At last her role came and she was ready. You’ll see her next as Robert Taylor’s leading lady, no less, in “The Dawn’s Early Light.”

Everyone tried to discourage Roger Pryor when he began becoming too interested in airplanes. They explained it was an expensive and foolhardy folly to own your own plane. No one gave him any sympathy but Ray Milland. Now Roger has returned Ray’s friendly interest with a most gracious deed and Ann Sothern has, in some measure, become resigned to Roger’s flying. When Ray was ordered to the desert with threatened pneumonia, Roger found that the Millands would miss seeing an English visitor, a very close and dear friend of their family, who was on his way back to England. Roger had just received his license to fly passengers commercially. The visitor had only a few hours to spend in Southern California. Roger put the two facts together and asked the Englishman if he wanted to take the chance. He jumped at the suggestion, so Roger flew him to see Ray. The two exchanged warm greetings and reminiscences, who was on his way to England with personal news of Ray for the Milland family.

Ann Sheridan tells all in “Men I Can’t Forget!”

America’s Glamour Girl FRANKLY Discusses Leading Men She’s Had in Her Pictures! Read What She Says About Her First Screen KISS from Fred MacMurray! Here is the best story out of Hollywood in many a moon! Only in the June issue of Silver Screen Will You Find It!

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Ann Sheridan Tells All in “Men I Can’t Forget!”

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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 deck tennis for three hours in the blazing sun! Result... not a 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. 10c, 25c, or 60c jar, or 25c tube. McKesson & Robbins, Inc.

Yodora Deodorant Cream

Screenland 95

Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks, Jr., recently announced the birth of a baby daughter whom they’ll name Daphne Young. With the Doug Jrs., above left, is cousin Lucille Fairbanks.
"Turnabout"
Continued from page 34

meant what she said. Well, what was the use of figuring out advertising campaigns if you couldn’t figure out a way to sell your ideas to your own wife, too? Tim put his mind on the problem and presto, there was his solution. Why not ask the woman he loved whether or not she bought it before? He’d get Sally a dog of her own, one of those squarly, soft little dogs that women liked and then Sally would know how really felt to love a dog and Dorey would be safe.

He needed help, though. How could he know the sort of little dog that would appeal to a woman when he couldn’t see any of them for dust? Suddenly he fixed his eyes on Gale.

"Do you like dogs?" he demanded.

"Why, Mr. Willows," Gale widened her cornflower blue to accent proportions, "Al’s just currazy for dogs, especially those ity-bitsy furry ones."

"That’s great!" Tim became the big executive and snapped his fingers. "Get your hat. We’re going to go out and buy one."

The pet shop had everything in the animal line from a Siamese kitten to the bear an irate customer had just brought back.

"We’re looking for something in a dog," Tim explained. "One of those ity-bitsy ones."

"With the fuzzy-wuzzy hair," Gale thrilled clapping her hands, "And the funny noses."

"Sounds like a Pekingese to me," said the Clerk.

"It sounds terrible to me," Tim muttered following him to the back of the store.

His back was turned so he didn’t see Irene Clare come into the store or Marion Manning waiting for her outside, her nose pushed against the window where a couple of puppies were frisking about as bait for the sucker trade. But Irene saw Tim, not only Tim but Gale and the Peke, too, and Irene was always a girl for action. She was out of the shop before he’d turned the second flat and had told Marion all about it and the two of them had dashed to the shop where they’d left Sally trying on an evening gown that had been bought for them a week ago, just as anybody in town.

Sally, Marion and Irene were as much a partnership as Willows, Manning and Clare. They bought and sold, contributed insurance, lunching and matineeing and teasing and the three musketeers had nothing on them when it came to one for all and all for one. But that didn’t mean Sally was going to take it lying down when the other two told her of the luscious blonde with the southern accent Tim was buying a Peke for.

"Nonsense," Sally said firmly. "Probably just one of the girls from the office helping him buy me a pet: I love dogs."

Sally was right, of course, even though she didn’t believe it herself. There is such a thing as pride and Sally had more than her share of it and she wasn’t going to play the role of neglected wife in front of the complacent Tim and Irene.

But the face that greeted Tim that evening was first cousin to a thundercloud. Then she saw the case he was carrying and in an instant she knew she’d have to have something he had put his hands on for ever having doubted him for a moment.

"Then you really were getting it for me!" she cried delightedly tugging at the straps. But her cries of joy changed to horror when she saw what Tim had brought her. It was a bear!
bed with fire in her eyes. "Well, I'll change places with you any time you wish, wise guy. What a chic you have! Dash out of the house every morning, play around all day, and try to kid yourself you're working. You ought to try running a house sometime."

"I'd love to!" Tim laughed sarcastically and he was so mad he didn't see the statue of the sacred Ram suddenly illuminated across the room. "I'd love to loll in bed all morning up to my lips in beauty creams, pastes and powders, and then pull my tired body out of the hay in time to go to a bridge party and stab my friends in the back. You and your hard lot! Don't make me hesitate.

The Ram's head blinked. "Do you agree you'd like to change places?" it asked softly.

Both Sally and Tim jumped. They were sure they'd heard a strange voice.

"Did you say something, Tim?" Sally asked.

"No, my friends, it was I who spoke," the Ram's head said pleasantly. "Here I've been sitting for five long years mindng my own business and what do I get? Nothing but a crashing discord of bickering and wrangling. But tonight at long last, you've found a common bond. And you recall, I trust, that it is within my power to grant such a request. So I'll teach you a lesson that'll last you the rest of your lives. And don't forget you asked for it."

Afterward they dimly remembered hearing the voice but then they both put it down to nightmares and let it go at that.

Sally was the first one to wake up the next morning. At least it looked like Sally sitting up in bed yawning and stretching luxuriously and finally getting up and humming as she crossed to the dresser and picked up a razor. Only it wasn't Sally's voice singing those deep notes off-key. It was Tim's voice. The Ram had kept his promise. Tim had become Sally!

"Sally!" It seemed absolutely crazy to see Sally shouting her own name in that deep bass voice and shaking Tim who was still asleep. "Something awful has happened. I'm you!"

"For goodness sake what's all the fuss about?" Sally's voice asked coming out of Tim's startled mouth. Then she looked at what she thought was herself and screamed.

"Why, this is awful. It must be a dream!"

"Dream, my eye!" Tim's voice came belothing out of Sally's sweet little rosebud mouth. "This is a nightmare. Things like this don't happen!"

"Of course they don't," Sally agreed. "But—what are we going to do? Oh, I remember now. It was the Ram last night! He said we'd been yapping about wanting to be in each other's shoes so often he was going to make us do it."

Suddenly Tim decided it wasn't so bad to be Sally. He wouldn't have to go to the office. "I'm going to sleep for another three or four hours," he announced triumphantly getting back to bed. "Isn't that what you always do?"

"You mean I've got to go to your office?" Sally's voice shrilled. And certainly was preposterous that high voice coming from Tim's lips and to see his body prancing around the room like that. "Nice going. I have to get up and go to work while you loll around in bed. And you call yourself a man!"

"Oh, no, I don't! Not any more!" Tim roared. "And if you're ever going to get that voice raised to a high falsetto, then she shrugged and put it all down to a gag. But his secretary looked up annoyed when he pranced into the office.

"It's not my idea of a very funny entrance," she said scathingly. "But you'll only succeed in making everybody think you're a little crazy."

"Boy, Miss, I don't know what you mean!" Sally's voice shrilled. Then she remembered. She was Tim. "Oh, you mean my voice? Well, you see I caught it and settled it in my throat. Laryngitis."

"What about the Ram?" Miss Bamister persisted, stony-eyed.

"This?" Sally looked confused as she saw her handbag swinging from Tim's back. "What on earth is this?"

She falted. "It keeps coming open all the time."

It was an awful morning. The only break came when she got from the Ross Institute, Allen Pingboom. Sally couldn't understand why the others didn't seem to like him. He'd been so nice and understanding when she forgot she was Tim and took out her purse and started to powder her nose. And then he was really a darling sitting there talking about his stock account and telling her his troubles. When Manning and Clare came in she glared at them.

"Mr. Pingboom tells me he's been trying to see me for a week," she said, and Manning grinned as she tossed her head. He'd never thought Tim such an actor. Why, to look at him you'd think he was as swissy as Pingboom. Manning barely managed to suppress a wink as Tim went on in that high-keyed girlish voice. "He informs me that you kept him away. It may interest you to know I've just closed the deal with his firm."

She turned away as if dismissing both of them with her words and her head, on rather Tim's head, was tilted coyly as she smiled at Pingboom. "Thank you again and au revoir, Allen."

Pingboom fluttered to the door. "Toodle-beo, Timmsy," he said coyly, then he flashed a withering glance at Manning and Clare and was gone.

Sally felt good. It was her first day in Tim's shoes. She had landed a new account for the firm. Of course there were annoyances such as the time she was thrown out of the rest room when she forgot to put some lipstick on and of course there was the pert little model who slapped her just because

---

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comfort of new shoes! They are cushioning, soothing, clinic-tested and 63¢/6¢ safer than before! Don't come off in the bath! Separate Medications aren't needed for removal of corns or calluses. Get a box today! Costs but a trifle — greater value than ever. Sold everywhere. Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns between the toes.

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**Phonograph**

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---

**SEVENLAND**

97

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Herbert Marshall was besieged by autograph seekers when he attended a preview with his re-

cent bride, the former Lee Russell.
"Sounds like a Pekingese to me," said the pet shop clerk, when Tim and Gale told him they were looking for an itty-bitty dog with fuzzy-wuzzy hair and a flat, funny nose.

"I've made a terrible mess of things at the office!" she wailed and told him how she'd put her foot right through the Marlowe account. How could she have known the thing had been planned when she left? A southern girl and the pert little model had announced they were her sisters? Sally had told the truth and Marlowe had left in a rage, taking his account with him.

But even losing the Marlowe account wasn't as bad as the fix he was in.

"I'm afraid things are even worse here," Tim said miserably. "Why didn't you tell me about the baby?"

"Oh, Tim, I meant to," Sally wailed. "And then we had that stupid argument and Mr. Ram didn't this anyway" she stopped in horror as she looked at Tim—"Oh, Tim! Tim! It isn't me. You're the one that's going to have it." He knew it, Tim knew generally, "And it's desperate. I can't go on like this."

"Oh, Tim, it's all our fault," Sally started to cry. "If we hadn't fought and bickered all time it wouldn't have happened.

"Now, now, darling, don't cry," Tim said soothingly. "Let's see what we can do about it. If we both promise to behave, maybe—"

But before he could finish the sentence they were standing in front of Mr. Ram.

"Look, Mr. Ram," Sally said pleadingly, "can we speak to you just a minute?"

Mr. Ram's eyes glowed with light and he quivered around the statue of the statue and the Ram. "I don't see why not," he said. "What's on your minds? I suppose you two want me to change you back again?"

"Oh, would you," Sally said tearfully, "We'll be grateful as long as we live."

"All right, then," Mr. Ram agreed. "But don't forget. This time it's for good."

The light quivered again and went out suddenly and they were laughing and talking at once. Sally was Sally, and Tim was Tim and everything was all right again.

They had to do something to celebrate and so they called up the Mannings and the Clares and asked them over for cocktails. Then Sally took the cow in a car called up Marlowe. He was still furious but when she told him about the baby he relented and promised to come too. It was fun with all of them. Friends again with the last cocktail and Marlowe announcing he was going to double his account since all and everybody making a fuss over Sally about the baby.

She and Tim were so happy they just had to go back and thank the Ram all over again.

You've made us the happiest people on earth," Sally whispered.

The light flickered again and a look of embarrassment closed over Ram's face.

It's nice of you to say that," he said. "But look, I didn't make a mistake. I forgot something." He looked at Tim and beckoned to him. "Come here, listen."

Tim put his ear close to the Ram's mouth and a low hiss came over his face. "You mean you forgot to—" he faltered. "You mean that I?"

He made a dash for the bar and reached for the glasses and a long high-pitched wail came over his face. "I just found out," she announced gaily. "Tim is going to become a mother!"

"Sounds like a Pekingese to me," said the pet shop clerk, when Tim and Gale told him they were looking for an itty-bitty dog with fuzzy-wuzzy hair and a flat, funny nose.

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The most beautiful finger nails 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!

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"As I've bought over 4 million pounds of tobacco at auctions from Florida to Kentucky, I've seen that Luckies snap up the prettier lots of these finer tobaccos.

"So I smoke Luckies, and others in my 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?
The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

July

NOW

10¢

See what happens when "ANDY HARDY MEETS A DEBUTANTE"

Read Fiction Story of Film Starring MICKEY ROONEY, JUDY GARLAND

INNER with GARBO! — GOOD ADVICE from SPENCER TRACY

Judy Garland
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.

Makes 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.

LISTERINE for HALITOSIS
Wake up, Wallflower! Mum after your bath would have saved your Charm!

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

Breathless 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

Screenland
The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

July, 1940 Vol. XLI, No. 3

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Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher
D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer

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Printed in the U. S. A.
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...
from Hollywood

They say that the real reason Elsa Maxwell is not going to play Typhoon Annie is the flood of letters protesting Warners' choice of her for the role. . . . It could only happen in Hollywood: Mrs. Humphrey Bogart and Mrs. Johnny Weissmuller picking up their knitting between courses at a smart dining spot. Mayo Methot was knitting socks for Humphrey, and Mrs. Weissmuller was working on a tiny baby outfit. The whole Warner commissary waits each noon for Buddy Westmore to come in to "check" on Rosemary Lane's make-up when she is lunching with someone else.

Hedy Lamarr's teaming with Clark Gable in "Boom Town" is like a dream come true for her, because as a girl of sixteen she used to live only to be an actress and to play opposite Gable, who was her favorite. She still has many of the scrap-books with page after page filled with pictures of Clark that she cut out of magazines and papers when she was a schoolgirl in Vienna. She managed even to get a real photograph of him. Hedy's young girl dreams came true, but not quite as she would have them if she were still that romantic young girl and not Mrs. Gene Markey. In "Boom Town" she plays a slyly adventurous and does win Clark from his wife, Claudette Colbert, only to lose him again; but there is not one love scene for Hedy in the whole story. Never once is she in Gable's arms on the screen as she was in her schoolgirl dreams. Claudette, as Clark's wife, is the only one in the picture to share his love scenes.

SOMEHOW the friendships between men in Hollywood stand a better chance of lasting than real friendship between women. The case of one of Hollywood's deep, lasting friendships proves it once more. Years ago, in a certain show on Broadway, there were two young men who were good friends. One was a star of the show, the other was a tall, good-looking fellow who played in the orchestra. By a peculiar twist of fate it was the musician who was noticed and wanted by Hollywood. The star did all he could to help his friend. He loaned him clothes and money and aided him in his screen test. It wasn't until years later that the star got his chance in Hollywood and clicked. Today their friendship is as deep and genuine as it ever was. They are under contract to the same studio. They've both experienced a lot of ups and downs and have traveled a long way since those days on Broadway. You've probably guessed by now that I'm talking about Fred MacMurray and Bob Hope.

Any director who has ever worked with Vivien Leigh will agree that she is by no means easy to work with, but then she all swears by her. She never hesitates to tell off anyone on how she means to interpret a role. If she is criticized she argues that her portrayal was the way she felt the part and therefore, natural and right—for her. She never resorts to tricks to steal scenes but will fight for advantages she rightly thinks are hers. Everything, with her, is on the level and above board. Her crew on "Waterloo Bridge", reversed precedent and gave her a party instead of vice versa. That gesture opened a lot of people's eyes in Hollywood. Vivien Leigh is genuinely liked by everyone she works with. She is, in every sense of the word, a clever girl. At the San Francisco opening of "Romeo And Juliet," a stranger was talking to her about Laurence Olivier's performance in the play. "I always thought of Mr. Olivier as a much larger man. On the stage he appeared shorter than I had pictured him," said as a flash Vivien snapped back, "Some of the greatest lovers in the world were small men. Height really doesn't have anything to do with it." The accompanying "so there" look silenced the stranger completely.

You'd never guess that the romance between Dorothy Lamour and Robert Preston, "Typhoon" stars, had cooled from this picture, but it's the latest rumor.

(Please turn to 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!
WHY is Joan Crawford being so secretive about the baby she has living in her home? Why did she deny a child was living there at all until the baby's crying was heard by too many people to be dubbed “imagination” any longer? Why doesn't Joan want to announce she has adopted a baby? Despite her forced announcement that the child belongs to a friend and was only there temporarily, weeks stretch on and on and, still, I've found, the valet service which administers to tots that age continues to call at Joan's house daily. They have been given no inkling that their services will soon be terminated. No one seems to have met the visiting mother. Infants that age aren't usually house guests all on their own. Insiders insist that the baby, if not already, will soon be adopted by Joan.

HERE'S a story of a seemingly impossible mutual admiration society. It is certainly the most unpublicized friendship in all of Hollywood. These two men never met until they were established screen stars. They admired each other's work for years and finally were introduced by a mutual friend. Their respective screen careers are poles apart. One has a particularly punchy dramatic sense. The other is the screen's foremost dancer. You've probably guessed by now that it's Jimmy Cagney and Fred Astaire I'm talking about. They want to make a picture together, but each one insists that the other's particular forte is what they want to portray on the screen. Cagney wants to be able to dance with Astaire, but, also, as well as he does; and Astaire wants to swap dramatic punches in the inimitable Cagney style. There isn't a producer willing to take a chance on these two in the kind of roles they'd like to play.

HENRY FONDA does nothing by halves. He studied painting so diligently for a number of years that just recently he was able to do the murals that decorate the walls of his daughter's room, and by the way, they're not bad. Then he tackled a bigger job, and actually did very satisfactory portraits of his children. But Hank still didn't know enough about painting. He kept on studying. All through the making of his last picture he hurried home from the set twice a week to take a lesson in cleaning and restoring antique canvases. The Fondas have gathered a number of old pictures that need a restorer's attention badly. On their last vacation they bought nothing but old canvases that might prove valuable. When Hank has mastered his training course, no one will restore the works of art but himself.

ROSEMARY LANE's ambition has made everyone conscious of how hard that girl works to try to make herself acceptable and fit for good movie roles. Her only interest in life is to make herself a success. When Priscilla, whose attitude is so very different from her sister's, refused to be bothered with traveling around the state on a Warner Brother's publicity junket, Rosemary was only too glad to accept. She charmed everyone she met, and made a most favorable impression, as always. Rosemary studies acting technique religiously. She diets, she exercises, she studies voice. She works twice as hard as Priscilla and still she hasn't been able to prove she's worth a real break. It makes you wonder just which is the right attitude to take toward Hollywood success. It makes you wonder if there's such a thing as trying too hard. If Rosemary's big chance in "The Boys from Syracuse" puts her over, she'll be rewarded for all her sincerity.

BETTE DAVIS and
CLARK GABLE has more men friends in Hollywood than other actors because he hasn’t forgotten all about the leaner days now that he has his success. He’s never forgotten anyone who helped him then. A dozen or more years ago he made the daily rounds of every casting office in town. He became particularly friendly with the casting director at the old Universal Studios. After Clark’s query of “Got anything today?” they always exchanged a few friendly words. Clark’s success finally took him out of contact with his friend, but he never forgot him. Just recently, that same man happened to be present on the bustling set of an important Gable picture. He realized how far Gable had gone since the old days, and he wondered if Clark would recognize him. Before he knew it, someone tapped him on the shoulder and jokingly asked in the same anxious voice of those lean extra days, “Got anything today?” He didn’t forget!

OLDTIMERS who still happen to be on the Hollywood scene are taking a merciless ribbing at most of our gay night spots these days. All the popular clubs now have movies, shown on small portable screens, as part of the evening’s entertainment. The more old-fashioned and the more humorous the acting in these old melodramas, the greater hit they make. If the stars of those old days happen to be present they are good-naturally panned to a fare-thee-well. Somehow, after a whole day of movie making, pictures can still entertain picture people. No spot in the world is as conscious of the entertainment value of movies as Hollywood. In truth, it’s only good business to set the example for all the rest of the country. At Ciro’s you get the hottest sports flashes by way of the screen. At other clubs, especially good short subjects are shown to great appreciation. The Derby gives you some idea of what television entertainment will be like by having the first television screen installed. Patrons get every television broadcast in the vicinity free with their lunch or dinner.

THE BEST sight of the month: To see Ray Milland arriving with a taxi driver to take him for a ride with his new son. Ray called for his heir at the hospital and took him home himself. Now he hires a taxi so he can personally hold him in his arms when they go out to take the air.

SPRING BYINGTON has invented a new wrinkle for more safety in night driving. It is a gauntlet for the left arm made of alternate strips of brilliant gold and red sequins. The driver behind you can’t miss your arm signal.

IN THE wee small hours of the night, not long ago, the telephone of a very well known Hollywood columnist jangled insistently and when the phone was answered a strange woman’s voice cackled that she had astounding news. She said she had just seen Bette Davis boarding a plane with a handsome man. She insisted they were bound for some quick marriage spot and wondered what her scoop would be worth to the columnist. After a lot of arguing the two were about to get together on a price when the woman calling changed her voice, broke into a hilarious laugh. It turned out to be Bette Davis herself. “There is about as much truth in the story I just told you as there was in what you printed about me the other day. I’ll teach you to say things about Davis that aren’t true!” It was Bette’s good-natured idea of a reprimand and practical joke. The columnist solemnly promised never to malign her again.

Charles Boyer

"All This, and Heaven Too"

From the World-Applauded Novel By

Rachel Field

Spring Byington has invented a new wrinkle for more safety in night driving. It is a gauntlet for the left arm made of alternate strips of brilliant gold and red sequins. The driver behind you can’t miss your arm signal.

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DON'T WAIT ANOTHER MONTH before using Tampax

DO YOU REMEMBER how free and unhindered you were as a girl of twelve? What would you give to feel that way again? Would you give a month's trial to Tampax? It would mean the end of all your pin-and-belt troubles, for sure!

Tampax was invented by a doctor, to be worn internally. Made of pure surgical cotton, it works on the principle of gentle absorption, allowing no odor to form; therefore deodorants are unnecessary. No bulging, chafing or visible edge-lines. The wearer does not feel Tampax at all. It is so compact there are no disposal problems.

The big news now is that Tampax comes in three sizes: Regular, Super and Junior, each in dainty one-time-use applicator. They meet every individual need for any time of month. Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Full supply for one month now available at new low prices.

By Betty Boone

ATTENTION, brides! Read how Jane Wyman, (Mrs. Ronald Reagan), entertains in her new home

I'M USING some of my wedding present silver," Jane Wyman pointed out, as she poured tea from a graceful silver pot. A silver cream jug and sugar bowl were set on a silver tray. "I adore silver, especially old pieces. We have a lovely compote on the buffet in the dining room that delights me—are you an antique snooper, like me? I love to track down really good old pieces—I found my crystal candelabra in Philadelphia, where you get wonderful bargains. The antique shops out here are too expensive for the bred-in-the-bone antique hunter; half the fun is in getting a prize for the well-known song."

Jane—who is Mrs. Ronnie Reagan in private life—had just come in from a day's gilding, and still glowed with sun and exercise. The yellow of her turban and summer sweater was no brighter than the sunshine in her "apartment with a view." Her home is brand new, as a bride's should be, set high on a Hollywood hillside overlooking the beginning of Beverly Hills, its light walls reflecting the brightness of the day. "I think colors are so important," observed my hostess. "One of the first things we bought were the yellow love seats because yellow makes you happy. We can put them together if we like, but we seldom do—Ronnie has the one by his pipe rack and I have the one by my knitting bag." The love seats are set before the white mantel, where the fireplace contains a low bookcase now that summer's here, within easy reach of two pairs of readers' hands.

"Tea is so refreshing! I couldn't do without it. I must have a cup after my evening meal—not with it, but after it, or I don't feel right. Then if I get just one sip, I'm fine. Ronnie isn't a tea hound, but he likes it iced, with cherries in it, or one mint straw. These little biscuits are a specialty of the house. My cook has the lightest hand with dough! She takes one cup of flour, two tablespoons of Royal baking powder, one heaping tablespoon of butter or Crisco, and she works it with a fork, never touches..."
it with her fingers until she's ready to roll it out, then she rolls it lightly, and cuts it
with a thimble, puts a dab of butter on each
round and bakes them. They come out
ready buttered."

Jane doesn't cook, because she never has
time, but she used to be the kind of cook—
in high school days—who never knows
exact measurements, but tastes as she goes.
An intuitive cook.

"We had an old southern mammy at our
house for years while I was little," she ex-
plained, "and she could turn out the most
luscious dishes with a handful of this, a
pinch of that, a pinch of the other. She
always cooked things with onion, if she
could; I suppose that's why I'm such an
onion fiend—I could eat them three times
a day, if I let myself go, and then my poor
husband would come home and not be able
to draw a free breath. Our old mammy
used to cut up her chicken and prepare it
for baking as usual, then put it in a Dutch
oven, the white meat first—in a little water,
of course—the rest piled up into a pyramid,
and then she'd put slices of onion all
around the sides of the dish and bake.
When it was done, it was ready to fall
apart and the onion flavor was all through
it, though she didn't serve the onions."

The real specialty of the Reagan ménage
is stuffed pork chops. No matter what the
weather, their guests clamor for that dish,
which Jane serves with fried pineapple.
"But a hostess must draw the line in really
hot weather," laughed Jane, "so tonight we
are having roast of lamb instead. Did you
ever try serving your roast lamb with
pears? We take canned pear halves and
pin them to the roast with toothpicks and
stick them full of cloves, and are they good?
We often do the same thing with slices of
canned pineapple on ham."

(Please turn to page 80)

Modern "Young Marries" are Mr. and Mrs. Ronnie Reagan—she's Jane Wyman
of the films; and you see her, above, softly playing an love song to her
handsome husband's picture. Facing page, she pours tea from her gift silver.

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, Oralgum
and 4 flavors of BEECHIES (Candy Coated)
Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin, Cinnamon

Beech-Nut Gum is made in Flavor-town (Conchobarie,
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 Cona-
chobarie, in the Mohawk Valley of New York, and see how
Beech-Nut products are made.
KEEP UNDERARMS SWEET

BATH-FRESH

New

NONSPI CREAM
FOR WOMEN WHO PERSPIRE FREELY

SAFE TO APPLY as often as desired. Nonspi Cream is harmless to skin or clothing.

CHECKS BOTH perspiration and odor safely...effectively.

SOOTHING and cool when applied. Doesn't sting or irritate—even after shaving.

DRIES ALMOST INSTANTLY. Not sticky...a greaseless, stainless cream.

SEND 10¢ for trial size of Nonspi Cream. The Nonspi Co., 119 West 18th Street, New York City.

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

Tagging the Talkies

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53

Safari—Paramount

There's never a dull moment in this romantic and adventurous story which has the tropics as its setting. It's well-acted and has plenty of excitement. Madeleine Carroll, who accompanies her Baron, Tuffio Carminati, on safari, falls in love with the guide, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. It almost results in Doug losing his life, as planned by the enraged Baron who wounds a leopard, knowing Doug will go after it. Despite all this, it is pleasant.

Twenty Mule Team—M-G-M

Wallace Beery is at his best in the role of the blustering mule skinner of this story. It is set in Death Valley in the 1890's when the borax industry was in its infancy and twenty mule teams were used to pull wagon loads of borax across the desert—and that's where one of the oldest trade marks originated. It's a well-done Western and the strange, picturesque beauty of Death Valley has been effectively photographed. Leo Carrillo in cast.

Saturday's Children—Warner's

A comedy drama about the everyday problems of a young married couple struggling to maintain a home against hard times. John Garfield is excellent as the bewildered husband; Anne Shirley gives a sympathetic performance as the wife in this domestic rumpus; and Claude Rains is good as the father who tries suicide in his effort to help them. It's a human, entertaining story. Lee Patrick, Roscoe Karns, Dennie Moore in cast.

Saps At Sea—Hal Roach—United Artists

If you've enjoyed Laurel-Hardy comedies in the past, you'll go for this one, too. It contains their usual zany brand of slapstick and tells about their adventures as yachtsmen. When Ollie goes berserk at the sound of horns, he's ordered to take a sea voyage. Ben Turpin's also in the cast as the handy-man responsible for the radio freezing over and the refrigerator playing music. Dick Cramer good as the escaped killer who hides out on their boat.

Two Girls On Broadway—M-G-M

An entertaining back-stage musical romance in which George Murphy, small town vaudeville hooper who's engaged to his dancing partner, Joan Blondell, falls for her kid sister, Linda Turner, when they arrive on Broadway to join him in a song and dance act. Joan fails to make the grade and George, teamed with the younger, more alluring girl, falls for her. Murphy's dancing is tops, and he and Linda make a good team. Joan gives an excellent performance as the older sister.
C.

1. The antics and mugging of Alan Mowbray, harassed stage director, and Donald MacBride, whose brilliant ideas backfire, make this amusing. They try to hold their star, Helen Vinson, by buying an amateur's (Barbara Read) play, hoping she'll refuse to appear in it, making it impossible for her to go with another producer. To their surprise, she likes the play and insists on doing it. The picture has enough gag lines to help it over its weak spots.

2. This riotous burlesque on corrupt politics and dishonest public officials, with its rowdy rallies, is the story of the rise and fall of Dan McGinty, related by Dan (Brian Donlevy) himself from behind a bar in Latin America where he fled after his downfall. It's Donlevy's first leading role and he puts McGinty over with a bang. Akim Tamiroff gives an A-1 performance as the political boss; Muriel Angelus charming in role of Mrs. McGinty.

3. Another fine Western with singing cowboy Gene Autry. Gene, with the help of Smiley Burnette, June Storey and Mary Lee, ride and sing and do their usual good deed by aiding the innocent victim of a false embezzlement charge and balking the plans of the real culprits from kidnapping his young son. The tuneful number, Gaucho Serenade, is rendered by Gene, and the immobile Smiley gives you The Wooling of Kitty MacFity, a comic song.

4. The Three Mesquiteers ride again—and how they ride—in this fast-moving horse opera in which Mesquiteers Bob Livingston, Raymond Hatton, and Duncan Renaldo capture the criminals guilty of smuggling silver across the border. They help rescue an innocent man from being lynched by putting the finger on the real killer, one of the smugglers who murdered to gain possession of a mine. The Mesquiteers' escape from a blasted mine is exciting.

Gaucho Serenade—Republic

Cowboy from Sundown—Monogram

Covered Wagon Days—Republic

Dawn Went McGinty—Paramount

One Million B. C.

A prehistoric melodrama about people living in the year 1,000,000 B. C. A simple tale of the romance of a son of a tribe of killers, Victor Mature, and a daughter of a more gentle race, Carole Landis. In all but one or two scenes, pantomime takes the place of dialogue. Magical camera effects are achieved with dinosaurs' battles, earthquakes, erupting volcanoes. Mature, Landis, Lon Chaney, Jr., and others of cast good.

Down Went McGinty—Paramount

This Western may click with Tex Ritter fans, but it's doubtful if it will appeal to any other audience. True, it has plenty of action—fighting and hard-riding, but it just doesn't measure up to the average Western or to Tex's past performances. Tex is cast as a sheriff who has trouble with the ranchers when he tries to quarantine their cattle to keep an epidemic of hoof and mouth spreading. Roscoe Arbuckle is amusing as Gloomy.

Curtain Call—RKO-Radio

WESTMORE SAYS: FOR A

Lovelier Face

"UNDER THE SUN"

WESTMORE

FOUNDATION CREAM

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 25c to House of Westmore, Inc., 730 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. (Dept. F-7)
A deep obeisance to a most lovely lady, Miss Anna Neagle, whose grace, good looks, and gaiety make the musical movie, "Irene," a joy to eye and ear.

So THIS is the actress who played Queen Victoria and Nurse Cavell—this lilting, laughing, lithe creature whose charms turn "Irene" from a routine musical into a sparkling show! Yes, this is Anna Neagle, who revives the good old theatrical phrase, "An actress of versatility," and sets a pace for other stars to follow.
SCREENLAND’S Crossword Puzzle
By Alma Talley

ACROSS
1. He co-stars in “Too Many Husbands.”
2. Greasy.
3. Inglourious in “French Without Tears.”
4. He’s famous for horror roles.
5. Co-star of “Strange Cargo.”
6. Dry.
7. To shed blood.
8. Scrap or rattle.
9. "Saps at - - - , a Laurel and Hardy comedy.
11. Liquid measure (abbrev.).
12. Donkey.
13. Title.
14. He’s featured in “Our Town.”
15. Star of “Seventeen.”
16. He dances in “Broadway Melody of 1940.”
17. Injured.
18. An amorous look.
19. Untriumphed at margins (said of books’ pages).
20. "... All Came True,” with Ann Sheridan.
21. Olivia de Havilland’s role in “Gone With the Wind.”
22. Mid-western state (abbrev.).
23. "We’re in the Money.”
24. Formerly (poetic).
25. Black.
26. He’s married to Florence Eldridge.
27. This star is Mrs. Harry Joe Brown.
28. Gaves birth to (Biblical).
29. A gangster’s girl (slang).
30. Female sheep.
31. Men.
32. List of players in a movie.
33. "A Day at the - - - - -,” a Marx Brothers film.
34. Limbo.
35. "One of Lilian Russell’s husband in the film about her.
36. Conscious of.
37. "Herone in “Nick Carter in Panama.”
38. Her new one in “All This, and Heaven Too.”
39. To give forth.
40. What every extra hopes to become.
41. To come into.
42. What you’re in a movie with.
43. Down.
44. Watch-pockets.
45. Irritate (slang).
46. She dances in “Broadway Melody of 1940.”
47. Some stars use this on their hair.
49. Too.
50. To concertrate.
51. Dr. Kiljaire.
52. Printer’s measure.
53. Exclamation of annoyance.
54. Irregular, eccentric.
55. Falshoods.
56. Totals.
57. A lady.
58. A piece of sculpture.
59. Star of “Til We Meet Again.”
60. Infected matter.
61. Likely.
62. Mountain lakes.
63. Speed.
64. Main; principal.
65. External.
66. Unfounded report.
67. Short jackets.
68. To select by vote.
69. Part of the head.
70. Units.
71. Female.
72. Film success with Laurence Olivier and Joan Fontaine.
73. A small ihn.
74. Wing of a house.
75. He’s featured in “His Girl Friday.”
76. Plural ending.
77. Greek letters.
78. He’s featured in “Virginia City.”
79. Makes mistakes.
80. To linger in expectation.
81. Poker stake.
82. One of the Great Lakes.
83. Obtains.
84. Ever (poetic).
85. Small room.
86. Tiny.
87. Earl.
88. Syllable of hesitation.

Answer to Last Month’s Puzzle

New Advance in FEMININE HYGIENE
Gives Hours of Protection

Safe • No Caustic • No Poison • No Burning

Everywhere fastidious women are adopting this new, amazingly safe way in feminine hygiene! Not only to kill germs on contact, but to enjoy continuous protection hours longer—without injury to delicate tissue.

Called Zonitors—these dainty, snow white, greaseless suppositories spread a deep reaching protective coating. To kill germs, bacteria at contact. To cleanse thoroughly. To deodorize—not by masking—but by destroying odor.

Zonitors are most powerful continuous-action suppositories...gentle, safe for delicate tissue. Non-caustic, contains no poison. Don’t burn or irritate. Help promote gentle healing.

Greaseless, Zonitors are completely removable with water. Nothing to mix, no apparatus needed. Comes in package individually sealed in glass bottles. Get Zonitors today at drug-gists. Follow this amazingly safe way in feminine hygiene women are raving about.

FREE...

To try NIX, the amazing NEW Deodorant Cream, FREE if not delighted. To get demonstration: ends all underarm odor. NIX is GUARANTEED to protect your clothes from underarm stains and strong, stale odors. A jar of NIX lasts weeks. Used by thousands. Get NIX today at Joe stores. Large jar 50¢. Extra large jar 25¢.

Ask for sample new NIX Deodorant Cream at drug store. NIX Blach (why not?) NIX Blach Bites NIX Blach (hot)! NIX Blach (amazing) NIX Blach Tightener. Large jar only 50c.

FREE:

• TO USE SUCH A SAUSAGE IN THIS DRESS

Look at the Fat I’ve Lost!

Now you may slim down your face and figure without starvation dieting or back-breaking exercises. Just eat sensibly and take Marmoles under the conditions and according to directions on the package.

Marmoles Tablets have been sold to the public for more than thirty years. More than twenty million boxes have been distributed during that period.

Marmoles is not a cure-all. Marmoles is only for adult fat persons whose fatness is caused by a thyroid deficiency (hypo-thyroidism) but who are otherwise normal and healthy. We do not make any claims as that is the function of your physician, who must be consulted for that purpose. Why not try to lose those ugly, uncomfortable pounds the Marmoles way? Get a box of Marmoles today from your druggist.

S C R E E N L A N D 15
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", "Roses, You Are My Posie",
"The Band Played On" ("Strawberry Blonde"), "My Evening Star".
New . . .
"Adored One", "Blue Love Bird".
DEAR MR. HOPE:

While there's life there's, etc. That means you! At the moment you seem to be the White Hope—oops, sorry!—among screen and radio comedians. Certainly you're making more people laugh more loudly more often than any other actor in years. I am one of those people, could you hear me? Trouble is, there's so much guffawing going on we can't hear the jokes. The minute you step before a microphone and open your mouth and jut that chin of yours, we start howling, we simply expire from mirth, we're rolling up and down radio studio aisles. Is that bad? Yes, I think so.

For this reason, Mr. Hope—and how I wish I could put that quaver in my voice that Judy Garland has in hers when she coos, "Mr. Hope"!—that you could be so very, very much funnier than you are. You could become, I think, a really great comedian. You bring to screen and air waves a quality no other funny man has ever brought—a combination of personal appeal and sly sophistication. Fred Allen is funny; Jack Benny likewise—but they're not as pretty as you are. And you're more clever than Crosby, cuter than Kyser. There would be no limit to the heights you could scale and sit on permanently IF you just would take a little more pains with your material. You're slovenly, Hope, and I don't mean your clothes. You have a bad habit of pretending you have been too busy to read your radio script until the second you go on the air; then you profess yourself amazed, appalled, and revolted by the old gags about the weather and Bing's horses. Can it be you really don't bother reading your scripts? Anyway, it's an old line, and I wish you'd either read the scripts and blue-pencil 'em, or write the gags yourself. Or maybe you do? The point is, you have let yourself in for a big responsibility by working us into hysteria; we're hanging on your words and I hope you won't let us down. Regards to Brenda and Cobina, and oh yes,—Yehudi.
It may all be in the business interests of their new co-starring picture, "Andy Hardy Meets Debutante"—but that's a sweet, soulful look Judy Garland is giving Mickey Rooney at Cocoanut Grove.

Rudy Vallee admires beautiful girls, especially brunettes, so it's no surprise to see him gazing appreciatively at Priscilla Lawson, the ex-Mrs. Alan Curtis, at dinner at the Ambassador.

Since she divorced Tony Martin, Alice Faye has been seen ever so frequently with Sandy Cummings, son of director Irving Cummings. Right, Alan Curtis is Ilona Massey's current favorite escort.
Romance runs riot in screenland this merry summer season—see the cooing twosomes here for latest lowdown on who’s whose, at least as we skip to press!

All Hollywood Whirl photographs by Len Weissman, exclusive to Screenland
At gala preview of their picture, "Irene," in Hollywood, producer Herbert Wilcox and his star, Anna Neagle, entertain the Ray Millands. Ray is leading man in film.

Wally Beery, taking his little daughter, Carol Ann, to the Cocoanut Grove for the first time, points out celebrities—but she's interested only in when-do-we-eat.

Tennis matches for the British war relief fund brought out cinema celebrities both as performers and spectators. Charlie Chaplin was on hand to watch Paulette Goddard play, and Mrs. Lewis Milestone, wife of the director, joined their party.
Those proud new parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Milland, have their first evening's outing since their son was born, with Loretta Young saying "So-o-a-o big!" as she describes the Milland heir to Cesar Romero. Loretta, Ray's co-star in "Doctor Takes A Wife," is baby's godmother. They're pictured at Cocoanut Grove taking in the ice show.

If it isn't tennis, it's polo—to bring out the famous filmites such as Myrna Loy and her husband, producer Arthur Hornblow, Jr. Here they are at the Midwick polo game.

Try to keep Bing Crosby away from any sports event! Here he is at the ball game with grand character comedian Bill Frawley. Don't miss Bing's sporty jacket—what will Robert Burns say about this one? The next Crosby film, "Ghost Music," co-stars Mary Martin.

Rudy Vallee goes picture-shooting for stars with his own movie camera and catches up with Mickey Rooney at the charity tennis matches held at the Ambassador Hotel courts.
Dinner
with Garbo!
T

HE last person I ever expected to meet that Saturday night in April was Greta Garbo, I couldn’t have been more surprised. For years I have wanted to meet her, but Garbo is the one Hollywood star who really has a private life. She entertains, she receives, she interviews—no one. Innumerable legends have grown out of the impenetrability of her private life. Her very name evokes mystery. The odds were a million to one on my

meeting Garbo. And I’ve never even won at bingo.

Now I have been up to my ears in celebrities for a long time, and it has always been my proud boast that I can take the great and glamorous in my stride. But not Garbo. She was the exception. I dropped so many dimes in Wishing Wells, wishing to meet Garbo, that it’s a wonder I’m not a charity case. Why, I even used to lie awake nights thinking up brilliant bits of dialogue I would dazzle Miss Garbo with, following our introduction. Well, when I finally did meet her I was just about as brilliant as Mortimer Snerd.

“It will be a Southern dinner,” my host said over the phone. “Baked ham, candied yams, black-eyed peas—”

“Black-eyed peas,” I gurgled in a gourmet’s delight—I might mention that I come from Scarlett O’Hara’s neighborhood—“Honey chile, I’ll be there.” Not a word about Garbo. Later he explained that he didn’t tell me because he wanted me to act natural. The bug. I couldn’t have acted more unnaturally.

The dinner was served buffet, and I was just diving into the black-eyed peas when the door opened and into that beautiful candle-lighted dining room walked—Garbo. As casually as if it were a little something she did every evening, I took one look, and froze. Everything went blank. And at my age too. They tell me that I did a “double take” that was a scream. They tell me that I opened my mouth and forgot to close it, which must have given Miss Garbo the impression that she was dining with an idiot. They tell me that I dropped my fork with a loud clatter on my plate and sent shivers down the spines of china-lovers. I only remember that I had to sit down quickly because my knees were shaking. And that of all the perfectly poised people I have seen in my life, on two continents, Miss Greta Garbo was the most

delightfully at ease. I remember thinking, “She’s supposed to be shy. Not me. She’s supposed to have an inferiority complex. Not me. Something’s wrong somewhere.”

How long I was in my own private fog I don’t know but when I regained consciousness, or semi-consciousness, I found myself sitting across from Garbo and telling her, with great seriousness, about a recent front-page murderer—who conked somebody on the head with a hammer.

“What is conk?” asked Garbo. “Is it like clink?”

“No,” I explained. “When you conk a person on the head with a hammer you londer in the clink.”

Miss Garbo, I may say, had the goodness to laugh at my feeble effort at humor. Which is more than my half-witted friends at the table did. I thought, in utter disgust with myself, “For years I have longed for the opportunity of talking with Garbo. There are millions of things I want to ask her. And I sit here like a prize dope teaching her slang. Remind me to sift my throat.”

Garbo bit down on a red pepper. “Is food in the South hot like this?” she asked, reaching hastily for a glass of water. Someone suggested beer. “I understand it now,” she said with one of her wonderful laughs, “you make the food hot so you will have an excuse for drinking much beer.”

I explained to her that the black-eyed peas were not really cooked in the Southern manner despite our host’s boast that it was a real Southern dinner—I’m sure I won’t be invited back any. (Please turn to page 23)
Andy Hardy was in love again. Of course he had been in love before, what man of seventeen hadn’t? But this was different. This was real. This was what Tristan felt when he died for the fair Isolde, what Romeo endured for Juliet, what Abelard suffered for Heloise. Take all the emotion of all the great lovers of history and it would remain but a small part of the flutter in Andy’s heart as he looked longingly at Daphne Fowler’s pictures.

They were all somewhat alike, those pictures he had cut out of magazines and pasted in his botany book. In whatever mood the photographer had caught her there was her smooth skin, which Andy knew must look like a gardenia, although he had never come any nearer to seeing a real gardenia than he had to seeing Daphne in the life. There was her mouth as flagrantly audacious as a poppy, her dark eyes languorous under slender brows, her hair curled back from her forehead and reaching down to the dimple in her shoulder.

Andy didn’t need to see her to know how he felt about her. Her pictures had been enough to send his heart scooting after the stars. Andy had aimed high this time. He had fallen in love with New York’s number one debutante, the glamor girl of the season.

It was at times like this Andy felt the need of a talk with his father, so he was glad of the opportunity to drive him to the orphanage when the message came that Judge Hardy was needed there.

“Dad,” he said, “I been wanting to talk to you for
POLLY BENEDICT (Ann Rutherford) looked at Andy gravely. "I don't think we ought to go together so steadily," she said. Andy was so outraged he could only glare at her. Here she was taking the words right out of his mouth. At right: "I've problems of my own, son," said Judge Hardy (Lewis Stone), "but I'd like to help you if I can."

several days. You want me to be a success in life, don't you?"

"I certainly do," his father agreed. "Is it true that every successful man has been married to a sophisticated woman?" Andy asked. "You know, a woman of the world?"

Judge Hardy took a quick glance at the boy beside him. "I hardly think so," he said. "But it'd help, wouldn't it?" Andy was projecting himself into the future, seeing the problems that might beset Andy Hardy, self-made millionaire and husband of Daphne Fowler. "You know, a wife who can handle chauffeurs and footmen, who's just as much at home in a night club as in a kitchen."

The judge had difficulty repressing a chuckle. So this was another stage in the progress of that unpredictable young human, his son! "I can see your point," he said.

"You know, Dad, you're a great guy." Andy went on confidentially. "But I often wonder how far you've gone in this world if you'd been married to somebody like Cleopatra."

"I don't dare think of it," his father said comfortably. "But what about the nice old-fashioned girls like Polly Benedict?"

"I have every sympathy for the old-fashioned girls of this world," Andy said with quiet dignity. "But I been going around too steadily with Polly Benedict and I'm going to have a little talk with her about it."

It was a warm, languorous day, a day made for love
and dreams of love. Andy was all set to give his dreams to Daphne while he waited for his father in the orphanage garden. So it was a little disconcerting to hear an automobile horn toot behind him and recognize it as Polly’s signal. What if that signal had once made his pulse race and his heart beat high—that was over now. And nothing is as dead as a love that has gone.

But he felt a quick stab of pity when he turned and saw Polly sitting in the driver’s seat of the Benedict sedan. Poor child, she looked so happy not knowing how soon her world was to crash around her. He felt like a heel as he walked over to her. It was going to be hard telling her the things he had to tell her. But it was the only decent thing to do. What was it that poet said about every man having to kill the thing he loved? Wasn’t it—“the coward does it with a kiss, the strong man with a sword”?

Well, never let it be said Andy Hardy was a coward! He could practically feel the firm hilt of a sword in his hand as he spoke. “I want to have a talk with you, Polly,” he said.

“I want to have a little talk with you too, Andy,” Polly looked at him gravely. “I don’t think we ought to go together so steadily.”

Andy was so outraged he could only glare at her. Here she was taking the words he was supposed to say right out of his mouth. It just showed what girls were. You couldn’t trust any of them.

“Relationships like ours sometimes grow into serious things,” Polly rushed on in the way a person will who wants to get a disagreeable thing over and done with as quickly as possible. “And a girl of seventeen is always older, more mature, and more sophisticated than a boy of the same age.”

Andy blinked in horror. He had to swallow before he could find his voice. “Polly, you’re crazy!” he exploded. “A boy of seventeen is practically on the threshold of manhood!”

“Who was it only last Sunday said the epistles were
the wives of the apostles?” Polly asked sweetly. “Andy,” she went on in a voice gently maternal, “wouldn’t you be happier with someone who could look up to you?”

Andy was stung to the quick. He pulled himself up to the tallest height he could muster. “Miss Benedict,” he said with quiet dignity, “there are girls of seventeen who make you seem a mere child. A backward child at that! Goodbye, Miss Benedict!”

Polly gave him a cool, measured glance. “I suppose I’ll have to see you at the editor’s meeting,” she said loftily. “But kindly continue to address me as Miss Benedict!”

Andy was so full of his own thoughts he didn’t notice his father’s troubled eyes when he came out of the orphanage. And the judge had completely forgotten his son’s sudden interest in the sophisticated woman in the new problem turning over in his mind. The lawyers of the Cyrus Carvel estate in New York had written that owing to the default of bonds in the orphanage trust fund they were absolved of any further financial liability. Something must be wrong, terribly wrong, the judge decided. Cyrus Carvel had left over half a million to take care of the orphans in the town that bore his name. Now it looked as if the orphanage would have to be closed.

But all that would have seemed child’s play to Andy compared to the danger that menaced him at the editorial meeting of the Carvel High Olympian. There had never been any love lost between him and Beezy who was editor of their high school paper, but Andy had always managed to hold his own with his adversary. But today Beezy had taken a sudden and unexplained interest in the botany book Andy was clutching under his arm. And while they were debating the important question of the magazine’s next cover, Beezy suddenly leaned over and snatched the book right out from under Andy’s protesting arm.

“Wow! Will you look at this!” Beezy demanded in fiendish glee. “Daphne Fowler, princess royal of the four hundred! Ho, Ho! Look Polly! Why, the whole book’s filled with pictures of that dame.” (Please turn to page 82)
Debunking—and about time, too—the ridiculous notions held in some circles about who's who, and why, in Hollywood Society. Here are facts!

Mrs. Jack Warner, Norma Shearer.

yes?

The Basil Rathbones.

no?

Hollywood's Strange

The word "Society," meaning the Upper Clawss, affects various people in various ways. Some people I know bow down in pious adoration, while others emit rude unattractive noises by pressing the tongue against the teeth and wagging the lower lip. Now I don't know whether you belong to the salaaming group or the sneering group—and you know just as little about me. Anyway, in this article, so help me, I shall play neither to the gallery nor the four-forty seats on the aisle. I shall stick to the real facts. With malice toward
none. Well, maybe just a _soupçon_ of malice, my dear.

Not so many years ago, when Brenda Frazier was a little tot on her nurse’s knee, Paris was the great Society capital of the world. Here one found a happy mingling of New York’s Four Hundred, Europe’s Decadent Titles, Actors, Writers, and Amiable Young Men who just dropped in. Though unable to crash Newport, the stuffy stronghold of Grade A American Society, smart young actor-folk found themselves (Please turn to page 72)
Attention, good Americans! Tracy tells you: "Don't think of your job as a soft racket; you've got to care deeper than that!" First-hand pep talk by a big shot who made good via the hard, old-fashioned way.

"I GUESS it all comes down," said Spencer, "to the person who can't be discouraged, to the fellow who won't give up! No matter what odds are against him, I mean, no matter how long he has to wait and work. You can't defeat a person who has no such word as defeat in his vocabulary. Because he can't be discouraged. You can't shake a fellow loose from success if he won't give up!"

"To me, one of the most significant things Edison ever said was when, after he'd worked on the electric light bulb for nine years, after he'd tried 9000 filaments before he found the right one, and folks said to him, 'you're whipped,' he answered: 'No! I know 9000 things, now, that can't be used!'"

"Most of us," Tracy said, "if we'd given nine years to a thing, and 9000 experiments and heaven knows how many black hours there were in those years of work, most of us would say, 'Well, this is the jumping-off place, boys!' What it should teach us is—there isn't any jumping-off place. Not on this earth. Only jumping-off place there is, we build ourselves, in our own imaginations. Makes you believe, things like this, that it doesn't matter..."
much how many mistakes we make, how many things we muff, how often we try and fail, whether men tell us we’re licked or not; not if we don’t name it failure, not if we keep on trying. I don’t mean trying for days, or weeks, or even months; but for all the years we’ve got, if necessary.

“Yeah, maybe if we’d be willing to wait a bit, there wouldn’t be so many nervous breakdowns, and throwing up of hands, and even lives, men calling themselves failures before they’ve given enough time to working and waiting for success. What if a business does fail, half a dozen times; or a book doesn’t get published; or a play flops; or a man loses his home or has a pack of creditors at his door—none of these things need be failures. They’re only failures if we call them that. They’re not failures if we’ve got that everlasting patience. We’re bound to get there if we never stop going!”

Spencer Tracy doesn’t just talk, I thought, off the top of his mind. He isn’t a glib talker. He doesn’t say things he doesn’t mean. He drags up what he has to say out of what he has learned, first-hand. Like the odds were all against him when he started to be an actor. For one thing, he didn’t have “actory” good looks. He often kids himself, saying: “I don’t look like any actor I ever saw!” or “I bet Gable wishes he had what I have!” No, he wasn’t any Ty Power or Richard Greene, making a million maidens swoon on sight. He didn’t have any of the obvious weapons. He didn’t hit the movie Milky Way “overnight.” He had to grub for his stake on stardom.

He lived on $30 a month while he was studying dramatics, learning his craft. His father, skeptical of his son’s choice of a career, paid his tuition at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts but Spence had to feed, house, and clothe himself on the $30 a month he had from the government after the War. He ended up every month eating rice and pretzels. His room rent often wasn’t paid. He got deeper into debt every month. He knew all the mortifications of poverty. Everyone he knew said, “You’re whipped.”

Well, there are two Oscars on the book-shelves in Spencer’s room at home on the ranch. If they could talk, they’d say, “We’re here because he didn’t give up.”

Spence was saying, “—makes success seem a simple thing, huh, just to get it down to the fellow who can’t be discouraged? A simple thing, yeah, but a strong thing, too. About the strongest thing there is. Especially these days. Yep, it’s the patience of the man Edison that gets me. Should get all of us who expect our little, particular Romes to be built in a day. Last week, here at the studio, I, as Edison the man, conceived (Please turn to page 76)
Famous Astrologer Norvell has helped screen stars attain some of their greatest ambitions, and now makes new predictions on love, marriage and finances which may help you in planning your future.

The youthful ideas of you who were born at this time of the year may be delayed in maturing; your plans may be brilliant, and you may be capable of great things, but always the unyielding laws of nature demand that you await the completion of your cycle for the attainment of success and happiness. You must learn to cultivate patience. You have been unusually gifted by nature and can accomplish wonders, but remember, nature will not be rushed and it often takes years to accomplish your life's ambitions. Look at the life of Barbara Stanwyck if you wish to see a wonderful example of ability to be patient and overcome hardships and suffering.

It was about seven or eight years ago that I first met Barbara Stanwyck and read her horoscope. Barbara was very much in doubt about what the future held for her. I set up her chart and told her, "You have nothing to worry about in the coming years; your birthdate, July 16, brings you in the lucky Sign of Cancer and your ruling star, the Moon, brings you a destiny that will be both strange and thrilling. You are standing at the crossroads of indecision right now but the stars show that you will go on to great heights and make for yourself an enviable position on the screen."

I still remember the grateful look on Barbara's face as she murmured, "That's so encouraging—thank you." But I had not yet finished reading her chart of destiny. "There are warnings of dark things to come in love and marriage," I continued. "Afflictions in your chart show that your present marriage is doomed to failure." Barbara was then married to Frank Fay, seemingly it was an ideal marriage and everyone in Hollywood said it would never end.

The stars showed otherwise, and I warned Barbara at that time: "Unless you use caution you are apt to have the great tragedy of your life in the near future. A divorce is clearly shown in your chart; and after that divorce another great love will come into your life and you will marry again." Barbara Stanwyck wouldn't
Nelson Eddy's outstanding success may be credited to the fact that he was born under the rulership of the creative Sign of Cancer. The future revealed for Eddy is indeed a brilliant one. Above, with Narvell, Eddy is in costume for "New Moon," new film co-starring Jeanette MacDonald. Above right, Barbara Stanwyck and Narvell having fun with a studio camera. Barbara's chart shows continued screen success as well as warnings regarding her marriage to Robert Taylor, but no disturbances that she cannot overcome.

believe the strange prediction made at that time, for it would have meant the shattering of her belief in human nature. Within a few years, however, that prediction came true. Now Barbara is happily married; the past is behind, the future looms bright and clear. Her chart shows that her talents have come to new and rich maturity. She can continue on the screen indefinitely. What of Barbara's marriage to Robert Taylor? There are still warnings in her chart, naturally, but Barbara has grown in soul stature; she is wise to the ways of the world, intelligent and (Please turn to page 87)
"It is largely a matter of luck," Dennis O'Keefe assured me, when he was telling about the "breaks" that have come his way. "I always happened to be in the right place at the right time."

He went further to explain: "Lewis Stone has it figured out nicely. He calls luck 'the thin line.' You know only a very fine line stands between success and failure. A little shifting to the right or to the left and your whole life is changed. You either get the chance you're hoping for or, by the same token, you lose it. I happened to get the 'breaks.' I know lots of fellows better looking than I am, with just as much talent, but things don't happen right for them. They did for me."

Then, with a little encouragement on my part—a word here and a question there—this big, blond, handsome young Irishman told me his story. And in the telling, I could see a lot of things besides luck running through the warp and woof of it. I could see his never-say-die persistence, his belief in himself, his courage in the face of the most heartbreaking defeats. And a great resourcefulness. In fact, I think I can safely say that the two main reasons for Dennis O'Keefe's present place in the Hollywood sun are his good luck and (Please turn to page 91)
A sweetheart for Summer or any other season is Linda Darnell, loveliest of the Hollywood starlets.
Lana Turner, basking by her swimming pool after honeymooning with Artie Shaw.

Latest photographers' model to crash the movie gate is Alaine Brandes, below. Oddly enough, she plays rôle of a photographer's model in her first film.
Ilona Massey, gently gilded by the California sun while waiting for her new film assignment.
Boys

AHOY!

JOHN HUBBARD:
Cruising cinematically in the comedy, "Turnabout"
JEFFREY LYNN:
Currently on view in "All This, And Heaven Too"
In this corner, Carole Landis.

Below, left to right: Leila Ernst, Mary Beth Hughes, Jean Carole.
But the **New**

Girls are Gorgeous!

Just consider Jane Clayton (right).

Meet Marilyn Merrick!
Dazzling Dietrich will go West again—Wild, not Mae—for her next film, “Seven Sinners”
Eyetatching Crawford plays a young “problem” mother in her new picture, “Susan and God”
Hollywood’s Most Important New Home!

Elegance is the keynote of the Rathbone home. Left above, the door through which pass some of the world’s most famous people, to be greeted by Basil and Ouida. Above, the house and driveway; left, the Rathbones breakfast in their garden with four of their five pets. Below, two views of the lovely coral and silver guest room. Note the small cupboard with plants—really a window.

Rathbone home pictures by Hal A. McKimson, Paramount. Exclusive to Screenland.
Above, the Rathbones in their oak-panelled library. Note birds in cage. Right above, the fireplace bordered in jade green Chinese porcelain. The dog is Bunty, Ouida’s special pet. Below, rare antique desk in Mrs. Rathbone’s room. The draped curtains are brown net. Flowers are everywhere. Lower right, the dining room, with table covered with nine-inch squares of mirrors, crystal fruit.

First, exclusive pictures of Basil Rathbone, famed movie menace, and his charming wife, Ouida, in their new Bel Air home, where celebrities of music, art, letters, and stage and screen are welcomed with lavish hospitality. See Page 72 for more views of this home.
She's his Juliet!
Yes, folks—it's a Great Romance! But unlike their stage rôles in Shakespeare's immortal tragedy, there's a real-life happy ending for Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier. You'll see her on the screen in "Waterloo Bridge," with Robert Taylor, while his new rôle is in "Pride and Prejudice," with Greer Garson.
How Baby Sandy Keeps Fit!

Maybe the grown-up Glamor Girls should follow Baby Sandy's keep-fit recipe. No fussing with diets or massage; just plenty of food, fresh air, and rest. About time for Sandy to trade in that old buggy, isn't it!
Well, perhaps puttering around the garden when her mother isn't looking could be included in Sandy's routine of how to keep beautiful. But she doesn't believe in overdoing it, as you see in the circle at left. Nothing like solid comfort, after a hard day's work at the studio stealing pictures from those old actors.

It's no secret, says Sandy! She keeps her girlish figure and her flawless complexion by forgetting all about 'em, as she does a lot of loafing in the sunshine between pictures.
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH
From "Twenty Mule Team"
Candid Curtis

Alan, the actor, is herewith exposed by Alan, the man

By S. R. Mook

Making love to pretty newcomer Mary Beth Hughes in "Four Sons" (lower right) is pleasant new cinema assignment for Alan.

ALAN CURTIS is an anomaly among actors. He is so afraid of being thought snub or conceited that, when meeting strangers, he invariably puts his worst foot forward. He seems to take a delight in emphasizing his shortcomings with the result that if he makes friends it is in spite of rather than because of himself.

He fights shy of close friendships. "Most people with whom you're friendly demand too much of you," he vouchsafed. "I don't mean in a material sense, but mentally and spiritually. They drain you. I've found the less you ask—or expect—of people, the safer the relationship is. I'm on friendly terms with quite a few people but none of them are what I'd call close friends."

"Doesn't it ever get you down that there's no one who really gives a hoot whether you're alive or dead?" I queried. "Aren't there ever times when you wish you had someone close enough to unburden yourself to, without holding back?"

"Sure," he admitted. "But you can't have everything.
If I want the companionship of friends I can't sidestep the obligations of friendship. And, so far, I've never found a friend who gave enough to justify what I would have to give up to offset it. Maybe I do put in some blue hours but I never get hurt this way. I'm moody anyhow and I don't think a person has a right to ask his friends to put up with his whims and vagaries."

He has no hobbies—doesn't care for tennis or horseback riding, although he swims and golfs a little. "I thought of joining a golf club," he told me frankly, "but it's a long drive from my house to that club and golf is an expensive proposition. If the studio let me go at the end of the year I'd have to quit playing but the dues would keep on. And when I met the men I'd been playing with and they asked why I didn't come around any more I'd feel self-conscious."

One of the girls from the publicity department stopped by the table. "New suit, Alan?" she inquired.

"Well, sort of," he admitted. "A fellow I know had it and needed some cash so I bought it." (Please turn to page 91)
SELECTED

BY

Pick your pictures here and guarantee yourself good entertainment without loss of time and money

"DOCTOR TAKES A WIFE"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: Giddy!

APPEAL: To those who laugh easily at sentimental and whiskery romance.

PLOT: Pretty spinster-author of man-eating best seller finds herself married to unwilling professor—but true love conquers incredible complications.

PRODUCTION: Slick, with fast-moving direction and glib dialogue. Star's clothes and leading man's looks will cause "Ah's" of acclaim from audience even if some femme may resent career girl being put in her place by plot. Men may just be bored by it all.

ACTING: Loretta Young, never prettier, is bright and breezy and not too brittle as heroine. Ray Milland, either overacts or underplays in miscast and inconsistent rôle that cried for Cary Grant. Reginald Gardiner is another victim of miscasting. Edmund Gwenn, Gail Patrick best in support.

"IRENE"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: Charming!

APPEAL: To practically everybody except sour-pusses.

PLOT: Why, don't you remember? That little Irish girl from the tenements who works her way up into society and the arms of the handsome hero.

PRODUCTION: Director-producer Wilcox has dressed up little old "Irene," who first made her stage bow back in 1920, and on the screen in 1926, in gorgeous new trimmings including flashes of dazzling technicolor and a brand-new Alice Blue Gown. Some old songs, but always good.

ACTING: Anna Neagle is an enchanting Irene—perhaps too enchanting for comfort in some scenes, when she lets her brogue run riot; otherwise bewitching, Ray Milland in another difficult rôle for him, that of Mme. Lucy, male modiste, struggles manfully but deserves better fate. Roland Young, Billie Burke, fine.

"TYPOHOUND"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: Whew!

APPEAL: Particularly to the kid-dies—and I mean you, too.

PLOT: That sarong girl, cast up on a tropical isle, is joined by that lava-lava boy, and eventually, a whopping hurricane.

PRODUCTION: Terrific—beautiful all-technicolor photography, with thrilling sea stuff and lush and lovely island-Paradise pictures. Direction and dialogue tame beside nature's wonders such as flaming sunsets, limpid swimming pools, and the stunning co-stars.

ACTING: Dorothy Lamour, golden and gorgeous, and Robert Preston, ditto, don't try to act; which is just as well; they're just themselves, which is better. Lynne Overman, as a Broadway promoter in the South Seas on a pearl-diving expedition, is grand in a salty, sardonic performance. J. Carrol Naish, as a rascally native, really troupe. Coco, the chimp, uncanny.
Interpretation, Summer 1940, of the "Lillian Russell" mood—these two big, stunning straws designed by Daché, and worn by:
Dare TO BE DRAMATIC!

For gala summer evenings, Ann Sheridan has selected this exotic dinner gown splashed with a jungle print in gray, watermelon red, and delphinium blue. The top is of chiffon white crepe cut with a high, circular neck with long sleeves caught into tight cuffs. The jacket interest, so important this year, is achieved with a cowl-like treatment which swings from the right shoulder to the left hip. Her turban is made of matching white crepe.
The beach coat to end all beach coats, at least for Summer, 1940, is worn here by Ann Sheridan, who enjoys the exotic in clothes and dares to wear 'em! Of bright blue cotton accented with applique of white, the coat is lined with brilliant red, and banded in white terry cloth. She wears a white turban and mass of bright junk jewelry. Miss Sheridan's current film is "Torrid Zone," with James Cagney.
Two versions of the ever-popular stripes, worn by Ann Sheridan. Grey forms the background for this new printed rayon fabric, Celanese Alluracel, which is used for the spectator sports frock on this page. The chain stripes are white.
Here, Miss Sheridan wears a play suit of red and white striped crepe with a scarf girdle of blue and white. The skirt has diagonally-cut pockets; the collarless top is fastened with a row of white buttons. And how do you like Ann's shoes?
SO—YOU want to get married! But—you want adventure. Well, how would you like to have both?

Can't be done, you say! Ask Osa Johnson. She knows, and she'll tell you. Few other famous women are so well equipped to give advice to young American girls as is this noted explorer, lecturer, and movie-maker; for she is one of the few who has been a successful wife, a consistent careerist, and—most important of all—a good companion and partner. During the past twenty-seven years, she accompanied her husband on successful filming expeditions to the South Sea Islands, the Malay Peninsula, Australia, Borneo and many trips into Africa.

Of course, you can't all expect the sort of adventure which she experienced—roaring lions, herds of elephants, close association with primitive black and brown peoples, tropical storms, and ever-changing scenes. But the spirit she brought to these adventures can be cultivated to advantage in Kansas as well as in Africa. Incidentally, Osa herself was born and brought up in Kansas, so she knows. And, until the time of her marriage, she had never been more than thirty miles away from her home. Strange, isn't it, that this domestic youngster—with the usual girl's interest in devoted home ties and friends and their activities—should today be one of the most widely travelled women in the world? Stranger still, is the fact that she finds the people in other parts of the world—for the most part—similar to Kansans, in that they are fundamentally kind if they are met half-way with sincerity, naturalness, and understanding.

"My career?" she'll say when questioned, opening her large brown eyes very wide. "Why, I married my career at the ripe old age of sixteen! I don't suppose I fully
realized, at the time, that I had married adventure as my career. But, I did marry Martin Johnson. Well, where Martin went, I wanted to go. We always talked things over together, we looked facts in the face, we worked hard, and we were full partners in our enterprises.

"Now, any young girl—married, or about to be married—has this opportunity of cooperation and full partnership offered to her. Take it, girls, take it! And make the most of it. For, if you do but realize it, there is no greater happiness or satisfaction to be felt than that close union of pulling together and working towards a mutual success.

"Of course," she will add, with a twinkle, "we literally burned our bridges behind us. We had to make good on that first trip to the South Seas; for we had invested everything that we had in the (Please turn to page 74)
No everyday camera subjects for Janie—no, sir! She shoots far and at celebrities and usually gets 'em. At left, Jane's own snapshot of John Payne; right above, Cesar Romero—"the most marvelous dancer in the world," she calls him; left above, Brenda Joyce—all snapped on the 20th Century-Fox lot. Top, scene at Yosemite; then an informal picture by Jane's mother of the little star herself, with a chum—when Jane was just a roly-poly, as she expresses it.
"I've got more hobbies!" Jane Withers, one-time rolly-poly, who has now added inches and streamlined her curves, bounced in with all her old-time pep. "I'll never be bored, I know, because I'm always getting new hobbies and never have time to get tired of any of them! Right now I'm knitting a rug that's going to be six feet long and all different colors. Knitting's a hobby of mine. And I'm crocheting some table mats—I'm mad about crocheting! And oh, yes! Are you making Japanese bowl gardens? Boy! You should. Look, here's my very worst one."

She darted across the room, her studio dressing room, which is as large as a bungalow living room, walled in knotty pine, and as gay and cheerful as its occupant—and brought back a shallow green bowl in which a tiny temple, guarded by two sentinel distorted trees, looked out across a wee bridge to a silver strand of shining white pebbles. "Last night I did four bowl gardens, each one different, working out ideas I happened to have," she said proudly. "I wish I had time to do four more tonight, but there's so much else to do.

"My most chief hobby right now is taking pictures. I have a home movie outfit and we take color pictures with it and some of them are marvelous! I mean marvelous. They are the ones I take of my animals, and animals can't get stage fright or worry about how they look, and with a movie camera they can't be too quick for you and rush out of the picture, the way you do when you have a still camera.

"I have a still camera, though, a No. 2 Brownie that cost two dollars. You see, when I bought it I didn't know a thing about taking pictures, so I thought I'd get something inexpensive until I learned, and now I love my little Brownie and wouldn't give it up! It was George Ernest who got me interested in cameras. George is in the 'Jones Family' films—you know him. He's simply mad about cameras and he isn't going to be an actor when he graduates from the university, he's going to be a cameraman, so naturally he's a wiz. He has his own darkroom, a brand new one just built. For weeks he's been calling me to tell me about how this was to be and how they fixed that and what kind of lights he had and how he was going to dry the prints and so on, and today I got a letter from him inviting me to come to see it.

"His pictures are good!" She emphasized this with another bounce, and a giggle quite in the old Jane fashion. "Why wouldn't they be? Boy, when George takes a picture of you, you might as well make up your mind to be patient and relax, because you won't get away for half an hour. This is the way he does it."

She leaped up, strode to the middle of the room, set up an imaginary camera on a tripod, raised the level, after an anxious scrutiny of me through an imaginary finder, then lowered it to near the floor, stooped down and squinted up. "When he's got (Please turn to page 98)
EVERYONE was wondering just how long it would be before Norma Shearer's influence would be noticeable in the roles that George Raft plays on the screen. It's no secret that now, Norma puts her olay on George's scripts. Hers is a genuine, undercover influence to get him playing more sympathetic parts. Somehow, Norma means to wean him from the stigma of gangstom, the penitentiary, and jail breaks. Whether you care to believe it or not, this is what happened on a recent George Raft picture. He refused to do a scene showing him being sentenced by a judge for robbing a bank. He had previously okayed the script and consequently the front office set off verbal fireworks. George was adamant because he decided it was an important factor in his career. The studio bosses were up in arms until everyone got together on a compromise. Norma and George talked it over. It was decided finally that if George robbed only a state bank it wouldn't be quite as bad, but it was thumbs down on pilage of a federal institution. That's what I'd call gradual tapering off.

THE pair of chaps, cowboy pants to you, that Gary Cooper wears in "North West Mounted Police" have a very interesting history, and they caused quite a commotion the first time he appeared in them on the set. Actually, when Gary was a youngster, he came into possession of the chaps by winning a wrestling match with a young Indian brave, and, of course, they have a special significance for him. For years they were packed away in a trunk in his home in Montana, and only recently his brother found them and sent them to him. Cecil B. De Mille glared when Gary first appeared on the set in those ancient tattered leather pants, and shouted for the wardrobe man. "Get Mr. Cooper a real pair of chaps," he barked. A De Mille command is never questioned, but Gary was adamant and wouldn't give in. So you can be sure that in the picture Gary's pants are the ones he "wrestled an Indian for."

WHEN a Hollywood columnist, taking a jab at Elsa Maxwell, implied that she was very piqued because she hadn't been taken up in any measure by Southern California society, that writer started a garrulous exchange of hot shots between Elsa and a Pasadena scribbler of social doings. Elsa announced flatly that there wasn't any real society in California. The society writer quickly came back by announcing that Miss Maxwell found time only to associate with movie stars who made more than $5,000 a week. After a few more preliminaries the two were off to a gala round of pot shots. Insiders lined up and took sides, with most of the roster resounding for the Maxwell type of wit. Elsa Maxwell resembles an atom-smasher when it comes to breaking down reserve. Hollywood loves her for it, but the local blue bloods only turn more purple with each new Maxwell attempt to humanize them as she did Park Avenue. They may as well give in because Elsa will have her way. She is only trying to show them how to have a little fun.
BETTE DAVIS is a natural leader. She runs her household with the unerring efficiency of a three ring circus. She has a gift for handling people singly, or in groups. Bette could order a regiment into battle with neat dispatch. On the set recently she decided, in a flash, to pull a gag on director Anatole Litvak. In no time she had the seventy-odd people ready for decisive action. Litvak finished a scene and lie momentarily left the busy set to wait for the next set-up. He returned in a few minutes to find to his utter surprise that not a soul of his company was present. The stage was absolutely deserted. Bette had contrived to hide seventy people right under his nose. Her rauous laugh led all the rest when the company miraculously appeared again. However, Litvak laughed last. He rehearsed them all over and over in a difficult scene and after they had given their all in repeated takes he calmly announced they had executed it beautifully, but the camera hadn’t an inch of film in it and they’d have to do it all over again.

THE screen’s more self-conscious stars don’t like to have strangers on their sets while they are acting, and you can’t blame them. Ann Southern, however, seems able to emote with unknown, curious tourists practically in her hair, but after her experience in “Brother Orchid” even Ann may give visitors the go-by. She was rehearsing an extremely difficult drunk scene on the set. She was in the middle of her monologue, talking into a telephone, when the visiting “friends” barged onto the set. Ann was going great guns that day. Her act was inspired. She was the character she played to the letter, and she looked inebriated to the point of saturation. The scene went on and on with no interruption from the director. Ann continued to build her dialogue to a beautiful climax when the visitors began to exchange horrified glances. They left-tched to themselves and gravely shook their heads. “Too bad,” they groaned, “a nice girl like that can’t keep away from liquor even when she’s working.” Just then, the scene was over and the embittered technicians, who know acting when they see it, burst into spontaneous applause. It took the director, Lloyd Bacon and Ann herself to convince the visitors that she was as sober as a judge.

JIMMY STEWART and Olivia de Havilland, both being the kind of people they are, make it hard to predict just how serious their romance is, and where it will end. Although everyone believes that these two shy and shy ones are planning marriage as a secret, under-cover coup, Olivia’s and Jimmy’s attitude the other night at Chasen’s made gossip about them all the more spirited and puzzling. They sat at a conspicuous table and in a very bored manner yawned in each other’s faces all evening. Everyone there that night was convinced that there was nothing to the de Havilland-Stewart affair. What they didn’t know was that love could hardly bloom after, as strenuous a day as Jimmy and Olivia had had. They had been up at six for a couple of hours of tennis at Westlake; they skated at the Tropical Ice Gardens, and as a gag, for the laughs, had ridden Shetland ponies all over Beverly Hills before they pulled up at Margaret Sullivan’s for lunch. Before dinner that evening they had summered at the beach, walked miles at a picture gallery where portraits of some friends were being shown, got a healthy workout swinging golf clubs on a practice tee, went shopping, and saw a preview. Even love will get wavy with that kind of schedule.

THERE is no accounting for some people’s taste. After seeing it with your own eyes you can hardly believe it’s true, but waffles, for George Raft, have to be swimming in Worcestershire sauce before he’ll eat them. . . . They say the Hays office stepped in and changed the negligee that Hedy Lamarr wears in “Boom Town” a number of times (not literally, of course) before they tamed them down enough for all of us to see. . . . Don’t you wish you worked for Don Ameche? Don and Homore gave their children’s nurse a rip-snorin’ wedding with everything from a champagne breakfast to a honeymoon—all paid for. Most thrilling of all, for the girl—Don gave her away himself.

THEY tell this story about Spencer Tracy, and in my estimation it shows up Spencer for just the kind of a fellow he is. His truly the autograph hound’s dream come true—he is that considerate. He was besieged at the entrance of a radio broadcasting theater here in Hollywood and swamped with requests for autographs. Spencer signed them all and then he was begged to get his co-star, Bette Davis, to put her signature beside his. Spencer didn’t want to take the chance of making such a request of anyone as temperamental as Bette. But, instead, he offered to take a candid camera shot of her for each one who had a camera with him. He gathered up the cameras, posed Bette, and with the aid of a spotlight and a fake bunch of roses, clicked priceless exclusive poses of her for every fan present. Tracy’s popularity jumped 100% with those hounds inside of ten minutes.

The man on the flying trapeze has nothing on Anne Gwynne, soaring through the air at left. Miss Gwynne, and Helen Parrish and Anne Nogel, the spirited mermaids on opposite page, express the beauty and liveliness of Hollywood. Miss Gwynne’s bro top and shorts swim suit is of tri-colored lastex; Helen’s satin suit has polka-dots trim; and Miss Nogel’s trim one-piece wool suit is cut for freedom and action.

And lest so much beauty take your breath away, we give you, below, Errol Flynn, all bearded up for his starring role in “The Sea Hawk,” film of colorful adventure.
LORETTA YOUNG stormed into an executive office at Columbia with a battle royal in her eyes, but after a stormy session of desk-pounding, the tables were suddenly turned, and she left chuckling good-naturedly. Unmistakably, that morning she was horrified to see a very smart street outfit, especially designed for her in "The Doctor Takes a Wife," walking into the studio—on another woman. She had already bought the whole ensemble for her own wardrobe and it gave her a turn to see someone else already wearing an exact copy. Loretta demanded that the studio be fine-combed for the offender. Soon, a grinning, gold-toothed darkly jantress was on the carpet. "Sure ah copied that outfit from a still—ah thought it was so beautiful! Ah knew Miz Young wouldn't mind." Here, with a knowing wink and a flashy smile for Loretta, she added, "Because ah am sure we ain't goin' to be seen at the same parties and dances, is we, honey?" Loretta lapped into chuckles and the incident was closed.

MARLENE DIETRICH never missed a day at the professional tennis matches, but they say she has never played the game herself. It's too strenuous for the valuable curves of the Dietrich legs. . . . Virginia Bruce has learned to sign her autograph in shorthand and loves to send out pictures with her signature in her tracks. Virginia has the role of an airline hostess in her new film, "Flight Angels."

THE Hayes office wouldn't want me to say so, but bad women have been having a field day in Hollywood lately. That is, in celluloid, on the screen. Being decidedly bad has been the salvation of a number of feminine screen names that I'm sure good-goody roles could never have brought back with any degree of interest. Contrary to the maxim that goodness is its own reward, Marlene Dietrich has her rowdy portrayal of a dance hall dame to thank for the revival of interest in her. There is no denying that Mae West's shady shenanigans in "My Little Chickadee" gave her lagging career a shot in the arm. However, the most promising future of all to result from the richest purple of recent portrayals is promised for Oma Minson. As Belle Waiting in "Gone With The Wind," Oma got herself a screen reputation that is carrying her right along as nothing else in her career ever has. She is signed to do three films, more work than she has had the privilege of booking forward to for years. Her starring picture for Republic, unless I'm only letting my imagination run away with me, sounds extremely salacious. The film is titled, "The Lady from New Orleans."

IF MARY MARTIN were the type, she could give Hollywood a loud horse laugh, because the tables certainly have been reversed, and it is now Mary's turn to guffaw, loud and long. Hollywood absolutely ignored her until she went back to the stage and made a hit. The following unknown story shows how completely Mary was belittled, but bow tenaciously she stuck to what she knew she could do. When Danielle Darrieux was making her picture for Universal the only job Mary could get was a few days work coaching the French star on how to put over an American song, and that job wasn't Mary's very long. The temperamental Darrieux couldn't bear to have a nobody tell her what to do, especially how to sing. Mary didn't even get to keep her job as a meager salaried studio employee. She was fired and Miss Darrieux sang as she pleased. Now, a few years later, Hollywood is paying Mary a star's salary. But the big news about Mary, who won fame singing My Heart Belongs to Daddy in the Broadway musical, "Leave It To Me," is that her heart now belongs to Richard Halliday, Paramount story editor. The transfer of affection took place recently when the two eloped to Las Vegas, Nevada, to be married.

Charles Boyer and his wife, Pat Peterson, great Boyer's mother, who arrived from France to remain with her son for the duration of the war.

THIS proves you can still boost yourself along in Hollywood if you've got enough courage and imagination. In "Lucky Partners," co-starring Ginger Rogers and Ronald Colman, you'll see a young fellow, new to the screen, by the name of Jack Carson. He got that role by doing a little quick and clever brain work on his own. When he first applied for the part Lewis Milestone, the director, turned him down so quickly and completely that the thud was deadening. However, Carson from his disappointment learned something about the role. The fellow had to be husky, but serious and studious. By a clever ruse Jack got a copy of the script and learned the lines perfectly. He confronted Milestone again as an unknown, disguised in a freak moustache and horn-rimmed glasses. He read the part with just the right ring of sincerity. He got the job before Milestone found out who he was.

It's been proven, and don't ask how, that Andy Devine wears old-fashioned flannel nightshirts the year around. . . . If you could see Virginia Field, without Richard Greene, having the time of her life at the Club Bali these nights, you'd wonder how much truth there is in the rumors of their marriage. . . . Now it comes out that Jimmy Cagney wasn't shot in the hand by Ann Sheridan at all. While filming a scene for "Torrid Zone" he was nicked by a lesser-contract player but Warners got reams of publicity by pinning the shot on glamorous Ann. . . . If you could see Bill Holden, back from the "Arizona" location, and Brenda Marshall together you'd swear they were on the verge of immediate marriage.
GAIL PATRICK gave up all offers of picture assignments to travel with husband Bob Cobb’s baseball team, and thereby lost a couple of very lucrative roles. She preferred to count the home runs and batting averages of her favorite players. No matter how Garbo pictures stack up as money-makers, the Swedish star, herself, has averaged about $317,240 a year for every one of the fourteen years she has made pictures here. That’s a record. Geraldine Fitzgerald, who is Mrs. Lindsay-Hogg in private life and who played in “A Child Is Born,” recently became the mother of a nine-pound baby boy.

Director Frank Capra welcomed Loretto Young and Richard Barthelmess to the party celebrating his new Warnor contract with this big smile.

AFTER four years of jumping about from studio to studio doing outstanding roles, Maria Ouspenskaya quietly wept when she was led into her new permanent dressing room at M-G-M. Madeleine Carroll went shopping for a tree and she knew exactly what she wanted. It had to be a tree that lost its leaves in the fall. She wants a change from the always green trees of California. It should make you chuckle, or at least give you a grin. The supposed porpoise that was daily seen frisking about out in the Santa Monica yacht harbor turned out, upon investigation, to be no one else than Edna May Oliver. Believe it or not, Miss Oliver goes in swimming there every day, winter or summer.
High up on a hilltop, Virginia Vale laughs in the face of sun and wind. Perfect for your country vacation are those Alice blue slacks, blazer striped in repeated blue, and cylindrical straw hat striped in navy and Alice blue. These are casual clothes, but look how groomed and perfectly ordered Virginia looks. Apply this ideal to all costumes.

For dining and dancing, Rosemary Lane looks like a lovely tropical flower. That gown is chalk white with black, coral and sapphire blue gigantic flowers. The sunburst pleated skirt will swirl gracefully in a rumba, and Rosemary will keep that divinely cool, composed and comfortable charm. It's summer magic! The spell is woven of good grooming.

Clean, Cool and Crisp

Some simple heat-resistant treatments that will keep you feeling and looking as fresh as a daisy

By Courtenay Marvin

BILLOWING yards of white organdie that frame you in a frosty though not unapproachable beauty. A tall glass, jeweled with beads of moisture from its cooling contents and clinking ice cubes. The huffing murmur of an electric fan, soft music to your ears, as your favorite swing king drops his baton for a moment. A mid-July night's dream of comfort! But all this, and heat waves too? Indeed, yes. You will achieve this state of body and mind through some very simple and old devices, well worth a reminder now, and here's how.

A gallant approach to summer begins in your tub, whether you shower or bathe in the good old traditional manner. It begins with tepid water, never really hot, never really cold. Hot water is enervating, and a good idea when you want to relieve extreme fatigue or high tension and are going straight to bed, but not for general activity. Cold water is exhilarating—too exhilarating for blazing weather when what you need is a cooling, sedative effect. As hors-d'oeuvres to your cleansing-cooling ritual you need soap, eau de Cologne and bath or talcum powder.
Yours for Loveliness

Travelers and vacationists, here are ideal companions!

NOTHING contributes so much to your summer poise as cool, comfortable feet. If your job keeps you on your toes, if you are World's Fair bound or if you plan other sightseeing, be wise and call to your extreme aid Dr. Scholl's Granulated Foot Soap and Liquid Foot Balm. Designed to comfort and correct burning, aching and tired feet, these preparations are truly a boon. The soap is for quick, thorough and easy cleansing, and the balm, just what its name implies, is used for massage. They will leave your feet feeling cool, comfortable and rested. You will come those new shoes instead of dreading them, and you will avoid the facial strain and lines that come from hurting feet. See the world in comfort!

EG skin as lovely, hair-free and flawless as your face skin with Lechler's Velvet-Stohn! This is a solid disc that you use almost with powder puff ease and speed to gently erase hair on legs, face or arms. It is easy to apply with you in an attractive compact-like case. You need nothing else. When you don swim suit, play suit or sheer hosiery, remember that your legs are an important part of you. They deserve fully as much attention as your face. A Velvet-Stohn will last a long time. Please, however, read and follow directions carefully for best results. On request, we will gladly write you where to buy.

THE new Milady's Mitties are transparent ploofin mitts that you slip on to protect hands against wear and tear. Wonderful for gardening, house cleaning, dish washing, messy office work and a hundred and one such chores. Slip them over your dress gloves when driving a car; slip them on to protect bed linen against hand cream marks; in fact, get a pair and you'll never be without. Very inexpensive, long lasting and affording much hand freedom. Start your bride friends out with a pair. For sale in drug and department stores.

“Pour yourself a pool of stockings” with Miner's Liquid Make-Up.

CAN you suggest a good cream deodorant and non-perspirant? I am being constantly asked. There is a new Nonsp Cream, companion-piece to Liquid Nonspi that has all the virtues of the latter, plus the convenient cream form. It performs with a hundred per cent efficiency, and may be applied as often as desirable because it is harmless to skin and fabrics. Also, it may be used after shaving. It leaves no residue on skin and checks both odor and perspiration. A convenient form to slip in your travel bag.

MAKE up your legs and make this important fashion area of you as charming and attractive to look upon as your face. The vogue for this smart and economical touch has been growing for several seasons. This summer, it will hit its zenith. Miner's Liquid Make-Up is an ideal preparation to give legs a beautiful, soft and smoothing finish—indeed, to make them glamorous. This is a liquid type of powder, long recognized for its beautifying effect on face, neck and arms, and now it puts the rest of you in tune. “Pour yourself a pair of stockings,” say the makers, “stockings of extreme beauty and appeal, I add. Hawaiian is the new, lush tone of the Tropics—lovely!”

FOR skin refreshment and fragrance, here are two of my favorites, to remind you that you can feel beautifully clean and cool underneath, even in torrid weather. Cheramy's April Showers—the fragrance of youth—comes in a number of fine toilet accessories, but two necessities, it seems to me, are April Showers Eau de Cologne and Dusting Powder (or Talcum, if you prefer). The combination seems to ‘insulate’ and protect from the discomfort and disarray of warm days. They give a cooling, soothing, refreshing touch and make you reminiscent of a dell of woodland flowers. Lovely they are, and lovely they make you!

C. M.

(Continued on page 96)
Hollywood's Strange Social Code

Continued from page 29

readily "accepted" in the sophisticated salons and chic night clubs of Paris. To the rhythms of Irving Berlin, the Vanderbilts danced with the Bennetts, the Astors danced with the A staires, while many a Judy O'Grady and Colonel's Lady became life-long chums over a double martini in the Ritz Bar. The Morgans were delighted with Gloria Swanson, the Whitneys let down their back hair with the Fairbankses, and it was all very gay, and very, very social.

Then came the stock market crash of 1929, followed by a dreary depression—and Paris Society was no more. It scattered to the four winds, like the bit of fluff it was, only to assemble itself several years later—in—of all strange places—Hollywood. That bash upstairs movie town on the Pacific Coast, scorned by the Literati, smug in their Eastern Culture, suddenly became the great Bohemian Society capital of the world. Hollywood today is Paris before the depression. The Ciro's of today on Sunset Boulevard is the same as Ciro's in the Paris of 1928. The same mingling of New York's Four Hundred, Europe's Decadent Titles, Actors, Writers, and Amiable Young Men—and dozens of them.

Well, naturally, when Hollywood became a Society capital, more international than Washington, more fun than Newport, there was much buzzing around as to who would be the social leaders. You'd think, wouldn't you, that the stars (it's no secret that actors are a perfect push-over for the social nod) would knock each other down in a hectic rush to establish themselves as social arbiters. You'd think that the Crosbys, the Gables, the Taylors, the Powells, and the Eddys would become Mrs. Cornelius Van- derbilt of Hollywood. You'd think that Rosalind Russell and Madeleine Carroll would blue pencil the Who's Who list, separate the sheep from the goats, the "ins" from the "outs." But no, believe it or not, and you may as well believe it, the actors are the only folk in Hollywood who aren't breaking their necks to get into Society.

The real social leaders of Hollywood, strangely enough, are the producers and their wives. With the exception of Connie Bennett and Mrs. Basil Rathbone, it's the producer set, with their summer beach homes along the Santa Monica Strip, who rule Hollywood Society. They are the ones, perhaps the only ones, who have the three requisites for social leadership: money, power, and desire. So, if you are a socially-minded young thing, with upper bracket ambitions, don't run after the movie stars, that won't get you any place; try snaring the producers.

The most exclusive Hollywood society is found in the David O. Selznick group. Big, genial David "Gone With the Wind" Selznick with his young wife Irene, herself attractive enough to be a Glamor Girl, are the recognized social leaders in the Cinema City, and an invitation to the Selznicks is definitely an "in." Jock Whitney, millionaire blue blood sportsman, is constantly with David, and gives quite a dash to the Selznick group—especially as his divorce from his wife, Liz Whitney, in any minute now, will make him the best catch in Hollywood (and don't think a lot of the girls aren't waiting to pounce).

Running each other a close second in social importance are the Darryl Zanuck and William Goetzes. Darryl is the popular polo playing "boss" of Twentieth Century-Fox, and the Zanuck parties, presided over by pretty Virginia Zanuck (formerly movie star Virginia Fox, and considered the most friendly of the producers' wives)—are eagerly awaited by fun-loving Hollywood. Cheery Bill Goetz, vice-president of Twen- tieth Century-Fox, and his vivacious wife, Edie, entertain constantly, and beautifully. Edie, daughter of Metro's L. B. Mayer, and sister of Irene Selznick, is generally acknowledged the best dressed and most chic of the producers' wives. Other social leaders among the producers are Ann and Jack Warner (Ann's parties, decorated by William Haines, are the most lavish in the colony), Charlie and Panette Goddard Chaplin (they go in mostly for topnotch visiting celebrities), Sam and Frances Goldwyn, Mervyn and Doris LeRoy, Ernst and Vivian Lubitsch—and, of course, the most sought-after eligible man in Holly- wood, Joe Schenck.

Ouida Bergere, wife of tall, charming, friendly Basil Rathbone, has a niche all her own in Hollywood society. Neither a star, nor the wife of a producer, Ouida's parties are conceded to be the most success- ful in Hollywood. At most producers' par- ties the guests, after a gold-plate dinner, most often choose between poker (and what stakes, my dear) and seeing a picture—all usually a picture which they've all seen before. But at Ouida's parties there's noth-
ing so stuffy as poker and pictures. There’s dancing, music, lights, and laughter—and to hell with the expense. Ouida’s guest list, too, is far more flexible than that of the producers’ as she manages to assemble under one roof, or one big tent, as is the Hollywood custom, quite a neat assortment of people, ranging from Titles to Columnists, with a goodly smattering of movie stars—all of which adds to the general gaiety. Even the producers have been known to comment that Ouida’s parties are more fun than theirs because you don’t have to see the same old faces.

After her last Hollywood Guild (charity) party, a weekly magazine took a severe crack at Ouida which was quite uncalled for. They reported that after the Alpine charity ball that Ouida had $2000 in the red. This is not true and Ouida has the figures to prove it isn’t true. Her last two charity balls have netted the Hollywood Guild approximately $8,000—which is not to be laughed at. The fact that the heavens let loose a deluge of rain completely wrecking her imported snow at her recent Alpine party did not dampen the enthusiasm of the guests at all. Even when the elements conspire against her Ouida’s parties are not bores.

But of course, fans that we are, you and I are far more interested in the stars who are “in” than we are in the producers and their wives. The stars who make up the Big Ten in Hollywood Society, who are on every smart guest list, are Connie Bennett, Joan Bennett (as the wife of Walter Wanger she also gets in on the producers’), Loretta Young, Claudette Colbert, Myrna Loy, Norma Shearer, the Fred Astaires, the Douglas Fairbanks, Jrs., the Gary Copers, and the Tyrone Powers. Connie Bennett has number one spot on the list, as she is by far the most social of all Hollywood stars. Her parties, usually arranged for her by her good friend Eliza Maxwell, are the most elaborate of star parties in Hollywood. Thanks to Elsa’s influence she usually has as many Amusing People as Right People, and there’s nothing that tops up a party as amusing people. Joan Bennett, Claudette Colbert, Myrna Loy and Norma Shearer go in for rather small dinner parties with exactly the right guests and the right wines and the right amount of small talk. Producers and their wives are very much in evidence—and so are Irene dresses. Loretta Young rarely entertains, but she’s so popular with the men that no hostess would dare cut her off the list. Fred Astaire, like Connie Bennett, has been “in” Society, both in Europe and America, for a long time.

His marriage to Phyllis Potter, East-
A complete music library is a feature of the home of Basil Rathbone. The dark mahogany built-in case to hold records was designed by Mrs. Rathbone.

Girls! Make Marriage Your Career

Continued from page 63

world, our future ambitions included, in our venture."

A certain tenacity of purpose in Osa's character is clearly portrayed by Martin's oft-told story of their departure on that first expedition: They had said heart-breaking farewells to family and friends at home. They were on the train en route to the West Coast to board a ship. All of a sudden, Martin began to get 'cold feet,' as he realized more and more how completely they were casting off all connections with civilization. After all, he thought, there were plenty of opportunities to be right here in this country. So he voiced his thoughts to Osa. Her reaction was instantaneous. She grabbed hold of the lapel of his coat and gave it a shake, saying: "Look here, Martin, you are the one who started us on this South Sea Island business. I agreed to go with you—and I'm going. So, don't you get side-tracked on other things until we have finished this job first."

Time after time, this stick-to-it trait of Osa's was sorely tried. On one occasion, Martin and Osa—in their zeal to take films of cannibals—landed at an out-of-the-way island inhabited only by savages. They went ashore and began photographing these wild people. Suddenly, they found themselves surrounded by tribesmen, who handled them roughly and led them away as prisoners. Martin in one direction, Osa in another. It looked as if they were headed for the cooking pot. Just then, fortunately (or this career in-the-making would have ended right there), a British warship called at the island in search of them. They were rescued—just in time.

Shortly after this nerve-wracking experience, Martin asked Osa if she hadn't had enough. Her reply was: "Have you got the film you came after?"

"Not all of it," he had to admit.

"Then, let's get it," she insisted.

Still not deviating from the main purpose, you see, in spite of risks and hardships. A man would have to succeed with such an example of perseverance before him.

I wonder if you, at eighteen or so, can adjust yourself as rapidly and as agreeably to an entirely different mode of life as Osa did? Remember, there was no telephone to ask the grocer to send over this and that—in fact, there was no corner grocery store. There was no electricity. There were no doctors within a radius of miles. There were no afteroon bridge parties; and there was no association with other white women for months at a time. But Osa managed to adjust herself quickly. She was enthusiastic about the out-of-door life and the beauty of the scenes around her. She was interested in everything. When she was not engaged with pots and pans and the domestic side of her life, she was busy helping Martin with his photographic work, or learning odd languages from the natives. She would be quite surprised should you think it strange that one could jump so quickly from the routine of civilization back to the more primitive type of life.

"Any young, happy, and healthy girl," she would say, "can develop adaptability to environments and situations—whether pleasant or uncomfortable. The important thing is to school yourself to meet your tasks cheerfully; and in time, you will be amazed how easily you can take the ups and downs in your stride. It really is just as easy to develop a natural, happy disposition as it is to form the habit of complaining. And there is no one more unpopular—with her husband and every one else—than a chronic whiner! I saw plenty of them in our wanderings. I had to listen to many tales of woe—the climate was awful, there was nothing of interest to do, the black boys were lazy and stupid, they, themselves, were lonely, their husbands neglected them, etc., etc."

No wonder they were neglected! Subconsciously, I vowed that, come what may, my husband would at least enjoy having me around."

Now, every girl—in the pursuit of a career—must know that there is never any time for loafing or lying down on the job. And if you think that your schedule of self-improvement to keep abreast of the times is strenuous, just glance at a few of Osa's problems in self-education. She learned how to shoot a rifle, and practiced until she was a reliable and good marksman. And if you wonder why this was necessary in her scheme of things, she will tell you: "Inasmuch as there were no butcher shops, it was necessary to supply fresh meat for our own use and for the porters. In fact, the British government in East Africa requires that fresh meat be supplied to the blacks. But, most important of all, Martin had to be protected by a gun while he cranked the camera in photographing wild animals."

So great was Martin Johnson's confidence in Osa's steadiness and accuracy in shooting, that he was able to concentrate entirely on his camera without being concerned with the danger involved. Once, when he was photographing lions on the plains of Africa, one of them charged directly at him and the camera. He cranked on. It was a splendid picture. Osa fired when the lion was about fifteen feet away. She wounded the beast; but he came on. She fired again. This time she killed him; but he dropped almost touching Martin's foot. Several times, she has shot charging elephants, once within a few yards of the camera. And this is the work of a woman who had never handled a gun before the time of her marriage!

The coral on the French Provincial chest in the drawing room was a gift from Sir Hubert Wilkins. The walls of the playroom are covered with friends' pictures.
Osa has learned to speak several native dialects, so that she can give instructions regarding the details of camp life. She has been able to converse with tribesmen, in their language, regarding hunting and their native lore. She has learned to drive automobiles of all types and has operated one of the trucks in their field work across miles of African terrain.

From the ground, Martin and Osa had photographed a good portion of Central and Eastern Africa, and most of the wild life. From this work, a volume or two more and more, airplanes were coming into use. Back in civilization, the Johnsons purchased two planes—"The Spirit of Africa" and "Osa's Ark"—and they learned to pilot them. When they returned to Africa, they flew across the country finding herds of wild animals from the air.

Even on the return to the United States, their career—for, remember, this was a partnership—demanded more energetic work than ever. Film had to be edited and titled. Contacts had to be made; business conferences attended, both at the office and during a social evening. They gave lectures and made public appearances with their pictures throughout this country. Osa even took lessons in public speaking, so that she would be able to talk before large audiences. In fact, the tragedy occurred several years ago, when they were flying—as passengers—to the West Coast to keep lecture engagements. The plane crashed—Martin died as the result of injuries—Osa suffered severe cuts, shock, and a broken hip. From a wheel chair, in spite of grave and shattered nerves, she carried out their lecture engagement contract. She has made personal appearances with the films in practically every town in the United States that has a population of five thousand or more.

In the gaps between big jobs, Osa reveled in the luxury of purchasing new and lovely clothing. She took care of the house and got her pretty clothes. In spite of all the man-sized jobs that she has tackled, she has retained an attractive femininity.

I still recall our first meeting—over fifteen years ago—in Carl Akeley's studio at the American Museum of Natural History. Osa and Martin were leaving soon for their first trip to Africa. As a member of the Akeley Expedition to collect gorillas for a group in the Natural History Museum, would be departing several months later for Central Africa. We all planned to attend New Year's dinner together in Nairobi, East Africa. Osa looked so pretty in her smart suit and becoming hat, that we began talking about what clothes we might need on our trips. She informed me that Martin was quite annoyed with her, and that she did not know whether she would have any practical walking boots. He had given her the money to buy boots and field clothes. But she had seen so many lovely things to wear on board ship and in England, that she had lost her head completely. In fact, she had spent most of her money in the dress department!

You know the old saying about "Home is wherever you hang your hat." Well, this was quite true in Osa's case. Sometimes, her domicile was a small boat or a thatched-roof mud hut, or a tent. She will tell you that she enjoys to the utmost the soft carpets, the electric gadgets, and the modern plumbing in a city apartment hotel—provided she can have a small kitchenette. (For Osa is truly domestic. She is fond of cooking and experimenting with new dishes.) But she will also tell you that she can feel equally at home and perfectly comfortable in a tent in Africa.

"The routine of living is pretty much the same anywhere," she will remark. "When I am in camp, I bathe in a canvas bath tub. The water is heated in pails over an open fire and poured into the tub, instead of coming in by faucet. I sleep between clean sheets on a comfortable folding cot. My toilet articles and cold creams are arranged on a camp table instead of on the regular dressing table. Furthermore, I use those cleansing creams religiously every night—especially in the tropics—to offset the damage done in the daytime by exposure to heat and sun. Of course, I realize that a cheerful expression is more important than the external texture of the skin. If you're a smart girl, you'll have both!

At times, Osa did the cooking herself. At other times, she trained native black boys to prepare and serve the meals the way she wanted them. She always superintended the work of the cook. She soon discovered that food became very monotonous unless it was prepared in different forms to tempt the taste. So, she improvised special dishes to vary the menu. Right then, Osa began developing a culinary technique which has become an art.

Here are a few of her special recipes which will add zest to your regular dinners. Moreover, you can prepare them in a modern kitchen or over a camp-fire:

**APPETIZER—SARDINE CANAPES**

Mash sardines. Add 3/4 teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce, 3/4 teaspoon prepared mustard, dash of celery salt, teaspoon of grated onion juice, 1/2 teaspoon of chili powder. Heat to boiling point, but do not boil. When ready to serve, add 1 teaspoon whipped cream and dash of paprika.

**SOUP—CREAM OF PEANUT**

Melt 3 tablespoonsful of peanut butter and add 3 cups of milk—evaporated or fresh. (If evaporated milk is used, dilute to consistency of fresh milk.) Add 1/2 cup cream, teaspoon celery salt, 2 heaping teaspoons onion juice, 1/2 teaspoon of chili powder. Heat to boiling point, but do not boil. When ready to serve, add 1 teaspoon whipped cream and dash of paprika.

**DESSERT—APRICOT PUDDING**

Boil dried apricots until tender, and run them through sieve. Make boiled custard. Take 2 egg whites, beat until stiff, fold into custard, and stir in mixture with apricots. Cover with whipped cream.

"The way to a man's heart." Osa will add, "may not be entirely through the stomach; but good tasty food certainly does wonders to keep him well and contented."
and invented the phonograph before lunch one morning. In two days' work I went through all the nine years' experiments with the electric bulb. This morning we filmed the wedding; Rita Johnson who plays Mrs. Edison, and I got married. This afternoon, the happy couple will be doing scenes with their children. What I mean is, we seem to be living in a push-button world, these days. We kinda forget that someone had to invent the push-buttons.

"Point is," Spence explained, "we got through these scenes like we did because, for one thing, Clarence Brown, who is directing us, has spent years learning his job. So any problems we met were quickly solved because of the arduous apprenticeship of the man who holds the megaphone. Like it took Edison nine years to make the experiments for the bulb, but once he hit on using a piece of thread impregnated with carbon it took him only a few hours to make the final and successful experiment. See what I mean?

"Edison once said, 'All I want is a place to work and some tools to work with.' Well, that's what I've got here on the set. I have the exact reproduction of the Menlo Park laboratory of Edison. But I have it because Henry Ford cared enough to have it moved, intact, to his Greenfield Village, at Dearborn, Michigan. I mean, to the original dirt on which it stood. I have it thanks to the pains and expense to which the studio went to reproduce it, authentic in every detail, here on the sound stage."

He "has it" because of the pains he took, too, by the way. For Spence, accompanied by Clarence Brown, Producer John Con- sider and the script writers, visited the laboratory in Dearborn, and thanks to the cooperation of Henry Ford, they brought back to Hollywood photographs of the interior and exterior, close-ups of every individual invention. They brought back, too, twelve reels of talking motion pictures, loaned them by Mr. Ford, which explain every part of the laboratory and the workings of the inventions. From these motion pictures, from the sketches and specifications and photographs, dozens of technicians working on the sets obtained complete information.

"As a result," Spence told me, "when you see the picture you'll see every item of Edison's laboratory in the exact and identi- cal spot where he had them when he was working on his inventions. Almost every article in our studio lab—and there are more than 10,000 of them—were made for the picture. Not a single one of the dozen or two Edison inventions is the genuine machine. It wasn't possible to move any of the rare pieces, of course. But every one of them is accurate down to the last detail. And every one of them will do what Edi- son's original models will do. Why I'm telling you all this, what I'm getting at is that we only push buttons on other men's backs. What I'd like to say is, we shouldn't be satisfied to be button-pushers. We should do a little back-bending ourselves."

"Maybe it's good advice, too, not to stop when you have a success any more than you should stop when you have a failure. Edison didn't turn hair, one way or the other. He was only twenty-two when he invented the stock-ticker. He got $40,000 for it, a big bunch of money in any day, but especially in those days. He didn't sit down on it. He threw it all into a laboratory and went on to the next thing. He didn't have any terminus in his life. They were all way-stations to him, failures and successes alike, everything he did. So maybe we should never say 'Now I'm on top of the world' or 'Now I'm down for the count of nine.'"

"He was only thirty-two when he in- vented the electric bulb. He was thirty when he invented the phonograph. Any one of these inventions would be the Life Work of any other man, all of it, Edison wasn't any other man. He was his own man. He broke precedents like they were soap babbles, Good idea for all of us to follow, or try to.

"He said: 'I lived twice as long as any other man because I worked twice as long.' (16 hours a day). He didn't measure time by the sun he laid, but by the work he did. Not a bad tip, either. Maybe most of us are too soft, too easy on ourselves, worry too much about that 'all work and no play' slogan. Well, Edison didn't play and you sure couldn't call him a 'doll boy.' Makes you wonder how's about some really hard work as a cure-all for these economic evils we hear so much about and talk so much about. Might help?

"He never took the easiest ways. When he first went to New York, in 1869, he slept in the cellar of the Gold Exchange

Building, helped the janitor sweep out the building in payment for that lodging. When he was offered $300 a month salary, and he was housed by debt at the time, he said: 'I'd never leave a job if I made that much money'—and turned it down. He had faith in himself, in what he was going to do. We could all do with some more of that, faith in ourselves.

"Edison never took a drink. Point is, even if he'd tried hard liquors, he wouldn't have used them. He never let any habit get control of him, not even the habits of regular sleeping and eating. He'd work whole nights through, take cat-naps. He couldn't be bothered with regular meals when he was working. He'd grab a piece of apple pie, odd times, and let it go at that. Boy, the apple pie I've put away since I started this picture! So, maybe we should figure, how's about forgetting our creature com- forts for a while? What if we are tired, hungry, or cold, uncomfortable?"

"And one thing is sure," said Spence, gravely, 'you've got to care about what you're doing, seems to me. You can't think of your job as a soft racket or just for what you can get out of it. You've got to care deeper than that—as Edison cared, when he gave his whole life to his work, not reckoning rewards; as Henry Ford cares; as the studio cared when it spared neither time nor expense to make the pic- ture, 'Edison, the Man,' worthy of its great prototype.'"

As Spencer Tracy cares I thought. Spence is too modest in his own esteem. He'd think it the crassest kind of bragging to draw comparisons of any kind between himself and the great inventor who was, primarily, a great humanitarian. Neverthe- less, there are comparisons to be made as there are between all men who—well, who 'care deeper than that.'"

It was Henry Ford who first noticed how similar are the measurements of Tracy and the late Thomas Edison. When Spencer visited Henry and Edsel Ford in Detroit, Mr. Ford told Spence to look into a mir- ror, then held up pictures of Edison so that Spencer could see for himself how striking the likeness is. And when Mrs. Madeleine Sloan, Edison's daughter, saw Spencer in the old-age make-up of Edison, at the age of 82, she burst into tears.
You can’t get Spence to help much in making parallels between himself and Edison but—and it was like drawing so many teeth—I did extract these few tidbits from him: “Well, we both had funny sleeping habits, Edison with his cat-naps and me with my insomnia. He was very careless about his clothes, too. His wife had to buy them for him. Same here. Thanks to his indifference to clothes, I only have five changes throughout the entire picture. Don’t have to bother with hair-cuts much, either. That comes natural. Edison had a sort of shoe fetish. He couldn’t pass a shoe store without buying shoes. I’m like that about ties, ties and shirts. He used to like to swap stories with his cronies. I have the same fikion. He liked music. Songs like Sweet Genevieve and I’ll See You Home Again, Kathleen and Oh, That We Two Were Maying were his favorites. They were mine, too, long before I knew they were his. He used to play the organ with one finger, for relaxation. I poke at the piano with one finger. He used to go to the movies quite a lot. He didn’t like ‘problem’ pictures, he liked pictures with ‘happy endings.’ Same with me. The gay, white lights didn’t attract him; same here. In his later years he liked to go fishing off the coast of Florida. That’s what I do whenever I can get away, go fishing off Catalina. Edison was a great reader; So am I. I read a lot nights, when I can’t sleep. He was a window-gazer-outter. So’m I. His teacher once told his mother, ‘the boy is added—they’d call it ‘whacky’ today. Teachers used to intimate the same to my folks. He burned his father’s barn down when he was a kid and was publicly spanked. I upset the ice-box on my brother and was privately spanked. I don’t say that both experiments were for the same creative cause!

I can add one or two parallels without Spence’s help. Edison in the picture kept a huge assemblage waiting at a banquet to be given in his honor at the home of his friend, Henry Ford, while he gave an interview to two students for their high school paper. Spence once kept a very big movie producer waiting an hour and a half while he talked to one of the kids from Boys Town. Edison couldn’t have been called a religious man in the sense of being a church-goer but he often spoke of the trees and flowers, often said “there must be a Great Chemist behind all this somewhere.” Spencer doesn’t say much about religion, either, but Father Flanagan would tell you that the Golden Rule is written on Spencer’s heart.

Spencer isn’t the kind of a man, no more was Edison, to go about declaiming a Message for Humanity. If I should write, in this article, that Spencer has a Mission in Life, he’d murder me. Just the same, he has. He believes that he, and other film stars, should use the influence their screen popularity gives them, for the good of humanity. He’d like to use radio, for instance, as a means of talking to people on matters that vitally concern them, wage such good fights on the air as Paul de Kruif fought against social diseases in the pages of magazines.

Spencer wants, now, to make pictures that may be stimulating and inspiring to others. He hopes that his rôle of Father Flanagan in Boys Town may make the world newly aware that “inasmuch as ye do it unto one of these little ones” he hopes that his Stanley in “Stanley and Livingstone” may have pep ped up other men who are covering “tough assignments” . . . that his Mayor Rogers in “Northwest Passage” may give boys of his push-button world an influx of the red blood of those men whose entrails were the guts of giants . . . that, now, his Edison may remind us that patience and the humanitarian ideal are not just musty words, embalmed in moth balls. In other words, he’d like to feel that he gives something more than forty or fifty cents worth of casual entertainment to the people who see his pictures.

So again, Spence wasn’t just talking to hear himself talk when he said: “Edison cared about whether others benefited from his work. His first invention, the voice recorder, was turned down in Washington because, he was told, it was exactly what they didn’t want, it eliminated delay and filibustering, the very means government representatives used to defeat bad legislation. He resolved, then, never again to invent anything that was not necessary to the community at large. He never did. Pretty good thing that he didn’t. Try to be necessary to the community at large might be a good yardstick for us all. Why, if it wasn’t for Edison, we wouldn’t be filming the story of his life, we wouldn’t be filming anything, for that matter. He invented the electric light without which interiors couldn’t be photographed. He invented the motion picture camera without which my pal Gable would still be logging, most likely! He invented the talking machine, generators, electrical plants, storage batteries, the dictaphone on which scripts are recorded, Portland cement which makes sets practical, the fluoroscope, the electric railway—I could go on indefinitely—things is, office workers, doctors, dentists, builders and contractors, railroad employees, automobile mechanics, everyone who works with any kind of electrical appliance, employees of the telephone company (he made the telephone practical, you know) all hold their jobs, thanks to the Wizard of Menlo Park. The worth of his inventions is estimated at 40 billions of dollars and because of his inventions there is a billion dollars a year revenue into America.

“Makes you kinda stop and think, don’t it? Makes you think that maybe if we give some thought to how our work affects others we may get somewhere. And even if it is ‘just money’ you’re after,” grinned Spence, "it’s well to remember the sizeable fortune Edison left. If he’d kept full rights to everything he invented he’d have died the wealthiest man that had ever been seen. He didn’t keep full rights to everything because, in the early days especially, he always needed money for the next thing. So he’d sell an invention, outright or in part. He wasn’t a good business man. Like when he invented the stock ticker and was asked what he thought it was worth, he said ‘Three thousand dollars.’ They paid him $40,000 for it. You can get something out of that, too, I mean, Edison had faith in himself, he also had faith in his fellowmen. Not a bad idea to believe that if you’re on the level with people, they’ll be on the level with you. It’s good common sense to hold that thinking about the other fellow brings the other fellow’s money into your pocket because when he has confidence in you, you’ve got everything he has.

“Make people trust you, that’s not bad advice for man or boy. Maybe we do think too much about ourselves, about what our work will do for us, whether we will reap the rewards. Maybe we don’t think enough about the other fellow, about humanity. Someone once said, ‘You can’t be greater than the system of which you are a part.’ Well, maybe you can’t ignore the system of which you are a part, either. Maybe what you don’t just can’t be for you, ever think of that? The other way seems to pay dividends,” said Spencer, “in cash, in the tangible rewards—and in other things, too. It would be kinda nice,” Spence added, slowly, “to think you’d given light to the world.”
Four fashion episodes in the summer scene. See Store Directory, Page 97

By Marina

Charlotte of Paris has used a feather-weight acetate for summer costume jewelry that looks like a drift of snow. Shown, is one leafy, filigree pattern in necklace, bracelet and earrings. There are a variety of beautiful designs in frosty white, pastels, zither tones and also black, the latter being a sharp, smart accent to an all-white costume. This is Nat Levy-Urie Mandel jewelry. Necklace, $3; bracelet, $1; earrings, $1. Other pieces, beautifully designed, from $1 up.

Midsummer formality developed in Celanese rayon jersey by Fred Perlberg. Smart South American color combinations here spread themselves on a gown of white topped by a red jacket, or on a chartreuse gown topped by a red jacket. The jacket fastens by two graded contrasting belts, and a hood slips flatteringly over your curls. With jacket, you have a dinner costume; without, a gracious and very formal gown. Price about $15.

Minikins, by Blue Swan, are "the smart, new minimum in undies." This brief is expertly tailored for perfect fit in Celanese rayon, guaranteed not to run, shrink or sag. The Nobelt waistline, a broad, flat band of live sheet rubber, encased in a resilient fabric and attached with an expanding stitch, means comfort and a belt that breathes with you. It's guaranteed to last the life of the brief. Grand little garments for vacation and general wear; easy to launder, light, cool and space-saving in packing. Minikins are pleasingly priced at $.39.

Be a sand and sea siren in the Hawaiian manner! Kleinert has created a flattering rubber bathing suit, "Hawaii," in white, dusty blue, yellow or pink, with a flower lei of turquoise and coral sweet peas, about $4.50. All-rubber turban, unusually becoming, in colors to match suit, is about $1.25. The "Coastline" beach bag, of diagonal cotton weave in coral and white or blue and white, has climate-proof lining with a water-proof, slide-fastened pocket to segregate wet accessories. About $2.95. "Ghillie" play shoes in patriotic colors, at about $2.
"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

Slowly, subtly—the sun has deepened your skin tones, making them richer—more vibrant. But... are you innocently spoiling your skin's sun-tinted warmth with a too light shade of powder? It's so important to change to a warmer, richer shade—a shade that will harmonize with your skin tones as they are now!

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!

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 post this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER,
7162 West 56th 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 __________________________________ STATES ________

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

SCREENLAND 79
Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 11

Jane declares that she doesn't care much for very fancy dishes. "Just give me a plain vegetable and let me take away the flat taste and I'm satisfied. Ronnie wouldn't have it cooked as usual, then I have the egg rice so that it is all in tiny crumbs and I take a whole English cheese and melt it and put the spinach and egg in a Foreign dish, the cheese on top, cracker crumbs on that, and bake it. Nothing flat about that!"

"Ronnie hates artichokes and I adore them. So when we're alone, we almost never have them, but when we have guests I serve them in a special way, snapped up. You boil the artichokes until they are well done, then cut off the lower end and sort of loosen the leaves with a fork, then stuff with diced carrots and peas, and then take a little garlic and sort of drip it through the leaves. Marvelous!"

The telephone bell rang and a maid brought the instrument to young Mrs. Reagan, in her sunny window seat. "Oh no, positively not!" she exclaimed. "I couldn't cut your hair right in the middle of a picture. Suppose it doesn't match the other shots? Well, have the studio cut it, and then come out and I'll see what I can do. Goodbye, darling." She returned the telephone to the maid and threw out her hands in a pretty gesture.

"That was Gail Patrick, Gail and Jean, her secretary, and Betty Kaplan and I have been a Hollywood foursome for a couple of years, known each other for ages. One day, they began talking about cowlicks; everyone has a cowlick somewhere in their hair, and mine happens to come at a pretty good spot, more or less, and the other girls liked it. They wondered if their hair could be dressed so it would look as if they had a cowlick in the right place, and I said yes, it could. My hobby is hair, anyway. I've always loved to play around with it. I used to get a quarter for doing the hair of the lady upstairs, when I was little—one of those things. So I proceeded to try out my ideas on Gail and Jean and Betty and they worked! Now, it's getting to be a habit. I cut Jean's this morning before we went to the studio and no play golf, and now Gail wants me to do hers, but I wouldn't dare in case the director of her picture should say it's too short and I'd get in a row if it didn't match up. The important thing about hair is combining it right.

"I'm going to start a beauty shop next year, a different kind of beauty shop; sort of specializing in stylin' not a drop-in trade. Betty will manage it for me and I know a couple of operators who can follow my ideas, so I'm looking forward to creating some costumes, I won't have any time to do actual work on it, thank heavens—crossing her fingers—but I can have my ideas developed.

Young Mr. Reagan's favorite dish, to get back to food, is macaroni and cheese. "We use a white sauce with it and Kraft's American cheese," said Jane. "It's a good thing Ronnie likes it, for I'm a big fan! I used to make a special cheese spread for crackers, but nowadays I haven't the time—please be! It takes ages. I'd get one of the red clay dishes and cut off the top and fix it as a lid with a tiny wooden handle so I could put it back on. Then I'd scoop out the cheese, leaving the shell looking clean and nice. This was a finished product. I'd mash the cheese, add a quarter section of Limburger, a piece of Roquefort, a little cream cheese (Blue Moon), and whip them up together until they got almost runny, and then put them back in the red cheese shell. If you ever have time, try it!"

Jane never eats desserts, except for a lemon pie made by her cook whereon whipped cream is used instead of meringue, and strawberry parfait. "Not the ordinary kind," she specified, "for this, you take your berries and mash them, add the white of an egg and a little whipping cream and sugar, and blend, according to the sweetness of the berries; then you whip the mixture until you're exhausted, chill it in the refrigerator, and serve on rounds of cake or some sweet bread. It gets almost solid. Oh, I almost forgot about cheese squares. They are grand! We often have them for the salad course.

**CHEESE SQUARES**

1. envelope Knox unflavored gelatin
2. tablespoons cold water
1/2 cup hot fresh milk
1/2 cup chopped celery
1/2 cup white cream cheese
1/2 cup crumbled Roquefort cheese
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon paprika
1/4 teaspoon minced onion

Soak the gelatin five minutes in the cold water and dissolve in the hot milk. Cool
Fold in other ingredients and pour an inch thick in greased baking dish. Chill. Chill until firm. Cut in squares. Serve on lettuce with French dressing.

"Ronnie's desserts are usually Jell-o or tapioca, neither of which I like," confessed Jane. "He seems to like something called Grape Fluff and a fruit tapioca. I'll get you the recipes.

**GRAPE FLUFF**

Soften 1/2 teaspoon Knox unflavored gelatin in 2 tablespoons cold water, add 1/2 cup sugar, juice of 1/2 lemon and 1/2 cup of grape juice (Welch); strain, pour into a well-molded tin, and when firm force through a potato ricer. Serve very cold.

**LOGANBERRY TAPIOCA**

2/3 cups loganberry juice and water
4 tablespoons Minute Tapioca
1/2 cup sugar
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 cup to 1 1/2 cups loganberries
2 tablespoons lemon juice

Combine the fruit juice and water. Minute Tapioca, sugar, and salt and mix well. Stir constantly over direct heat. Do not overcook—the mixture should be thin. Remove from fire and add the fruit and lemon juice. Cool, stirring occasionally. Chill.

We toured the apartment, from the dining room with its wall of glass blocks, to the complete bride's dream of a kitchen, on to Jane's room with its blue walls and rose-covered bed, its row of windows overlooking the jeweled lights of the city by night, its mirrored doors.

"That's my godson's picture," she mentioned, proudly exhibiting an enlarged snapshot of a happy infant. "His name is Bert deWyne III, so they call him Michael! No reason, but the happy Morris way.

"We bought the apartment from an old neighbor. He had a redwood room and plenty of Exeter pennants—almost a college room. "I'm knitting him some socks," confessed Jane, as we returned to the living room and the plaid pajams this season and you can't seem to get them too loud. These are green and beige and chocolate, really quite mild! See—I'm working on these yellow walls and plenty of Exeter pennants—almost a college room.
Repeat performance by popular demand! Since their first appearance, this romantic Cutex trio has been playing continuously to admiring audiences!

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CUTEX SALON POLISH
Andy Meets Debutante

Continued from page 27

Polly's nose elevated itself a half inch closer to the ceiling. "Of all the ridiculous, little boy exhibitions!" she sniffed. "Collecting pictures of a perfectly awful girl he's never even seen."

Andy's back was against the wall. "I have too seen her," he protested desperately. "I--I met her in Detroit, almost two years ago, and at first sight she liked me far more than she ought."

Bezzy's retort was only the one crushing word, "Applesauce," but Polly's, though not so terse, was the more devastating.

"Why, Daphne Fowler goes around with a girl now?" Her voice was withering. "She wouldn't look twice at a small town schoolboy!"

"Yeah?" Andy's inventive mind was working with the speed of an Edison. "Well, she's so crazy about me she wants me to come and have the first dance with her when she makes her debut," he lied desperately. "I--I bent begging my father to let me go to New York but he says I got to keep on with school."

"You could always run away from home." Polly said in a way that showed she hadn't believed a word he had said.

"Sure, you could hop a freight!" Bezzy sneered in a voice equally skeptical. Andy looked at them with quiet scorn. "Maybe you'd want to break your mother's heart that way, but I've been brought up better." With a quick gesture he gained possession of the book and held it firmly under his arm. "It'd be sure to terrify if I could only get to New York! But I guess we all got our crosses to bear in this unhappy world."

And with a martyred shrug he opened the door and left. But he couldn't dismiss fate as easily as he had Polly and Bezzy. It struck at dinner that night swiftly and without warning. Judge Hardy was going to New York to fight the Trustees of the Carvel estate. And the whole Hardy family was going with him. Even Aldrich Brown, his sister Marion's beau, who had become a reporter on the Carvel paper, was going with them to report on the law suit, much to Marion's joy.

Everybody was happy except Andy. Once New York would have meant a glorious adventure, but now it only meant the certainty that the lies he had told about knowing Daphne would be discovered. Andy's sins were catching up with him. Fate had put him on the spot. And once having put him there that same pitiless fate and abetted by his own father was moving him relentlessly toward New York.

Andy tried every ruse he could think of but all of them failed. He rallied every symptom of practically every disease fatal to man and paraded all of them before the family. There he was on the very verge of death itself but it made no difference to the Judge's plans. The Hardys were going to New York and Andy was going with them.

It didn't help to have the telephone ring the morning they were leaving and hear Polly's voice jubilantly telling him that she and Bezzy had decided to print the story of his flaming romance with Daphne in the high school magazine.

"You better make good with that debutante, 'cause you'll be the talk of the town when you get home," she giggled, and Andy felt practically at death's door. "We know you'll send back a photograph of darling Daphne and you to illustrate the story."

Andy tried a last illness, heartfellow coupled with a complete nervous breakdown. But the Judge, more puzzled than ever by Andy's desperate efforts to stay at home, showed no signs of relenting. So there was the train streamlining its way to the metropolis and there was Andy riding in a box.

Then New York! They crossed on the ferry from Jersey so they could see the city as the Judge had seen it first, from the water. Tall buildings, ocean liners riding at anchor at the docks, the thrilling taxi ride through the city to the apartment the Judge had wired his friends, the Booths, to get ready for them, and then after another had swept them up to the dizzying heights of their new home, the complete anticlimax—little Betsy Booth.

She was tetering on a step ladder in the tiny kitchenette when they came in, reaching for a coffee pot on the shelf above her. And when she saw Andy she almost fell over backwards in her excitement. Time had not helped her infatuation. She was as completely Andy's victim as she had been back in Carvel.

"It's a cute apartment, isn't it, Mrs. Hardy?" she said breathlessly, her eyes focused adoringly on Andy. "Mother and father were away when I found it, so I found it myself. And you know, Andy, it's perfectly swell to see you and I brought my radio over for you." She stopped, apparent at this revival of her adoration, and turned to Mrs. Hardy. "It's just common gratitude, Mrs. Hardy, because back in Carvel, Andy took me to my first grown-up party."

"Son, how do you do it?" Judge Hardy grinned as Betsy ducked back into the kitchenette.

"Aw gee, Dad," Andy's face flamed. "She don't mean anything. It's only hero worship."

"Well," the Judge took a seat and picked up one of their bags, his face averting so Andy couldn't see the smile he was unable to control, "come on, my hero. Let's get unpacked."

New York might have been everything people said it was. Andy wouldn't know. His own problems weighed his spirits down so that the Empire State Building and Rockefeller Center and Liberty were as nothing but a blur of stone. Somehow, someway he would have to meet Daphne Fowler or suffer the taints of Larkins High forever. And so in desperation he gave the adoring Betsy a hint of what he was going through.

"You know what, see, Andy?" Betsy exclaimed enigmatically. "One of us is gonna be ruined in the struggle."

"Would it help to use mother's car and drive there while the folks are away?" Betsy asked.

Andy brightened. The car certainly did help even if Betsy went with the car and he had to drag her around with him. But she had promised not to ask questions. And she was trying desperately to keep that promise when Andy came back from his first attempt at murdering the judge.

He had gone down in ignoble defeat when he attempted to deliver the letter he had written to her. When he got back to Betsy sitting inside the car, parked around the corner from Daphne's house, he could still feel the clutch of the hands of the glamorous girl's bodyguard on his shoulders when he had turned him out of the house after that one fleeting glimpse of his beloved. Even the thought that they had taken him for a kidnapping or something equally desperate didn't help much.

"Andy, what's the matter?" Betsy cried as he sank into the seat beside her. And then contritely, "Oh, I promised not to ask questions."

"I have just aged fifty years," Andy said
in a hollow voice. "What happened just now is a secret I will carry with me to the grave."

"Where to?" The chauffeur broke in unsympathetically.

"Anywhere I can find some peace," Andy sighed.

"Grant's Tomb, Prentice," Betsy said practically. And then as the car stopped in front of the edifice she turned to Andy. "Come on inside. Maybe the coffins will cheer you up."

"Yeah, it's a fine world," Andy said, grim and tight-lipped. "Back in Carvel there's people waiting to laugh at my funeral and here in New York you got coffins to cheer me up!"

"I'm sorry. I meant maybe you'd feel glad to be alive," Betsy whispered con- tritely.

But it was impressive standing there in the half-darkness looking down on all that remained of one of America's great sons. "Andy, won't you tell me what your problem is?" Betsy whispered hopefully. "I'm a woman. Maybe I could help." And then as Andy shook his head, "You mustn't give up, Andy. Look at Ulysses S. Grant! Did he surrender when things looked dark?"

"He never had any trouble like I got," Andy blurted. "All he had on his hands was the Civil War."

"Then pretend you've only got the Civil War," Betsy said consolingly.

Andy's chin went out at that. General Grant wouldn't surrender. He would use strategy. Come on, General Grant! he thought desperately. "What would you do? Remember Gettysburg! Remember Appomattox! Give, Ulysses!"

With Grant for an inspiration he cast his mind backwards trying to remember all he knew about Daphne Fowler. And then came the inspiration. In almost every one of those pictures her dog was with her.

"I got it!" Andy's voice rose jubilantly. "General Grant rides again! A dog, that's it. There's nothing like a dog, Betsy." he fixed his eye sternly on her, "have you a dog?"

"No," Betsy shuddered. "But we've got a cat."

"Cats is—I mean cats are not the same thing at all," Andy said severely. "Most people love dogs. S'pose you were walking down the street and you saw a kind of distinguished looking young fellow leading a dog. What would you do?"

"I'd run like the dickens," Betsy said promptly. "I'm scared of dogs. Or maybe I'd inch over to the curb and try to sneak by without the dog seeing me."

"No, no, Betsy! Andy was exasperated. "You're supposed to love dogs! You'd want to go over and pet him."

"Then I'd just sort of reach over and pet him and then hurry on about my business."

"Wouldn't you speak to the man with the dog?" Andy demanded impatiently. And then as she hesitated, "He's a charming young gentleman. He's a fellow dog-lover. You'd want to get acquainted, drawn by the bond of our little four-footed friends. Well, anyway," he said irritably seeing her uncertain look, "do you know where I could borrow a dog? I got troubles and I need the consolation of a dumb animal."

Betsy looked at him, helpless in her love. "If you want a dog I suppose I'll have to figure out some way to borrow you one," she sighed.

And Betsy did. Not only one dog, but two. A giant St. Bernard and a tiny poodle. Again Andy left Betsy parked in the car around the corner while he strode up and down in front of Daphne's home, his two dogs straining at the leash, his heart going into high when he saw her come out of the house with her dachshund. Afterwards Andy never knew exactly what happened, except there was no leash strong enough to hold a St. Bernard with a grudge against a dachshund. It was a dog fight to end all dog fights, with Daphne screaming in terror and her chauffeur the only master of the situation. For it was he and not Andy who restored order out of chaos and brought the dachshund back to his mistress' arms.

"I'm awfully sorry, Miss Fowler," Andy looked at her beseechingly, "Can you maybe forgive me on account of we're both dog-lovers?"

"Nice dogs!" Daphne glared at him, "But not wild animals like yours."

Had any general rallied after such a defeat? It didn't help Andy to know his father was going through his own difficulties. For at the Surrogate's Court the Judge discovered that the Carvel trustees had all the advantages of the law on their side since Harlan Wyatt, the former president of the orphanage, had switched the United States securities in the orphanage trust funds to European bonds and conditions in Europe had made those bonds worthless. The case would be tried on Monday and the Judge felt he didn't have a leg to stand on.

Andy too had only a few days to make good. He had seen in the papers that Daphne was to preside at the Dog Lovers' Banquet being given the next evening. Again it was Betsy he turned to, and loyal as always she hired a complete dress outfit for him, even to giving him her father's black pearl stud.

The banquet was being held in one of New York's most exclusive night clubs but that didn't phase Andy. Didn't he have eight dollars in his pocket and wasn't that enough for anything? He ordered lavishly without even looking at the menu. If he wanted to get anywhere with Daphne wouldn't he have to be a playboy, a man
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Screenland
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A fine action shot of Judy Garland receiving a fast serve from Bill Tilden in a recent tennis tournament, played for the benefit of the British war relief fund.

And what were the ideals of that democracy but simple truths? It meant that privileges couldn’t be taken away from anyone. Suddenly the inspiration came that the Judge had been waiting for. But he told none of them what he was going to do when he took the plane back to Carvel, explaining only that he would be back in time for the trial of the orphanage case.

Andy was desperate. Life had closed in on him. Even his father had gone, taking his last prop from under him. He had almost nervously himself to the ordeal of confiding in his father and now there was no one to turn to but Betsy and at last he went to her. Then it was amazing how simple things became. Betsy knew Daphne had known her all the time he had been inventing his frantic schemes to meet her. And as Andy listened she went to the phone and talked to her, triumphantly securing an invitation for him for her début Monday evening.

Monday was a day to go down in triumph in the history of the Hardy family. Andy and Marian and Aldrich were in court early, waiting for the Judge who had not yet arrived from Carvel. Then, just when the case was about to be dismissed he made his dramatic entrance, carrying in his arms the smallest orphan from the Carvel Orphanage. It was his new petitioner, one of the eighteen orphans who had been betrayed without their knowledge when the orphanage funds had been transferred to foreign bonds.

There was silence as Judge Hardy stated his case. Then the lawyer for the million dollar Carvel trust fund stepped forward.

"If Your Honor please," he said. "I don't think I would care to oppose this new petitioner before a jury of twelve good Americans and true."

So the orphanage was saved and so a boy sat there, with tears choking in his throat. All Andy's grandiose ideas were gone now. He felt cheap and small, unworthy of being the son of such a father. He waited while Marian and Aldrich congratulated the Judge and then after they had gone he fell into step beside him.

"I—I don't deserve to be your son," he said at last uncertainly.

"What I'm wondering is, do you deserve

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

Shirley Temple's new film, "Young People," features Jock O' tie and Charlotte Greenwood, is her last picture on her long 20th Century-Fox contract. She'll be one of the radio or screen offers she has received.

DATLAND
Excursions into the Future with Norvell

Continued from page 33

patient. She knows how to work to overcome any disturbances that might arise in her present marriage.

Ginger Rogers is another wonderfully encouraging example of how another cancer-born overcame adversity and rose triumphantly to a position of world adulation. Ginger's birthdate is July 16—the same as Barbara Stanwyck's. Miss Rogers came by her present success the hard way, for no one could ever have predicted that she would become such a great star in her early days. Her stars proved it, however, for from the moment Ginger was born the die was cast, and the vibrations from the planets moulded a certain type of brain and body that inevitably attracted her to a great screen career.

Like many Cancer-born persons Ginger did not find happiness in her first marriage, but her chart shows that she will be happily married within one year. That marriage can be the turning point of happiness for Ginger Rogers. As for her career, there is no danger of anything happening to that for some time to come.

Cancer is the sign of the introvert—in other words, persons who live most of the time within themselves. It is hard for them to reveal their true sides to the public; they are shy and reticent, and they resent having others pry into their personal lives. That is one of the reasons why Cancer produces such great character actors—they like to conceal their identity in that of the character they portray. Several of the screen's most outstanding character actors were born in this sign, including Charles Laughton, Peter Lorre, Barbara O'Neill, James Cagney, Richard Dix, Jean Hersholt, and even Irene Dunne and Barbara Stanwyck, who will be remembered best for some of their character roles on the screen.

It will further be noted that Irene Dunne and Ginger Rogers have both attained a measure of success in singing roles in the past—further proof of the versatility of those born in this sign. One of the screen's truly great singing stars who will also be born in the Sign of Cancer, on June 29, is Nelson Eddy. When I visited Eddy on the set of "New Moon," his latest picture, he had just finished singing a beautiful number with Jeanette MacDonald, and everyone on the set was spellbound with the harmoniously blended voices of this famous screen couple. Later, when I set up Nelson Eddy's chart in his dressing room, I discovered the reason for his outstanding success. He was born under the rulership of the creative Sign of Cancer, and the future revealed is indeed brilliant and worthy of Eddy's great talents. His first love, the opera, will not be completely given up, but he will divide his time equally between concert, opera, and movie work in the future. There is sufficient proof in his chart to show that Nelson's marriage can be a great success, for his charming wife is as ardently interested in music as he is.

Two comparative Cancer newcomers whom I would nominate to future film fame were both born on July 5. They are Isa Miranda and Iona Massey—both foreign-born, and both not yet fully discovered by American audiences. 1940 holds great success for them, and I predict that they will be two of Hollywood's brightest stars in the future. Typical of this sign, Iona Massey has already had one unfortunate marriage and will find marital happiness sometime in 1941. As for Isa Miranda, she has already married Alfred Guarini, and it is to be hoped she may avoid the usual misfortunes that beset most persons born in this sign in their love lives.

There are other screen stars born in this sign so I will give brief predictions for those interested in knowing what is apt to befall Cancer in the coming months:

Annabella, July 14—better roles; danger in her present marriage (her fourth) to Tyrone Power.

Irene Dunne, July 14—continued hap-

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ness in marriage and screen success, with more singing roles (we hope!).

Irene Hervey, July 11—at last a good chance to reveal her beauty and talent, with resultant success.

Phyllis Brooks, July 18—a brief struggle this year. Success in 1941.

George Murphy, July 4—will be rediscovered by producers and the public in 1940.

Olivia de Havilland, July 1—happiness in marriage in 1940.

James Cagney, July 17—continued marital and screen success.

If YOU happen to be born in some sign other than that of Cancer, check the section below dealing with the predictions for your sign of the Zodiac and see what surprises Fate has in store for your future.

Aries—March 21 to April 20

Slight affections in finances, so guard your interests and do not let money slip through your fingers. Danger from hidden sources, watch the diet, avoid vehicles on the 5th, 8th, 15th, and 25th. Business is favored more during last two weeks of the month, but aggressive action throughout the month may be necessary to make and hold gains financially. Favors those in secretarial work, switchboard operators, salesmen, and those in hotel or restaurant work. A new romance may prove tempting to those single, and changes in residence or business are shown at this time. A good month to travel to distant places, to study and work toward progress. Neptune brings disturbances in friendship and social activities this month. Favorable days are: 1st, 2nd, 4th, 6th, 7th, 9th, 12th, 14th, 16th, 18th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 24th, 26th, 28th, 29th. The other days are somewhat negative. Use caution in all matters.

Taurus—April 21 to May 20

Venus, planet of romance, is active at this time. Causes flirtations, jealousy, and changes in love. A good month to make a definite decision regarding an engagement. Brings vibrations of sociability into your life, and favors entertaining, dancing, amusements in general. Good month for short trips by land or water for vacation and pleasure.

Avoid making sudden decisions regarding changing place of business. You will not be quite content in present place but no change should be attempted for another month or two. Curb your tendency to spend money carelessly, attend to duties in the home, and avoid being too generous with others. Some illness may affect a relative and cause concern. Favors real estate, stock investments, and independent business of your own. Also favors workers in women's wear line, jewelry stores, beauty parlors, and offices. Favorable days are: 2nd, 4th, 6th, 7th, 9th, 10th, 12th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 29th. The other days are negative; do not attempt changes or new business ventures.

GEMINI—May 21 to June 20

Favorable vibrations most of this month in matters of business and finances. Not so good for love—your duality may cause the one you love some concern; doubtful outcome to the present love affair, or marriage. Seek quiet and peace of mind, avoid confusion on the 3rd, 8th, 15th, and 28th. The vibrations favor general routine work, executive and creative matters, arts and investments. Do not sign papers, leases, or contracts, without first checking them over. A tendency to haste and carelessness shows itself. Watch the health and diet; avoid overindulging in food. Stomach and nerves apt to be upset—rest, and relax. The most favorable days for business and romance are: 2nd, 4th, 5th, 7th, 10th, 11th, 13th, 16th, 18th, 19th, 21st, 22nd, 24th, 25th, 27th, 29th, 30th. Other days neutral.

CANCER—June 21 to July 22

To what we have already said about Cancer we may add warnings regarding romance and marriage for this month. The changeable Moon brings two persons into your life, and you may have to make a decision between them. Let your head rule in love, not your heart. Avoid entanglements with "in-laws" if married, and avoid a divorce at this time. Those with children in the home are highly favored this month. A good time for art studies, singing, dancing, or acting. No sudden business change is noted, wait for two months before giving up present place of employment. Favorable days are: 1st, 3rd, 5th, 6th, 8th, 10th, 13th, 15th, 16th, 19th, 20th, 23rd, 25th, 29th.

LEO—July 23 to August 22

As usual, with the Sun ruling your life, you absorb powerful and stimulating vibrations in your life, and you may have to make a decision regarding a change in affairs. Your life may be chaotic and health may suffer, but with care you can overcome much of the trouble that affects you and go on to your rightful destiny. Love problems straighten out this month, the home is under better vibrations, and matrimonial problems may dissolve. Attend to business, invest money, collect money owed you, and seek favors from executives, and public officials. Avoid debts and...
Virgo—August 23 to September 22
An opportunity you have long looked for may seek you out in business this month. Be patient, for you are now coming into one of the most fruitful and productive periods of your life. Some favorable culmination of your past labors will be announced by the stars and it is possible you may decide on some—possibly long doubted—in romance. Marriage is favored under these favorable rays. Those unhappy in love through the vibrations of romance can profit from these vibrations and find congenial persons in social activities that might become important romantically. Favorable departments of the house for this purpose are: doctors and lawyers, investment brokers, public officials; also favors secretarial work. Good month to travel for pleasure. Attend to health and diet; watch the stomach and nerves.

Vulgar: Favorable days are: 1st, 2nd, 4th, 5th, 8th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 14th, 17th, 18th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 29th, 30th. Other days adverse.

Libra—September 23 to October 22
As usual, your problems this month center about two vital departments of your life: love and business. A love romance will be unmarred by any disquieting element that intrudes itself; a decision might have to be made to break off a present love affair or marriage. Do not worry, for you are now coming into a period of happiness in love, and may find someone this month who can bring happiness into your life. Financially you are due to progress—working conditions will improve and you may.^day's making the best of what you have. Favorable deparments are: teaching professions, public health work, civil service, stenographic work, bookkeeping, and saleswork. Good month for vacation plans, visits to relatives or friends. Favorable days are: 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 7th, 9th, 11th, 13th, 14th, 16th, 19th, 22nd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 28th, 29th. Other days neutral and not favorable for aggressive action.

Scorpio—October 23 to November 22
Do not doubt your judgment this month, for Mars brings some disturbances in business and finances. Ideas may not be practical—apply yourself more constructively to the job at hand rather than worry about the future. More favorable for your artistic and creative work such as art, literature, designing, interior decorating, advertising, music, acting, dancing, and even beauty parlor work. Good month to deal with the public, sell or buy commodities. Watch the health and diet. Danger to a relative through health disturbances; possible stomach trouble, which may be overcome by rest and exercise. The situation is somewhat steadier—a sense of duty keeps you from breaking off a love affair, but a temptation may enter your life through some other person. Good month to deal with month.
Favorable days are: 1st, 3rd, 4th, 7th, 9th, 11th, 14th, 18th, 19th, 21st, 24th, 25th, 28th, 30th. Other days neutral and not favorable for aggressive action.

Sagittarius—November 23 to December 21
Business matters occupy your mind at this time. A very excellent opportunity for advancement may await you where you are now employed, or such an opportunity may arise in real estate or stocks. Guard your money, avoid encumbering yourself with relatives who might impose on you financially. Good time to go into business for yourself. Those not married are apt to meet one or more members of the opposite sex who show a deep romantic interest. The social aspects are good, and a decision could safely be made regarding the future marriage partner. Those married face better vibrations and more peaceful and harmonious vibrations in the home. This sign is very difficult to understand, so avoid quarrels and confusion. Trips near water are favored, watch the health on the 4th, 17th, and 20th. Favorable days are: 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 7th, 9th, 11th, 13th, 14th, 18th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 29th, 30th. Other days not favorable for aggressive or new actions.

Capricorn—December 22 to January 19
The afflications of Saturn subsides somewhat this month, bringing you assistance in finances. Good time to seek favors from superiors, ask for a raise, or make a change, if you so choose—for your stars favor you in your financial affairs. Some doubt exists in the romantic life; make no decision as yet, but await further developments. Someone may enter your life who can alter everything in a romantic way and bring you more contentment than you have known for some time. Artistic and creative lines of endeavor favored this month. Those dealing with radio, stage, newspapers, institutions of learning, and public officials come under good aspects. Money may come from an unexpected source; a message may arrive that you have been long expecting. Health will be guarded, but nothing out of the ordinary will be obtained. Favorable days are: 4th, 5th, 8th, 10th, 12th, 14th, 17th, 19th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 26th, 29th, 30th. Other days favorable only for routine affairs.

Aquarius—January 20 to February 18
Urants, planet of upheavals and changes, may bring uncertainty in business and finances. Do nothing of a startling nature, but stick to the present business venture. New ideas are favored, inventions thrive at this time, and those engaged in manufacture, radio, music, and stage come under favorable rays from the planets. Not a good month for risktaking in speculation; avoid buying real estate, and in other ways burdening yourself. The month brings steady improvement but nothing of a radical nature. As usual, some uncertainty exists in romance or marriage. Remember this is a month when you are often involved in a romantic way, and sometimes unhappiness comes through the love life. Be sure you are taking the right steps before ending any existing love affair or marriage. The last weeks are more favorable for happiness in love. Strange health disturbances may threaten; avoid infections, skin eruptions and disturbed digestion. Favorable days this month are: 1st, 3rd, 4th, 7th, 9th, 13th, 15th, 18th, 20th, 22nd, 23rd, 25th, 26th, 29th. Other days somewhat adverse.

 Pisces—February 19 to March 20
Guard your financial interests carefully this month for you are apt to lose money or something else of value. You may not be happy in your present employment, and should make it a point to seriously consider a change. Your type is fitted for sales work, secretarial position, beauty parlor operator, salesclerk, dancer, or musician. The romantic affairs come under the influence of Venus, and assure you of a fairly happy romance this month. No decision is to be expected at this time regarding engagement or marriage. This month is good for short trips—vacation or business. Avoid confusion and quarrels on the 12th, 16th, and 20th. Watch the diet and health during the first two weeks of the month. Favorable days are: 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 7th, 9th, 11th, 14th, 17th, 18th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 25th, 28th, 29th. Other days are neutral and favor only matters of a routine nature.
For Internal Monthly Hygiene
Small Tampons
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No wonder women by the thousands are turning to Holly-Pax! Superabsorbent—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.

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Your Guide at a Glance to the Best Current Pictures

Continued from page 53

Most of you report in favor of our new form of streamlined review! There's one complaint, though, registered by a few, which calls for explanatory comment from the reviewer. It's this: why list a picture as one of the "Best" and then give it a lukewarm review? Seems sound to us! It may still be one of the "Best" of the month. But would you want us to prize it unreservedly when we felt it called for criticism? Some of the season's film releases may be listed as "Big" productions in the sense of elaborate locations, expensive casts, and so on; but to us these trimmings definitely do not necessarily make it sure-fire entertainment. So—we'll continue our policy of frankness and fairness because we believe most of you want us to do so!

D. E.

"Star Dust"

One-Word Guide:
Enjoyable!

Appeal: To devotees of Linda Darnell.

Plot: Discovery of a young beauty by Hollywood talent scout, and her struggles to win fame and fortune in the movies—a dash of Miss Darnell's own Cinderella career.

Production: Adequate, with chief interest in the authentic Hollywood atmosphere, including the famous Chinese Theatre with its much-publicized stars' footprints, etc. Debatable whether the general public is breathlessly interested in so much local color, but it is well done, anyway.

Acting: Linda Darnell, an exquisite youngster, shows signs of true acting ability here. John Payne as her leading man takes one more step up in his slow but sure climb to a top spot among the younger actors. William Gargan, Mary Healy, Roland Young help.

"Forty Little Mothers"

One-Word Guide:
Homespun!

Appeal: To all admirers of cute babies or Eddie Cantor.

Plot: Timid professor in girls' school trying to protect year-old foundling from the merry students' maternal instincts.

Production: Lavish, with boarding-school setting giving director Busby Berkeley his chance to show charming minxes cavorting all over the campus—but no "production" numbers as such, just lively picture-postcard athletics and gambolings on the green.

Acting: Cantor "plays it straight" and gives a genuinely likeable performance of the well-meaning professor who takes on a baby to raise. It's the baby who steals the show, though. Baby Sandy had better watch out for Baby Quinlanilla, whose goos and grimaces are pretty cute. Judith Anderson, Bonita Granville, Rita Johnson, Diana Lewis, Nydia Westman, all good.

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"Forty Little Mothers" is an M-G-M picture.
Eventually I came out of the faint induced by such an admission from an actor. "Don't you know you should never admit anything like that?" I yelled. "You should just sort of mumble something about Watson & Son or Eddie Schmitz and let it go at that. You haven't an actor's heart."

"How can I have an actor's heart?" he exploded. "Until a couple of years ago I had never any more idea of becoming an actor than—than this chair!"

Born in Chicago of fairly well-to-do parents, he spent most of his early life migrating from one midwestern town to another. He has two brothers, one fifteen years older than he and the other five. When he was ten, his father died. He was educated in the public schools of Chicago.

"Athletics," I inquired.

He shook his head. "I played a little football and baseball in grade school but there were five thousand students in Senn High. You have to be good to get anywhere in a school that large and I wasn't exceptional."

When he was seventeen, right after he graduated, the wanderlust and a thirst for adventure gripped him. He went to Florida during his vacation, fell in love with a real estate—but so did everyone else. The high-pressure boys were all in Miami so I picked St. Petersburg, figuring I'd have less competition. But some others, with more experience than I, had figured on the same thing so I didn't set the woods on fire. I made expenses, though, and I had some fun.

No letters in athletics and he hadn't made a fortune out of Florida real estate! Holy smoke!

Returning to Chicago, he started working with a man who they knew their father had left—a wholesale crockery concern. While there was a good living in it for one, when the profits had to be divided two ways they didn't go so far. He drifted into the brokerage business. When the crash came in 1929 there was no more brokerage business—or none to speak of. So in 1931 he started looking around for something.

A photographer friend of his suggested he try modeling. His friend used him several times during that week and Alan made $40 in a single day. It didn't take him long to learn and logical, he figured if he could make that much in a week posing for one photographer he could clean up if he contacted all of them, and he was right.

Two weeks later, he was signed. The wanderlust gripped him again and he looked for fresher, greener fields—New York, for instance. Taking his savings, he bought himself a complete wardrobe and lit out for the metropolis. He hit town with $40 in his pocket and called at the John Powers agency. His first week in New York netted him $125. From then on he averaged about $150 a week. Then he knew that he could, on busy days he made as high as $150 in a day.

"I lived in an apartment building with a lot of photographers and advertising men, he explained, "and they were pretty nifty to me. For almost a year I was the only chap used in Lucky Strike ads. The photographer who did their work was an especially good friend of mine and when they would start screaming for him to get a new face he'd say he couldn't find anyone else—or no one with any kind of wardrobe—and so I went right on using mine.

"Like those days," he mused. "The apartment was on 52nd Street and I could drop in to the Stork Club or any of those places without having to spend either the evening or very much money."
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A. B. MASTER OF MUSIC
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Dinner with Garbo!

Continued from page 23

time soon. But Garbo quickly covered up my rudeness by having a second help of stew.

And I had always heard she was rude. Not me. The whole thing was crazy.

"The peas," she said, "are wicked." By which I gathered that their quantity was too far. I was too many in the calories in them.

"The cole slaw," I said, "is made with Dr. Hauser's famous health dressing. Have some more.

"The cole slaw," she said with a mischievous glint in her eyes, "is not wicked." I have heard rumors, and read stories, about Garbo's health. But I must say that she didn't show the slightest signs of any anemia that evening. She ate just as heartily as the rest of us. And with as much enjoyment.

"But"—I added—"I noticed you were wasting away a little. (Another rumor) ought to be shot at sunrise. Wast- ing away, my eye! She simply radiates health and vitality.

I have also heard that she is interested in Gaylord Hauser, famous food scientist, only because of his wonderful diets—the legend being that Garbo is a pushover for health diets. But that is certainly untrue. They are not the least mushy about it, thank goodness, but in San Francisco I have to see that Garbo and her handsome Gaylord are very much in love. She adores having his old friends tell her amusing stories about him, things that have never happened to her. She laughts beautifully and naturally at everything he says. Pretty good signs, those. But even more than that she definitely has the look of a woman in love. I ought to know after eight years in romantic Holly- wood with l'amour constantly slapping me in the face.

After dinner, we trooped into the playroom where Garbo settled herself on a huge hassock. She slipped out of her sandals and drew her feet up under her. (They aren't such big feet; you should have them that small.) She looked just

there about fifteen months when Joan Crawford asked for him for the second lead in "Maunoquin," with herself and Spencer Tracy.

"Would it be wonderful if you could remember that you must have had when you got that part?" I asked.

"Heck, no!" said Alan. "It was a nightmare. I wasn't as excited over getting the part as I was about the part for Garbo. I wouldn't stack up with them—two of the biggest stars in the business. I used to sweat and stee all night for fear I wouldn't take off the picture after two or three days of shooting.

Alan and the stars were the only good things about that opus. Bits followed in "The Shopworn Angel," "Burn 'Em Up O'Connor," "The Duke of West Point," and then a fairly good part in "Sergeant Madden." Then Columbia cast her for a part with Loretta Young and Melynn Douglas in "In Good Girls Go to Paris." The picture was not an unqualified success—but Alan was. After its release, 20th for a second lead in "Hollywood Cavali- cade," with Alice Fay and Don Ameche. Opinions on the picture vary but not on its stardom for Alan. They turned in some of the neatest acting of the year. Now he is in "Four Sons," with Ameche.

"You see," he reflected, "I've had some good breaks—but nothing happens. What do you make of it?"

"I guess it's still your little red wagon," I grinned.

* Continued from page 23
Gable Gave Him a Break!

Continued from page 34

his resourcefulness. Here is the story of his adventures in Hollywood, just as he told it to me:

"I didn't want to be an actor in the beginning. I intended to be an engineer, but after I got out of school I had a chance to do gag writing at the Hal Roach Studios for Bob MacGowan, who was directing 'Our Gang.' My father and mother were both professionals and I had worked in some pictures Bob directed, when I was ten years old, to do gag writing, but when the studio pared down its staff a few months later, they let me go. I went back to my home town, Des Moines, Iowa, and signed a stock contract and played in the theater there for six months.

"Then my father died and I returned to Hollywood. Mother suddenly decided that she wanted me to go into business. Any kind of a business, just so I would have a steady income, a normal life and home. She explained to me how much she had loved father, yet because they were professionals, so much of their lives was apart. Now, suddenly, she realized all of those wasted years they could have had together and she determined my life wouldn't be like that.

"Agreed finally to give it up. She talked the matter over with an influential friend and he gave me my pick of five different positions. Laid them in a row and told me to choose. They ran all the way from a reporter on the Examiner to a job in the Crane Plumbing Co. I refused to choose. I told mother that the job was her idea, so she could pick it out for me, and I went fishing.

"Mother picked the plumbing job. I didn't know anything about the business so I had to begin at the bottom. The following Monday found me on the Crane payroll at twenty dollars a week and I was wearing white overalls and handling a broom in the back of the plant. But it was a job.

"I stuck to the plumbing business for a year. Then one day I was passing the RKO Studios and I remembered that a friend of mine was working in the casting office. I stopped in to say 'hello.' The first thing he said was, 'Say, Bud, it's too bad you are a plumber now. I've got a part in a picture and I can't find anybody. It would fit like it does you. Perfect for your type. Pays $150 a week and that's at least three weeks work in it.'

"I didn't even answer him. I just reached across the desk, got his phone and called the Crane Company and said, 'This is Bud Flanagan. I quit.'

"But things didn't come as easy as my beginning. After the picture was finished, I couldn't get anything but extra work and very little of that. Mother went East and I took a room near the studio. This was before the Screen Guild was formed and Central Casting Bureau was operating as a closed shop. They wouldn't enroll any new people at all. One day, however, I was in the waiting room at Paramount, while the head man at Central Casting was talking with the casting director. I couldn't hear their conversation until suddenly the casting director pointed across the room at me. 'Now, that's what I want,' he said, raising his voice, 'that is the type of young man we want. You ought to register young fellows like him. I could use him just about every day.'

"The Central Casting man walked over and asked me for my name and telephone number then, and told me if I would go...
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A "naughty" is not only "naughty," but "nice," too. It's the new delux TATTOO lipstick! Apply it... see how "naughty" it makes you look... or how it makes you laugh... or how it makes your mouth look... how it glis-
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oul) and Harry Corey found ex-
cellent food, comfortable sur-
roundings, and an ad-
miring audience at the
new low-priced
restaurant of the N. Y. World's
Fair of 1940.

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Screenland
live through moments like that. I knew a baker's dozen of them. But always when I was beginning to wonder what my chances really were, something would happen to keep me everlastingly at it.

"I knew most of the assistant directors in Hollywood now and all the casting directors at the various studios. Calls came regularly. Finally, I was called for a bit in 'Saratoga.' It wasn't an important bit at all. I was supposed merely to raise my hand during the wedding scene and say, 'Five hundred dollars.' But that was one day that Lady Luck was really on the job for me. When they started to shoot the scene, Director Jack Conway decided that a lot of people there and around him wouldn't realize that the two main characters were bidding too much for the horse. He talked it over with the star, Clark Gable, and they decided that in order to get over the right importance they needed somebody to stand near during the auction and try to get the fellow to cease bidding.

"As if had happened on the Capra set, I happened to be the nearest and most observing extra. I had been watching them discuss and plan the scene and I had an idea what they were trying to get. When Conway asked the assistant director if he knew anybody on the set who could play the scene, he brought me forward. I didn't get too excited about it, because the same thing had happened to me times before and nothing had ever come of it.

"So you see when my real 'break' came, I didn't recognize it. I played the part to the best of my ability and I was glad of the chance for an adjustment on my check. I got $35 for it and I was called back for another day at the same price. I could use the money right then, too.

"Between scenes, next morning, the assistant director came over to me. 'Say, Bud, I don't know what it is, but something is up, for I heard Conway and Gable talking about you yesterday. And they are talking about you again, right now.'

"Naturally, I was concerned about the matter. A star or a director can do a lot for an unknown. But a star AND a director is really something to be congratulated on.

"After the last scene in which I appeared was shot, Conway came over to me and told me what was on their minds. 'Gable and I have been watching you and we think you've got what it takes, I could offer you a personal contract but it wouldn't do you as much good as a studio contract. I would like to take you over and help you to get bigger Rapf and bigger roles in the big picture, the boys. I think I can get you a studio contract.'

"And that is how it happened. Conway introduced me around to the front office. Took some of the executives in to see the rushes in which I had worked. And they gave me a contract the following day and changed my name from Bud Planigan to Dennis O'Keefe.

"Before I signed, I had a chance to look over contracts from two other studios, because they heard M-G-M was interested.'

"Hollywood is like that. It is always interested in newcomers after they succeed in breaking the jump from obscurity to fame.

"I thought all my troubles were over when I signed my contract,' Dennis muses, "but I was still in M-G-M. Just getting started and running the road to success, when my accident occurred.

"I was hoping he would tell me about it, for it was a heart-breaking thing to have happen just when success was in his hands.

"I was on loan-out to Universal for 'Unexpected Father,' he explained. "We were on the set for the wedding scene, the right important, when a missile, which worked 16 hours without a let-up, was started. It was the hardest thing I had ever done, too. It was the scene with Baby Sandy, where the tot tries to walk along the window ledge

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The Mischa Auer photo.

The Mischa Auer photo of the Midwick polo match.
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above the street. My nerves were completely gone by the time I finished that night. I knew the baby was protected with wires and a net that was stretched below to catch it if anything broke, but I was under a terrific tension all the time anyway. That night, going home, I fell asleep at the wheel. You know the rest. I crashed into a milk truck and went to the hospital. When I came to and looked in the mirror, I thought my acting career was finished forever.

“A facial surgeon repaired my broken nose and generally mended my healed, but I put in some bad weeks just the same. And the studio took me off the payroll while I was in the hospital. I went back to work before my leg was healed, because I had to have the money. I was still limping badly when I reported at RKO for 'That's Right —You're Wrong.'

I remembered the last time I talked with Dennis on the set of "Unexpected Father" just before his accident. At that time, he was so anxious to get a certain role. I reminded him now of it and how he must have felt when he lost it.

"That was a lucky 'break' for me," he pointed out. "I was so hot for that part. And if I hadn't been hurt, I would have played it. Yet the role almost ruined the fellow who took it. I know if I had gotten it I would have fared worse than he did.

A bad role at that stage in my career would have finished me forever. I'm glad now that I didn't get it. So you see, even my accident might be regarded as a "lucky break.'"

Dennis is no male Pollyanna, let me assure you, but he is a comforting young Irishman to have around. He can certainly see the silver lining to almost any cloud. The day I visited with him on the set of "La Conga Nights" he was making the dance sequences with Constance Moore. He hastened to point out that he is no Fred Astaire and he confided that when he learned he was going to be required to dance the Conga, he got a good teacher to hurry up and instruct him in the art.

He looked all right in the sequence to me. In fact, Dennis is the kind of young man who can look all right in almost any kind of role. He is tall and slim and clean-looking. And his experiences as an extra have taught him the art of improvising.

His career is typical of Hollywood. Although signed by M-G-M, almost every important role he has had to date has been on Joan Blondell's or Jimmy Cagney's pictures at Universal, and is slated to do two more. He has a leading role in "Alias the Deacon," with Bob Burns, and is now being costumed as Constance Moore in "La Conga Nights."

When you meet and talk with Dennis, you get the impression that he is one young man with a lot, in complete control with his lot. He is more than glad to be able to get his teeth into roles that really try his mettle. Moreover, now that he has made the grade, he doesn't need to prove a front any more.

When he was a successful extra, he had to have a super-wardrobe. His monthly pressing and cleaning bills were terrific. Now the studio furnishes his wardrobe and foots his cleaning bills. As an extra, he felt it necessary to have an imposing and much-too-expensive car. Now that he doesn't need to impress, he owns a small car of a popular make.

He lives with his mother in a little house in Sherman Oaks, for which he pays $50 a month rent. He has a black yard that Mrs. Flanagan has filled with flowers. And Dennis has built a lot of garden furniture and installed some gay umbrellas.

He has a passion for hamburgers with lots of sauerkraut on them, because he ate a huge one the last time I lunched with him. He drives as far as Glendale frequently, because there is a stand there where they make them exactly right.

A tendency to damp discomfort, and make you fresh and fragrant to just the right degree for warm weather, but never a shocking assault upon the senses, as too much of a strong concentrate perfume can be on hot days. This lighter type you may use for business, knowing that you will never be overpowering but merely delightfully sweet and fresh.

All business girls should keep a bottle of eau de Cologne at the office. When you must go from there to a date without benefit of a refreshing shower, do this, Clean up as best you can, then apply your freshener to back of neck, over your bosom inside your neckline, over forearms and

backs of hands. This is a wonderful uplifter for sagging body and spirits.

After you have used your eau de Cologne at home, finish off with a shower of dusting or talcum powder. Then, regardless of the thermometer, you will want to be up and doing. This powder seems to "insulate" you against heat and dampness. It will make underthrills, especially tight girdles, simply slide over your skin. If your skin is dark, then use one of the tinted powders, which do not show like the white.

For normally comfortable feet in warm weather, eau de Cologne and powder provide a daily benediction. But for real foot sufferers, there are a very special soap and a balm that seem heaven-sent. I'll tell you more if you write to me. For you who will be seeing the World's Fair or if you plan on real sightseeing in other fields afar (walking being the best way to see anything), these foot aids will prove true blessings.

So much for basic beauty. Now for the illusion of cool crispness. This you will achieve through make-up, with which you use fresh colors for your wardrobe—clear tones, soft tones, but not the mottled kind. Red and yellow can be distinctly clear and, therefore, cool looking.

Sandy is always in the pink of condition—
that's why the book, "Baby Sandy's Health Rules," by the makers of Lysol, is in great de-
mand. Baby Sandy cut-out doll with com-
plete wardrobe is included in the book. The little scamp's new film is "Sandy Is A Lady.

Clean, Cool and Crisp
Continued from page 71
You don't have to stick to white and blue, though the old wives' tale always reads that He proposed to Her in blue! Another trick is to keep whatever you wear in the pink of condition—clean, crisp and unwrinkled. Your life-savers here are soap flakes and a little electric iron. You can learn to use both all right, if you want, and for travelers the two, plus a folding pressing board, small enough for your bags, are indispensable.

If you like dark colors in sheers—and there is a chic to them after the first wave of summer pastels—then use white accents—bags, hats, gloves or jewelry, for that inviting, cooling touch. But whatever is right to white must be kept white. Better a black straw any time than a coquettish white sailer not quite white any more. The bottled cleaners will help you out on the hat and bag situation, and if you want white shoes, they must have their daily treatment of cleaner. Pressing puts many a frock back into pristine order, but if you're smart when you're shopping for summer fabrics or frocks, you will try to find them in fade-proof, wrinkle-proof, pre-shrink materials. Most summer frocks must take plenty of tacking and wear, and if they won't, then they are a snare.

At this point your body should be comfortable and sweet, your clothes, immaculate and inviting, so your hair and face will add the final cool fillip. Summer needs a shampoo weekly or, at longest, every ten days. Try to find a becoming line that takes this hair up and away from your face, up at the sides and front. This general line is suitable for many, and while it is not new, it is the thing right now. It is a style that will continue, too, I think, into the fall and winter, because it is good. It's flattering on young, revealing the best part of your face, bone structure! Practically all of Hollywood uses some version of this general front hairline. If you want to wear your back hair long, then have it set or train it yourself in some definite line. This gives design, and that means style and smartness. Don't think you can just comb out the ends of your permanent and let it go at that. It will give the rest of you, no matter how beautifully groomed you are, an unkempt look. Train this hair up, under, into curls or coils, but give it a pattern design. You will look ten times cooler when hair is in order. A limp lock, a wandering curl, and you look undone.

To give your face a fresh, cool look, I recommend a foundation. You can take your choice here, for there are a number of good types. There is the liquid powder type that you spread on—and this in darker tones is being used extensively for leg make-up very smart, very becoming and very economical re the stocking situation. There are creams to give the skin a luminous quality. There are those that will give a velour, mat effect. There are those that you can use heavily enough for evening to recreate a whole new skin effect. The modern make-up base is so perfected that it will not reappear later in unwanted shine, as did the make-ups when those were in their infancy. These aids definitely help you stay put in warm weather, keep that make-up fresh hours longer than you'd expect it to. It's that protective barrier to the skin against sun, wind and the dirt and grime of travel.

To finish, I believe that we might all well adopt a little motto for July and August—"Think Cool!" That means that you'll talk of anything under the sun but the weather. It means you will not complain, and that privately you can console yourself with the thought that it won't be long before we have more blizzards and sleet storms. It really won't. So gather your little beauty aids about you while you may and plan to enjoy a good hot summer!
the camera in the right place, he consults his gadgets—he has about twelve hung around the camera that tell him about the light and what to do about shadow and focusing and I don't know what all. When that's done, he decides he needs a different angle, and then he changes your position or sticks you against a different background. I tell you it's work when you take pictures like that. But George's pictures are swell!

"Me, I just grab my camera, turn it to No. 1 or whatever the next picture happens to be, look in my finder and press the button. And that's that! But you sure can get interested in taking pictures, no matter which way you do it. I've got so I can even develop my own, but I don't have an expensive layout like George's, I guess my pictures aren't worth that—yet."

When Jane heard that SCREENLAND wanted a story on her camera hobby, she went through her prints, decided they were "not so hot," took the faithful Brownie and toured the 20th Century-Fox studio lot. "I can take pictures on the lot because I belong to the union," she confided. "I have a working permit as 16 mm. cameraman from the International Photographers' West Coast Local, signed by Harland Holden, First Vice-president.

"One day I had my movie outfit on the set and Lucien Andriot, A. S. C.—that means American Society of Cinematographers—said to me: 'Do you belong to the union?' I said I didn't, did I have to? And he said I must have a permit if I was going to take pictures there. 'How do I get one?' I asked. And he said he would consult his local. Pretty soon he was appointed a committee of one to view the pictures I had taken, he made a report to his local, and they gave me the permit.

"Here's my picture of Linda Darnell—she's my very most favorite star! Oh, she was so happy that day! She had just had an award for being the most promising young player in Hollywood—that's it in her hand.

"Here's Arleen Whalen—hasn't she the most gorgeous hair? What I'd give for it!—she posed for me twice, and each time she had an idea in posing. I like people to do something in a picture, not just stand and grin.

"I was in such a hurry to get John Payne that I just went click. But George says if I had stopped to use my brain I'd have moved him over to the black doorway, because his white shirt is all washed out against the white wall, I did better by Jack Oakie and June Lang. She had on a dark red dress that goes black in the picture, so against the white wall, she does all right; and Jack in his white suit is against the door of the café.

"This is Cesar Romero. I hope I get to dance with that man before I die! He's the most marvelous dancer in the world."

"This is the gateman, Mr. John Butler. He was a big league baseball player years ago and now he has a marvelous memory—he can remember everybody's name on this lot!"

Jane's preference for informality in snapshots is illustrated by one she took of her mother, crouched down on the terrace to get a picture of the family kittens; a shot of a conference on one of her pictures between her "Popsidoodle" (Jane's father), her dance instructor, and the script clerk; and a relaxed group at Yosemite Sealscull's first race, a set for "Little Old New York," and a scene at Yosemite are Jane's favorite shots.

"I want to do some of the things George does. He's just full of ideas! He took a picture of his mother looking down into a fish pond. The average person would have shown a clear reflection of her, but not George. Just as he was ready to shoot, he threw a rock into the pond and got it wiggling and then he got just the outline of his mother with the water quivering—really, it was good."

Another of Jane's hobbies is cooking. She won a prize last summer for her household accomplishments from the Girl Scouts. "Whenever my mother had a tea or a luncheon or something, I practiced on her guests," she recalled. "I'd decide on all the menu, help prepare the food, arrange the table, help receive and serve, and of course I cooked whatever they had. The first time I must have been pretty slow, but in the end I could rattle 'em off."

"I've got an ice cream soda fountain of my own! I can make the best sodas you ever tasted. It's in my new apartment and our club meets there and only Mary and Jeanie and I are allowed behind the counter. No boys permitted, because boys break things or get to acting silly, and pretty soon there wouldn't be a fountain."

Jane's club used to be called the 8 and 8 Club—8 boys and 8 girls—but now the members are growing up and decided they should have a better name. "We're the Gay Teens Club now—doesn't that sound like the Gay Nineties?" cried Jane.

The club wanted Jane for president, but Jane objected that "president" is an honored title and should belong only to the President of the United States, so they compromised and she's chairman, with Joe Brown, Jr., who played opposite Jane in "High School," as vice-chairman, and Don Brown, Joe's eleven-year-old brother, as sergeant-at-arms. George Priest, Joe Carlson, the Mauch twins, Marvin Stephens, Mary McCarty, the two Browns, Jane and some non-professionals comprise the club.

"My animals are a great hobby," added Jane. "I used to have a big assortment, but the neighborhood complained about too many farmyard noises, so we got rid of five and the dogs, and goats, and the chickens, the doe and the fox, I have ten hens and a lot of kittens and birds. I had some squirrels, but we decided that while they're pretty, they don't have an appearance tour, and the old darlings wouldn't go away; they kept coming back to be fed."

"I don't get paid for it, but it's free, and he promised to feed my animals for me. The first day he went out, scattering food around, he felt a monster leap up at him and ran and shook his head. He shook all over. He didn't know we'd trained them to come to be fed that way, and he says he nearly died before he found out what was going on. We didn't feed them a nest in a big tree on the place and now there are three eggs in the nest. We feed birds all the time and now there are so many we can't get the grass away."

Somebody said they'd send me an alligator—just a baby alligator—I think I might be able to keep that, don't you?"
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.
PRIVATE LIFE of MELVYN DOUGLAS with Exclusive Home Pictures

LORETTA YOUNG IN GLAMOROUS NEW FASHIONS

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A DATE WITH MICKEY ROONEY

Linda Darnell
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"

The dashing star of "Rebecca" handsome than ever in an exciting new role!

And now, it will be one of the most famous pictures ever filmed!

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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
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!

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

SCREENLAND
A MESSAGE TO YOU FROM FAMED AUTHOR LOUIS BROMFIELD!

In our next issue, watch for a smash feature in which Bromfield, one of America's most popular authors, speaks his mind about the movies in relation to YOU, the public! From an entirely new angle, the noted writer of such best-sellers as "The Rains Came" and "Night In Bombay" discusses subjects pertinent to Hollywood and to the nation's picture-goers. A distinguished feature which also packs a punch, it's not to be missed.

HOW TO RAISE A BOY IN HOLLYWOOD!

Frankly, says Jackie Cooper's mother, it's a full-time job! Of keen interest to every parent—as well as to teen-age girls and boys who never miss a Jackie Cooper picture—is this revealing and very human confession of a young and successful mother who found that the tried-and-true methods of bringing up a son don't always work in hectic Hollywood. She tells why, in her own story—exclusive to readers of The Smart Screen Magazine.

PAUL C. HUNTER, Publisher

Remember—September SCREENLAND
ON SALE AUGUST 2
Completely NEW Practical Guide to Popular-Priced FASHIONS

for young-minded clothes-conscious American women!

Clothes...Accessories...Gadgets

An exciting new fashion section for SCREENLAND
The Smart Screen Magazine

First-aid for busy budgets of well-dressed young women! Emphasizing "good buys" in fashions that give you a lift!

WE sent style scouts scurrying far and near... sat down for long talks with fashion experts in Hollywood, in New York, in sorority houses and offices... consulted the nation's leading stores. And here it is! SCREENLAND gives you this birthday present to make its 20th anniversary a real jubilee. An utterly fascinating new fashion section! Replete with the smart, the young, the wearable in fashion! Selected with an eye on Miss and Mrs. American young woman's income! Packed with absorbing fashion news! Right styles! Good values! a careful, sensible way of style guidance! Everything you should know about new clothes, smart accessories, gadgets. Complete details on prices and stores. Here, at last, is a fashion service that functions for both your appearance and pocketbook! It works two ways!

The Smartest in Screen Reading and Pictures! The Last Word in Fashions! Keep Your Eye Peeled for SCREENLAND'S New Fashion Guides! Starting in September Issue — On Sale August 2nd Everywhere 10c
See Special Subscription Offer on page 96!
KAY FRANCIS should have charged a peep-hole fee for her very unusual appearance at the Beverly Hills Hotel the other evening. She could have collected a neat sum for charity without as much as lifting a finger. Kay made a great hit with everyone who secretly peeked through the closed doors of the Garden room to watch her, and I know that I will never again be tempted to snicker when I hear about our glamorous girls giving, not only their money, but their time to worthy wartime causes. There was Kay, in full evening regalia, diamonds sparkling against her dark hair, back-breakingly bent over a whizzing sewing machine, stitching away in a most professional style, on very weary looking material. She was never more serious in her life, and she worked with a vengeance. Dressed and ready for her evening party early, instead of twitting away her time Kay slipped, unnoticed, into the Red Cross sewing room and was helping, after hours, as best she could. She sews there regularly twice a week without fail.

Kay Francis

IT'S BEING whispered that Joan Crawford has had a change of heart in regard to her favorite crooner. Until very recently, as everyone knows, her uncontested favorite was Bing Crosby. On the set, when Joan was in the mood to be crooned to, Bing was her choice. You'll never guess who has slowly edged crooner Crosby from first favor in her heart—it's none other than Tony Martin! Joan is vitally Martin-conscious once more; this time it's Tony instead of Charles. It may not mean anything but it should be reported that just recently she came all the way down to a local radio station and sat goggle-eyed with interest through hours of boring rehearsals of the radio show that Tony broadcast from here. The number of téte-à-tête dinners he has enjoyed at Joan's home can't be verified, but it is definitely known he has been repeatedly asked. You can read into these facts any conclusions you wish. By the time Tony has finished the musical he is to make at M-G-M the situation between these two may be much more clear.

BET Garbo had the surprise of her life the other day when she furtively sneaked in and out of a couple of shops on the strip without anyone as much as giving her a tumble. . . . That beautiful blonde girl stranded in an old jalopy with a flat tire way out on Santa Monica Boulevard the other night was none other than Iona Massey. She was on her way to a fraternity dance as an honored guest when the buggy broke down. . . . A new giggle around town concerns the one and only time that Hedda Hopper and Elsa Maxwell ever got together. It was at the Edward Robinson's, where they hung side by side on the drawing room wall. They were both represented in Baron de Meyer's showing of his famous photographic studies.

Kay Francis

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!

PAULETTE GODDARD in "THE GHOST BREAKERS"

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!
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...Fibs Merit Your Confidence!
Made of surgical Cellulocoton (not cotton) which absorbs more quickly than surgical cotton; that's why hospitals use it. Mail coupon with 10c for trial supply.

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Tagging the Talkies

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53

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Flight Angels—Warner's
This picture about airline hostesses has Virginia Bruce as a stewardess who marries crack pilot Dennis Morgan after he's grounded because of failing eyesight, and Jane Wyman, the dainty blonde engaged to co-pilot Wayne Morris, who avoids matrimony as though it were a plague. This goofy romance and the half-palling scenes give the film a breezy, comic touch and relieve the gloom of Morgan's plight; Wyman emerges as a grand comedienne.

21 Days Together—Columbia
Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier have come a long way since making this film in England a few years back. Their work, while good, can't compete with recent performances. Their clipped British speech and the length of Vivien's skirts keep reminding you it's an old film. In self-defense, Olivier kills a man and a derelict's found guilty. Olivier's about to confess, but keeps his secret when he hears that the vagrant has died of a heart attack.

The Saint Takes Over—SKO-Radio
The newest of the "Saint" series is a fast-moving "whodunit" combining good humor with suspense and thrills. George Sanders (The Saint) tries to clear up the mystery behind the dismissal of a friend, who's been blamed by a gang from the detective force. When members of the gang are murdered, the Inspector is suspected, but Sanders, in his daring manner clears him and points to Wendy Barrie, who's been avenging her brother's death.

I Was an Adventuress—20th Century-Fox
In this film about jewel thieves, Zorina plays the role of Countess Tanya who renounces a thieving career when she falls in love with one of her victims, Richard Greene; but her former associate, Erich von Stroheim and Peter Lorre, continue to bound her. It's an old story, but its fine cast makes it entertaining. Greene has little to do, but he is handsome and his femme fatales will swoon. Zorina's swan ballet is a thing of beauty.

Women in War—Republic
Elzie Janis, sweetheart of the A.E.F. of World War No. 1, heads cast of this war drama which ties up with today's news headlines. It tells of the work and courage of a group of nurses, headed by Elzie, who helps the fact that one of the girls, Wendy Barrie, is her daughter. Wendy is fine as the embittered girl who enamorously joins the service; Patric Knowles is good as the aviator she loves. The hysteria, heroes of war and bombings seem real, but story's unconvincing.
More Women prefer Mum—
Saves Time...Clothes...Charm!

**Mum** is the first choice with nurses. Quick to use, on duty or off. Safe, sure, dependable!

Leading favorite with business girls, gentle Mum won't harm fabrics or irritate skin.

Wives, girls in love, make Mum a daily habit. Mum guards charm—popularity!

**Mum Everyday 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...guard against unpleasantness.

**MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**
Use NEET—now
PLEASANTLY SCENTED

Eyes are on your legs...so give them glamour with the new Neet! Preferred for years 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 itching. 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.

By Betty Boone

Inside the Star's Homes

For warm weather entertaining, Ida Lupino (Mrs. Louis Hayward) gives you "different" dishes

YOUNG Mrs. Louis Hayward (Ida Lupino) describes her home as "rambling American furnished in English country-house style."

It's in a Brentwood canyon, on a hill with a glorious view of the sea—oh yes, Catalina Island, too!—in the distance, and nearer views of green valleys and wooded hills. A brick terrace is built around three sides of the "little high house" and groups of colorful garden furniture are arranged on it, interspersed with potted flowers. There's a cool green lawn with an olive and a pepper tree and many low flower beds, and one lavisishly blooming camellia for guests to covet as they lounge on the terraces these warm days.

Ida, in pale blue slacks that heightened the blue of her eyes, a scarlet handkerchief repeating the shade of her lipstick, a ribbon tying back her curls so that she looked about fifteen, was arranging flowers in her living room when Eric, the houseman, admitted me.

"Oh, it's you already!" she cried, with a lack of enthusiasm not too flattering. "I wanted to get these flowers arranged before you got here!" Ida is intense, terribly intense. The world went to pieces before our eyes because I was ahead of schedule.

"How long do you think it takes me to arrange my flowers?" she demanded, pressing a bright Iceland poppy to her heart. "Three hours?" Her voice was impressively low. "I can NOT do them properly under three hours. And I die inside if they are
She brooded over the correct spot for the poppy, found it, and triumphantly prodded it into place. “Some day when I have time I shall have a flower shop of my own on Sunset Boulevard and show the world what I can do with flowers!”

Her living room is a charming example of English country-house style—windows on three sides, softly draped glass curtains over the Venetian blinds, with plum-and-cream-colored figured drapes. The walls are tinted pale green, the carpet is a rich, deep sand. “Those walls were staring white—horrible—when we bought the place,” Ida indicated them with a tragic wave of an asparagus fern before fitting it in among the poppies. “That mantel there, of course, was an atrocity in white. I had it redone entirely—but entirely—in solid oak with that bright copper front. I cannot LIVE in white rooms!”

Ida Lupino Hayward is an “original”—and so her ideas for tempting her guests’ appetites are novel and amusing. Facing page and at left her “lozynon’s cheese spreads” and iced drinks on the terrace. Above, in her old English dining room, her pride and joy.

French china figures with china candelabra at each end. Two comfortable chesterfields face each other before the fireplace, across a low heavy oak coffee-table, which Ida had made to order. Lamps are placed right for reading near numerous easy chairs, and books everywhere. Of course there’s chintz on chesterfields and chairs, repeated on the bench before the spinet piano. And Ida designed the lamp shades, soft eggshell fringed with bright-colored fluted silk.

“My prints—see them? My treasured French prints!” exclaimed Ida, finishing the flowers. (Please turn to page 97)
Visit "Our Town" and meet the folks! Especially Martha Scott

THIS Honor Page is dedicated to all the good folk who help to make "Our Town" the cinema meeting place of the month, and possibly of the year. Bright particular star of a great—and unique—motion picture is Martha Scott, whose luminous loveliness and technical skill may make her movies' latest wonder-girl. Important, too, are William Holden, proving he is a superb young actor as well as an appealing personality; and Frank Craven, that fine veteran who in his original role of commentator will set a new style in screen characterization just as the picture itself will establish a new high standard for all future Hollywood films to follow. See "Our Town."

"Our Town" abounds in marvelous moments—but the scene below, with boy and girl (Holden and Miss Scott) discovering their love at the village soda fountain, is a high spot. Left, Martha Scott in close-up; bottom of page, Frank Craven.
Screenland's Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley

ACROSS
1. He co-stars in "The Moral Storm" 3. A NEW... 
2. Co-star of "My Favorite Wife" 4. ...and Errol Flynn
10. She's featured in "French Without Tears" 5. Kind... 
14. An oily fruit 6. To climb
15. Bitter drug 7. To shelter
17. Co-star of "Broadway Melody of 1940" 8. To give
21. She plays Edna in "Lillian Russell" 9. We... 
22. Co-star of "Waterloo Bridge" 10. He... 
24. Before 
25. To climb 
27. Bird's beak 
29. Chatter 
32. Plentiful poem 
34. Spouse 
38. Love-affair (Fr.) 
40. "The...Hawk," with Errol Flynn 
42. Kind ... 
43. She's Mrs. Walter Wagner
46. Dancing star of "Broadway Melody of 1940" 
48. Denz 
52. Dors 
53. Permit
54. Blundered 
56. Musical instruments
57. Elevated railroads (abbrev.)
58. Label
60. Dangers
62. Dined 
65. At eleven, she retires from the screen 
67. Shell fish
71. She's Mrs. Robert Taylor 
73. Marry O'Riordan in "My Son, My Son!"

DOWN
1. Hero in "The Primrose Path" 
2. Confederate 
3. Air, Basing 
4. The editor of Screenland 
5. Japanese coin 
6. She's Mrs. Clark Gable 
7. He was married to Ruby Keeler
8. A garment 
9. Long for 
10. Small for 
11. Estimate 
12. At any time 
13. Have been 
14. Spoken 
15. An article 
16. Implores 
17. To wax 
18. Petaining to a base 
19. Star of "Boom Town"
20. A Mohammedan prince 
21. Mistake (slang) 
22. Affirmative urge 
23. Fine French cloth 
24. Star of "Virginia City" 
25. Boils slowly 
26. Without a setting 
27. (said of gems) 
28. Like 
29. "The Road..." in Singapore, a movie 
30. To make an edging 
31. Chore

Answer To Last Month's Puzzle

FRED GABLE BELA OILY ELLIAN ARID BLEED SEW SHRED SEA AMOS PIST AS NAME STUART COOPER ASTAIR HURT LEER UNCT IT MELANIE E. MOL ERI EREST ETON FREDRIC EILERS BEGETS MOLL EWE ES CAST LEG RACES DON AWARE RICK BETTE EMIT STAR ENTER EYES

50. One of the characters in "A Call on the President" 51. Statistics 
52. She's featured in "Irene" 53. The ocean 
54. Microbes 55. Freckle 
56. Cain's brother 
57. Scarlett O'Hara's plantation 
58. Ireland 
59. To mishandle, abuse 
60. Untruths 61. To urge 62. One of "Saturday's Children" 
63. "Til We...Again" 
64. Insect 
65. A bone 
66. Negative

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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
DEAR DELIGHT:

Received your open letter of July and contents duly noted. Before getting on to the serious business of answering it I must ask one question: Where did you ever get that picture of me that you ran? I mean the one with the pipe—I look like a Harvard man who has just thought up another nifty insult to hurl at Ann Sheridan.

Now I’ll answer a few of your questions. “Who writes the script for our radio broadcasts?”—I do it myself with the assistance of three writers and two eggplants. However, your main point seems to be that when I run across an old gag in my script while I’m on the air I seem surprised and amazed—well, I am—I still can’t understand how that spy from Ipana manages to slip them in. It’s a funny thing about gags—lots of times you think you’ve got an original and then someone tells you it’s just a copy of something that’s been around for years like a Paris dress or a redhead.

How much do I make a week? I don’t know, my relatives won’t let me see my paycheck.

I agree with you that Fred Allen is funny and Jack Benny likewise—but I disagree that they are not as pretty as I am. I think they are—in fact the three of us used to do a vaudeville act together—under the name of the Bronx Sisters.

I’m never too busy to read my script except when I’m broadcasting and that beautiful blonde is crouching in the first row center. You are right, I am amazed, appalled and revolted by the old gags about the weather—but I am also amazed, appalled and revolted by the weather—comes out even.

I do mention Bing Crosby’s stable a lot but the condition Bing’s horses are in I think he deserves a free plug—I just can’t help it—anybody who has a horse that has to be shot out of a cannon at the start of a race is wide open to—shall we say—remarks.

But, seriously, Delight, now that I’ve read your open letter to me in SCREENLAND I’m going to be in there punching harder than ever and I hope you and my fans will all be with me when I start again in September. Yehudi would also like to give a message to the people of America if you have the space:

“Thanks again for your letter—isn’t this a wonderful world—all this, and Evans too!"
At the Pirates' Den, new favorite fun-spot, there's a special room built just for bottle-breaking. Above, Nancy Kelly and Gary Cooper going strong.

What pranks the "Pirates" play, and how the stars love it! Top, Rudy Vallee and Dottie Lamour are thrown in the brig by a bold, bad pirate-waiter.

Above, Ken Murray and Rudy tease Lamour. Left, collection of notables in the brig: Nancy, Joan Valerie, Patricia Dane, guarded by Ken and Edgar Bergen.
The more famous they are, the more fun they have—to make up for the hard work they do in the studios. Folks, observe your Hollywood pets in informal moments, caught by our always-on-the-spot cameraman, Len Weissman.


Herbert Marshall and his comparatively recent bride, Lee Russell, arm-and-arm at Hollywood Race Track opening. Try to find a star who wasn't there.

Now here's a twosome that had Hollywood talking, and not in whispers, either: George Raft with the ex-Mrs. Clark Gable. P.S.: Norma Shearer was in New York.
Happy night for the Bob Taylors, left—the opening night of "Waterloo Bridge," in which Bob, to some people's surprise after "Lucky Night" and "Remember," turned in a corking performance which kept pace with Vivien Leigh's. Even the star himself, you'll note, has to present his tickets at the entrance of the Chinese Theatre.

Two more interested spectators at "Waterloo Bridge" opening were Claudette Colbert and Annabella, below. Note smart street costumes on both girls. Reason Annabella is beau-less, husband Ty Power was on location for "Brigham Young."

Jack Oakie, once more seen about since completing his part in Charlie Chaplin's long-promised picture, "The Dictator," escorts his pretty wife to premiere of "Lillian Russell." Right, Jane Withers at some event imitates Eddie Robinson in lobby of theater while Eddie and his wife look on.
Wonder if Clark Gable is partial to all-black costumes? Here's Carole Lombard clinging to Clark's arm as they arrive at Hollywood Ball Park, sombre in black frock, hat, silver fox. Funny get-up for a baseball game, say we. Left, ever-lovable Hedy Lamarr with husband Gene Markey at a preview.

Three beautiful ladies, above, at première of "Lillian Russell": Claire Trevor, Mary Beth Hughes, Binnie Barnes. Mary Beth is Hollywood's new blonde bombshell; see her in "Four Sons" and "The Great Profile."

Together again after Jeanette's concert tour, right—Mr. and Mrs. Gene Raymond, both with pleased smiles, hand in their tickets to doorman. A glimpse of Jack Benny is seen at far left of the picture.
These exclusive, "scoop" photographs show you Melvyn Douglas and his lovely wife, Helen Gahagan, reveling in the unpretentious comfort of their home in the Outpost section of Hollywood. Their five hilltop acres with rambling house shelter the screen colony's most unusual family. Above, the patio and swimming pool. Right, close-up of Melvyn, Helen, and Mary. Son Peter was at school.
Melvyn Douglas is decidedly a remarkable man. Not only does he win and woo Garbo, counter-banter with Joan Blondell, and carry on subtle repartee with Jean Arthur, but he's distinctive for still another reason. He's Hollywood's most unusual father. Why? Simply because his philosophy of parenthood is so normal it's positively odd!

Hollywood is full of fathers. Melvyn certainly hasn't the monopoly on that cherished institution sometimes known as a phase of family life. But, unlike many Hollywood papas who either mention their off-spring merely at infrequent intervals or who gurgle volubly over the joy of fatherhood, Melvyn sits back calmly, talks about his son, Peter, and his daughter, Mary, and continues to carry on, unconcerned, his rules for being a good father.

Melvyn's first association with fatherhood came in a most amusing way. It was about seven years ago. He and his wife, Helen Gahagan, were on board an ocean liner headed for Europe. They were standing on deck one night. It was a beautiful evening. They chatted idly about numerous things. Suddenly there was a pause in the conversation. Helen looked out into the blue vastness gliding along beneath them. "Melvyn," she said softly. "Yes?" he asked nonchalantly. "I've got a surprise for you."

"You have?" "Yes, I'm going to have a baby." Melvyn did the equivalent of a double-take and then exclaimed, "How long have you known about this?"

"For several weeks," He gulped. "Why didn't you tell me? Is it because I'm just the prospective father? We'll have to cancel our trip now. You must have rest." Helen smiled benignly back at him (Please turn to page 70)
DEAR DIARY:

You must be as startled as I am. I mean about my beginning to write in you like this. I never thought I'd be the diary type. Scribbling down things I'm doing and thinking always seemed senseless to me before. But now my life has taken such a serious turn I feel I have to put things down in black and white so I'll never forget them.

I'll have to confess I was what you might call the frivolous type. But that's all changed now. I'm going in for the worthwhile things. It was really Grisha who made me turn away from the froth and tinsel of my former life. He's our butler, you know, and he's really very worthwhile and a serious thinker though you'd never suspect that just knowing him on the surface. As a matter of fact, you'd probably think he was wacky. I know I did when Uncle Milburn first hired him.

Now I can't understand how I could ever have thought Grisha was just a screwball. I should have known enough
about psychology and all to look below the surface of his personality and see the strength underneath. But then Grisha is always doing such perfectly ridiculous things and acting so absolutely balmy most of the time I suppose you can't blame me too much.

Yet I do blame myself. I have ever since I found out Grisha has a cause! For of course when you're serious about such a tremendous thing as the Brotherhood of
Man and all you can't be expected to be serious about other things too. I mean it must take up most of your time just being serious about the CAUSE!

It's all been so exciting so far. My being arrested, I mean. For I made up my mind from the beginning I wasn't going to be one of those idealists who just talk. I was going to act. So when Grisha told me about the big parade I decided to be a part of the demonstration. Fedor, our second man, and Eric, my boxing instructor who had taken up the Cause about the same time I did, felt awful because they couldn't go along. They had work to do. Of course that's one of the things we're going to abolish some day, having to work, when really worthwhile things are at stake. But now, nothing could be done about it, so Grisha and I went alone.

Eric's boxing lessons certainly came in conveniently. It was perfectly awful the way people stood on the sidelines and hooted as we went by, shouting we were un-American and all sorts of things. I couldn't blame them too much. After all, just a few short days ago I had been just as unthinking about ideals as they were. I thought being one of the Brotherhood was being un-American too.

So I carried my banner with the slogan about "The New Social Order Arises" as proudly as Joan of Arc carried her spear. It made me feel sort of proud. Being like her, I mean, even in a small way. Then a crowd burst through the police cordons and in a second things became a regular riot. And I can't tell you how I felt when I saw a couple of men fighting Grisha. I dashed in and gave one of the brutes the old sharp one-two that Eric had taught me and when he went down sprawling I turned around and clipped the other one on the chin.

When I had a breathing space I looked around for Grisha and my heart sank when I saw him running away. I hate to admit it, but for a moment I almost felt as if he were a coward. But then my intelligence came to my rescue and I realized a man like Grisha who has set himself the tremendous task of reorganizing the whole world couldn't allow a small thing like a riot to stand in the way of his plans. After all he had to save himself for the greater things waiting to be done. And I felt humbly grateful for having been able to fight for him.

A policeman tried to push me aside and I turned and let him have it right on the jaw. He stared at me in a surprised sort of way for I don't suppose I look as if I have a wallop like that, being slender and not very tall. Then without a word he took hold of my arm and hustled me into a police patrol where some of the other paraders had been taken.

The next thing I knew I was in court. "You look as if you ought to know better," the magistrate said to me when I was taken in front of the bench.

"If believing in the Brotherhood of Man is being criminal, then I'm a criminal." I told him. "Is it a crime to be for the common man?"

"That's enough of that," the magistrate bellowed.

Events moved swiftly for Penny Cooper, Manhattan's Number 1 Deb (Brenda Joyce), when Alan Blake (George Murphy) crashed into her dazzling career, cutting out Bruce Fairchild (Ralph Bellamy) and causing social arbiter Elsa Maxwell onxious moments. Highlights of this hilarious movie are found in our fictionization.
"You're fined fifty dollars!"
"I won't pay it," I shouted right back at him.
"All right, then—fifty days!" he snapped. "Next!"
Just then a reporter looked at me sort of sharply and whispered something to the policeman who in turn told the magistrate and he called me back again. "What's your name?" he asked.
"Penny Cooper," I told (Please turn to page 72)
Mickey and May Mann, our "Hollywood Date" girl, start off on their evening of fun in Mickey's brand new car. Give Rooney his choice of evening's entertainment and he'll hurry to a bowling-alley every time. Here he plays the role of instructor to May, below; bottom of page, when they added the final scores Mickey said: "You're not bad—not bad at all!"

Come along, kids! Spend a typical midsummer evening with Mickey

SPEAK of the devil and he's sure to appear—well, you know that one! I'd just been down visiting Clark Gable on the "Boom Town" set at the studio. We'd been talking about Mickey Rooney, and his succeeding Gable as "Box Office King of Motion Pictures." And Clark had said that he was not only a great actor but one swell kid.

"You know what?" said Clark. "That kid's going to be the biggest thing in the industry. Before Mickey's twenty-five, he'll probably be producing and directing his own pictures. He's another George M. Cohan. There's no end to his talent and versatility—and his determination!"

I'd just left the Gable set and was walking across the M-G-M lot thinking of Mickey and what Gable had just said of him—when down the street came a blue custom built sports club coupe. And who was in it but Mickey Rooney himself.

The brakes screeched—and the car came to a full stop
a few feet ahead of me, Mickey stuck his head out of the window with a "Hi 'ya!" and the friendliest of smiles with the Rooney personality turned on full.

"Come on—hop in!" he offered, getting out and opening the door and helping me in. "Are you in a hurry to get home, or would you like to go with me?" Mickey asked. "See, it's only four o'clock. Let's have some fun."

"I'd love to," I replied, thinking that even if Mickey wasn't the most important star in pictures—for he's exactly that, being the greatest box office attraction on the screen, with his pictures making more money than any others—I'd be just as thrilled to go with him. He's really fun.

"Feel sorta like celebrating," Mickey said, shifting the gears. "You see, she's brand new—and isn't she a beauty?"

"Just about the swankiest thing on four wheels," I agreed.

"I got a good deal on her, too," Mickey said. "I traded my little old Ford roadster in on her. How do you like the color? Sorta pretty, but (Please turn to page 76)
Here we proudly present the Scoop of the Month! The very latest, in exclusive pictures and paragraphs, about Hollywood's most dynamic actress...

By Liza
N 1929 the bottom fell out of the stock market. In 1939 the bottom fell out of the glamor market. If the producers felt like rushing out and shooting themselves in 1929, in 1939 they actually got as far as the front door. They might be able to get along without Steel, Copper, and Can, but they could never in this world get along without Glamor. For what is Hollywood without glamor? They've been manufacturing it, and selling it like hot cakes, for years and years—ever since one Theda Bara, slinky and sinful as a chaise longue, flipped her boy friend's revoler away from her breast with a red, red rose while the title on the screen read, "Kiss me, my fool." And the audience ate it up.

Glamor became so important in 1937 and 1938 that glamorizing the Glamor Girl became a highly specialized industry. Cameramen who knew the secret of diffusing the lighting and using gauze on the camera so that the star's face was just a beautiful lump of jelly were in great demand, often receiving as much as $5,000 a week. (Some of the Glamor Girls they had to shoot through burlap, or am I just being catty.) "Camera angles" became so important that even an actress who really wanted to act wasn't allowed to act because it interfered with her angles. "Informal art," snapped on the set by an experienced photographer, known in the trade as the "wet your lips and wiggle" art, was retouched three and four times before the star would consent to okay it.

So removed from contact with real people were the Glamor Girls that they lost all sense of perspective. After reading ten times a day that they were "beautiful," "alluring," "mysterious," "exotic," "orchidaceous," etc., they began to believe it. The simplest thing they did, like eating a green salad for luncheon, and the simplest thing they said, like "I love babies," became of the utmost importance, and usually made headlines. No wonder they took themselves so seriously. No wonder they became a pain in the neck to their fans and their friends.

And then it happened! Suddenly, without any warning, the public lost its taste for Glamor and Glamor Girls. A beautiful puss left them completely cold. That, indeed, was a major catastrophe to the producers with their big glamor investments, so they started investigations as to the Cause of It All.

Some said it was the War—with a world crumbling in ruins about them why should people be interested in pretty make-believe? Some said it was the Steinbeck influence, that people were more engrossed now in conditions and messages than they were in sexy poses. Some said it was Walt Disney, whose cartoon stars were so
Living room in Bette Davis' new home, above, has brick walls and high, vaulted ceiling crossed with huge old timbers. Piano of right is original Chickering square grand.

Bette likes to dine by coal-oil lamps—only one of many New England customs she has adopted in her new house. The gaily papered dining room has service counter and bar.

On her recent vacation in Hawaii Bette Davis proved most popular movie star ever to visit there by discarding stellar swank and simply being her unspoiled, unpretentious self.

much more attractive than real stars. Some said it was just the public being ornery. Others said it was Bette Davis. And I think they had something there.

Ever since she came to Hollywood Bette has refused to fall in line with the Glamor Girls. Every family has to have an Ugly Duckling and Bette was Hollywood’s Ugly Duckling, and if she wanted to paddle around on the lovely artificial lake it was all right, though no one expected much of a splash out of her. Then when she started copping off Academy Awards and Critic Awards the Glamor Girls began to take notice, but not too much notice. “After all,” they said, “she has no box office.” Which was quite true. Although she turned in one sterling performance after another, every year when the Biggest Money Making Stars of the Year were announced by the Motion Picture Herald (the exhibitors do the voting and the exhibitors certainly ought to know what stars draw the customers to the box office) Bette’s name was way down there in the forties or fifties. When the annual popularity poll was held for King and Queen of the Movies (voted on by the fans throughout the United States) it was always a Myrna Loy or a Jeanette MacDonald who won. “So,” said the Glamor Girls with
"Pretty Boy"
Squares his Jaw!

By Elizabeth Wilson

Stranger than Hollywood fiction is the true story of how Vivien Leigh played a minor rôle in support of star Robert Taylor in "A Yank at Oxford" (left, below) two years ago, only to sweep to co-stardom with him in the current "Waterloo Bridge" (right, below).

When I returned to Hollywood recently from a vacation I asked regarding a certain actress and was informed that she had gone East to see her dentist. "You see," one of those studio wits explained to me, "she isn't getting her way at the studio now as much as she formerly did, so she's having her jaw lined with steel." Maybe I laugh easily, but I laugh loudly.

Now it so happens that this "certain actress" is not the only person in Hollywood who is going in for a little jaw-hardening. So is Robert Taylor. Long the possessor of the handsomest puss West of the Rockies, young Mr. Taylor is now indulging in a fine bit of squaring of the jaw which has his fans cheering and his bosses worrying. The sweetest guy in the world, really, poor Bob has taken it on the chin with bad publicity and bad pictures these last two years until he was almost knocked out cold—all because he was a kindly young man, amiable to a fault, and did everything everybody told him to do.

But no more. Bob's doing his own brainwork now. He's no longer the press agent's perfect pushover. He knows what he wants and he's going after it. No more cream puff publicity. No more silly pictures. (Remember "Remember"? Well, do Bob a favor and forget it.) From now on the idol of American womanhood intends to be an actor, and not just an actor, but a good actor. And if perseverance has anything to do with it, the Messieurs Muni, Donat, and Tracy might just as well prepare to move over right now and make room for Taylor. Get those Academy Awards ready. Bob's jaw is squared.

Perseverance is not something Bob just thought up to amuse himself with between pictures. His mother will tell you that perseverance has always been one of his most outstanding characteristics—and she ought to know, as she survived both the saxophone and cello periods of his young life. (Bob's prized cello adorns a corner of the Taylor library and, as Barbara will tell you, "Although we've had three burglaries they never seem to want a cello." ) When Bob makes up his mind to do something, he sticks right at it until he does it. That's the reason his friends know that if Bob is determined to be Hollywood's Number One Actor he'll not stop until he's just that. And fortunately for Bob, he has a wife who believes in him, who is always ready to work with him, and who never fails to encourage him when he needs it.

I recently had the pleasure—well, maybe it wasn't much of a pleasure as I had a whole flock of Stanwyck divots in my face before it was over—of watching the Taylors take a golf lesson. Bob has always been keen for riding, tennis and swimming, but lately he has developed a yen to be a golfer, and he insists upon dragging Barbara, who is not exactly the outdoor type, along with him. After swinging at the little ball a dozen or more times on each tee, bitterly complaining that golf made her look like Frankenstein's sister, Barbara suggested that we have lunch at the clubhouse, that maybe a green salad would improve her game. "Silly little pill," she grumbled, "Why don't they make them the size of footballs? Then per- (Please turn to page 80)
You know her as the "Rebecca" Girl. She calls herself Joan Aherne. Now you'll want to read why she's Hollywood's most amazing actress.

FONTAINE has a curious quality about her, so that if rocs, mermaids, unicorns, kelpies and demi-urges should suddenly materialize around her, you wouldn't be the least surprised. So when my Editor wrote me, "Get a different Fontaine story. You know, something out of the ordinary," I answered that nothing could be easier, since nothing could be harder than to get something ordinary about young, extraordinary Fontaine.

They're beginning to refer to her as "Fontaine," by the way. Which is thought-provoking — since Lindbergh, Flagstad, Disney, the great of all kinds and callings are often single-named, you know. It's indicative, that's what it is.

A, "fey" quality is the easiest way to explain the something-strange about Fontaine. And I'd like nothing better than to take the easiest way and just call her fey and all the synonyms and prove my point by telling how she and Brian have "poetry-reading evenings," but they do, they really do, often alone, sometimes with sister Olivia and Jimmy Stewart and one or two other familiars, and let it go at that. But it isn't good enough because of the complexity of character of this twenty-two year old girl which makes the fey quality only a part of the whole, the shadow of the substance.

Like when I arrived at Mrs. Brian Aherne's — ("They" may call her Fontaine, she calls herself Joan Aherne)—the other afternoon for tea. I found Joan and Brian "out back" painting their picket fence with their own empyrean hands. Joan wore mulberry slacks, a bright blue jumper, a snood; Brian was in flannels and things. It was late afternoon of flamey clouds, soft whistling winds blowing and summer roses breathing—a frame, I thought, for two who are tall, and golden, and in love. Poetry, I thought, they'll begin to quote poetry to me; but then Joan held out her paint-smeared hands to Brian and said, "How will I ever get it off?" and her bridegroom recommended "Turps, my dear," and then, waving me to a shining, new garbage pail nearby he said, with a fine and courtly bow, "Miss Hall, pray be seated!"

(Please turn to page 88)
With Ann Sheridan the Oomph Girl, why can't gorgeous Heddy Lamarr be christened the Boom Girl, since she's the feminine lure in the big new film, "Boom Town," with Gable and Spencer Tracy?
Melanie in modern dress: Olivia de Havilland, whose first picture since "Gone With the Wind" will be "My Love Came Back"
Elizabeth Earle, newcomer to Hollywood, joins the swimming pool sirens in a cooling sip after a refreshing dip.
It's a pleasure to be pelted with golden sand when it's Peggy Moran making the merry gesture. Pretty Peggy can be seen on the screen in "Hot Steel" to be followed by "Slightly Tempted." Last title is our idea of an understatement.
Yo ho ho and a bottle of pop! The screen's toughest little guy has taken to the sea for an all-absorbing hobby. After completing his latest film, "City for Conquest," he and Martha went on a cruise. And boy, oh boy! could that Jimmy Cagney write a book about "how to relax at sea."
These artistically fine pictures, by Scotty Welbourne, crack Hollywood photographer, might give you a false impression that Jimmy's not a real sailor. Wrong! He can hoist a sail with the best of them.

Lower right, the Cagneys heading for their private island home in the bay at Balboa.
Love — Elizabethan

In a romantic mood: Errol Flynn and Brenda Marshall in "The Sea Hawk," swashbuckling costume drama of the days of derring-do.
Though they play ancient Greeks in "The Boys from Syracuse," here are Allan Jones and Irene Hervey (Mrs. Jones) in a realistic pose.

Love - Modern
Newest nice girl to win fame in Hollywood for acting ability as well as charm is Laraine Day, heroine in Alfred Hitchcock’s latest thriller, “Foreign Correspondent.”
Able McCrea

Rugged veteran of ten years' experience in motion pictures, Joel McCrea can always be depended upon for sincere and convincing characterization. Now he's Laraine Day's hero.
Don't call Gene Raymond "Mr. Jeanette MacDonald" any more! He's back at work in a new picture, he's composing new songs, he's all set for a new career—and is Jeanette happy!

Gene Raymond, Hollywood's handsomest blond young man, is also Hollywood's most maligned male. Because he married the very rich and famous Jeanette MacDonald, and because his own acting career suffered a setback, out came the hammers and down went Gene's prestige. But now he's back in a new film, "Cross Country Romance," with Wendy Barrie—see top right—and all's serene.
The "MacRaymonds," as they like to call themselves, live in one of the movie colony's loveliest homes. Here's Gene as the boss of their estate. Top right, the gardener gets his picture taken; left, script conference for Gene's come-back film. Raymond's ambition is still to become a really fine composer, concentrating on songs for his wife to sing on her successful concert programs.
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH
Pat O'Brien in "The Life of Knute Rockne"

Photographed on the campus of Notre Dame University.
"If you want to know your future, consult the stars; if you want to know the stars, consult their friends." (Old Hollywood Proverb). So here's a candid close-up of Alice Faye by her stand-in

By Marion Cooper

IF YOU want to know Alice Faye, you consult Helene Holmes, who is not only her best friend but has been her stand-in for seven years. "I was working in the wardrobe department when I first met Alice," Helene told me. "She had come out with Rudy Vallee to do a small part in 'George White's Scandals.' At the last minute Lilian Harvey stepped out of the lead, and Alice stepped in." Helene paused thoughtfully. "She wasn't as excited as you might suppose," she went on, "because in those days she wasn't serious about her career as she is now. Her attitude was that she didn't really 'belong' and that she probably wouldn't be in Hollywood very long, anyway. Betty King was Alice's stand-in then. They were old friends and had come out here together. When Betty married and decided to stop working, Alice asked me to take her place. I've been 'standing in' for her ever since."

They "stood in" for each other at their respective weddings; Alice's in September, 1937, and Helene's the following January. Alice and Tony Martin were both working in Hollywood at the time of their marriage. They had no premonition, that day in Yuma, that their careers would soon separate them by thousands of miles, so that two and a half years later they would agree that divorce was their only solution.

"You've heard of nervous brides," Helene said, "but when Alice and Tony were married, it was the case of the nervous bridegroom. When the Justice of the Peace at Yuma told Tony to repeat after him," she laughed, "he did. The trouble was that Tony kept on repeating after him, until finally the man said: 'No, no, you don't have to do that.' And poor Tony rattled right after him: 'No, no, you don't have to do that.'"

Four months later, Tony also delayed Helene's marriage to Claude Smith, who is in the oil business. He and the officiating judge became so interested in a discussion that finally Alice said: "Tony, please let them get married first. You can talk about that later."

"Alice kept the date of her marriage secret," Helene explained, "because there'd been so many postponements she wanted to be sure the ceremony would really be performed, before she talked about it."

The gossip that had Alice and Tony separating even before they were married followed them right into their married life.

"With Tony's radio and night club work keeping him in the East much of the time, and Alice's work keeping her on the Coast, the gossips (Please turn to page 94)
SELECTED BY

Pick your pictures here and guarantee yourself good entertainment without loss of time and money.

"OUR TOWN"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: Great!

APPEAL: To every human being.

PLOT: Fine adaptation of Thornton Wilder's magnificent play has no "plot"—it's real life as lived in any American small town, with real people experiencing the miracles of birth, love, and death more thrillingly than in any manufactured drama.

PRODUCTION: Tenderly directed by Sam Wood of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" fame, aided by superb craftsmen. Photography, the best—only in "Gone With the Wind" has camera technique been so outstanding.

ACTING: Perfect! Martha Scott in her movie debut appears in role she created in stage play, and proves the acting sensation of the season. William Holden lifts himself right out of the "Glamor Boy" class with inspired performance. Frank Craven, Guy Kibbee, Fay Bainter, Thomas Mitchell, Beulah Bondi—all splendid.

"BROTHER ORCHID"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: Novelty!

APPEAL: If you're looking for that "something different" in screen entertainment.

PLOT: Broad satire on the gangster theme, will be welcomed both by those who still enjoy racket dramas and the others who are fed up with same. Imagine a tough guy being sheltered by monks in a monastery and you've got something, right here.

PRODUCTION: Good, with well-paced direction by Lloyd Bacon. Nothing much in the way of decoration because the story doesn't call for it, but you won't miss the trimmings when the action gets under way.

ACTING: Edward G. Robinson, after his noble try as Dr. Ehrlich, here returns to the type of characterization in which you apparently prefer him. He's dynamic as ever. Ann Sothern is grand in dizzy-dame role; Ralph Bellamy, Humphrey Bogart, good.

"LILLIAN RUSSELL"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: Spectacular.

APPEAL: For those who love a glitzy, gaudy show.

PLOT: Dreamed-up version of the life of Lillian Russell, Glamor Girl of our Gay Nineties, whose beauty dazzled Broadway.

PRODUCTION: Everything that could be crowded in by way of lavish sets, extravagant costumes, and general glitter! Technically smooth as satin in the usual Darryl F. Zanuck manner, with gorgeous close-ups of Alice Faye, amusing props to bring out the nostalgia in any audience of oldsters, and plenty of tunes of the period to whistle on the way home.

ACTING: Alice Faye is—Alice Faye. Don Ameche, champ laugher of celluloid, for once must give way before uproarious Edward Arnold, as Diamond Jim Brady—best performance in the picture, but don't bow too low, Edward. Henry Fonda, colorless.

"Our Town" is a RKO release production. Issued by United Artists.

"Brother Orchid" is a Warner Brothers picture.

"Lillian Russell" is a 20th Century-Fox picture.
to the BEST CURRENT PICTURES

Delight Evans

"WATERLOO BRIDGE"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: Touching!
APPEAL: To those who enjoy a good cry.
PLOT: The ill-fated love of a London ballet dancer for a handsome officer in World War I. New version of old Robert E. Sherwood play. Seems poor choice of story material in these troubled times when most people want to be cheered up.
PRODUCTION: Direction, by Mervyn LeRoy, is masterly, with fine appreciation of dramatic values, and some exquisite and poetic love scenes. Not for the youngsters.
ACTING: Vivien Leigh confounds her critics by giving a performance quite as poignant in its smaller scope as her Scarlett O'Hara. This girl is a real, and not a one-part actress. Robert Taylor, too, will disquiet his detractors with his keenly convincing portrayal—without alienating his more frantic fans, who'll be swooning over that new mustache.

"EDISON, THE MAN"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: Impressive!
APPEAL: To the conservatives who like dignified, "worthwhile" drama.
PLOT: Film biography of the private and professional life of the adult Thomas Edison, which follows his fine career with sincerity and intelligence.
PRODUCTION: Splendid in a sober and workmanlike fashion. Directed by the dependable Clarence Brown with the usual thoughtful attention to detail. Photography, fine if formula. There was no chance for tricky effects or "arty" stuff with this picture. Parents will vote it the ideal film for their children to see.
ACTING: Spencer Tracy is everything you hope for in the rôle of Thomas Edison. Not a showy performance, still will be a monument to his flawless technique. Tracy's job was to turn in a portrayal at once reverent and robust, and he did it magnificently. Rita Johnson is a lovely Mrs. Edison.

"TURNABOUT"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: Hilarious!
APPEAL: If you revel in incredible comedy.
PLOT: Title tells it. Man and wife assume each other's identities with racy uproarious results. It's from a Thorne Smith story, guarantee of fantastic and fast-moving farce. You won't believe it, but if you're not too fussy you'll find it fun.
PRODUCTION: Smart, up to the split-second in glib direction and situations, and elaborate wardrobes for the ladies in the cast. Scenes in high-pressure advertising offices, in ultramodern Manhattan apartment, etc., etc., may not be realistic but provide good, escapist eye-entertainment.
ACTING: Satisfactory though scarcely superlative. Carole Landis is decorative as the wife and John Hubbard personable as the husband. Good cast includes Adolphe Menjou, William Gargan, Mary Astor, Verree Teasdale.
Facing page, Loretta wears a stunning coat-dress of grey sheer wool, with shirred front, bone buttons, and piqué collar. Complementing the costume is her costly platino fox scarf. On this page, Miss Young’s favorite dinner dress for evenings in Southern California. It is on I. Magnin model of sheer black crepe, with black and white flowered skirt and flowers appliqued at the neckline.

Hollywood’s smartest young sophisticate gives us a pre-view of her chic new clothes

Exclusive Glamor School photographs of Miss Loretta Young by engstead-higgins, Beverly Hills.
Loretta Young's wardrobe always includes at least one black suit. Below, her favorite black dressmaker suit has bright copper buttons for contrast. Her sailor of natural straw is trimmed in black and lacquer red. Close-up at left shows dazzling set of earrings and necklace in white and champagne diamonds—and to girls who sigh, "Oh, of course only a Hollywood star can afford it!" we say, Loretta doesn't own this set but she was thrilled to pose with it!
Loretto's favorite sports dress is the "peasant" hand-knit frock below, from I. Magnin. Belt and buttons are of brown calf stitched in yellow. Thrown casually over her head is the popular tri-colored net. Of course in California the sports dress is practically an all-year-round daytime uniform for film beauties. Close-up at right shows Loretto's Mexican breton in white greige felt, which she wears to top a suit in three subtle tones of greige.
Let Your Play Clothes Be Gay! says Nan Grey
Nan Gray, one of Hollywood's prettiest blonde starlets, shows you, on these two pages, the smartest selections from her current wardrobe, Summer, 1940. Above, coolest of the cool is her cotton play suit with crisply tailored striped shirt and white, three-button skirt. At left, perfect choice for a luncheon date on one of these so-hot days: cool green leaves scattered over a white background, saucy green straw, green belt and bag. Facing page, in large picture Nan wears a gay, bold-striped full skirt in several shades of blue, topped by a white blouse. Small picture, the indispensable polka-dot frock, this time in bright red with large white dots, white cuffs and revers. Note Miss Grey's cool but chic coiffure, becoming from every angle. Her new picture is "Sandy Is A Lady."
Let Norvell, the noted Hollywood astrologer, interpret your birth chart and tell you how the heavenly stars can help you find romance.

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If Norma Shearer were to ask my permission to marry George Raft, I should forbid it. For a true Leo girl to marry a Libra man is but to ask for unhappiness. It's that old astrological fire-and-air combo again which causes Reno to be the largest little town in the world. Observing Norma's happiness these days, her dignified glow, if you know what I mean, (she's genteel even in her radiance), it distresses me to think that the fine companionship she has with Mr. Raft might lead to the altar—because it will never end there.

Norma Shearer was born on August 10, in the fire Sign of Leo, and George Raft was born on September 27, in the air Sign of Libra—these two signs are astrologically incompatible. Norma has known tragedy; she has known loneliness; but she has never yet known the bitter, destructive power of disillusionment. After careful analysis of both their charts, I ask her to wait for the other great happiness that fate has in store for her in the future. It isn't that I don't admire Mr. Raft, for I do, excessively—but he is not the marriage partner for Norma.

Remember Carole Lombard and William Powell? Individually they are good sports; all the chatter writers
Continued happiness in marriage is assured for Gracie Allen and George Burns, above, who were born in compatible signs; but incompatible elements are shown for Bill Powell and Diana Lewis, above left. Born in Leo, Myrna Loy's chart indicates lasting marital bliss; but unfortunately the stars do not favor marriage for Norma Shearer and George Raft, below left.

in town thought that their match was ideal. But it was no surprise to an astrologer to see it collapse. Bill was born in Leo, Carole in Libra—the two simply do not mix.

Regarding Mr. Powell's new matrimonial venture to the youthful Diana Lewis, I do not feel that it will last. Their charts show incompatible elements that make it difficult for them to overcome. Diana, of course, is very young; and Mr. Powell is a man of the world, so neither of them should be hurt too much.

All Leo people have been going through a very negative cycle in the past few years. This was due to the afflictions of the Sun spots. This sign rules those born between July 23 to August 22. Those born in Leo have been grasping eagerly at happiness, but fate has dealt them some very severe blows. That sun spot cycle has nearly run its course, however; and if they can but curb their eagerness to find romantic (Please turn to page 82)
RICHARD GREENE: "I'm Keen about a Camera!"

Hollywood's handsomest young Englishman believes a hobby should be fun, and takes his pictures where he finds them.

By Ruth Tildesley
"WE'RE moving in," explained Richard Greene, welcoming me to his Brentwood cottage, a brand new white-and-green house with a picket fence in front and a hill rising at the back. What will be lawn one day is now two great heaps of new rich topsoil, with flagstones and flowers between.

The curtains aren't up yet, and Richard was in that bemused state all new homeowners know, where half the mind is on what the gardener isn't doing and a quarter of the other half is concerned with intriguing plans for furnishing and decorating.

"I can't find a thing! Where the early photograph albums can have got to is beyond me, but I've found some loose prints," he said, offering me a seat on the gaily flowered chintz of an English-looking couch. "You see, as soon as I can get around to it, I'm going to fit up part of the cellar here as a darkroom, and then I shall have shelves for my equipment and places for negatives and prints.

"I want to do my own printing. I'm really quite keen about camera work, though so far I've not been in the serious class. I'm not the earnest type, I'm afraid. I never move things and study effects and make my subjects change position and so on, because I do it for the fun of it, and I'm not good enough yet to impress anyone."

Richard has put on weight the past few months, most becomingly, and lost that schoolboy look. California sun has bronzed him, too, so that his eyes look lighter.

"I always had a kodak in England. Everyone over there plays about with a kodak more or less, though they aren't as expensive as those we use in Hollywood. I imagine they correspond generally to the ones people carry in America elsewhere. As I say, I always had a kodak and I liked to use it, as any kid does at school. But two years ago, I began to get really interested in photography and bought a little Leica. A Leica is a complicated affair and you can make it as complicated as you please, by getting different lenses and attachments; but you can set it quite simply, too, and get fairly good results.

"Not long ago, I came by another more inexpensive camera, an Agfa, and took it down to Arizona with me and to my mind the results were as good with one as with the other. It has attachments so that you can make night shots and it has a fast shutter. I was rather proud of its pictures on that trip. If I can find some, I'll give them to you. Of course I got a good many blanks, too. I like to experiment, and since I probably haven't given enough time to my camera yet, I have more frequent failures than successes. But I think people who make pictures should try to express themselves in them.

"Look at that picture over my fireplace!" He pointed to a brilliantly colored print labeled: Rotten Row, 1895. "I got that over here, by the way, and I'm proud of it. The chief character in it is the soldier in the red coat, turning his head to ogle the nursemaid, just as he's ready to step out of the picture. He's clear over here at the right, yet he's your chief interest, and you read back from him to the nurse, the groups in the fashions of forty-five years ago, the lady rider who stops to speak to her admirer, the mother and child, and so on. The artist had a novel way of presenting his subjects.

"I think most artists paint with their imaginations; nothing is a literal transcription of the scene before them; they select a church spire here and perhaps a man or a cow or a barn down there and that's their balance; the rest they put in or leave out as suits the idea conceived. Camera fiends can do it that way—set center their chief interest and blur out what doesn't apply."

Hobbies, to Richard, are engrossing. He'll never be bored, he's certain, while there are cameras, hammers, saws, and good pieces of wood around.

"Come out and look at my dog kennel and run," he urged. "I built it entirely myself. Carpentering fascinates me. Over there at the other side of the house, I'm going to put in a badminton court, and out here beyond the patio I shall build a beer garden—a sort of arbor with tables and benches where people can enjoy themselves when we have parties."

The kennels are neat, sturdy, white-painted affairs, truly professional jobs. Richard's shepherd dog, leaping against the fence to welcome us, couldn't shake a picket. "Excuse the confirmed hobbyist, but you must see the den! It isn't finished, but I'm going to build a bar in it myself. See the wallpaper?" Two walls of the room are papered in sporting print paper, the other two are plain and light. "I spent two weeks looking for that paper! And when I found it, it was almost a continuation of the framed sporting prints I (Please turn to page 96)"
AFTER all the talk about adopting a baby, Myrna Loy wants it to be known that she and Arthur Hornblow have decided they want to take into their home not only one child, but two. A baby boy and a baby girl preferably, so they can grow in a happy, natural home life together.

"If you just imagine what a perfect Myrna would be to those two lucky children," Mr. Hornblow on in their decision, is that they'll try to find the children in an orphans' home. They will look for youngsters five or six years old, who will realize they are being taken because they are loved and wanted, rather than babies in the infant stage. Myrna dotes on children and since the Hornblows' marriage hasn't been blessed with any so far, it seems the logical step to give two orphans a break.

THE enormous bathrobe you'll see Lee Bowman offer Ann Sothern in "Gold Rush Maisie" after she gets a drenching, really belongs to Tarsan Weissmuller. It's the robe he always wears when not actually before the cameras in his Tarsan pictures.

"IF YOU soon hear that "Missy" Lombard and "Pappy" Gable are forsaking their ranch for city life don't be too surprised—and don't jump at conclusions and join a lot of others who are saying, "I told you so. Those two were never meant to live on a ranch." If the move does come, it will be Carole's decision and for a very good reason—one that you never thought of. Unless doctors can help her allergy to poisonous plant pollens, especially poison oak, the Gables are going to move to help Carole out of her misery. Carole just left the hospital after a siege of poison oak.

The attack isn't serious but is very annoying. Doctors may warn Carole that during the summer months of pollen-filled air she will have to abandon her home.

Morjorie Woodworth, who was a drum majorette when she attended U. S. C., obligingly dug out and donned her snappy uniform of the suggestion of the cameraman. Miss Woodworth is appearing in "Dance, Girl, Dance," the movie with Louis Hayward, Maureen O'Hara, and Lucille Ball.
No, Cary Grant is not demonstrating a new dance step—he was caught by the camera as he was stopped in his tracks by the sight of lovely Martha Scott on the set of "The Howards of Virginia," in which they are co-starring. Cary is costumed for his Matt Howard rôle; Miss Scott plays Jane Petton.

ALL CAROLE LANDIS has to say about the merciless razzing she has been getting is, "Well, a girl can't know everything." Geography was never her strong point, but one Bill Hunt is, and for some time has been, her number one heart interest. It's all very simple for a girl to get a little mixed up in a case of that kind. Carole knew that Bill was to compete in the yacht races at Guadalupe, Mexico. After she saw him off a brilliant inspiration hit her. As a big surprise, she would motor down and be waiting on the dock when he arrived. She got permission from her studio to leave, she arranged all her affairs so she could make a vacation of her trip. As a last minute bit of precaution she called the automobile club to find out the best way to travel. Then came the jolt. She found that Guadalupe, Mexico, was an island 250 miles off the coast of the mainland.

EVER since Mary Livingston nonchalantly stepped out and came back home to Jack Benny with a brand new nose (the latest thing in plastic surgery) everyone in Hollywood has been muling the idea of doing over their phiz. Hollywood plastic surgeons have been busy designing new streamlined façades for unsatisfied stars with irregular frontage. You get the plans, elevations, and drawings of what you'll look like for nothing—the actual job costs a small fortune. One Hollywood face-molder, who has whittled himself a magna cum laude spot here for his finesse at removing masculine dimples, has a land-office business. He has his scalpel set for Humphrey Bogart. He offers to change him, any day, from a "merchant of menace" to a Robert Taylor, with or without the chin dimples, for only $2,500 smackers. Humphrey keeps saying, "no thank you!"

ANY bachelor in Hollywood would have felt the same way Bill Lundigan did under similar circumstances. How would you react if you walked into your apartment and saw your living room draped in some unknown woman's clothes? Well, Bill first stopped to look around—everything seemed a little screwy. On the table stood a stack of mail. He nearly fainted when he found it was all addressed to Ann Sheridan. He got a strangely elated yet panicky feeling when he heard a feminine voice from his bathroom. No, it wasn't what you think—or what Bill thought! The mail had been mistakenly left by a studio messenger. All the other strange doings had to be attributed to the first-day shenanigans of a new cleaning woman.

Although this advance scene from "Lucky Partners," in which Ronald Colman and Ginger Rogers (she's a brunette for this picture) are co-starring, would lead you to believe that the film is going to be a gloomy piece, don't let it fool you—it is really a fine romantic comedy, and you know we can always depend on Ginger to pep things up so that our friend Ronald will pick up his chin and smile again.
PEOPLE keep asking what has happened in the way of progress on Dorothy Lamour’s threat to write her autobiography, which was to be entitled “A Song for a Songbird.” One knows about that but not Dorothy, and she’s not saying much. . . .

Madeleine Carroll gave her friends who were present, and later her studio a turn, when she got into a tailing suit at Catalina, donned a diving helmet, and descended to the floor of the ocean for a close-up of life at the bottom of the sea. . . . Now it comes out, and Dietrich unashingly confesses as to how she got that way. All the poise comes from daily attitudinizing before huge, full-length mirrors. She rested, she ate and slept and she acted, always before mirrors and always on the lookout for a new pose. That should once and for all clear up a lot of discussion about Marlene’s acting. . . . No one knows what Bette Davis has up her sleeve, but she’s sweating bullets these hot days. She’s very seriously studying vigorous ballet routines with an excellent teacher.

IT HASN’T been reported that Buddy Adler spent the afternoon playing tennis before his fabled buddies. He’s revealing that last May Emma was out, and to Anita Louise. The kidding he got from his pals in the balcony at the Westside Tennis Club was blushingly something. Buddy took it like a man. . . . Joan Crawford’s collection of books on manners, social graces, and etiquette is the most comprehensive in town. Joan is secretly terrified of putting a social boner. . . . Standing outside of the studio prop shop on the Warner Brothers lot is a bicycle with a shiny, new coat of paint. It’s the only definite sign that Paul Muni will be back there soon. For years he has used that bike to get himself around the lot.

After viewing scenes in which Ronald Reagan portrays George Gipp, football player, in “The Life of Knute Rockne,” students of the Division of Fine Arts of the University of Southern California, chose Reagan as the “Twenty-fifth Century Adonis,” possessing the most nearly perfect male figure—oh, there, girls! Ronald’s broad shoulders, slender waist, and long rhythmic lines are ideally typical of America’s Modern Youth.

If Andrea Leeds never made another picture, she could settle down to a position as an outstanding Hollywood figure for her perfection at entertaining. Her first big way she has become Mrs. Howard intimately showed her enviable and happy situation in life. Her position is undoubtedly a spot that many an ambitious girl covets with eager eyes. It proves again that Hollywood can do for a girl. The home of the Howards is a mansion of Tudor elegance set in the midst of rolling acres of beautifully green lawns. The estate embraces a whole private mountain canyon. All of the grounds were transformed for the party. The tennis courts were camouflaged and covered with a floor for dancing. The grounds meander beyond the courts to include a huge swimming pool and the most completely appointed playhouse in town. A string orchestra tinkled beside the dazzling plunge, another played for dancing. Andrea, as hostess, met a great number of guests with a charm you’ve never seen in her on the screen. It’s good to see anyone as happy as she is.

You can always depend on Lana Turner to find a way to make a splendid appearance no matter what she wears. When she recently swaggered into the Beverly Brown Derby every diner missed a swallow. She wore a brilliant green taffeta bow (that big) bobbing jauntily at the nape of her neck. Hubby Artie Shaw could barely squeeze the door wide enough to let her into the room. . . . Charles Laughton got the surprise of his life when, instead of winning his suit for $15 in small claims court brought against Steffi Duna, she was awarded the sum of $4,852 damages. The judge found she had the right of way in a traffic accident.

And speaking of aesthetic proportions and rhythmic lines, how about Dona Delos’? Ronald Reagan will have to move over and make room for Dona on that pedestal they’ve put him on. Dona posed for the bow figurehead used on the good ship The Sea Hawk, in the film of that name co-starring Errol Flynn and Brenda Marshall. Below, Dona posing for Harry Platt, the Welsh sculptor, who is seen working on the clay model.

Olivio de Havilland seems to be having a time with Eddie Albert in this scene from their new film, "My Love Came Back," in which Olivio plays o student of the violin and Eddie is Jeffrey Lynn's rival for Miss de Havilland's affections.

MAE WEST isn’t always as wize as those worldly, know-it-all dames she flashes at us from the screen. Mae pulls boners, just as you and I, but hers, reckoned in dollars and cents, can sometimes run into a sizeable fortune. It has been rumored, since the great success of “Du Barry Was a Lady” on the stage, that Mae West would do the screen version. Technically, that would be impossible and only because Mae once made the great mistake of flatly refusing to do a picture titled “Gentleman’s Choice,” the rights of which were owned by Paramount. In those days Mae did all deciding on what she would and wouldn’t do for the screen. “Du Barry,” it now comes out, is that same “Gentleman’s Choice” that Mae dubbed impossible. It simply has a new name. Mae can’t help but toss and turn these nights mentally figuring how the money grosses from “Du Barry” will swell to bursting the money bags it filled from its legitimate run.
SURE, movie stars sometimes do their own marketing, but the prosaic task of buying fruits and vegetables is indulged in right now only because it is the thing to do. The Farmers’ Public Market has suddenly become the gayest informal meeting place in town. In fact, it’s become so popular that all leading columnists have scouts planted out among the many booths and any star making a striking and novel appearance can easily rate a few lines of nation-wide mention. As soon as food emporiums begin to get patronage of movie names they go genuinely Hollywood. Their wares take on an exotic glamor in direct ratio to the degree of pampering their new customers have allowed their palates. At the Farmers’ Market, now, you can buy expensive, delicious papaya, a tree melon flown in from the tropics, where before you could only buy scallions. It’s fun to buy your vitamins rubbing elbows with Charlie Chaplin or Hedy Lamarr. The only item not typically Hollywood at this favorite spot is the lack of autograph hounds. Surely they know about this popular meeting place yet no star is ever approached or bothered here. Somehow it’s a little disarming to beg for signatures from your favorite screen stars when they’re mulling over the choice of Brussels sprouts or wax beans for dinner.

NOW it’s Jeffery Lynn who has the town talking. You know Jeff was always so shy that he wouldn’t start a conversation with a girl unless they had been properly introduced. He comes from a family of stern-minded New Englanders and life is very serious with them. No newcomer ever struggled to try to accept Hollywood as Jeffery did. He admits that many times it almost had him licked, but suddenly he has become one of the more dashing bachelors about town. No one had ever seen Jeff break down enough to attempt a rhumba, much less any hot jitterbugging. So everyone at a recent party of Mrs. Jack Warner’s were very surprised when Jeff eenie-menie-minie-moed around a roomful of Hollywood beauties trying to pick a partner for a jitterbug competition. His final choice of poised and lovely Greer Garson had one and all amazed but Greer topped his gig by accepting. Need I say, they were hot stuff and walked off with the prize.

DID you know that there isn’t a picture hanging anywhere in Jimmy Cagney’s home? The house is decorated only with wood carvings... I’ll bet that waiter who served Marlene Dietrich and Eric Remarque at Perino’s sky-room last week snitched the cloth from their table when they left. During their tête-à-tête they kept idly sketching their initials and drawing pictures. They even drew maps to illustrate their notions about the war situation... They say that no actress took more horseplay from a co-star than Joan Crawford did from Freddie March during the making of “Susan And God.” No one ever before had the nerve to heckle Joan when she was trying to act. Freddie did till she was on the brink of mayhem... Jack Benny was very surprised when he opened his bags after he boarded the train on a hurry-up trip East to find only flimsy lingerie, creams and lotions. By mistake, he had been given Mary Livingston’s luggage, who was to leave on the same trip the following day... Patricia Morrison, who was told by her studio to lose a lot of weight or else, lost fifteen pounds in a few weeks. Besides very skimpy meals the only food she consumed was a glass of buttermilk three times a day, each containing the juice of one lemon.
What Is Your
Summer Beauty Problem?

Requests for "information, please," center
on certain situations. Perhaps yours is here

By Courtenay Marvin

MATTER how carefully you planned that summer wardrobe, no matter how painstakingly you pamper your person in your good looks ritual, comes the moment when summer gets you down. Your silken curls go dank with humidity; your tan didn’t turn out the way you expected; that clear café au lait you exposed yourself hopefully for borders on a lifeless beige; your hands have a griny look in spite of copious bathings; your clothes all look a little seedy now and you long for a chic, new black crepe. All in all, summer has you somewhat in a state of humility.

At this point, temptation to give up and blame it all on summer is strong. If you belong to the spineless species, you will. However, if you are modern, streamlined mentally, used to taking the days as a game to be won, then here is help relayed via Hollywood. And, geographically speaking, there is no better place to learn the art of combating Nature than Hollywood. “The wind and the rain in your hair” is wistfully poetic when sung; a sad reality when experienced, as many a star knows. Poetic, too, sounds the kiss of the sun, but the reflection on your poor skin often proves it otherwise.

Most hair presents a problem in summer. My first suggestion is a “done looking” coiffure, an orderly design, which is far less inclined to betray its fall to summer than is just a combed out arrangement. Besides, hair up and off your face is decidedly cooler, easier to keep in place. This up and off the face is still the smartest of fashions and is becoming to almost any type of face. Also, it’s a young style.

For a long-haired idea, look at Patricia Morison. The long-haired girls have had these pictures coming to them for a long time. There have been a number of requests for arrangements that are smart and different. Patricia’s front and side hair is cut somewhat shorter, deeply waved, and conforms generally to the up and off line, though somewhat modified. The back is elaborately coiled closely, and the whole effect is of classical simplicity, though not
 Yours For Loveliness

Beauty that travels with you or stays at home

A LITTLE brush, designed especially for making smooth, silken curls! That is another triumph by the Ogilvie Sisters, who have specialized years in preparations for the health and beauty of your hair. Carl Brush does something for curls that a comb just won't do, in the way of grooming them into order and beauty. This brush is only six inches long and three-fourths of an inch wide, gets right in to snuggle down in your bag, ready to do your coiffure in a few minutes. Take it with you by day; take it on your travels, especially by plane, when weight of baggage must be considered. Win the wonder of friends at the perfection of your hair-do. The brush has excellent firm bristles and a "mouse-tail" end. The brush is inexpensive and is for sale in department stores, the better drug stores and in Ogilvie Sisters' salons.

MY SINCEREST advice for the protection and beauty of your skin in summer, is, "Use a foundation." One of the most satisfactory preparations of this type, in cream form, is the House of Westmore Foundation Cream. It is a very "workable" cream. It spreads smoothly and only a little is needed to make your skin far more receptive to rouge and powder than it would ever be without. By your choice in tone, you can do much to deepen or lighten your natural skin, because this foundation has the virtue of resembling your skin, a true foundation, indeed. It does not thin or melt at skin contact, eventually to make your face appear oily. As a matter of fact, this is a splendid cream for oily skin, and a thin application seems to accept and absorb the oil, so that it is not apparent through your Powder. This foundation comes in a variety of tones and is for sale in drug and department stores.

WHEN you first see Sun-brette, Kleinert's scope in beach hat ideas, you think it's a pancake bag. But with a twist of the fingers, it opens wide into a flattering and utilitarian beach hat. It comes in brightly designed cotton and costs little. It will certainly prove the most accommodating hat you've ever had. When you're through masquerading beneath it under the sun, you give it a flip of the fingers and it flattens back into a pancake. Thus you can pack it in any kind of bag; you can slip it in the pockets of your car or sandwich it away any old way, because you can do this and not be bothered with a regular beach hat, charming maybe, but needing practically a truck to get it back and forth, you'll save that pretty skin from painful burn and you'll keep your hair band and attributions that "last rose of summer" look. This Sun-brette is one of the neatest tricks of the summer, and you'll find it in the notions sections of department stores.

SOME under-cover work has revealed that many girls carry in their purses a small source of humiliation on occasions—the powder puff that is not as fresh as it should be. This is almost an universal failing, and is somewhat of a puzzler when you realize how fastidious we are about a fresh, scented perfumer's handbag, hairdresser, and other miscellanea. Perhaps we just don't think, so opposite is a whole collection of Betty Lou Powder puffs to help you remember to get some new ones. Made of Marvel Velour cloth, specially processed for extra softness, Betty Lou puffs are designed to "keyword" your skin and spread powder with a superb softness. They cost but a song, and, as you'll see, you can get almost any size or combination of sizes, as well as the puff-a-day package. If you forget the name, remember the pussy-willow twigs on the transparent pack. Keep a supply on hand. A clean puff is essential to a healthy, smooth skin. Be especially careful in the case of an eruption not to use the puff that has touched it over the other part of your face. And press and puff on powder lightly; don't rub in.

C. M.
Carole Landis is wearing two of the four pieces of her new play suit of woven seersucker in light blue with white stripes. The separate bra-top and shorts permit a peep at the bare midriff which is the highlight of current sports fashions.

Private Life of Melvyn Douglas

Continued from page 21

and there was no further discussion. They continued on their world tour.

During those weeks while Melvyn was thinking of himself as a father, what he'd do to be a sensible one, and how he'd set when the baby arrived, they visited Bali. And in this exotic island, Melvyn discovered a system that he adopted for future use. He made up his mind to raise his children according to the Balinese idea. The Balinese insist that their children have their own separate community, a community for them and their friends only. Melvyn thought the plan sensible; so Peter, his son, spends a great deal of his time with his friends, going to their homes for dinner and having them up to swim in the Douglas pool. Peter is particularly fond of this system, for he has many friends and likes them all.

There are other points to the Balinese idea that are a cinch to raise a child properly. The children, in their own community, have their own code of manners, and if one of the rules is broken, a punishment of some kind is forthcoming. For example, there's the time when Peter was chastised considerably for a misdeed.

"Peter was attending a party once," Melvyn said, "and he had become very fascinating by a young lass who sat near him. He was so intrigued by her that he forgot his manners and rested his elbow on the table and continued to stare at her. Finally, the little girl turned to him and very politely asked, 'Have you broken your arm, Peter?' When he came home later, he was very crushed. There's no doubt about it. Those Balinese had the right idea.

"Of course, Peter doesn't spend all of his time with children. I think he needs to be around adults, too. I don't agree with the adage, 'A child should be seen and not heard.' I think it does them—and us—good to hear them once in a while. In fact, Peter has dinner with us about three times a week and his comments on our conversations are very interesting.

"I remember once we were talking about the war in Europe. When we were all through, he turned to me and said, 'But, Daddy, that's terrible. People shouldn't fight, because if they fight, the other has to fight back. And pretty soon there isn't anybody left to fight.' Now I'm not trying to give a list of Peter's cute sayings. He's not brighter than any other boy. But I do think he had something there.

One of the cardinal rules among most fathers is to forbid their children to say too much or express too many opinions. Some papa's here go to the other extreme and let the infant prodigies talk all over the place. But Melvyn believes in self-expression, as long as it is done under favorable or meaningful conditions.

"I like Peter to express his own interests and his desires," Melvyn said emphatically. "I'll never try to force anything upon him, especially religion. When he finds a church that appeals to him, that is where he'll go. His interest in churches now centers mainly on those that have choir boys. He loves to hear them sing, since he's quite musically inclined. Not so long ago, he went to a church that was holding a communion service. It was his first experience at that sort of thing, My secretary, Walter Pick, took him and was taking the communion. Peter remained in his seat during the service, but when Walter returned to his seat, Peter could contain himself no longer. 'Walt, what did they feed you?' he asked him. Walter tried to tell him. Peter listened and then in a clear voice asked, 'Why do they feed you in church?' I thought it best that he didn't attend any more communions for a while. Sunday School is more in his line for the present.

"Recently, Peter has developed an interest in carpentry. I don't know where he got such an interest, but I felt it worth encouraging. I happened to hear of a carpenter who had been out of work for some time, so I got him to come to the house three times a week and teach Peter all he wanted to know about carpentry. He can use all of the tools yet, but he is as absorbed as ever in the hobby.

"I may be considered foolish about my belief that Peter should be allowed to figure out what he wants to do and to try everything within reason that takes his fancy, but I don't believe in forcing anything on a youngster. And that definitely includes forcing him to attend a certain church simply because my wife and I believe in a particular religion. After all, the boy must have some individuality.

Peter is a wild young one. He's not a roaring devil who kicks innocent people on the shins or who makes faces at passers-by, yet he's certainly no goody-good. His emotional and emotional temperament combines naturally with a definite amount of good manners. Occasionally, though, his temperament gets out of control, and then the incident usually is the person of Melvyn enters the scene.

On one occasion, Peter self-expressed himself too much and became rude. Melvyn waited to see if he would realize that he was being ill-mannered. Peter went on his merry way. Finally, Melvyn took him
upstairs and gave him one of his very few spankings.

"I don't believe in spanking a child, though," Melvyn said, "because I don't think it does a lot of good. Maybe I'm being soft and easy on him. I don't know. Maybe I should control him more, but I find it hard to punish him at all. Spanking is the simplest way out, I guess, when it comes to disciplining, but I prefer the old Balinese idea better.

"Recently, Peter was having a typical childish fit and started to throw books at me. I immediately took away one of his cherished privileges. I told him he could not have dinner with us for a week if he would have to eat upstairs in his room. That calmed him down immediately. The only thing that is wrong with the way I use this Balinese system of forfeiting privileges as a punishment is that I'm too inclined to go just half-way. Invariably, I'll only go through with half of the punishment. He'll finally be allowed dinner with us for just one or two evenings of the week. Even at that, I'm a better disciplinarian than my wife. She can't even start the punishment."

Peter realizes his mother is more inclined to give in to him than Melvyn is, and consequently he goes to her first whenever he wants anything. Even then, though, he doesn't always get what he's after, despite his adroit methods of wheedling—and can he wheelie! His pet system used to be to turn on the tears. But that doesn't work now, so he talks idly about matters far from the actual thing that is preying on his mind. Then, suddenly, with a sort of 'by-the-way' attitude, he'll come out with the crux of the matter.

Melvyn looked out of the big window that fronts his hill-top home in Hollywood and elucidated on the subject further. "I never used to know when he was wheedling me into something, but now I know the inevitable signs. Once he begins to take an unusual interest in clearing away his toys or in discussing something that sounds a bit phony, I become leery. I let him ramble on, and when I know he's nearing the point, I give him one look that lets him know I'm wise to him.

"Of late, he has adopted another means of wheedling that bothers me a little. When I reprimand him, I usually use some such phrase as 'Now, Peter, think first before you lose your temper. Then speak.' Being very fatherly and in a paternal tone, naturally. Well, recently, when Peter sees that I'm going to scold him, he'll turn to me and say, 'Now, Daddy, think first before you lose your temper. Then speak.' I've abandoned that preface to a scolding now in favor of more exacting measures."

Melvyn is unlike some Hollywood fathers, too, in that he makes every effort to keep Peter from thinking that being an actor in pictures is anything unusual. But Melvyn has had some difficulty in this line. One day, some boys who were hiking in the hills around Melvyn's home saw the Douglas boys and were immediately excited. They asked permission to come into the yard and were obeyed. Just as they were coming into the yard, Melvyn yelled out to the boys, 'Let out an excited cry, 'Look! It's Melvyn Douglas!' Peter looked at them and was puzzled. A few days later, Melvyn had some guests for dinner. Peter had come one of the guests and Melvyn heard him say gleefully, "My Daddy's Melvyn Douglas!"

"I didn't think that was being cute," Melvyn said, "I took Peter to one side and told him not to say that again. I tried to explain that no one cared who I was. He hasn't mentioned me much since, which may or may not be a good thing."

"Of course, he is much more interested in his mother's singing than he is in my acting. Seeing his mother in a play is far more fascinating than seeing me in a picture or on the set. His opinion of motion pictures is best expressed by a comment he made on his first visit to a set. He had been awed by all the odd buildings, the peculiar instruments, and other paraphernalia, and by the time he reached my dressing room, he was perplexed. 'Is this where you work, Daddy?' he asked me. I said it was, He heaved a big sigh and said, 'Gee! It's just like a factory!' I thought a reply was unnecessary

Melvyn sees to it that Peter lives a more or less independent life. He's teaching him to find his pleasure at home since he doesn't think it necessary for him to see many pictures or to go out too often. And Peter is perfectly contented, chiefly because he can always find time to entertain baby sister Mary.

Melvyn is quite the different father where Mary is concerned. She's isn't yet at the stage where discipline has to be exerted to any great extent. She's a contented and placid little body and is the apple of young Peter's eye. Her main interests in life are an empty tube of toothpaste, her favorite toy, and her aluminum mitts that were originally meant to prevent thumb-sucking but which she has changed into means for playing. Then, too, she is always glad when Peter crawls into her crib and plays with her. She has the advantage over Peter, though. Melvyn will obey her slightest whim. He's still the exalted father where she's concerned.

You can corner Melvyn any time and he'll talk about his two kids. But he'll never claim that they are the only cute youngsters in town. To him, they're just something swell to give him occasional headaches and much pleasure. He's such a typical and ordinary father with such typical and ordinary ideas that you just don't believe him. No wonder he's considered remarkable in Hollywood.
“Elsa Maxwell’s Public Deb Number 1”

Continued from page 25

him, and you should have seen how excited everybody got. Of course there’s been an awful lot about me in the papers, about my début and about me being one of the richest girls in the world and an orphan and the heiress to the Cooper Soups fortune and all that sort of thing. I saw a couple of reporters dashing for the telephones and the magistrate cleared his throat and leaned over the bench toward me.

“Miss Cooper,” he said nervously, “I’m afraid I interrupted you just as you were about to say something which might have changed the complexion of this case.”

“I’ll tell you what’s changed,” I said hotly. “You know who I am, now! That’s what I was talking about! Justice based on social privilege must go!”

“You’re right, Miss Cooper,” the magistrate said. “And now that you’ve explained yourself more fully it puts a different light on the whole matter. Sentence suspended!”

“I don’t want it suspended! I want to serve my sentence!” I demanded.

But really it seems easier to get arrested than not to. They didn’t pay the least attention to me and hustled me out. A crowd of reporters were waiting outside.

“Say, Miss Cooper, one of them demanded, ‘is this Pinko stuff just a gag?’

When I gave him an indignant, ‘No,’ another one of them came over. “How do you reconcile the fact that you’re the richest girl in the world with the Brotherhood of Man?” he asked sarcastically.

“Having money doesn’t necessarily stop one from having ideals,” I told him coldly.

“No, but it makes it a lot coster,” he shouted as I got into the limousine and drove off.

Grisha was so understanding when I got home, and when I told him that they had refused to allow me to stay in jail he muttered indignant. “The swine! How long are we going to stand for this treatment? Then he suddenly remembered something.

“By the way, there is a Mr. Fairchild waiting for you in the drawing room.”

In all the excitement I’d completely forgotten I’d asked Bruce Fairchild for dinner. But then I never remember my dates with him. He’s the sort of man girls forget. It’s too bad because he really is sweet in some ways, but in others he’s so stodgy and unexciting and hardly thinks of anything but his law practice. But he hadn’t really started talking before I was all agog. Just think, he’d been asked to run for Congress. Of course I could see what it would mean to the Cause having a sympathetic congressman with us and I think Bruce was a little taken back by my enthusiasm for his affairs. But when I told him about my new interests and how I wanted him to help me he became quite cold.

Then Uncle Milburn came in. He’s my guardian and he’s been looking after my Cooper Soups interests until I’m twenty-one when I can do exactly as I please with the business, Uncle Milburn’s a darling but unfortunately he’s a reactionary too.

Just then Grisha came in all excited. He was carrying the evening papers and there was my name spread all over the headlines and as if that wasn’t enough someone on the radio began blaring out all about my accent and everything. I took one look at Uncle Milburn’s and Bruce’s faces and decided it was time to make my exit. Temporarily at least. So I went upstairs to powder my nose.

Dear Diary:

As you know, quite a few days have elapsed since I’ve been able to write a line in you. Things have been too hectic. Uncle Milburn goes around looking worried all the time because our soup sales have taken such a terrific flop. All because of me. Because I’ve got ideals! Isn’t it too ironic? I mean the way people loved me and bought soup when I was a featherbrained little deb and the way they turn against me now when I have really taken up something worthwhile.

Then Uncle Milburn met Elsa Maxwell at one of her parties and he got an idea. He was going to have her give a testimonial for our soups to sort of counteract me, you see. It was a great idea with Elsa and her parties being known just everywhere. Elsa and I have always been great friends. She is such a darling and more fun than anyone I’ve ever known. But Elsa wouldn’t give the testimonial. Not that she had anything against our soups. “It’s just that I have no particular fondness for being lynched,” she told Uncle and the Board of Directors. “At a time like this I want no part of Cooper Soups. The only thing I can think of that would do any good is to take that little swimming pool Bolshevik out to the woods.” I never thought Elsa would say things like that about me!

Bruce has been acting sort of squiffy too. The papers had been linking my name with his in hitting at his campaign. So the night he asked me out for dinner he wanted to go to a quiet place where no one would see us together and I suggested a darling little Russian place Grisha had told me about.

The place was nice but we had the most awful waiter. He didn’t look Russian at all, having blue eyes and a nice boyish nose that was the least bit turned up. If I’d seen him on the stage line I’d have simply died if he hadn’t cut in on me because he was really cute looking, but as a waiter he turned out to be the worst kind of drip.

Bruce was riding me because of the national boycott on Cooper Soups. “Quit kidding yourself, Penny,” he said. “The Brotherhood of Man is just an impractical theory worked out by lazy people in the hopes of getting something for nothing.”

“Of course you’d think it impractical because you’re a HAVE!” I told him indignantly. “But if you were a HAVE NOT it would be a different story. I’ll bet your waiter doesn’t think it is so impractical.”

And with that I called him over. “Do you know there are men in this town earning three or four million a year?” I asked him. “Aren’t you envious of them?”

“Sure I am,” he said without a hesitation at all.

“But if we had real brotherly love in this country that couldn’t happen,” I explained. “You couldn’t be rich. Everyone would have the same amount. How’d you like that?”

“I wouldn’t like it!” he said. And then before I could say a word he went right on. “Some day I hope to be making four million a year myself. Don’t you realize America is the only country left where a
fellow like me can start out at eighteen a week and end up by making millions? The odds may be against me but the chance is always there, and I don’t want anyone taking it from me!

“That’s the most practical definition of Americanism I’ve heard,” Bruce said triumphantly.

“That’s what the capitalists have preached for years to keep the common people satisfied,” I said. “Why do you swallow it? Why don’t you wake up?”

“Why don’t you wake up, Miss Cooper?” the waiter said. “I’ve read about those idealistic bellringings of yours in the papers and I think more than anything else you need a good spanking.”

I was so furious I sent for the proprietor and asked him to discharge the man for his insolence. But he kept right on.

“Don’t you being a little mixed up?” he asked with a perfectly maddening grin.

“You’re using your capitalist influence. Don’t you find that inconsistent with your new beliefs?”

“You’re fired!” the proprietor shouted, and at that the waiter took a step toward me and he looked frightfully menacing.

“Now I’m going to give you that spanking!” he said.

Bruce being a gentleman tried to stop him, but he knocked him down with one blow. And before I could even imagine he really meant it that waiter had turned me over his knee and spanked me. HARD.

The place became a perfect bedlam. The police rushed in and reporters began appearing from nowhere at all. I just don’t seem to have a bit of privacy these days. Having the waiter arrested turned out to be only a momentary triumph. The morning headlines were served to me for breakfast and I was all over them again. Me, and Alan Blake. That’s the name of that awful waiter. And I’d hardly had time to read the fun they’d made of me and the hero they’d made of Blake when Grisha told me Uncle Milburn wanted to see me. Elsa was with him and so were the morning papers.

“I see you’ve been reading my notices,” I said, trying to be casual. “I hope this isn’t the start of one of your lecture tours, Elsa.”

“Well,” she said, “I know it’s none of my business but I did come over to talk to you. I know your heart’s in the right place and I know there are a lot of things wrong with the world, but one little girl like you can’t correct them. When youngsters come across ideas like this for the first time they’re apt to get tremendously carried up and think they’ve discovered the cure-all for the world’s troubles. Look at it squarely. You haven’t changed the world one bit, but in one week you’ve alienated everyone in it, driven your uncle to distraction, and practically wrecked the Cooper Soup Company!”

“The Cooper Soup Company can fall flat on its face and I won’t care!” I said hotly. “I don’t want the money.”

“You don’t know what you’re saying,” Uncle Milburn said. “I wish you’d listen to Elsa. She has a plan that’ll counteract all this bad publicity and whitewash you completely.”

“I don’t want to be whitewashed!” I said. “I’m not ashamed of what I’m doing and if people insist on misunderstanding that’s just too bad. You’ve been criticizing my ideals, Elsa—what about yours? Just what are you doing for the world?”

“I guess not much from your point of view,” she said laughing, “but I’ve given some awful good parties in my time, made a lot of people happy. That’s something your Russian friends wouldn’t understand.”

Just then Grisha came in and told me he had a message for me that he had to deliver personally. But when I went out in the hall with him I discovered he just wanted to talk to me. “I couldn’t help overhearing when you said money doesn’t mean anything to you any more,” he said. “It is inspiring, but it happens your income is indispensable. So far, almost singlehandedly you’ve kept us out of the red. Ironically our Cause seems to be dependent on the sale of Cooper Soups, so I think you’d better cooperate with the plan your uncle has for helping the sales.”

Of course I had been helping the Cause in a practical way giving Grisha all my allowance. Still I hated to think I’d be prevented from giving up my allowance. But in just a few weeks I could sell the company and give the money to the Cause and unless the business was built up no one would buy it. And as he pointed out, great causes demanded great sacrifices. So I went in to the others and told them I’d do what they wanted me to.

It was worse than I thought it would be. Elsa’s scheme was that I should fall in love with the waiter who’d spanked me! Just for public consumption, I mean. She said the Public would adore having me fall for their hero. But it was one of the hardest things I’ve ever done when I went down to the jail and got Alan out.

All the reporters were there when I held out my hand to Alan. “I know that what you did to me last night should have been done a long time ago,” I said, “I’m sorry you had to spend the night in jail. My car’s outside. I’ll take you any place you want to go.”

“No, thanks,” he said in a maddening matter-of-fact way.

“But I did want to talk to you,” I said uncomfortably.

He looked me over in the most casual way and then said, “Okay,” and got in the car beside me. I tried to explain that I was sorry for what had happened but he wouldn’t have any of it. “The flirtation’s laid an egg,” he said.

I was livid at that. “Do you think I would stoop to a flirtation with a moth-eaten waiter like you?” I demanded.

“Yes,” he said. “Besides, I’m an out-of-work waiter. You had me fired. Remember? Anyway, what I told you last night about opportunity in America still goes. Where else could this happen? In jail five minutes ago, and here I am stretched out in the back seat of a Rolls Royce with the richest girl in the country throwing herself at me.”

“I detest you,” I said, making the most complete understatement I’d ever made in my life. “The only reason I got you out of jail was because you are getting all the good publicity and I need some of it. My publicity has been hurting the sales of my soups!”

“Cards on the table! I like that,” Alan said. But he looked at me as if he couldn’t see me for dust. “But why should a freshly hatched little idealist like you worry about the profits of a big, soulless corporation like Cooper Soups?”

“My motives needn’t concern you,” I said coldly. “I have to get people to change their opinion of me and the quickest way is to be seen with you.”

“Oh, you’re trying to trump up a ro-
June Preiser believes a daily dozen a day keeps the bulges away and daily spends part of her lunch period in the studio gym. Above, just to make sure that her tummy keeps flat, Miss Preiser, with the help of bars, does this toe-touching exercise.

mance?” he said. “Not while I’m conscious.”

“I’ll pay you for it,” I put in quickly.

“How about a thousand dollars?”

“I wouldn’t be seen holding hands with you for a thousand dollars,” he said. “It isn’t that I object to working as a gigolo, it’s just that it’s so temporary. I’m looking for something permanent. How about a good, steady job?”

“Oh, anything,” I said impatiently. “You can taste soup if you want to.”

“That won’t do,” he said. “This is the break I’m looking for and I’m not going to sell myself short.”

“How about being vice-president?” I asked sarcastically.

“That’s it!” he grinned. “Think of it at my age! What a success story!”

The awful thing was that he meant it. He wouldn’t take anything less, and Uncle Milburn gave him the job.

Dear Diary:

Excuse me for neglecting you, but I’ve been really awfully busy. Alan is quite strenuous. He’s getting more poisonous by the day now since the soap sales have gone up so terrifically, with him giving the old brag on his little touches such as putting unwooded chives in our clam chowder and calling it Côte D’Azur Clan Bisque. That just shows what a college education will do, for believe it or not Alan worked his way through college! Anyway everybody is rushing madly to buy our soups now that my newspaper romance is going so beautifully, and Elsa Maxwell announced her plan for the Americanism party she’s giving on my coming-of-age birthday.

To complicate matters, Bruce suddenly came back from his campaign trip all hot and bothered because he’d been reading about Alan’s and my romance in the papers. But when I explained he was so delighted he kissed me. He took it for granted I was doing it all for him!

Alan hopped in at the crucial moment, and you should have seen him! It gave me a thrill in spite of myself seeing him square his jaw like that. Just my love of conquest, I suppose, for I really detest the man. And almost immediately he went back to that odious, off-land way of his. “A nice thing!” he said. “Here I stand over a pot of boiling soup all day and come home to find this!”

Then he told Bruce there was nothing personal in the punch on the chin he gave him the other night and the first thing you knew they were getting together in that awful boisterous way men do and he was even promising to vote for Bruce. I was left completely out on the sidelines! And I wasn’t at all displeased when Bruce said he had to leave.

“Well, now that the political rally is over, maybe we can decide whether to go to the horse show or the Beaux Arts Ball,” I said.

“We’re not going anywhere,” Alan said bluntly. “I’m getting tired of making public passes at you while a lot of morons drool at us, I want a night off. You may not realize it, but I had a personal life before I met you. On Saturday nights I took a girl out and had a good time.”

“You couldn’t be seen with another girl,” I pointed out to him.

“Oh, don’t worry,” he said. “Where we’d go we wouldn’t be seen.”

“Then why can’t you take me there?” I suggested.

Of course I was doing it for the Cause. Personally I didn’t care if he did take another girl out; I just didn’t want things to start going wrong now, but for once it was fun. Going out with Alan, I mean. He took me to a dance-hall and everybody was having such a marvelous time I couldn’t help getting right into the spirit of it. And as I was wearing dark glasses I didn’t have to worry about being recognized or anything.

“I don’t know why you thought I wouldn’t like this, I love it!” I told Alan as we started dancing. “I’m through being Penny Cooper. From now on I’m Mazie Doakes.”

“It’s not as much fun being Mazie Doakes as you think,” he said. “All the Mazies I know spend their life dreaming about being as wealthy and glamorous as Penny Cooper. But I begin to understand you, Penny. You’re all mixed up inside.”

“Jus’ you wait, baby,” I said. “You’re the first time he’d ever called me Penny. And I really liked it. He was being so sweet. But then he spoiled it all.

“It’s a strange thing to say about a girl as rich as you are,” he went on. “But you’ve never had a chance. When you sensed you missed something, you started groping. But you didn’t know what you were after, so you grabbed the wrong things.”

“Please,” I looked up at him. “We’ve had our first half-way enjoyable evening. Don’t spoil it!”

“I guess I was right about you in the first place,” Alan said. “The physical approach is the only one that gets results.”

I was furious. It was horrid of him to say that. I felt myself almost blushing to think of the way I was, well, almost snuggling up to him. But then how can you really dance without snuggling?

Then suddenly his arms tightened around me and the first thing I knew he was kissing me. Even now I tremble when I think of it. I was so mad. Maybe I’d better explain that last statement. After all, if there’s one place a girl has to tell the truth it’s in her own diary. So I’m going to be truthful about this, much as I hate to. I liked Alan’s kiss. That’s what made me mad, that he could make me respond to his lovemaking that way. I’d been kissed before but this was different. Alan was so strong and so gentle at the same time, so brusque and so tender.

Then he laughed. “I told you the physical
approach was the only one you'd understand," he said.

"It was an awful let-down. For a minute I could only stand there staring at him.

"You—you—you're fired!" I cried.

Dear Diary:

- Here I am again. And you can't imagine what that MAN has done now. He quit! And Uncle Millburn and Elsa made me practically go down on my knees to him the morning of the party to get him to come. But after all it would only be a matter of a few hours until I'd be through with him for good. So I gritted my teeth and told him I didn't mean it when I fired him. But I'd have the last triumph. At midnight he would discover how Cinderella felt.

My costume was so lovely. I was going as Dolly Madison. But then everybody looked marvelous even though most of the women came as Betsy Ross and most of the men as Abraham Lincoln, including Alan and Bruce. It was the funniest thing to see their faces when they saw each other.

Elsa took one look at them and shrieked. "I'd hate to see anyone come in here dressed as John Wilkes Booth!" she giggled.

It was funny how Alan acted, as if he thought I meant every word I said when I asked him to come back this morning. He was being so confident and sure of himself that I took great delight in turning down one dance with him after the other. Of course he kept cutting in all the time. But I couldn't help that, could I?

Then at a quarter to twelve I couldn't hold in my triumph any longer. "Tomorrow morning you can start watching the want ads for a new job," I told him.

"I'd like to follow you, darling, but I don't," he said grinning.

"Look," I said, and I was delighted at how grim I made my voice sound. "I was saving this for twelve o'clock but I'll tell you now. The only reason I ever needed you was to keep the soap company alive until I was old enough to sell it. You've been very superior laughing at my ideals, but maybe you'll take me seriously when you find I'm going to give every cent I get from the sale to the Cause."

He didn't believe me at first but when I pointed out the man who had come to buy the company he didn't look quite so confident. For a moment I felt almost sorry for him, seeing how chagrined he looked at the way I'd duped him. Then he laughed and suggested we have a drink.

Everything went black after that drink.

I came to in a strange room with the sunlight streaming through the window. I'd never seen the place before and had no idea where I was. Then I heard the key turning in the door and there was Alan. "I hope you like the place," he said, "I couldn't think of a better one after slipping you that Mickey Finn."

I was petrified when he told me we were all alone there and that it was a former summer hotel that had been closed. He knew about it because he'd worked there as manager once.

"I had to slip you the Mickey," Alan told me. "You were going to sell the company and give the money away."

"And what concern is it of yours whether I sell it or not?" I demanded.

"I'm going to marry you," he said cheerfully. "You wouldn't want to come to me penniless, would you?"

"If it takes me the rest of my life I'll pay you back for this!" I cried.

"You're a changeable little creature," he said shaking his head. "This morning you're tearing my head off and last night you were killing me with affection. But of course you wouldn't remember. I mean the interval between dusk and dawn. I found you a lot more congenial when you were unconscious."

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

"You don't expect me to kiss and tell," he said indignantly. "I'm no cad!" Suddenly he dropped his kidding manner and leaned toward me, "Sure, I want you! Why can't we stop sniping at each other?" he said softly.

"You know why I brought you here? Because I love you and I'm not going to let you do anything foolish."

I pretended to be taken in by what he was saying. But of course I wasn't. How could I believe anything he said after the way he'd treated me? Still, I could pretend to. I got up as if I was going to him and then suddenly I darted to the door and snatched the key and locked it from the outside. Then I made for home.

But if I thought I was going to find any peace there I was very much mistaken. There were Grisha and Frederic and Erne in a regular fist fight.

I couldn't believe my own ears when I heard what they were saying. Grisha had been taking half their wages every week threatening to have them fired if they didn't give him the money and he was spending it all on a girl. And he wasn't even a Russian. In fact, he was born in Brooklyn.

I could just stand there gasping, with all my ideals crashing around me! Darling Diary:

This is just to say goodbye. I won't be writing in you any more. You see it's just that I know I won't have the time because being Arab's wife will be so exciting and thrilling I don't want to waste a minute of it even to tell about it. And besides an ultra-American wife such as I am going to be is going to have her hands full just being American.

You know at first I couldn't believe Alan really meant it when he said he loved me.

"You probably want to marry me for my money," I said, "Sure I do," he agreed cheerfully. "But it's nice you're good looking too. Cutie-pants!"

Darling Diary, I just adore him. Fell in love with him the first moment I saw him.
A Date with Mickey Rooney

Continued from page 27

not too flashy, or too conservative either, do you think?"

I told him it was just the sort of car that I or Hedy Lamarr or a half dozen other people would be very proud to own. For it's a deep blue, with the same color upholstery inside, with all sorts of gadgets on the instrument panel.

"Tell ya what," said Mickey, suddenly inspired, "Let's go bowling, I know a place down here a ways." And we were off. Mickey began humming a tune—and then began singing softly as he drove. "That's my new song, My Heart Wakes Up When the Sun Goes Down," he explained. "Got another one I just finished, too—Debutante No. 1. I'm trying to get that published now. I've been lucky, though. Got Have a Heart, Oceans Apart, and Love on the Range on the market—published and everything."

"How do you go about composing songs?" I asked.

"Just get in the mood and sit down to a piano and plug them out," said Mickey. "Sidney Miller collaborates with me. We've had five published up to date."

Mickey pulled up to the curb in front of the bowling alley. And when he helped me out I noticed with misgiving that my silver fox coat—guaranteed not to shed—had shed silver fur all over the handsome blue felt seat of Mickey's new car.

"Just look at that, Mickey," I lamented. "Never mind, honey," he said. "It'll brush off. Come on, we got more important things at hand to do."

The bowling man didn't want to take Mickey's money.

"You two go ahead and bowl all you want on the house," he said. "It's a pleasure to have you drop in, Mike."

But Mickey wouldn't have it that way.

"You work for your money and I work for mine," he reasoned, and insisted on paying.

The thing that impressed me most, however, was the be-man reaction to Mickey near the sale of the bowling alley. Mickey, despite his rather short stature, is accepted on an equal footing, with the fellows respectfully greeting him and not saying wise-guy or heckler in the lot. The men call him Mike—rather than Mickey—and they don't rush around him, but are friendly in a man-to-man fashion. I have been able to talk to C. L. G. (Carole Lombard Gable), I could readily say that Mickey, too, is one of the few stars in this business equally liked by both sexes.

"Ever been bowling before?" Mickey asked after we'd selected our court and balls—which seemed to me to weigh a ton each. When I shook my head negatively, Mickey said, "Well, never mind. I'll show you how. Now suppose you watch me send out a ball, then give it a roll one."

For some time we took turns—Mickey patiently playing the role of instructor. Then over a couple of Coca-Colas, Mickey gave me some pointers on how to hold the ball to best advantage and took a running dive with it. We really had some fun rolling up scores. "Ain't got bad—not bad at all," said Mickey after the first three quarters of an hour. "In fact, you're pretty good."

When we added up the final scores, Mickey lost 172, while I broke a hundred. He said mine was good for a beginner, but, in a way of encouragement, and that he'd keep right on giving me pointers—and soon I'd be playing a pretty good game.

By this time it was six o'clock and we were both pretty hungry. We went over to the lunch counter and ordered bottles of milk and sandwiches and doughnuts. Mickey said that a fellow had to eat often to keep up his energy and pep. "Sometimes I eat as often as five times a day—that is, counting my three regular meals and a late afternoon snack and one after a show or dance or something before getting ready for bed."

"Well, you not being a girl, you don't have to worry about whether you eat too much or not," I said.

"Nope, it never makes me grow any more," Mickey replied. But then, you know I really owe my lack to my stature. Being short is what has really made me on the screen."

While I agreed that Mickey being the eternal kid (he actually doesn't look more than fifteen, even if he is nineteen) is an asset—it is really his ability as an actor that has made him such a success. Undoubtedly, he proved himself a great actor, like Spencer Tracy, whom he greatly admires, when he played Young Tom Edison. For, as I told him, everyone went to the theater expecting to see Andy Hardy playing Tom Edison—but instead they really saw Tom Edison, with his deafness, his inquisitive impulsive mind, his patriotic contributions as a boy, and his triumphs. "Tom Edison" should give Mickey Rooney an Academy Award.

"Gee, how do you feel that way," Mickey said, "I tried hard to really be Tom in the picture. I studied all about him in books and talked with his relatives and everyone, and the very thought of that picture, I actually got to feeling like I should invent something or discover something—being Edison."

"How do you really feel, way down deep inside, Mickey," I asked, "to know that you are actually the top box office star in motion pictures? You're king of the screen. And no matter how famous the stars are, you're tops of them all. How does it honestly make you feel?"

"Well," answered Mickey, in a serious low voice, "you can't call a young kid like me a king—not when there are such stars as Gable and Tracy on the screen. When I heard the news first I thought to myself, 'Now I will have to work hard—for being on top there's only one way to go, and that is down.' You see, it's a pretty big responsibility for a kid like me."

"It sort of settled me down a lot, too. I don't go running around very much any more. I keep working most of the time and thinking up things to do that will improve my acting. Then I'm serious about my song-writing. Some day I want to produce a picture myself. I'm not saying much about that now—because after all I realize that I'm only nineteen. But I spend as much time as I can on the sets watching them make pictures, studying technique. I've been studying this business for years. I'd like to write and direct my own pictures some day."

"And what about girls and romance? You were the original puppy lover on the screen a couple of years ago," I reminded him.

"Yeah, I know," Mickey admitted. "But every boy goes through that stage. I'll answer you like I did the reporters in New York. They asked when I was going to get married. And I told 'em, 'Give me five or six years and maybe I'll take a look.' Of course, I said just MAYBE."

We talked earnestly all the time we were eating our sandwiches and doughnuts—and looked up to discover a line of little girls who'd learned of Mickey's presence and who'd come in for autographs. Mickey signed each request. But the thing I noticed most was the way he thanked each girl, making it seem as though they'd done him a favor by asking him for his signature.

In her strapless swim suit, Paulette Goddard can make you forget the heat and humidity. Her new film is "The Ghost Breakers."
Wendy Barrie takes her place in the sun in a gingham pin-fatore swim suit. The skirt's lining and shorts are of white jersey.

Out in Mickey's car again—and we were homeward bound, I told Mickey I'd read about him visiting President and Mrs. Roosevelt.

"Yeah," he replied, "Wasn't wonderful. Imagine me being invited to the White House! There was only one thing, though—I sure did wish that my mother had been with me. She would have been thrilled about it all. You know, I got the sweetest Mom," he added. "She's always stuck with me through thick or thin. We're great pals."

The off-the-record story of Mickey Rooney's phenomenal rise to stardom is actually that of a courageous mother and the determination of Mickey to make her proud of him. Mickey was practically born on the stage. His parents, Neil Carter and Joe Yule, dancer and comedian respectively, were playing in vaudeville in New York. And when Mickey was 11 days old he was put into an especially made miniature tuxedo and carried on to the stage by his proud father.

"From diaper to tuxedo in 11 days," Mickey puts it.

When he was five, his mother brought him out to California for the express purpose of getting him in the movies. She secured a job as bungalow court manager and haunted the studios with Mickey, who was then Joe Yule, Jr. One day she saw an ad in the newspaper about a nation-wide contest for a boy to play in "Mickey McGuire" comedies. The part called for a brutte boy, but little Joe Yule, Jr., was a towhead. Mrs. Yule dyed his hair black and Mickey was taken to the studio to be tested.

After the test, the director told her he would like to talk to Mickey alone—and she waited in the outer office while Mickey went in and negotiated a contract for himself.

Paramount in Mickey's character is self-reliance. In a recent interview, every detail of his contract was his own doing.

After completing "Andy Hardy Meets Debutante," he and Judy Garland are now at work on "Strike Up the Band," a new musical successor to "Babes in Arms."

Since Mickey's new title of "King of the Movies" he's not so much interested in Hollywood night spots nor out with the girls so much. His occasional dates are usually with Judy Garland and Rita Quigley, the latter a little actress also.

He never misses a preview—although he always attends them with a couple of fellows, topping off the evening with a chicken and tomato sandwich in a drive-in before going home.

Mickey delights in western movies and likes to visit the small theaters and sit on the front row and watch the rotund little cowboy. He'll come out saying "Gosh, but they can ride!"

A large rambling farm-house in San Fernando Valley is the Rooney home—and there he lives with his mother. His salary is put in a trust fund. Mickey budgets himself on an allowance of $50 a week. Somehow he manages to save enough out of it to take one special vacation trip a year—and pay all of his own expenses.

Undoubtedly, he has one of the keenest minds in Hollywood, and a quick sense of humor. He's never at a loss for words and always rises to the occasion. When asked how long he expects to play in the Hardy pictures he'll reply, "After I play Judge Hardy, a few years."

At the world premiere of "Young Tom Edison" he was invited to meet Henry Ford. So intrigued was Ford with Mickey that the interview lasted for several hours. "Don't ever let them change you out there in Hollywood," were Ford's parting words to Mickey.

"They won't until they change Henry Ford," replied Mickey.

During Mickey's jaunts about the country on personal appearances he writes daily to his mother, when she is not with him. The first thing he asks for each morning is for the special delivery letter she sends him. Mickey's still a youngster at heart.
For a late-summer lift to figures, try a Real-Form girdle and matching brassiere. The girdle is knitted of lycra, two-way stretch, preshrunk and guaranteed not to run. A fashioned top and bottom prevent rolling, wrinkling or hiking up. The front panel gives just enough flattening with comfort. The same design is also available in pantie style. Each is $2.50. The brassiere has a diaphragm control of the same lycra as in the girdle, to give with every body movement, and the bosom control is well designed for your best lines. The price is $1. This pair assures good lines, that satisfying put-together feeling after a too casual summer. Personally, I'd like to attest to the splendid wearing qualities of Real-Forms.

Beautiful Ilona Massey is wearing a truly beautiful swimsuit by Marks of Hollywood Creations. This features the striking black print on rayon satin lycra, with fitted bodice smoothly but gives unusual movement freedom for sea or sand wear. Blue, red or navy on white ground. About $10.

Fashions to finish summer and carry you into fall. For where to buy, see Directory on Page 95.

A crisp pick-up for summer in smart color harmony of satinized burma mohair. Label guarantees washability and controlled shrinkage to 1%—too little to matter. Blouse in green and wine with light grey skirt; in royal and navy blouse and light blue skirt; or grey and red blouse with light grey skirt. This is a Koladney frock, at about $6. A very good buy, especially for vacationists. Its trim fashion prints assure its life for next summer.

Screencand's Glamor Guides

By Marina

Back to smart shoes again after a sum-
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

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
“Pretty Boy” Squares his Jaw!

Continued from page 33

haps I could hit one occasionally.” Bob told us not to wait for him as he was going to stay with that ball until he hit it, and it was just as well we didn’t wait as he didn’t show up until almost dark. He had a grin from ear to ear, and on an empty stomach, too. “I know,” said Barbara dismissively, “a hole in one.” “Not today,” said the pro cheerfully, “we’re saving that for tomorrow. But boyboy, Mrs. Taylor, you’ve never seen such beautiful driving. He’ll be one of the best players on this course in no time. Of course, Mrs. Taylor, if you would persevere a little more—” And the last I heard Mrs. Taylor was promising, but not with too much enthusiasm, to persevere.

Then there was the case of the stallion who wouldn’t be broken out on the Mar-Wyck Ranch, the summer before Bob and Barbara married. He was a nasty one, that stallion, and all the stable boys, several of them nursing broken arms, warned Bob to keep his distance. The sight of a saddle simply brought out the devil in him. But Bob was determined to put a saddle on the evil critter, and sure enough, after hours of perseverance he nearly frightened out the daylight out of Barbara by riding the stallion across her front lawn as casually as you please.

Now no one admires Bob Taylor’s perseverance more than Barbara Stanwyck. But Barbara admits that there are times when she finds it doesn’t exactly simplify her life. Bob is very particular about his food, it has to be cooked just so. He doesn’t like fancy things—no breast of guinea-hen under glass for Bob—and he’ll trade you all the squabs stuffed with wild rice in the world for a good juicy round steak. Barbara tries out her cakes on lemon pie (Bob’s always raving about his mother’s lemon pie) and when the crust is bad she shivers as she knows another cook will soon be on her way. Bob, an optimistic soul, feels certain that if they just persevere enough some day they’ll find a cook who can make pie crust that will simply melt in his mouth—“like mother used to make.” Barbara is not so optimistic.

Then, too, there’s that getting up in the morning. Bob has decided that Barbara is going to be an outdoor girl, and there doesn’t seem to be very much Barbara can do about it. Having been in the theater ever since she was a kid Barbara is used to sleeping late in the morning, when she isn’t making a picture, and sort of grabbing off her breakfast coffee around noon. Sudden contact with fresh air and daylight have, for a number of years, brought out the worst in her. Her friends advised Bob that she would never take kindly to early morning rising. But Bob is the persevering type, or have I mentioned that before? He always feels like a million dollars when he wakes up in the morning, so simply recking with health and high spirits he bounces into Barbara’s room at a quarter to seven, throws open the shades, and exultantly announces, “What a wonderful morning!” From the covers on the bed comes a muffled, “What’s wonderful about it?” But that does not depress Mr. Taylor in the slightest. Somehow or other he manages to get Mrs. Taylor out of bed (he admits that it wasn’t so easy at first), on her feet, in her shower, and out on his ranch in San Fernando by eight o’clock, where they ride for hours in the brisk morning air. And strangely enough this brisk morning air did not send Barbara into a violent decline as she prophesied. She’s never looked better in all her life. Brooklyn should see her now.

And believe me, it took a deal of perseverance for Bob to get through his latest picture, “Waterloo Bridge.” Vivien Leigh was the raze of the country. Her brilliant performance of Scarlett in “Gone With the Wind” was on the tip of everyone’s tongue. Fans were fairly bursting a blood vessel to see Vivien Leigh’s next picture, “You won’t have a chance in that picture,” Bob’s friends told him. “They’ll throw all the scenes to Vivien, you know that. She’s hot now, and the studio’s no fool. Boy, you won’t have a Chinaman’s chance.” Others said, “Poor Bob! With Vivien Leigh in all the close-ups we won’t see anything but the back of his head in this picture.” Even the story was against him. Typically a woman’s story, Vivien’s part was by far the best. The kind of a part that actresses give their eyes teeth for. At Myra, the little ballet dancer turned streetwalker, she could suffer and suffer and suffer, and finally, all for love, dramatically throw herself under the wheels of a passing truck—a performance that would undoubtedly chalk up another Academy Award for Vivien. “Don’t do it,” his friends continued to urge. “You’ll only be a stooge for Leigh.” Which naturally was like turning a knife in a wound to Bob as he recalled only too well a couple of years ago in England when an unknown actress named Vivien Leigh played quite a minor part in “A Yank at Oxford” in which he was the star.

But Bob reads the script—he’s got a mine of his own these days, that Robert—and he liked the role of Roy, the idealistic young soldier. “I think,” he told Barbara, “I can do something with that part.” “Of course you can, darling,” said Barbara, And that settled that.

Bob has a terrific amount of pride, and though he wouldn’t admit it in a hundred years, I know that he didn’t exactly find seventh heaven on the set of “Waterloo Bridge.” Vivien Leigh was besieged by interviewers. No one particularly wanted to interview Bob. Special layouts, special art for this magazine and that magazine all for Vivien Leigh. Important visitors to Hollywood from the East, the South, Europe, all bowing and scraping and simply drooling over Scarlett O’Hara Leigh. No one particularly wanted to meet Bob. Though I couldn’t get a peep out of him all during the production of the picture I know there must have been times when Bob felt pretty badly about it. Any other actor would have said, “Oh hell, what’s the use, anyway? My part’s no good, everybody wants to see Vivien, I’ll just walk through this picture as best I can.” But not Bob. Not old persevering Taylor.

“Waterloo Bridge” was previewed at the Grauman’s Chinese, and all Hollywood
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 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.*
Hollywood, dead has LIQUID Robert to there square still was dodging him. perseverance Leo, mind will lot on a the you swell another bright little. making I YOUR silver $t-i«Ut« BATH-FRESH There West Cream. Not cream. even odor sticky... drug Nonspi TO and APPLY and APPL SWEET Cream. Nonspi Street, a THE CREAM York greaseless, trial Cream Nonspi sting • cool as size de-...
use their great powers of mind constructively, they come into the true destiny for which they were born. Like the lion which symbolizes this sign, they are kings of all they survey.

We have been so busy giving the wrong signs for marriage with one born in Leo that we must not lose sight of the fact that there are compatible signs also. They are listed in the following order of preference: Aries, March 21 to April 20, (Bette Davis and Joan Crawford are typical of girls born in this sign, and William Holden and Spencer Tracy are two Aries men). Sagittarius, November 23 to December 21, is second best—(Deanna Durbin, Susanna Foster, Frances Dee and Dorothy Lamour types, and among the men Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.) Aquarius, January 20 to February 18, is the third best sign for romance and marriage—many Leo persons have found supreme happiness in marriage with those born in Aquarius. (Adolphe Menjou and Jack Benny are typical of this sign).

To prove that Leo subjects have been under a solar eclipse for some time, let’s catalogue the movie players born in this sign and follow what they have been doing.

Take Dolores Del Rio, one of the most stunning and gifted women ever to grace the screen. She is now coming out of the lamentable oblivion in which she has languished during the past few years. Her marriage collapsed, due to no fault of her own, and owing to sun spot afflictions. I feel that a reconciliation with her husband within a year is possible and advisable. When this negative phase passes, Dolores and Cedric Gibbons can find happiness again.

Leo people do not give in easily to grief because they are optimistic and progressive by nature, but when they are floored by fate they rise with renewed determination. This sign is truly invincible, and generally most fortunate; but like all good things that nature lavishes on her subjects, Leo people are forced to pay a terrific price for their great heritage of birth. Self-pity is unknown to Leo-born; they simply rise from the depths of despair and go on to new conquests.

No star in Hollywood has ever known greater tragedy than Paul Kelly. A lesser sign than Leo would have surrendered to the series of unfortunate circumstances that have besieged him for years. Mr. Kelly has just grown stronger with each blow, which is why those of us who know him feel that the loss of his wife, the bitterest

Help guard your child against the risk of germ infection from contaminated objects...clean house with ‘LYSOL’!

Baby Sandy, favorite of movie fans, is cared for with all the safeguards money can buy. An important precaution taken for her welfare is...cleanliness! Surroundings kept extra clean with “Lysol’s” help.

You can give your own baby the same conscientious care. It costs so little to keep bathrooms, nurseries, and playrooms, hygienically clean. All it takes is a liberal use of “Lysol” in your cleaning.

Ask your druggist now for your copy of “Baby Sandy’s Health Charts”...complete health routines for children of all ages, prepared by a famous expert. Included is a special children’s gift...a full-color Baby Sandy Cut-out Doll and complete cut-out wardrobe.

FREE! WITH EVERY PURCHASE OF “LYSOL”

Baby Sandy Health Charts—a full-color Baby Sandy Cut-out Doll and complete cut-out wardrobe.

A gift to you while they last, with every purchase of “Lysol”. Don’t wait until these grand presents are gone. See your druggist...NOW!
blow of all, will not stop his interesting career.

Robert Taylor is another Leo-born star who has suffered somewhat in his career in past months; but this affliction is by no means a total eclipse, for the Taylor lad has staying power, and may make certain prophets of the past eat their words.

Although Andrea Leeds, another Leo subject, is happy in the personal side of her life, her career has suffered several setbacks. In last July's issue of SCREENLAND, I predicted her marriage, but now unless Andrea is cautious her home duties may interfere with her screen career. I do not feel she will retire, but predict that she will be able judiciously to combine her future maternal duties with new artistic triumphs.

Gene Raymond, another star born in Leo, is emerging from his retirement. Goaded by unfair publicity, Mr. Raymond was forced to return to the screen. He will not regret it, for new laurels await him.

A Leo lady whose light has been buried under a bushel of Lane sisters is Gale Page. May I call to the attention of the brothers Warner that right on their own back lot they have a potential star? Her chart shows great ability and determination to succeed and she's tough! (or hadn't you noticed, boys?) is not something that comes out of a paint pot.

Another Warner stock player who will emerge is Gloria Dixon. Gloria gave one of the most brilliant performances ever seen on the local boards in a WPA production. It had the drama lovers agog. Signed by Warners, she was cast in tripe and photographed badly, but time will prove her an actress and make her a star.

Gloria, as you no doubt guessed, was born in the Sign of Leo.

You can't imagine the voluptuous Mae West lingering under the slight shadow of any solar affliction. Neither the Hays office, the New York Police Department nor the Radio Communications Commission has ever stopped this merry gal on her appointed rounds. She suffered perhaps less than any Leo star from the fatal Sun spots. Her temporary retirement from the screen was a manifestation of her ruling sign in affliction—now witness her triumphant return in "My Little Chickadee," which is proof again of Leo triumphant.

Jumping from Miss West to the sublime, let us consider the case of Inggrid Bergman, another Leo-born. In Miss Bergman the solar rays have blossomed in the fullest effulgence; not only does she possess the great talent often found in these clever persons but her destiny is so manifest that home ties, marriage—nothing will keep her from being one of the greatest stars the screen has ever known.

Those of you whose birthdays fall in other sections of the Zodiac may be interested in learning what fate has in store for you this month. Select the section below that deals with your birthdate and find out what the future holds for you.

**Aries—March 21 to April 20**

A generally good month for business and financial affairs. The aggressive planet Mars assists you materially in bettering your fortunes, but you will have to take aggressive action and ask favors or seek out opportunities. Change in residence or employment is favored this month. Work of a creative nature may engage your attention. Favor those in literature, arts, music, advertising, designing, beauty parlors, radio, and theatrical work. Short trips only are favored. Jupiter brings advancement in all your interests. Romantic ventures may prove exciting but not conclusive. Wait for more favorable vibrations before making a decision regarding marriage. Favorable days this month are: 3rd, 4th, 6th, 9th, 10th, 12th, 14th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 23rd, 25th, 27th, 28th, 29th. Other days neutral.

**Taurus—April 21 to May 20**

Better business conditions should exist in your life this month. Jupiter favors expanding, changing, or seeking favors from superiors. New ideas may come that bring money. Investments in stocks favored especially—all the building trades, signing of contracts, leases and legal papers in general. On the 4th and 19th, some danger may exist in connection with vehicles, or through secret enemies; use caution, and avoid complications in romance or marriage. The planet Venus favors a new love affair, but jealousy and some quarrels are predicted this month. Do nothing rash or ill-advised connected with love, for you may regret hasty action. Vacation pleasures favored; travel by land or sea appears safe and pleasant. Visit relatives, friends; seek social contacts. Good days this month: 1st, 3rd, 5th, 7th, 8th, 12th, 15th, 18th, 22nd, 23rd, 26th, 28th, 30th. Other days somewhat adverse for anything but routine matters.

**Gemini—May 21 to June 20**

Mars brings warnings of misunderstandings and confusion this month. Be careful not to make enemies by being hasty. Watch your words and actions, also avoid affixing your signature to legal documents on any except 16th and 29th. Health matters should improve, and finances come under more steady vibrations. Most of your progress this month is up to you, for the vibrations from the stars are of a mixed nature and you can make them good or bad, depending on your attitude. Romantic matters appear somewhat disturbed—choose someone whose birthdate happens to fall in Libra, or Aquarius, if you wish perfect happiness. Financially your progress may be slow and uncertain; make up your mind to one course of action and stick to it. You are better in executive or creative work—this sign favors the following occupations for this month: Librarians, hostesses, clerks, salesmen, beauticians, florists, designers, milliners, teachers and musicians. Travel is favored at this time. You may meet one or more members of the opposite sex who profess interest. Not a good month for an engagement, but good for social events. Favorable days this month: 2nd, 4th, 5th, 7th, 9th, 11th, 14th, 17th, 18th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 25th, 27th, 29th. Other days are neutral and favor normal activities.

**Cancer—June 21 to July 22**

The solar rays this month give additional interest to financial conditions in your life. You are definitely coming into a cycle of progression and accomplishment. Avoid nervousness and uncertainty; develop confidence, for you need it in your business relations with others. You should have brilliant ideas, and if you carry them out, you may be on your way to attaining your life's goal. Love affairs come under changing aspects of your ruling planet, the Moon, this month. Be careful that your heart does not rule your head, for you are easily influenced by the one you love—if you choose wisely it should be someone born in Pisces, Scorpio, or Capricorn. Change of residence is favored this month: also travel by land or water. Favorable
days are: 2nd, 4th, 5th, 7th, 10th, 14th, 17th, 18th, 20th, 21st, 23rd, 24th, 27th, 30th. The other days are somewhat negative, especially for new or daring action in business.

Leo—July 23 to August 22
An excellent month for social events. Entertain friends, and attend public entertainments or social functions. Progression may come through the influence of one or more friends. Favors the romantic side of your life especially. Some person from the past may seek you out, but avoid becoming involved for the stars favor progressions. The terrific cycle of sun spot afflictions is abating somewhat, and your nerves and mind should be calmer and more settled. On the 12th and 27th, be cautious of vehicles; on the 1st and 16th, use caution in finances, avoid speculative investments, and be aggressive in seeking favors from superiors. Favors the following occupations: Teachers, secretaries, clerks, salesmen, nurses, and those connected with the entertainment world. Favorable days are: 2nd, 4th, 7th, 8th, 10th, 13th, 15th, 18th, 20th, 21st, 23rd, 25th, 28th, 30th.

Virgo—August 23 to September 22
The planet Mercury, your ruling star, showers you with surprising events this month. Some will be good, some rather negative; you will need to be alert and aggressive if you wish to make the most of the positive vibrations bombarding the earth at this time. Guard your finances, and avoid indebtedness. An increase in salary is likely during this month. Change in business is favored if you are dissatisfied where you are now working. The home may come under some disturbing vibrations on the 5th, 9th, and 18th of the month. Those married may have some quarrels, mostly avoidable. Health should be guarded, especially avoiding over-eating, or overworking. Banking, dealings with public institutions, utilities corporations, and lawyers are favored for Virgo-born this month. Venus, planet of love, brings you several splendid chances to find love happiness. Stop seeking the perfect man or woman, for you may attract unhappiness in marriage if you try to change your choice too much. A good month for love and marriage in general. Favorable days are: 1st, 3rd, 4th, 7th, 9th, 11th, 12th, 15th, 18th, 19th, 22nd, 23rd, 25th, 26th, 28th, 29th.

Libra—September 23 to October 22
A month about equally divided between positive and negative vibrations. Favors steadier vibrations for romance. You should

Lovely Linda Darrell and her beau, Bob Shaw, were caught by our cameraman at one of the side tables in the Cacoanut Grove, flashing these smiles. Bob never fails to send Linda a corsage of fresh flowers when he's taking her out to dine and dance.

"RIGHT" WITH A BITE

Taste the grand flavor of Pepsi-Cola. Not sweet—not sharp—just right. It makes a meal or a snack taste better. And there's plenty in the big 12-ounce bottle. A nickel buys it.

Step out...be gay...the Pepsi-Cola way
In make-up, as in all things, it is best to "Be Yourself... Be Natural!" Use Tangee for a glorious lip color which is yours and yours alone. Tangee changes magically from orange in the stick to the one shade of red your skin-coloring demands. That's the Tangee way to—

Be yourself... Be Natural

Your Tangee lips will be smoother... even and beautifully made-up because there is no grease-paint in Tangee... its pure cream base ends that "PAINTED LOOK" and helps you—

Be yourself... Be Natural

For complete make-up harmony use Tangee Face Powder and Tangee Rouge, compact or creme, as well. Then you'll

Be yourself... Be Natural

BE YOURSELF
BE NATURAL!

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Be yourself... Be Natural

TANGEE
Natural

"WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co. 417 Fifth Ave., New York City. Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of samples Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Dramatic Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose $1.00 (stamps or coin). (1st in Canada.

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

[ ] Peach [ ] Light Rachel [ ] Flesh
[ ] Rachel [ ] Dark Rachel [ ] Tan

Name: ____________________________
Street: ____________________________
City: ____________________________ State: ________

Spencer Tracy and Clark Gable go into a first-rate huddle for this gay scene in "Boom Town," new film in which Gable gets rich on oil and celebrates with an old friend.
speculating in your investments, and attend to debts rather than accumulate more. The key-word this month should be conservatism. Although you may not yet know it, your stars are preparing to shower you with some blessing in disguise. Some unfortunate turn of events may be used to advantage later, so do not regret anything that may happen during this month. Social events should be encouraged; avoid loneliness and dependency on the 1st, 4th, 18th and 27th. The romance in your life at present may not be the right one, but do not consider making radical changes. Your mind may be somewhat unsettled, and you may not yet know if you have met the one great love of your life. You may still be suffering from disappointment and defeat in love; this often happens to those born in Capricorn, but it is the dark before the storm. Your life can take a brighter turn during the last two weeks of the month in every department of your life. Favorable days for aggressive action in business are: 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 6th, 10th, 13th, 14th, 17th, 19th, 20th, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 26th, 27th, 29th, 30th. Other days negative.

**Pisces—February 19 to March 20**

Financial matters may cause concern at this time, but this is only a temporary precaution. Avoid speculation, especially anything connected with "wild cat" oil or gold schemes. Concentrate on lightening your burden—good month for sale of property, or other holdings that prove burdensome. Money may come from some source you counted as lost; a long-lost friend may return suddenly. On the 1st, 4th and 29th, beware of losses through fire, theft, or dishonesty. Someone close to you might become a secret enemy, so avoid causing jealousy. The romantic side of life is brighter for you this month. Fate may present you with several opportunities in love and you may be called upon to make a decision regarding an engagement. Be hopeful this month, for your mind is clear, and you have the benefit of helpful planetary aspects all month in the personal side of your life and should come out of the slump you have been in during the past year or more. Best days are: 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 7th, 9th, 12th, 14th, 16th, 18th, 20th, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 26th, 27th, 29th, 30th. Every person comes under varying planetary vibrations. Find out what the stars predict for you by consulting your individual astrology horoscope based on the position of the Sun. You may find out some interesting things from this reading.

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**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-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Use black or brown to suit your type and note the soft, natural effect.

THREE—Darken your lashes to the very tips with Maybelline Mascara—black, brown or blue. It goes on perfectly—its tear-proof, non-smearing Solid-form in this stunning oil-infused vanity or Creameform in smart zipper case is 7c.

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**Maubelline 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.
The Foibles of Fontaine

Continued from page 34

That was Fontaine at four in the afternoon. At five, she was presiding over the silver teapot and service, as you shall presently learn, not as other girls. At six I sat with her in her enchanting green and silver and dim rose bedroom, with its silk-panelled walls and antique mahogany, and water-lilies in crystal bowls, and Brian's picture, a room resembling something seen under water, moony and quiet and gentle as the chalices of the Nile, while she changed into a watered silk hostess gown preparatory to dining at home, alone with Brian. They always have "nice, dress-up dinners" (Joan's expression) for them to be with other people, so precious to them is their time together, so much do they still, after nearly a year of marriage, have to say to each other.

When Joan talks about Brian, she isn't "foible," sought after by producers, acclaimed by critics as "The Most Important Young Actress in Hollywood," she is a girl in love, so much in love. And uniquely in love, too, for these days. Because one of her "differences" is that she belongs to the vanishing school of maidens who believed in their Dream Prince, their Hero, the One Love, the Great Love. They lived Happily Ever After, all those quaint forgotten, far-off things which girls today laugh at or pretend to laugh off but which Joan believes in with all her eager heart and, what is more important, with her cool, informed young mind.

Oh, yes, different! But Joan has always been just another little Hollywood cutie to be colonized-ized, if at all, as Olivia de Havilland's sister, as Brian Aherne's wife. Director Alfred Hitchcock, said the iconoclasts who always have to quarrel with someone else's luck, had played Pygmalion to the little pliable Fontaine's Galatea, and her success was his sagacity. Well, you can just imagine the skyrockets some gals would send shooting at that kind of a smack. But not Fontaine. "Hitch is responsible for my being good in Rebecca," she told me. "He literally sat at my feet and, I, how humbly, at his, all through the picture. I never knew such kindness, such confidence as he gave me. All I was thinking of was being Galatea and letting him be Pygmalion. I needed the confidence he gave me. I certainly didn't have any of my own, I knew people were saying, 'What is David Selznick thinking of, giving a part like that to her?' I knew what people were thinking when they'd say to me, 'You're doing all right, I suppose?' You see? She makes her own pattern—like a "Wampus Baby Star was Joan" as one weekly sheet misinformed its readers. Joan never belonged to the Wampus at all. Joan, in fact, never "belonged" at all, in the Hollywood sense. She never night-clubbed or "hearted" with the young bladies around town. She was reported engaged just once (I. Bt. Before Brian, I mean), and that was to Conrad Nagel. Whether they were technically engaged or not, there was foundation for the rumor because Joan did go out with Conrad, constantly and exclusively, for quite a time. Partly because she liked him and they were congenial companions; partly because she preferred having one escort and that escort a gentleman, and something of a scholar, rather than risk unpleasant experiences by casual experiments, rather than be an inconstant, if publicized, Juliet.

When she did meet a new young man she always took him home for tea with Mother and Livvy. And he passed inspection, with honors, or—she passed out of the picture. She was not the type of people said, a home girl! She never dressed like a movie starlet or talked like one. She never called people by their first names unless she knew them far, far, far, far better. It is a compliment to say, "Joan was my stepmother," though, to remember, who laid down the law that neither she nor Olivia should mention each other for publicity purposes; it was Joan who insisted on taking a different name and took the name, Fontaine. A shy sort of girl because of the neurosis and inhibitions her childhood illnesses gave her, the fought with different views, making her liabilities serve as her assets.

For instance: "My illnesses," she said, "were really what made it possible for me to get the second role. If I had to pretend to be neurotic and shy, I was neurotic and shy. Then, I can and do thank God that I was raised in the country. It gives you a sort of soul, childhood in the woods and fields, it's bound to. At twelve, I mean, you don't have red finger-nails, permanents, and advanced ideas. So much is I quite naturally, be shy and over-eager and a little awkward if you really became the wife of a Maxim de Winter, the mistress of Manderley.

"Even now, if I am among unpleasant people, it is no trouble at all for me to become a perfect mouse again, regrettting, never ready to be offended, silly. Why, in 'Rebecca,' when Mrs. DuCrest said to me, 'No one wants you here,' I found myself being hurt about it, believing it, sort of pouting when Judith Anderson spoke to me with a laughing inflection. I am Elye, which is my next picture, I'm sure Mr. Rocheater will have to look for me after he shouts at me; I simply shan't be there at all!"

(Yet this timid little trellis flower, this shrinking violet flies cross-country with Brian in their private plane; this summer they plan to go up to beacis, Joan and Brian, Olivia, and Jimmy Stewart, in Brian's and Jimmy's planes!)

"I'm much, much better than I used to be, of course," Joan said, explaining. "But I had to get over fear before I got happiness. The minute I got rid of fear I got rid of illnesses. The minute I got the right frame of mind, I'd get a right person. I might almost say I got it. Before, because I don't think it I got I lived only half-life, I lived in a twilight, people with shadowy figures and dim voices and fantasies, half beautiful, half nightmarish."

Yes, very different—different, you see, before she made "Rebecca," different after she made "Rebecca." The minute she reacted to her 100 per cent, undisputed smash hit as the second Mrs. de Winter, like her answer to those who say, "But now are you Somebody?" that's different, too.

"You don't become somebody," she told me, perched on the top of the back of the davenport (if we were on our head, we'd probably have been up a tree) a cup of tea in one hand, a crumpet in the other—(both sisters, Livvy and Joany, eat like nothing modern)—"you don't become somebody with the success of a picture, you know. Nor, nor with the success of many pictures. You are somebody if you are a nice person. Before, I was no one and well-known—well-known humble and kind is, I consider, being somebody. I don't think you have any difficulties in life if you have had, and if you remember, those nice, kind home-teachings. Just the other night Brian said how funny it is, how rather sad, that we go most of our lives only to find that those home-teachings are right, are all the wisdom there is. You have got to be humble," said Joan who could be so proud, "you have got to be kind," said Joan, who could be so cruel, to those who didn't think she was anybody until electric lights and photographers' ink changed their sheep minds for them. "You can stop being humble," she went on, "you can stop being kind; but if you do, you get out of step with life. And when you get out of step with life, you stumble!

"No, I'm not overwhelmed with the suc-

Lois Weissman

Deanna Durbin and her beau, Vaughan Paul, can always be counted on to attend the races. The cameraman caught them at the gala opening of the Hollywood Park Turf Club.
cess of 'Rebecca' because I knew it would be a success before I did it, I knew it would be a success while I was doing it. As we worked I began to realize, too, that pretty nearly any girl who played the part I played would have a personal success. That's why I wanted to back out of it after we started."

"Let me get this straight." I interrupted. "Correct me if I'm wrong—but are you telling me you wanted to back out of the picture because you knew it would be a success?"

"Yes," said young Fontaine. I thought, "My dear Editor, are you getting something a little out of the ordinary, or am I wrong?" Aloud I said, "This is my last interview. I've heard everything now. I've nothing left to live for and there will be nothing new to write. Stars who want to back out of pictures because they fear the pictures will not be successful are common as ox-eyed beans; but stars who—" I gave it up. Joan laughed. Then gravely she said, "But I was afraid of success. Too much success for a woman may endanger her personal happiness. I've seen too many marriages put to death by a career, particularly by a woman's career. A career," said Joan, and now the gravity changed to ferocity, yes, to a startling ferocity, almost with bared teeth, you might say, she continued, "a career is not going to be the death of this marriage—it's NOT! The only thing that matters is Brian's happiness, and mine. Our happiness, together. The oneness we have nothing in this world will take away from me, not while there is breath in my body, not while I mind functions."

"I've got everything," she said, then, more quietly, "I've got a fire-place, a good cook, books, lovely clothes. I love clothes. I get that from my mother. But though I'm clothes-conscious, I'm not clothes-crazy. I'm not extravagant with clothes, I buy them all at sales or get them, half-price, from the studios after I've worn them in pictures. $17.95 is a good price for me to pay for a dress. I've never paid more than $9.75 for one in my life and that was to wear to the première of 'Rebecca.' And I didn't get to wear it on account of how I was in the hospital having my major operation. I make my dresses over, too, make pockets out of collar and collars out of pockets and things. I think I'm on the clever side about making things do. Like I bought a $3.00 evening bag, fastened a $5.00 clip I had to it and made the most wonderful thing—but as I was saying, I've..."
got a fireplace, a good cook, a good, kind romantic husband. Do you think I'd risk this heavenward for the chance of being, at thirty-five, one of the big stars I see around town, women with vestiges of a career and not a vestige of happiness? Women who make their lives out of wearing a new gown, a new diamond, a new love affair? Women who try to warm their hands and their hearts at the names in electric lights? Oh. What kind of a life is that? What pitiful substitutes for happiness are those?

"I haven't. "Joan added, "a single piece of real jewelry except the pearls my husband gave me when we were married, and my engagement ring. Brian is always wanting to buy me jewels. I beg him not to, I don't want them. What for, when you can buy a hunk for two dollars, just as attractive as the real thing?" (Well, I thought, casting my mind's jaundiced eye over the diamonds of Marlene, the emeralds of Colbert, the star sapphires of Lombard, this is certainly "different"—and no gift swimming pools, either, rippling in the Alhambra back-yard; just a little collapsible projector, to seat on a chair when the young Ahernes run their "home-movies"—why, Fontaine didn't even suggest that her bridgemate build her a ranch house but make it out of wearing and, with the exception of her own room, didn't do it over, either.)

"Are you about to tell me," I said, then, "that you are going to retire? After 'Jane Eyre,' perhaps? Because if you are, you're letting me down, and badly. Because that's what they've all told me; for ninety years the stars have been telling me they're going to retire and some of them have been retired but none of them, of their own free will and volition—if you tell me you're going to retire acrossly, 'you'll cease to be different, if you care."

This time Joan interrupted. "Keep calm," she laughed, "I'm not going to tell you anything of the sort. I'm NOT going to retire. To say so would be merely to make an extravagant statement which I know in my heart I wouldn't go through with, wouldn't want to go through with. For if I retired, what would happen? Well, in about two years I'd begin to let down. I'd go about wearing two-year-old clothes. Brian, meanwhile, would still be acting, which means he'd be working with fascinating women. He'd come home and there I'd be no make-up on, darning Junior's socks. I know myself. I'm an extremist. So are most of my sex. We go career or we go cozy-sit-by-the-fire, the whole hog, either way."

I said Joan, blessedly sustaining her "difference" (and my story) that complimented her had brought her back from the brink of the extremist by being moderate in all things. I'll continue to work because I love the work, it fascinates me, it liberates me. That my work won't be my all, just a part of my all.

"I'll continue to work, too, because if I stopped our interests would be divided, Brian's and mine. It's different with us, you see, we're in the same job together. We read scripts together. We discuss them, Brian saying, 'This is a story for you, and this is why' or I saying, 'Now, this is a part for you.' We read the script of 'Rebecca' together. I had to be good in 'Rebecca' because of Brian! He helped me so much. When we were first married, you know, he told me I could keep on being an actress if I wanted to, but that I'd jolly well better be a good one. I will always be so humble with Brian because I know he is so much more gifted than I. I can only ask his advice and his help.

"What we plan to do is buy a ranch one of these days. I want to have four children. I'll break me off of I want to keep them on the ranch in the country. I want to make two or three pictures a year, Brian wants to make the same number. We hope to arrange our schedules so we'll be working at the same time. Between pictures we'll live on our ranch, farm, raise our children, read, talk, play."

"Am completely happy," Joan said now, her voice a cross between a child's voice saying its prayers and a woman's voice saying its good-byes. "There isn't one thing I want that I haven't got. There isn't one dream I've ever dreamed that hasn't come true. There isn't one prayer I've ever made that hasn't been answered. Why, even Livvy, when she's at our house says, 'Oh, Joany, I really envy you! And that means something, coming from Livvy who is so beautiful and was Melanie and all.'"

"Look at me!" Now, as Joan issued her light command, she was laughing, exultation ringing out, wild bells, in her laughter. "Look at me! Touch me! Make a wish on me! I'm something very rare—the completely, perfectly happy person!"
What Is Your Summer Beauty Problem?

Continued from page 69

usually through the use of a cream type of protector. Our faces are really very tough, no matter how delicate we prefer to think of them, but upper arms, back, the diaphram, now so smartly exposed, and thighs and truly often delicate, simply because they are not constantly exposed to the hardening-up process. Therefore, be careful of these areas. They need even more protection than your face, unless you want to be

herded off to bed with a burn when you wanted to enjoy your vacation. It won't be too long, either, before you'll be thinking of glamorous formal clothes for fall, so beware the two-toned back skin effect. In October, it will look like the last leaf, and a very seared one, at that. When possible, remove back straps or any clothing that might leave a mark on your back. Better an all-over tone than a pin design, any time. When you get really burned, apply at once a healing preparation. There are those designed especially for sunburn, but lacking these, any aid that you would apply to an ordinary burn should be used. In case of severe sunburn, call a doctor at once. Bad burns can be very serious.

For face protection, I am a strong believer in a more than liberal application of a foundation and plenty of powder. The two give you an excellent barrier against the sun and Hollywood uses this method. If you will apply this protection carefully, you won't look too made-up for play. If it seems to wear down at contact with salt water, apply another coat. Of course, your usual sun oil or cream will work well on

face, too, but somehow I get better results facially the Hollywood way. However, the rest of me would feel a perjured lamb, indeed, without liberal use of sun cream.

An important thing to remember is that burn on burn is what sometimes sears and leaves marks that take a long time to fade. As burned skin peels, it exposes a new and excessively tender skin. When this skin burns, it is often serious. The smart thing to do is to recover as much as possible from that first burn, if you were careless, and take every precaution with this newer skin. You will need plenty of cream, especially of the night variety, which will help soften and smooth any exposed skin. However, remember that skin can "use" just so much cream and that a light application, just enough to make skin feel slightly creamy or moist, as the type of cream indicates, is sufficient, and that too much cream simply piled upon the skin may help retard its normal functioning. Cream used as I suggest will not encourage blackheads or other annoyances, even on skin inclined to these. However, such skin will benefit more by one of the mildly medicated creams. With the summer skin, the purpose here is to return to the skin surface as much lubrication as possible, because the sun dries it out. Even the young get a little squint and expression lines from sun drenched seas, shores and scenery generally. Ann Rutherford, young as she is, is being very sensible on the first page of this story. She is using emollient cream about her eyes, Press or smooth the cream lightly from the inner eye corner to the outer, gently circling the finger at about where Ann has hers placed. Smooth a little cream over the upper lids, too, well up to where the brow begins.

In the way of a cream, there is a splendid cleanser made especially for warm weather use. When you apply it, gives the skin a cool sensation, welcome on a torrid day. A great Hollywood trick is keeping face lotions in the refrigerator. They feel twice as refreshing when cool and the coolness has a slight contracting effect on pores.

Keep make-up fresh and dust-free, advises Perc Westmore. Keep your powder box covered, the tip on your lipstick and always cover your creams immediately after use. Joan Bennett is showing a new and appealing case that comes complete with powder, lipstick and rouge. The case holds your make-up for day compactly: there is no hurrying through a crowded bag to find this and that, and the case may serve on many a casual occasion without benefit of bag. It comes in smart stripe combinations and in solid colors to match your costume. As you can see from her picture in the beginning, Joan is practiced as to which case to choose for her smart costume. These cases offer not only efficient ways for you but they make lovely little gifts, especially to your hostess for summer week-ends. There are a variety of tones in the make-up, and all are harmonized with each other. Truly, one of the nicest thoughts of the season.

If your hands have become discolored or deeply tanned, change to a dark nail polish. By contrast, your skin will appear lighter. Keep the nail polish in harmony with your lips, basically if not in depth, and if you launder your toe-nails, let them match your fingers.

Use your eau de Cologne and dusting powder lavishly. These will keep you feeling fresh. Be sure and use your face powder tone as your skin deepens or takes on a redder note. You will probably need less rouge at this season, so don't over-do. Modify eye make-up now. Wear clear, fresh colors, and sail through this trying period of summer on high. What with harvest moons and your conquest of the summer, you can't afford to let down now!
Bette Davis Kicks Glamor in the Pants!

Continued from page 31

more than twenty-six. Thirty was considered as un-glamorous as curlers and a percale kimono. Much better to be twenty-six for ten or twenty years. And there was Bette, the dope, announcing to the whole world that a movie star could be thirty! But strangely enough Bette's fans didn't seem to like her any the less for being thirty. It was a perfectly normal thing to be. Shortly afterwards, several of the Glamor Girls broke down a little and casually admitted that they really weren't twenty-six, they were twenty-nine.

Instead of dressing up in ermines and orchids, Bette makes a habit of underplaying it when it comes to clothes. She is not considered chic in the way of Hollywood, but she is extremely chic in the way of people who have had money all their lives (which Bette hasn't). At a recent committee meeting of one of Ouida Bathe's famous charity parties all the Glamor Girls, knowing of course that there would be photographers galore, arrived in their latest Friderics and their newest Irenes and were just too glamorous to do any work. Bette arrived in a simple sports dress, owl hat, and worked herself into a lather. The first time she received the Academy Award she fairly shocked the daylight out of the banquet guests, who had paid ten bucks a plate and were dressed to their tooth, by appearing in a demure, very simple, short print. She is a total loss to the jewelry salesmen of Hollywood, who grow rich and sleek off of the stars, because she quite candidly admits that she loves costume jewelry and can find all she wants on the bargain counters in the Los Angeles department stores.

It has long been accepted in Hollywood that no star needs to get herself all mussed up in a picture. Through floods, fires, storms, earthquakes, and Indian raids she stills without upsetting a hair of her pretty head, not to mention a peat of her pretty dress. But Bette changed all that. When she was supposed to look bedraggled in a picture, boy, she looked bedraggled, even if she did resemble one of Macbeth's witches. Joan Bennett might come through a jungle or a tornado with every wave in place, but not Bette. When the elements raged, or the emotions surged, Bette was right in there pitching, and in the close-up, my dear, even in the close-up, she looked a mess. Though the Glamor Girls criticized her, the fans and critics never did. It is Joan Bennett with her perfect coiffure who gets laughed at on the screen, not Bette Davis.

At the studio she is never fussy, and always gives her fellow workers credit for knowing their business, which is more than most of the Glamor Girls do. She never asks to okay her portrait proofs because she feels that George Hurrell knows much more about portraits and photography than she does—and he does. She never tells Orry-Kelly how she wants her dresses designed for her next picture, because she knows that Orry-Kelly has been an eminent designer for years and knows much more about clothes than she ever will. Because of her wit and intelligence she is quite a favorite of Orry's but even he was surprised out of a year's growth recently when she came in for a fitting on the "All This, and Heaven Too" wardrobe and calmly announced that she liked a certain dress she wore as Carlotta in "Juarez" so well that she would like to wear it again in her next picture. No, absolutely no movie star has ever done that before. The idea is to cause the studio as much expense and trouble as possible. Certainly not to make it easy for them. Did you ever hear...
of Garbo, or Dietrich, or Shearer wearing anything they have worn before? Why, Marlene in the old Paramount days would let the studio spend thousands of dollars on a dress for her (if there was fur on it, it had to be sable, as Miss Dietrich was allergic to imitations) and then five minutes before she was to appear in it before the camera refuse to wear it. Well, really!

The other day I dropped in on Bette, who had just returned from a vacation spent in her new home out in the un-chic part of the Valley, or rather the wrong side of the tracks in the Valley. After years of renting, this is the first home that Bette (who has always boasted that she didn’t want to own anything in Hollywood she couldn’t pack in a bag) has bought, but it’s such a homely home that she couldn’t resist it. She promptly called it River Bottom because it nearly got washed away in California’s big flood of several years ago. (If we have another flood don’t be a bit surprised to see Bette sailing along the banks of that big carpenter bed on her way to the Pacific.)

I was quite startled when I saw a “For Rent” sign on the front porch and wondered if those rumors that she would marry Bob Tappinger, Warner Brothers number one publicity man, were true. But Bette giggled that it was only a gag—she’s going in for gags now—and said how she’s just putting in a swimming pool.

Bette is still keeping up the old tradition of kicking glamour in the pants. As you well know every Glamor Girl has to have herself a boy friend (naturally I mean the unmarried Glamor Girls) to escort her to premieres, previews, parties and night clubs, as there are always plenty of photographers and columnists around. And every Glamor Girl counts Grant Gable or Jimmy Stewart, top-notch actors, or Jock Whitney or Dan Topping, top-notch millionaire sportmen. If they can’t get the togs they get the best substitutes they can find. But Bette has thrown glamour to the winds again and chosen as her best boy friend—of all people—a press agent! By far the most intelligent men in Hollywood are press agents but they are usually looked down upon with scorn by the glamorous great, possibly because the p.a.’s have made them what they are today, and there is nothing so mortifying.

So wouldn’t you just know that Bette would choose the well-informed, amusing, likeable Bob Tappinger, press agent de luxe? Ever since he accompanied her, and Mrs. Bob Tappinger, Bette has been a Honolulu vacation and her Honolulu vacation has been much speculated about the Davis-Tappinger romance. When I asked her if she expected to marry Bob she didn’t say yes and she didn’t say no, she just laughed, which is a pretty way as any of getting out of that. But if I am a judge of Tamour, and I think I am, I would say that Bette’s in it, I have never seen her so happy and carefree, and I commented on it. “Yes,” she said, “I have never been so happy in all my life. I have discovered that there are other things in this world besides work, work. I believe I am actually frivolous.”

And I believe so, too. On the bed beside her was a copy of the script of her new picture, “The Letter” (which will give Bob a chance to go dramatic in a big way) but Bette seemed far more interested in a gag she was planning to play on Bob that night than she was in her script, and giggling along the way. Why, Miss Davis, and you the First Lady of the Screen! It just all goes to show what love can do to a serious young actress.

When I asked Bette if she was mobbed in Hawaii (so many of the Glamor Girls Zasu Pitts abandoned her quivering “oh, dear,” and substituted this broad smile when she visited the World’s Fair of 1940 in New York. Patrolman Joseph Donaghe (left) and Sergeant Andrew Barabas of the World’s Fair Police found Zasu very amusing.

have reported that they were mobbed within an inch of their lives by the enthusiasmistic Hawaiians) she very frankly (and un-glamorously) admitted that despite the fact that 5000 people in Shrine Convention were in town at the time that she was there that she went every place without the slightest confusion. “It’s the most sincerely cordial place I have ever seen,” said Bette. “The nights are indecent, they are so beautiful.” Uh-huh, Romance again.

Unlike Ginger Rogers, who was severely criticized for up-staging the people there, and other movie stars. Bette joined in the fun and took in everything from the hula dancers to a hau where she ate as if she didn’t care how many pounds she put on. She fell madly in love with the “hoolau” which is an Hawaiian summer dinner dress. Inspired by the mother-hubbards the missionaries used to wear these dresses are now worn in the “Kao” by the Hawaiian princesses, and Bette claims they are quite the loveliest things you could wear of a summer evening. As soon as she gets her trunks unpacked Hollywood will be treated, via Ciro’s, to a “hoolau.”

As I left River Bottom I thought once more that it is really little wonder the Glamor Girls don’t feel so awfully cozy towards Bette. Because of her they are being forced to take the star dust out of their hair, romp, and act like human beings. Because of Bette the internationally famous shrinking violet, Miss Greta Garbo, has to discard her mystery and laugh out loud. Glamor Girl Number 2, Miss Marlene Dietrich, has to indulge in a saloon brawl and get a bucket of water in her face. Alice Faye has to receive a pie in her puss. But the Glamor Girl who should really dislike Miss Bette is the beautiful and glamorous Hedy Lamarr. Hedy, with those perfect photogenic features of hers, had burst upon Hollywood several years earlier she would have been nothing short of the toast of the world. With that glamorous beauty she would certainly have been the Queen of Movieland. Yes indeed, Bette Davis definitely cramped Hedy Lamarr’s style.

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Meet the Boss!
Continued from page 51

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This double effect was achieved with mirror-crowned top hats used by flitting dancers in a night club sequence in one of the new films. The losses of the lovely refinements are Ruth Seeley, Lola Jensen and Mark for Woodworth.
Cute Anne Baxter, who seems to be up to her neck in what appears to be heat, has a role in "The Great Profile," the star of which, needless to add, is John Barrymore.

was completed, Miss Brady sent gifts of candy and champagne to the train.

Speaking of "In Old Chicago," the part Alice played in that was one of her favorites. She likes to play such roles, parts that she can "sink her teeth in."

"Like most people, Alice wants to throw things occasionally, when she's angry," Helene said. "But she doesn't give in to such temperamental impulses. But when pictures like 'In Old Chicago' or 'Lillian Russell' come along, which give her the chance, she puts plenty into feeling into them. As wouldn't we all?" Helene added: "It's good for the pictures, and it's good for Alice, too.

"She doesn't become angry very often," Helene continued, "and then she doesn't stay that way long. She 'gets it off her chest' at once, and then forgets about it. Alice and I have never had any arguments because we make it a rule to 'talk it out' when we find we are not in agreement.

Usually Alice will start such a discussion with: 'I know you would tell me, if the situation were reversed, so-and-so.' And we go on from there." Helene explained, "until the matter is straightened out to our mutual satisfaction.

"But one thing Alice does have to put up with in me," Helene continued, "and that is my tardiness. She herself is very punctual, and one day she decided to teach me a lesson. We were going out to dinner together, and I was to call for her. When I drove up, late as usual, her maid met me at the door to tell me she thought Miss Faye had already left. As it happened," Helene went on, "I had caught a glimpse of Alice at her bedroom window as I came up the stairs, so I knew it was a gag. 'All right,' I told the maid, 'sorry I missed her,' and made a dash for my car.

'The maid came running after me,' Helene laughed, "to ask me to wait. 'Go back and tell Miss Faye you couldn't catch me,' I whispered, and drove off, making a circle of the block. By the time I returned, Alice was at the door, peering frantically down the street in the direction I'd taken. But it taught me a lesson. I was punctual from then on, and" finished the girl who became her best friend when the star was an unknown, and who is still her best friend now that Alice Faye is listed among the top ten at the box office.

**SCREENLAND'S Glamor Guides**

Fashions featured on Page 78 will be found in the following stores and in others in principal cities throughout the country.

**Girdle and brassiere by Real-Farm Girdle Co., 358 Fifth Avenue, New York City**

- M. O'Neil Co., Akron, O.
- W. M. Whitney & Co., Albany, N. Y.
- Rich's, Inc., Atlanta, Ga.
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- Boston Store, Chicago, Ill.
- Itchee-Goettinger Co., Dallas, Texas
- Wolf & Dessauer Co., Fort Wayne, Ind.
- Bullock's Wilshire, Los Angeles, Cal.
- Gimbel Bros., Milwaukee, Wis.
- L. Bamberger & Co., Newark, N. J.
- Stern Bros., New York City
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**Frack by R. Kladney & Co., 1410 Broadway, New York City**

- Davison Paxon, Atlanta, Ga.
- Stewart, Baltimore, Md.
- D. M. Reid, Bridgeport, Conn.
- Chase, Streit & Co., Chicago, Ill.
- G. Fox & Co., Hartford, Conn.
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- Laverne, Berger & Teitelbaum, Nash- ville, Tenn.
- Butner's, Plymouth, Mass.
- Cherry & Webb Stores, Providence, R. I.
- Fall River, New Bedford, Lowell and Lawrence, Mass.
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**Swim suit by Mabs of Hollywood Creations, 1024 Santee Street, Los Angeles, California**

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- Frederick Loeser & Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.
- The May Co., Los Angeles, Calif.
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- G. Fox & Co., Hartford, Conn.
- Broadway Dept. Store, Los Angeles, Cal.
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When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause aged-looking backache, leg pains, eye pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

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Richard Greene: "I'm Keen about a Camera!"

Continued from page 63

picked up some time ago. I'll hang some of them on the light walls.

"The bar goes over here. I shall get a regular dresser with shelves for the back of the bar, with cupboards at each side that will lock. Then I shall have a plain shelf for the bar, with a swinging door at the side and a place for glasses below. I'll use wooden pegs instead of nails—you can bore holes and cut your pegs from a long stick and the result is quite nice.

"I like color! That's the chief reason I'm interested in my 16 mm, movie outfit—because I can use color. But that is practically a new toy, and I'm no expert with it. To me, the idea of color is the use of color contrast. If you take a scene where everything is green, you might as well take it in black and white, and you might even do better with it that way; but if you take the same scene in the autumn when there's a spray of yellow here, perhaps a purple leaf or a brown bush here, and a stretch of green just fading there, you have something.

"Speaking of color—here's that home owner again! When I bought this house, my bedroom was painted a particularly dull brown. It would give anyone the glooms. So I had it painted white, woodwork and walls, and had only one side papered in this ivy wallpaper. He exhibited the results proudly, pointing out that pelmets were still to go on over the Venetian blinds, over which strips of the ivy paper would be used and green curtains hung.

"The bed, though, I'm especially proud of that bed! I don't know how long I had it for. It had to be built at last from an antique—those are the original four posters, and this footboard is the original carving on it. The sides had holes in them so that ropes could be laced through as a mattress, so the sides are new."

It was a wide bed that looked big enough to comfortably hold half a dozen.

"It's maple underneath the mahogany stain," Richard told me, "so I can have it restored to light maple, and the stain will give it a deep rich color, so they tell me."

We strolled back to the living room and the little pile of prints.

"I like shooting pictures of animals because they are never self-conscious. It's sort of like skirt shooting—you have to shoot slightly ahead of the clay pigeon if you are to hit it to account for movement, you know. So you encourage an animal to move and try to center your camera where you hope he'll be when you click the shutter. It's discouraging when you find you've centered the flying legs of a horse, though."

The gardener appeared beyond the patio in the oblivion of lawn and flowers that is enclosed on three sides by the house, and inquired about grass cutting. He was of the opinion that new grass should be kept long till it gets its strength. Richard was of an equally firm opinion that long grass should be cut. Richard won.

He returned to the chintz chair.

"Playing juveniles gives one no scope for character work. Otherwise a home movie outfit might be valuable to work out special make-ups and study them on yourself afterwards. Do you know, until I was twenty I had never played a juvenile? I always played old men, and I loved it. My first part was a gray-haired butler; my second an old sea dog, captain of a derelict, with a full black beard; next I did a pirate on the Spanish main with a small goatee and a feathered hat, and then I was an old man in a wheel chair. Fun, that!"

Mrs. Kathleen Gerrard, Richard's mother, came in with the cocker-spaniel just then, and laughed when she saw us poring over the strips of film. Mrs. Gerrard is not only the willing victim who poses for endless studies for her son, but she has a camera herself. One of these days she hopes to outdo Richard at his own hobby.

Richard Greene may be keen about his camera, but he must be twice as keen about lovely Virginia Field since he's the only girl he's been dating for a long time. They're shown at a recent preview.
with a final pat to a vase with one hand while the other waved toward the prints. "They are collectors' items, I was most fortunate to get them. I am mad about collecting, but the things must be good. Using the Chinese plate, the reflections for the wall lights was another of my ideas," she pointed out. "I love decorating!"

But Ida's dining room is her real pride and joy. It looks like an old English tavern, with its shining oak floor, specially bled by the corner fireplace. The heavy oak dining-table was designed and made for the Haywards; there are arm chairs for Louis and Ida at the head and foot of the table; and two long settles on each side for guests. There's a large rack at the tiled end of the room for her collection of pewter mugs. On one side of the fireplace is a wagon wheel mounted on an old sea chest and on the other a small beer keg with tiny mugs.

"This is where we serve our favorite English high teas," said Ida. "That is really our best way of entertaining, and we do it frequently Sunday nights. By day, though, we have what we call Izzym's cheese spreads and iced drinks on the terrace, as we're doing today."

The drinks, served in tall iced pitchers, were orange juice with cherries and slices of orange, grapefruit juice with tiny green olives; iced beer for the men; and Stone's ginger pop, which turned out to be a beverage something like our ginger ale.

The "cheese spreads" are small open-faced sandwiches, cut in various shapes with a cookie cutter and spread with Pabst cheese, Kraft's Velveeta, Philadelphia Cream cheese and an English cheese. Some of the cheeses were colored pink and green with vegetable coloring. On Sunday evenings, the Hayward friends like to gather early. Among them are Billy Bakewell, Natalie Draper, Cesar Romero, Ann Sheridan, Peter Cushing, Ralph Forbes, Heather Angel, Reginald Gardiner and Frances Robinson. They are great discussers and enjoy talking, talking, talking, in groups and in couples. Louis and Ida have a recording machine, on which they record radio roles in order to study their own inflections and improve on them. The machine looks like a radio microphone and Louis likes to leave it casually open when these discussions are going on, so that at the end of the evening, the guests may be surprised to listen to themselves in the heat of argument.

"Speaking of English high teas," said Ida thoughtfully, "our favorite dishes to include such things as Melton Mowbray pork pies and English sausage rolls—you know the delicious sausage wrapped in pastry and served hot? Pork pies are not good for serving the house, but we substitute English ham and veal pie for the hot dish so necessary to a good high tea."

"We always serve English breakfast tea—Americans don't know how to make this, it MUST be right. Water boiling—but boiling—before you pour it on the tea."

"We serve cottage loaves; they are made in two layers with a knob on top and taste more like cake than bread. Nobody can get enough of that bread! I wish I could tell you how it's made, but it's a trade secret. We buy it in Lagunia."

"Then we have hard-boiled eggs, not stuffed, just plain eggs. Cucumber sandwiches, crisps and crisp. Watercress sandwiches. Plenty of scallions—those long green onions—and red radishes. And toast and cheese—every kind of cheese. English muffins and jam, Banbury tarts and Maids of Honor."

Ida and Louis like to patronize "Bit O' England," a quaint tea-shop in the valley, and from Nannie, its hostess, brought home recipes for the high tea specialties.

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### ENGLISH HAM AND VEAL PIE

- 3 lbs. neck or breast of veal
- ¼ lb. ham
- 2 hard boiled eggs
- Dumplings
- Grated rind of 1 lemon
- Pinch of ground mace, salt, and pepper
- Puff paste

Cut the meat into small square pieces and put into a fireproof dish; 1 spoon salt and pepper. Cover with cold water and cook gently in oven for two hours.

In the meantime, cut ham in narrow strips and make regular chicken or turkey dressing, roll into balls and fry lightly in hot dripping.

Make pastry and roll out to suitable thickness. Invert pie dish in center and cut around. Leaving a ½-inch margin. Line edge of pie dish with trimmings of pastry. Cover bottom of pie dish with meat and add a few strips of bacon and slices of egg. Sprinkle lightly with mace, pepper, salt, and lemon rind and intersperse with tiny dumplings. Repeat until dish is full. Pile the meat high in the center. Half fill the dish with gravy. Put on pastry cover and moisten and press the edges together. Make a hole in the center of the top, decorate with pastry leaves and brush over with egg. Bake from 45 to 60 minutes in a moderate oven. As soon as the pie is baked, add a little well-seasoned gravy through the hole in the top.

### SAUSAGE ROLLS

Use good, spicy well ground pork sausage meat. Put between long strips of puff

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pastry which has been rolled out, brush over with beaten egg and mark off with back of knife and bake for 25 minutes. Serve by cutting off into two-inch strips, or wider if desired.

Sometimes Ida serves cinnamon buns instead of muffins so she gave SCREENLAND the recipe for those, too.

CINNAMON BUNS

Dissolve
1 or 2 Fleischmann's yeast cakes and
2 tablespoons sugar in
2 cups lukewarm milk and add
3 cups Swansdown flour
Best until perfectly smooth. Let rise in a warm place until double in bulk. Then add
2 tablespoons sugar, creamed with
4 tablespoons Crisco
1 teaspoon salt and
2 tablespoons honey
Slowly add enough flour to make a moderate stiff dough. Knead. Let rise. Roll to ½-inch thickness. Brush with butter, sprinkle with mixture of
¾ to 1 cup brown sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
¾ cup currants
½ cups raisins.
Roll as for jelly-roll and cut in two-inch lengths. Arrange, cut side down, in pie pans lined with a mixture of
1 cup brown sugar and
2 tablespoons melted butter.
Bake in a moderate oven (400°) about 20 minutes.

MUFFINS

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons Royal baking powder
¾ cup sugar
¾ teaspoon salt
1 egg
1 cup milk
¾ cup melted butter.

Sift the flour, baking powder and salt twice and then add the sugar. Mix the egg, milk and butter together and then combine with dry ingredients. Fill oiled muffin tins two-thirds full. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes.

These muffins can be varied by adding one of the following suggestions:

Apple—add 1 cup finely chopped fresh apple to the sifted ingredients
Cheese—add ½ cup grated cheese
Jelly—drop ½ teaspoon jelly on each muffin when placed in the oven
Orange—put spoonful of marmalade on top, or add 1 cup diced orange to the sifted ingredients

BANBURY TARTS

For a family dessert, use a buttered pie dish. Peel and core some juicy apples and line the dish with them. Then make a layer of mixed peel (orange and lemon) and currants which have been cut finely and sprinkled with cinnamon and ginger. Pour a little warm butter over it. Alternate layers of apples and peel to fill the dish and then pour over it a cup of boiling water mixed with a cup of sugar. Cover with a short crust and bake in a hot oven for 45 minutes. Remove and cover with warm milk and sprinkle with sugar, returning to fire to brown.

However, these are usually made up as tarts or turnovers.

MAIDS OF HONOR

Puff Pastry
2 oz. sugar
2 oz. almonds
½ oz. Swansdown flour
2 yolks of eggs
2 tablespoons cream
1 tablespoon orange flower water

Blanch and dry almonds and pound with sugar until fine. Add yolks of eggs, one at a time. Mix in flour, cream and orange flower water.

Then line 8 or 9 small tablet moulds with paste and fill with almond mixture and bake in a moderate oven for 15 minutes.

PUFF PASTRY

1 lb. flour
1 lb. butter
1 tablespoon lemon juice
½ pint water

Wash and squeeze butter in cold water. Dry well in floured cloth and shape into square about the size of slice of sandwich bread. Keep in a cool place while paste is being prepared. Sift flour onto marble slab or board and make a well in the center. Put in lemon juice and add water gradually until a smooth paste is formed. The condition of the butter determines the consistency. When the butter is soft, the paste must be equally soft. Knead the paste into a smooth ball; then roll it out into a strip a little wider than and better than twice the size of its length. Place the butter on one-half the paste and fold the other half over, enclosing the butter entirely and press the edges together. Keep in cold place 15 minutes. Then roll it out three times its original length, but keeping the width the same, and fold exactly in three. Turn paste around so that the folded edges are on the right and left; then roll again and fold again and put aside for 15 minutes. Follow this same procedure, over and over again, until paste has been rolled out 6 times. The rolling should be done as evenly as possible and the paste kept in a long, narrow shape which when folded forms a square. When the paste has had its 6th roll it is ready to use. It should be baked in a hot oven and the door of the oven never opened until paste has partially baked—from 8 to 10 minutes.

The hammering of workmen, which had been keeping up a steady thunder during our confab, grew louder, and Ida put her hands over her ears. "We're building a playroom," she explained. "Will they ever be done? Day after day, we endure this noise, this dirt, this horror! But it will be beautiful when it is finished, and then you must come and see how I plan to decorate—oh, this breakfast room—it nauseates me! It is going to be completely done over."

She glanced with a shudder around the cheerful room with its ivory woodwork and cool green walls. "I shall have the woodwork dark and the walls papered in deep green wallpaper, solid color, and the pads on the chairs will be bright yellow. You shall see when you come again!"

Clork Goble, Clou- dette Colbert, Spencer Tracy, Hedy Loma-r and Frank Morgan, perched on the rail from left to right, ore the five big story names which the new film, "Boom Town," has to boost about, besides such supporting player as Minno Gom- bell, Marion Marce, Lionel Atwill and Soa Hoden. It's an actionful storey about 11 men and the women they love. With this combination of story and cost it can't miss.
The most beautiful fingernails in the world!

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.
YOU MOVIE FANS AREN'T SO DUMB! says LOUIS BROMFIELD

Hollywood's Gayest Romance: George Brent and Ann Sheridan

NEW! YOUR GLAMOR GUIDE — HOW TO CHOOSE AND WEAR NEW FALL STYLES — PAGE 51
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 was 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
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
Gets Down to Earth!

We're fed up, frankly, with the long-standing myth that Hollywood is a hectic playplace, a glamorous factory, quite different and apart from the rest of the world. That has not been true for a long time; it is still less true today when Hollywood is facing facts, getting down to earth, and discovering it has a heart beating in tune with all of us. We don't mean Hollywood will not continue to turn out the world's most exciting and glamorous entertainment—it will still do that, but it will also develop its human side, live its own private life, appreciate its kinship with —just people. And so Screenland in a radical departure in motion picture interviews is asking leading questions of leading picture personalities—and getting surprisingly sane and constructive answers. For example:

PAT O'BRIEN'S
Advice to Youth!

Some of "you kids," as Pat addresses you, may not relish his painted remarks at American youth—but you'll be forced to admit his justice and timeliness; and your parents will applaud O'Brien's firm stand.

FATHER'S DAZE!

Ray Milland may be a suave lover and man-about-town on the screen; but in real life he is Hollywood's newest, and most ecstatic father. His son's arrival was more important to him than the biggest picture role; he's more thrilled than the average young father over the heir's daily progress. From the extremely amusing—and touching—feature in next month's issue you will gain a fresh and valuable viewpoint on movie stars.

GET OCTOBER SCREENLAND 
ON SALE AUGUST 30TH.

PAUL C. HUNTER, Publisher

V. G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer

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HOLLYWOOD is most ingenious when it comes to inventing ways to thrill fans with new, intimate contacts with the stars. All you girls who have always dreamed of the "oomph" you could put into a scene with guys like Taylor, Flynn, or Gable will now have your chance. You no longer have to wonder what it would be like to play a love duet with, say, Tyrone Power. A brand new recording idea brings the love-making of any glamour boy right into your own home. The records are re-productions of their big love moments on the screen. They play their own roles. The voice of their feminine vis-a-vis is neatly deleted—and that's where you come in! You dub in your voice in the blank spots. The new racket is called "Act With the Stars." You get your dialogue from the original movie script. More fun, and what a thrill!

THIS doesn't sound at all like the Carole Lombard we know today, but once she got a much-needed job as a life guard at a girls' summer camp and was the only one in the group who, on an average of twice a week, had to be rescued from actual drowning. Brenda Marshall has named her honey-colored cocker-spaniel Golden Boy after Bill Holden's first picture. . . . Barbara Hutton spent most of her time in Hollywood denying rumors that she was here to okay a film version of her life supposed to be played by Loretta Young.

NO MATTER how annoyed Katharine Hepburn was with Hollywood when she left more than a year ago, and no matter how firmly she has refused to discuss the old days since her return, she had a most welcome surprise waiting for her when she arrived. Katy, before her departure from Hollywood, never hesitated to tell off studio bosses when she felt she was being handled stupidly. There weren't many things that, given a chance, she wouldn't attempt to change to suit herself. She kept the RKO lot in the throes of one new excitement after another. One of the last big fusses she kicked up before she left the lot was over the loss of a worthless trinket of sentimental value to her. She was very irked because the studio couldn't find it. Now, the reason why comes to light. Just the other day Douglas Walton, who played in the film with Katy at the time of the loss, found the trinket in the bottom of a trunk that has been in storage these many months. How the lost keepsake got there he doesn't know, but he personally presented it to Katy, and now she has at least some little thing to be pleased about in connection with her return to Hollywood.

(Please turn to page 12)
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"

starring
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

"When the Moon Comes Over Madison Square" (or "The Love Lament of a Western Gent")

"Ain't It A Shame About Ma'me"

"What Would Shakespeare Have Said?"

"I Don't Want to Cry Any More"

"Rhythm on the River"

"That's For Me"

"Only Forever"
Best Performances of the Movie Month: Bette Davis and Charles Boyer in the somberly compelling "All This, And Heaven Too"

Bette Davis as the governess, Henriette Deluz-Destpotes, in the ill-fated household of the Duc de Praslin, played by Charles Boyer, principals in the broodingly dramatic picturization of Rachel Field’s notable novel, "All This, And Heaven Too." At top left, close-ups of Miss Davis and M. Boyer, the co-stars. Miss Davis with the remarkable child actor who plays the de Praslim son and heir: young Richard Nichols.

We DON’T say that the newest "big" picture, "All This, And Heaven Too," is today's "Gone With the Wind"—although it is causing almost as much controversy and comment as the Margaret Mitchell masterpiece. We do say, however, that you will not want to miss this costly, if cumbersome, screen adaptation of the Rachel Field book. Thanks to magnificent performances by the co-stars, Bette Davis and Charles Boyer; to the penetrating direction by Anatole Litvak of an excellent screenplay; and to a scintillating gallery of secondary performances, particularly Barbara O’Neill’s tragic Duchesse, Virginia Weidler’s Louise, and Richard Nichols’ appealing Reynald, "All This, And Heaven Too" is your outstanding cinema entertainment of the summer, truly a distinguished film.
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
Screen Play 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
Andy Hardy Meets Debutante—M-G-M
This surpasses previous "Andy Hardy" films. Andy (Mickey Rooney) becomes infatuated with a famous deb (Diana Lewis), and when his wild schemes to meet her fail, Betsy (Judy Garland) comes to the rescue. Andy manages to steal a few scenes from Mickey. Judge Hardy's (Lewis Stone) fight to save an orphanage, and a plea for good Americanism are worked in with Andy's trials. Ann Rutherford and others in cast, good.

The Mortal Storm—M-G-M
An emotionally stirring film about the early days of the Nazi rise to power and its effect on a non-Aryan professor's (Frank Morgan) family. The merciless persecutions depicted would have more arousing effect about two years ago. The film's romance, which ends tragically when Margaret Sullivan, as Freya, and Jimmy Stewart, as Martin, escape into Austria, is touching. Robert Young fine in role of a storm trooper.

Anne of Windy Poplars—RKO-Radio
In this story about the schoolteacher who finds herself regarded as an intruder by the Pringley family, who dominate the town, when she's appointed vice-principal, Anne Shirley portrays the fictional Anne Shirley, the heroine whose name she adopted for her own screen name. It's light, sentimental and shows sweetness triumphing over malice—a relief from films that stress war and other unhappy present-day conditions. Fine family entertainment.

Four Sons—20th Century-Fox
A powerfully moving film which tells the sad story of what happened to a once-happy family when Nazis invaded Czechoslovakia. Eugenie Leontovich, who makes her screen debut as Frau Berndt, plays the mother role with real feeling. Don Amerche, Alan Curtis, George Ernest and Robert Lowery make up the son quartet, and Mary Beth Hughes plays Alan's faithful wife. Acting throughout first-rate, but the grim tale is depressing.

Cross-Country Romance—RKO-Radio
A breezy comedy romance to take off your mind off the heat, humidity, and headlines. Although the plot is trivial, it's amusing and good fun and a swell tonic for taut nerves. It concerns a frivolous runaway heiress, Wendy Barrie, who hides in the trailer in which Gene Raymond is making a cross-country trip, and most of the action takes place in the trailer and trailer camps. The film marks Gene's return to the screen after a year's absence and he is good in it. Wendy is okay too.

I Want a Divorce—Paramount
This preachment against the divorce evil co-stars the happily-married Dick Powels (John Blondell). It's a made-to-order part for Joan, and Dick proves his adaptability by playing a straight role. Dick plays a struggling lawyer who's unsuccessful until he begins handling divorces, which indirectly leads his wife to seek a divorce. They're reconciled when her divorced sister commits suicide. Frank Fay stands out in a secondary role.

Tom Brown's School Days—RKO-Radio
The screen presentation of Thomas Hughes' widely-read juvenile book about life in an English boarding school, with its pranks, hazings and fistfights, rings true. It's typically boyish film fare, but good entertainment for grownups too. Cedric Hardwicke gives a brilliant performance as Dr. Arnold, headmaster, who introduces the honor system to Rugby. Jimmy Lydon plays Tom, Freddie Bartholomew and Billy Halop also in cast.

The Last Alarm—Monogram
This is the story of a retired fireman, J. Parrell MacDonald, who finds it monotonous until he comes out of retirement to aid capture a pyromaniac, George Pembroke, who's excellent as the mad firebug. His diabolic leer will give you the creeps. Newsreel shots of some of the biggest fires have been inserted in the film and if you're one who likes to watch roaring fires or see the engines go by, you'll get your fill of both. Has excitement.

(Please turn to page 13)
The Bride Is Dizzy...
The Bridegroom’s Busy
So Ronald’s Pinch-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 HAIGHT • Directed by LEWIS MILESTONE • RKO Radio Picture
Screen Play by Allan Scott • Adapted from the story "Bonne Chance" by Sacha Guitry

SCREENLAND 11
WHO'D THINK THIS
Amazing
MONTHLY PROTECTION
(WORN INTERNALLY)
could be so thrifty, too!

Imagine getting a smaller, easier-to-use tampon—with truly astonishing absorbency—at Holly-Pax low cost! Super service—money-saving price—here's double economy! Do try Holly-Pax.

Holly-Pax
THE ECONOMY TAMPON—10 for 20c
AT DRUG, DEPARTMENT AND
10-CENT STORES

S O N G S  W A N T E D

WANTED 300 GIRLS
to try NIX, the amazing NEW Deodorant Cream. FREE if not delighted. NIX checks perspiration, ends underarm odor 1 to 3 days. NIX protects your clothes from underarm stains and strong, stale odors or musty body. A jar of NIX lasts weeks, used by thousands. Get NIX today at 10c stores. Large Jar NIX 3c. Extra Large Jar 25c. Ask for sample now. NIX Bleach Cream at stores. NIX Bleach Cream is the NEW amazing skin lighter! Large Jar only 10c.

GRAY FADED HAIR
Ask famous expert from France how to straighten and color your hair the same time at home with "SHAMPO-KOLOR" Shampoo. No need look, must lasting. Promote even more. Free Book. Volland Prod., Inc., Dept. 10-X, 104 W. 31 St., New York.

Clearer Complexion
by using Mercolized Wax Cream
This dainty Skin Balsam before fade freckles and lightens a dull, drab sun-burned complexion. It neutralizes Nature's process of flowing off useless, unattractive surface skin, almost instantly a

USING ASTRINGENT tightens and leave skin tight and fresh. SASSOLITE ASTRINGENT tightens and keep skin tight and fresh. SASSOLITE ASTRINGENT tightens and keep skin tight and fresh. SASSOLITE ASTRINGENT tightens and keep skin tight and fresh. PHELACTINE DEPILATORY removes superficial facial hair quickly. Easy to use. No unpleasant odor.

A natural blonde with clear, friendly blue eyes, five feet nearly six inches tall, weighing a perfect 113 pounds—that's how Elaine Shepard's publicity describes her, but we can sum it up in one word—lusious. Watch for Elaine in "You Can't Fool Your Wife."

Hot from Hollywood

RIGHT now it looks as if Norma Shearer may turn out to be just another big heartbreak for George Raft. George is the guy who has been handed more trouble romantically than any actor ever to hit Hollywood. Wedding bells never rang for him and Virginia Pine because there was still the first Mrs. George Raft in existence, who refused to discuss a divorce. Now there can be no wedding bells for George and Norma because the amount of money necessary to bring about his legal freedom has steadily grown. George has pictures of Norma in every room of his home and he always carries his favorite poses of her with him. Life is one big disappointment for him and he plainly shows it. He has everything to offer yet can give to no one. His case is pitiful and so few people understand! He has a huge, comfortable, lavish home yet he never entertains. He has a fancy, perfectly appointed bar but he doesn't drink. He has one of the biggest pools in town but it's never used—he doesn't swim. Success is a somewhat bitter pill for Raft. (Please turn to page 16)
The Man Who Talked Too Much

Warners' "The Mouthpiece," about an attorney who defends gangsters and whose activities nearly send his kid brother to the chair, has been remade with George Brent as Stephen Forbes, the role played by Warren William in the original screen version. Virginia Bruce plays the faithful secretary, Richard Barthelmess, the gang boss. Good suspense sustained in scenes leading up to the brother's last-minute reprieve.

Wagons Westward—Republic

Chester Morris plays the dual role of twin brothers—one (Tom), a bandit, and the other (David), a law-enforcing officer, who poses as his twin to capture the outlaws. Too many things happening at one time, coupled with trying to keep the identities of the twins straight, make film seem a bit involved, but those who like hard fighting, fast riding won't mind that. Ona Munson and Anita Louise play dance hall sisters. Cast has Buck Jones.

Private Affairs—Universal

A romantic farce about the black sheep (Roland Young) of a straight-laced Boston family, who returns to his home town after an absence of twenty years, during which time he's been a board "boy" in a New York brokerage house. Nancy Kelly plays the daughter, whose snooty grandfather objects to her marrying Robert Cummings. Hugh Herbert's in the cast and it's your guarantee of an evening of fun. Has hilarious scenes, witty lines.

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.

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(Paste on penny postcard, if you wish)
The Andrew Jergens Company
3915 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
I want to see how Jergens Lotion helps me have charming, soft hands. Please send my free pursesize bottle.

Name
Address

FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

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MAIL THIS COUPON NOW
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New under-arm
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration

1. Does not harm dresses — does not irritate skin.
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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 39 cent jars)

GIVEN AWAY FREE AND NECKLACE
— A Beautiful Set —
Fancy knobby-linked, safety-edge snap, 3 looking balls, lovely diadem, slotted with 24-karat gold. Beads given FOR selling 4 boxes of Rosebud Balm at 25¢ a box. Order 4 save today. Part Card will give Send-No-Money. ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., 801 S. WOODSTOCK, MARYLAND.

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 bloats up 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 these 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, 10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

Hamburgers, toasted buns, and the makings of succulent salads — Margaret's idea of a supper that's fun for everybody, including the hostess. Try asking your guests to make their own favorite salads for a change.

"Serve-yourself Meals" are popular in Hollywood. Margaret Lindsay is your charming hostess for informal Summer supper

By
Betty Boone

PARING around Margaret Lindsay's hilltop home is a precarious business.

The last time she gave a party, police had to come over to unskim the guests' cars and the drivers negotiate the grades, one at a time, to safety. Calling on Margaret is a test that less popular girls might fear.

She lives in a Mediterranean house. Tall iron gates guard the entrance, and rock steps lead up the steep hillside to the door. "It should be called the house of the thirty-nine steps," observed Margaret, who skims up the flight without losing a single breath, "the count is exactly thirty-nine."

Margaret's mother and young sister, Mary, better known as Mickey, share the hilltop house with her. They are all mad about books; three walls of the living room have built-in bookcases to hold some of the library, and books, periodicals and papers crowd shelves and tables everywhere.

Ivory walls, soft green rugs and flowered draperies make the living and dining rooms pleasant places but the room the Lindsay's
SUZANNE SOMMERS, SENIOR AT DUKE UNIVERSITY, SAYS:

MEN LIKE

that modern natural look!

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

Women today are learning a secret from gay, young “collegiennes.” They’re discarding obvious makeups—and following the modern trend to natural beauty with Richard Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder . . . the flattering new powder you choose by the color of your eyes.

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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: __________________________

(Screenland 15)
SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S adieu to active participation in movie-making was not without a few unkind comments on how much money the Temples could now sit back and enjoy. The unkindest cut of all, though, was the mistaken statement that the playhouse that the Temples built adjoining their home was to be a museum, open to the public, and the source of more income. Nothing is further from the truth! The bungalow is to be Shirley's very own and will house all her playthings, her hundreds of dolls, and her many gifts from admirers. Shirley will give all her parties in this new home. The misunderstanding may have arisen from the fact that twice a year Shirley's doll house will be open to the public. Two yearly charity affairs, given by the Temples, will be a custom hereafter. One, for the Motion Picture Relief Fund, and the other for the Children's Hospital.

Hot from Hollywood
Continued from page 12

THE most insistent buzz of gossip around town at the moment is that Betty Grable isn't as grateful as she should be for the whopping rôle she has been handed in "Down Argentine Way." After being given a chance of a lifetime, it is rumored that Miss Grable is being very difficult. On the matter of dying her hair she was adamant. The whole production machinery took an awful jolt when Betty refused to alter the shade of her locks. Someone timidly brought home the fact that Alice Faye, who was set for the rôle and lost it because of her illness, had been perfectly willing to go brunette. At the suggestion of a wig Miss Grable, it's reported, again firmly stamped her feet and said absolutely no. From the way it looks now, we'll see a platinum señorita in "Down Argentine Way."

Above, cute four-year-old Richard Nichols, who played his first screen rôle as the son of Bette Davis and Charles Boyer in "All This," attended the grand opening too.

Above, Davis greets her leading man. Thousands of fans were on hand to cheer Bette and Charles Boyer, co-stars of "All This, and Heaven Too!" at première of their film.

Beautifully gowned in white chiffon and ermine wrap, Bette was escorted to the big event of the Corthoy Circle Theatre by her cousin, John Favor, and her mother.

WELL, now Hollywood has seen everything! Doting screen mammas have always been plentiful in the movie capital, but they always had under-age glamor queens or precocious moppets as their charges. Now, Hollywood has signed its first glamor boy to have a doting parent. All of our town's lovely ladies have had an awful time trying to date Desi Arnaz, a 23-year-old Cuban who, it has been promised, will soon burst upon feminine America as a new number one heart throb. Desi is under contract to RKO, and you'll see him in "Too Many Girls." You'll see him with every vestige of his good looks intact. Desi's mother came all the way to Hollywood just to be sure our cuties didn't put any circles under his handsome eyes. It has been her foremost interest to see that our newest Latin lover got to bed each night long before midnight. It's been hard on the girls but as Desi's mother says, "he's still my baby."

Dana Dale made all the girls envious when she arrived at the big opening of the Davis-Boyer picture on the arm of handsome Jeffrey Lynn, who's prominently featured in the film.

Above, Boyer arriving with his wife, Pat Peterson, and his mother. Left, Andrea Leeds and her husband, Bob Howard, in the Corthoy lobby have eyes only for each other.
"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
in
TECHNICOLOR

GENE - JACKIE - HENRY
TIERNEY • COOPER • 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"!
DEAR OLIVIA-UP-A-TREE:

Come down to earth!

No reason for a fine actress and a charming person like you to be out on a limb, but I think you are—and I don't mean merely in the publicity picture, above. I mean in your career. Having just seen you in your first picture since “Gone With the Wind”—a little number named “My Love Came Back”—and having been very much interested in you ever since your first movie performance in “Midsummer Night’s Dream”—I can’t help wondering what’s happened to you.

At first, when you were a fresh new face on the screen in Warner Bros.’ big Shakespearean bust, all you had to do was to appear, and audiences applauded. You were so lovely, so refreshing, so wholesome that you were like a breath of Springtime—and we moviegoers took long grateful sniffs—we’d been needing some fine fresh air. And everybody said, “Here’s the New Star of Tomorrow,” and hurried to your later pictures expecting to see at least a baby Shearer. Well, we were slightly disappointed when we saw you as a charming but vapid *vis a vis* Errol Flynn’s robust posturings, but we put it all down to innocuous roles. What could *any* girl do with the parts they gave you? we’d mutter, remembering you were still new, still a gentle sniff of Spring and no emotional hurricane.

Meanwhile, those of us who’d met you became your boosters; gradually you emerged as a Hollywood Personage; your wellbred beauty and high intelligence triumphed over your mediocre roles. Then came your chance as Melanie—and you justified, with one splendid, shining performance, all our faith in you. At last, the exquisite newcomer was an Important Actress.

Well—and I hate anti-climaxes as much as you do—then so what? So, after your triumph in the big picture of the year, you refused to play any more tepid roles, and were suspended by your studio. I think some of us cheered your stand; surely Melanie deserved the best. Came a truce: your studio gave you another part, in this piece called “My Love Came Back.” Not a “big” picture, but rather a nice one. Certainly your role was far from another Melanie, but it did offer you a chance for characterization. And you didn’t, to my mind, take it. Your little violinist in the new film is charming, and pretty, and rather poetic—but she’s very far from being a real girl. She’s no full-length portrait at all, only a very pale pastel. And this time, I think it’s your own fault. Why didn’t you sink your pretty teeth in that part and tear it to pieces, make it mean something? Why did you let Jane Wyman and Eddie Albert steal so many scenes? No—being a breath of Spring isn’t enough, after Melanie.

Delight Evans

An Open Letter to Olivia De Havilland
Anita Louise, Arleen Whelan and Penny Singleton gave their services as clothes models for a fashion show and luncheon to raise money to buy an ambulance for the Allies.

Simone Simon was a cigarette girl at the luncheon—she is seen here selling a pack to Irene Dunne. With her cute French accent and provocative grin Simone got $5 a pack!

**HOLLYWOOD WHIRL**

The stars shine brightest when they give their time and talents to the Red Cross for war relief.

Among other activities, Hollywood stars participated in a broadcast for the Red Cross from Warners’ Hollywood studio. At left, Jimmy Cagney, Mary Martin, Irene Rich and Pat O’Brien make up quartet at microphone.

*ALL HOLLYWOOD WHIRL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEN WEISSMAN*
Charles Laughton, Shirley Temple, and Paul Muni took part in the benefit broadcast and had fun doing it. Below, Tyrone Power is seen speaking to a crowd of two thousand women at the Red Cross luncheon. Not only master-of-ceremonies Ken Murray, but all the listeners were moved by Ty's heartfelt words which undoubtedly did much to help the ambulance fund.

Edward G. Robinson borrowed a spare sombrero and guitar from Gene Autry and indulged in some impromptu melody backstage as they waited their turn to go on the air at the benefit broadcast.

George Burns and Don Ameche lend an ear to Eddie G. as he tells 'em a new story just before the trio went on the air at the stars' Red Cross radio show. Where's Gracie, George?
"You Movie Fans Aren't So Dumb!"

Cross-section of you movie fans, above, at Hollywood opening of "All This, and Heaven Too." Left, author Bromfield meets star Ann Sheridan of his story, "It All Came True." Below, two scenes from "Brigham Young," latest big picture written by Bromfield, showing heroine Linda Darnell and Dean Jagger in title role.

"TWELVE-YEAR-OLD mentality, my foot!" said Louis Bromfield rudely.

He was in process of puncturing Hollywood's pet alibi, Charged with immaturity, the industry's glib reply for years has been: "We've got to give the public what they want, and they want something to suit the collective twelve-year-old mind of a movie audience."

"Movie fans aren't so dumb," Bromfield retorts. "Not that I'm casting aspersions on the twelve-year-old mind. I've met many that are more alert than those of their elders. But the inference is patronizing, and that's what I dispute. It's the movie fans who are primarily responsible for the fact that Hollywood's growing up now."

Bromfield is the publishers' delight. From "The Green Bay Tree" to "Night in Bombay," his novels have been consistent best-sellers. He is tall and lithe. He talks with stimulating vigor, with the authority of one who has studied his subject and with an absence of pomp not always to be found in the successful.

"I've seen the same thing happen," he says, "in Radio City,
in little midwestern towns, and right in Grauman's Chinese Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard. I've watched audiences giving pictures the bird, turning a half-million dollar production into burlesque. The comments they make are as funny as hell, and there's nothing more destructive than ridicule.

In Radio City I sat through a picture in which one of the biggest stars was playing opposite one of the most highly publicized. The man was a popular favorite, but the story was so phony that he got razzed along with the rest of it. They'd tell him when to kiss the girl and how. They'd anticipate the dialogue and improve on it. The picture was no fun, so they made their own.

"The small towns are the worst. I know, because I live in one myself. 'Anything will go in the sticks,' is a fallacy. Our high school kids are as knowing as they come. They'll go to the Saturday afternoon show and turn the place into bedlam, if they don't like the picture. And their judgment is sound because they're honest. They won't put up with old formulas or cheap sentiment or bad production or threadbare gags. You may say, what's the difference as long as they go? It's money at the box office, whether they hiss the picture or applaud.

"But it's not that simple! Sally and Johnny report at the dinner table, and their parents, who'd planned to go to the movies that evening, stay home with the radio or visit a neighbor. And the following Saturday the kids'll decide to spend their money at the skating-rink, where they can't be fooled. Hollywood knows all this and Hollywood's worried. Worried enough to take action."

Bromfield spent much of the last fifteen years abroad. Soon after his return to America, Darryl Zanuck sent him a wire, asking if he would go to Hollywood to write the scenario of "Brigham Young." Ten years ago he had

**Says LOUIS BROMFIELD**

In this exclusive interview, noted author punctures Hollywood's pet alibi and pays high tribute to YOU, the motion picture audience of America

By Ida Zeitlin

served a Hollywood term, which he failed to enjoy. That engagement had been terminated when he went to his boss and said: "Look! You're paying me twenty-five hundred a week. You said it was because I had something the public liked. But ever since I got here, you've been trying to force me to write what you think the public likes. So why don't you save your twenty-five hundred and why don't I go home?"

Two considerations prompted him to accept Zanuck's offer, and neither was financial. With magazines bidding against each other for serial (Please turn to page 78)
"Our Town" girl marches on to new triumphs in "The Howards of Virginia." Read all about this new actress whose sudden success has all Hollywood talking about her

By
Gene Schrott

With her ability as a screen actress already established in "Our Town," Martha Scott finds it amusing to tell about the difficulties besetting the making of "The Howards of Virginia."

"Most of it," she relates, "was filmed right in Williamsburg, Virginia. And though the town gets its usual share of visitors because of its historic interest, the attendance was never as large as when the film was being shot there. Oh, yes, Cary Grant was responsible for the greater part of that influx—especially the girls! For one thing, William and Mary College is in Williamsburg and somehow on the day Cary arrived in town, it seemed that ninety-nine per cent of the co-eds suddenly developed convenient ailments to keep them from attending classes. Everywhere you cast your eyes you saw wide-eyed, breathless girls eagerly clutching autograph books and diligently searching for a glimpse of Cary’s six feet of bone and muscle. And when they did sight him—well, you know how a fox feels (Please turn to page 80)."
A FEW years ago a perfect epidemic of free-lancing hit the big players of Hollywood. None of them would re-sign on long term contracts. They all wanted to “pick” their parts. A few of them—notably, Lombard, Colbert, and Fredric March—bettered themselves materially. The rest fell pretty much by the wayside.

Cary Grant had been five years at Paramount but when his contract was up he joined the merry throng of freelancers, declining to consider a new contract. Having known Cary fairly intimately ever since he hit Hollywood, I felt called upon to put in my two bits’ worth and give him the benefit of my august advice. Not wanting to hurt his feelings, I went about the matter rather subtly. “You’re crazy,” I told him. “You’ve been in pictures five years and you’ve never done anything outstanding. You’ve never had a rôle that enabled you to show you could act—if you can. What makes you think producers are going to offer you any part—at all?—let alone enough parts for you to choose from?”

One of the things I like best (Please turn to page 82)
Hollywood stars are giving—not only gold, but generously of themselves to the Red Cross

By
Liza

YES!

They Have A
Heart

Top, Connie Bennett, Claudette Colbert, Dolores Del Rio assemble clothing. Above, Simone Simon, Mrs. Harry Brand, Carmel Myers, Barbara Stanwyck, Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, and Mrs. Louis B. Mayer all helping.
HE movie stars of Hollywood have always been grand about lending a helping hand in times of great sorrow and tragedy. Acting folk, for the most part, are born big-hearted. They give as long as they have it to give. Too, most of them came from very poor families and they know all about hunger and hardship and the struggle to live without having to read about it in a book.

In every dire catastrophe in this country, or Europe, Hollywood has contributed generously, much more generously than any other community. Match the Hollywood stars with any group of Wall Street bankers, or wealthy socialites, and you will see that their charity donations make all others look like so much petty cash. Hollywood gives impulsively from the heart, not prudently from the mind.

So when the Nazis invaded Belgium and France and the American Red Cross made its heart-rending appeal for the poor refugees driven mercilessly from their homes, I knew that Hollywood would again generously give money. But what I didn't know was that this time they would also give themselves.

In this wonderful land of make-believe, where blood is chocolate sauce and tears are glycerin, where battles are fought comfortably on the back lot with extras getting paid for overtime, warring Europe with its dictators and duces seemed a million miles away. Hollywood danced and laughed and gossiped. Would Norma Shearer marry George Raft? Was Garbo slipping? What did Joan Bennett say to Hedy Lamarr? Buzz, buzz, buzz.

And then—crash! Hollywood's dream world became one of dreadful reality. Hollywood heard and read about the little children and the old men and women dragging their broken bodies along the machine-gunned roads of France. And Hollywood wept.

It's easy to cry, perhaps, it's easy to sign a check, but it isn't so easy to change your manner of living. And that's just what the Glamor Girls of Hollywood did. With almost one accord they said, "I've got to do something to help." Now you and I know that the Glamor Girls, when they are not working in a picture, are the most pampered people on earth. They sleep late in the morning, they spend endless hours over manicures, hairdos, and massages, they lounge around in the afternoons taking sun baths and dips in their swimming pools, and they very carefully change their phone numbers so that no one from the outside world can intrude upon their privacy. But that was before they saw the anguished face of little Jacques whose mother lay dead in the ditch beside him. That was before they saw a bewildered old couple, their clothes in shreds about their poor gaunt bodies, trudging wearily on and on to heaven only knows where. Sleep was forgotten; so were manicures, hairdos, massages, sun baths and swimming pools—and the movie stars who had been the most inaccessible suddenly became the most accessible. In fact, you just couldn't avoid them.

I began to suspect something was up the morning I called Dolores Del Rio's publicity agent and asked for a fashion layout on Dolores. The publicity agent called me back later and said that Dolores was so sorry but that she was busy packing blankets for the Red Cross. I then called Claudette Colbert about (Please turn to page 94)
Though Jackie Cooper is only 17, already he's a famous movie star and a rich man. The girls are after him, as illustrated at left by Leila Ernst in a scene from Jackie's new film, "Life with Henry"—but his wise mother, Mrs. Mabel Cooper Bigelow, shown with him below, understands youth and its problems. Facing page: Jackie beats the drums for Bonita Granville, studies his script for his mother.

How to Raise A Boy in Hollywood

BY JACKIE COOPER'S MOTHER
THE years have been so kind and considerate to Jackie and me that I’m a little surprised to realize that he is growing up and facing problems that inevitably must come to a boy of seventeen. I don’t mean to imply that he’s now a man. He’s not. He’s still just a kid. But with that significant age of seventeen come meaningful problems that must be met with graciousness, tolerance, and understanding. I am happy to be able to say that because of the closeness between us, the hurdles he is now trying to jump are not going to stump us.

We’ve had our trials and our worries, Jackie and I. Lots of them. Just as many, and possibly more, as any other mother and son who find themselves working hard and long to live decently. But because we have tried to keep our sense of values and our idealism in the face of such trials and worries, we are both able to meet and to evaluate the things that now confront us and the things that lie ahead of us. Jackie, as a son who is puzzled, at times, by the responsibilities he is now beginning to face. I, as his mother, who must help him to realize the many, many duties and obligations he has to fulfill with grace as he finds himself on the threshold of young manhood.

There is nothing so confusing to a young man as the perplexities that bewilder him when the romantic age begins to assert itself upon him. Here lies the test that every boy must pass and every mother must help him to pass. And here lies before me, suddenly and quite abruptly, the hardest and most exacting phase of my life as a mother. I know any mother will know what I mean when I say this.

The most difficult thing about making a boy realize what is involved when he reaches seventeen is that of trying diplomatically to make him feel like a man and yet to keep him from doing things a man of twenty-five would do. I could belittle him and remind him he is just a child. But, to me, that is absolute murder. I have never made Jackie conscious of being a child. I have never believed in the idea that “children should be seen and not heard.” I have always been convinced that children should be heard as long as they have enough sense to make sense. It is far better that they enter into conversation at home, and learn things straight, than to go out on their own for information and get it from the wrong source and from the wrong company.

All this may seem beside the point. But it has direct bearing, for if I had never taken Jackie into my confidence, if I had never made him an integral part of every family discussion, my job as a motherly adviser of his romantic moments might be extremely difficult. I very seldom dictate to Jackie about the girls with whom he goes out. I feel that his training in the past has given him enough intelligence to be (Please turn to page 96)
THERE was a time when Kendal Browning had loved spring, every exciting part of it. Robins in the park, crocuses and tulips crowding the flower peddler’s cart, the first warm, languorous days, hurdy-gurdys, spindly city trees taking on glamor with their pale, new leaves and she taking on glamor too with the silliest new hat she could find.

But that was over now. Kendal had fallen in love. And now she hated it, with the same fervor she once had used in loving it. For the man she loved was allergic to spring.

It wasn’t anything so simple as hay fever. Kendal could have taken that in her stride. But she couldn’t combat blonde fever. Not when it affected Stephen Dexter in its most virulent form. Come spring and there was a new blonde on Stephen’s list. She arrived with the regularity of the first robin and during the five years Kendal had been his secretary she had learned the signs and dreaded the day Stephen would come bounding into his office with his hat pulled jauntily over one eye, a flower in his buttonhole and a burst of song on his lips.
Yes, the Secretary married her Boss—but she went right on being his Secretary as well as his Wife, which led to complications, including a Certain Blonde! Read our sparkling story of the new screenplay featuring Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne

FICTIONIZED BY
Elizabeth B. Petersen

What if the new passion waned with the end of summer, what if fall and winter were given up to the whirl of business activity that had made the Dexter Cement Company such a prize plum that the Cement Combine was plotting means of absorbing it, spring was always there waiting and so was the blonde.

Kendal stiffened as she came to the door of Stephen's office. There hadn't been a sign of spring about him when he came in that morning, full of plans to combat the Combine. Business had been in (Please turn to page 72)
At first her oomphy reputation, as exploited below in "It All Came True," and other films, scared off elusive bachelor Brent. But then Ann's own wholesome charm won him over.

WELL, I'm sure I don't know why Hollywood romances have to be so stuffy. The minute two stars find each other they immediately tuck in at a table for two at Ciro's (the equivalent of the old parlor sofa of Grandma's Day) and spend endless hours just gazing monotonously into each other's eyes. Before they met they were probably two of the most popular young people in town, gay, witty, friendly, and fun-loving. But as soon as love's rigor mortis sets in they become just a couple of dull jerks, and I mean dull. It's a good thing they have each other. No one else would have them.

Even that grand screwball Carole Lombard, who could put a boiler factory to shame by merely lifting her voice, became the Mouse Girl of all time when she and Clark Gable discovered that they cared. One of our better columnists went in for a little clocking one night at the Beverly Brown Derby and has it on record that for two hours and forty-five minutes Barbara Stanwyck (whose wit is second to none) and Robert Taylor uttered not one word. I myself did some snooping on Olivia de Havilland and Jimmy Stewart at Ciro's, and had to be revived with three aspirin tablets. After a session of Sonja Henie and Dan Topping I required three Martinis. Stuffy as a feather bed. As Gracie Allen says, I don't get it.

So when I heard that Ann Sheridan (Please turn to page 86)
How The Oomph Girl made a Laughing Boy out of dignified George Brent

By

Elizabeth Wilson

Romance!

Ann's new film, "They Drive by Night," gives her acting ability, as well as oomph, a real chance. Pictures here show her on the set and with co-star George Raft.
RETUNRED from the theatrical wars, John Barrymore bore no marks of battle, only certain significant dollar-marks. Once more the unpredictable zany of his world had confounded Hollywood wiseacres by proving himself to be, of all things, an astute businessman! It was surprising, too, though eminently fitting, to find Mr. Barrymore again in the inky garb of Hamlet as he played a windy scene in "The Great Profile." Both the character and the title of the picture commended themselves as permanent fixtures of his fame. Yet even more interesting was the physical appearance of the matchless actor himself. He was as slight, as slender, and as alertly light-footed as on that memorable night in New York when first he looked every inch the Prince of Denmark and swept his way along the road to glory with grace and power unequalled since the day of Edwin Booth.

Here, then, was the renewed, the rejuvenated John Barrymore come into his own, if travestied, estate and having another time of his life as the comedian no less than the tragedian he can be at the drop of the hat or the rise of the curtain. I marvelled at his resilience, personal and professional alike, as he swung into a chair at the edge of the set. So free was he, too, from any of the vagaries of his recent wayfaring adventures in "My Dear Children" that I instantly suspected his riotous ad libbing to have been done for a shrewdly businesslike purpose.

He lifted a quizzical eyebrow. "The play lent itself to ad libbing. It was a pratfall comedy, anyway, not 'King Lear.' So why not? Audiences liked the liberties taken with it, and who was I not to give them what they wanted? I played it straight the first night in New York. But the audience was disappointed. Accordingly, I decided that when they came the following night they wouldn't be. That helped. Indeed, it helped enormously, just as it had in Chicago. We did good business. In my seeming madness, therefore, (Please turn to page 92)
Hollywood's latest, most luscious blonde sensation is twenty-year-old Mary Beth Hughes, who proved she could act in "Four Sons" and followed through in "The Great Profile" with John Barrymore.
Joan Blondell and her husband, Dick Powell, have fun in real life, fun on the screen in new co-starring film, "I Want A Divorce." Don't worry, they don't!
Dick Powell is a busy man these days, combining a business career as real estate operator with movie stardom, and radio work on the side.

of Fun!
Colman, cheer up! Now that you're co-starring with gay Ginger Rogers in "Lucky Partners," give us a grin (see opposite page).

It's a light, romantic comedy, this new film which brings Ginger and Ronnie together as screen lovers for first time.
“Lucky Partners” is right! Colman and Rogers seem happy about it all, above. Below, on the set with director Lewis Milestone.
IF IT'S Romance
YOU WANT

Love a mile high! June Dupree and John Justin enact a scene on the rim of the Grand Canyon in Arizona for "The Thief of Bagdad," big Alexander Korda production all in Technicolor.
HERE IT IS!
Dynamic Margaret Sullavan is, paradoxically enough, a real home girl. Her husband, her two little daughters, her home come first and foremost, even before her career.
Girl
OUTDOORS!

For all her blonde and fragile beauty, Virginia Grey is a real outdoor girl, spends her spare time on a ranch. She's on the screen in "The Captain Is A Lady."
Seven years later! Not since they co-starred in "It Happened One Night" have Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert worked together. You remember that picture which earned for each star an Academy Award, sent Colbert sky-rocketing to fame and the fortune which made her 1939's fourth largest U. S. income earner, gave Gable his great chance. Now, "Boom Town" brings them together again, as screen husband and wife.
It's a 4-Star show, this "Boom Town," and a big battle for acting honors—for Gable must buck the terrific competition of Spencer Tracy, and Colbert's charm must overcome Hedy Lamarr's disturbing loveliness. However, the truth is that Gable and Tracy relish such rivalry, since the men are good friends in real life and good sports on the studio sets; while Claudette's talent, as well as the importance of her rôle, permits her to outshine the dazzling Lamarr, who plays a part of secondary strength. You'll note Hedy's new, shorter coiffure, Claudette's bangs which hark back to the way she looked in "It Happened One Night." Gable and Tracy resort to no such sartorial tricks, but get themselves mussed up in real he-man fashion for several stirring fight scenes.

Clarence Bull
It's good to see a grand actor like Donlevy come into his own, as he assuredly does in "The Great McGinty," a swell, salty cinema that's always excellent entertainment.
The patrician Miss Patrick has played "the other woman" in two recent screen successes: "My Favorite Wife" and "The Doctor Takes a Wife." One of these days she'll get her man!

Gorgeous GAIL
Stewart plays a successful young playwright, Russell is his devoted actress-wife—roles enacted on the Broadway stage by Laurence Olivier and Katharine Cornell. (Francis Lederer was the leading man on road tour.) Hollywood, as usual, cuss up touches with the original play. Jimmy and Rosalind, old friends and co-operative trouper, were overjoyed at chance to co-star in Warners' film—though to look at them in these poses, you'd never believe it.
Jimmy Stewart and Rosalind Russell have the time of their lives clowning their scenes in screen version of Katharine Cornell's Broadway play.

No, pictures below are not scenes from the film. "No Time for Comedy" is a witty, urbane comedy of manners. Candid shots of Stewart and Russell, below, are just clowning on the set, as "Roz" and Jimmy practiced a dance routine. Tallest young actors in Hollywood, Miss Russell and Mr. Stewart are also among film colony's most energetic steppers. First time they've danced together since Olivia de Havilland crashed in on their easy comradeship.
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Tyrone Power in "Brigham Young"
YOUR Glamor Guide . . . dedicated to modern-minded American women. Expressing the American Way in clothes . . . cosmetics . . . charm! Focused on the functional fashions that are first aid for average incomes. Spotlighting the styles that point up your personality and star you in every scene! Showing you how to wear and care for them; how to combine them cleverly with other clothes. Details, too, on how to dramatize each ensemble with accessory excitement. Follow Your Glamor Guide and be smarter than ever this season! Prices of styles shown and names of stores where they may be found are given. Other stores throughout the country featuring these fashions are listed on page 77.

Fashions
Margot Maye

Beautv and Accessories
Courtenay Marvin
No matter what career claims you, choose clothes to suit the scene ... to play up your personality ... to be the cornerstone of a smart wardrobe. Fashions that can’t be enjoyed for more than one season are luxuries few can afford! Styles that are basic and undated are much the best investment for bright budgeteers! First on every career girl’s Fall list, a threesome tailored suit, here in chevron-weave tweed. The reefer has boxpleats and fits snugly so it’s better on slim or average figures. If you’re fuller-sized, choose your suit with a box coat. This one, about $27.00 at Arnold Constable & Co.; Best’s Apparel, Seattle. With it, a felt brim is best, like this gay young cloche, about $4.00 at Lord & Taylor. Classic pigskin slip-ons, about $2.00 at Bucknall Bros., Milwaukee.

STRAIGHT TO SCHOOL

Velveteen Scotch cap to wear with simple wools and silks but never with furbelows and frills. All colors, about $4.00 at Marshall Field & Co., Chicago. The petal neck is news on this Dalmera cardigan. About $4.00. For business, the slip-on’s smarter, only $3.00, Kresge’s Dept. Store, Newark; Betty Blanc, Hollywood, California.

Career Clothes
DAY in, day out, casual styles are best. For campus, fabrics with stamina that stand hard wear and are bulky enough to balk Old Man Winter. For at-homers, thinner woolens and rayon fabrics that are not too warm in steam-heated dwellings. Touches of white are nice behind the coffee pot! For the office, fabrics that resist mussing and keep a crisp, executive air. White touches, too, but only when immaculate. Note—for that last-minute Monday morning rush when there’s no time to press, jerseys are a life-saver!

OFF TO THE OFFICE
Fashion dictates plaid wool on trim shirtwaist lines. Nobody’s smart secretary will ever spoil the effect with fancy shoes or a fussy hat. About $8.00 at LaSalle & Koch Co., Toledo; The H. C. Capwell Co., Oakland.

HAPPY AT HOME
Order of the day—a mini-print on nicely launderable rayon crepe. Good-looking enough for casual calls or the movies. About $4.00 at R. H. Stearn’s, Boston; T. A. Chapman, Milwaukee.

SUBURBS OR CITY
Who’d resist this hood coat? It’s a turncoat, too! Plain navy tweed on one side, gay navy and red stripes on’t other. Better over a plain solid-shade frock. Its boxy lines are becoming to almost all figure-types. About $20.00 at R. H. Macy & Co., Inc.; the May Company, Cleveland.
Dressed-up enough for important dates but dressed-down enough for everyday. Fine Julliard woolen sculptured with swirling lines. About $20.00 at The Wm. Hengerer Co., Buffalo; Kline’s, Cincinnati; Meier and Frank, Portland. The tall-draped turban of chiffon velvet adds inches of height. About $5.00 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago. Hand-stitched capeskin gloves, about $2.00 at Gimbel’s, Pittsburgh; C. F. Hovey Co., Boston.

No matter how many clothes are hanging in your closet, you’re only judged by what you’re wearing! Bear this in mind when you ensemble an outfit. Don’t mix too many patterns and textures. If one accessory is extreme, keep the rest classic. Understatement in dressing is always smarter than elaborateness. This year, the trend is definitely for casual clothes, glamorized by interesting accessories. This coat can be further dressed up by removing the belt, adding a gold lapel accent, substituting suede accessories.
A costume that goes to business, then on for good times! Thin wool princess dress with whirligig skirt, topped by a matching coat of fine twill-back velvet-teen. Its twin headlight button fastening duplicates the buttons on the dress. Wine, green, black, brown. About $23.00 at Bloomingdale's; The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit; Bullocks, Los Angeles. Little Corporal visor of velveteen, more becom- to a petite little face, about $5.00 at Lord & Taylor. Long suede pouch, about $3.00 at Gimbel's, Pittsburgh; The Lindner Co., Cleve- land. Dancing-girl jewelry by Lisanda of pearls and gold, bracelet about $2.00, necklace about $3.00 at Saks 34th Street, New York; The William H. Block Co., Indianapolis.

To make this outfit tailored, the smart plateau beret of felt, about $5.00 at Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh; Livingston Bros., San Francisco. Shirred top-handle bag of capeskin, about $3.00 at James McCreery; Pearl twist only $1.00, Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia.
Fashion turns sideways and all eyes are on this slimmer, arresting silhouette! Sideways in dull crepe, softly draped with sleeves intricately beaded to catch the light. The sleeves make this extremely smart for theater and dinner-parties as well as dances. Taller figures carry the lines to best advantage. About $15.00 at Franklin Simon & Co., in New York, Greenwich and East Orange; Carson Pirie Scott Co., Chicago. Chiffon kerchief starry with rhinestones, about $1.00 at Bonwit Teller; Harry S. Manchester, Madison.
Sideways in Celanese Rayon Jersey. Side-saddle skirt plus sleek-fitting topper to match. White, red, luggage tan, Wedgewood blue or black. Topper about $5.00, skirt about $7.00 at Stern Brothers; B. Forman & Co., Rochester; F. & R. Lazarus Co., Columbus. Locket of pearls, about $1.00 at Denholm & McKay, Worcester; Home Store, Dayton. Black silk dress bag about $2.00 at Mandel Bros., Chicago. Cluster jewelry of pearls with cabochons, necklace about $2.00, bracelet and earrings, about $1.00 each. At B. Lowenstein, Inc., Memphis; the Higbee Company, Cleveland. Huge chiffon square with sequins, under $3.00 at Kauffman’s Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh; Bonwit Teller, N.Y.
UNDER-COVER STORY

More than meets the eye! These fashions solve everyday underwear problems

The too-long slip? Dur-O-Seam Clipper slips are adjustable in four lengths. You clip excess length, leaving a clean-cut, tailored hemline that won't fray or rip. Of Crown-Tested rayon taffeta, in pastel or brilliant colors, at $1.69.

The too-short slip? Dur-O-Seam Yankette solves that in a minute. You pull a thread, down drops your slip length, leaving your pretty, pleated ruffle intact. Styled of Crown-Tested rayon taffeta in many colors, at $1.69.

Your underwear is the foundation for your finished costume appearance. First, it should fit. You must feel comfortable and you must look smooth.

Second, your underthings should be pretty and you should keep them that way. On this page are four of the most practical fashions we could find—and also pretty. Here's how to keep them so.

Launder them frequently and carefully. Use mild soap flakes, like Lux. Make a rich suds in luke-warm water, never hot, and squeeze the garment through. Rinse carefully. Roll in a towel to dry. Press with a just-warm iron. Iron all silks on the wrong side, and all bias parts in the direction of the grain. In laundering girdles, follow carefully the directions that come with most. Smooth into shape but do not iron any elasticized parts. In fact, no ironing is necessary anywhere. Put your things away with sachets or, lacking these, slip a cake of your favorite fragrant soap in the drawer. All in the interest of sweetness beneath!

C. M.
CLOSE-UPS ON CLOTHES

COAT NOTES:
Sideways fastening is the big style note for Fall. Some princess lines remain but the sit-up note is slimmed down. In another brand trousers have some sub note. Big sleeves are without the front. Silhouette coats are without the front. There are many formal coats without the front. In sports coats, reefer and boxy swappers with zip-out linings are the outstanding new idea.

FASHION FABRICATION:
Fabrics for dress coats go much smoother-surfaced, this season, though some needle-point textures are seen. Casual coats swipe from men's wear. You'll see covert cloth widely used. Many kinds of fleeces....bold glen plaid. For dresses, satin stages its perennial revival and the jersey urge gets stronger yet!

COSMETIC CUES:
For luminous lips, dip the end of your lip-stick in cold cream before applying. Gives much movie-esque lustre! In putting on perfumes, apply it to spots where warmth dilutes the odor—on wrists, backs of knees, behind the ears. For extra fraddousness, perfume dress shields before sewing them in.

HAT CHATS:
Those dazzling big berets styled for Autumn must have been inspired by the dashing head-gear in 20th Century-Fox's "Lillian Russell." They have tremendous sweep and grace, are outrageously becoming and especially elegant in the backward movement, seen in Impudently young pillboxes. The big call for cabots continues.

COLOR CONSCIOUS:
Would you like to find out just what colors are the ones that do things for your type? Artists can tell it to a tractor, just by looking at you. If you haven't any artist friends, consult the art teachers at your high school or university near you. Or, ask the advice of the fabric buyer at your local department store. The cosmetic buyer can tell you all about cosmetic colors, whether you should be wearing blue-tones or orange-tones.

NEATNESS NOTE:
When you hang away skirts with pleats, hold in the pleats with paper-clips. If the fabric's heavy enough not to mark easily, pleats can be pinned into place. In putting away gloves, pull out each finger into place, then flatten the whole glove into shape. Leavings them rolled into a ball makes them messy in no time! Keep your idle handbags stuffed flat with unused paper...keeps them in shape nicely!
YOUR FACE IS THE PICTURE, YOUR HAIR THE FRAME, SO SEE THAT THE TWO HARMONIZE

By Courtenay Marvin

ROUND: You are a round-faced darling. But you hate it. You want a slim, more chiseled look. Then opposite, you see your answer in hair arrangement. Avoid a center part, bangs and a fuss at the sides. These only make you rounder. Instead, wear a low side part, slanting it outward, and keep your hair closely cropped. An upward trend makes your face appear slimmer. If you insist upon hair low at the back, then at least keep sides and front up for slimming effect. The fullness of the round face is often charming with the right hairdo.

LOW FOREHEAD: And you want to look highbrow! Well, it can be done. First, brush all your hair upward, so the natural hairline shows, then let your curls begin an inch or two above. Part your hair on the side, slanting the part toward the crown of the head, then brush curls forward. Keep your eyebrows fairly thinned; wear high flowers or bow for evening in front hair. Courtesy for use of hair chart is acknowledged to The Nestle-LeMur Company, which also stresses proper, frequent thinning, a reliable permanent and shaping to face type for beauty.

LONG: Avoid extreme up lines, like the wrong lady, opposite. They make you look too thin and sad and old. Break face length by a soft halo, by brushing hair off cheeks, a low side part and softness at forehead and over temples. The face thus achieves a frame that adds to its width, making it more youthful and appealing. You can see the surprising change wrought by better proportions, decidedly more pleasing to the eye. The slim face is often marked by an aristocratic and elegant note.

TRIANGLE: This is the broad upper face with tapering chin. Here you must truly disguise the natural line of your face, and what a pleasing difference you can make! Break the forehead line with a center curl; draw up the hair from your temples, to reveal the tip of your ears. Brush forward from the back a fringe of curls to partly cover the jawbone near the ear. You have then broken a decided shape into a symmetrical, charming one. Do not extend your eyebrows too far at the sides.

HEART-SHAPED: An appealing, dainty type. Do not crush the beauty of shape beneath gobs of bangs and temple locks, like the wrong deb, opposite. Have soft curls about the face but brush them backward. When the line is becoming, keep forehead and temples free of hair. This gives a clear, fresh accent to any face, when harmonious, generally. If you of the heart-shaped face, have a widow’s peak, do not hide it, but show it to advantage, for it is a distinct mark of beauty and none too common.

HIGH FOREHEAD: You are the girl for the bangs. They will break that bald, high forehead space, and few can wear them, so you can be different with style. Claudette Colbert is an excellent exponent of the bang to advantage. Wear a distinct side part, your hair closely moulded to your head. Brush hair up, off your cheeks and in conjunction with bangs, keep curls soft and smooth. Bangs plus too fussy curls are just too, too much of everything to no good purpose. Fairly heavy brows help, too.
A jewel for your hair—that's the new Prophy-lactic hair brush—a gem. It's beautiful, easy to wield and easy to keep clean.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC proves that a brush can be a thing of beauty. You are reminded of jewels when you see the new Jewelite brushes, made of crystalite plastic in gem colors—water-clear crystal (and this is a beauty), rose-quartz, light sapphire and light emerald. Fine white Exton bristles promise efficiency and durability. This is an easy to grasp brush because of the fluted back and handle, and light to wield. Even the price is nice. A decided asset for dormitory dressing-table and definitely more beauty for hair!

Rose Laird knows all the answers to young skin problems, and they're contained in kit shown. Bumps can be avoided or corrected!

ROSE LAIRD has devoted much of her talent to young skin problems, especially acne and its related ailments, oilliness, blackheads, whiteheads and bumps. If you're smart, you won't let that problem skin worry you another moment and you won't let it spoil your popularity. But you will avail yourself of Miss Laird's little kit, Essentials for Young Skin, with basic preparations to correct your heartache; you will use it conscientiously and you will see some glorious results. It's what you need, girls and boys. Go to it!

Yours for Loveliness

Beauty news of the minute! Keyed to the dormitory dressing-table as well as your needs at home

IF YOU want another face, if you're tired of your own, or simply don't like it, then opposite is truly another face for you and a lovelier one. You can make it the Hollywood way, with the new Hampden Cosmogenics Kit, based on the use of color and tone to accent your lovely points, subdue your less lovely. There are fifteen colors in this kit, including foundation, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara. Brushes are also included.

FOR beauty beneath, Revelry makes real treasures of matched accessories, including combinations of perfume, eau de Cologne, talcum, bath powder, water softener, soap and satin-covered sachets. One of our favorite combinations is sketched, eau de Cologne, bath powder and soap. It will give you a pampered, sumptuous feeling to have these beauties all matched, so take one back to college with you, keep Revelry in mind for that next hostess gift or give yourself one, just for fun.

Hampden's Cosmogenics Kit holds fifteen colors and three handy brushes for your loveliest face.

Riot and Rumpus, campus twins, are, like their names, young, brilliant and eager finger colors.

Riot and Rumpus, new campus twins by Cutex, are definitely shades for dates. They're lively and give that extra something to costumes and occasions. Riot is a rich, deep red, that you will match with perhaps a red velvet en flock or one note of costume accessories. Rumpus is an electric red, quick, young, eager. It will thrill you to change from the so-so shade you use in the classroom to dashing color when it's time to play.

I DON'T know where you'd ever find such a dollar's worth of beauty as in the "Motto" kit by Daggett & Ramsdell, illustrated. It is a surprise. Here are five lovely preparations, cleansing cream, skin lotion, foundation cream, face powder and hand lotion in the loveliest of containers. The motto on this special package is, "Beauty Is as Beauty Does." The preparations have a fine reputation, and whether you're a schoolgirl or a grandmother, you'll need and love them all! C.M.

Revelry does some smart combinations of toilettries for your beauty beneath. A favorite contains eau de Cologne, bath powder and two cakes of soap.

Read and heed the motto on Daggett & Ramsdell's "Motto" kit. There's quantity and quality within for all ages and all tastes. Truly, a good buy.
The Stars Warn: Beware in Love!

Now is the time to find out what Norvell, Hollywood's astrologer, forecasts for your future and what astrological signs are best suited for you in love and marriage.

Will the Charles Boyers, left, and Fred MacMurrays be able to stay happily married? Read what Norvell has to say about their future marital status.

Each month I receive on the average of twenty-five thousand letters, Twenty-five thousand persons with that many problems!

It has always fascinated me that with all the worries, desires, and hopes that beset mankind, the most urgent and frequent questions put to me relate to love and marriage. Even in these desperate days the question they ask is: "Will I find happiness in love and marriage? When?"

And so it is in Hollywood, among the movie stars. In this citadel of ambition and achievement, you would think Cupid would take a back seat. But the glitter girls seldom ask me about their options. It's their romances that bother them!

No one ever asks if Garbo will win a belated Academy Award. They want to know if she will marry Gayelord Hauser. I answer to that question: "Garbo is typical of her sign, Virgo. Her birthdate is September 18. She is faithful to one ideal. Garbo's love is her career, and her wedding certificate is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract."

I've often thought, passing Garbo walking alone on country roads, that her walks were symbolical of her life—solitary. Companions attracted to her natural gayety, her genius or fame, may join her for a piece along the road, but she will continue on—all alone. I don't think Garbo will sacrifice her emotional integrity at this point, just to rest in the shade of matrimonial "security." If Garbo does marry, it will be a mistake and cannot last. Her career is the only one that could last as long as she lives. When she made her début in "The Torrent" at the age of seventeen, she might well have been forty, so ageless did she seem. So it is now and so will it always be. Garbo's genius will make her seem young if she wishes. This is typical of those born between August 23 and September 22 in the Sign of Virgo. Youth is their gift. They never lose it if true to their inner selves.

Another question that is being pondered by Hollywood these days is, will Fred MacMurray divorce his wife? Fred was born in the Sign of Virgo. My answer is, "No."
This is one of the few Hollywood marriages I have steadfastly maintained would last. It is so perfect astrologically. Lillian MacMurray is to Fred what career is to Garbo. He has already proven that he would sacrifice for it. His devotion during his wife’s long illness was classic. Once again the stars prove the Hollywood gossips mistaken.

Fredric March, born in the Sign of Virgo, deserted the screen for the stage. His success on Broadway was quite pronounced, but now Freddie is back on the screen, and his chart shows that he will continue successfully in pictures for quite some time to come. Recently when I read his chart on the set of his latest picture, “Victory,” at Paramount Studios, Fredric March was more concerned about his career than his marriage. As everyone knows he has been happily married for some time to charming Florence Eldridge, and I predict that his marriage will continue being happy and successful. As to his career, he can continue right on through his past and present cycle of romantic hero into comfortable middle age roles, without losing any of his romantic. (Please turn to page 87)
"THE GHOST BREAKERS"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: Fun

APPEAL: To all fans of Bob Hope at his best, which we trust includes everybody.

PLOT: Voodoo, a zombie, a beautiful heiress and a radio columnist in a haunted castle and if you never do find out who casts some of the mysterious shadows you won't care, you'll be laughing much too hard.

PRODUCTION: Just about what you'd expect in a comedy melodrama. All of the creaking doors and secret passages are the very best quality, the eerie atmosphere is excellent, and trust director George Marshall to keep things moving, including assorted ghosts.

ACTING: Bob Hope, here, definitely establishes his spot as top movie comedian for our money. He's suave, he's glib, he's gay and personable—and as usual he succeeds in convincing you that all his dialogue is ad lib, running risk of being blamed for the badties. Paulette Goddard is decorative as the heiress, and a colored comedian named Willie Best is a hoot. He'll be Bob's Rochester from now on.

"SUSAN AND GOD"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: Sophisticated

APPEAL: For adult audiences and/or Joan Crawford addicts.

PLOT: From Rachel Crothers' stage play, about the smart matron who gets religion in big way at expense of her husband's and daughter's welfare, almost loses husband to other woman but comes to her senses just in time.


Lacks charm and human touch.

ACTING: A departure for star Joan Crawford, it offers her entirely new type of role, in which she performs with such fidelity as to win applause from fans of Crawford the actress, though may provide disillusionment to fans of Crawford the personality. Fredric March returns to screen with able portrayal of the husband. Rita Quigley is good as the young daughter, Ruth Hussey a tempting other-woman.

"NEW MOON"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: Romantic

APPEAL: Ecstasy for MacDonald-Eddy admirers; musical though not dramatic treat for others.

PLOT: Mainly an excuse for the songs, story concerns romance of a lovely lady and a handsome bondsman in old New Orleans, and their adventures including a shipwreck and life on an island, with the French Revolution for an anti-climax.

PRODUCTION: As always in MacDonald-Eddy films, there's a gentle elegance to the proceedings even in the fighting scenes. Robert Z. Leonard, also as usual, pilots the gifted pair with his sure directorial hand. Fact remains that the film follows formula—further fact, audiences cry for more.

The songs, especially "Lover Come Back to Me", find the co-stars in fine voice and are worth the admission price.

ACTING: Since it's mostly vocal, it's highly satisfactory. The period costumes become both Miss MacD. and Mr. E. outrageously, and they manage to remain guilelessly disarming while looking so gorgeous. Cast is just so-so.
"THE GREAT McGINTY"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: Dynamic

APPEAL: If you're sick of the stereotyped and sincerely in search of unique and original — and can appreciate it when you get it.

PLOT: Crooked politics turned inside out through the incredible career of tough-guy McGinty — who was down, then up to the governor's mansion, then went down again — but always fighting.

PRODUCTION: Clever Preston Sturges, writer and director, has treated his own swell idea as it deserved — with bold wallows, cynical humor, and imagination. There's compassion and tenderness, too — this Mr. Sturges will be a mighty man of cinema some day. Don't look for frills, for this is robust, down-to-earth stuff.

ACTING: Brian Donlevy, in his first big lead rôle, is a grand McGinty — no pretty-boy, but a real man wallowing his way through life without stopping to count the corpses. In his few softer scenes he's surprisingly fine. Akim Tamiroff as his political boss gives his best performance. Muriel Angelus is a womanly Mrs. McGinty.

"MY LOVE CAME BACK"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: Sparkling

APPEAL: To those who prefer the light, harmless soft-drink in screen entertainment to the more potent stuff.

PLOT: In contrast to month's more somber offerings, there's little real "plot" but many amusing situations when sweet girl violinist innocently accepts musical scholarship from an elderly admirer and her younger suitor misunderstands.

PRODUCTION: A new director, Kurt Bernhardt, reveals skill and originality in handling slight material, adding gay "touches" reminiscent of Ernst Lubitsch's earlier pictures.

ACTING: For once the stars don't steal the show. Supporting actors are best: Charles Winninger, lovable old music-lover, Jane Wyman and Eddie Albert, ingratiating comedians, A. Z. Sakall of "It's A Date," and little Ann Gillis, a siren in swaddling clothes, far outshine Olivia de Havilland, pretty but pallid, and Jeffrey Lynn — though Lynn is not quite so wooden as usual and in several scenes shows he is more human than his cold and classic features would indicate.

"ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: Important

APPEAL: To every intelligent movie fan, for it's the new "big" picture since GWTW.

PLOT: From Rachel Field's semi-historical best-seller about the notorious murder case which swept a French king off his throne, led a duke to his doom, almost wrecked the life of the governess involved.

PRODUCTION: Elaborate in every department, with fine photography, lavish settings and costumes — rich, restrained treatment of the inescapably sordid material. Anatole Litvak's direction too often sacrifices suspense to subtlety but is always distinguished and discreet. In fact, a little less dignity and a lot more drama might have made this a terrific picture.

ACTING: Superb! Bette Davis forsakes fireworks for careful, convincing characterization. Boyer is to perfection the smouldering, ill-starred Duc de Praslin. Barbara O'Neill's neurotic Duchesse is fine. Little Richard Nichols as the youngster of Praslin provides the picture's one bright spot with his enchanting, spontaneous ways.
Y OU'VE read only fleetingly of he-man Victor Mature's dating big stellar names—or any girls at all as a matter of fact. His studio has quietly banned any mention of Victor's romantic concerns. In the future you'll hear even less about his romancing. His bosses are planning to make a male Garbo of him. They mean to build him into a tall, dark, and devastating male whose cynical indifference will only make the girls more maddeningly possessive. It is the plan to have women chasing Mature, not Mature, the great lover, pursuing the girls. So far things have panned out rather well, only it is now developing that Vic is quite content to give all the girls the go-by if he can only date Margaret Roach, who happens to be his big boss' daughter. If Hal Roach puts his foot down, here, there's going to be trouble, because it looks as if no one is going to tell Vic what he is to do about Margaret but himself.

THE other noon the crowds waiting outside the M-G-M commissary door kept bunched up and growing larger and more annoyed. Everyone was waiting to get in and no one seemed to be coming out. The whole room was filled with males eagerly craning their necks, but you could hardly blame them—you couldn't get the treat they were getting thrown in with your lunch anywhere else in the world but in Hollywood. The reason for all the obstruction and interest was a round dozen of very shapely models, who were working on the lot in a short. The day being a particularly livid scorcher, the twelve beauties had removed their wraps to be comfortable. Their only undergarments were their costumes for the picture—the sheerest, most frivolous step-in and underthings imaginable. The males kept duplicating orders over and over, but not paying much attention to the beauties. Later in the day Jimmy Stewart, who had the equivalent of a front-row seat for a solid hour, couldn't for the life of him remember what he had eaten for lunch. The next day the girls got orders to eat their lunch in their dressing rooms or refrain from taking off their coats in the dining room.

IT'S a rare treat to watch Bette Davis work. It's very much like seeing proof that emotions can actually be caged and released at will for any fitting occasion. In the scene with his leading lady, in which he has any height of feeling for the camera. She can build a rage to the fury of homicide in a split second. I watched her pump six bullets into the body of her lover (David Newell) on the set of "The Letter." The scene made you cringe with reality. After the ordeal had been shot a number of times and the camera stopped grinding, Betty let loose a hearty, infectious peal of laughter. That raucous howl could have been heard out at the front gate of the studio. That's Bette's method of release and of kidding Miss Davis, the tragedy queen. This new version of "The Letter" will have Herbert Marshall again, in the cast, this time playing the husband instead of the other man as he did with the late, eminent Jeanne Eagels. This version will also give you a new ending. Miss Eagels went scott free for all her miscasts. The Hays office, in this remake, makes Bette suffer—and plenty.

I T ISN'T usual for a young fellow to get a chance on the screen and a movie contract because he is, primarily, a gentleman in every sense of the word. Hollywood's requisites are, somehow, much more dashingly and far more flashy. But George Brent saw the film of Roman's career on the screen because that young man, in George's mind, is a real gentleman, deserving a break. Brent saw him first on the set of "The Fighting 69th," working as an extra. His manners, carriage, appearance and acting ability impressed Brent so much that he was instrumental in getting a bit part for him in that picture. When George's newest story was being cast, he saw an excellent role for Clayton and personally recommended him. The new fellow not only got the part but a contract as well. The support of his mother and brother became much less a burden. Now he's well on his way to success and all because he had such impressive manners. It still pays to have an ingratiating presence in Hollywood.

D ID you know that the job is so strenuous that Sonja Henie is the only actress who has a man for a stand-in? . . . At Slapsie Maxie's the other night a diamond threw the entire place into a gossips' firestorm. Washarerder went down the finger of Raquel Schneider. She was, of course, with James Roosevelt. . . . It only happens in Hollywood; Mitchell Leisen personally replaced his set The quar-ters as a surprise and present for his maid and chauffeur. They were on their honeymoon. . . . The fan who stole one shoe and sock from the patio of Cary Grant's beach home can come back and collect the mates. One of a pair is of no use to Cary and he'll gladly give up the other shoe and sock.
DON'T forget about these two people because you don't hear much about them. Ginger Rogers and Howard Hughes, quietly playing footie-footie under the table, were gnawing chicken right off the bones at Eaton's the other night. . . . The gaudiest bit of furniture in town is without a doubt Alan Mowbray's grand piano. It's enameled in fire engine red with the autograph of every important person in town scratched into it. . . . They say it's a sight to see Mme. Jeritza, who has become a real farmer on her Hidden Valley ranch, dressed in dungarees and singing Wagner at the top of her voice, while she plows up her garden behind her team of magnificent horses.

Deanna Durbin's new film, "Spring Parade," has a lot of surprises for her fans. She plays a Hungarian peasant girl of the 1890's and wears a period costume for the first time. She has never performed anything but ballroom dances on the screen, but in this picture she does a wild Hungarian folk dance. And, for the first time, Deanna will be heard in a duet, with her leading man, Robert Cummings.

SOMEONE dubbed it a very clever gag — Richard Greene was the most popular young buck at Ciro's the other night, only he wasn't there. He got a half-dozen telephone calls and was paged all evening. . . . Did you know that at the 20th Century-Fox studio you can't drink beer with your lunch? No liquor is allowed to be served in the commissary. . . . Dorothy Lamour has recently been stopped twice by motorcycle policemen and each time given a ticket. All of her sarong appeal didn't mean a thing to the arm of the law. . . . A wag has appropriately dubbed the projection rooms located in the basement of the new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer office building as "The Whine Cellar."
“Man from Fleet Street,” starring Edward G. Robinson, gets under way. It’s a dramatization of the career of Julius Reuter, founder of a world-wide news service. Top scene shows Nigel Bruce, Edna Best and the star; above, Albert Basserman and Robinson. Humphrey Bogart believes in playing safe in this scene from “They Drive by Night.” He knows that night driving is a dangerous sport and he mustn’t take his hands off the wheel, so—when he has a yen for some sparkling with Ida Lupino, he parks the car.

YOU don’t hear much about Roy Rogers in Hollywood. He’s not in the society news, he doesn’t shine at night spots. I don’t think he ever attended a premiere. He’s not a playboy, and he doesn’t appear in sophisticated comedies, so in Hollywood he doesn’t make very startling copy. To us he’s just another cowboy, but to a million schoolboys he is an idol. Recently it has been made known what a tremendous influence he had on his youthful followers.

Roy never had his foot-prints embedded in the world-famous forecourt of the Chinese Theatre to turnish another bit of curiosity to thrill seekers. He has something worthier than that for a moment. At the Garfield School, here, a cement block has been set up as a constant warning to every student to be careful when crossing the street. Embedded in the plaque is Roy’s signature and the hoof-prints of his famous horse, Trigger. Every student heeds and is benefited. My hat’s off to Roy Rogers.

IT was the wonderful team-work between Erich Remarque and Josef von Sternberg that quickly boosted the price of that now famous kiss that Marlene Dietrich sold for $1025. The Red Cross needs more of that kind of cooperation. Remarque started the bidding at $100 and von Sternberg doubled it. Between them they tossed it up to a thousand dollars in a twinkling. Then a timid voice in that gay garden party throng at Edward G. Robinson’s meekly offered $1025. The flabbergasted auctioneer shouted “sold,” and promptly collapsed. Then came the oh’s and ah’s for the kissing itself. That smack would never have passed the frigid scrutiny of the Hays office, nor the okay of the wife of the lucky stiff who got it if it hadn’t all been for sweet charity. It was the wit, herself, of that fortunate New Yorker, who actually prodded her spouse into the bid. They were in Hollywood on a vacation and she wanted her husband to have a really good time. Marlene’s osculatory contribution will be long remembered. Although he didn’t win it, her cavalier, Remarque, tossed in a five hundred dollar note for “just thinking about it,” making the total $1525 for just one smooch. There’s a mark for all you gals to shoot at!

Jeanette MacDonald is really a rabid old fussbudget when it comes to arranging events down to the smallest, most trivial details. She must have everything mapped out very correctly or she can’t enjoy it. That’s why her friends got a good laugh at her expense when she asked them all to see a movie with her the other night. Jeanette was at the appointed spot precisely on time and paced up and down in the foyer of the theater, waiting, for at least twenty minutes—to the delight of all the other theater-goers. Finally she left her friends’ tickets at the box office and went in by herself, just to teach them to be punctual. To her dismay she found that the picture showing wasn’t the one they planned to see. She found the bill had moved to another theater across town. She hustled up a taxicab in double-quick time. Her friends are still kidding meticulous Jeanette for keeping them all waiting for a full hour.

You can imagine her annoyance at having to explain her lack of attention to details when she even forgot to check to see where the picture was playing.

NOW it comes out that Jean Arthur might have saved all her breath and energy in her fight not to play opposite Bill Holden in “Arizona.” The truth is that all her kicking didn’t deter director Wesley Ruggles one iota once his mind was made up. Holden, a natural for the role, came to director Ruggles very unexpectedly after he had once turned him down, and when he most needed him. Nothing could have changed his mind—even Miss Arthur’s pleas that if she played opposite him she would be mistaken for his mother rather than his girl friend. Ruggles was desperately in need of a box-man to play the rôle and had discarded Holden as inexperienced and an unlikely bet. Bill left town for a complete vacation in the desert. He hadn’t shaved for three days when he was accidentally spied by Claude Binyon, Wesley Ruggles’ ace scenarioist, who was also vacationing. The beard caught the writer’s eye. Until Binyon hauled Bill bodily back to Hollywood, he never left him out of his sight. He arranged a test and showed it to Ruggles. That’s how Bill Holden, by the hairs of a beard, got the important role of the young army sergeant, Peter Muncie, that even Jean Arthur couldn’t talk him out of.

THE touch that makes a perfect host: Whenever Pat O’Brien has guests, he oysters and champagne on the half shell at the same time. He puts an artificial pearl or two in each shell. . . . Rover boy to the rescue: Cary Grant winced in abject pain when his agent told him the studio publicity department announced that his newest sport coat had a pocket to hold lipstick, hair curlers, comb, perfume bottle, etc.—for the convenience of his girl friends.
And who can blame George Raft for breaking one of the rules—the one about not taking your eyes off the road—when Ann Sheridan snuggles up and turns on the glomor, as in this scene from "They Drive By Night"? Anyhow, George's hands are on the wheel.

Mrs. Edward G. Robinson, top, chats with her husband, who's dressed for his Reuter rôle in "Man from Fleet Street." Above, Robinson and Edna Best entertain Noel Coward, who flew to Hollywood for a visit while on a short furlough from the British war service.

No, one ever got the best of George O'Brien in a gag or a bit of horseplay. George has a quick working brain as well as a swell sense of humor. When he recently got back from his very enjoyable tour of South America, he was welcomed home by a typical Hollywood joke. An urgent long distance call from New York was waiting for him, charges reversed. He took the call only to have a friendly voice drool, "George, my pal, I just wanted you to know that I'm well and happy, in perfect health, and I hope you had a wonderful time. Goodbye now," George lost no time in searching his back yard for a thirty pound rock. He crated it and sent it air express, collect, to his New York ribber with the accompanying note: "Wonderful to hear from you! This is the load that fell off my heart when I found you were in such perfect health. Your friend—George."

Another milestone in the George Brent and Ann Sheridan affair has been favorably passed—for Ann. She came through with flying colors. Everyone says that each week these two get a great deal closer to an understanding that can mean only marriage in the end. George's close friends insist that he is a changed man, that for the first time in years he is as happy and carefree as a puppy. Ann always seems to fall conveniently in with his ideas on living, his balmy attempts at spontaneous fun, and his whole conception of how to enjoy life in general. George is very fond of Hawaiian music. So fond, in fact, that he has a favorite native band in the islands that he practically lives with when he is there. They come to the states to record once a year and all fourteen are always his guests for their stay here. This trip they met Ann for the first time and the mutual appreciation that cropped out was wonderful to see. George gave a luncheon for Ann and his Hawaiian friends and she made a tremendous hit. It's predicted that now Ann has only to agree with George on the color of shirts and ties and it will be wedding bells.

Early risers in Beverly Hills these warm summer mornings miss a very familiar and heart-warming sight. Lately they haven't been seeing fragile, little Maureen O'Sullivan in her charming crack-of-day routine. Crucial world events have dealt harshly with her marriage and her strong family affections. The early months of the war parted her from the light of her life, Michael Damien Farrow, her son. She was in England when war was declared. When she returned safely, she and Michael spent every possible moment together. Those happy morning walks started then. When Michael awakened, which was very bright and early, Maureen would slip into slacks and with her hair combed out loosely she and her strong young son would walk around and around the bright flowered walks of Beverly Hills—Maureen softly cooing about the happy little birds and all the pretty waking flowers. No Hollywood actress was ever more becoming to marriage and motherhood than Maureen O'Sullivan. These days you don't see that gratifying little scene. Maureen and her son have both flown to Canada to be with husband and father, John Farrow, who is serving his country.

If you have a horror of being called upon to entertain in some harebrained manner at a party, or if you can't play the clown before a sophisticated night club audience you wouldn't enjoy the movie colony's new brand of entertainment. Grace Hayes Lodge has a new laugh-getter. Someone got the idea from wondering what had become of that old "caution" at parties—the gentleman who wowed the gathering by trying on all the women's hats. You can now win a prize for being a panic as a manikin. I saw Big Boy Williams take all money the other night by striking a hilarious pose wearing none other than Mary Brian's little wisp of nose veil and forget-me-nots. There's sophistication in Hollywood for you!

What would your reaction be to a picture starring Fred Astaire, Jimmy Cagney and George Raft? There are plans afoot to put these three topnotchers in—guess what—a whopping musical drama with each one of them tripping the light fantastic! Astaire, of course, would have the edge on Cagney and Raft because we know him for his ability as a dancer. However, Jimmy was a chorus boy in many a New York show, is intensely proud of it, and still trips a mean routine. Everyone knows that George Raft was a Texas Guinan tango shiek. In his day there wasn't a night club in New York that didn't get a load of his hot Charleston. He still feels he could dance on the screen and make you like it. The only fly in the ointment now is for Warner Brothers to find, or have the right story written, to combine the other valuable talents of these three, with their ability to dance.
JACKIE COOPER wants to change his name. It's a very serious step for him, and he knows his career may depend on it. He will sincerely appreciate any aid anyone can give him to help him out of his difficulty. He feels that he is getting old enough to drop the name of Jackie, and all its suggestion of youthful immaturity. He knows that he could never play the type of mature roles he hopes to grow into if his name remains the same. To truthfully show in which direction his future acting ambition leans it is only necessary to know that a few years back he secretly took Richard Dix as a middle name because Dix is his idol. Jackie hopes in a few more years to be playing the kind of be-man, outdoor roles that Dix made famous, but he just can't see himself being a two-fisted hero with the name of Jackie. Can you offer any suggestions that will help him?

WHEN a Russian falls hook, line, and sinker for the game of baseball there are apt to be fireworks. Especially when the Russian is a blue-eyed curvaceous blonde with a bit of temperament. Just such a package of potential dynamite sat in a choice box immediately behind the home plate at the Hollywood Ball Park a few nights ago and the umpire's every decision was challenged by the fiery blonde. She made her disagreements known in a vociferous manner. The poor fellow couldn't understand a word but he knew he wasn't being thrown any bouquets. Before the game was over he would much rather have looked down the piercing muzzles of a firing squad than confront that blonde, but she didn't let him escape. She told him exactly what he didn't know about the game. The umpire was even more surprised to find he was face to face with Anna Sten.

IT'S a real Hollywood love story and it reads like a movie scenario. It all started more than twenty-five years ago. Marjorie Rambeau was a young and exceptionally talented stock company actress when it started. She was playing in an old theater in Los Angeles. She fell in love very suddenly with a young up-and-coming film executive by the name of Francis Gudger. Francis gave her a simple engagement ring that he had slaved and saved to buy. Before their different careers would allow them to marry they quarreled and she returned his ring. Later she married another. He married, too. After many years they met again. Divorce and death had left them single once more. This time Francis Gudger offered Marjorie the same engagement ring she had once worn—twenty-five years before. They were married, and here's one marriage that I'll bet my hat will last.

Jimmie Rogers.

Newlyweds! After all those denials, Sanja Henie said yes to Dan Topping, married him in Chicago, spent honeymoon at East Hampton, Long Island.

Ann Sheridan, who's more of a Nice Girl than an Oomph Girl when cameras aren't cranking, attends big meeting with boy-friend George Brent.

Keeping up with Jackie Cooper is a full-time job for our cameraman. He's with Bonita Granville above; tomorrow the girl may be Jimmie Rogers.
THERE is nothing worse for a player’s prestige in Hollywood than to have a studio announce big starring plans for him and then in the rush and excitement of talking about it, forget to do anything at all for their find. It gives a player’s career a very tired look, and a pathetically let-down feeling keeps him in a rut. Twice now, RKO studios have announced big build-up for Lucille Ball, and both times forgot all about it. Lucille has been the victim of drastic changes in big bosses and studio policy. However, a third time may prove the lucky chance that will click for her. At least this time Lucille definitely rates star billing in her big promise, “Too Many Girls.” It’s the George Abbott show from Broadway and will feature most of the members of the original New York cast. Lucille is an exception, and also Ann Miller, who will do the top dancing honors.

HOLLYWOOD relaxes in the most novel and sophisticated surroundings in the country. Someone is always topping someone else in new ideas for decorating play-rooms and outdoor entertainment quarters, even swimming pools. Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward have just introduced a new and unique illuminating feature in the rumpus room of their Brentwood Canyon hilltop home. The lighting fixture is a combination of two ancient blunderbusses, crossed, and made into an impressive center chandelier. The room is diffused in light coming from the barrels of the guns. The rest of the room is lighted by genuine antiques coach lanterns. The most novel and modern lighting experiment, however, is embodied in an on-and-off neon marker at the door of the powder room. When the door is closed the sign reads, in blazing red letters, “recording.”

JUST to give a party with a still more different twist, the “Charlie Chan at the Wax Museum” company, tossed off a gay bit of whimsey (they thought) by having a chamber-of-horrors as their setting. Director Lynn Shores was the host, and it was his idea to use the scary set he had used in the picture. The dark and creaky stage was lit only with dim blue lights. Distorted and horrifying wax faces leered from everywhere. Strange unearthly noises screeched and moaned. (Sidney Toler manipulating the sound effects machine.) When a gigantic headless figure seated at the head of the table very unexpectedly reached over and snatched the food from Joan Valerie’s plate it was too much for her. She fainted dead away! Joan’s roommate is suggesting parties with a little less realistic motif—then Joan could have her fun and they’d both be able to get their night’s sleep.

Bill Powell must like wacky hots—anyway, he loves wifey Diono Lewis, so any crazy choice she chooses, and she does, looks good to him.

Two of Hollywood’s happiest people: big Andy Devine and his pretty little wife, among the ring-siders of Coconut Grove. All photos by Weissman.
his firm trend. But now he was humming. It took all the courage Kendal could muster to look at him when she opened the door at last. He was wearing a garderia.

It was ridiculous to love a man the way she loved Stephen. To love him so much that fear came crawling into her eyes and her throat and her heart, so that the outrageously pretty picture of the blonde on the billboard across the street became a living thing when she saw Stephen looking at it.

"Kendal, who is that girl?" Stephen asked, his gray eyes glowing, "I should know." Kendal knew only too well, but she managed to keep her voice-under control, to inject that little note of aloof amusement which she hoped would keep Phyllis Walden where she belonged—on a billboard. "She's on the canned tomatoes I use."

"Find out who she is and get hold of her," Stephen was trying to be very businesslike but there was the look in his eyes to defeat his purpose. "We could use that girl. She'll be our symbol, our trademark."

"Little Annie Cenent?" Kendal managed a giggle that sounded forlorn even to herself. She knew she couldn't laugh off that lastline. After all, wasn't she Phyllis Walden, the cream of this year's model crop?

Kendal found herself looking at the color photography that had brought Phyllis to the billboard and Stephen's attention as she went to the model's apartment. And her heart sank when she saw her, for the photograph hadn't lied. There was the same buttercup yellow hair curling around her forehead, the violet blue eyes, the soft wild rose pink and white of her skin. Phyllis looked like a whole meadow full of flowers. She looked like spring itself. None of the others had been so lovely as she.

They were enemies from the beginning, cool, dark Kendal with her flip manner concealing the panic in her heart, and this soft, dewy-eyed girl just managing to conceal a flicker of interest when she heard Dexter's name.

"I'll get in touch with him tomorrow," Phyllis said and Kendal found her heart sinking down to her slim little feet. "You'd better let me call you and arrange an appointment," she said quickly.

Kendal wasn't one to go down to defeat easily. So her voice was very firm when she called Phyllis the next day. She had to wait while the operator at the apartment house switched the call to the terrace restaurant where Phyllis was lunching, but the pause gave Kendal time to think of some more devastating things to say to her.

"I'm afraid, I have rather disappointing news for you," she said when Phyllis' voice came over the wire at last. "That job is off, Mr. Dexter changed his mind. He's going back to his old style of advertising. He decided just before he left for Chicago by plane this morning."

Kendal grinned as she heard the little gap on the other end of the wire, and blessed herself for being such a good liar. She didn't even quibble and call it imagination. After all, she'd kill and steal for Stephen, why wouldn't she lie for him?

"I'd like awfully to know what Mr. Dexter said about me," Phyllis said softly. "And will you speak a little louder, please? We seem to have a poor connection."

"He said—" Kendal winked and stuck her tongue in her cheek, although there wasn't a soul there to admire her technique but herself. "Now, remember you asked me, he said, 'call up this Miss Goodypan and tell her she can't peddle her pusz to

Kendal could never be through caring what Stephen did, not while Phyllis, below, was around. Van Heusen (Robert Benchley) gave Stephen the idea of getting married and putting everything in his wife's name. So it was Kendal who became Mrs. Dexter, although it was a business proposition. Right, William (Hubert Cavanaugh) with newlyweds.
"HIRED WIFE"

Produced and directed by William A. Seiter. Associate producer, Glenn Tryon. Original story by George Beck. Screen play by Richard Connell and Gladys Lehman. Following is the cast of principals:

Kendal Browning... Rosalind Russell
Stephen Dexter... Brian Aherne
Phyllis Walden... Virginia Bruce
Roger Van Horn... Robert Benchley
José... John Carroll
Munford... William Davidson
William... Hobart Cavanaugh
McNabb... Richard Lane

Steve Dexter. Now that I've sobered up I can see it won't sell cement to have that silly-looking blonde sitting on a dam, dangling her gams?"

She hung up hastily, for over Phyllis' protesting voice came the sound of Stephen's cough. But when she looked around she saw she was still alone. It frightened her, imagining she had heard Stephen that way. She was losing her grip on herself. Wasn't it enough to think about him all day and dream about him all night without hearing his voice when he wasn't even there?

It was an hour later before he came in and it was the way it always was with her heart turning somersaults at the sound of his voice.

"When is the poster girl coming in to see me?" he asked.

"She isn't," Kendal said. "The man she's going to marry won't let her. He said, "Tell Señor Dexter, my lovely Pheclis she gave up her career to keev on my rancho and be mi a mutil, how you say?—wifes—"

"Chinaman?" Stephen volunteered.

"Peruvian," Kendal corrected him without flickering an eyelash. "Señor José de la Whoozis de las Watits, or something like that. Rich. Has his own plane. I caught her at the airport just before they—"

"I suppose they flew to Chicago too?" Stephen said pleasantly. "So we won't have any silly-looking blondes sitting on my dams."

Kendal felt herself freeze as she looked at him and saw the knowledge in his eyes.

"I happened to be lunching with Miss Walden when you phoned," Stephen explained.

"Happened!" Kendal looked her indignation. "You leave it to me and then you sneak off and date her behind my back, as if you don't trust me?"

"She phoned my house last night. I thought it was just another example of your efficiency," Stephen said evenly. "Now listen, Kendal, you're my right hand. I'm not at all sure I could run this business without you. But I think I can run my own life. I'm going to see Phyllis tonight, the night after and every night and day she'll see me. How do you like that?"

"I don't like it at all," Kendal said quietly. "But if she's the one you want, if you're sure it's the right thing, my blessings, Stephen, I won't try to stop you. I'm through."

She started toward the door but he reached it first and stood there looking down on her. Kendal was tall but Stephen towered over her and again that panic took hold of her as it always did when he was near her. It took every bit of courage she could muster to keep from throwing herself in his arms.

"But you're not going to leave me with the Combine cracking down on me and everything," protested Stephen.
"I'm not through working for you," Kendal said evenly. "I'm just through caring what you do outside of office hours.

They were brave words and Kendal tried to live up to them. But she couldn't. She could never be through caring what Stephen did, not as long as there was a sun to beat down on his head as he cantered through the park with Phyllis on the horse beside him, not as long as there was a moon and stars to shine softly over them as they danced at smart terrace restaurants, not as long as there were florist windows to remind Kendal of the orchids Stephen sent Phyllis day after day. Not as long as there was that panic in her heart. And every evening there was the new fear that maybe that night it would happen and Stephen would ask Phyllis to marry him, and every morning the new relief that he hadn't, and her heart jockeying between that fear and that relief until it felt as if it had been caught in a revolving door.

But in the end it wasn't Phyllis who married him. It was Kendal. It happened so quickly, after the board meeting when Stephen saw he had been tricked by the Combine and they could force him into bankruptcy and Roger Van Horn, who was Stephen's best friend as well as his lawyer, getting the idea of putting everything Stephen had into his wife's name. But of course, as Roger suggested with that likeable grin on his face, Stephen would have to get a wife before midnight.

Kendal's heart contracted when she saw the look in Stephen's eyes, the look that said "Phyllis" the same as any words could. And her world stopped as he went to the telephone and gave Phyllis' number and began again, slowly, falteringly, when he found she wasn't there. So of course it was up to Kendal to find her. There was so little time, for the marriage would have to take place in a few hours and South Carolina was the nearest state in which an immediate ceremony could be arranged. Kendal went in search of Phyllis, while the others drew up the necessary papers for the transfer of Stephen's property.

There was only that hour before she was to meet them at the airport and it took almost all of that before she found Phyllis. She was posing at a photographer's studio and though it was a sweltering day, she was dressed in ski clothes, a fur cap poised jauntily on her head, a woolen scarf hung around her throat, her slender body crouched as if for the jump, silhouetted against the pines and the snowy slope of the prop background.

She was hot and tired and the sight of Kendal looking so cool in her smart spring outfit was too much. And Phyllis was never one to choose her words when there was no man around to impress. Afterwards Kendal didn't really know if she had planned to trick Phyllis. She only knew that when she saw her all the old fears and resentments came back again. She couldn't bear to think of Stephen marrying this girl with the eyes of an angel and the tongue of a shrew. It frightened her to think that he would be putting everything he owned into her lovely, gold-digging little hands.

It was easy, almost too easy. Phyllis' eyes narrowed as she listened to the things Kendal was saying, the words no woman, however calculating, would take as a proposal from any man.

"I wish I had your luck," Kendal went on easily, ignoring Phyllis' baleful stare. "You put in a week of easy work and zip, you're Mrs. Stephen Dexter. Just between us you can write your own ticket. Dexter's in a spot where it would be very convenient if he got married to someone. Oh, not just anybody. You're his first choice. It's a wonderful chance for a girl like you."

"You can tell him, no!" Phyllis said. "But in your own way. You've got so much imagination."

The plane was ready to take off when Kendal reached the airport. She had been sure she was doing the right thing but her first qualms came when she saw Stephen's face.

"I couldn't get her to come," she said, and for the first time since she had known him she couldn't meet his eyes. "You mustn't blame her. No woman wants to get married just as a favor." She felt she had to add that to be fair.

Stephen turned away trying to hide his chagrin. "Well, it was a nice business when I had it," he said bitterly, and his words were little enough to cling to, but Kendal found solace in them. After all, it was his business he had thought of first.

Roger Van Horn looked at Kendal and grinned. "All you need is a woman you can trust Stephen," he suggested and with his grin and his eyes looking at Kendal, there wasn't a doubt who he meant. "It's just a formality you know. Any girl who can say 'I do' will do."

Stephen looked at Kendal and a curious
The page of the document contains a scene from a story where a character named Phyllis is described in various settings and moments. The text describes a scene where Phyllis and another character, Stephen, are both present in a garden and are engaged in a conversation. Phyllis has a conversation with a character named Kendal, who is a secretary, and they discuss various aspects of their lives and relationships. The setting is a garden, and the characters are involved in a conversation that is vividly described, including details about the garden's appearance and the characters' motivations and expressions.

The text also describes other scenes, including a scene where Phyllis is seen laughing and another where she is described as being in a close, tender moment with someone. The text uses descriptive language to convey the mood and atmosphere of each scene, such as the character being described as crinkling with laughter or being in a state of tenderness.

The story seems to involve themes of love, relationships, and personal growth, with the characters engaging in conversations that reflect their thoughts and emotions.

The text also mentions other characters, including Van Horn, who is described as looking on at a wedding, and a combination of characters that seem to be part of a larger story or narrative. The text is rich in detail and uses descriptive language to paint a vivid picture of the characters and their interactions.

Overall, the text appears to be a part of a larger story or novel, with Phyllis and Stephen as central characters, and it provides a rich and detailed description of various scenes and moments.
Kendal felt she had said goodbye to him forever when she went to her room that night. She was ready to tell him so and offered herself. But the next day, when the office force clustered around, pelting them with rice and congratulations and they stood side by side pretending they were married, Kendal thought they were. Kendal knew she wouldn't give in so easily. She loved Stephen and she was going to fight for him. For his sake as well as her own. Before the Combe suspected their marriage had been collusion they could win their case in any court in the country.

When he stood so stiffly at his desk, his eyes antagonistic as he told her he was going to see Phyllis wherever and whenever he wanted to, she swallowed her pride and took it.

"I know you're in love with me," Stephen said quietly.

"I love Kendal's words came without either emphasis or emotion.

"I'm not going to marry you," Stephen told her and, as her eyebrows lifted, "that is—well, you know what I mean."

"Sure," Kendal still managed to keep that casual matter-of-fact tone in her voice. "You can lead a horse to water and so forth."

"You know this can't go on." He turned to the papers on his desk and pretended to look them over. "I give you my word that if I live to be a hundred and have white whiskers down to my knees I'll never lay hand on you, except maybe in anger."

"If I believed that, Stephen, I'd quit right now," Kendal said steadily. "But I can't. I love you and I'm going to go on loving you and some day you will come to me and say, 'Kendal, darling, I love you.'"

"I might have. Once upon a time. But now?" Stephen jerked at his trouser legs. "We're married! They're ours! They're a symbol of masculinity. There are a few men who do not like to be kicked in them—especially by a lady punter. It hurts their manly pride."

"Guess I've been a bit too athletic," Kendal managed a gamin grin. Then suddenly her voice softened. "Stephen, maybe—"

But she couldn't go on with the tears so close. She turned abruptly and went into her own office, and she tried not to listen as they called Phyllis and sent her to the Swan Club that evening. But she might as well have tried to avoid listening to a steam shower. Stephen wanted her, and—every imagination or was his voice really unhappier? But of course it couldn't be, she told herself practically. Wasn't Stephen getting over it? Wasn't he smiling?

José was waiting for her when she went to the office next morning. "Kendal, she is in love with him," he said dramatically. "And I am in love with her. On my own time."

"Have you told her about yourself?" Kendal asked.

"Certainly," José drew himself up proudly. "Of course, not everything. But today I planned to take her to a bench in the garden where Kendal had hidden me.

He stopped suddenly as the door opened and Stephen came out of his office, a sheaf of cancelled checks in his hand, his face further as he looked at Kendal.

"These yours?" he asked, and his mouth was set in a stern grimace as he gave them to her and she saw they were the checks she had made out to José. "You cut your Casanova!" he glovered looking at the checks. "I like José! Kendal warned him.

"Go ahead! Like him, love him, marry him! But I don't want him hanging around!" Stephen thundered.

José started to say something and stopped as Phyllis walked slowly in from Stephen's office.

"Oh, José, how could you?" she asked, and Kendal was surprised to hear her voice trembling, to see the smudge of Richard's tears left under the eye's roots.

"You've been taking money from her? Oh, how could you be so cheap?"

But Phyllis was cool at her appealing. "My pockets were so empty and my heart was so full. I love you."

"You spent her money on me?" Phyllis perked up.

"She thought I was investing it for her in a gold mine," José looked triumphant at Kendal. "Didn't you?"

"Of course," Kendal said. "Kendal's head. She was through with quibbling now and forever. "I knew he was spending it on her."

Stephen looked at her curiously. "I thought at least you might have said, 'but I want you to get money to give to a man knowing he'd use it to win another woman.'"

He looked at her, and suddenly he understood. So this had been part of her game, too, introducing José to Phyllis, planning the courtship that was intended to cut Kendal out. "I get it now," he said ominously.

Kendal took José's arm. "Come on," she said, and then a strange thing happened, for when she turned the corner José's arm was going with her. Infuriating, maddening as she was, he knew he loved her, seeing her walk away from him like this, his hand on another man's arm, her small head lifted in that proud gesture of defiance.

They were as far as the elevator when he said, "You know, Kendal!" And the time it was Kendal who retreated, squeezing her way to a corner of the elevator as Stephen came in after her. There was that quick elation of winning that they both shared as they stood looking at each other before the elevator started its descent, and then Stephen's voice grinning in her ears.

"You'll never get away from me!" he threatened. "I'll chase you clear to heaven or wherever you go, but mind, I'm not giving in."

Kendal's heart lifted to her shining eyes.

"No, darling," she whispered demurely. "See these?" she lifted the edge of her brief dress. "They're skirts!"

"Oh!"

Stephen felt as if he was in a hideous nightmare. He hated Kendal at that moment but he couldn't show it. After all, they were supposed to be a honeymoon couple, weren't they, and so what he could do but smile at her and dance with her and pretend not to care when José turned the full force of his charm on Phyllis.

Phyllis might have combated the charm but she couldn't combat his importance, Kendal saw to that. Her conversation sparked with José's strings of polo ponies, his suite at the Ritz, his haciendas in the Argentine, his yacht—Kendal caught her self in time. "Wasn't it bad the yacht was in dry dock?" she asked. "If you gave her the other things. But the yacht. That would have been too much,
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Cardigan by Shepherd Knitwear, Inc.
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Newark, Kresge's Dept. Store
Salt Lake City, Grace P. Hawks

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Baltimore, Stewart's
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Philadelphia, John Wanamaker
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Felt Beret by Hinchley Hats, Inc.
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Suede Pouch Bag by Westerman-Rosenberg, Inc.
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Marabella Nature-Dipped Pearl Twist by Weinreich Bros.
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You Movie Fans Aren't So Dumb!

Continued from page 23

Many oh's and ah's were heard when Joan Valerie arrived, with Edgar Bergen, above left, at a recent gala opening looking exquisite in this dainty sheath, white frill and the latest thing in evening wear for the head. Judy Ford went out the arm of Bruce Cabot, above, and all onlookers remarked about what a handsome couple they made.

But in 'Dr. Ehrlich' they brought it out into the open, where such infamies belong so they can be throttled. It's the movies, not the fans, who've been guilty of the twelve-year-old attitude. Now they're beginning to be dragged into maturity by their audiences. They've seen the hand-writing on the wall. For wall, in this case, means box office.

"They're beginning to realize too that no star can carry a bad story, not even Tracy. All they have to do is look at the figures, and the answer's there. For the first time, picture business is based for the place that the theater started at five thousand years ago. The public will come if it's a good picture and won't if it isn't. It's no good saying any longer, 'We've got to give them sweet entertainment.' Especially after 'Grapes of Wrath' and 'Of Mice and Men.' You couldn't get a more unpleasing story than 'Of Mice and Men,' or any stronger in its reality than 'Grapes of Wrath.' Yet people flocked to see them while fifty sweet entertainments perished by the wayside.

"It hasn't been entirely the fault of producers. Exhibitors have a lot to answer for. They've brought pressure on Hollywood to produce so many pictures a year. They refuse to stop double billing. They'll show a picture clear eight thousand dollars and pull it out the following week, because it can't make more than three thousand, which is also a profit. Instead of squeezing every last drop out of it, they slim off the cream and toss the milk away. If the owner of a legitimate theater ran his business that way, he'd be called crazy, and rightly so.

"It's the famous vicious circle. It means that Hollywood has to produce five hundred pictures a year. Well, since the world...
began, there haven't been more than five hundred stories and at that, I'm being optimistic. So how can you get that many a year, and year after year? There's bound to be dross, as long as such conditions hold. Lots of producers know that lots of stories are rotten, but they have to make 'em to feed the insatiableIAN.

"The result is that stars make too many pictures a year and shorten the term of their earning capacity. The same thing's true of screen writers under contract. It's impossible for a man or woman, I don't care how gifted he or she may be, to turn out seven or eight good scripts a year. Nine out of ten overwork. I myself know several excellent screen writers who've been ruined by the intolerable pace.

"That's one reason why I won't work in Hollywood at three thousand a week. I work on a specified guarantee for a specified job. Suppose you feel you need another week or two to perfect the script. There's always that three thousand dollars hanging over your head. Another week's polishing will cost the studio a pile of money, which makes you uneasy. If you're a gyp writer, who's trying to string it out, the cost is awful. Either way, everybody comes out wrong in the end.

"But now it's beginning to be different. Writers are chosen more carefully. Even the most backward companies are willing to experiment. It used to work something like this. A, the producer, would hire B, the writer. A might be the kind of executive who knew how to produce a good picture, who really had ideas. If B's ideas didn't square with his, out they'd go. A was the boss and B was the hired help. B would have to suppress or warp to unnatural ends the very creative ability he'd been hired for.

Which was bad enough. It was worse when A happened—and happened quite often—to be a man who didn't know what was a character and what was a plot. He'd fire B and hire C and so on down the line to X, Y and Z. And instead of a story, he'd come out in the end with a sausage.

"Well, the day for that kind of stupidity is just about over. With the European market shot and Americans growing choosier, they're not going to be allowed to throw money around the way they used to. But that's only the most recent factor. Things started changing before the war. All the younger men, who've grown up with the business, are making their influence felt. They know that you can't survive without a story. They respect the writer and what he has to offer. They leave him alone. They let him work with the director.

"For years the Capra-Riskin combination has been turning out intelligent pictures which also have been major hits. You'd think that would have given the others an idea long ago. It's true we can't all be Capras and Riskins, but what's wrong with being John Ford and Dudley Nichols?

"I said a while back that there weren't more than five hundred stories in the world. But there are five thousand ways of telling the same story, good, bad and horrible. The Spewacks didn't pretend to have an original situation in 'My Favorite Wife.' They lifted Enoch Arden out of the nineteenth century, reversed the sexes, stuck their tongues into their cheeks and wrote one of the most enchanting comedies that ever came out of Hollywood. If you'd had forty-two minds working on the same situation, all thwarting each other, you'd have got cheap hash. The Spewacks were permitted to use unhampereed what they'd been engaged to use—their wit, their imagination, their individuality. That's what storytellers are for—to give a story distinction, the flavor of their own style, without which it's bound to be a hackneyed formula. The producer's job is to pick writers and directors who know their business and, once he's picked them, to keep his hands off their work.

"The writer-director combination, which is growing more and more popular in Hollywood, is ideally suited to screen technique. That combination used to be the exception. Now RKO specializes in it, and other studios are following suit. Ten minds with nothing but gags to contribute are ten too many. Two minds, working in harmony, will produce a sense of reality and that unity of feeling which is essential to any art. And I don't apologize for using the word art. Story-telling is an art, whether through the medium of the printed word or the screen.

"What's more, one good writer costs less than ten mediocrities. That seems so obvious that the layman stands aghast before the old hit-or-miss method, with salary piled on top of salary, till two hundred thousand for a piece of tripe becomes a commonplace. Well, it's not a commonplace any longer, because the public isn't paying two hundred thousand dollars worth of quarters to see tripe.

"There's even hope that they'll put an end to the double bill nuisance. How? By proving they'd rather sit through one good picture than an evening of stew. I've yet to hear a man or woman I know speak one word for the double bill. Either you get two lemons, which are supposed to make up in quantity what they lack in quality, and that's like saying that two bowls of slop are tastier than one—or the picture you do want to see goes on at a time that interferes with your normal dinner hour or keeps you up till one A.M.

"Now there are signs pointing to the possibility that within three or four years all pictures, instead of a few, will be made the way they should be made. Every story has its own length. They can't all be squeezed into an hour and twenty minutes. 'Gone With the Wind' needed four hours. 'Rebecca' and 'Grapes of Wrath' needed two. When I saw the latter, they were shown with a short and a newsread, and the audience went home happy. I didn't hear anyone yell that he'd been cheated.

"Whoever's dumb, it isn't the people! His tone was grim, as if he had more than the movies in mind, when he added: 'I still believe in democracy.'

The thousands of movie fans who gathered to see their favorites arriving for the premiere were treated to this friendly sight of Conrie Bennett, waving gaily, and accompanied by Richard Ainsley, below right. Olivia de Havilland stood by smiling approval while Jimmy Stewart, below, addressed crowd in his shy, boyish manner.
Catching Up with Martha Scott

Continued from page 24

when the hounds finally corner him. That's how Cary must have felt when the co-eds surrounded him.

"After a few days, the situation became so upsetting to the actors that the Dean had to issue special orders that none of the students were to molest the production unit. He permitted extras to be chosen from the group of honor students at the College. But in spite of that Cary was the most popular man that ever visited Williamsburg within the last hundred years. They even woke him up at two and three o'clock in the morning asking for his autographs and they bombarded him with invitations to all sorts of parties and receptions. But if he accepted them all, he wouldn't have had a minute in which to work. And I declare, if you go back to Williamsburg right now, you'll find that most of the feminine population of the town have lost their hearts to Cary—and I can hardly blame them.

"There's something very dashing and gallant about him. Something that appeals to every girl. And as for me—well, playing with him in 'The Howards of Virginia' makes me really understand why most of the women in the country are so crazy about him. He certainly seems to have all the requirements for the ideal man.

Martha is too shy to tell of Cary's first reaction when he saw her. For a time, there was a great deal of uncertainty as to who was to play the leading feminine role in this film. At first, Joan Fontaine was scheduled for it but she became ill and had to be replaced. When Director Lloyd told Cary about the possibility of using Martha for the part and showed him some of the tests, Cary's eyes popped open in interest. "Say," he whimsically observed, "she's swell. You'd better get hold of her in a hurry!"

And when he met Martha on the set, Cary was sure that his impression of her from the tests was even less favorable than the one he got meeting her in person. There was the same wholesome look about her that sets her apart from most of Hollywood's actresses. And her intelligence was a continual delight to Cary. Of course there were immediate rumors that Cary had found a brand new girl—and anything or anyone that interests Grant always interests the entire film colony. There was a rush to view Miss Scott and there were nods of approval at his good selection. Whether a romance develops between Martha and Cary is something that is being discussed all the way from Beverly Hills to Broadway. But neither Martha nor Cary will confirm or contradict the inferences. When you ask Martha for the real low-down on how she regards this rumored romance, she's likely to give you one of her clever, though confusing answers, by saying, "Well, me in love with Cary Grant. Was. As. In the competition in Williamsburg alone would be more than I could endure. Maybe I'm a bit selfish but when I fall in love, I feel even more than the rest of my dreams with a million other women. I want him all for myself."

In spite of this statement, there are some who believe a close friend in those love scenes between Martha and Cary in "The Howards of Virginia." That, they say, will give you a pretty fair hint of the romance especially if you watch the gleam in their eyes.

And so Martha Scott of Jamesport, Missouri, who started out with every honest intention of embracing the dull, humdrum existence of a small-town schoolmarm, finds herself in a world of glamour and excitement and breathtaking drama—a world where anything can and many things do happen as quickly as the flicker of an eyelid. The diverting finger of fate pushed her gently out of her chosen path and steered her from a quiet, peaceful existence to a hectic Hollywood career.

"It wasn't until I started going to high school," she explains, "that I was really bitten by the teaching bug. Ida Lilly, one of my instructors, was responsible. She took me under her wing. I adored her and thought the teaching profession was the greatest in the entire world. So I decided then and there that was what I was going to be. In a measure, Miss Lilly is the one who is really responsible for my becoming an actress. It was she who sent me to the University of Michigan—my own family being too poor to afford it. But when I was graduated, I taught for six months. That convinced me, I just wasn't cut out to be a school teacher. And because I had been active in the play production department at the University, I decided to become an actress.

"But what weight did my decision carry against fate?" Martha laughs. "Instead of appearing before the footlights, I soon found myself behind a department store counter. That was in Chicago. But then I heard that the Bonstelle Theater in Detroit was going to have a winter company. I immediately jumped on a bus and when I landed in Detroit, I convinced the manager to give me bits and walk-on parts. When the season was over, back I went to Ann Arbor and became head of the properties department in the college repertory company. They paid me just ten dollars a week—but I learned a lot.

"The following season I returned to the Bonstelle Theater and after that I toured the state with the Alene Loomis stock company. Then, in my next engagement and for five months we played abbreviated versions of Shakespearean plays in Chicago. We put on seven shows on week days and one on Saturdays and Sundays—with no days off.

"If I ever doubted that actors and actresses had to work hard, if I was just slopping off in my work, then this turn was certainly showing me what I wanted to be shown! It was hard work at the Globe. Rehearsals started at two in the afternoon and went on at one-thirty. The final curtain dropped at ten-thirty. Then rehearsals until midnight. For all this I received twenty-five dollars a week. A very small price to pay for all of this, I was determined to get to New York, the goal of every struggling young actress. As soon as I saved $150, I packed my bag and made a train for New York. I landed in that big city with fifty dollars and a lot of enthusiasm. The second week there I found a place in a summer stock company but that lasted only two weeks. For the remainde
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of the summer I was without work. Then came a bit in a radio show with Orson Welles—a nightly presentation of ghost stories in the well-known eerie style of his. "I thought I was all set. But I wasn’t! All I was able to get during the next few months was a little radio work. As far as the theater was concerned, no one seemed to want me. Again I signed up for summer theater work and my big break came when I met Evelyn Warden. To her, I owe a great deal.

At about that time Jed Harris, the Broadway producer, was casting "Our Town" and needed an Emily. Miss Warden got the part of Mother Gibbs and when Harris asked her if she knew anyone who could play the girl, Miss Warden immediately suggested Martha Scott.

Martha almost lost out on that assignment which was to bring her talents to the attention of the world. Harris had a time finding her. When he finally did, she was already rehearsing for another play. But she leaped at his offer and jumped into the part that turned out to be the pivotal point in her career.

When David Selznick was casting "Gone With the Wind," someone suggested her for the rôle of Melanie. She even flew to Hollywood and was tested. But she didn’t get the assignment. So back she went to New York and did some more radio work. After that, she returned to the coast to appear in the road company of "Our Town."

When Martha was signed for her first screen rôle, she was happier than the most stage-struck youngster getting her first part. Deep in her heart there was a reason for it. She knew that a lot of people back home might have scoffed at her attempts to get to be an actress—and being a born-and-bred Missourian, Martha waited a long time before she could show them.

The first person to learn the good news was Miss Lilly, the Kansas City High School teacher who had loaned her the fifteen hundred dollars to get an education. Two minutes after Martha signed her contract, she asked for an advance of a hundred dollars. "Why do you want it?" asked Lesser. "To finish paying a debt," Martha answered. And as soon as she got the money, she wired it to Miss Lilly—the last installment on the fifteen hundred dollar loan.

As she sits before you telling her story, simply and sincerely, without any reservations, without any desire to hide the facts or embellish them, she immediately strikes your fancy. She makes you think of a trusting child who starts through life with an overwhelming faith in everything and everybody. Martha springs from hardy, simple people, people whose lives are lived honestly, who trust their fellow men and have no use for sham and pretense. In a land like Hollywood, where sham and pretense seem indispensable, it will be interesting to see whether the environment changes Martha or she changes her environment.

Checking Up on Cary Grant

Continued from page 25

about Cary is his appreciation of what anyone does for him. He doesn’t wear his feelings on his sleeve, but down inside his emotions boil and seethe like Charybdis. At that time he didn’t say much but I could tell from the way he looked at me how deeply he felt about my frankness. As a matter of fact, what he said was, “Shut up!”

Another thing I like about Cary is that he’ll stop at nothing to prove a point—even
if he has to make a liar of his best friends to do it. He started free-lancing and almost immediately became one of the highest-salaried and most sought leading men in the business. The drab routine of his performances at Paramount was supplanted by a zip and sparkle that even I, who always look for the worst in everybody, never suspected he had.

"It sure makes a difference whether you're under contract and know you're going to get paid regardless, or whether you have to depend on each day's work to make sure you're going to eat the next, doesn't it?" I suggested amiably.

"Do I have to break your neck to close that trap of yours?" Cary snapped murderously—but his eyes caressed me—in exactly the same way Humphrey Bogart's hands caress his gun on the screen.

"Well," I temporized, "as long as you've gone and made a liar of me, perhaps you won't mind telling me how you did it." Cary grinned. "If you mean how did I make a liar out of you, it's the easiest thing in the world. You can't keep your trap closed so all anyone has to do is sit back and let nature take its course. It's only a question of time until you put a verbal noose around your own neck."

"Ha-ha," I laughed. "Very funny. Very funny, indeed. I meant how did you fool producers into giving you all these fat parts when your portrayals at Paramount were drab, you."

"You've been over all that before," Cary interrupted briskly. "My story runs something like this: at Paramount when I arrived on the lot, they had Gary Cooper, Dick Arlen and Fredric March—all top-notch names. When they had a picture going into production they tried to interest one of those boys in it. If they could not sell one of them the idea of doing that particular script they called me in, and, in a very indignant voice, said, 'Grant, here's your next script.' That meant I was doing all the pictures nobody else wanted to do. They were mostly 'B' pictures and not very good ones at that. Moreover, they were would-be dramas and I knew I should be playing comedies."

"Ah," I murmured, "a voice crying in the wilderness."

Cary toyed absent-mindedly with a paper knife as he continued—once more. "The first decent part I ever had in pictures was

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**ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON OPPOSITE PAGE**

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<td>6. It shouldn't—and won't if you've used Pond's Vanishing Cream. Gives skin a soft finish that holds make-up for ages. Hates a shiny nose worse than you do!</td>
<td>10 for No 0 for Yes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. You're a silly girl if you do. That's the worst beauty crime you can commit! Every night: Pat in globs of Pond's Cold Cream. Mop up with Pond's Tissues. Finish with Vanishing Cream for overnight softening.</td>
<td>20 for No 0 for Yes</td>
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<tr>
<td>8. Only a flawlessly lovely complexion inspires such poetry in the masculine heart. If you'd like to be some man's ever-burning inspiration, hear down hard on your Pond's homework—night and morning—Monday through Sunday!</td>
<td>10 for Yes 0 for No</td>
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**Build up your Score!**

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**SCREENLAND**
in 'Eagle and the Hawk' and then I was playing second fiddle to March and Carole Lombard. It was a good part, though, and the front office patted me on the back. Then Mae West came along and gave me the lead in 'She Done Him Wrong'.

"If remember," I nodded encouragingly. "You were the original 'Tail, Dark and Handsome.'"

Cary made a gesture of despair. "If it weren't for this interview," he informed me, "the Mook voice would have been stilled forever, long 'ere this. I hadn't much to do in the picture but it was an important picture."

"Important?" I echoed. "Why, my boy, do you realize that picture gave buxom women a new lease on life—and men."

"And I was borne along on the tide," Cary admitted.

"On the corset," I amended.

"Well, anyhow," he resumed, "producers began casting for the lead with Jean Harlow in 'Suzy'. And then RKO borrowed me for the lead with Hephner in 'Sylvia Scarlett'."

"I heard you were the only good thing about that masterpiece," I conceded. "I didn't see it because Hephner was in it."

"You keep her name off your filthy tongue," Cary screamed in a muck-falsetto. "She's a lady—and a swell egg. Moreover, she has talent."

"Go right ahead," I urged him, picking the knife out of my back. "Did you ever hear that poem about 'the staid sront and the sparkling sinner'?"

"I'm not interested in smokehouse poetry," he rejoined virtuously. "But the picture gave me a start—finally. Then I went back to Paramount and when I had to do 'The Last Outpost' I thought it was time to call 'quits'—especially as my contract expired before it was released. I figured I could get a job or two on the strength of 'Suzy' and 'Sylvia'."

"Hiding behind women's skirts, eh?" I jibed.

"Why people put up with you I've never been able to figure out," he snapped. "Do you want an interview or do you merely want someone to listen to your feeble wisecracks?"

"Go on," I begged meekly. "All right. But," he admonished, "keep a civil tongue in your head. An actor's career is nothing to be made mock of."

"Not when it pays off like yours, do I agree."

"After I left Paramount I had quite a little time on my hands. I was living at the beach. Hal Roach likes to swim and he likes to play backgammon. So I went to Spook. So I used to spend quite a little time at the house and he mentioned that he was going to do 'Topper'. He also mentioned it was a comedy. I got the book and read it and then on out I knew I was going to play 'Topper'. Hal wasn't so sure. It was his first feature-length production and he didn't know how it would go. He was having to cut corners and he didn't know if he could pay the salary my agent had thoughtfully placed on my services. I offered to do the part for nothing. He didn't know about that. So I learned a couple of scenes and acted them out for him. I finally sold him on the idea of giving me the part and agreed to wait for my salary until he began to get some returns from the releases. Since 'Topper' it's been smooth sailing. I did 'The Awful Truth', with Irene Dunne, 'Bringing Up Baby', with Hephner, 'Holiday', with Hephner, 'Gunga Din', 'Only Angels Have Wings', 'In Name Only', with Lombard, 'His Girl Friday', 'My Favorite Wife', with Irene Dunne, and now Frank Lloyd's 'Howards of Virginia'."

"I will say, Cary," I remarked seriously, "you have certainly made a believer of me. When I saw you on the New York stage in 'Nikki' (and it was a comedy, too) if anyone had ever told me you could turn in the performances you have I'd have demanded that a psychiatrist pass judgment on me or my informer and I don't mind telling you I'd have been the loser."

"Thanks, jerk," Cary acknowledged the compliments. "You don't seem to realize that was ten years ago. Anyone who is in a business that long has to pick up some knowledge of it. The trouble is, people always remember a person as he was when they first met him. You might know a shoe clerk in a store. If you went back ten years later and he was manager you'd shake your head and say, 'Oh, boy. Why, that guy's as dumb as they come. How did he ever get to be manager?' Possibly he isn't the brightest person in the world but you can't help your consider he'd been there ten years and would have to know something about shoes. He'd almost have to know more than some new man. And so I don't imagine, as you seem to think I am—would, in ten years, have to learn something about the technique of picture-making. Timing, etc. If I've improved I think it's a natural evolution coupled with the fact I'm getting better parts."

He paused a moment. "While you're doing an interview, there's something else I'd like to ask you. I've taken considerable rappings from the press for supposedly turning down good parts. Well, I don't turn down good parts. You see, if an actor makes a career as an is known as 'Public Domain'. Any producer can announce him for any part. What they mean is, they're going to try to get him for that part. They can't announce an actor who is under contract to a studio because they first have to take up the matter of a loan-out with the heads of his studio. If the executives say 'no' that ends it right there."

"When you're free-lancing, it's different. I've been announced for more pictures than I can remember. In fact, I've known, I couldn't do them. But they announced me for the leads, all the same. For instance, M-G-M announced me for the lead with Garbo in 'Moulin Rouge'."

"The same thing happened when DeMille was casting 'North West Mounted Police'. He didn't speak to me about it but he'll be shooting at the same time I'm working on 'Howards of Virginia' so it was impossible, even though I've always wanted to work with him because he is an important director. Paramount has left me alone, so I'm not to be razzed. It's with the company with which you are associated."

"Why do they do it if you know you can make the picture?" I queried.

"It creates a lot of interest in the picture," he explained.

"When you're free-lancing why can't you do these parts?"

"I don't."

"But all at once I realized I was what?

"I've known for two years, Cary."

"You'll get us together yet, Cary."
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SCREENLAND 85
Hollywood's Gayest Romance
Continued from page 32

and George Brent were in the throes of a romance. I said, darn it, there's another gay girl gone dracy on us; I said, how sad Hollywood night life will be without Ann's hearty laugh, not to mention her dream of a rumba, which has made the trip for many a tired tourist. (There was no point in crying over Brent because George is on the gloom side and never has been exactly a Laughing Boy.) Those two, we Hollywood gossips said in disgust, those two will probably get the award—several volumes of the Congressional Record—for being the dullest romantic couple of the year. What a pity, Ann was always such fun.

Well, imagine my surprise when I bumped into them in the Green Room on the Warners lot at lunch one day and found them simply laughing their heads off like a couple of charming maniacs. And not just Ann, mind you—George, too! Bette Davis and Olivia de Havilland, ex-girl friends of the fascinating Mr. Brent, looked up from their green salads in baffled amazement. George had never laughed like that before!

And then when I ran into them at La Conca one night and found George, still laughing, dancing a hot rumba with the Oomph Girl—and pretending to be very angry when he failed to get the prize—I decided that there was something decidedly novel about Hollywood's newest romance. It wasn't stuffy. It bore out my old theory that two young people could be in love and still have a sense of humor. This is a romance, I said, that's well worth investigating. A romance not in keeping with the Hollywood tradition, a romance that's "different!"

The George Brent-Ann Sheridan romance got off to a fine start by the exchange of glares, chilling, insulting, and deadly. George was having a cultural interlude with beautiful Olivia de Havilland who was going through one of those serious arty phases that all young actresses go through, and Ann was having herself a merry time of it in the better night clubs with genial, likeable Cesar Romero, the best dancer among Hollywood's unattached males. George and Ann were constantly running into each other on the Warner lot where they were both working. George would glare at Ann and she would glare right back at him.

"He always looked so serious," said Ann, "that I was afraid to speak to him. So I'd just glare. Sometimes he wouldn't even bother to glare back."

Because Ann had a way of throwing back her head and laughing when she heard or saw something funny George decided that she was loud. And because she was always wearing a sexy, all-revealing dress (the wardrobe department's idea of what the public wanted) on her way to her set George decided that she was vulgar. He was fully convinced of it when she suddenly became the "Oomph Girl." That was too much for Mr. Brent. Anybody with a title like that would have to be cheap and common. Of course if George hadn't been so busy disliking Ann he would have realized that she had absolutely nothing to do with having Oomph Girl tossed at her; that it disgusted her sensibilities just as much as it did his. George had been around studios long enough to know that when a publicity department decides to stick a trade-mark on a player there's nothing the poor girl can do about it. (He's the first one to tell you now that Ann is the victim of bad publicity.)

So George thought Ann cheap and vulgar and Ann thought George the original sour-puss, and the Brent-Sheridan romance might never have got started if George hadn't decided one day to go "slumming." Now George is much too much of a gentleman to call visiting a Sheridan set "slumming," but Ann says that's what he thought and if he thought it he might as well say it. Anyway, it was during the production of "It All Came True" and nothing but the set drifted around the studio that Ann Sheridan was going to do her corset scene that afternoon and, oh boy, Ann in a corset was something. The publicity department, from the story department, from the publicity department, from the art department all managed to find an excuse to wander over to the set. Ditto a few executives, and a batch of actors.

Among the latter was Pat O'Brien who had just finished a scene with George in "Till We Meet Again" and who whispered to him, "Come on over to the Sheridan set. "Oh, all right," said George reluctantly. "Just for a moment." Noodlingly, to say, he spent most of the afternoon.

When she had finished a "take" and was jumping into her car for the return to the set of a bunch of tourists who had at last found something in Hollywood to write home about, poor Ann was almost startled out of her wits by Mr. Brent who was casually saying, "What are you doing Saturday night?"

"Well," said Ann, telling about it later, "I said, what does he get out of life? I should go out with a face that long."

She said to him, "All right, Joe. I'll be seeing you, Joe."

"Where do you live?" asked George.

"Way out in the Valley," said Ann with her tongue in her cheek. "Miles and miles away from everything. On an old dirt road. It takes days to find the place."

"Well," said Ann, telling about it later, "I thought that was the last of Mr. Brent. He disappeared abruptly, and I didn't see him again for a week. Then one day he turned up on the set again. I was rehearsing so he made signals. He pointed to himself and to me and then pretended to be eating. I thought he meant for me to have lunch with him so I nodded yes. I arrived in the Green Room, and no George. I ate and said good night. So, I said to myself, I'm being stood up."

And I'm afraid that's not all Miss Sheridan said to herself. Ann may have the sweeter disposition that is associated with Hollywood, but you never would have guessed it that day. That night Ann took her ruffled feelings out to dinner with Director Anatole Litvak and when they arrived at the restaurant it was closed. And Ann's dinner with her maid that "Mr. Brent had been there to take her to dinner, and that he was awful put out."
those happy compromises, just like all romances should be. George likes nothing better than to sail his boat off the coast of Catalina, so on Sundays when she has a day off from the studio (Ann is about the busiest actress in Hollywood) Ann goes sailing with George. Ann likes to dance, so one or two nights out of the week she and George will show up at one of the night clubs, or perhaps at one of the Mexican jerks downtown where the crowd is grand, but not the guests. George was never one for night clubs (he prefers the Beachcombers, or Harry's Steak House out in the Valley) and Ann's description of her first date with him at Ciro's is most amusing. "When we got out of the car he put on his dark glasses," said Ann. "I imagine Sheridan in Ciro's with a man who doesn't want to be seen."

Neither one of them likes Hollywood parties or gala premières so they don't even have to compromise about those. George has promised Ann never to see any of her pictures (fancy that—Mr. Brent has never seen a Sheridan picture!) which all goes to prove that she is not at all pleased with the kind of parts she is being typecast for on the screen now. He has also promised not to tease her about the Harvard Lampoon, and not to take the world too seriously as the world will still be here long after he is dead and buried.

I usually run a mile when I see a couple of romancers as I know everything will be quite dull and stuffy, but I simply couldn't resist the sounds of laughter that were coming from the Brent-Sheridan table in the commissary the other day at noon. I ordered a salad from a New York Paramount fan writer, and was informed by Miss Sheridan that she would not eat that "rabbit food." Miss Sheridan was eating meat and potatoes. As a matter of fact, she put to her pat of butter, made a nest in her mashed potatoes, and dropped it in. Furthermore, she had a second order of mashed potatoes. She never gains a pound. There is no justice in this world. "George has just been telling me," she said, "that because I have a good disposition I let people take advantage of me. He should talk. He has been a sucker for a sob story times three in just this one morning."

With a cheery, "Hello, Joe, what do you know?" to half the people in the commissary Ann was off to her set and I was left with George. I wanted him to talk about Ann. And he did, without the slightest conning on my part. "She's such a direct, honest person," he said, "and far less confused than most people in Hollywood. She is self-sufficient and thoroughly independent, without being obnoxious about it. Not excitable. Though her publicity is cheap there is nothing cheap about Ann. She is half Irish and Scotch and part Indian, which is stabilizing. She doesn't get all twisted up inside like other actresses. She never says anything unkind about a person. Has none of those catty feminine traits. Her publicity could have destroyed a much better actress. But Ann takes it all quite philosophically. Ann is one of the few down-to-earth level-headed people in Hollywood."

"And her acting is improving by leaps and bounds," said Jimmy Cagney bargaining in.

"If I were a man," said the waitress (waitresses always take part in the interviews and discussions in the Warners commissary), "I certainly would fall in love with Ann Sheridan. She offers no problems."

And I think the waitress hit the nail on the head. After a decade of temperament, tears, storms, scenes and dramatic complications it must be awfully refreshing for George to get a girl like Ann. With a disposition as beautiful as her face and figure, sane, sensible, and easy-going, Ann certainly offers no problems.

**The Stars Warn: Beware in Love**

Continued from page 63

The appeal to the ladies. Remember, Fredric March is a youthful Virgo, and like Garbo—ago will never touch him.

Regardless of what else we may say about those born in the Interesting Sign of Virgo, they DO have-staying power. One outstanding star who carved a career from very little is Joan Blondell, born August 30. Twelve years ago when Joan and I were new to Hollywood, we lived in the same sad boarding house. Blondell, I knew, was looking for movie work, but I didn't think she'd make it. There was nothing particular about the pert little flapper, (sorry, kids, I don't know the jitterbug equivalent of the word!) to distinguish her from thousands of other screen aspirants.

One night, however, I set up her chart and was amazed at the good things in store for her. "Why, you're going to be famous!" I told her. The surprise was all mine. Joan Blondell had known it all the time.

I predicted two marriages for Joan Blondell. She is now engaged on her second. I think, from the evidence in her chart, that it will last. Blondell would sacrifice her home and love for her work, if necessary; but in this case it won't be necessary. Her career will continue indefinitely.

Charles Boyer, whose birthdate is August 28, bears out what is known about Virgo being a sign of youth. Quite past his twenties, he is the most perfect symbol of romance, if his fan response be accurate. The women of the world seem to sense his great youthful spirit in spite of disillusion-

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or marriage? The Sign of Taurus, April 21 to May 20, is first on the list. Perfect examples are: Sigrid Gurie, Bing Crosby, Alice Faye, and Cary Grant. The Sign of Capricorn, December 22 to January 19, is second best. This sign is typified by actors Ray Milland and Lew Ayres, and actresses Young and Alicia. Louis of the best is the Sign of Cancer, June 21 to July 22. George Murphy and Ginger Rogers are typical of this sign.

Following are a few more Virgo subjects for whom we'll predict briefly. Claudette Colbert, I cannot add anything to what I've written so many times in SORROWLAND about this lovely lady. She will continue successfully in her career and marriage. Margaret Lindsay is destined to get better roles, and stardom is possible with English actress from Here. Penny Singleton, whose charm decorates the "Blonde" series, but whose talent is lost therein, will win freedom from them eventually and let her ability. Martha Raye, who has already walked through two marriages, will skip matrimonial adventures for awhile and do some work on her career. It needs it! The most surprising come-back for Virgo will be Frances Farmer, who made the mistake of letting outside interests interfere with her career, thinking her beauty and also would carry her without extra effort. Miss Farmer has finally learned a lesson and will now show us what the little Virgo can do when she sets her mind to it.

Those of you born in this fortunate Sign of Virgo can readily see that the future will hold many pleasant situations for you than unpleasant ones. The main thing to remember is this: keep your mental balance and rule your emotions with a firm hand. The majority of you will find a mistake in love or marriage, don't for a moment hesitate in seeking further for love happiness. Like the Hollywood stars born in Virgo, your ultimate love destiny must be a blissful one.

The future astrological indications for those of you born in signs other than Virgo is fraught with many changes, surprises, and some warnings during this month. With the world unrest that exists and the changing order we all face socially and economically, it is important to have our lives by some unchanging guide, and for thousands that means the flickering stars in the skies. The Sun gives our planet life, and the planets as the sun make the vibrations at varying wave lengths. Each person born is said to come under the influence of the sun at the time of birth. There is a birthpath for YOU too, so read your own section dealing with your birthdate below, and find out what this month holds for those born in that section of the Zodiac. You may learn surprising news, or receive a warning that might cause you to avoid unfortunate situations in your life.

Aries—March 21 to April 20

Planet Mercury favors all mental activity. The month of April may meet with sudden success, for the stars favor new ventures, especially those connected with the mental processes, Give renewed attention to money matters, for you may be struggling with a financial problem. Keep your present position until something better comes along, as this month promises to bring a turning point. Conditions on the 2nd, 5th, 18th and 25th, be cautious of health, avoid danger in vehicles and dark places. The vibrations will be strong, so cut down on drinking and all matters connected with the home. Toward the last of the month be cautious of legal involvements, avoid signing papers without looking at them first, and be careful of investments. The best days for action this month are: 1st, 3rd, 4th, 7th, 10th,
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says Lady Esther

How's your memory? If it can take you back to 1924, you'll recall Gilda Gray, above, champion shimmy-shaker who's appearing in an old-timers show at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe in New York. Gilda originated the shimmy and knows how to shake a grass skirt.

S C R E E N L A N D

89
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Lovaable Louise Platt believes in acquiring a sun tan in comfort—that's why she brings her padded beach roll to the edge of the pool and puts on dark "no squint" goggles. Her blue, black and white striped three-piece play suit features the bare midriff.

Some disquieting vibrations may exist in the home and personal life. Some warnings are given for health; kidney and nerve disturbances are prominent with this sign. A good month to meet the public or do work where the personality is being used. Salesladies, secretaries, teachers, and nurses are favored. A business change may be contemplated but be sure that it is the right step. Caution must be the watchword this month, but during the last week the vibrations are steadier and bring much better fortune. Write letters, sign papers and consider legal activity on the 6th, 9th, 13th and 28th, as the vibrations are steadier. Good days are as follows: 1st, 2nd, 4th, 6th, 8th, 9th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 16th, 18th, 22nd, 24th, 25th, 27th, 28th, 30th.

Sagittarius—November 23 to December 21

Love affairs may take up much of your time this month, and are especially stressed in your horoscope. A good month for changing the heart interest, (only if you choose) or for continuing with someone who has been in your life for some time. Your ruler, Jupiter, favors most everything you do at this time, so you can hardly go
wrong in love or marriage. If plans have already been made you can rest on your laurels. If married, this month presents you with splendid opportunities for making changes in the home, refurnishing, redecorating, and even moving. Relatives, especially children and elderly persons, are highly favored this month. Financially you are happy but they show signs of improving. Avoid investing money in speculative ventures; guard your interests, beware of treachery from some business concern. Watch out on the 4th, 9th, 13th and 29th for accidents, illness, or losses. Social events in your life should blossom this month. A new friend may come into your life who is important in the future. Good days are: 1st, 2nd 3rd, 5th, 8th, 11th, 14th, 15th, 17th, 20th, 22nd, 25th, 28th, 31st.

Capricorn—December 22 to January 19
This month is more cheering than last month, but you must still make an effort to get the most out of life. Those born in this sign are often hard hit financially but if you use your money intelligently you can avoid this tendency of your sign. You have many chances this month to make friends to elevate yourself mentally through self-study. Be alert to opportunities, and avoid feeling that your lot is a hard one in life. If you change your mental attitude to one of expectancy instead of criticism you will undoubtedly attract a more brilliant destiny. This month should be fairly fortunate in a business way. In love and marriage caution must still be used. Unless you attract the right person you may make a romantic change soon. Try to select someone born in Taurus, Virgo, or Cancer, for the greatest love happiness. A good month for investments in real estate, or for dealings with banks, institutions, or individuals. Good for buying or selling. Favors the home. Also good for music, writing, dancing, singing, radio and stage work. Favorable days this month are: 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 6th, 8th, 10th, 12th, 13th, 15th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 23rd, 25th, 27th, 29th, 30th. Other days slightly negative.

You must still give attention to the health, however, watch the diet, rest and relax, and avoid overtaxing the nerves. You may find yourself in love with two persons and not quite know which to choose. Your heart must guide you in this matter. If married, there is no reason why you should not stay married—although if you married someone born in the wrong sign you may be somewhat disturbed. The best sign for marriage? They are: Gemini, Libra, and, in some cases, Aries. This month is a good time for personal development. Study psychology and philosophy so that you will obtain a better understanding of self and others. Avoid involvements with friends, for this month is rather disturbing if you let yourself be influenced too much by others. Travel is favored, also change in residence or business. The dangerous days are: 1st, 4th, 15th and 28th. The rest of the month favors investments in real estate stocks, and other securities. Good for writing, or other creative effort. Favorable days are: 3rd, 5th, 6th, 8th, 10th, 12th, 14th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 21st, 22nd, 24th, 25th, 27th, 29th, 31st.

Pisces—February 19 to March 20
This month favors dealing with the public, seeking promotion or favors from superiors, making friends among educational leaders and professional, or business men. Some person quite close to you might profess love for you. Unexpected things arise this month, some good, some bad. Be progressive-minded, but let your daring be in the right direction. If interested in business, this month is good to make a change in situation. If your finances are still muddled you will have to exercise adroitness in handling your affairs. Help may come from a friend or member of the family. The month is dangerous in romance and marriage; unless you have chosen the right marriage sign, or the right sweetheart, this month may bring you some disappointment. If in love with a Leo, Aries, or Sagittarius, you may have cause for concern; if in love with a Taurus, Virgo, Cancer—good chance to

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Non-textual content: Advertisement for Lipstick Parchment and Sub-Deb lipsticks.
there was commercial method. After all, the box office is an important factor in the theater, and truth, to which I ever have held with the tenacity of a bulldog to a succulent bone, compels me to say I recognize it as of first importance to the family budget. Audiences, I realized, were out for a Roman holiday, not just a calendar holiday, but one with the lions thrown in and me thrown to the lions.

As he drew a grateful breath, a strange young lady with rosy cheeks, carmine nails and red bag came apparently out of nowhere and solemnly composed herself in a chair on the immediate right of Mr. Barrymore, who now was saying: "Yet the play did give me one moment of my own, so to speak, and reaching it was like taking off a false nose. That moment came with Hamlet's soliloquy."

"You play Hamlet, Mr. Barrymore?" blithely inquired the Strange Young Lady with startling abruptness and dismaying lack of histrionic lore.

"Let us say," he amended, darting a keen glance at his unknown interlocutor, "a suburban Hamlet."

To save the embarrassing situation from possible bloodshed, I hastily asked whether Mr. Barrymore had been surprised at the success of "My Dear Children."

"Frankly, I was surprised," he admitted. "But the play itself was not without its surprises. Most of them, on my part, were designed to break up Elaine, though she was always quick on the come-back. One night I brought on a dog in a scene, while on another occasion I came briskly in with her maid on my arm. I would lie awake nights thinking up things I could do the next night to upset Elaine. But an attempt to bribe the impossible woman..."

John's Lowdown on Barrymore

Continued from page 34

York and Philadelphia. I was scared stiff on the opening nights in both those cities because of the home-town feeling I had for them. This is a good thing for an actor, as it's apt to make him give a good performance. He's keyed up to a point where he is keenly, even painfully, aware of everything he says and does. But in those cities where I had lived I was fearful as to how they'd take me now that I'd come back. I experienced the same feeling that Enoch Arden must have had when he returned a bit tardily and knocked on the door. He doubtless expected his wife to open it and say, "Well, you poor old gaffer, who are you and what do you want?" I know it's awful to face a wife you haven't seen for years."

"You have had a wife, Mr. Barrymore?" the Strange Young Lady brightly observed. "Without gross exaggeration," he earnestly assured her, "I may venture to say I have."

Shifting the shirt of mail he was wearing as if it were of the hair variety, the noted husband permitted himself a reminiscent shrug before going on: "Like old Enoch, I wasn't at all sure of my reception. It was an exciting, a thrilling experience. Fortunately it turned out to be also a happy one. Even so, it made me resolve never again to be so long in going back to the theater. It keeps you alive. And I love combining the two, stage and screen. I love, too, working with Zanuck again. He was at Warners when I was there several years ago, and he certainly knows what picturegoers want—and how to give it to them. I am delighted also to work with Ray Griffith, associate producer of the picture, for in my earlier Hollywood experiences likewise a
Above, John Barrymore, wearing the garb of Hamlet, and Gregory Ratoff, who plays Hamlet's manager, as they appear in a scene from "The Great Profile."

enlightened. "Not that this is absolutely essential. Today Hamlet is played by either very young boys or very old gentlemen."

This time the Strange Young Lady didn't stop at a single question. She glanced down at the momentary Hamlet's sable legs, then brought herself up with, "Do you always wear black tights, Mr. Barrymore?"

"Not on Sundays," was his wearied answer. "Then I wear white ones."

It seemed high time to find out how Mr. Barrymore felt about playing himself in "The Great Profile" and whether he considered the character authentically biographical. "He's a complete nut," came the authoritative and unqualified opinion, "but I don't mind that by now. Indeed, I like the picture tremendously. The part is a burlesque of one's own character, exaggerating one's own idiosyncrasies. This is a good thing, for it is a bad thing to try to conceal them. Everybody is on to them anyway. I never took myself quite seriously, thank God, for if I had I'd have been dead forty years ago. But I must admit I'd love to see anyone else playing the part. I didn't mind when Fredric March d me in "The Royal Family," because he ad everything that I recognized in myself, even to the hinges in the knees, so

that I felt it all to be uncannily truthful. In fact, I felt much the same as Henry Miller did when he saw himself in his first screen test. We were talking about it at supper one night in Boston. Laughing, Henry Miller said, 'I did everything in it that I'd been firing actors for doing for the past thirty-five years! But as long as I'm going to be kidded, I'd rather do the kidding myself. After all, that's only fair, though usually actors are considered fair game for anyone. They have to work very hard, just as other people do, but there's something about the atmosphere of the theater or the screen that makes anyone connected with either seem like one apart and different from others. It is for this reason that anything an actor does is dragged into the spotlight of publicity, with the result that everybody knows about it. But if the greater or the boucher does exactly the same thing, nobody pays the slightest attention to it. Explanation of this differing attitude is to be found in the indisputable fact that the actor is regarded not as a human being, but as common property. Yet if you permit this one-sided view to get your goat you're sunk. Was it Cooper who said that a sense of humor is like a sense of proportion? Anyway, I have always tried—and sometimes it hasn't been altogether easy—to keep my sense of humor. But it no longer is possible for an actor to keep any sense of illusion so far as the public is concerned. Everyone has his private life. The public has got into the way of thinking that it has a right to know what he has for breakfast and who he has it with."

"Like he eats it in the front window, Mr. Barrymore?" chattily suggested the Strange Young Lady. "Or the back room was his discreet alternative."

Groping for something to bring out into the open, I seized upon Mr. Barrymore's justly famed profile, now that it was being glorified in the title of his forthcoming picture, and was curious to know whether he himself had ever been conscious of it. "Never," he declared. Then: "Wait, that's a lie. Yes, I did become conscious of it once. That was after doing 'Raffles' and reading what Heywood Broun wrote about me. He said, John Barrymore went through the performance like a sharp-edged paper-knife.' I didn't quite know whether he was referring to my gait or my pan. My so-called profile, heaven help it, may have helped, or may have hurt me. Whatever the case, I never paid much attention to it. But there is one thing I am proud of—no matter how often it has been punched, it has always bounced back. I don't know what it's made of, but it might be India rubber. I never size myself up—not if I can avoid it. And in sizing up actors, as he did so completely, Shakespeare certainly adhered to profiles."

"Do you think, Mr. Barrymore," begged the Strange Young Lady, "that with my French-Spanish-Rumanian accent I could play Shakespeare?"

"A number of actresses with foreign accents have played Shakespeare," he helpfully advised her, "Modjeska, Rhea, Januscheck and others, including the celebrated Emma tragedienne. Mme. Maubon."

"Thank you," she said, bounding up "And now I must go."

"So good of you to come," murmured her involuntary host, rising and gallantly bowing from the waist.

For a moment Mr. Barrymore watched the Strange Young Lady tripping lightly towards the door of the vast stage, then half-turned regretfully with the words: "I greatly fear, my dear fellow, that anything further I might say at this time would sound unutterably flat without the lifting note of you fair obligato."

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a story, and was informed by her maid that Miss Colbert had left her home at eight that morning and was carousing in the grocery store buying refugee supplies. (Claudette is a notoriously late sleeper, and I knew she had never been up that early in her life.) I telephoned Connie Dumne and learned that she was out cleaning out the closets of all her friends for clothes to send to France. Virginia Bruce I learned, was working on a Motion Picture Auxiliary of the American Red Cross, Chapter 2, and sewing away on little flannel nightgowns on a back-breaking sewing machine. After that I sort of got the idea that Glamor Girls now are far more interested in helping suffering humanity than they are in their publicity. It makes it hard for me, but I like it that way.

In a short article, as this must be, I naturally cannot tell you all the things that the movie stars are doing in their efforts to alleviate suffering in war-torn Europe. Nor can I name all the stars who are giving so generously not only of their money, but what is far more important of themselves. I can only mention the ones I have come in personal contact with. Believe me, there are dozens of others.

Connie Bennett was the only one who would suspect, or would you?—has been working like a dog. Connie has been famous for years as Hollywood's most luxury-loving star, but since she became interested in refugee work Connie is out of bed at the crack of dawn almost, and puts in a good fourteen hours a day. She does everything. Personally, she picks the clothes and packs them, she buys for medical supplies from the large drugstores, she raffles off anything she can get her hands on, including her newest crinoline coat (some lucky dame is going to get an ermine coat for a fifty-cent raffle ticket), and she arranges radio broadcasts in which the star's check goes to the Red Cross. And it was Connie, with Mrs. Ann Warner, who in June organized the Hollywood Chapter of the International Committee for Refugees in France. Included on the Hollywood committee are people who will work and work hard, Connie saw to that.

"The Hollywood committee is not asking for large cash donations," Connie told her committee, "but is asking for continued supplies of needed articles. At present the committee is equipping hospitals at Monbrun and Chateauneuf, a children's hospital at Capbreton, and a sanitarium near Poitiers. Shoppers in all the Los Angeles and Hollywood stores did donate the other day when they saw Connie, Claudette Colbert, Barbara Stanwyck, Simone Simon, Hedy Lamarr, Ann Sothern, Jeanette MacDonald, Myrna Loy and many others marching in and plunking milk bottles down on the counters. The milk bottles were to receive contributions from a penny upwards for the relief work.

Besides being on the committee of everybody else's pet town, Claudette Colbert has her own charity which she runs with an iron hand and is in the organizing type. Claudette feels that with fall and winter coming on the refugees will need warm sweaters more than anything else. She furnishes the wool and the needles and the instructions, and anyone who wants to knit has but to notify Claudette and she or her secretary will send out wool and knitting needles to them immediately. At present she has four hundred and twenty-five women knitting for her, and the list is constantly growing. There are so many people who want to help, Claudette discovered, but they can't afford to buy the wool. At present the wool costs her about a thousand dollars a month. The sweaters are slugged for her by the American Red Cross.

Several years ago when she married Dr. Joel Pressman Claudette thought it would be a cute idea to knit a sweater. She did two inches in exactly two months, announced that she would never be a knitter, and ran out and bought the Doctor a sweater. But now Claudette is one of the most skillful knitters in Hollywood, though she has only been at it since June. When she can't knitting she is rolling bandages, donating ambulances, and wheeling clothes out of her friends. The thing she hates most, and forces herself to do, is ask the grocery stores for supplies. "I've never been so frightened even on an opening night," said Claudette, "as I was the day I went to the Westwood market and begged for dried prunes."

Two other girls who have proved themselves all heart are Barbara Stanwyck and Jeanette MacDonald. As soon as she read of the German invasion of Belgium and France, Jeanette's first thought was, "Those poor little refugee children! They must have milk." So Jeanette has arranged to send 425 pounds of powdered milk to Europe every year, until things are normal again, if ever.

Barbara, of course, has always been known as one of the most generous stars in Hollywood, and when children are concerned poor Barbara just goes all to pieces and would give her last dime if she didn't have a manager to stop her. When Connie Bennett called her for old clothes Barbara said, "I've just cleaned out my wardrobe for an orphanage. But I'll get something there by afternoon." She did. A whole bunch of brand new sweaters and shacks, and six very handsome suits from Mr. Taylor's wardrobe. Poor Bob, he probably won't know what he has, and what he

Yes! They Have a Heart
Continued from page 27

Because Robert Conway's ability stood out in his first small part—that of a storm trooper in "Four Sons"—you will see more of him on the screen ere long.
hasn’t, for months to come. But what really broke me up was when I saw Dion’s little baby shoes. Dion, as you know, is Barbara’s adopted son, who is getting to be quite a big boy now, and goes to military school. Barbara, like all sentimental mothers was hanging on to her baby’s shoes. “But I guess those kids in France will need them pretty badly,” said Barbara, and told her dearest possession goodbye.

The Motion Picture Auxiliary of the American Red Cross, Chapter 2, was organized by Kay Francis, Mrs. Phil Berg, and Mrs. Milton Bren. The Beverly Hills Hotel donated their garden room and every day movie stars and producers’ wives gather there to sew, and believe me, they pack under the eagle eye of Kay. Kay took lessons in cutting, button-holing, and the mastery of sewing machines and is only too willing to give her professional advice to beginners.

Sylvia Fairbanks has been in deep mourning ever since the sudden death of the late Douglas Fairbanks, and she shut herself away from the world in his Santa Monica beach house. She rarely saw even her closest friends. But once more Doug, Sr.’s house rings with gay laughter and chatter for it is open from early morning to late at night to anyone, and Sylvia means anyone, who wants to sew for the Red Cross. She furnishes all supplies.

Mrs. Charles Boyer (Pat Paterson) and Mrs. Ronald Colman (Bena Hume) have their own committee which is kept busy sending sweaters and shirts, and checks and ambulances, to the Anne Morgan Friends of France organization. It is very difficult for me to believe, both of them being male Garbos, but the rumor is that both Charles Boyer and Ronnie Colman are planning to go on personal ambulance tours this fall—with the proceeds going toward Allied Relief.

Alan Mowbray is the head of the British Allied Relief War Association in Hollywood and has for his co-workers Cary Grant, Herbert Marshall, Nigel Bruce, C. Aubrey Smith, Ronnie Colman, Basil Rathbone, Henry Stephenson, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. To date they have sent $40,000 to England, plus eight ambulances, and unnumbered packing cases full of surgical supplies.

Director Tay Garnett started the raffle idea in the various night clubs, and has already cleared thousands of dollars for refugee relief. Helping him sell his tickets at Victor Hugos, in London, have been such attractive stars as Joan Bennett, Ann Sothern, Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, Olivia de Havilland, Una Merkel, Florence Rice, Polly Ann Young and Dorothy Lamour.

The winner of the raffle will receive $500, and if it’s a movie star who wins it’s a safe bet that the five hundred bucks will also go to the refugee fund.

The garden party given by the Edward G. Robinsons at their lovely home in Beverly Hills pulled in a pretty penny for the refugees as it was packed and jampacked from early afternoon until late at night. Paulette Goddard did a hula dance that was worth the price of admission alone, and Ma-lene Dietrich swelled the fund considerably by getting $1025 for one of her kisses. Another successful party has been given by Carmel Myers with the popular Tyrone Power acting as master of ceremonies. The highlight of the party was a fashion show with fall fashions modeled by Anita Louise, Carole Landis, Virginia Field, Penny Singleton, and other lovely ladies of the cinema.

A number of charity concerts and balls are being planned for the next few months, with the super-colossal Allied Relief Ball scheduled for August 3rd. How Hollywood’s money will hold out I don’t know, but it couldn’t be going to a better cause.

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How to Raise a Boy in Hollywood
Continued from page 29

Theirs interests are different. But in the days past they had many good times. Naturally, they would quarrel and break up, and then they would be together again. I never paid any particular attention, only to know in a casual way what was going on.

Often when a girl and a boy have quarreled, Jackie has come to me looking for sympathy and understanding. When such moments occur, we go to my room and talk until bedtime. It is so clear what happened, what his part in the argument was, and then asks for my advice. I talk to him quietly and with understanding, and soon we come to the solution that he himself thought of. And I am very grateful that Jackie has come to me for this help voluntarily. There has been no embarrassment in talking to me. He does so freely and honestly. He wouldn’t be able to if we hadn’t been as close as we are and so honest with each other.

In fact, when Jackie returns from a date, he always tells me all about the evening, just as soon as he comes home. He tells me when he had his first date with a girl and the girl did, what gave him the most pleasure, and anything else that pops into his head at such times. This may sound as though Jackie is very immature, but I talk to him about it. As far as I know, he hasn’t. But then, everyone has had a few very personal secrets that he has kept from his mother and father, so I expect he has had a few. I have no desire to know what they are. He has a right to them. If he ever wants to talk to me about them, that is his business.

Some mothers find their children’s questions embarrassing. I never have. Principally, I assume, because from the very first question Jackie asked me, I tried to be honest with him. I thought he had too many to ask. Sometimes I had to be diplomatic or make comparisons in some other phase of life, but he has always been told everything straight. He has been honest enough to realize the long run and brings about a better and more definite basis of understanding and accord between mother and son. It is better that they should resolve their differences tactfully and honestly than that he should learn the answers from less creditable sources.

Today, Jackie has no steady girl, but his current interest—call it romance if you wish—is Jimmy Rogers. Yes, I know Jimmy is a peculiar name for a girl, but that doesn’t prevent her being a very nice young lady. She’s the daughter of Jarvis Rogers, ranch owner in Palm Springs. She is an excellent rider and, in fact, she lives on a horse—and she is quite adept at roping steers. With all of these athletic abilities, though, she is quite feminine and lovely, though perhaps not as sophisticated as the girls Jackie has known in Hollywood. He met her on one of our frequent visits to the desert resort. He became so intrigued by her skill that there was an interest in her and made up his mind to ride as well as she could, and even to rope steers as well. I suppose it was the old idea of a man having to do anything better than he could. Well, anyway, Jackie entered his first rodeo a white back and rode his first steer, with some success. I can’t help being entirely at ease, but he did an excellent job considering that he was new at it.

Jackie and Jimmy are together constantly while we’re in Palm Springs. He kids her a lot about being unsophisticated. When he asks her if she wants to go to a movie, she’ll reply indifferently, “I don’t

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care." Then Jackie will proceed to inform her of the correct ways to answer, accept, or reject a gentleman's invitations. Once, a few weeks ago, Jackie let him into town to get a Coca-Cola. They loosened the strap that held the horses and went inside. Jackie told him that he hoped the Coca-Cola wasn't too cold. He asked her along. She said nothing. When they came out, Jimmy cinched the strap of her horse and got on. Suddenly, Jackie turned very red. He had forgotten how to cinch the strap! He didn't ask for Jimmy's help. Finally, she got disgusted, got off her horse, fixed the strap on Jackie's horse, mounted her animal, and said: "This is the only thing I can do that you can't be there!"

I would have liked to bring Jimmy to Hollywood and put her in pictures, but Jackie has a reserve. She might play a role in the future, but she is not the girl she is, so why bother her? Perhaps he's right.

Jackie's association with girls has its limitations. She gives too much freedom to do as she wishes. This may surprise many of you who have pictured her as a boy who has anything and everything he wants. But I believe his responsibility is seventeen with ease and with a certain amount of thrill. He will never be bored with life because he has seen too much and done too much. He always seems to get a kick out of everything that happens to him. Therefore, there are rules that he must observe. I usually ask him to come in at a certain time, but he is hard to do. Occasionally, a special show will just be going on at the Coconut Grove, for instance, or some other typical place. I will ask his advice and ask if I mind if he stays out a little longer. If his request is plausible, he is allowed to remain, but with the understanding that he must be back by one o'clock. However, no matter where Jackie is, he never fails to call home during the course of the evening.

I allow him to go to all of the first class night clubs for drinks and dance. I forbid cocktail bars unless he is with his elders, and we don't like cocktail bars. Most of his dates are at the Victor Hugo, where he has his usual table, and the Grace Hayes Lodge, or at the Tropics, where he goes to dote on their chicken curry, his favorite dish. When he has played tennis and is tired, he goes to some very exclusive night club. However, he usually goes to the places that serve the best food, for he loves to eat. And because he has found all the entertainment he needs in his dignified surroundings, he has never wanted to go to the less respectable or elevating places.

Recently, Jackie got a new car for a present, and Mr. Bigelow and I wondered what new problems this would give us. Happily, the car has not brought us any undue gray hairs. We've had no trouble with it and his parents wouldn't let him drive even though he is a little huffy at times. I have tried to show him, however, that it does no good to lose his temper in traffic.

Jackie's parents have always been close with a girl. That is enough at his age. Sometimes other affairs come up unexpectedly, such as a birthday party, premiere, or any other similar occasion. However, as a rule, he only goes with his friends in for a get-together. He holds his "jam sessions" with his orchestra then, and he gets rid of a lot of natural energy in such a way. He loves his drums so much, and he likes swing with a vengeance. In fact, he takes his orchestra so seriously that he is contemplating a personal appearance tour through the country with it and may even do a radio series. So, any natural restlessness he may have is dispelled completely during his noisy afternoon swing sessions.

He also has friends in during evenings, but his guests must leave at twelve o'clock. For I am sure that my parents feel the same that hour is late enough for their boys and girls to be out. I've had very few occasions when I have had to ask any of Jackie's friends to leave. They usually know it's time to go. On the evenings when there is nothing important interfering, he goes to bed at his usual time of ten-thirty. I see it to that important and unexpected events do not occur too often.

Jackie has always felt free to bring his girl friends to our house at any time. Often he has had them for late Sunday suppers. I encourage his bringing the girls he knows to the house, for I've tried to make Jackie feel his home is as much for them as it is for my friends. As it is for Mrs. Bigelow and mine. I know that parents of some of Jackie's friends never like to have their homes "visited" by a lot of youngsters.

This is a great mistake to me, for if a home isn't for their benefit and their pleasure, they will be more apt to find other unsavory places for their fun. And some marriages have been made that is commonly known as "joists."

Jackie is today a normal boy who is puzzled about the same things, including the other girl. He has been hurt as often as any boy by disappointments in romance. But there is one thing that he has not had to worry about, and that is his desire for young ladies. He has never had to wonder whether they were going with him because he was in pictures or because they really liked him. He has tried to raise Jackie to feel that his work is not unusual and that he is like any other boy. I know his position as an actor hasn't influenced his ideals or his making of friends. He's just a normal kid who has not yet met a next door neighbor as your own son is. His desires, his hopes, and his interests are simply those of any boy who is seventeen.

Jackie is interested in girls naturally enough and he likes their company, but he has too much sense to think of marriage. I know that many reports have gone out that Jackie and I are engaged to be married. I have even had persistent calls from newspapers asking me to confirm the story that Jackie is going to be married. This is all very disturbing and very untrue. I must say that some celebrities and some secrets are only natural expressions of any seventeen-year-old boy out with a girl. And, besides, if he were thinking of marriage, I would have known a lot more about it.

He wouldn't keep anything as important as that a secret from me. Not when he has come to me for help on far less imporant problems. He knows he's young for any such step. And besides, at the moment his acting and his love for his career are the most important things.

Jackie's parents have always been Jackie's and mine. I'm proud of the job we both have done. He isn't a mama's boy, and he's not tied to my apron strings. I wouldn't want that and neither would he. We are very good pals and the best of friends at that. Yes, the years have been kind and considerate to us, and it is with a sigh of relief that I look back at what is past and forward to what is to come in the future. I know that neither of us has failed or ever will fail the other. For behind us lie sympathy, understanding, and honesty.

Abroad of us lies natural comradeship and above all, respect. Without these qualities, no mother and son can ever fully appreciate the happiness that should be theirs.
Inside the Stars' Homes
Continued from page 15

affairs. I mean the sort of things where you call up your friends in the morning and say: 'How about coming over to serve yourself meal tonight?' None of this planning for weeks ahead for me.

"I like small groups or else very large ones. Last week at our cocktail party we had a hundred guests, but for informal affairs I think four or six is a good number, so we can talk intimately. If it's a large group, they can split up into small circles and enjoy themselves, but if you have eight or twelve, there can be no general conversation and someone is certain to feel left out. I hope my guests always come here and have such a good time they look forward to coming again.'

On a card table, there were the makings of various salads—tomatoes, lettuce, sliced onions, grated cabbage, carrots, radishes, with French dressing and mayonnaise in separate containers. There was a large plate of toasted buns and a grill for frying the hamburgers that were stacked on another plate close at hand. A dish of Brownie completed the table. Nearby, a gay pottery jug of coffee with cups.

Margaret plugged in the grill and began to fry hamburgers. "Now each of you can select and make your own salad," she said.

"The variety depends on your own taste. Each guest is supposed to fry his own hamburger, pop an onion on it, slap it between halves of the toasted bun, assemble a salad and coffee and get to work."

"Sometimes we have cake and sometimes a favorite dish of mine, gingerbread with whipped cream. We scoop a small piece out of each square of gingerbread, put a spoonful of orange marmalade in and cover with whipped cream."

"Mock Biscuit Tortoni is another excellent dessert I've never tasted anywhere else."

MOCK BISCUIT TORTONI

Soak 1 tablespoon Knox's gelatine in 1/2 cup of cold water for twenty minutes. Beat 1 egg and beat into it 1/3 cup of sifted sugar and add gradually beating constantly 1 cup of scalded milk. Place in the top of a double boiler and stir over the fire until the mixture is creamy and clings to the spoon. Remove from the fire, add the gelatine, cool slightly and stir until it starts to thicken. Add 1 cup of macaroon crumbs, 1/2 cup seedless raisins and 1 teaspoon Burnett's vanilla extract; fold in 1 cup whipped cream and pour into a wet mold, set in a cold place to harden. When ready to serve, unmold on a cold plate and garnish with whipped cream.

VIENNA CREAM CAKE

Beat the yolks of 6 eggs until light and lemon-colored with 1 cup sifted sugar. Sift 3/4 cup Swansdown flour with 3/4 cup Baker's chocolate (finely ground) and add to the yolk mixture. Beat well and add the stiffly beaten whites of 6 eggs and 1/2 teaspoons Burnett's extract of vanilla. Pour into a deep, well-buttered (or use Crisco) round pan and bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven. Cool, cut in half and fill with nut cream and sprinkle with sugar.

CHEESE CAKE

Line a deep layer pan with cookie dough. Beat 4 tablespoons sweet butter to a cream and beat into it gradually 3/8 cup of sugar and the yolks of 4 eggs. Mix well, add the grated rind of 1 lemon, 3/4 cup of seedless raisins, pinch of salt, 1/2 cup of cottage cheese (Seateest) that has been rubbed through a sieve and just before pouring into the lined pan add the stiffly beaten whites of 3 eggs. Bake until set in a moderate oven, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon and serve cold.

Gay rugs hanging from a small balcony that led to a still higher floor, strings of red chili peppers and corn, small Mexican dolls scattered about the sunroom reminded Margaret of recent trips.

"...to hop into a car and head for Mexico," she observed. "My souvenirs aren't all as tangible as these. Some of them are recipes. I like collecting odd dishes on my travels. Even taste palanquetas? They're really pralines."

PALANQUETAS

Boil rapidly together 1 cup of white and brown sugar and 4 tablespoons butter. When it hardens when tested in cold water, drop in tablespoons on an oiled slab or tin, pressing hard for the right size around the edges of each quickly before it gets cold. They should be about three inches in diameter and rather than.

"Speaking of traveling, when I was back East this time, my pleasantest experience was a day I spent at the House of Seven Gables. See, this is a miniature replica of the house. It's in Salem, Massachusetts, and now it's run by four women who do settlement work. They were so sweet to me. We had lunch together and when I left one of them gave me this little doll she had dressed for me. It's Hepburn, the character I played in the picture."

"I adore New England cooking. There's Lobster Portland."

LOBSTER PORTLAND

Mix in a bowl rubbed in a clove of crushed garlic 2 cups cooked lobster meat cut in dice, 3 tablespoons chopped celery, 1 cup chopped parsley, 1 cup chopped green pepper, 1 chopped pimiento, 1 teaspoon salt, and 1/2 cup of tarragon French dressing. Drain off the lobster juices and add cold lettuce-covered plates; cover with Russian dressing and garnish with ripe olives.

RUSSIAN DRESSING

1 cup Hellman's mayonnaise
3/4 cup chili sauce
3 tablespoons chopped pimientos
1 tablespoon chopped, stoned olives
2 tablespoons chopped celery
2 teaspoons Tastetino sauce
Mix well together.

"When I was in Nassau and Key West, they served one dish that I really luscious, Pompano a la Bimini, a delicate white fish served with a white sauce flavored with American cheese."

Colin, Margaret's cocker-spaniel, now insisted that we take him out. Margaret led the way down more rock steps to a patio which was walled in on three sides. The marbleled walls enclosed a ping-pong table, but Colin objected to our attempts at playing, and this time we followed him up more steps to a small formal garden. From this window we could see the outside of the patio and note that on it were painted two windows, complete with green shutters and flower-filled windowboxes.

"That's a whimsical touch," observed Margaret. "If you have no windows, where you want 'em, just paint them on!"
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. RUMPUS—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.
Romancing with ANN RUTHERFORD (Polly Benedict)

LORETTA YOUNG FINDS REAL LOVE AT LAST!

WHY MY MARRIAGE ENDED IN HEARTBREAK!

A HOLLYWOOD BRIDE TELLS
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
MARSHA SCOTT
AS
THE HOWARDS
OF VIRGINIA

from "THE TREE OF LIBERTY" by ELIZABETH PAGE
Screen play by SIDNEY BUCHMAN
with Sir Cedric Hardwicke • Alan Marshal • Richard Carlson

JACK H. SKIRBALL, Associate Producer

Produced and Directed by FRANK LLOYD
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR LOCAL THEATRE!
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.
ESCAPE STUFF?

Certainly! Why Not?

In giving you, in our next issue, the complete fiction story of a frankly romantic new movie we're well aware that the charge of escapism will come our way! We don't care. We believe you want diversion these days—and a swell, swashbuckling screen story is just the thing to give it to you. So we're presenting a beautifully written, really romantic and exciting fictionization of "The Son of Monte Cristo," starring Joan Bennett and Louis Hayward, with that grand "villain," George Sanders, at his best, and we know you're going to like it.

COMPLETE FICTION STORY OF "SON OF MONTE CRISTO" IN NEXT ISSUE!

REMEMBER—NOVEMBER SCREENLAND, ON SALE OCTOBER 4.

Paul C. Hunter, Publisher

V. G. Heimbucher, President

October, 1940

Vol. XLI, No. 6

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Printed in the U. S. A.
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!
LEAVE it to Bette Davis to be a good sport and yet manage to do a kindly turn at the same time. Bette, as you know, is past the stage in her career when she has to rely on batht suit art to place her in the public eye and mind. Yet, she quite willingly took it upon herself to pose in a razzle-dazzle, custom-built, $100 swim suit—if the century note for the revealing togs was sure to be turned over to the Red Cross.

THE rumors around town persist that the Ilona Massey-Alan Curtis romance is definitely on the skids since she parted with her studio. Gossips insist that now there will be no marriage for the Hungarian song-bird. Alan Curtis is by no means left out on a limb. He is the sex appeal boy of the moment. Priscilla Lawson, his not yet divorced first wife, still carries a terrific torch for him and lets everyone know it.

(Please turn to page 12)

IN THE upper star brackets in Hollywood, lavish gifting has become de rigueur for illuminating gift-edged friendships. Big-name names spend a lot of money on expensive gifts for their families and friends. The Countess di Prasso has just added another glittering trinket to her eye-opening collection of amazing jewelry. The reason behind her acquiring the diamond and ruby brooch (fashioned in the shape of a cupid) sets up a new occasion for present giving, too. Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton presented it as a token of their gratitude for bringing them together. That should give you an idea of how Babs and Cary feel about each other.

ALL you movie-goers are in for a treat, or maybe I should call it a surprise, because without a doubt it will be that and more. After a lot of wrangling it has been definitely set that Katharine Hepburn, in the screen version of "Philadelphia Story," will wear in one scene a form-fitting, abbreviated bathing suit. Her studio has gone to bat and has begun propagandizing that she is twelve pounds heavier now than she ever was before. I can't wait to see that leg art of Katy!

THERE was a great hubbub and to-do in a smart night club the other night when Marlene Dietrich glammed and elbowed her way to a be-seen and see-all vantage spot smack on the dance floor. The buzzing was occasioned by her pathetic lack of escort man power. She looked practically deserted accompanied by only one man, a complete stranger—until somebody took another look, remembered, choked on his champagne and shouted, "It's her husband!"

A blonde señorita does the rumba in "Down Argentine Way." This is the rôle for which Betty Grable refused to dye her golden tresses.
QUESTION

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?

ANSWER...

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 Morison 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.
Tribute to Ida Lupino, who proves herself finest of Hollywood's younger actresses in "They Drive By Night"

AT LAST, little Lupino comes into her own. Her brilliantly vicious performance of an unscrupulous siren in "They Drive By Night" inevitably invites comparison with Bette Davis' Mildred in "Of Human Bondage." But, barring certain mannerisms, Miss Lupino's acting is definitely her own. She is one of Hollywood's few "originals," and we predict an important career for her if she is smart enough to resist the temptation to "do another Davis."

Don't call her "a second Bette Davis!" Ida Lupino in "They Drive By Night" plays a part similar to that enacted by Davis several years ago in "Border Town," but she has a style all her own. Close-ups above show Lupino in harrowing scenes from the new Warner picture in which she establishes herself as the most promising of all the current crop of screen actresses.
'Tugboat Annie Sails Again'

It's the happiest new-hit news in an age!
...And the happiest WARNER BROS. hit of all!
Just wait till you see it!

Norman Reilly Raine's

MARJORIE RAMBEAU as Annie
ALAN HALE as Bullwinkle
Gold Rush Maisie—M-G-M

Ann Sothern scores another hit as Maisie. The showgirl, who knows there'll be a gold rush because of the gold cabaret boom because of the gold rush, goes to Arizona hoping to get a job. This has a more serious tone than its two predecessors and shows Maisie coming to the aid of desperate Dust Bowl migrants. And once more Ann gives a grand performance as a lady in her cups. Its crisp, breezy dialogue is type men enjoy. Lee Bowman is also in the cast.

Maryland—20th Century-Fox

This film revolves around the breeding and training of thoroughbred horses. Fay Bainter plays an embittered horsewoman whose interest in horses is awakened when her son, John Payne, wins the Maryland Hunt Cup. Beautiful panoramas of Maryland's countryside, and flashing silks and scarlet coats of riders show Technicolor in all its splendor. Next to a spectacular steeplechase, film's high spot is a Negro revival. Brenda Joyce is cast.

Untamed—Paramount

A remake of Sinclair Lewis' "Mantrap," silent day film which starred Clara Bow, this has the usual romantic triangle set in the North Woods. Ray Milland plays a fast-living young city doctor who goes to the Far North to recuperate and falls in love with Patricia Morison, an wife of Akin Tamiroff (a rôle which cries for Lamour). Milland charming as the doctor. Technicolor shots of blizzards and snowdrifts are things of real beauty.

Sporting Blood—M-G-M

This tale of romance and horse racing concerns a small stable owner, Robert Young, who's compelled to return to his ancestral home in Virginia when he goes broke. Scorned by the community, especially Lockwood (Lewis Stone), he seeks revenge by marrying Stone's daughter, Maureen O'Sullivan, but through their mutual love of a horse he finds it's real love. Story is dull except in the training and racing sequences, and stable fire.

I Married Adventure—Columbia

An account of the daring adventures of Osa and the late Martin Johnson composed of film from their own cameras, shot on expeditions into dark Africa and Equator islands. This first-hand record of their jungle experiences pictures native customs and wild animal life never before filmed. Awe-inspiring: the mass migration of thirst-driven animals in search of water; thrilling: the shooting and capturing of wild beasts, particularly an orage-outang's capture. Educational.

The Man I Married—20th Century-Fox

This anti-Nazi film is a stirring indictment of cruelties practiced under the swastika. Joan Bennett gives one of her best characterizations as an American girl who accompanies her husband, Francis Lederer, on a trip to Germany and sees him won over to the Hitler doctrine and the wiles of Anna Sten, female Nazi. It's not pleasant filmfare, but because it pulls no punches, everyone should see it. Lederer convincing as the husband.

Scatterbrain—Republic

In-"tro"-"duc-ing Judy Canova! Judy, who has confounded radio audi-ences with her clowning, makes her movie début with a fine backwoods characterization. Through mistaken identity, a hillbilly girl (that's Judy) gets a trip to Hollywood and a chance at stardom. By the time the mistake is discovered she's clicked. Supporting cast is a winner—Eddie Foy, Jr., talent scout; Alan Mowbray, a screwball director; Billy Gilbert as a voice coach.

Carolina Moon—Republic

As a rule, the Western plains are Gene's stamping grounds, but in this one Autry, Smiley Burnette, Champion, and all their pals travel to the South to do their Boy Scout deed. They help the poor land owners save their tax-hardened plantations from falling into the hands of unscrupu-lous speculators. The scenery change doesn't make it any less exciting than Gene's other films and what it lacks in fast riding it makes up in hard fighting, tuneful numbers.
G O O D  B Y E
D A N D R U FF
S Y M P T O M S!

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.

The movie colony's past and present fuse could easily be written entirely in the language of flowers. In Hollywood when words fail, you simply send a profusion of appropriate blooms. It's rumored that Tony Martin still sends an unending chain of forget-me-nots to Alice Faye. Bill Powell still keeps Jean Harlow's memory close by having her favorite flowers always at her bier. Still in the flush of their romance, Dorothy and Gary are said to have gotten her two exotic white orchids from Greg Bautzer each day. Tyrone Power's dressing room is never without a bowl of devil's roses—Annamaria supplies them. In the language of flowers they mean "I love you!"

May Robson has just been awarded a singular and touching honor. Her insatiable taste for seeing new pictures has been recognized with a fitting tribute. Every important preview always had May right down in the front aisles. (She won't like this, but her eyes aren't what they were). May vented her chagrin by bits of 'cussin' on studio press agents if they forgot to let her know when their new pictures are being shown. Now, all the popular preview houses have had her over and have made two seats available for May at every new picture showing. She won't have to worry any more about missing anything up to the minute trend in the industry.

The town's most amusing nickname has been pinned on Cary Grant. Since his ardent company-keeping with blonde Barbara Hutton Reventlow he's been dubbed "Count." The young film player models at a recent charity fashion show could gleefully have choosed Irene Dunne. Irene, not modeling any of the smart rags, stole all the attention and wore her cap in a knockabout creation. The ensemble was in a smooth purplish color from head to heels, accentuated only by sleek narrow lines of black trim.

(please turn to page 14)
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!

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!
## Screenland's Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley

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### Across
1. Scarlet O'Hara's plantation
5. Birds' hill
10. He's featured in "The Boys from Syracuse"
13. Inspired with reverential fear
15. Pipes
16. "... With the Wind"
17. He's featured in "Captain Caution"
19. An untruth
20. Flowerless plants
21. A bond, fashioning (obsolete)
22. Co-star of "Broadway Melody of 1940"
25. To dine
26. A building material
28. Vaseful
30. Norma Shearer's new picture
32. Short poem
34. To pierce with a dagger
37. Tangle
38. Broad smile
39. Narrow band of cloth
40. The seventh note of the diatonic scale
41. To temper, as steel
43. The Orient
45. "I Was an Adventuress," with Zorina, Richard Greene
47. Part of a church
48. Fetish (poetic)
50. Severe
52. Evergreen trees
53. The "Oomph! Girl!"
54. An ample quantity
55. Small amount
57. Wrinkle or fold
59. An eagle
61. Her new one is "Dulcy"
63. Small carpet
66. View
68. A rig
69. Every day
71. Short jacket
72. Orchestra leader, with Bonnie Baker
74. To harvest
75. Bombastic talk
76. Brazen girl
77. To be (Latin)
78. "Quilting"

### Down
1. Social finesse
2. Not here
3. Film co-starring Laurence Olivier and Joan Fontaine
4. Eats
5. To have existence
6. Lending lady in "A Dare with Destiny"
7. Flyer
8. Sharp
9. Steamship (abbrev.)
10. "That Certain ... " a Deanna Durbin film
11. Her new one is "He Stayed for Breakfast"
12. She stars in "Irre"!
13. Bird's home
14. She retired from the screen at eleven
20. Away from
23. He stars in "Millionaires in Prison"
24. Uncoils
27. Serious-minded
29. Properties
30. A literary composition
31. To shoot from cover
33. The face of a clock
35. Aside
36. "Buck ... . Bides Again"
38. A valley
41. Famous mission fort in Texas
44. Land surrounded by water
47. Retired film star
49. Weights to hold a boat motionless in water
51. Foes
54. By
56. Mrs. Martin Johnson
58. He's featured in "Arizona"
59. At any time
60. Young girl in "Susan and God"
61. To mean of (simplified spelling)
64. Exclamation of woe
65. Pattern, example
67. An explosive
70. "We Who ... Young," with Lala Turner
72. Exclamation
73. Eastern state (abbrev.)

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**Answer to Last Month's Puzzle**

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### Across
1. "Happy Soul"
5. "Soul Ode"
9. "Ames and Others"
13. "Barnes Own"
16. "Reene"
19. "Alene"
22. "Bunt"
24. "Tante"
26. "Soda"
28. "Road" |

### Down
1. "Elle"
5. "Remake"
9. "Alto"
13. "Sob"
16. "Fields"
19. "Wet Rods"
22. "To Pray"
24. "Legs"
26. "Shone Are Was"
28. "Shield"
31. "Stuart"
34. "Led"
37. "Leslie"
40. "Pye"
43. "Iديل"
46. "Rein"
49. "Donat"
51. "Dyed"
52. "Seek"
54. "Ones"
"Too Many Girls" may be the title of Ann Miller's new film, but there never can be too many girls if they're as lovely and curvaceous as the raven-haired, dancing Ann.

**Hot from Hollywood**

Continued from page 14

Richard Cromwell proves again that he is one of the most versatile of Hollywood's talented young bloods. He has done enough of his own canvases to be able to give a one man show, which has just set the town on its ear. Not only did he get the praise of connoisseurs of line and detail, but he sold the picture that he's particularly proud of to song-writer Cole Porter.

Even Elsa Maxwell's enemies are feeling a little sorry for her these days. Her role in "Legacy" makes it necessary for her to do little else than puff on odorous black cigars throughout the picture. On the set, Elsa looks as wan and forlorn as Hedy Lamarr at a Joan Bennett party. Tobacco smoke gives her a desperately unstable feeling in her stomach. For once she isn't the life of the gathering!

Those pesky photographers just never leave the golden girls of the screen alone. They can't even eat lunch in peace. Every appearance at a popular Hollywood restaurant means a series of flashlights popping in their faces. But Lucille Ball can fix 'em. Lucille sat in the Brown Derby, chic as a Schiaparelli model. Soon a photographer was pushing a camera right up into her face. Quick as a flash Lucille popped off her sleek John Frederick's bonnet and there, a la topsy, was her strawberry hair tight to her head in curlers. The amazed and frightened bulbber backed away without as much as one shot.

**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!

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, delicate 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.

Stay popular! Every day...and before every date prevent underarm odor with Mum

For Sanitary Napkins

More women prefer Mum for this use, too, because it's gentle, safe...guards charm. Avoid offending—always use Mum!

MUM AFTER EVERY BATH SAVES POPULARITY

**MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**

**TO HERSELF:** I've got Jean—and Mum—to thank that bills in love!

**Screenland** 17
"Andy Hardy's Big Sister" — Cecilia Parker in private life
—invites you to a Southern California breakfast, with new and tempting recipes

Pretty Cecilia Parker welcomes friends at the quaint gate of her home. At right, in her gay yellow kitchen with the pumpkin chiffon pie her guests cry for.

By Betty Boone

Now made possible by amazing suppositories

CONTINUOUS ACTION IN FEMININE HYGIENE

Women have long wanted it. Scientists have struggled 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.

Called Zonitors, these dainty, snow-white suppositories spread a greaseless protective coating. To kill germs, bacteria on contact. To cleanse antiseptically. To deodorize—not by temporarily masking—but by destroying odor.

Zonitors are most powerful continuous-action suppositories. Yet entirely gentle to delicate tissues. Non-caustic, contain no poison. Don't burn. Even help promote healing.


Zonitors FREE

revealing booklet, sent in plain envelope, write Zonitors, Dept. 2099, Chrysler Bldg., New York City

NEW! Magnifying Pocket Radio

DURABLE PLASTIC CABINETS

Now you can have a genuine radio pocket-size for less than the cost of a single magazine. Reserve yours today, radio now! Send 5c for manufacturer's illustrated booklet.

Send No Money! Pay postman only $2.99 plus postage charged on arrival or send 52 for booklet. C.O.D. Cash or check. Satisfaction guaranteed. A must universal valued Order COMPLETE FREE Guide on "Radioportable" Radios outside U.S. A.

DIST. RADIO CO. Dist. 10-11, Kearney, Neb.

SONG POEM WRITERS

Write for free inspiring booklet outlining opportunities—no previous composition. Allied Music, Inc., Dept. 10, Box 507, Cleveland, Ohio

GIVEN AWAY!

Gorgeous Birthday Ningen Pocket or Pendant to mount in solid sterling silver. Your choice. Complete, your choice.

FOR deposit & 50c bond received at Rosebud Perfume Co., Box 22, Woonsocket, R.I.

SONGS WANTED

Completed manuscripts emulated for publication. P&O Tonite, Box 22, Woonsocket, R.I.

KILL THE HAIR ROOT

Remove superfluous hair completely at home. No burning directions with ordinary care and skill. The Zoniter Method positively prevents regrowth of hair. Satisfaction guaranteed.

D. J. Walter Co., Inc., Dept. 15, Providence, R.I.
of scarlet—scarlet leather cushions on the chairs, scarlet in the lamp shades on the chandelier, repeated in the hunting coats of the sports prints on the wall. The colors in kitchen and dining room have all the brilliance and gaiety of Mexico, but the living room is "pure Baldwin." It has cream-colored walls, a soft green rug, a grand piano set in a studio window, a fine mantel over the fireplace, plenty of deep comfortable chairs, low tables with lamps at good reading height, books and fresh cut flowers.

On the mantel are a pair of baby shoes with copper toes that once belonged to Dick and a tiny white kid shoe of Cecilia’s infancy. By 1941 there should be another pair of booties there. Some time around Thanksgiving John Robert Michael Baldwin is expected to join the family. "I can’t seem to think of any girls’

(please turn to page 90)

cooking, and Dick’s mother’s is antiques. She doesn’t live with us, but she has had a big part in helping us find what we want," said Cecilia. "She adores hunting up quaint and beautiful things. Sometimes it’s silver—she gave me all my lovely antique silver pieces—sometimes it’s lemon squeezer. She brought out a china figure whose head lifted off to disclose the squeezing ribs, and a wooden squeezer something like a nutcracker.

The silver was on the buffet in the dining room, a gay place done with touches

Cecilia isn’t kidding about her cooking hobby—she collects not only recipes but kitchen gadgets. Above, with old wooden lemon squeezer. At right, she serves a special Southern California breakfast to her guests, including our Betty Boone.
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
DEAR WONDER-BOY:

I've been owing you this letter for a long, long time—although I must say you certainly don't look it. Tell us your secret of eternal youth, will you, buddy? Guess some of the Hollywood Glamor Girls would give a lot to know it, too.

Now the reason it has taken me so long to write you this letter is that somehow you just aren't the sort of movie star who gets fan mail. You deserve as many letters as Nelson Eddy, but you don't get 'em. And it's about time something was done about recognizing you as the important person you really are.

Frankly, I think you, and other character actors like you, mean more to motion pictures than a dozen Glamor Boys. They may have more hair, and less chin—but you have the artistry, whether it's appreciated or not. I was reminded of how much we movie-goers owe you in the way of entertainment when in the past few weeks I saw you in two pictures: "The Sea Hawk," in which you did a grand job once more as Errol Flynn's right-hand strong man; and "They Drive By Night," in which you achieved a genuinely fine characterization of a ridiculous but lovable good-time Charlie in the clutches of Ida Lupino. Somehow we've been seeing you around so long that we've been taking you for granted; we've got so used to your cherubic countenance and genial laugh or awful roar that we overlook you and concentrate on the newer, younger faces—and figures. But that's not fair and I want to make it up to you. That is, I'm trying. I wanted to print a nice, dignified portrait of Hale—you know, one of those with tricky lighting and a soulful look. I wanted to—but I couldn't find one. All I could dig up was the funny-looking picture you see here—wearing a straw hat, of all things, and a broad grin!

Well, that's what I get for trying to glamorize a grand guy like you.

Delight Evans
Robert Montgomery couldn’t find words with which to thank Bette Davis for her tireless efforts on behalf of the Red Cross, but his expression was enough.

Roz Russell, shown with Bette, also took part in the Red Cross Benefit Party at the Tom May estate in Beverly Hills. Workers wore distinguishing ribbon sashes.

Maybe the William Powells, shown dining at the Grove, are no longer considered newlyweds, but Diana still looks at Bill with that adoring bridey look in her eye.

Looking strangely unfamiliar with his long moustache, Fredric March attended the party for raising Red Cross funds with Mrs. March and Richard Barthelmess.
All young lovers like to be by themselves and Jimmy Stewart and Olivia de Havilland are no exception. They’ve found a quiet corner table at the Cocoanut Grove, above.

Whether it’s a Red Cross fund raising party or a private little party for two, like the Stewart—de Havilland one, SCREENLAND’S cameraman, Len Weissman, catches them all.

Irene Dunne, Jeanette MacDonald, and Myrna Loy, three of the Hollywood beauties who solicited subscriptions for the Red Cross, seem happy over their generous receipts.

Claudette Colbert made Gene Raymond come through with another contribution as his wife, Jeanette MacDonald, who got Gene’s first liberal donation, looks on smilingly.
Why My Marriage Ended in Heartbreak!
A Hollywood Bride Tells

How two grand young people, terribly in love, tried to lick the movie-marriage jinx—and failed. The inside story of the Wayne Morris separation

By Elizabeth Wilson

ONE of the most beautiful homes in Brentwood is now for sale. On a high knoll facing the blue Pacific it stands, lonely and aloof, wrapped in the brooding stillness of a love that is lost forever, a happiness that will never come back.

It is the home of two grand young people who couldn't make a go of marriage. It is the home of blond, broad-shouldered Wayne Morris, and of his lovely, dark-eyed wife, the former Bubbles Schinasi. They no longer want their home. Hurt and heartbroken, and terribly bewildered by it all, they no longer want each other.

To this home, a wedding present
from his gracious and attractive mother-in-law, Wayne brought his eighteen-year-old heiress bride less than two years ago, carrying her across the threshold in the well-known tradition of bridegrooms. And to this home last December he brought his infant son, Michael, who even at the early age of two weeks was the “spittin’ image” of his old man.

Not so many months ago there was laughter around the Morris’ luxurious swimming pool where gathered on hot afternoons Hollywood’s younger set—Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan, Anne Shirley and John Payne, Frances Robinson, Patricia Ellis, and others. There was laughter and the sound of music in the huge playroom on the second floor where Bubbles played Gershwin and Eddy Duchin records, and Wayne took on all comers at billiards or ping pong.

But now all is silence. Wayne has moved to an apartment hotel in Hollywood. Bubbles, heartick in a house filled with memories, stays for the most part with her mother and grandmother, her young sister and brother, who are spending the summer and early fall near the beach at Santa Monica. The imposing Morris estate in Brentwood, with its spacious rolling lawns, the honeymoon home of Wayne and Bubbles, is for sale.

When Bubbles (her real name is Leonora, but no one ever calls her that) married Wayne at the Victor Hugo in Beverly Hills on January 8, 1939, exactly two months and three weeks after their first meeting, the Hollywood writers and columnists fairly drooled all over their type-writers. To be sure, big, blond, twenty-four-year-old Wayne and his slender brunette Bubbles, who looks very much like a fairy princess from a childhood story book, were quite the youngest and most handsome couple Hollywood had seen in many a moon. No wonder the columnists cooed and gurgled. “These two young people have everything,” they wrote. “Wayne is one of Hollywood’s most liked movie stars, and Bubbles is one of New York’s most popular young socialites. With Wayne’s fame and Bubbles’ fortune, with their youth and attractiveness, their marriage is bound to be a happy one.” And so we all believed.

Why then did their marriage end in heartbreak? It’s rather a pity to have to blame Hollywood—poor Hollywood gets blamed for everything these days—but I’m afraid Hollywood must be blamed for the failure of another marriage. Bubbles herself refuses to place the blame on Hollywood where she has spent seventeen of the most eventful months of her young life. “I like Hollywood,” she says, “Of course I like New York better. I was born there, it’s a part of me, it’s my home. I shall return there this fall, but Michael and I will spend a part of every year in Hollywood.”

I first met Wayne and Bubbles on the train which was taking a bunch of writers and (Please turn to page 76)

Pat O’Brien’s Message

“T HE only time I ever feel like quitting motion pictures is when I think of you kids.”

That’s how Pat O’Brien began to give his advice to you kids. And although he was, presumably, talking to me, at least I sat across the luncheon table from him, he almost seemed to forget I was there, he seemed to be talking right over my shoulder to YOU.

As for me, I neither resented his detachment nor felt any surprise. For Pat was in his incredibly realistic make-up as Knute Rockne and so uncannily did he resemble the late, great coach that it’s no wonder Mrs. Rockne wept when she saw him make love to Gale Page, who plays Mrs. Rockne in the picture; no wonder it was eerily easy for me to confuse the two men in my mind so that the detachment of O’Brien’s (?), Rockne’s (?) manner seemed natural, even a trace supernatural.

Why, when Mrs. Rockne first came to Hollywood to advise on “Knute Rockne—All American,” Pat, with that sensitiveness of his which, unfailingly, touches the hearts of people gently, invited her to dinner at his home the night she arrived. There he showed her a series of stills taken of his Rockne make-up in successive stages so that when she saw him actually before her, the shock would not be too great.

So, then, his eyes beyond me, somewhere out there in the world where all you kids live and learn, he was saying: “You’ve got one big danger to meet and overcome, kids. It’s this; It’s too easy for youth today to get soft, inside and out. That’s what I had in mind when I said I sometimes think of quitting motion pictures. Just because you kids see fellows like us, making big dough, getting a lot of fame and hand-clapping and spotlight, you
As told to Gladys Hall

Listen, you kids! Pat isn't preaching, he's telling you out of his own 40 years' experience how you can make the most of being good Americans in this troubled world.

may think it all came so easily. You may think, 'When those guys get it soft and easy like that, why try?' Matter of fact, kids, for guys like Cagney and Tracy and Brent and Gable and lots of us, it came so hard. And you kids can believe it or not, can tell me I'm a fine one to talk and you won't buy, but I tell you the harder it comes, the greater the glory and, what is more important, the deeper the satisfaction.

"Sure, some of us in this business do a sky-rocket act, get Up There in that well-known 'overnight' time. But check on it, kids. Watch and wait and see how long the easy-does-it fellows stay up there before you make snap judgments. It's always a darned sight easier to fall down, you know, than it is to climb up, especially if you haven't built a good, strong ladder under you. Make a note of that, too.

"I'll come back to myself in a minute, tell you a few of the chores I did before, long before I ever saw my name in electric lights or fat figures on a pay-check. Why, I remember like it was yesterday standing on the corner of 42nd Street and Broadway, hungry as a hyena, and watching fat old dodos rolling (Continued on page 91)
The happiest girl in Hollywood today is Loretta Young. Loretta’s usually a very calm, matter-of-fact sort of person, with more poise than an Irene Dunne; but today I found her actually fluttering from telephone to hairbrush to memo pad. “I know it’s wicked to be so happy,” she said, briskly brushing her lovely hair, which she will tell you is horrible hair because it’s so soft it will never stay in place. “I know I shouldn’t be so happy with all this suffering and sorrow in the world. But I am happy. I can’t help it.”

Loretta, whom I have known for eight years, and I were talking in the bedroom of her charming Colonial house in Bel Air. Her wedding day was only a few days off. (By the time you read this Loretta will have knelt before the altar at St. Paul’s Catholic Church and become the bride of good-looking radio executive Tom Lewis.) The room was in delightfully feminine confusion. On the chairs and on the bed were scattered boxes and tissue paper, heavenly French nightgowns, divinely beautiful negligees, lingerie, hosiery, slippers, and all the odds and ends of a clothes-loving young woman’s trousseau.

But the pièce de résistance was the wedding dress. Created by “Irene,” and guaranteed to take your breath away by its sheer loveliness, it is made of a layer of pink net, a layer of purple net, a layer of light blue net, a layer of darker blue net—and gives the effect of smoke. Hollywood has never had a wedding dress as beautiful as that.

While I was oh-ing and ah-ing, Loretta was called to the phone again and I heard her tell one of Hollywood’s hostesses that she appreciated it and all that, but please don’t give her a shower. “No showers,” she said sweetly but positively. “I think the Red Cross is more important.”

Turning to me she said, “Isn’t that dress a dream! I’m going to carry blue and purple water lilies with a spray or so of pink lilacs. I never knew I could be so happy.”

It will be a small wedding, I (Please turn to page 88)
"To think she had sense enough to pick a swell guy like that!" says Hollywood of the romantic marriage of the screen's most glamorous bachelor girl.

The real thing this time! Loretta Young as the bride of advertising executive Tom Lewis (with her on facing page) finds all her dreams coming true. After her elopement at 17 with Grant Withers (below) and her annulment, Loretta's life was a series of gay parties and handsome escorts—Brod Crawford, David Niven among others.
The girl thought it was enough for anybody, this roof and the stars and the moon. What if she couldn’t see the stars for all the smoke spreading skyward over the city and the moon behind the murky mist was scarcely more than a luminous shadow—they were there, weren’t they, any fool knew that. And she’d seen them often enough in the movies to know what they looked like, not to count the time they’d been scattered all over Jimmy’s and her head coming home on the Hudson River boat after the office outing.

And the roof! What more could anyone ask? When she didn’t look down so her eyes avoided the crazy criss-cross of the washlines hung on their pulleys from one house to the next and she didn’t see the kids playing in the alley or Mr. Murphy in his shirtsleeves and policeman’s pants reading his paper on the fire-escape or Mrs. Schwartz and Mrs. Casey leaning out of their kitchen windows and shouting their animated conversations; but instead looked straight up at the sky so she didn’t really see anything, but only felt the cool breeze from the river fresh on her face, and with music coming out of Jimmy’s portable radio—why, with just imagining a little she could almost swear she was on one of those cruises she saw advertised in the papers all the time.

But the boy wasn’t so easily satisfied. He didn’t like being poor and he was always trying to think of ways of bettering himself. That’s why he was forever going in for all the contests he heard about on the radio. Not only going in for them, but believing right up until the very end when the contest winners were announced that some of those easy riches were going to tumble right into his arms. Right now it was the Parker House Coffee slogan contest he had entered, and the winners were to be announced that night.

(Please turn to page 72)

We all want to win! Here’s what happens when an office boy and his stenographer girl friend find their dreams coming true. Fictionized from the Paramount picture by Preston Sturges, who also wrote "The Great McGinty." It’s good reading and good fun.

Complete Fictionization by

Elizabeth B. Petersen

Copyright, 1940, by Paramount Pictures. Complete cast and credits on Page 72.
Hooray-

We’re Rich!

Suppose YOU suddenly won a prize of $25,000. What would you do with it? Read how Dick Powell and Ellen Drew spent the money in our fictionization of grand new film, "The New Yorkers"
"Darling," said Ray Milland tenderly, "let's not be like everyone else. Let's be different and not bore people with long drawn-out stories about the baby. We'll just talk about him when we are alone here at home. Promise?"

Mrs. Milland made a lovely picture lying there in her four-posted white organdie-canopied bed. The late afternoon sun streaming in through the bedroom windows seemed to warm the petals of the vivid rose-patterned walls. It was one of those sacred moments—almost embarrassing to two people deeply in love. Lounging across the foot of the bed, Ray gazed adoringly into the eyes of his son's mother, who had just that day returned from the hospital.

"I'll try my best, Jack," said Mrs. Milland, using the only name she knows for him. Her voice was sincere. She appreciated the honest emotion that accompanied her husband's words. But she smiled knowingly to herself.

By Jerry Asher
The date of this intimate little peek into the private life of a Hollywood father is March 16th, just ten days after the precarious and premature birth of Daniel David Milland. Time marches on. We find the youngest of the male Millands hale and hearty, completely unimpressed by the importance of his existence. His famous father, it seems, is enjoying a change of heart.

This time we catch up with proud papa at a party given by the Jack Bennys. The huge drawing room is crowded with famous people. In one corner the host is working himself into a lather, telling a story to Robert Taylor, Tyrone Power, and Cesar Romero. Just as Benny reaches a hysterical climax, Ray Milland crashes the group. "Did you see these new pictures of the baby?" he cries. Completely ignoring his cool reception, he drags out a portfolio. Now Gary Cooper carries around snapshots of his youngster in his wallet. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., sports a miniature of daughter Daphne in a locket on his watch-chain. But Ray Milland, completely undaunted, exhibits huge life-size portrait heads!

"I'll finish that story when Mr. Dionne relaxes," cracks Benny, with good-natured sarcasm.

Amusing as it is, Ray's paternal pandemonium is not without justification. Eight years of married life transpired before the advent of little "Dee-Dee." They were building their new Beverly Hills home (built with mellowed wood from a scuttled ship) when their cherished dream one day became a reality. Hurried last minute plans included repapering the (Please turn to page 84)
Gentle TITAN

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

CHARLES LAUGHTON doesn’t like Hollywood society but in every other respect considers it an honest place. This reverses the usual reports on the mad Mecca of the movies. It is customary to curse the front office, the producers, the supervisors and the terrible demands of the publicity department, then coo about Norma, Marlene, Connie and Ronnie. But this Laughton is different.

“Fear rules Hollywood,” he said. “And snobbism of the most vicious sort. People hesitate before accepting a mere dinner invitation for fear the right people may not attend. They debate going to a première. Who will be there? Who is behind it? It’s all very silly and a trifle nauseating. Elsa and I go where we please, choose our friends with a free hand, and confine our acting to the screen.

“If I may say so, ‘we’ll live and pray and sing and tell old tales and laugh at gilded butterflies and hear poor rogues talk of court news; who loses and who wins, who’s in, who’s out,—as if we were God’s spies.’” He smiled at the pathos of the quotation. “That bit from King Lear, act five, scene three, indicates that Shakespeare had a horrible premonition of present day Hollywood.”

To interpolate a speech from Lear into ordinary conversation might seem presumptuous, not to say henny, in any one but Laughton, or perhaps Barrymore. But the British star rendered it so naturally that it fitted in.

He is a large, spreading man with pendulous lower lip, lop ears and unruly hair, who makes you forget his appearance once he begins to talk. He is evocative, stimulating, witty in a sly fashion, and at home in many fields.

Since we had met in Hollywood five years ago, when he was doing one of his lesser portrayals in “The Barretts,” he had taken a fling at producing his own pictures, Mayflower Productions, with Eric Pomer, once the guiding genius of Ufa, as his partner. The war put an end to this activity, with both partners contracting with RKO to deliver two pictures a year.

“In London we tried to do only the sort of pictures we liked,” said Laughton, “and we approached them with enthusiasm born of belief in them. Propaganda had no place in our productions nor were we concerned unduly with that mystic control, box office.”

Did he find producing with his own money very different from previous picture work?

“Certainly not,” said Laughton blandly. “I’ve always had a pretty fair understanding of production problems. I’ve seen the advisability of shooting fifty men from such an angle as to make them look like a mob of five hundred, marching troops past the camera and photographing them five ways for a montage effect—similar economic strokes of genius. And I’ve always realized that time is money. That a shooting schedule had to be maintained. My people have always been (Please turn to page 89)
EVERYBODY'S TALKING ABOUT

"ESCAPE"!

Most powerful new screen drama, from sensational novel by Ethel Vance, co-stars Robert Taylor, Norma Shearer
Sometimes she's the elusive beauty; then she'll be a gay outdoor girl. No wonder she still fascinates Clark!
Lady of Luxury
Irene Dunne, Hollywood's Best Dressed Woman, gives us exclusive pre-view of her new precious furs and jewels

Miss Dunne, on facing page, wears a long coat of crossed fox over her tailored tweed suit of golden pheasant tones. Her hat, an autumn leaf felt, is trimmed with golden pheasant tail feathers. The lapel of her suit is accented by a stunning gold branch with diamond and topaz blossoms. Her alligator bag, doekin gloves and cashmere sweater are of a matching dark brown. Below, a close-up of Irene Dunne in her most glamorous afternoon ensemble. A huge gold and diamond poppy is clipped to one side of her mink cape; her hat and bag are of orange, green, and brown plaid faille. At right, she brightens her black faille dress with an unusual clip of moonstones and a diamond dove in flight, carrying a diamond olive branch. Her soft gray-blue velvet hat is trimmed with ashes of roses feathers. Her short jacket is of blue fox.
Fresh from his triumphant voyage in "The Sea Hawk," ebullient Errol plunges into new adventure in "Santa Fe Trail"
“Extra added attraction” of many a movie, Miss Wyman once more proves her versatility in “Tugboat Annie Sails Again”
They're Together Again

LINDA DARNELL
in "Brigham Young"

TYRONE POWER
Since Virginia Dale's first film hit in "Buck Benny Rides Again," this pretty blonde from Charlotte, N.C., has appeared in "Dancing on a Dime" and will be seen in six pictures in the next year—and none too many
Patricia Morison's provocative beauty and definite acting talents have made her an actress to be watched with more than usual interest. See her in "Rangers of Fortune," with Fred MacMurray.
Presenting, by popular demand of her devoted fans, the latest and prettiest portrait of Jeanette MacDonald. Her next: "Bittersweet," with Nelson Eddy, as usual, opposite
Here you are, girls! The most lively and likeable new portrait—and in uniform, too—of your favorite, Robert Cummings. He has his best role in a long time opposite Deanna Durbin in "Spring Parade." And—news—he sings with Deanna.
After her two costume dramas—“Elizabeth and Essex” and “All This, and Heaven Too”—Miss Davis wears today’s clothes and coiffure in the 1940 version of Somerset Maugham’s “The Letter,” with Herbert Marshall.
Cooper is seen as you like him in a typical hard-ridin', hard-shootin' rôle in Samuel Goldwyn's production of "The Westerner." Gary's femme following will rejoice to know that romance is not neglected in this new picture—the star shares his shy love scenes with two lovely ladies: Doris Davenport, left; and Lillian Bond
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

Martha Scott, Cary Grant in Columbia's "The Howards of Virginia"
New days—new ways! New ways with hair, in the appealing pompadour you’ll be trying soon. With it, little pillboxes worn far back, bonnets that bare the brow, jewelled or metal ear-clips. New ways with clothes. Pinafores to the fore, even for evening. A great vogue for velveteen. Less swirl to skirts, less brevity to jackets, less bulk to furs. New ways with color. Deep blues for winter wearing, huckleberry and purple shades galore, blue-greens and rusty, red-fox browns.

Two contrast colors for accessories with a third in your dress. Or all accessories in one matching deep tone. Red, white and blue triumphant everywhere. Belts and bags in ruddy polished cowhide. New ways with faces, too. A deeper, more vehement crimson on your lips, a bronzier tint for your cheeks. And new ways for your figure. The waistline where it was, the shoulders less stressed . . . and very significant, the whittled-down hipline prophetic of a slimmer silhouette.
Reversible hoodcoat, ultra useful! Over-plaid tweed on one side, natural gabardine on the other. The hood unbuttons off, for town. Wear it over a plain wool dress with tailored accessories. Its boxy lines look well on all figures. About $11.00 is all, at J. Goldsmith & Sons, Memphis; The Dayton Co., Minneapolis; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle. Hold everything—in a grand carry-all like this half-circle feedbag in cowhide, calf or suede. About $5.00 at Bonwit Teller; Field-Schlick, Inc., St. Paul; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas.
Two more country-city coats, high in style, low in price! First, subtle colored stripes in a fitted topcoat. News because of the button interest...the pockets in tiers...the fashion-first fabric, patterned fleece. Best on slim or average figures because of the bold design and snug waistline and best worn over a plain dress with no conflicting print or stripe pattern. All you pay is about $11.00 at Sattler's, Inc., Buffalo; Famous-Barr Co., St. Louis. The calot is of felt braid, punctuated by a fluffy quill. Just simple enough to complete the costume smartly, since the coat has so much color and detail. Only $2.00 at Ohrbach's; B. Forman Company, Rochester; The May Co., Cleveland.

The fleece is in, very much in for Fall! Here, it's that talked-about plaid-back fleece, cozy enough for the coldest days. Oatmeal color with cheerful yellow and brown plaid on the reverse. Because of its thick fabric, this coat is best for slim figures. Pleasantly enough, only about $17.00. Write for store names. Her backward halo is softly draped in rust felt, better on regular-featured faces. About $5.00 at R. H. Macy & Co.; Jordan Marsh Co., Boston; Livingston's, San Francisco; The glad plaid bag, very schoolbag in style, has complete fittings, even to a memo pad! Wool and rayon fabric. A find for $1.00! Strawbridge & Clothier, Phila.; Sibley, Lindsay & Curr, Rochester; Sanger Bros., Dallas.
She marries—in a charming dark crepe frock with draped bodice and front-full skirt. The pastel lace yoke and cuffs are exquisitely jewelled with tiny pearls and rhinestones. After the wedding, it's perfect for bridge parties and dressy evenings. About $30.00 at Dana de Paris, New York; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Carson, Pirie, Scott Co., Chicago. Little bonnet of black velvet with baby bows massed over the brow. $7.00 at Dana de Paris; L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis; J. W. Robertson, L. A.
She dances—in a dramatic Spanish-influence gown of satin-striped Celanese rayon moire of vivid emerald green and white. Enormously effective and only about $20.00 at Dana de Paris, New York; Himelhoch Bros., Detroit.

She goes shopping in a short jacket of skunk-dyed opossum with tuxedo front, good with tailored or frivolous clothes and even as a formal wrap. About $40.00 at R. H. White Company, Boston; Erlanger Dry Goods, Alliance; Herman's, Milwaukee. Felt Buster Brown beret with peep-hole crown, about $5.00 at John Shillito Company, Cincinnati; Famous-Barr Co., St. Louis. The shirred suede bag has insertions of faille, is only $3.00 at Higbee Company, Cleveland; Wanamaker's, Philadelphia. She goes calling in a rayon crepe frock with a wide belt studded in turquoise and gold. Good economy—it's only about $8.00 at Ed. Schuster & Co., Milwaukee; Frederick Nelson, Seattle. Baker-cap beret in felt with contrast belting, only $2.00 at J. L. Hudson Company, Detroit; Kaufman's, Pittsburgh; Paris Company, Salt Lake City. Her broadcloth bag, studded in gold, $3.00 at Best & Co.; Halle Bros., Cleveland.
Lots of talk about slacks. Hers on the left are the new fly-front kind, topped by a mannish bush jacket with huge pockets and brass buttons. Very grand in rayon-and-wool gabardine. Perfect for slim or average figures, but everything underneath should be under panty-girdle control! Slacks and jacket, each about $4.00 at Saks 34th Street.

Corduroy can take it! Miss Spirit-of-Halloween cuts up in a knee-cap-skirt of washable pinwale corduroy with lightered lumberjack top. Knee-cap skirts should never hit above the knee, you know! About $3.00 for the skirt, about $4.00 for the topper at Hochschild-Kohn, Baltimore; S. Camp, Washington, D. C.; Falk Mercantile, Boise. With knee-cap skirts, short socks are taboo. The right kind are knee-high, like these of cablestitch wool. Only $1.00 at Lord & Taylor; the Blum Store, Philadelphia; Sage-Allen Co., Hartford. Felt calot with chipper quill, about $2.00 at John G. Meyers Co., Albany; John W. Thomas Co., Minn.; A. Polsky, Akron. Tan cowhide moccasins, $4.00 at Davison-Paxon, Atlanta.

Economy Angle on the Great Outdoors
Gabardine gets around for sports. Dutch-treat juniper of rayon-and-wool gabardine, buttoning down the back for perfect fit. With it, a lighter-toned little shirt of the gabardine. This outfit's ideal on slim young things; larger sizes should wear jumpers with unbroken princess lines, gored from top to hem. Juniper about $4.00 and shirt $3.00 at Robertson Bros., Des Moines; George B. Peck, Kansas City; Hall Bros., San Francisco.

Below left: Gadget bags like this fat little capeskin pouch are convenient as well as cute. They'll hold all your odds and ends and are not extravagant at $2.00. Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.; Hess Brothers, Allentown. Spun-rayon beauty of a blouse in knockout bold stripes. Gray with red, kelly or copen or cinnamon with brown. $2.00! Saks 5th Street; Carson, Pirie, Scott Co., Chicago.

Below right: Duet in plaid. The little jacket's of wool plaid with knit sleeves and scallop-edging. With it, a gay, gored skirt of the plaid. Red with brown, blue with natural. About $4.00 for each at L. Bamberger, Newark; Grace P. Hawks, Salt Lake City.
This is the story of a girl who bought a dress, even as you and I. It was a nice one she found BUT because alterations always annoyed her, she never bothered with the little adjustments that would have made the dress really flatter her figure. False economy! See her sad story told in pictures, the horrid examples on the left and the right versions on the right. And all purposely exaggerated to show the pitfalls that can keep you from really having a fit!

SHOULDER
Very sad and sorry. When it's left too low, as here, you get a dejected, down-in-the-mouth air. This fitting fault completely ruins an otherwise smart appearance. See that your shoulder seams fall precisely at the shoulder-bone. Pick them up with tiny darts if they don't!

SLEEVE
Whoa, there! Much too long and not even a whit fitted in. Another very common oversight. Sleeves must never droop down but come just to the wrist-bone. Then, the arm portion should never be sloppy and loose (unless it's a loose-fitting sleeve) but snugly close-fitting.
SKIRT
What a whirl, too much in fact! Overfullness spoils a garment's lines, distorts the way it hangs. Too much flare is as bad as too little. All excess width should be taken out at the side seams so there's nary a hint of awkward bulge.

WAIST
Just too low-down! Another too-frequent fault. Low-slung waistlines make you look dumpy and dowdy. The waist should be indicated at the figure's natural in-curve with all extra fabric removed to give a sharp, incisive line.

Here, our heroine really has a fit. Her young-minded dress is of spun-rayon, all sprightly checks. The skirt's nicely full and there's a clever sideways neck. Little tab pocket and touches of soutache braid are other new notes. Blue, earth, oxford or green, all with white. The price is unexpectedly less than $7.00 at The John Shillito Co., Cincinnati; Carson, Pirie, Scott Co., Chicago; Schuster's, Milwaukee. Button-button bracelet, a Martha Sleeper design. Catalin buttons strung on cord. Only $1.00 at Saks Fifth Ave., New York; The F. & R. Lazarus Company, Columbus; The May Company, L. A.
DU Barry Face Freshening Fillip is the face formula for Fall! First you cleanse with the Dry Skin Cleansing Cream. Next you mix a little Special Cleaning Preparation with water, applying the paste to face and neck. When almost dry, scrub briskly, then wash off. Weather-worn skin flakes away, revealing fresh "baby" skin! Yours for $1.00 which the cleansing cream alone usually costs. So you really get a "buy." At better drug and department stores.

Finding the precisely correct shampoo is important! Admiration has all the answers. Foamy Oil Shampoo for average hair leaves the hair immaculate. For hair that needs conditioning, Non-Lathering Olive Oil Treatment cleanses without lathering and the olive oil base lubricates. Non-Lathering Pine Tar Treatment is ideal for oily hair. Its astringent effect helps counteract oiliness. On sale at drug and department stores. There are several sizes, too—$.50, $.75 and $1.25.

For a limited time, enjoy two fine beauty aids at the price of one! Free with each fifty cent jar of Woodbury Cold Cream, Facial Cream, Cleansing Cream or Dry Skin Cream...a twenty-five cent bottle of Almond Rose Hand Lotion. Smooth it on daily for lovely silky hands. Take advantage of this special value at chain, drug and department stores.

Perfumed nail polish remover by Barbara Gould is a new note, pink-tinted and lightly scented. Because of its oily base, it will not have a drying effect. Neither will it dry or impair the nails and cuticle in any way at all. Ask for it at the cosmetic counter of your favorite store or at drug stores. Not an extravagance, either. The price is only $.25 for two ounces.

For American beauties, an enticing new series of American Beauty bath luxuries. Fragrant bath crystals and airy dusting powder in glass jars with an old-time rose pattern. Sparkling cologne in a lovely matching decanter. Each, $1.00. Two drams of the perfume, $1.00, and four nine-ounce bars of the Savon Sachet for $1.00. At drug and department stores.

Time to sleuth for a smart new Autumn nail-polish shade. Dura Gloss has two that are definitely different! True Red is clear, brilliant, a perfect splash of color with deep browns and forest greens. Red Wine has the mellow vividness that blends beautifully with winter blues, purplish tones, black. The bottle "nail" cap shows the color, on. Chain stores, $1.00.

To keep up with fashion, you'll wear a pompadour. To keep up your pompadour, there's Ben Hur's Coiffeurrette, on the left. A roll of woven horseclear on a hair-roller, worn fore or aft. About $.50 at R. H. Macy & Co. Handy indeed is Miss Lady's Turban of processed Pliofilm. Wear it in the shower or house-cleaning. Light as a feather and lightweight price, too! Two in the little round box at the right, only $1.00. Department stores, everywhere.

You'll whoop with glee over Elmo's new "Indian Love Call" colors in Climatized Lipsticks and Creme Rouge inspired by the rich tones of Indian pottery and beaded leather. Indian Paint Brush, a light flame, for copper, brown. Navajo, a true crimson, for blues, black. Pow-wow, a deep red, for purple, wine. Elmo's Climatized cosmetics are especially blended and contain ingredients that help offset the effects of the wind, cold and sun. Cosmetic counters and drug stores, $1.00 each.
PEARLS PREFERRED

For centuries, lovely women have worn pearls as their preferred ornament. Today, too, their classic charm and correctness with all clothes gives them a stellar rôle in the style scene. Here we show you how to pick your pearls, just what kind are most flattering for just what type. Coro Pearls, illustrated, at Franklin Simon & Co., New York; William F. Gable, Altoona; Mabley & Carew, Cincinnati. On the right—To be smart is to be sideways. These are the very new side-draped pearls, designed to wear with the new one-sided silhouette scheduled to be a fashion “first.” The price is $3.00.

Below—For slimmer, longer necks, massive jewelry is ideal. Bulky ornaments foreshorten nicely. The smart thick twist of pearls is excellent, giving quite an optical-illusion effect by disguising scrawniness and lending rounded contours. Only $1.00.

Above—For broad, square jaws, earrings of double pearls in a downward row are good. These carry the eye down, thus add length. Dangling pearl earrings are also flattering. For this broader face, a simple one-strand necklace is best. The earrings are $.50 and the necklace is $1.00.

Above—For the thicker, shorter neck, clumpy ornaments are bad. Massive jewelry subtracts from height. To add height, a simple classic 3-strand necklace is ideal, worn with a low v-neckline which helps create the longer line so needed. The price of the necklace illustrated is only $1.00.
Pick your pictures here and guarantee yourself good entertainment without loss of time and money.

"WHEN THE DALTONS RODE"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: ACTION!

APPEAL: To every red-blooded movie fan who loves a good "Western."

PLOT: Streamlined super-Western melodrama of exploits of Dalton Brothers, Kansas dare-devils who became outlaws in land-grabbing days. There's a hold-up or a chase every few feet; in fact, it's cliché cinema and proud of it. And you'll love it.

PRODUCTION: Everything you demand of a Western, only more of it: more hold-ups, more killings, more of everything. The ridin' and the shootin' are on a colossal scale. May give you an earache but worth it. Photography is superb, with gargantuan outdoor pictures.

ACTING: Simply swell, especially Broderick Crawford as the most reckless of the Daltons—he's shooting his way to stardom. Brian Donlevy, Andy Devine, Frank Albertson are next best in order named. Mary Gordon is fine as mother of the Daltons, but Kay Francis and Randolph Scott are pallid as the stock romantic leads.

"THE SEA HAWK"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: SPECTACULAR!

APPEAL: To romanticists who can't get enough of Elizabethan adventure.

PLOT: Derring-do on the high seas for the glory of good old Queen Bess, with incredibly brave and patriotic "pirate" bringing home the booty as he thumps his nose at Spain. Court intrigue too often interferes with robust action aboard the Albatross, but when the story's all at sea it's a thriller.

PRODUCTION: Lavish and beautiful, with grand scenes of sea fights and handsome pictures of palace life, Hollywood version. Michael Curtiz's direction is sufficiently spirited when script calls for action; but bogs down to dreary stateliness when dialogue gets in the way. Your ears may be bored but it's a feast for the eyes from start to fadeout.

ACTING: Field-day for Errol Flynn in the title rôles, his best since "Captain Blood." Brenda Marshall is a nice, unaffected heroine who won't annoy the Flynn fanettes. Flora Robson is a technically expert but uninspired Queen. Claude Rains, Alan Hale best in support.

"SOUTH of PAGO-PAGO"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: ROMANTIC!

APPEAL: Plenty, if you've never outgrown your yen for South Sea Island stuff.

PLOT: White man—and woman—come to South Sea paradise; native boy love white woman, but white woman after pearls. Don't stop me if you've heard this one before, because it's always good, especially when native boy is Jon "Hurricane" Hall.

PRODUCTION: All you want of a South Sea picture, with tropical touches galore including pearl-diving, native dances, and luscious scenery. Granted you enjoy this sort of thing, you'll get more than your money's worth.

ACTING: In his first rôle since "Hurricane," photogenic Jon Hall is the native boy-oh-boy, giving a good, modest performance as well as exhibiting the screen's foremost physique in diving and native dancing. Little Olympe Bradna is a charming native sweetheart, Victor McLaglen is his usual lusty self as the invading white man. Stolid Frances Farmer, as a white siren in the South Seas, season's worst casting.
to the BEST CURRENT PICTURES

Delight Evans

"THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: HILARIOUS!
APPEAL: Frankly for nonsense-lovers—it's all in fun.
PLOT: Just one mix-up after another, involving two sets of twins in ancient Greece, adapted very freely from George Abbott's Broadway stage success by Rodgers and Hart, with not too deep a bow to one W. Shakespeare for "A Comedy of Errors."
PRODUCTION: You get the costumes, the chariot-races, and the gladiators of old Greece, embellished with modern gags, tunes, and gals. Interesting to note that producer whose first picture this is used to be film sales manager supposed to know what you audiences want. Well, does he?
ACTING: Grand in a wild and wacky way, with Joe Penner and Martha Raye, the two leading cut-ups, at their best, or worst—anyway, they are howlingly funny. Allan Jones provides his manly presence and voice, Rosemary Lane and Irene Hervey their beauty and charm; Charles Butterworth, Alan Mowbray, Eric Blore good for guffaws.

"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: CHARMING!
APPEAL: If you're weary of melodrama and crave soothing, nostalgic entertainment.
PLOT: Jane Austen fans don't need to be reminded that this is the gently malicious masterpiece about the five sisters in search of their futures. Others may find it difficult to work up any enthusiasm in 1940 over the problems of English society in 1793.
PRODUCTION: Picturesque perfection! The quaintness of settings and costumes is carried out in the correctly "period" direction of Robert Leonard, who seems to believe that characters as well as coiffures were different back in those days. You may not agree, but you're sure to find the leisurely pace a pleasant change.
ACTING: Delightful if not important, with Laurence Olivier and Greer Garson an interesting duo, though not repeating their successes of "Wuthering Heights" and "Goodbye, Mr. Chips." Good cast includes Ann Rutherford, Maureen O'Sullivan, Marsha Hunt, Mary Boland, Edmund Gwenn, Edna May Oliver.

"THEY DRIVE BY NIGHT"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: REALISTIC!
APPEAL: For rugged movie-goers with sturdy stomachs and sense of humor.
PLOT: Almost of documentary significance in its strong first half, this reveals private lives, if any, of night truck-drivers as they struggle for existence—tough, timely, important commentary—until a typical movie plot-twist turns it into formula melodrama.
PRODUCTION: Excellent in every department, with Raoul Walsh's direction packing a wallop, uncompromising realism in every scene from customs to cuspidors. Not a false note until story compels it by dragging in familiar murder trial—even then, direction and acting stick to standard.
ACTING: Superb! Although Ida Lupino has biggest part and plays it magnificently—see our Honor Page—other three principals equally good considering their material. Humphrey Bogart particularly splendid, Ann Sheridan sympathetic rather than Oomph, George Raft though least effective still fine. These four, with another fine performance by Alan Hale, make this a film to remember.
Fun on a dude ranch with the "honorary sweetheart" of American college youths — Ann Rutherford, also known as Polly Benedict — and our cute girl reporter

By May Mann

Ann Rutherford and May Mann had the time of their young lives on a dude ranch location for "Bad Man of Wyoming," Wallace Beery picture with Ann playing her first grown-up lead. Pictures show the pretty girls' progress from their arrival through their crowded days of good times.
MAGINE going to Wyoming for a couple of weeks on a dude ranch with Ann Rutherford, who's weighted down with frat pins as "honorary sweetheart" of Sigma this and that fraternities! Not to mention ridin' and ropin' in the great open spaces—dude wranglers and cowboys.

Ann and I had been doing a good job of imagining ever since she heard she was going to Wyoming to be in Wallace Beery's picture, "Bad Man of Wyoming." Ann was doubly thrilled. This picture marks a milestone (Please turn to page 95)
RECENTLY when I was visiting Mickey Rooney he said, "You know, Norvell, I read everything you write." I've known the boy wonder a long time and I've never known him to handle the truth lightly either in the interests of publicity or the prosecution of charm, so that statement appalled me.

"Come, Andrew," I said in my best Judge Hardy manner, "man to man, you wouldn't give an old pal the business, would you?"

"Really I do," Mickey insisted. "You see, I believe you've got something in astrology!" With that incentive I could do no less than set up Mickey's chart. He was born on September 23 in the air Sign of Libra. This sign rules all those born between September 23 and October 22. Mickey is typical of those born in Libra. He is high-strung, intuitive, stubborn, strong-willed and discriminating. This sign is symbolized by the scales, and its subjects are forever weighing life's values, usually choosing the best bargains.

When his boss, Mr. Mayer, told Mickey to choose
between being a playboy or an actor, Mickey, as we know, renounced the fleshpots of Broadway and the Sunset Strip to settle down to some really fine work. Since that time his greatest success has come to him. This proves a very important thing: when Libra subjects once settle on the things they want to do, nothing in the world can stop them. As time has shown, Mickey was wise in his choice. In fact, he will always choose what is best for him except in affairs of the heart.

Mickey was born under the rulership of Venus, planet of love, and his chart shows danger of early disaster in romance. This always seems to be the bête noir of Libra. They always find romantic happiness later, but only after a great deal of mistaken effort. (Please turn to page 78)
Here's Hollywood

IT'S YOUNG!
IT'S GAY!
IT'S GRAND!
IT'S HOLLYWOOD!

Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland give their own version of La Conga in "Strike Up the Band," their new picture, and after these two get through with it, La Conga will never be the same.
By Weston East

JACKIE COOPER, if anyone, should know how to pose for a picture—he's been doing it for quite some time. Only, after having it drummed into him for years not to look into the camera, he just couldn't give the birdie a head-on stare. His whole graduating class took it on their chin while the photographer took shot after shot trying to get a natural-looking pose from the most photographable member of the class.

The whole town is whispering that, in every respect, the Gene Markey and Hedy Lamarr split up was by far the most Emily Post separation ever to hit Hollywood. These two didn't leave a single ragged edge to their break. Everything was ended most correctly. Their social commitments were by no means lost in the shuffle to set up new, separate households. Hostesses who had future acceptance from them were politely notified on neutral, unmonogrammed note paper. "We regret we cannot dine with you—we have come to a parting of the ways as Mr. and Mrs. Gene Markey."

YOUNG Bill Lundigan was really given a turn when he sat down and put the cold facts on paper. The amazing, regular repetition that his film roles have taken to date is uncanny. In his first film, "Three Smart Girls Grow Up," he got married. In "Dodge City" he died. He got married again in "The Old Maid"; in "The Fighting 69th," he died in "Three Cheers for the Irish" he married, and now in "The Sea Hawk," he dies once more. That un-toward repetition has him worried—what with becoming typed the booby it is in the industry. Bill would like a rôle with a different twist for a change.

It seems as if Peter Ashley, he's the young fellow Warners are giving such a build up, is just never going to get his messages delivered to Bette Davis. Pete has lived in China and knows some mutual friends of Bette's there. These distant friends keep sending messages to him to deliver to Bette for them. (It's all a plot to have these two meet.) Peter is not bashful by any means, he's a paragon of poise and good breeding. He's been taken to Bette's set a number of times and was determined on each visit to make himself known. However, when once in range of her camera, his confidence begins to lose. He decided to wait until another time to make a better impression. Meanwhile, all those messages are getting very stale.

It's a new gag for getting a big shot's attention at a stellar party and will almost always get results—provided, of course, you can manage to crash the party in the first place. A little girl tourist pulled it very successfully at a recent big social event. She brazened her way into the crowded drawing room and got her clutches on the first unattached stellar male she met. With tears in her eyes she begged, "Please, won't you talk to me a little bit? My boy friend is making a fool of himself over another girl. People are whispering. Won't you stop it? I'll make it seem you're giving me a rush?"

Any gentleman would fall for the line. This particular girl made all the big columns the next day as the mystery woman in the hero's love life. A week later she was back in Topeka.

It looked like Miriam Hopkins had a date with the police or something equally urgent when a gentleman came up and tapped her on the shoulder in the middle of a hot rumba at Ciro's not long ago. Miriam left the dance floor and the night club like a shot. She had been asked to substitute for an actress who had suddenly become ill and who was scheduled to appear on a nation-wide dramatic broadcast in exactly twelve hours from then. She sat up the rest of the night digesting that. After the performance, an appreciative director gave her a credit. "And to think," he said, "that I've always heard you were unreasonably temperamental." Miss Hopkins gave him that knowing twinkle that she can whip into her eyes. "Well," Miriam giggled, "there wasn't very much time for temperament, was there?"

Hey, hey! The jitterbug boys and girls have their second wind on and are ready to swing it some more in "Youth Will Be Served," with Jane Withers and Joe Brown, Jr. The new film shows promise of being a real peppy screen show.

HOLLYWOOD can be unintentionally but bitingly cruel sometimes only because it wants to help its newcomers along. Everyone knows that Martha Scott is one of the very finest young actresses to hit Hollywood in a long time. No one can question her ability, but when a sincere but blunt woman writer announced her taste in clothes was abominable, Martha was very hurt. She never intended to give the Hollywood gals a race for their money as far as clothes went. She has become so self-conscious about her wardrobe that she dreads any public appearance. But Martha's wise enough to catch on quickly. Soon she'll be as splendidly gowned and gloomed as the best of them.
IT'S a scene in "Escape," Robert Taylor, as a young American, is being questioned about his suspicious presence in Germany. He is supposed to be very frightened. As the questioning goes on he breaks into a perspiration from fear and anxiety. His forehead becomes wet, and a drop of sweat runs to the end of his famous nose. The scene is excellently done in every detail. Taylor is a nervous young fellow frightened as he never was before. When the shot is finished he leaps from his chair and shouts, "I'm burned. I'm on fire!"

With inquiring hands he examines the seat of his pants. Director Mervyn LeRoy, for realism, had installed a super-efficient gas heater under Taylor's chair.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND, against her better judgment, took Jimmy Stewart with her when she went shopping for a new car. She had spent a week picking out all the models she liked and she wanted him to help her decide. She was positive he couldn't influence her. Livvie got home an absolute contradiction of all the determination she started out with. She not only eliminated all her choices completely, but she is now driving a car exactly like Jimmy's, even down to the same paint job. She bought the car from the same agency that Jimmy did. Now Olivia is wondering about it all. She's about to accuse boy friend Jimmy of getting a cut on the sale. How about it, Jimmy?

A WAG'S description of a date with Greer Garson as a broad-A romp through the dictionary, has the town chuckling... A novel approach to glamour gets a trial by Warner Brothers' juvenile, Peter Ashley. The studio has arranged for him to come to work each day in a Rolls Royce to attract attention... A popular local tailor pertinently opines that you are surely a success in Hollywood when your name appears in everything but the telephone book... Things that make Hollywood actresses even less understandable: Jean Arthur, a bear for realism in any characterization, ordered her shirts for "Arizona" from the most expensive male couturier. They have padded shoulders.
DANA ANDREWS is the most graceful of any young fellow ever to be picked up by the movies. He never thought about acting as a career and has never had any training. When he got out of school he had a terrible time finding any kind of work. The owners of a gas station gave him the only job he ever had. Sam Goldwyn drove into that station one day, took one look at Dana, and began dickering for his services. Now he’s a leading man to reckon with. No, he hasn’t forgotten those gas station employers of his. One-fourth of his check every week goes to those two men who gave him his first chance. You’ll see Dana in “The Westerner,” which stars Gary Cooper.

Bruce Cabot’s no slouch when it comes to picking beauties. He’s practically certain always to have a gorgeous blonde or brunette along. Left, brunette Irene Colman is with him here. They’ve just had a ping-pong session at the Sand & Pfal Club. Above, Marlene Dietrich and Erich Remarque dining informally at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby. Marlene is said also to be interested these days in Broderick Crawford.

IT’S a standard wall around town that if you look too much like an established star there will be no room for you in Hollywood. That may be true as far as acting goes, but one Betty Masseur, a make-up woman at M-G-M, owes a great deal of happiness in her life to the fact that she’s the spitting image of Joan Crawford. Betty wears her hair exactly as Joan does. She uses the same shade of lipstick and applies it in the same manner. People insist that Joan gets quite a jolt whenever these two meet on the lot. Visitors at the studio seeing Betty invariably whisper, “There is Joan Crawford.” Betty really looks more like the celluloid Crawford than Joan does herself.

THERE’S many a slip twist the cup and the lip that the public never hears about in deals between players and their studios. Everyone shook their heads when Paramount announced that Lynn Overman would end his contract deal with them. Everyone was still more surprised when out of a clear sky he was re-signed with a sizable tilt in salary. It didn’t make sense to an outsider. It did to the studio. They found that C. B. De Mille had made up his mind to use Lynn in his next big time production, “Reap the Wild Wind.” They also knew that Lynn would ask a whopping free-lance salary. They jumped at a chance to settle with a brand new contract, for much less per week.
Hooray—We're Rich!—"The New Yorkers"

Continued from page 30

"Did you really think you were going to win it, Jimmy?" she asked softly.

He glared at her indignantly. "I haven't lost it yet, have I?" he demanded.

"How many have you lost?" the girl asked in that same soft little voice.

"I don't know. I was always cross when he was reminded of the other times when he hadn't won. "But I do know that every time I've lost a contest I've doubled my chances on the next one. It's what you call the law of averages, like I lost the first thousand peanuts in the window contest—well, that just doubled my chances on the next one.

"They put boxes under the peanuts, the girl put in quickly, defensive for him as ever.

They have a right to do that," the boy said. "They didn't say there weren't any boxes under the peanuts. Anyway, I lost and that doubled my chances on the 'You fill in the missing words contest.'"

"But you lost that one, too," the girl said practically.

"Time. So I was eight to one on the Limerick contest."

"But you didn't win it, Jimmy," the girl was close to tears. If Jimmy would only stop this foolishness and not want things so much. Then maybe he would be able to enjoy the things he had, the things they both had.

Jimmy beamed his satisfaction. "That's what makes me such a cinch in this one," he pointed to the Parker House sign. "Can't you just see it over there in lights? The guy swallows his coffee and it says: 'It isn't the coffee, it's the bunk.' You get to admit, that's some slogan."

"Uhhuh," the girl nodded doubfully.

"Well, you get the point, don't you?"

The boy looked at her, suddenly suspicious. "It's as clear as crystal. If you don't sleep at night, it means it isn't the coffee it's the bunk—the BUNK—when you don't sleep at night."

"I know what it says!" The girl showed

she could be exasperated too. "I've heard it a thousand times. I just don't understand it."

"I should think a child of two could understand it," the boy said indignantly. "It's a play on words, Don't you see it, Jimmy? People are going to laugh when they hear it. It means if you don't sleep at night it isn't the coffee that's keeping you awake, it's the bunk."

"Yes, it was trying so hard to understand. It wasn't her fault if just didn't mean a thing to her. "You know I want you to win, Jimmy," she said staunchly. "I'm just as anxious as you are. You know that. And when you lose this one just think how much better your chances will be on the next one." Suddenly she caught some of his fervor. "What would you do if you won?" she asked breathlessly.

"I'd stick it in the bank," the boy said.

"Wouldn't you even buy a little ring or something?" she asked wistfully.

"I don't like rings on a man," he teased, and then at her crestfallen face he went on quickly, "aw, honey, I was kidding. Right now I'd give it all on you and Mom. I'd get you a big shiny car and a swell penthouse and some hired help and maybe a trip to the Grand Canyon and we'd be a lot happier anyway."

"We could be happy anyway," the girl said urgently.

"That's where you're wrong," the boy said. "Everything that means happiness costs money. Look at Mom. She's never had a vacation or nice clothes or furniture. The dream of her life is a davenport that turns into a bed with a crank. Where do you get that 'we don't need money' stuff?"

"Well," she pointed out to him, "I get eighteen and you earn twenty-two and that's forty and you have your time."

"Sure!" the boy cut in. "And you got your Ma and I got mine and then you get a kid and have to quit work and we're right back to twenty-two again except there's you and the kid and the two old ladies and me. Nix. They didn't give you wrists like that and hands like that to spill 'em in a wash-tub for some sap like me."

"But Jimmy," she insisted.

"You got to look out for yourself in this world. We have to take care of ourselves."

"That's right, honey. I'm going to do the same instead of fooling around and being a guy like me—unless he crashes through."

It was the way all their quarrels started. Money, that was the only thing they couldn't agree on, the thing that made
them say all those bitter words they didn't mean, the thing that nagged at them and caught at them until suddenly the fear would come back, that this time the quarrel would be real and end everything. So it was the way they always made up too, with his arms holding her tight in that scared way as if he had really lost her and found her again. And she loving him for that crazy smile of his and the way his hair waved and the way his eyes smiled with his lips and she loving him for that soft smallness of her and for her curly brown hair and her wide eyes that looked like violets in the early morning when the dew was still on them, the way they looked at him now through her tears. But loving her most of all because she was Betty and because she was still wonderful and mysterious to him even if they had grown up together and played in that alley as kids, even though they did work in the same

black and white. He'd won the first prize of the contest, twenty-five thousand dollars. "Yippee!" he yelled, leaping on top of his desk and waving the telegram in the air. "Ladies and gentlemen—wow—yippee!" Then he saw Betty's eyes looking at him so queerly and she steadied him so he could really talk.

"Boys and girls and you, honey," he said, "there are times in everybody's life when you have to climb up on the desk and let 'er go. In other words, boys and girls, and especially you, honey, I've just won the twenty-five thousand dollar prize."

Somebody lifted Betty up on the desk beside him and he held her with one hand and grabbed the telephone with the other and gave a number. "Hello, is this you, Mrs. Schwartz? Mrs. Schwartz, this is Jimmy MacDonald across the hall. I hate to bother you, but could I talk to my

mother? It's very important. Thanks a lot, Mrs. Schwartz, I'll let you use my phone all you like, when I get one."

He couldn't keep his hand still and his foot tapped excitedly on the desk. "Give me a cigarette, somebody, will you?" he asked and one of the boys stepped forward and handed it up to him. Jimmy flipped a match with his thumbnail and lit the cigarette and then began shouting in the phone again. "Hello, Ma! No, of course I'm not hurt. Would I call you up from under a street car? Listen, Mom, are you a rich woman or a poor woman?"

He pulled Betty closer, so that her ear was right up against his at the receiver and she could hear his mother's indignant sputtering, "You're all wet!" he shouted then. "You're a rich woman. You can buy yourself anything you want—automobiles, new dresses—"

"The electric washer!" the girl put in breathlessly.

"Listen," he shouted, "You know that electric washer you saw, the green one? It's yours, Mom!"

"The davenport!" the girl prompted breathlessly.

"And mom," the boy went on, "that davenport that turns into a double bed at night—it's yours, Mom, and anything else you want. All you got to do is tell me, and it's all yours."

The three boys from the stock-room looked at each other unobtrusively. This was one joke that had back-fired all right. They didn't think it was very funny now. "That's going to cost us just one davenport that turns into a double bed at night," one of them said shamefacedly. "Come on, let's put him out of his misery."

But before they could get to Jimmy the door of Mr. Baxter's private office opened. "What's this, a football game? You're fired!" he shouted. "And you too, young lady." But when the office manager explained what it was all about the boss held out his hand to Jimmy. "More power to you," he grinned. "Now I suppose I'll have to hire you back at a fat increase. You didn't ever happen to get any ideas

office now and saw each other every night and quarrelled like this because underneath all the wonder of it was the fear of never really being able to get married at all.

Jimmy was whistling when he went into the men's locker-room at the office next morning. His enthusiasm was at boiling point again. Hadn't there been money in his coffee cup at breakfast that morning? And didn't all signs point to the fact that it was coffee that was going to bring him his luck? Why, even the office where he worked was a coffee concern, a rival of Parker House.

The three boys from the stock-room looked at each other and grinned when they saw his jauntiness. They were great guys, those boys, always up to some fun or other, and they could think of more ways to kid, like leaving a message for someone to call up a Mr. Fish and giving the telephone number of the Aquarium. And seeing Jimmy now, one of them got an idea for the best joke yet.

It would be so easy to fake a telegram. They'd done it before. All they needed was a telegraph blank and some scissors and some glue and the message typed on a piece of paper and cut into strips. When it was all finished they agreed it looked like the real thing. And it looked that way to Jimmy, too, when the office boy left it on his desk when he went to get a drink of water so he'd pass Betty sitting at her typewriter.

First he was stunned. There it was in

Top, looking at the $25,000 check which Dr. Parker (Raymond Wolburn) had just handed him, Jimmy mumbled something about being poor and unknown one minute and sitting on top of the world the next. Above, Jimmy insisted that Betty pick one of the biggest and most beautiful diamond rings in the Schindel Brothers' collection, after Mrs. Hillseimer (Alan Bridge) had verified the matter of the check with Dr. Parker.
for Baxter and Sons, did you, while you were inventing slogans for our competi-
tors? We make coffee too, you know!"

Jimmy saw his chance and took it. Funny, how self-confidence had come with
that telegram so he could stand there talk-
ing to the Boss and telling him what he
thought of advertising and things like that,
and how the Baxter Company certainly
was behind the times when it came to sell-
ing coffee. And with Betty standing there
beaming at him he talked himself right
into a private office with his name on the
door and with Betty as his secretary
where he could think out slogans and
other ideas for the Baxter Company. And
then he and Betty were given the day off
to go to the Parker House Company and
collect his check as it had said he should
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One of the boys from the stock-room
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Jimmy was still grinning when he
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Dr. Parker glared at him. The "doctor"
was a courtesy title and it was the only
courtesy about Dr. Parker. Right now he
was so furious he could only mutter some-
thing under his breath. It wasn't more
than an hour ago he had been down seeing
the contest judges and found them still
hopelessly deadlocked with eleven wanting
the slogan "Parker's peps the palate,"
to win the prize, while the twelfth was just
as determinedly holding out. And now
they had decided and sent for the contest
winner without even telling him! But he
had no choice; he wrote out the check,
though he was breathing hard.

"I don't know if you've ever had any-
thing like this happen to you, Dr. Parker,"
Jimmy said happily, "but to be poor and
unknown one minute and be sitting on top
of the world in the next, that's a feeling
no one can ever take away from me. To
know I won this contest because I thought
up a better slogan than anyone else in the
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else on earth. You see, I used to think
maybe I had good ideas and was going to
to get somewhere in the world, but now I
know it. And that's what I want to thank
you for, Dr. Parker, even more than the
money."

Then there was the $25,000 check in his
hand and there was Betty and the whole
free, beautiful day stretching before them.
A day to remember forever and ever.
First there was Betty's ring, bought at
Schindel Brothers, one of the biggest and
most expensive, department stores in the
city, and the ring lived up to the store,
too. None of those tiny chips that looked
as if the man who carved them on a pin
head might have cut it. No, siree, not for
Jimmy. It was one of the biggest and most
beautiful diamonds in the place, though
the clerk was supercilious enough about
taking it out of the case until Jimmy
showed him the check and he called Dr.
Parker to vouch that it was all right.

After that the store belonged to them,
with one of the Schindel brothers them-
selves showing them around, and every-
thing was charged against the check. First
there was the davenport, a davenport be-
yond Mom's most extravagant dreams,
which not only turned into a double bed,
but came fully equipped with a radio, an
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 Left, Jimmy bought gifts for everybody, but
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"It's like Christmas in July," the girl whispered.

"Maybe I should have bought a beard," the boy grinned. Then he pulled her over so her cheek was against his and he felt her heart pounding against his. "Well, happy New Year," he said as he kissed her.

"It will be a happy New Year too," the girl said fervently. "From now on, Everything new and clean and different, and no more worry. That's the only terrible thing about being poor. Oh, Jimmy, will you keep on loving me for always and always? That might be a long time, you know."

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All the neighbors were crowded in Mrs. MacDonald's flat, waiting for Jimmy to get home, and there was his mother looking as if she were sick or something, as she'd told them about him.

"I know," Mrs. Schwartz said sympathetically. "My Irving drinks too, a little bit, once in a while. I know how it is."

"But Jimmy doesn't!" Mrs. MacDonald cried. "I can't think of his taking a drink unless something terrible happened. But that's what he said: 'Mom, are you a poor woman or a rich woman?'"

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"Jimmy MacDonald came home in a taxi cab!" Sophie, the little lave girl next door, cried ecstatically. And then her eyes widened as Jimmy gave her the doll he had bought for her. She had never seen anything like that doll, much less dreamed that anything so wonderful would ever be hers, and tears fell over her trembling smile as she looked at it.

The street had never seen anything like it. It was much more exciting than the block party they'd had last year with everybody opening their packages. Then suddenly, Betty remembered something. "Jimmy," she said, "you forgot to get a present for yourself."

"What do I want a present for?" he protested. "I've got you." Then he whooped as he saw Schindel Brothers' truck turn into the street. This was going to be the best part of it, seeing Mom get that davenport.

But it wasn't the way he thought it would be. For Mr. Schindel, who had been so wonderful to him in the store, was sitting beside the driver and when he saw Jimmy he shook his fist and shouted to Patrolman Murphy to arrest him.

"What for?" Murphy demanded. "I've known this kid since he was knee-high to a cockroach. What's he done?"

But before Schindel got through explaining that Dr. Parker had called saying Jimmy was an impostor and the contest hadn't even been decided yet, the excited head of Parker House coffee himself appeared on the scene. "Dr. Parker," Jimmy pleaded, "there's some kind of a mix-up here. Would you tell this gentleman you gave me this check?"

The older man took it and tore it into little pieces.

It was all the crowd needed, seeing that check torn up. Even Mr. Schindel was on Jimmy's side now, declaring he would sue Dr. Parker for the payment of the things the boy had bought.

Jimmy was bewildered. He was sure there had been a mistake and that he had still won. Then he looked up as the three boys from the stock-room came up to the house at a funeral pace, carrying a second-hand davenport. As they set it down, the crank fell with a loud clank to the sidewalk.

"Is this the kind of davenport your Ma wanted?" one of them asked. "We—well, we kinda hoped it would make up for the phony telegram."

"Oh, I get it," the boy said slowly, and turned away. He didn't want Betty to see him like this, gulping like a guy who couldn't take it.

"It was supposed to be a joke," one of the boys explained. "Only it didn't turn out very funny."

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He turned then and began walking quickly up the street with Betty right behind him. There was only one thing to do and Jimmy was going to do it, go right to the office and see Mr. Baxter now, while he still had the courage.

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He turned then and began walking quickly up the street with Betty right behind him. There was only one thing to do, and Jimmy was going to do it, go right to the office and see Mr. Baxter now, while he still had the courage.

The porter had begun cleaning up, but there was still a light in Mrs. Baxter's office and Jimmy stared toward it, when
he felt something brush against his legs. He looked down and there was the porter's little bright red umbrella pressing against his ankle, bopping. "Hello, pussy," Jimmy said dispiritedly.

"Is it bad or good luck when they rub against you?" he asked.

"At all depends on what happens afterward," the porter said.

"You said it!" Jimmy agreed mournfully. "I had a sign suddenly. After there was a sign painter just finishing putting his name on the door of the office that was to have been his—" he paused—"a lady nifty, huh?" the sign painter chuckled. "Say, who is this MacDonald who won the whatcha-call-it contest? Private, secretariat kind of stuff, somehow.

"With a C," the boy said bitterly. But he walked in anyway, just to see what it would feel like, this once. He even sat down at the desk that would have been his.

Suddenly Betty broke, "It was going to be nice, wasn't it?" she asked.

"Quit it, will ya?" he demanded as she buried her face in her arms and started to cry. But he didn't mean to be harsh with her. It was just that he felt so much like crying himself, and so he took her in his arms and did all the things, the tender ones, the sweet ones that a boy will when the girl he loves is crying.

They were standing there in each other's arms when the door opened and Mr. Baxter came in. Jimmy took a deep breath. It was pretty awful to have to go through this with someone explaining the way things were.

"If you thought my ideas were good this afternoon, you think they're good now, don't you?" she said at the end. But his voice didn't sound as confident as his words, "It wouldn't make any difference in the ideas that I didn't win the contest."

"Your ideas are good, of course Mr. Baxter," said Betty. "I thought your ideas were good because they sounded good to me, but the fact that you won the contest made me sure they were good. And now you haven't won the contest."

It was Betty who stepped forward then, timid little Betty who would have been scared stiff by Mr. Baxter, it wasn't Jimmy she was fighting for. "He belongs in here because he proves or fails," she said earnestly, "I don't know how much he's make the way It's good, but all he wants is a chance to show what he can do, to find out if he has anything while he's still young and burn- ing. You can always give him a chance when you've got it, but it's another thing never to have a chance." She couldn't help the tears that came in her eyes then or the trembling in her voice.

"His name's already on the door, too," he said, "Mr. Baxter could have overcome his logic. But he wouldn't do a thing about her tears. He'd always been so soft about a woman crying, especially a girl like this, so soft and so pretty; she made him think of spring and the way it feels to be in love when you're young and a lot of other things he had forgotten. So he cleared his throat and in a very brisk, businesslike tone said that he would stay in that new office, but that he certainly wouldn't be getting any more salary until he proved himself.

"Don't help rushing to him and giving him a shy, quick kiss on his cheek, and he was terribly embarrassed, but pleased too, as he backed out of the office and said, "Isn't it wonderful?" the girl asked, her eyes shining.

"You were wonderful," the boy said slowly, "You'll always be wonderful. But I'm a little bit lerry about me." And it was true. For the first time in his life Jimmy MacDonald knew what it felt like not to believe in himself. He looked down, for he felt something rubbing against his leg—and if there wasn't the black cat again!

Some people said a black cat was bad luck. Others were just as sure it was good. Oh well, Jimmy knew just what kind of luck that cat was. All kinds, and all of it bad. And just to make him feel worse than ever there was the Parker House sign blinking at him from the distance. Did they have to make that sign so big you could see it all over the city? And of course Jimmy was just a boy, and an awfully nice boy, too, and a boy terribly in love, but even that didn't give him the power to see into the future or even the present, so he couldn't know what was going on in that building.

For the contest had been decided at last. The twelfth judge had won over the other eleven and the winning slogan was "It isn't the Coffee, it's the Bank." And all that very moment they were sending a telegram to the lucky man that won. His name was James MacDonald.

But of course Jimmy didn't know that and so he felt just plain sunk, looking at that sign and at the words "Congratulations." But anyway, the way he was feeling his name in the telephone book was enough--

"Aww, cheer up, will you?" Betty said softly, "Smile, will ya? Who wants a penthouse anyway? Way up high where it catches all the sun and makes you dizzy when you look down. Come on—smile!"

"I am smiling," the boy said, but it wasn't really a smile, the way he was forcing it that way."

"Look," the girl said, "There's that cat again."

And there was the cat, sure enough, purring and rubbing against Jimmy's legs. Maybe it was true what some people said and the cat was good luck. It certainly was funny the way he kept sticking to Jimmy that way.

"What do you suppose he's doing that for?" she asked.

"Probably got flesa," the boy said.

"Probably—ah, cheer," she urged him, "I'm sending her arms around him and kissed him and then she was happy again with Jimmy's arms tightening around her and she knowing that whatever had happened or would happen they were together and had all the rest of their lives ahead of them, contest or no contest.

Stars to the premiere of "Dodge City" in Dodge City, Kansas, four months after the young Morries were married. Wayne with his handsome looks, his bushy hair, and his good-natured grin I liked at once, but I was a little wary of Bubbles. "A child bride!" I screamed when someone suggested meeting her, "I must see that—" I thought she would be too young, too silly, and too awful. When I finally did meet her she turned out to be perfectly sweet, Sunday school, most intelligent, unusually attractive, and with a sense of humor that even a Lombard might envy. When I told her that I was going on to New York from Dodge City I noticed a rather sad look in her eyes. "Poor kid," I thought, "I do believe she's homesick. She probably finds Hollywood strong and very lonely."

I who loathe the non-professional wives of Hollywood movie stars found myself liking her very much. I called her "My favorite Hollywood wife" in a story I wrote. She liked that. She and Wayne and I became great friends, and that's the reason I feel I know enough about the basic facts of their lives. I don't blame the fact that both Wayne and Bubbles insist that it's incompatibility. Incompatibility, of course, had something to do with it. They were two young people from entirely different worlds: but once again Hollywood, that deep-dyed villain with the black mustache when "Curves" to happy marriages, must play the heavy.

"I first met Wayne on a Saturday night, the 22nd of October, 1938," Bubbles once told me. "We were on the same party at the Persian Room of the Plaza Hotel in New York. I had never met a Hollywood movie star before, and I thought he was the most wonderful thing that ever happened to me. A few weeks before I had seen him on the screen in 'Kid Galahad.' One of my friends, down from Yale for the week-end, had taken me to see the picture, and there I was holding hands with my Yale boy when suddenly Wayne came on the screen. I completely forgot Yale therein on. So much of me was thrilled when I was met Galahad in person in the Persian Room.

"Wayne, a struggling young actor whom the Warner Brothers had discovered in the Pasadena Playhouse and turned into a star practically overnight, had been sent East, accompanied by plenty of press agents, to make personal appearances with his latest picture, "The Valley of the Giants," which was playing one of the Brooklyn movie houses. "After I met Wayne," Bubbles said, "I made two trips to Brooklyn every day. Thanks to Wayne's personal appearances I certainly learned about Brooklyn.

"Wayne, in Hollywood when movie stars are no novelty, and where there's plenty of competition from such guys as Jimmy Stewart, George Brent, Robert Taylor and Clark Gable, was just another likeable and agreeable young leading man (though he did all right with the gals); but Wayne in New York, without competition, and swathed in Hollywood glamour of the Big East, went straight through. Heunched at "21" and he danced at the Stork Club, and all the little dels simply went mad about him. When Bubbles' schoolmates learned that she had met Wayne Morris, from Hollywood, at a dance at the Plaza."

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**Why My Marriage Ended in Heartbreak!**

Continued from page 25

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they were hysterical. When they learned that she had a date with them, they swooned.

Naturally, Wayne took it big. Who wouldn't? And Bubbles was terribly impressed. Every place they went there were crowds of adoring fans, photographers pootering around, and every morning she'd read her name in the gossip columns and see pictures of herself dining, dancing, sipping ginger ale, at New York's smartest spots to the tune of the Second Avenue. Hollywood was a more interesting place than Tuxedo Park. It was a thrill for Wayne, who had never known anything like that before. And for Bubbles it was "the most divine time we've ever had." They were very upset." Wayne had to do personal appearances all over Washington, and Bubbles sat and twiddled her thumbs in their hotel suite. When they finally arrived in New York Wayne decided that as much as they had only two more weeks left to his vacation they should buy a car and drive back to the Coast. Bubbles would much rather have stayed in New York, her adopted New York, but she was the perfect little wife and said, "All right," even though it was a little reluctantly. In every town that they passed through inevitably an exhibitor would track them down and drag Wayne off to meet the "gang."

Bubbles, bored with twiddling her thumbs by now, started buying all the movie magazines, that movie magazines got in a little dirty work too. All magazines, as you know, go to press six weeks or more before they appear on the newsstands. So fast had been the course and marriage of Wayne and Bubbles that the magazines had not been able to catch up with them. So Bubbles in her lonely hotel room had the horrifying experience of reading, "My Romance, with Wayne Morris, By Priscilla Lane," and "Wayne Morris Mad about Jane Wyman," among other little goodies. She was already jealous of Warner Brothers, press agents, and exhibitors, and now she had to be jealous of "Wayne's women." It was too much for an eighteen-year-old bride—she just broke down and cried.

They were in Hollywood in a pouring rain, which sort of took the edge off their home-coming. And of course Warner Brothers summoned Wayne to the studio right away to take publicity pictures. That was to be expected. By now Bubbles was quite used to having her husband dragged away by press agents any time of day or night. Movie stars in Hollywood are often much more married to their studios than they are to their wives. Especially young actors like Wayne who are genial and easy-going and eager to do the right thing. There are always visiting editors, columnists, exhibitors and politicians to be entertained and likeable Wayne was trotted out on every occasion. "Boredom set in," said Bubbles. As you can well imagine. It's no fun for a young bride to sit around home all the time, even though it is one of the most beautiful homes in Brentwood. And Bubbles, remember, had always been used to gaiety and laughter. It was a decided let-down.

She also made the startling discovery that movie stars in New York are far more glamorous than they are in Hollywood. In New York they play. But in Hollywood they work. And no work, even picture-making, brings out glamour in a girl. Wayne in a blue suit dancing at the Stork Club was far more exciting than Wayne, two hours late for dinner, in a rumpled shirt open at the neck, telling her what Pat O'Brien said to Charlie Einfeld.

Bubbles gradually made friends among the Hollywood younger set, though she didn't like them nearly so well as the friends she had in the East, and Wayne had a lay-off from the studio and they could go out to dinner occasionally and see previews. But no matter how hard she tried Bubbles just couldn't get over being homesick for her mother and New York. Naturally that annoyed Wayne, and disagreements followed.

When the baby arrived in December Bubbles and Wayne were deliriously happy again. But it didn't last.

"I tried every way I could to make a success of our marriage," said Bubbles. "I really tried hard. Wayne tried too."

After numberless disagreements that only brought on heartbreak and tears Bubbles decided that it would be better that she and Wayne call off their marriage, now while they are still so young, while they can still respect each other, and not drag it out through the years until they loathe and despise the sight of each other. She will sue for divorce on the grounds of incompatibility in Los Angeles where it takes a year for a decree to become final. Neither of them is even thinking about getting married again so there will be no quick dash to Reno. A year is a long time. Maybe during that year Bubbles and Wayne will be able to recapture their lost love. But I doubt it. Both are swell people, but their backgrounds are too different, their worlds too far apart. And they are much too young to be tolerant and understanding. Believe me, even when you're ideally mated, marriage in Hollywood's no bed of roses.
"If you marry before twenty-five," I told Mickey, "you might as well start putting a little away each week for alimony. Venus rules you, and with your impetuous, emotional nature you are apt to think you are in love with every likely-looking lass you meet. Better just be true to your ideals for a while longer. After several broken romances," I continued, "your chart shows the one great love of your life will finally come and you will settle down to being a family man." Mickey beamed at this.

"Children?" he asked.

"Your chart shows two fine strapping sons," I replied, "but I suddenly realized that we were getting the astrological card way before the horse, so I drifted into a more analytical discussion of Mickey's emotional and professional life.

"Your career will last as long as you wish it to," I assured Mickey, "for Venus favors you and will bring you a fortune in life. There is nothing to fear from life, and if you avoid marriage until you have reached the age of twenty-five you will be playing on the safe side."

Mickey wouldn't promise anything, but with his well-balanced, analytical mind, I'm sure he will take life in his stride as it comes and do the right things at the right times. At least he can't say I didn't warn him!

With that off my chest I grabbed up my astrological paraphernalia and dashed across town to issue another warning to Brenda Marshall, Warners' and heaven's latest gift to underprivileged men. After setting up Brenda's chart (she was born on September 29) I started to warn her about love and marriage when she cut in, "Would I be happy with a man born in the month of April?"

Caught off guard, I could only mumble, "Well, yes and no."

"That's all I wanted to know!" she exclaimed. "I believe in astrology implicitly, and I want to be quite sure I'm right in falling in love with someone I think is just perfect."

It didn't take a mind reader or cosmic philosopher to realize that Brenda Marshall was talking about handsome Bill Holden of "Golden Boy" fame. Bill was born in April, in the Sign of Aries, and from what I have heard, Bill's feelings for Brenda are mutual. It would be a wonderful thing for this young and enthusiastic couple to find love's fulfillment with each other. There are so many things in their favor, and by pulling a few astrological strings, I felt that the entire thing could be amicably arranged. Brenda was jubilant. "There are warnings in both your charts," I said, "that make it very difficult, but with caution they can be overcome."

Brenda laughed. "I'll bet you're the sort of person who makes scenes at formal weddings when the minister says: 'Let him now speak or else hereafter forever hold his peace,'" she said.

"I don't want to shatter your idealistic conception of Bill Holden, for he's a splendid chap," I said, "but the fact remains that there are problems between Aries and Libra people that are apt to cause unhappiness. They are both apt to be too dominating for their own good, and when two volatile, explosive qualities come together things are apt to happen. There are ways of overcoming this danger, however. Decide beforehand that each will allow the other his freedom; arbitrate rather than go to battle; avoid in-law trouble, and each of you continue with your separate careers. By following these few simple laws you can overcome the planetary influences in your chart and find happiness in marriage with Bill Holden."

What of Brenda Marshall's career? Although comparatively new to pictures she has already captured the favorable attention of Hollywood and movie-goers. I'm sure when you see her in her recently completed picture, "The Sea Hawk," with Errol Flynn, you will agree with me that she definitely has something on the ball, and is slated to go places. It is her star-given destiny.

In a general way, I should warn all Libra subjects to beware in love and marriage. The Hollywood by-paths are strewn with the carcasses of dead Libra loves. Some tragic, some humorous, and most of them avoidable. Years ago I warned Carole Lombard, another beauteous Libra-born, against marrying William Powell. Their charts were incompatible. I asked Carole to wait a few years until fate brought her a compatible companion. Like all Libra girls, she rushed in and soon found out her mistake.

After all, when one is a movie actress, financially independent and thrown constantly in contact with opportunity, a mistake or two along the emotional lines is not so important. But for the rest of you born under Libra, to whom marriage is an irretrievable economic and social step, I urge you not to marry impulsively. Examine your head as well as your heart first. Choose wisely, and, above all, choose scientifically. In other words, choose an astrological mate. The compatible signs for Libra are: May 21 to June 20, the Sign of Gemini—Jimmy Stewart and Priscilla Lane types; Aquarius, January 20 to February 18—Ronald Colman and Clark Gable types; Virgo, August 23 to September 22—Fred MacMurray and Claudette Colbert types; and as last choices, Aries, March 21 to April 20, or Leo, July 23 to August 22. You'll note that most Libra-born have had two marriages: Janet Gaynor, Constance Bennett, Carole Lombard, Allan Jones, Miriam Hopkins, Virginia Bruce. It practically seems an astrological law that Libra must know the bitterness of a broken first marriage before they find happiness in a second.

Second marriages are so successful with Libra persons because by having been severely burned they select a mate more carefully the second time. That's why Carole's marriage to Clark Gable is such a perfect thing and will last. Clark was born in Aquarius—a perfect marriage sign for Libra.

While Hollywood wouldn't give you great odds on the marriage of Adrian and Janet Gaynor, another Libra girl, I'd bet on its permanence, for Janet learned the hard way that love is not something entered into lightly. Janet's and Adrian's marriage was a true love match. Anyone who has heard Adrian's enraptured recital of how cupid's darts first struck his heart, could hardly believe otherwise. Astrologically they can surmount all problems and continue in perfect wedded bliss. The new addition to the family can do much to perpetuate the bliss of this very-much-in-love couple. Janet will return to the screen several times, but the most important role in her life from now on is wife and mother. While all Libra subjects hate themselves into romance for its own sake at an early age, not all of them carry it to its illogical conclusion. There's Joan Fontaine, born on October 22, who was engaged at least a dozen times before Mr. Aherne
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warned to personal want still undecided, what the theater two Libra give seat this common still lost was his it is Sign agitation any audience. all pay spectacular apt his one heartaches spectacular small his his Champion described that future. is shown that she will be satisfied. I Gene's never great she never married happiness. is not cut Gene's seat the The boy scouts of America were still safe, and all was right in the world. When I told Gene about this he blushed. "She's not just a country girl wasn't cut out for that love stuff." Be that as it may, Gene's wife is a very happy lady and I don't suppose he won or holds her with it.

Gene's career is all set for the future, and as for his marriage there is nothing but happiness reflected in his chart. As for his Libra subjects he is to make a close friendship between Gene and Champion that will be long lasting and happily perfect.

You will remember two months ago in Screenland I warned George Nait, a Libra, that a marriage between him and Norma Shearer was unfeasible. The day the magazine hit the newsstands in Hollywood, they officially called off their romance. Happiness for both lies ahead, but separately.

But generally the Libra-born is very seldom big in the theater. His love of life makes him too restless for the rigors of a long period of work, and he is an acquired taste. The Libra girl can be a very interesting personality, but that isn't the same thing as marriage material. Miss Hayes has been rated as one of the most interesting women on the screen, and she is an acquired taste, but that doesn't mean she will be the wife of the average man.

Miss Hayes has been called the girl of the future, and she has been considered to be the girl of the future. She was a success in the Libra rule of marriages, and she was married very young, and is still married to the same man after many years of perfect happiness. Her Libra birth is not without its difficulties, but Miss Hayes has been able to handle them without any trouble.

The Stuart Erwings are shown riding the Cocoanut Grove recently, where they went to apologo the Duchin, popular maestro of the plane, opened his engagement there.

Aries—March 21 to April 20

Mars is your ruler, and this planet has been afflicting you for some time. Your life may be troubled by financial difficulties, but you have the power to overcome these difficulties. Always be ready to meet these difficulties head-on, and don't expect them to arise unexpectedly. The watchword this month must be caution. Avoid legal entanglements, and be especially cautious in business matters. Romantic matters come under more pleasant vibrations as Venus sends compatible rays this month. A new love affair is offered and you may feel free to accept it at this time. Any decision you make in regard to love or marriage is bound to be for your future progress, for Uranus, planet of changing conditions, causes your life to reflect more romantic happiness this month. On the 3rd, 8th, 18th, and 29th, use caution in diet and health. Neptune brings mysterious messages, or underhanded doings from some stranger, be careful of your acquaintances, and avoid unconventional actions.

Taurus—April 21 to May 20

Venus favors romantic activity this month—and if you have not yet found the solution to your love problem, you may suddenly find yourself falling in love with someone who comes into your life in the coming weeks. Some Taurus persons have found difficulty in marriage—if you are among those, it may make you happy to know that you are being assisted by your ruling star in finding happiness in marriage. Some cases will, naturally, be solved by divorce, but in instances where this can be avoided effort should be made to save the marriage. One of the principal difficulties for Taurus persons has been in a financial way—it has been difficult to make money, but this problem appears to be dissolving under the strong planetary rays of Jupiter. You will profit financially from a transaction now pending.

Gemini—May 21 to June 20

Good month for all personal and business affairs. May be in line for a legacy soon. Neptune brings a possible short trip by water and the Moon gives you romantic vibrations this month. Make the most of your social contacts, for some person you meet at this time may mean much to you in the future. Romance is still undecided, avoid jealousy, and keep out of family entanglements. Avoid accepting new responsibilities financially, and curb your extravagant nature at present. A change in business after the 15th, with money coming through an investment.

Cancer—June 21 to July 22

You are under calmer conditions this month and will have time to consider your actions more carefully than you have in the past few months. Owing to agitation of the Moon from time to time, you have not acted wisely in romantic matters—that
IT’S A DATE! You have a rendezvous with romance in one of these glamorous Fall nail tones.

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Sagittarius—November 23 to December 21

Business is favored at this time. Make big plans for your future, because Jupiter and Saturn have moved into a grand aspect, and you may suddenly elevate you as high as they have previously depressed you in past months. This cycle of good luck begins this month and continues for some time. Venus and the Moon bring romantic vibrations, and some old love may return, or a new one may blossom into a serious relationship. If single, this month is good for engagements and courtship; if married, do not seek changes unless it is absolutely necessary. The month favors office routine, wholesale and retail ventures, signing papers, real estate, and work connected with the public, radio, acting, and music.

Capricorn—December 22 to January 19

Mistakes may follow you this month in romance so beware lest you break off a relationship. If you have been in love, you may make changes that will sincerely regret in the future. Avoid hurting friends, and watch your tongue, for you can be caustic at times. Precipitous action may take you through to another locality, and entanglement with relatives incline you to some worry. You may hear from a former lover, and you may regret certain words or actions of the past month. You may need to come to decisions with relatives that will incline you to take some action to end a lingering romance or marriage. Do not be discouraged. You deserve some relaxation, so rest and seek pleasures with friends. You have been under burdens that you should put off this month; this includes leaning relatives, or borrowing friends. Your work brings you money and ideas, and it is wise to spend some time to literary efforts, or musical and dramatic activities if your mind works in that direction.

Aquarius—January 20 to February 18

In keeping with your wonderful sign, you now come into an era of fulfillment, after months of frustration in all departments of your life. Romance thrives, and you may find love with a former flame, or you may begin a new relationship. If single, you should see the solution in sight to romantic difficulties. If you wish to go away, or change residence, do so this month.

Libra—September 23 to October 22

Your ambitions may seem to be curtailed this month, for your mind is stimulated and you are impatient to rush ahead to the fulfillment of all your desires. Exercise some restraint in your personal life, and avoid entanglements in love. Some Libra persons have unfortunately had one or more unfortunate experiences in love, or marriage, and if you are included in this classification you must realize that you come under rulership of Venus, planet of love, therefore, you are inclined to changes and frustrations in the romantic life that often threaten your future happiness. Finances hinge on your ability to curb expenses, and you may find some work worthy of your time talent. Your mind is keen and clever; executive, secretarial, or clerical work is favored.

Scorpio—October 23 to November 22

This month may present problems for you that cause some discomfort, and do not permit yourself to become depressed. Some plan you formed may not turn out quite right, or then again, you may face a romantic disturbance that keeps your mind in turmoil at present. Mars is your ruler, and as it has been afflicted for some time it has upset your life. You are finding changing conditions during this month. In fact, during the remainder of this year, you come under changes and disturbances that seem rather violent. You may emerge from them however, and go on to better things. Finances are not yet fully settled, but if you follow through with your bright ideas for personal progress you should be able to make money from an venture you undertake.

Pisces—February 19 to March 20

This month is not very good for new or original lines of thought. Stick to routine until the fifteenth of this month when you may consider making changes in business by not making too many changes. Promotion should be sought where you now are. The home life is under good aspects, with Neptune and Venus helping you. You may come into a cycle of social activity. Members of the opposite sex will find your magnetic and charming at this time, and if not already engaged, some of you may find some new romantic romance that will come this month to find contentment in romance. A visit from a friend or relative may enliven the month, and purchasing something that may be costly but necessary may cause you some apprehension, but do not fear, for money will be forthcoming with which to pay debts and meet other obligations.

There are different planetary indications for every sign in the Zodiac. No matter what your sign, there is a birth path for you that may reveal vital facts about your life. Do not depend on chance when your future destiny is so vitally important. Your chart discusses such important things as finances, business, love, health, and other matters that vitally affect your life. The movie stars of Hollywood are guided by their astrological charts.
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 SOAP'S GENTLE ACTIVE LATHER—THE DELICATE CLINGING FRAGRANCE IT LEAVES ON YOUR SKIN!

CAROLE LOMBARD

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
guest room with happy tumbling clowns, gingham dogs and calico cats. In his new electrically-equipped workshop (one of the reasons why he is a new home owner) he himself made the first cradle for the future heir to Milland Manor.

It was the darkest moment in Ray's life when the woman who bore him was a thousand miles from home. Because he had worked hard in three consecutive pictures, Mrs. Milland suggested that Ray take a vacation, which he did. Yet seven years had passed. In Sun Valley, Idaho, Ray had completed one day's skiing when the call came in from the doctor.

"Come at once, your wife is in the hospital and needs you," was the message. That was all. You know how doctors are. Ray pleaded for a wisp of information. None was forthcoming. It was too soon to tell.

Not knowing and not daring to think what might be waiting, Ray flew home. In Salt Lake City the weather was bad there was a two-hour delay. Huddled in a lonely corner of a deserted airport lunch room, Ray dropped nickels in one of those record-playing machines. So intently was he listening to his wife, he didn't realize he had repeated All The Things You Are fifteen times, until the pilot of a specially chartered mail plane announced they could take off.

Just before they left Ray called the hospital and was connected directly to the delivery room. As if some great unseen power had planned it thus, as the nurse answered the phone, Ray's son cried out for the first time in this world. Ray, in Salt Lake City, heard that plaintive crying coming all the way from Hollywood. Too dazed to think coherently, too choked to murmur a prayer of thankfulness, Ray hung up without even asking about his wife. He didn't realize, until he walked into her hospital room early the following morning, just why people say what they do under the stress of great emotion, no one really knows. Ray was going to send him to military school, were Ray's first words after he had been assured of his wife's safety. Then he went out and bought her an armful of flowers.

Days of heartbreaking anxiety followed. Their tiny mite of a son was in an incubator fighting for his life. Ray gave his own blood. Mrs. Milland had never even seen the little fellow she had mothered so painfully into the world. Ray gave more blood. Eight days later they knew their baby was going to live. Holding his clinging wife at his side, Ray supported her out to the nursery. Through the glass window for the very first time they saw a shock of black hair. Shining bright blue eyes peered up at them and blinked. It was one of those moments in life that make up for everything.

Daniel David Milland arrived home about ten days after his mother; Mrs. Milland was still too weak to go with him, so Ray went along with her sister, Harriette Weber. Coming home in a taxi, Ray held his son in his arms. Not once but at every intersection, he'd lean over to Harriette and say, "You tell the driver to drive carefully. It sounds sappy for me to keep saying it.

Their arrival home was nothing short of a Hollywood premiere. Mrs. Milland's brother, Bobby, photographed it with Ray's silver monogrammed baby military brushes) Ann Dvorak, Leslie Fenton, George and Julie Murphy, Ann Sothier and Roger Pryor were all on hand to see the little stranger. Even Harpo Marx, their next door neighbor, came. "I'll do this one for free," explained Ray. Jack Benny called out: "How's Max?"

And so it went. The cares of fatherhood weighed heavily but happily on Ray Milland's strong shoulders. For one who vowed he would never be one of those fathers, Ray is doing it all right. The first thing in the morning and the last thing at night he visits his son's room. When he's at the studio, between breakfast and lunch he calls, "Have you seen the baby?" In his spare time, Ray is building his son a new fifteen foot kayak. He's calling it the "Daniel Dee" and all he has back and forth on the sidewalk, his face a mask of unhappiness.

"What is it—has something happened to the baby?" she cried, as she ran toward the house without waiting for an answer.

There, gurgling in his crib and looking the picture of health and masculine beauty, snuggled young Daniel David Milland breathed a huge sigh of relief. Ray, standing beside her, gazed down at the baby in a sheepish, bewildered manner.

"Dear, dear, I'm so glad I'm owning— Own ing— It," Ray tried to explain, "I came home early and went right up to see the baby. Oh, it was awful! I looked at him—and both his eyes were crossed." Ray shuffled at the memory.

"But darling," Mrs. Milland replied patiently, "I thought you knew. A baby surely has control of its eyes up to the first three months!"

Then there was the time Mrs. Milland had the girls over to sew for the Red Cross. Once again Ray got away from the studio early. Not wishing to disturb, he tip-toed in through the back way and of course right up to Daniel's room. Several seconds later a wild-eyed, slightly hysterical father burst into the sewing room.

"Get the doctor—call the doctor," he yelled. "Don't stand there. Do something. The baby's been after his new responsibility. He was waving his arms pleadingly and tore around the room.

Six excited young matrons dropped their sewing and raced upstairs. Calm but alarmed, Mrs. Milland pulled the shutters in the nursery. In the well-lighted room she took a good look at her son. He was sleeping beautifully and peacefully, but on his cheek was a huge smear of lip-stick left there by one of her guests, who had secretly stolen a kiss. Ray suddenly remembered that he had business in the garage.

When the George Murphys presented the Millands with a nice new baby buggy, it was Ray who trundled his son through the streets of Beverly Hills. Today, as Daniel David Milland weiged seven months, Ray pulled the buggy in the nursery. In the well-lighted room he took a good look at her son. He was sleeping beautifully and peacefully, but on his cheek was a huge smear of lip-stick left there by one of her guests, who had secretly stolen a kiss. Ray suddenly remembered that he had business in the garage.

The sixth of every month is a birthday occasion for celebration as far as Ray is concerned. He already has a store-room filled with mechanical books and electric trains. Ray has started piano lessons because he thinks the influence of "good music" should be strong in the home. He takes moving pictures of Daniel David every month and plans to make this a life record. When Ray's son grows to be a man—wonder how he's going to appreciate the Technicolor movies?

There's no doubt that ever since he discovered he was about to become a father, Ray Milland has been a changed man. Formerly the "uninvolved" Mr. Milland has become a settled sable citizen. Once an escapist who struggled against a confining routine way of living, Ray has learned that there is nothing like a baby. And his heart definitely belongs to Danny— to say nothing of his wife.

In the meantime his friends are seeing to it that Ray never again is in the position of one father who was going to be different from all the rest. Recently the Fred MacMurrays spent an evening with the Millands. As though he had good-naturedly forgotten Mrs. Milland and said: "May we come over when Ray isn't home? When he took me upstairs to see the baby, he stood right in front of me and said: "That's my way. Well, I can put up with that. But when he offered to show me how to fold one of those three-cornered wrappings—that's carrying fatherhood too far for me!"
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.

Lysol Disinfectant FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

Screenland
Stores Featuring Your Glamor Guide Fashions

PAGE 52
Hoodcoat from Philip Slansky & Bros.
Chicago—Carson, Pirie, Scott Co.
Cleveland—Wm. Taylor Son & Co.
Los Angeles—Bullock's
Memphis—J. Goldsmith & Sons Co.
Miami—Burdine's Inc.
Minneapolis—The Dayton Co.

Feedbag by R. Apple, Inc.
Buffalo—L. L. Bergey
Chicago—Claus, A. Stevens
Cleveland—Halle Bros. Co.
Dallas—Neiman Marcus Co.
Los Angeles—Bullock's

PAGE 53
Reefer by New York Girl Coat Co.
Write for store names

Beret by Brandt Millinery
Boston—Jordan Marsh Co.
Chicago—Carson, Pirie, Scott Co.
Cincinnati—The John Shillito Co.
Cleveland—The Wm. Taylor Son & Co.

Plaid Bag by Lowy & Mund
Cincinnati—The John Shillito Co.
Dallas—Sanger Bros.
Denver—Davis & Fisher
Detroit—The J. L. Hudson Co.
Minneapolis—The Dayton Co.

Striped Topcoat by Julius Nelson
Denver—Neusteter's Suit Co.
Indianapolis—The Wm. H. Block Co.
Philadelphia—Lit Brothers

Calot by Crane Hats
Albany—John G. Meyers Co.
Cleveland—The Mac Co.
Columbus—The F. & R. Lazarus Co.
Minneapolis—John W. Thomas Co.
New York—Orbach's

Dress by Daymour, Inc.
Chicago—Carson, Pirie, Scott Co.
Cleveland—Halle Bros. Co.
Detroit—The J. L. Hudson Co.
Minneapolis—The Dayton Co.
Philadelphia—John Wanamaker

Hat by Davidson Hats
Boston—Wm. Filene's Sons Co.
Columbus—The Fashion Co.
Indianapolis—L. S. Ayres & Co.
Los Angeles—J. W. Robinson

PAGE 54
Evening Gown by Murray Hamburger
Detroit—Hilmerhoch Bros. Co.
Lynchburg—J. R. Milner
Memphis—E. Lowenstein & Bros. Inc.

Fur Jacket by Allen Blond
Alliance—Erlanger Dry Goods
Boston—R. H. White Co.
Milwaukee—Hermans

Buster Brown Beret by Brandt Millinery
See Preceding List—Page 53

Suede Bag by R. Apple, Inc.
See Preceding List—Page 52

Loma Leads Dress by Loma Dress Co.
Atlanta—J. M. High & Co.
Cincinnati—Mabey & Carew Company
Detroit—Crowley-Milner & Co.

Los Angeles—Broadway Department
Store, Inc.
Seattle—Frederick & Nelson

Profile Beret by Sporting & Spector
Boston—Jordan Marsh Co.
Cleveland—The May Co.
Detroit—The J. L. Hudson Co.
Los Angeles—Bullock's
Minneapolis—John W. Thomas Co.
Pittsburgh—Kauffman's
Portland, Oregon—Meier & Frank Co.
San Francisco—The White House

Mailhead Pouch by R. Apple, Inc.
See Preceding List—Page 52

PAGE 56
Fresly Playclothes Slacks by Goldman
Baltimore—Hochschild Kohn & Co.
Bose—Falk Mercantile Co., Ltd.
Canton—Halle Bros. Co.
Cleveland—Halle Bros. Co.
Dallas—Sanger Bros., Inc.
San Francisco—Hale Bros., Stores, Inc.

Corduroys by Goldman Co.
See list above

Cablesstitched Socks by Mavis Hosier
Hartford—Sage, Allen & Company
New York—Lord & Taylor
New York—Bomeit Teller, Inc.
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

Moccasin Playshoes by A. Sandler
Chicago—The Fair, Inc.
Los Angeles—The May Co.
Milwaukee—Boston Store
Portland, Ore—Meier & Frank
St. Louis—Famous-Barr Co.
San Francisco—The White House

Calot by Crane Hats
See Preceding List—Page 53

PAGE 57
Jumper by Goldman Co.
See Preceding List—Page 56

Joan Kenley Blouse by Mitchen & Weber
Chicago—Mandel Bros.

Gadget Bag by Lesco Ltd.
Baltimore—Hochschild Kohn & Co.
Indianapolis—The Wm. H. Block Co.
Netark—L. Bamberger & Co.
New York—Franklin Simon & Co.

Plaid Outfit by Shepherd Knitwear
Newark—L. Bamberger & Co.
Salt Lake City—Grace P. Hawks

PAGE 59
"Georgiana" Dress by Tabin-Picker
Chicago—Carson, Pirie, Scott Co.
Cincinnati—The John Shillito Co.
Cleveland—The May Co.
Columbus—The F. & R. Lazarus Co.
St. Louis—Famous-Barr Co.

PAGE 61
Cora Pearls by Cohn-Rosenberger
Cincinnati—Mabey & Carew
Cleveland—The May Co.
New York—Franklin Simon & Co.
San Francisco—The White House
“A Miracle is happening to You right now
A ‘NEW-BORN-SKIN’
for your OLDER Skin!”

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 crowling upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!
Loretta Young Finds Real Love At Last!

Continued from page 28

learned, with only their families and a few very close friends. Following the wedding there will be a wedding breakfast at Loretta’s home. Georgianna, Loretta’s youngest sister, will be her only attendant. Dr. Charles Lewis, New York physician, will be her brother’s best man. Inasmuch as her last venture into matrimony was ten years ago when, little more than a child, she eloped with, tall, handsome Grant Withers (her mother had the marriage annulled), Loretta is very eager this time to be married in a church. Both Loretta and Tom are Catholics.

After a month’s honeymoon—in Mexico City, they hope—Loretta said Tom will move into their new home on Camden Drive in Beverly Hills. It’s very amusing about their new house. Tom is a radio executive with the advertising agency of Young and Rubican and has to spend his time commuting back and forth from New York to Hollywood. About six months ago when he and Loretta decided to get married he was suddenly called back to New York before they could make many of their plans. But he phoned her from New York that he wanted to buy her a new home and would she please go ahead and select it so they could have it ready to move into after the honeymoon. Although he is quite a big shot in the advertising world, Tom’s salary is nothing like a movie star’s salary—but he had expected something better than Loretta selected.

As soon as business permitted he flew back to Hollywood and Loretta gleefully drove him over to Beverly Hills. “It was night,” Loretta told me, “but of course with the lights he could see perfectly. When we drove up in front of the house his face fell a mile. ‘Are you sure this is it, darling?’ he said, trying awfully hard not to show his disappointment.

“Oh, come on inside,” I said cheerfully, ‘you’ll be crazy about it.’ When he saw the bedrooms, each about the size of an office desk, he tried awfully hard to smile, but he actually looked sick. When we were leaving we ran into a man in the drive-way who just made the evening complete. The man said, ‘You folks won’t like that house, It’s terrible. I moved away from the neighborhood on account of it.’

But what poor Tom, a bachelor of thirty-seven, didn’t realize is that a house, as is, never means anything to Loretta. She can take a shambles, and this little bungalow on Camden Drive was as near a shambles as you can find in Beverly Hills, and change it in a few months’ time into one of the most attractive and charming homes you could ever wish for. Loretta and her mother both have the knack of home-making and both of them know interior decorating from A to Z. It takes several years to really buy ugly houses and transforming them into model homes, as sort of a sideline business. But poor Tom didn’t know that. No wonder he had a fit at his stomach when he saw those teeny-weeny bedrooms, that horrible Mexican stucco, and those early California tiles. But just wait until he sees what it is like when he arrives for his wedding! The eight bedrooms (it was formerly owned by a Mexican family who added a new room every time they had a baby) have now become three very large, airy bedrooms, with wonderful bay windows. It’s still one of the smallest houses in Beverly Hills, it’s all on one floor, but it’s definitely one of the most charming. Loretta is as pleased as punch. So is little Judy, the baby Loretta adopted in 1936. And Tom is due for a surprise.

Loretta met Tom Lewis two years ago, and it wasn’t love at first sight. Tom was sent out by Young and Rubican to manage the Screen Guild Show. He always appeared at dress and in the advertising world, Tom’s salary is nothing like a movie star’s salary—but he had expected something better than Loretta selected.

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Gentle Titan
Continued from page 34

owner-drivers, you see. The family has three hotels in England. I was supposed to be a hotel-keeper myself but I was a vast disappointment; I became a strolling player. He rubbed his face sheeplishly. "In a Mother Goose pantô, of all things!"

When he talks he phrases his thoughts precisely, and clothes them in a diction that is a caress to the ear. He swears only occasionally, but salts his observations with original, bawdy passages that linger in the memory. "I don't believe anyone has ever accused me of temperament," he says.

"Only Leo McCarey, a fine director if ever there was one, planned with me to rid ourselves of a peculiarly odious supervisor by having me feign temperament. That worked out very satisfactorily. This meddling fellow had no ideas to offer, you see. He simply botted things. Mind you, most of the men in charge are efficient clods. But this lad was a bounder. We agreed that whenever he came on our set Leo would take him to one side and explain that I was one of those terribly temperamental foreigners, hard to handle, touchy, all that. Then he would escort me, storming, from the set, and we would retire to my dressing room for a drink. By the time we returned to the set our friend the temp would be gone."

After our interview there was a portrait sitting scheduled. "Why should anyone want to take my picture?" growled the tubby tragedian. "Why should I ask?" he countered. "If there were no dismal tasks like sitting for stills and the like, acting would be altogether too perfect. I suppose it's the law of compensation. We have fun doing 'Sidewalks of London' and scaring little children in 'Hunchback,' then we must pay for it by participating in the bloody ballyhoo."

Outside a horde of autograph seekers rose out of the ground to plague Mr. Laughton for his signature. Silently, rapidly, he wrote his way into the waiting car. En route he entertained us with a repertoire of limnericks classic in concept and pregnant with double entendre. One short observation I remember:

There are two parts to every horse. One of which is rather coarse.

"There is, you know, a distinctly British brand of humor," Laughton commented, "that I should like to try in a picture some time. There is the story, for example, of the old duke who was virtually a fixture in the window of a swanky Conservative club, and was finally induced to travel in the subway to see how the other half lived. He was led down the stairs, all amazed, bought his ticket, and watched the ticket-chopper punch it. 'I say, my good fellow,' he asked, 'how long have you been down here?' 'Ten years, sir,' said the ticket-chopper. 'And you've been doing this all that time?' queried his lordship. 'Yes-sir,' says the attendant. Me lord gazes at the ticket in his hand in admiration. 'Well, I must say, you do it very nicely.'"

To the accompanying polite laughter Laughton explained that that was the essence of British humor. It's off-beat, he pointed out, ending in a thud, while American humor ends at the top of the laugh. That he understands American humor as well as British was beautifully demonstrated by his performance of Ruggles in "Ruggles of Red Gap." He had to fight to be permitted to make that picture and the company was shunted to leftover sets and vacant corners of the lot to do it. "All during the memorable Gettysburg address," said Laughton, "hammering could be heard from the KKO lot next door, and only one take was free from this interference."

"Ruggles is my favorite of all pictures," says the Englishman, "because it presents British and American viewpoints sympathetically, and because it enabled me to show my very genuine affection for America, although I wish you would consider that off the record." So sincere was his remark that it must stay in, nevertheless.

At the studio photographers were ready in force, and a receptionist with pretty legs waved Mr. Laughton toward an elaborately arranged dressing-room. Where the average star would have made a dash for the make-up table, the imperturbable Englishman waved it aside, and stalked in to the brilliantly lighted studio, looking like a husman on a holiday. He was asked to pose in a dark coat rather than the light one he was wearing. His secretary produced a brown, tweedy sport coat that looked as if it had been slept in, kicked about, and finally discarded.

"This should do, eh?" said Charlie, holding it across his arm in Bond Street salesman manner. "It's hairy and British, what they expect, isn't it?" He slipped it on without further ado. A lock of hair hung over one eye, his face was shiny, his tie rumpled, but that was the way Laughton was going to be photographed, if at all.

They had unearthed a prop Corinthian column which they suggested he lean against, pensive chin in hand, eyes seeking a far-off land. "Yes, yes, of course I understand," said Laughton agreeably, "you want good old number three." He eyed the camera with a fine sneer. "When I was a King in Babylon, and you were a Christian slave," he murmured softly.

After the portrait had been completed,
Laughton was asked to do a series of character shots, and sitting cosily at a table he proceeded to recall Captain High, Jasper and others in an unforgettable gallery of characterizations. When he wanted one particular expression he repeated a speech from "Payment Deferred," which set him perfectly for the pose he was seeking. "I'm no good at these blasted stills," he remarked, "and I hate to do them."

His picture in work is "They Knew What They Wanted." He wants most of all to do a domestic comedy with his wife, Elsa Lanchester. "Something the home and simple, similar to 'The First Year' but with deeper implications, please."

Address your scripts to Mr. Laughton, and rest assured that when he doesn't get his hands on the one he has in mind, the resulting picture will be worth seeing. When he's good, he's the best.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 19

names," twinkled Cecilia, "so we're sure he will be a boy. All my family go in for strings of names—mine is really Cecilia Mary Elizabeth. Not a bad idea, because if you don't like one you have a choice."

Cecilia wasn't kidding about her hobby. When she and Dick were married, her mother-in-law presented her with a bound, typewritten book containing the Baldwin family recipes, with complete details of the preparation of each dish.

"I'd never cooked until then," reported Cecilia, "but the book was so intriguing and I felt so hungry as I read it that I decided to see what I could do. The more you cook, the more interested you get. Some of the dishes we're having for breakfast today came out of the Baldwin book."

"If you entertain with a breakfast, the meal is usually served so late that your guests work up enormous appetites. I've found it best to have at least one hearty dish and surround it with plenty of varied breads, lots of coffee and jellies and jams. This is my menu today:

<p>| | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Fruit</td>
<td>Mexican Ham</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eggs</td>
<td>Pecan Caramel Rolls</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boysenberry Jam</td>
<td>Orange Bread</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gingerbread Men</td>
<td>Coffee</td>
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</tbody>
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As we live in a Mexican house, I feel I'm keeping up the atmosphere when I serve Mexican ham and lots of our guests are quite mad about it."

MEXICAN HAM

Trim off the fat from a good-sized slice of ham and put it in the skillet and cook until crisp. Then add the ham and cook until brown on both sides. Make the following mixture and sprinkle on ham.

2 tablespoons sugar
1/2 teaspoon chili powder

Continue to cook slowly until glazed on both sides. Serve in warm platter and keep hot. Drain off all the fat except 4 teaspoons. Blend in 4 teaspoons flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt and a few grains of pepper and flour and mix thoroughly. Then stir in 1/2 cup Pet milk. Heat thoroughly and serve with the ham.

"We'll eat Baldwin Orange Bread with the ham. I had the dough made into rolls today because they make a prettier picture, and the Pecan Caramel Rolls are wonderful with Jam. The recipe for the Gingerbread Men is not new."

PECAN CARAMEL ROLLS

1 cup boiling potato water
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup butter and Crisco mixed
1/2 teaspoon salt
4 cups flour
2 tablespoons sifted Swansdown flour
2 tablespoons warm water
1/4 teaspoon sugar
1 Fleischmann's yeast cake
2 beaten eggs

Mix potato water, sugar and butter and salt and cool to lukewarm. Soften yeast in warm water and sugar and add to the first mixture. Add the beaten eggs and stir in 2 cups of flour and beat thoroughly. Add the remaining 2 cups flour, stir in and do not knead. Place this in the refrigerator. When ready to use, roll dough on floured board to 1/4 inch thickness. Spread with pecan mixture and let stand and rise for three hours. Bake at 400 degrees for thirty minutes.

PECAN CARAMEL FROSTING

1 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup warm water
1/2 teaspoon Burnetts Vanilla
1/2 cup chopped pecans
2 egg whites
Boil sugar and water to the soft ball stage. Pour gradually on stiffly beaten egg whites. Add vanilla and beat until stiff enough to hold its shape. Add nuts, mix well and spread on top and sides.

ORANGE BREAD

4 cups sifted flour
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup sugar
4 tablespoons Crisco
2 eggs
1 1/2 cups water
1 cup candied orange peel

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Cut the shortening into it as for baking powder biscuits. Add eggs, water and orange peel and stir well. Place in a greased loaf pan and let stand for ten minutes. Preheat your oven at 375 degrees and bake at 350 for one hour.

"We're serving grapes today, on account of we raise grapes on our valley acreage. Do I seem to boast? Half our land is in grapes out there and Dick calls the place Grapes of Wrath. I tell him it's not fair to call it that because we have three peach trees, two nectarines, an apricot and simply scads of boysenberries. We made our jam from our own ranch. I've come to the place where I look at growing fruit and mentally figure out what to do with it, instead of sitting there admiring the picture it makes, as I used to do before I became a cooking fiend."

I made a fruit pie from the ranch fruit today which you may eat if you have any New England blood in you. New Englanders always like pie for breakfast. I have a rule that every year I must make a Jared Baldwin recipe and I have marvelous luck with it. Dick's so fond of pie, and almost the first thing I tried to make was apple pie. Everyone had told me to varnish to use green apples for pie and I looked for the greenest I could find. They were so sour I couldn't swallow them, but Dick ate that pie, to his everlasting glory, and said he liked it!"

PASTRY LA BALDWIN

1 1/2 cups of sifted flour
1/2 cup Crisco
3/4 teaspoon salt
2 to 4 tablespoons ice water

To insure flaky pastry, cut in the Crisco
to the size of peas with a fork or knife. Do not handle too much or it will be tough. After adding the ice water, let it stand for a while or better put it in the refrigerator for a time. Then roll out with a light motion to ¼ inch thickness. Bake at 425 degrees until the filling is cooked.

"I have two delicious recipes for pies that are a grand success this time of the year, or any time through the holidays," she went on. "The gingersnap crust to the pumpkin pie is something you shouldn't miss!"

**PUMPKIN CHIFFON PIE**  
(Filling for one 9" pie)  
1 envelope Knox unflavored gelatine  
½ cup cold water  
1½ cups canned pumpkin  
½ cup milk  
½ teaspoon ginger  
½ teaspoon nutmeg  
½ teaspoon cinnamon  
½ teaspoon salt  
1 cup sugar  
3 eggs

Soften gelatine in cold water. Beat egg yolks, add ½ cup of the sugar, pumpkin, milk, salt and spices (Burnetts). Cook in double boiler until custard consistency, stirring constantly. Add softened gelatine to hot custard and stir until dissolved. Cool, and when mixture begins to thicken, fold in egg whites beaten stiff and to which remaining one-half of the sugar has been added. Pour into baked pie shell or crumb crust and chill. When firm, garnish with whipped cream if desired.

**GINGERSNAP CRUST**  
1½ cups gingersnap crumbs  
½ cup powdered sugar  
½ cup butter  
Cream butter and sugar together and blend in crumbs. Pack firmly into pie tin and chill before pouring in filling.

**HONEY LEMON CHIFFON TARTS**  
(Serves 6)  
1 envelope Knox unflavored gelatine  
¼ cup cold water  
4 eggs  
½ cup honey  
½ cup lemon juice  
½ teaspoon salt  
½ cup sugar  
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Beat yolks, add honey, lemon juice and salt. Cook in double boiler until custard consistency, stirring constantly. Soften gelatine in cold water and dissolve in hot custard. Add grated lemon rind. Cool and when mixture begins to thicken, fold in stiffly beaten whites in which ½ cup sugar has been added. Pour into baked tart shells and chill. May be garnished with whipped cream just before serving.

"Speaking of food, you should listen in on the women in the Hardy pictures. During our latest picture, 'Andy Hardy Meets Debutante,' Fay Holden and Ann Rutherford and I were always telling each other how to fix some dish in a new way. One dish we evolved together and Dick is simply mad about is a potato salad."

**POTATO SALAD**  
4 medium sized potatoes sliced  
1 small onion sliced  
2 tablespoons chopped parsley  
½ cup Heinz vinegar  
4 slices diced bacon  
2 tablespoons sugar  
½ teaspoon Olden’s mustard  
½ cup water  
Salt and pepper to taste

Combine ingredients and cook at high heat for five minutes, low heat for twenty minutes and off heat for 5 to 15 minutes.

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**Pat O’Brien’s Message to American Youth**  
Continued from page 27

home in their chauffeur-driven limousines and thinking to myself, ‘You horses’ necks, you!’ That’s why I always drive my own car. I’m scared some of you kids might see me, as I rolled by in a limousine, with the same bitter, scathing thoughts in your minds.

"But this danger of getting soft, inside and out, that’s what I want to emphasize. It’s the age we live in, of course; it’s the cars and the radios and the motion pictures and all the cushions and short-cuts of civilization. It’s because we don’t have to use our brawn and beef as we once did, don’t have to get the bread we eat by labor that makes us sweat. I tell you, kids, I wouldn’t give a hoot for a man that didn’t have some sweat in his past.

"Well, anyway, you kids, there’s not much excuse for any of us getting soft today, is there, with America needing all we’ve got to give? There’s a stiffer game than football going on. I am no war-monger, kids. I don’t want my children to grow up believing that the goose-step is more beautiful than the waltz or that the bugle call is better music than Irish folk-songs. But I do feel that we’ve got to face the facts of existence as they are in the world today. And I do feel we can’t be softies, don’t dare to be softies, or we’ll get our faces pushed in.

"The facts being what they are, it seems to me to be of vital importance that you kids have some knowledge of war and of how to take care of yourselves, how
She often felt "left out of things... her glass said"

**Orphan Skin**

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Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson were among the music lovers who braved the crowds to attend the big opening concert at the Hollywood Bowl.

**Screenland**

Len Weinman

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**To defend your loved ones if war comes. And I mean first-hand knowledge, not the second-hand, second-rate books. Any older man who says less to you kids may eventually regret his soft-heartedness and soft-headedness. You kids, if you are unprepared, won't tackle older men either, if and when you need preparedness.

"It isn't a happy world just now kids. Let's face it, although here in the United States we have so much forth with which to be grateful we ought to make God Bless America our theme song, our prayer, and the tune we whistle while we work! And if it is necessary for Americans to preserve that happiness and that freedom of thought and action which we will value all right if we ever lose it, then, for one, I am in favor of fighting. And kids, what I mean is-fighting. And I can only say to yo. kids that I want my son to be ready to fight too.

Don't misunderstand me, please. I wouldn't want my son to be a professional soldier unless he fixed on that career for himself. But I do feel that every American boy should have some military or naval training, enough to provide him with a running start if his country needs him. I have little patience with a father who says he'll never let his son fight in a war. There are worse things than wars and unhappier fates than being killed in a war defending home, loved ones, the rights of free men generally. Naturally, I hope you may never have to be called upon to sacrifice my own in battle. But if the day should come when the fathers of America must send their sons to war I hope mine will be the first to go. I hope I have courage enough and conviction enough to give him my blessing when he goes. In the meantime, and may it be a long, long time, PREPARE! Of course, prepare.

"That's why Knute Rockne believed in football like he did. Not only as a great game did he believe in it, but also as a means of preparedness for a bigger and greater game—life. He believed football was necessary to the progress of a nation. He believed his boys could get the fluidity of fluidity by playing football. He said once, addressing his team, 'Any of you young high school stars who don't want to learn to knock and tackle will never see your sister's party tonight. Football is a game for men who can think and think fast. Any of you who are slow on the uptake,' he said, 'cure it or get out. If you want to work hard on the field but I also expect you to maintain a high average in your studies.' And another time, 'Anyone who thinks he can make the team because he can kick and run, get out immediately.'

D'you get what he meant, kids? He meant you can't have soft brains any more than you can have soft bodies. He meant you can't just kick and run and make team. He meant you've got to be keen at the subtle tactics of block and tackle, too. He meant, I'm sure, that you've got to be fit in every way if you want to make any team in life. He didn't think it was only beef and brawn that makes a football player he knew it was brains, too. He wanted thinking men on his team. He said so, often.

So, you can take it from Rockne, kids, don't let yourselves get soft inside or out, body or brain. Athletic training is the finest thing to prevent just that. It doesn't have to be football, it can be any sport so long as you're good at it. And you don't have to be built like Tarzan or Gargantua, either. Knute Rockne should make you little fellers feel good, too, you kids who aren't six-footers with muscles like ship's cable. Just because he knew that it isn't altogether a matter of beef and brawn; that brains, being quick on the uptake count, too.

"Why he even took his team to a musical comedy one night to watch some chorus girls work. And watching them he conceived the idea for a backfield shift that had all the grace and flowing rhythm of a perfectly executed dance routine. Rhythm on the field, he stressed that. And you don't have to be Man Mountain Dean to have rhythm. And if I'm not getting too deep, I might point out that it's mighty useful to have rhythm in life, too, in everything we do. Because rhythm is poise and balance and pace and control.

And let me tell you, kids, the fact that I played football in my twenties has saved me lots of embarrassment now that I'm forty. In this picture I have to get out there and throw passes, kick, run, even score a touchdown against the Army. I have to play with kids in the fluids, too. And had I not, twenty years previous, got in this condition and kept in it, I would have looked an awful bum out there, at forty. It would have been pretty embarrassing for me, too, if I'd had to have a double do my playing for me. I didn't have to. I can thank football and hard work for that. But while football always kept me concentrating on the idea that I should keep in condition. Once you've played football you never entirely lose it. It's a part of you, and it's not just a matter of muscles. Because it isn't only the field that you have to make passes, run, kick, block and tackle, if you follow me."

I want what I want to say to you kids is this: Do a little hard work. I mean HARD
work. Even if you don't have to, even if your folks are so well fixed you don't have to do anything, go out and do it, anyway. Know what it means to sweat and strain and ache. Know what it is to do work that uses you up, that takes everything you've got to give. That's how you find out how much you've got to give. And if you don't have to work and work hard, athletics are all the more necessary. They make you work. And on the football field, on the baseball diamond, the mum's boy gets kicked in the teeth, even-Stephen, with the hard-boiled hooligan from Hogan's Alley.

"I know I'm going to stress athletic routine with my own son, to toughen his fibre and his mind, also to counter-balance too much going to the movies, listening to the radio, taking it easy in a car. Not that I don't think movies and radio have their part in the lives of you kids. They have. They're a part and a big one, of our times. But the movies and the radio, unless you're working in them, are not your activities. You're just audience, watching the other fellows work. It's a bad thing to be in the audience too much.

"Just so you won't think I'm handing you a line I didn't follow myself, I'll tell you kids a few of the jobs I had when I was a kid—just in case you have any fancy ideas about us fellows in pictures springing, full-born, into stardom. I sold newspapers, worked for the American Express Company hauling heavy trunks and crates. When I was 12 I had the Saturday Evening Post route. When I was 14 I had an early morning paper route and had to get up at four o'clock in the morning so's to be in time for school. I was 17 when I worked as a blacksmith's helper in Chicago, also in a railroad shop. None of these were jobs you could do wearing white kid gloves. And 18 I enlisted in the Navy and found myself on top of a coal pile, shovelling the stuff. I played football at that time, too, with the Signal School Football Team.

"I started to college after I got out of the Navy. The summer preceding my matriculation at Marquette University (I only stayed two years) I laid concrete sidewalks mixing cement and concrete by hand. I studied law at Marquette. I was night-clerk in a dry-goods store. I was pin-boy in a bowling-alley. I worked my way all through school.

"But, you may say, 'I don't want to do that kind of work. I want to be a doctor or a lawyer or an artist. I know what I want to do.' So, all right. So did I know what I wanted to do. I wanted to be an actor. I wanted to be an actor ever since I could think. But I had to eat. I had to get some mental discipline first. I had to live a little life before I could make-believe. I had to learn we don't get what we want without working for it. No kidding, kids, write that in your copybooks.

"Rockne didn't start life as a coach, you know. And here's another thought: Don't be discouraged if you're delayed in what you want to do and be. Did you know that Knute Rockne was about twenty-seven years old when he first went to college? He was, kids. He worked for years in the mail-loading department of the Chicago Post Office in order to earn the money to go to college. No words of mine can add anything to that.

"Then, when he did make Notre Dame, and although he knew right off that football was his stuff (hadn't he learned to play in the 'sandlot' games in Chicago?) What one of the proudest moments of his life the time he came home with a broken nose?—he was a Left End, he was about seven at the time) so, although he

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NEW Super-Soft Dr. Scholl’s Zino-pads
Romancing with
Ann Rutherford

Continued from page 65

in her career—her first straight lead even though she's been leading lady in Audy Hardy's life for seven movies.

Just like hundreds of debutantes who come from the East, North, and South, seeking thrill in the wild and woolly West. Ann enthused: 'There'd be the grand Tetons, the pine-covered mountains, the open prairies, horses and corral fences and cattle—ten gallon hats, spike-heeled boots and cowboys who'd look like Errol Flynn and sing like Gene Antry. We even visualized a huge orange moon rising over a haystack, and a star-spangled sky. And we could almost hear baritone voices singing Wagon Wheels.'

Ann promised faithfully she'd write me all about it. Then—on the night of her departure, two hours before train time, she telephoned frantically, "Pack your things—you're going with me to Wyoming! Aren't you thrilled? The studio says you can go with me. Isn't it wonderful?"

"Oh, my goodness, me—but—but I'm not ready. What'll I do?" I waited.

Two hours later, Ann and I, bag and baggage were on the Limited enroute to Jackson Lake, Wyoming, some 1200 miles away. The studio had given us a typed schedule of our trip which clearly showed it was a complicated affair of jumping off and on trains all the way. We crossed our fingers and hoped we'd get there.

Next day at Salt Lake City we changed trains—and Ann would still have been greeting her public on the station platform if I hadn't been along to rush her after our disappearing red cap and baggage. Ann's so accommodating—she stood on her head, I do believe, if she was asked to!

At four-thirty the following morning, the porter stuck his head in our drawing room and said, "You young ladies better all be gettin' up. This is Pocatello, Idaho—and you change trains for Idaho Falls." Scrambling into our clothes, we barely caught the local, which stopped at every crossing and for every stray cow on the track. "You two girls are from that Hollywood studio," the friendly old conductor said, when he collected our tickets. "I recognized Polly—I mean Miss Rutherford here. Yes, sir, we like them Judge Hardy Family pictures up this way. Every day for the past two weeks, actors have been comin' up on this train for that movie location. But you're the first girls."

Tell us," said Ann, her brown eyes dancing, with that Rutherford charm turned on full, "are dude ranches fun? Are there lots of nice-looking cowboys? Do you think we'll have a good time?"

"Well," said the conductor, slightly bewitched by Ann's vivacity. "Wyoming's got twice as many men as females, according to the census taker. You girls should cop you one of them rancher fellers. They got lots of cattle and they're well fixed. Their paws home-steaded this state. Wouldn't be no trouble for you to get one, unless you got your eye on one of them actin'-fellers back down there in Hollywood."

He probably didn't know that at Anita Louise's wedding it was Ann who caught the bridal bouquet—making her next in line for a wedding march!

At Victor, Haba, we said goodbye to our friend the conductor, who sort of runs a matrimonial bureau right on his train—and found an automobile waiting to take us the fifty miles to Jackson Lake. The driver was a sandy-complexioned, home-spun boy of eighteen, with honest blue eyes and freckles. But his blue levis and cotton shirt were clean and he was most obliging, even if he didn't remind us much of Bob Taylor. We piled into the front seat—and I noticed he couldn't keep his eyes off Ann, who chattered like a little magpie all the way, despite the hair-pin curves on the high, winding mountain roads. Ann is as effervescent as the bubbles on an ice cream soda. Her interest is keyed to high-C-on everybody and everything—and her spirits amount energy never let down. When she isn't talking she's reading or singing—and that goes on all day.

"How's the picture coming?" Ann asked by way of making conversation. The youth replied that the company had spent the morning shooting a stage-coach coming down a mountain pass.

"Was there a hold-up and a robbery?" queried Ann. And we both had to bite our cheeks to keep from laughing at his frank amazement. For he turned and looked at us in surprise. "Well, yes, there was," he said. "But how did you know? Gee, you musta read the script." Ann nudged me and we giggled—for who ever heard of a Western with a stagecoach and it not being held up?

A couple of hours later we were deposed at a beautiful dude ranch right up in the mountains overlooking beautiful Jackson Lake with its magnificent range of snow-capped peaks—forming a back-drop unlike anything ever conceived in a movie studio. There was a big ranch house of native logs and little log guest cabins. There were horses tied to hitching posts, and a half dozen or so cowboys seated on the wide porch.

Ann and I stepped out of the car. No sooner had our feet touched the ground than two of the wranglers were right there to help us with our bags. "Oh, this is
ONE SIDE, PLEASE!

describes Fastenings and Hip Pocket of this Slim Frock. Curled Pompadour has support from beautiful,” marveled Ann, taking in the whole ranch. Not enough there were the corral fences, the horses, chickens in a coop, turkeys and a big haystack. “Yes, sure is pretty,” replied one of the cowboys. It is, I thought. I was thinking about the ranch. “I'd sure like to show you about the place.”

After we’d been assigned our cabin, we came out to find two of the boys waiting to show us about. We went over to the pump for a drink of water—and they suggested that if we really wanted to see the ranch we’d have to help them before dinner. Ann had two divided riding skirts, I squeezed my size sixteen into her size thirteen—and a riding we did go. We rode until the sun set and rode an old golden splendor on Jackson Lake all the while the cowboys never once mentioned Hollywood or that Ann was a movie star. Instead they told us of the long days on the range and the great outdoors and the trapping and fishing and hunting that is a part of their lives. They said the only time they leave Jackson is to take a load of cattle east or to ride to town to go to the post office. They didn’t blame them for loving Wyoming.

“There’s going to be a little dancing tonight at Wirt’s Lodge,” one of the boys said. “If you want in on it, I’ll buy you two a drink.” And my partner here’d be mighty proud to take you,” Ann and I thought that would be wonderful. “Do you dress up much for things like that?” I asked. And the boy replied that “the most dressin’ up we do in these parts is to just put on a clean pair of levis.”

Back to the cabin, Ann and I decided since it was Saturday night, just for a lark we'd make it a special occasion and wear our long dresses—just as though we were back in Hollywood and had dates with such names as Jeff or Al Stack. “I always love to wear a long dress on Saturday night,” Ann said, “Won’t we be the ones, stepping out in style and everything on our own—it’s our own, I bet the others—for you should have seen those cowboys! We had to look twice to see if they were the same pair—they were, as Ann said. “I always love to wear a long dress.”

At the lodge we found a table and were debating whether to have young steer steaks, or Mackinaw trout fresh from the lake—tucked in a basket. And when Wally Bercy and Paul Kelly came along and sat down with us. They seemed to think Ann and I needed a bit of chaperoning.

After dinner, we gathered in the lodge hall and made the rafters ring with our clapping and singing as we executed the square dances and the Virginia reel. We swung our partners and “dissolved.” And most enthusiastic was little Bob Watson, who’s in “Bad Man of Wyoming” too. Ann said he was a miniature dude wrangler—for he wore spike-heeled boots and a shirt louder than a fire-alarm.

In the midst of the revelry, our cowboy heroes mentioned that outside the moon was coming up over the mountain. We stole out on the veranda to see. Bob Watson came right along, even though I did hear Ann’s boy friend try to bribe him with a half a pack of cigarettes. As the dancers. But you know boys of that age. He decided to be our little brother and keep posted on what was going on. One of the wranglers brought out a guitar and we sat around and played a few songs which was terrific, and listening to the songs dear to the hearts of the westerners—and the rustling of the pines behind us. Sometimes we’d hear hoots of an eagle or a moose ran through and we’d see eyes, like two gold lights, staring out of the darkness.

Bob almost went to sleep a couple of times, lulled by the peace and quietness and the beauty of the night and the music. Ann was starry-eyed. Later we sat by a huge log fire indoors and listened to the stories of the cowboys. One who turned his attention on me—seeing’s how Ann was discovered by this particular cowboy, the local hero. The week before he’d taken a boat and gone down the rapids of Snake River Canyon, a daring stunt that had never been done before.

Ann asked him if he’d been frightened—and he said he had been so fast he hadn’t had time to get scared. He’d had his picture taken and it was a wonderful shot. Ann murmured. If she’d even hinted she’d have liked him to do it all over again I think he’d been on his way right then and there to be my hero.

That night in our little log cabin Ann and I lit the oil lamp, made a wooden fire in the little stove to keep warm, washed out our stockings and things—and talked about everything that had happened. In fact, we spent half the night just talking—like girls do—about the things we dream of, hope for, wish for, in our lives—and so’s the reason I have something to talk about, and not leave it all up to a girl.

With a few more don’t-you-thinks, we turned in and slept and were wakened by two boys Ann dates. There’s Don Kahn, son of Gus Kahn, the song-writer; Eddie Arnold, Jr., and Charles Isaac, the latter who inherited three million dollars and a yacht—and would like very much Ann.

“...But I’m not going to get married for ever and ever so long,” said Ann. “I simply love my work, and it’s going to be my goal in life, to get the most I can out of it.”

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YODORA DEODORANT CREAM
stage about San Francisco. When Ann was
eleven they moved to Los Angeles, where
she attended the Alta Loma grade school,
the Virgil Junior high school and the Los
Angeles and Fairfax high schools.

"Ann was in all the school plays," her
mother once told me. "She'd always get
the lead—so everyone else would say it
was useless to try out for them. Ann and her
sister and I have always been great pals,"
Mrs. Rutherford went on. "Judith is like a
bombshell—and Ann's slow to anger—but
when she does fly off the handle she's
really deeply hurt. On the whole, though,
Ann's always full of life and happiness.

"My friends used to say to me, 'Why do
you encourage your children to go into
pictures—when they haven't got a chance?'
Ann and Judith both resented that, nat-
urally. Finally when Ann was getting fea-
tured parts, they'd say, 'Well, we saw Ann
in that picture—but she had such a little
part. Why doesn't she do more?' I've seen
Ann come into the room at such times—
when I knew she'd overheard. But she'd
choose to ignore such cattiness. If that had
been Judith, she'd have told them plenty.
Ann doesn't like unpleasantry. She loves
everyone and wants everyone to love her.

"How did you get into pictures?" I
asked Ann, after we'd finished discussing
our boy friends and were tucked in bed,
but too excited to turn down the lamp's wick
and go to sleep.

"Well, naturally, having been on the stage,
and living in Hollywood, I wanted to be
in pictures," Ann smiled. "I happened to hear
someone say the radio needed talent, so
I took myself right down and told them of my
stage experience and applied for an audition.
They gave me a role on a program called
'Gems of Destiny.' I was on the radio four
years, playing everything from wives to
crying babies. A talent scout heard me
and took me out to Republic. They signed me
for Westerns and I made twelve pictures in
eight months. Lew Ayres was out there
and he showed me camera angles—sort of made
me a protege—for which I will always
be grateful. Then I went to M-G-M to play
a short, 'Annie Laurie,' and was signed,
imade several pictures including 'Drastic
School'—and that's where I met Rand
Brooks. Then came my real chance, to be
Polly Benedict in the 'Judge Hardy' series.

"That's how we got on the subject of
Mickey Rooney. 'Have you ever had any
dates with Mickey off-screen?' I asked.
"No," said Ann. "But we're very good
friends. Mickey's so grown up and every-
thing, in giving advice I mean. And he's
always helping me or suggesting something
I should do. I think he'll make a great
producer some day, don't you? He says
when he does, I'll probably star in one of
his productions.

"Mickey's in our crowd. Almost every
Sunday morning there's about a dozen of
us who meet at each other's homes for
brunch and then we go bowling or swim-
ing. We have parties, too. The other night
at the Cocadoon Grove we hit upon a great
plan. We decided to write a book. We're
going to call it 'We Dreamed.' Each one
of us is writing a 3000 word chapter.
Then in ten years from now we're going to meet
and see how many of our dreams came
ture. There's Mickey and Judy, Bonita
Granville, Rand Brooks, Bob Stack, Linda
Darnell, Anne Gwynn, Helen Parrish, Forrest
Tucker and myself. Forrest's dad has a publish-
ing house in New York and he'll publish it for us.
We asked John Barrymore to write the pre-
face—and the cover will show all of us
dining at the Grove. Do you think it will
be a success?"

I told Ann I was sure it would be. For
almost everyone in it has already achieved
success, even if they're still only kids.

Ann, who is five feet three and one-half
inches, weighs 110 pounds—and eats every-
thing in sight, so she says. She ice-skates
and swims and loves to dress formal once
a week for a Saturday night date.

"Everyone seems to expect me to wear
clothes that are different, so I make
most of mine," Ann said. "I make most
of my hats, too.

"I began enumerating those I liked, in-
cluding Ann's pink taffeta formal with the
black lace waist and elbow gloves. 'You
surely didn't make that?"' I said.

"Yes, I did," Ann laughed. "Sometimes
mother worries terribly, for I'll get an idea
during the night and wake up the next
morning and ask her to buy me twenty
yards of this or that material. She always
leaves a few dollars for me to spend, and to
get the very best—but I usually come out all right."

"And can you fit yourself?" I asked,
wondering if there was anything this Ann
Rutherford girl didn't know. "I love to
cook—as good as their family cooks—for
I've eaten Ann's ice-box chocolate roll, her
waffles, her corn twists, and she's a whiz
at salads. In fact, it's lots of fun, after pre-
views, to drop into Ann's house for a nice
night supper, with the whole crowd pitch-
ing in and helping. The Rutherford ice-box
is always full—and Ann will scramble eggs
and fry ham in her usual manner.

"But getting back to the dressmaker—"I
never use a pattern—wouldn't know how,"
Ann admitted. "I just stand in front of a
mirror and pin the material up to a model
and snip and pin some more. I always make
everything big, so's I can whittle it down
to fit just so. I've only had one expensive
dress—that was a $150 model I bought in
New York when I was on personal appear-
ance. Of course I buy clothes, too—I watch
the sales at the smart gown shops. Osten
t get bargain buys. For instance, the dress
I wore to Anita Louie's wedding was a
seventy-five dollar model that I bought on
sale for twenty-five-

"The only time I wish I was in love
and married is when I'm with Anita
and Buddy Adler and Marsha Hunt
and her husband Jerry Hopper. We often
goes together, It must be wonderful
having four others to go out with in as if
is with Anita. But then, I've plenty of
time for that when I get my picture ca-
ere—where I hope to get it," she
smiled. "I always feel I have taken my
chance in Hollywood. I've been selected
in Wyoming. It was all as we'd imagined
it would be—and more. If some of those
dude ranch cowboys' hearts weren't broken
a bit when Ann left it was because she
wouldn't let them be. But I surmise sev-
eral were badly bent.

Ann worked almost every day in the
picture—but we found plenty of time for
rides and camp suppers by a waterfall
and hikes up into the blue pine timbered
mountains. Our favorite roosting spot was
the corral fence—and we became initiated
at rounds by cattiness. Then we became
pating in an impromptu rodeo, put on for
our special benefit. We saw Yellowstone
Park and all of its scenic grandeur before
courts departure. At the airport it was
flying to you goodbye, our cowboy
friends said, 'We're going to send you
girls a cint, come fall this fall.'
Ann's eyes lighted. 'And what'll it be
—you can't keep promises with me until
—now, can you?' she coaxed.

"Well," said the one, "we trap the best
marten furs in the world up here. And we'll
send you each three skins to wear around
your neck.

"Honest?" Ann and I chorused.

"But they wear them in sets of five back
Hollywood and as an all-night:
naive way—thinking of Carole Lombard's.

"Then we'll send you five!" was the gal-
lant reply.

It wasn't until a couple of hours later,
when Ann and I were having dinner on
the diner with Addison Richards, a mem-
er of the company, that we told about
the furs—the marten. And he told us that
a good marten skin would sell for as much
as—eight dollars and I fainted.

"And here you said we'd have to have
five!" Ann gasped. "Imagine!"

Imagining was just when Ann and I
began to think we were going to
Wyoming—and it became a reality. It
doesn't take much more imagining to im-
ge Miss Ann Rutherford one of Holly-
wood's most important stars—very soon.
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