Robert Taylor

BEAUTIFUL COLOR PORTRAIT OF DEANNA DURBIN
EXCLUSIVE WITH THIS ISSUE

WHY GIRLS CAN’T RESIST JIMMY STEWART
"Jim, who is this other woman?"

From situations such as this comes the real drama of life. Novels and plays are mere imitations. Real life stories fascinate readers as no fiction story can.

That is why the magazine REAL LIFE STORY met with instant success on its first appearance, only a short time ago, and has won an ever-increasing audience since. That is why you will find stories on the pages of this magazine that will hold you spellbound from beginning to end.

The February issue of REAL LIFE STORY is now on sale at all newsstands for 10 cents. A magnificent reading thrill awaits you!

This is the challenge that REAL LIFE STORY makes: Pick up the magazine and begin reading any one of the twelve complete real life stories. (No serials.) We don't believe you will be able to stop reading until you have finished the entire magazine!

NOTE: Because of the overwhelming demand for the first several issues of REAL LIFE STORY—a response far beyond the publisher's expectations—newsdealers were soon sold out and many readers were unable to obtain copies. Sufficient numbers of the February issue have been printed to insure a copy for every purchaser. Get your REAL LIFE STORY today. 10¢ at all newsstands.
The Tyrone Powers are still honey-mooning—they're that much in love. And they've found a honey-moon cottage where they can be by themselves far removed from the gay whirl of Hollywood. In the March MOTION PICTURE you will read about Tyrone and how it affects his screen future. You will also be entertained with stories about Henry Fonda, Doug Jr., Jane Bryan and other headliners—plus a compelling fiction version of one of the top-ranking screen plays.

There will also be a colored insert of one of your top favorites. And a rich assortment of portrait studies of the stars. Place your order with your newsdealer for March MOTION PICTURE—NOW!

Features

Why Girls Can't Resist Him
Playing the Game of Hollywood Love
How Long Will Mickey Rooney Last?
The Woman Behind Scarlett
Could Hollywood Do Without Men?
What's Davie Niven Up To Now?

Screen Story

Women Without Names

Personalities

Hollywood's Champion Lone Wolf (George Brent)
Swedish Surprise (Ingrid Bergman)
Bad Boy Broderick (Broderick Crawford)
Young Enough To Know Better (Ida Lupino)
"Hollywood Scared Me Silly!" (Brenda Marshall)
They Found Her Among the Ads (Brenda Joyce)

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The Talk of Hollywood

To the Ladies

Baked Beans Go Doggy
Mlle. Chic's Hollywood Fashion Tips
How Fresh!
Ship Mates
Rounding the Curves

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DON'T LET YOUR LIPS SAY FreshPaint

Have Soft, Smooth, Tempting Tangee Lips.

Only in Tangee Lipstick will you find the "magic" Tangee Color Change Principle and the exclusive Tangee smoothness! Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips...to the very shade of rose or red most flattering to you. Tangee isn't "paint"...doesn't coat your lips with heavy, greasy color...won't smear or blur...helps prevent chapping. Try Tangee today and see how much prettier and more attractive you look!

Try Tangee Rouge to Match. For fascinating, natural-looking color in your cheeks there's nothing like Tangee Rouge, Compact or Creme.

Tangee "Underglow" Powder. Also contains the famous Tangee Color Principle, to give your skin that delicate rosy "underglow".

![Tangee Rouge Compact](image)

TANGEE
World's Most Famous Lipstick

USE THIS VALUABLE COUPON
The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City...Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of simple Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose $1.00 (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

- Peach
- Light Rachel
- Dark Rachel
- Tan

Name:

Street:

City: State:

F20

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

BY HARRY LANG

HERE ARE THE LATEST INSIDE ANSWERS TO HOLLYWOOD'S ROMANCES, WEDDINGS, SPATS, DIVORCES AND BLESSED EVENTS

Jane Wyman, determined to keep her summer tan through winter, finds a spot south of Hollywood to carry on. She protects her eyes with cotton patches and lets down her shoulder straps so the sun will eradicate those horrid white stripes, brown evenly.

THE Hollywood Way: When the Director Willie Wyler celebrated their first wedding anniversary, they threw a little dinner for only their dearest, closest, most intimate friends...

Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Leland Hayward. And what makes it so Hollywoodish is simply this. Mrs. Leland Hayward is Margaret Sullivan—who USED TO BE Mrs. Willie Wyler not so long ago!

Gee, man; ain't Hollywood wunnerful?

Cupid's Couple:

Anne Nagel and Vic Orsatti—Cupid's got 'em simply batty!

It REMAINED for Reggie Gardiner, who never HAS been the same since Hedy Lamarr married Gene Markey, to develop the newest romantic technique around town...

Reg, who's no slouch with the Hollywood-

[Continued on page 8]
PRISCILLA LANE
ROSEMARY LANE
LOLA LANE
GALE PAGE

The 'Four Daughters' are now the

"FOUR WIVES"

(It's a Four Belle Picture)

with

CLAUDE RAINS
Jeffrey Lynn • Eddie Albert
MAY ROBSON • FRANK MCHUGH
DICK FORAN • HENRY O'NEILL

Screen Play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein and Maurice Hanline • Suggested by the Book, "Sister Act," by Fannie Hurst
Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros.-First National Picture
Directed by

MICHAEL CURTIZ

The Character of 'Mickey Borden' as He Appeared in 'Four Daughters,' is Portrayed by

JOHN GARFIELD
THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLE... [Continued from page 8]

Three diner-outers of a party of six—Claudette, Gary, Annabella are caught at Beverly-Wilshire. Miss C’s hubby, Gary’s Sandra and Annabella’s Ty are dancing things like her recent crack about “why should I jump out of the frying pan into the fire?”

NANCY KELLY’S heart may be 3,000 miles away, but Hollywood is certainly not overlooking the rest of her. Anyway, not Lee Bowman and Ken Murray—for while Nancy’s Edmund O’Brien is ‘way back East, Lee and Ken have been squirting Nancy around the Hollywood nite-spots...

BUT—she sees to it that they always get her home in time for the O’Brien long-distance call.

OH, HO, hummmm—Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan have just made it official, and everybody’s just as surprised as though Christmas came on December 25 this year! Jane and Ronald formally announce they’re [Continued on page 12]

By wearing slipover sweaters, school and college girls can say they dress just like their favorite Nancy Kelly

Since Marlene returned to Hollywood, one of her favorite escorts is Erich Maria Remarque, author of All Quiet On The Western Front. They’re at the Horse Show...
Women everywhere find this bed-time Beauty Care really works!

Everywhere clever women are following the screen stars’ lead—are enthusiastic about ACTIVE-lather complexion care. Hollywood’s Lux Toilet Soap facials take just a few moments—yet they give your skin protection it needs. ACTIVE lather leaves skin fresh and glowing, really clean. Try ACTIVE-lather facials regularly for 30 days—at any time during the day, ALWAYS at bedtime. Prove what this care the screen stars use can do for your skin.

Use cosmetics all you like, but don’t risk Cosmetic Skin

It’s foolish to risk Cosmetic Skin: dullness, enlarged pores, little blemishes that spoil good looks. Because Lux Toilet Soap has ACTIVE lather, it removes stale cosmetics, dust and dirt thoroughly. Give your skin the protection of perfect cleansing. Use Hollywood’s beauty care regularly!
“Eyes of Romance”
WITH THIS AMAZING
NEW WinX

Here’s the “perfect” mascara you’ve always hoped for! This revolutionary new improved winx Mascara is smoother and finer in texture—easier to put on. Makes your lashes seem naturally longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter—sparkling “like stars!”

New winx does not stiffen lashes—leaves them soft and silky! Harmless, tear-proof, smudge-proof and non-smarting.

winx Mascara (Cake or Cream), Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow in the new Pink packages are Good Housekeeping approved.

Get them at your favorite 10¢ store—today!

Virginia Gilmore, 21, of San Francisco and now bit player with Goldwyn, wins cup for most perfect legs in Hollywood. Howsabout Marlene? She finished fourth!

What’s Lana Turner’s big idea? Trying to make Greg Bautzer jealous, or so’mn? Anyway, she’s turning the charm all over Hollywood, these nights—she practically barbecued Davie Niven just before he hopped off for Europe; and the other night, she was two-soming it calorically with Bill Hunt....

However, Greg’s still No. 1 Guy in the Turner life.
Or is he?

And, by the way, it’s Lana who got the month’s most entertaining proposal in her fan-mail—

It was from a chap who lives on a little island down in the South Seas, and in a letter he signs Judd Britton, he writes Lana:

“I’ve seen your picture in magazines, and I’ve also read pieces about college boys who pick the favorite actress they’d like to share.

[Continued on page 56]
the sea, where they can spread food to friendly nations... Niven may return with Jacqueline Dyer who has been keeping the home fires flickering, waiting for Davie to get tired of bachelorhood... Niven was concerned over the condition of Leslie Howard who was badly hurt in an automobile accident during a London blackout...

**FUN FOR THE FAMOUS:** At El Morocco... Norma Shearer in a party with Spencer Tracy just before returning to Hollywood... Simone Simon and Burgess Meredith in romance in this twosome... just dancing partners... At Fete's Monte Carlo: Joan Blondell and sister Gloria joined by Dick Powell after his last show... Joan looked up all her old stage pals... even the least of them... She is the last celebrity-conscious of the stars... She'd like to do a play... is thrilled that Dick is getting so many offers from the studios after being ignored for a year while sitting on his doorstep waiting for his agent to ring up... Dick's enjoying the victory of his sensational personal appearances, and is determined to keep in intimate touch with the public in the future... All stars whom Hollywood labels "Through" should go in for personal... The Bob Taylors at Fete's brushing up on their rhumba... They had taken in the Missouri-N.Y. U. game that afternoon... The Dick Powells were giving them a party at the Stork the next night... They like Twenty-One for lunch... and more football games... At La Cona... Eight nights in a row... Martha Raye, whooping it up... Lili Damita taking a fling at New York night-life while Flynn is locationing... Lili insists that all is well with the Flyns... That she and Errol understand each other and believe in personal freedom... That her Flynn must have his little space after each picture... He departs with her blessing and déclares her with flowers while he's away... That's what Lili says... At Leon and Eddie's: At Jolson, admiring the dancing of Gloria Cok... He left for the Coast the following morning to get Ruby to appear with him in a Broadway musical... This may settle the career problem in the Jolson family, if Ruby agrees... Gail Patrick watching Sam Levene and Lili Erierson, not long ago a fellow player on the Paramount lot, in *March for Error*... Gloria Stuart, sporting leopard spots at the same performance... swell lad, for those who can afford them... Gloria will remain in the East until after Christmas, filling in her time with radio engagements...

**BACKSTAGE AT "THUNDER ROCK":**

Sylvia Sidney embracing Luther Adler after the opening night performance... It was Sylvia's first appearance since the birth of her son... She's prettier than ever... has lost pounds and pounds and is still oblivious to Hollywood... As is Frances Farmer, receiving friends with a cold cream-smeared face, and Clifford Odets beaming at her side... Sylvia and Frances are two Hollywood rebels who turned their backs on fame and fortune for the ideology of the Group Theatre. Later at Ralphp: Lili Erierson and his new heart interest, Bunny Walters, listening to a radio revue of the play... Lief didn't look any too happy... But Bunny, an International Casino pretty, is a grand consolation prize... Luise Rainer watching the Helen Hayes show twice... Luise is looking less wistful since her trip abroad... She refuses to admit that she and Odets have come to the parting of the ways again... But they haven't been together publicly... and the playwright makes no secret of his devotion to Frances Farmer.

**CHARLIE LAUGHTON PLANNED:** To glimpse *The Man Who Came to Dinner* which he will screen... Jane Bryan arrived to meet the press and be elevated to official stardom... Plain Jane, who lets her freshies show, has outrunstanced those highly-publicized Warner beauties who are absent from the contract lists this season... Just by being a farm girl good actress and refusing to be glamorized... "Kiss the Boys Good-By" will be screened by Mary Martin who fooled a lot of us by making a sock screen debut... Geraldine Fitzgerald reports to her studio this month... Ann Rutherford had to cut short her visit to retake a single scene... she was mad!... Alexander Korda hopped a plane West immediately upon arrival from England, plente burn-up over the separation rumors... he says (blankety blank) it isn't so... Jean Parker will talk it over with George MacDonald and come to some agreement about a divorce... Zorina rejoiced on being loaned to Twentieth Century for *I Married an Adventuress*... She was all for pulling a sit-down strike because she wanted so much to do that Rodgers and Hart musical... But her lawyers advised against it... So weekly, Zorina and her Balanchine, trained out... George will do the choreography... Tired of gypsying, Bette Davis left Ham Nelson behind, and made up with the Warner Bros... She won't make so many pictures each year and plans to vacation in the East between roles... There can never be a reconciliation with Ham while their careers separate them.

"For loveliness all over—try my

**Beauty Soap, Camay!**

**SAYS THIS CHARMING NEW YORK BRIDE**

It's a treat to use Camay for my beauty bath as well as for my complexion. Its thorough, gentle cleansing makes it a grand beauty aid for back and shoulders.

New York, N.Y.
May 15, 1939

(Signed) MARIAN BROWN
(Mrs. Boyd Paterson Brown)

NOWAYS, it isn't enough to have a lovely complexion! Back and shoulders must look attractive, too! "Why not help them to stay lovely by bathing with your beauty soap?" asks Mrs. Brown. "I always use Camay!"

Camay gives you a price-less beauty cleansing combination—thoroughness with wildness. We have proved that mildness with repeated tests against a number of other famous beauty soaps. Time after time, Camay has come out definitely milder. You'll find Camay helps keep skin lovely! So try Camay. Notice how refreshed you feel after your Camay bath—so dainty and fragrant you know others will find you attractive! Get three cakes today. It's priced so low.

**THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN**
BAKED BEANS WILL MAKE THEIR SOCIAL DEBUT THIS SEASON. WHY NOT BE THE FIRST TO INTRODUCE THEM TO YOUR SET AT THAT SUPPER PARTY YOU'RE PLANNING?

BAKED beans and catsup!
Baked beans and brown bread!
Baked beans hot, baked beans cold!
Baked beans in the pot and every guest is sold!

Yes, the good old-fashioned and familiar can of baked pork and beans has moved right upstage on to the smartest buffet tables in town! Scan a list of menus for winter sports suppers, for house party suppers or holiday entertaining. (Three Major Party Events in February, remember!) and you'll find baked beans acting in a star role.

Tops in suggestions for using baked beans as a buffet hot dish is the following tangy recipe featuring them in a most flavorful soup. And has this got "umph!" Just try it and see! Grand for the informal party, it is of course just as appetizing and hearty on the home supper table. Here is:

**BEAN SOUP, SPANISH GARNISH**

16-ounce can baked pork and beans
1 stalk celery, chopped
1 teaspoon minced onion
2 cups water
1 can condensed tomato soup

salt and pepper
2 strips bacon, diced
2 tablespoons minced onion
2 tablespoons minced green pepper

Combine beans, celery, onion and water, and simmer 20 minutes. Strain, add tomato soup, and season. Sauté bacon, dice, and remove. Add onion and peppers to bacon fat and cook, turning frequently, until soft but not brown. Heat soup thoroughly. Add bacon, onion and pepper garnish, and serve immediately, very hot. Serve with hot rolls or brown bread sandwiches, pickle relishes, and a cake dessert, for sports or Sunday night supper. (Serves 4.)

Another clever trick for party service is to combine beans with frankfurters and then offer this brace of rugged he-man flavors in smart individual pottery bean pots. These are real honest masculine victuals—watch the boys dig into the pots! It's an economical choice too, and yet nothing could be more attractive when set out on the buffet table. (There's a variation of this, equally good but made in a single large casserole, It's called Weiner Bean Roast Casserole, and the recipe for it is included in the leaflet offered free with this article.) Bermuda onions stuffed with baked beans is still another snappy novelty, fine by itself as a hearty dish, or as a side-car to roast pork. (Recipes for both these high-hat bean dishes are [Continued on page 87])
Darlin’—

THAT gal Rosalind Russell is the answer to any fashion snooper’s prayer... Whenever I want to know what clothes Hollywood is wearing and what they are wearing with them, I hunt up R.R... That’s the reason I wandered over to Columbia studios the other day and talked to the gal... Good day I picked, too. Because Robert Kalloch, who designs the clothes there, had just finished two striped ensembles for Rosalind... And let me tell you right now that if you think you haven’t the right figure or height for striped material—you’re crazy!... “The color of the fabric, width of the stripe, and most important of all, the way the material is used, makes stripes adaptable to any figure,” Rosalind told me... She’s tall, you know... About five-feet-seven-inches... So the material in the grey and white two-piece ensemble is treated to make her appear less tall... The stripes in the skirt run up and down, giving a slim silhouette, while the bolero jacket is cut so the stripes run diagonally, thus breaking the illusion of height... When I told Rosalind I was writing to you she said to be sure and tell you about the crocheted belts she had made to pep up her plain-colored wool dresses... These belts are crocheted of chenille in brilliant colors... Rosalind has one in a vivid jade green which she wears with a grey shear... For cooler days she has a smart bolero jacket of the same jade chenille... Just between you and Chic, if you weren’t so lazy, there are dozens of tricky belts you can make for only a few cents which will add color to the dullest day... There are so many wool and cotton yarns to be had and so many long evenings ahead that you should be ashamed of yourself if your wardrobe isn’t livened with a bit of bright colored belt, little bolero jackets, or even a crocheted ensemble hand-knitting... With turbans all the rage now (remind me to tell you of the ones the gals wear for evening) Rosalind suggests crocheted turbans trimmed with a gold chip, or better still for sportswear, a metal monogram which you can buy for practically nothing.

THIS mention of gold clips takes me right into the subject of costume jewelry, and just as I told you of Rosalind told me... She’s tall, you know... as still wearing the currently popular heavy jewelry with their street and evening ensembles... I dropped in on lunch at the Derby the other day and saw Isabel Jewell all dressed up in a black dress with large gold shoulder pieces... Her jewelry was so heavy it took her breath away... The dress itself was worth noting because it was made with the new long fringe wool and a double-swing skirt... That “double” business may sound vague to you, but if you remember the swing skirts of about eight months ago, then you’ll know what I mean, because Isabel’s skirt was about twice that full... It was a pretty raw day, so Isabel and I naturally got to talking about Palm Springs... She told me that she had just had some new party suits made to take down to the Springs with her—and that most of them featured a full short skirt over the traditional shorts... Of course Isabel’s suits are all brand new but I couldn’t help planning to have some bright print skirts made to wear over my old plain-colored short-suit suits from last year... Joan Bennett came into the Derby looking like a schoolgirl in her blouse and skirt of checked sheer wool... The blouse was of a small check with white and black checks made, with a little Peter Pan collar, short sleeves and buttoned down the front with large brown suede buttons... But here’s the trick that took Joan’s dress right out of the ordinary class—the skirt was of the same pattern, but the checks were larger... Smart! A wide brown suede belt accented her waistline... It gave me the thought that it might be fun to cut out of your old black-and-white skirt by making a blouse of a smaller check... And how about red accessories?

IRENE DUNNE stopped to talk to us... She had just come in from a morning of golf, and if her game was as good as her costume, she must have broken all records... Of moss green suède (there’s that material against the short may was made with many tucked noes... The smart little

The little jacket had very broad shoulders and large patch pockets... A round neck, brown cashmere sweater and sport hat of the same green suède trimmed with a bright orange quilt made Irene the smartest-looking golfer player I’ve seen outside of a fashion show... But then Irene always looks just right, no matter whether it’s a golf game or a dinner party... I saw her that same night at the Coconutt in one of her new dinner gowns... The material was a rich, emerald green faille trimmed with a belt and full skirt... Remember last season it was short waist and full skirt, but now the trend is toward the lower waistline, probably because it gives more opportunity for the appearance of a slim waist... Irene’s gown also featured short sleeves which were really a continuity of the softly draped shoulder... Her only accessories were two topaz, amethyst and pearl clips which accented the square neckline... Now that winter is creeping up on us, we see a lot of those luxurious rich-looking fabrics like faille... Deeny Lamour was dancing in an iridescent gown of heavy brocade... The back fullness suggested a bateau, while the draped bodice and small waistline gave the whole costume the appearance of something out of a Godey print... The blue of the gown was repeated in the color of the small feathers she wore in her hair.

I NOTICED that night that a lot of the girls wore hair ornaments or some kind of hair covering with the informal gown... Alice Faye wore a cute little Juliet cap of gold sequins which matched the sequin trim of her green velvet gown... But the most popular head covering of all was the turban... And I mean covering... Anna Leonowens, Ann Sheridan, Lupe Velez, and Joan Crawford all wore turbans which completely covered their heads with no hair showing at all... It’s a hard style to wear—most of us need some sort of softening around our faces—but no one looked droopy in one of the Ann’s for the pink hat with the white wool outfit... Her dress was of white jersey, made from what is now called a white wool crêpe, and her turban was of the same jersey as her dress... The only color accent was a ruby clip and ruby earrings... Now Irene, I’m off for another month of snooping, and I wouldn’t be a bit surprised if I hadn’t you all a pleasant surprise or two just to see what Hollywood wears when it plays away from home... In the meantime, why don’t you get a large pair of scissors and carry your Peckers around shopping with you like Lupe Velez does.

Mlle. Chic.
Miss Bette Miller helped found the Kansas City chapter of Railway Business Women. The club's winter dance is a gala function.

Delaware Society Favorite—Kansas City Secretary

—but BOTH follow the same famous Skin Care

Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., popular in Delaware society, sponsors Wilmington's spectacular charity ball—the Society Follies.

A Southerner, titian-haired Mrs. du Pont is very hospitable, and her historic old home on the Delaware is the scene of many gay social affairs.

Off to work. After graduation from high school, Bette got a secretarial job in the Gulf, Mobile and Northern Railroad freight office.

SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

Pond's, Dept. 6-CY-B, Clinton, Conn.

 Hutch special tubes of Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Liquefying Cream (quick-melting cleansing cream) and five different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

Name:
Street:
City: State:

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Miss Bette Miller helps find the Kansas City chapter of Railway Business Women. The club's winter dance is a gala function.

A Southerner, titian-haired Mrs. du Pont is very hospitable, and her historic old home on the Delaware is the scene of many gay social affairs.

Mrs. du Pont arrives by private plane at the airport near her New Castle home, looking fresh and unweathered after a quick shopping trip to New York.

Beffe and her companion share the local enthusiasm for bicycling. So popular is this sport in Kansas City that traffic regulations became necessary.

QUESTION TO MRS. DU PONT:
Southern women are famous for their complexion, Mrs. du Pont. Do you have any particular method of skin care?

ANSWER:
"Yes, I don't believe in taking chances with my complexion—I always use Pond's 2 Creams. Pond's Cold Cream is perfect for cleansing my skin—keeping it soft and supple at the same time. And for powder base and protection against weather, Pond's Vanishing Cream is ideal!"

QUESTION TO MRS. DU PONT:
Do you feel that using 2 creams helps keep your make-up fresh looking longer?

ANSWER:
"I'm sure it does! That's why, before powder, I always cleanse and soften my skin with Pond's Cold Cream and smooth it with Pond's Vanishing Cream. This gives my skin a finish that takes make-up so well it looks fresh for literally hours!"

QUESTION TO MISS MILLER:
When a girl works all day, Bette, is it hard for her to find time to take good care of her skin?

ANSWER:
"Not if she follows my system. It's quick, thorough—and economical! I just use the 2 Pond's Creams. First Pond's Cold Cream to get my skin really clean—give it the clear, 'glowy' look that I like. And then I never fail to smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powdered foundation—it seems to make make-up so much more attractive!"

QUESTION TO MISS MILLER:
When you're outdoors for hours at a time, don't you worry about sun and wind roughening your skin?

ANSWER:
"No—why should I? Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths away little skin roughnesses in only one application. I usually spread on a light film of Vanishing Cream before I go outdoors, too. Just for protection."
No male in or out of Hollywood can look so dashingly well-turned out in white tie and tails as Fred, the snappy dresser in *Broadway Melody* of 1940.
OTHER LONE WOLVES AREN'T IN THE SAME CLASS AS GEORGE BRENT. AND IT'S NOT AN ACT—HE COMES BY IT NATURALLY. WHAT'S HIS LONE WOLF LIFE BUILDING TO? HE WANTS FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE

THERE are a few other stars who have been accused of independence. But they aren't in it with George Brent. He's the champion.

For example, George knows that one of the quickest ways not to get anywhere is to argue with a certain producer—let's call him Mr. X. It's useless to try to shake Mr. X.'s belief that he knows better than his actors, what they should do. Suppose you don't like something about your part. You go to Mr. X. with your objection, and this is what happens; He talks too fast for interruptions, and he talks to the air directly above your head, as if he doesn't want to see you, much less hear you.

Pretty soon all you're thinking about is how uncomfortable it is to be ignored, and you're sorry you came, and all you want is to get out of there.

In short, people who work for Mr. X. just don't argue with him. Not only because he makes it difficult; the box-office reports on his pictures also make it difficult. Nevertheless, when George was invited to do a certain picture for Mr. X., the first thing he did was to have an argument with The Boss.

The script called upon George to play an Englishman gone stale, world-weary, under the searing sun of the tropics. It was a meaty part—the best he had had in several ages. But he objected to one thing. Strangely. The script called upon him to look unkempt, slovenly. George's point was that the man's disintegration was something subtle; something not seen at first glance; something you discovered only after you knew the man a while. Whatever else he might be, the character was an Englishman with a little money, and that was what he would look like, out of habit.

That point was important to George. He wasn't going to skip it, just to be amiable. He was going to fight about it, at the risk of annoying The Boss . . . and losing the role. He said as much to Mr. X. "If you want a beachcomber for the part," he suggested, "why don't you hire Charles Laughton? He already has the wardrobe."

[Continued on page 86]
Seeing her in Jamaica Inn you won't be after forgetting her. Protege of Laughton, she plays his lead in Hunchback of Notre Dame
T HAS been said so many times that it has become almost axiomatic in Hollywood that in order to make a success, an actress must do the "right" things. By the "right" things is meant that she must entertain and be entertained and be seen at the popular night clubs and parties with, of course, the "right" people. And usually it is an advantage to have a generous dash of romance dished out with her publicity. This all might be true nine times out of ten, but, inevitably, there is a tenth time. If you have seen Intermezzo, a new picture starring Leslie Howard and featuring a Swedish star, Ingrid Bergman, you have seen the perfect illustration of the "tenth" time, the exception that proves the rule.

Unheralded, Ingrid came to Hollywood; went quietly about her work; finished her picture, and, without seeing the inside of a night club or attending a Hollywood party, departed for her home in Sweden. Her only American appearance was on the screen, but that was enough to cause a general unrest among male audiences, who agreed to a man that this was the time when right shouldn't have prevailed.

Leslie Howard must have been a bit touched in the head to have left such delightful company to return to the home fires, they thought. Even the critics were enthusiastic and gave out with a double dose of adjectives over the slim, young actress. Audiences were particularly [Continued on page 67]
WHEN it comes to love and matters that concern the heart, you simply can’t feel the ladies. They know what they want. And they generally know why they want it...but when it comes to Jimmy Stewart, it’s another matter entirely.

For Jimmy, like his female counterpart Garbo, has them completely stunned. With women, some wise old brain-truster once said, “love is an occupation.” And even before he ever uttered these words of wisdom, women had been taking men apart and trying to find out what makes them go. For all the thousands of years of civilization, the process hasn’t changed one bit.

Women are still busily engaged in their favorite occupation of success. But now for once, the sexes are finally confronted with a man who is not naturally suited to any kind of man. A man who was never intended to be a heart-throbber or anything like a false butterer. And it looks like they’ve been wrong. For Jimmy Stewart is the one man who knows something...he’s not a man who has to know...They simply can’t figure him out. All they do know is that they just can’t help liking him. If you gave the ladies half a chance, they’ll go into a frenzy about his passionate and overpowering smoothness and the strength of his dreamy look. They’ll race up against the strong, silent and mysterious Gary Cooper or the flashing, insistent twinkle of Tyrone Power’s eyes. But when it comes to Jimmy Stewart, maleness and love that is Jimmy Stewart.

Of course you’ll find the girls speechless. They may even condescend to once actually admit that he has the qualities of a fine actor. They may even concede that his boisterousness, his charm and his likeability are among his best assets. But then they’ll go on to marvel at his ability to make something less than his own with infinite charm. And the ladies will all admit that Jimmy Stewart is the one man who has them razored. They don’t even know why they like him. But they do know that they can’t resist him.

WHY GIRLS CAN’T RESIST HIM

BY GENE SCHROTT

JIMMY STEWART IS LIKE THE BOY WHO GAVE YOU YOUR FIRST KISS. HE’S YOUR FIRST CHILDHOOD SWEETHEART GROWN UP. HE IS THE GUY THAT EVERY GIRL WANTS TO MOTHER.
By HELEN BEATTY

THE individual who contributed to a stunned world the statement that love is a funny thing, committed the prize misstatement of all time as far as Hollywood is concerned.

Love is not a funny thing in Hollywood. Love is a serious, complicated series of maneuvers, complex as the festival rites of Borneo head-hunters, and just as clear in meaning to civilized onlookers.

But never under any circumstances is it funny. Hysterical, maybe—yes. Funny? No.

Love in Hollywood is an intangible something that happens to people who behaved as everyone else, as far as emotions and social decorum were concerned, before they landed in Hollywood. But the minute the travelers swing down the mountain grades and behold the orange groves of California, something happens to them. They suspect the change immediately. They are almost certain of it when they get a load of the snow capped mountains behind the oranges (three dozen for a quarter). By the time they glimpse Catalina on a clear day, they don't even stop to think about it at all.

They're in it up to their ears. Hollywood love, I mean, not Catalina.

The thing that renders the Hollywood variety of the well known emotion so different from the species found elsewhere is, that in Hollywood things only begin where they leave off elsewhere.

If it sounds a trifle confusing, don't let it throw you. The truth is, it is confusing and to the breaking point half the time. In fact the natives who participate in the game of Hollywood love are often themselves confused to the point where they can't distinguish their wives from their fiancées or their husbands from their fiancées.

For instance, now, the normal course of romantic procedure for a young man in Detroit, say, is to meet a young lady, fall in love, court her, propose and if lucky, marry. That, I say, is the usual order of events leading to Marriage in Detroit or even Pittsburgh. Or was last time I was there.

But things don't happen that way in Hollywood. Out here, before the gentleman ever begins his courting, he quite often gets married to someone else and then hops to his courting like a wild man. Roses by the arborsfull are sent. No, no,
not to his wife (who is busy elsewhere) but to the lady of his choice. Dinners are bought, nightclubs are attended, rhumbas are rhumbed, bottles are thrown (at each other), engagements announced and then, after the engagement, the divorce and after the divorce, the wedding. Which leaves the gentlemen eligible to begin all over again.

WE ADMIT, the whole business is a trifle involved. But there's one thing you've got to admit—it's different. A Hollywood bachelor may ask of his Jeeves, after a night out, "Jeeves, just who did I get engaged to last night?" And Jeeves will answer, "Engaged? Why, sir, you're not even married."

Take the romance of a big star and his lady love. Before they could marry, the star first had to be divorced. Elsewhere, it seems a married man seldom marries another woman, even in print. In Hollywood they hardly ever do anything else. Which is why a national publication felt no qualms in announcing a gay fellow's engagement to his leading woman, disregarding the minor fact that the gay dog is already married—and well does he know it.

Take Whoozie. Now his romance with Pale Orchid is one of Hollywood's greatest disturbances. If Whoozie wasn't already married to someone else, according to Hollywood standards, he would have married Pale Orchid, at all, and Hollywood would be compelled to miss one of the major skirmishes in the battle of love. For make no mistake, it is no picnic, this game. The players are deadly serious and sometimes simply plain deadly and will brook no jostling or interference from the sidelines. Neither do the players necessarily need to be completely delicious to play. But it helps.

Again, would it be possible for John Heartbreak to pay such devoted attention to this or that beauty if he weren't already married to Yellow Tulip? Oh, well, yes, it might be possible but who would care? That's the point!

Now, see how it goes. And the nice part of it is, it works both ways. A wife is just as eligible for courtship as a husband.

"When does your fiancée get her divorce?" is a far from uncommon query in Hollywood. Far from it. As a matter of fact a girl in Hollywood who hasn't a divorce somewhere ahead of her, is pretty sure not to have a wedding, either.

"Will Barbara Stanwyck marry Bob Taylor?" was the printed question for months before Barbara received her divorce from Frank Fay, although Barbara's courtship did not begin until after Barbara and Frank's separation, remember. But now that Barbara has her divorce, as well as her Bob, the whole thing has become routine news. Before she married Bob, Barbara had made herself slightly ineligible for romance by having a divorce behind her instead of before her.

Another nice thing about it is that Hollywood ladies are treated to the novelty of being 1: engaged; 2: married; 3: divorced, all at once and the same time which removes a lot of the monotony of just being one of the things at a time. The California law which keeps divorced people married for a whole year, contains something to the effect, "If you tell half of the none too bright little thing out here who got so mixed up trying to figure out whether she was more engaged than she was married, or more married than she was divorced, that she grew positively childish and they had to put her in the Our Gang Comedies till she finished her contract. She was going with "Buckwheat" last I heard."

Heigh-ho! They tell of the executive just out from New York, some months ago, who sat reading the morning gossip column. A look of bewilderment passed over his face as thought struggled for birth in that confused brain.

He rang for his secretary.

"Have you been reading about Dietrich and Doug, Jr.?" he asked, breathlessly waiting her answer. (This was before Doug had married Mary Lee Hartford.)

"Oh, yes, ain't it swell?" she replied. "I—but, see here," he said, "isn't Dietrich a married woman?"

"Oh, sure. Happily married."

The gentleman leaned back and closed his eyes.

"Wait a minute, please. I'm a—I'm a little mixed up. Doug, Jr. isn't her husband?"

The secretary scanned the white face of the executive. "Are you nuts?" she asked.

"Yes—no—I mean yes—wait," the executive begged. "If she's married to someone else, how come the papers carry all the details of their fervent romance and no one, not even Dietrich cares? Explain that."

"Why, Mr. Guplet, that's just it," the secretary said, "out here Dietrich would have to be married to someone else before she could be eligible for courtship, engagements and marriage. You see?"

The executive opened and shut his mouth three times in a row without uttering a sound. He left for New York on the next train. Still speechless. In fact, after Doug's recent marriage to Mary Hartford, the executive went into a rapid decline from which he'll never recover.

A NOTHER feature that makes love in Hollywood a unique process, is the little game called "I pass." Instead of cards, one shuffles partners. Partners in romance. It's very simple really once you get on to it. The catch is to keep from dizziness after you get into the whirl, so swiftly does the game move. In Japan, I believe, they have a similar game called "I pass." They tell a story that they keep popping them in the eye. Over here it's played mostly with any harmless playboy with practically the same result.

A man player, for example, may wake up in the morning (depending on where he's been the night before) under the impression he's engaged to one girl only to have it turn out he's engaged to an altogether different young lady by nightfall and his former fiancee is now the wife of a director and is being assiduously courted by Jimmy Stewart.

See how it works." Make sure those don't think the dancers in this grand passion waltz who gaily swing from one partner to another to the tune of "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush," take the game of "I pass" lightly or coquettishly. Quite the contrary. Love, even quickie love, is considered a serious proposition not only by the participants but by the grandstanders as well.

Hardly anybody laughs. Let me swing away from the rules of "I pass" a moment to say that even comedians, no, especially comedians, once they are caught in the whirl, become serious minded contenders in the fray.

Stan Laurel liked to die when it hit him. And Hardy didn't laugh. He couldn't. He had lumbago.

When Harry Ritz, the funny one in the middle, became entangled in the grooming net, the two brothers on either end didn't laugh. True, they made unfortunate noises but no one could actually prove it was laughter. To be frank, the whole thing has practically made a different man of Chaplin. It's got far and away beyond him. [Continued on page 63]
It took a clever actress like Betty to play the provocative charmer in Hal Roach's picture Of Mice and Men.
HOW LONG WILL MICKEY ROONEY LAST

By Jack Holland

MICKEY MAY BE SITTING ON A PLUSH CUSHION, BUT HIS FUTURE DEPENDS ON MICKEY ROONEY AS MICKEY ROONEY—NOT AS MICKEY ROONEY, THE ACTOR

MICKEY ROONEY is undoubtedly the most popular young star on the screen today. He's resting on a plush cushion after his terrific performance in Babes in Arms, and his work in the Hardy series have built him an enviable position. Yet he's a lucky kid.

Unlike other child stars—though Mickey is hardly a child any more—he has managed to pass the danger period—that stage in a career when youngsters outgrow their appeal and begin to show all too obvious signs of the awkward age as it begins to assert itself. Yet, Mickey has never had to worry about this. And all because he was given parts in the Andy Hardy series that carried him gracefully through the impressionistic era of youth. In fact, Andy Hardy has been a life-saver to Mickey, and they have a lot in common.

Mickey has been lucky in other ways too. For the last few years, he has been credited with many escapades. He has been touted as the man-about-town type, and he has been accused of trying too strenuously to be a man before he was ready for manhood. Yet, in some strange way, he managed to retain his popularity despite devastating publicity.

All that, however, is past history. This story is concerned only with the Mickey Rooney of today as he shines through the pages of a peculiar part, the Mickey Rooney who's looking ahead and taking a slant at himself and his career that is at its climax.

Mickey came from a family that breathed and lived in the atmosphere of the two-a-day or even the six-a-day. Since he was able to toddle on a stage, green paint has surged through his blood. Still, it was an atmosphere that intrigued the youngster and sent him out in the world as a trouper. [Continued on page 81]
After a cold, muddy night in trenches with *The Fighting 69th* (N. Y.'s own) Jimmy takes to a dug-out for rest and safety.
YOUNG ENOUGH TO KNOW BETTER

By BEN MADDOX

IDA LUPINO PICKS HERSELF TO PIECES, THEN PICKS THEM UP AND PUTS HERSELF TOGETHER. SHE COMES UP A NEW LUPINO

"IF EVER a modern girl started out foolishly, I did," admitted Ida Lupino. She continued, equally candid, "When I look back today at that adolescent I was, look back at my distorted outlook, I'm—I'm honestly appalled. 'Flighty blonde,' they may still be muttering, 'just dizzy, just dumb!' ... if those youngsters who are determined to get out in the world while young, would only pause and get a line on themselves soon enough—realize how hard it's going to be to fight down some of those early impressions—well, we wouldn't make so many foolish mistakes!

"I caught up with myself two years ago. I stopped dressing and fixing up like a candy-box cover longer ago than that. I deliberately turned myself inside out and discovered I liked the real me a lot better than the surface me. It was a pretty drastic alteration—but it had to be done. You see, when a young ambitious steps out, as I did, with a headstrong determination to 'knock 'em dead'—well, I found that the competition was not only unwilling to be dragged out feet first, but that unless I minded my cues I'd be the one that got the knocks. I learned this in the nick of time.

"Today, I'm ashamed of having been such a ridiculous kid. I refused to grow up slowly—to mature wisely. I hated school. I only had a faint glimpse of everyday girlhood. But it was enough for me! I had no sense whatsoever, and I wanted none given to me. I had a comfortable home, but I couldn't wait to leave it and be my own boss. I got to Hollywood and embarked upon the most fabulous misdirection of energy. How I fell for the 'flash!' I couldn't see the cake for the [Continued on page 64]
Send a stamped envelope to Candida for her free booklet getting down to "Facts and Figures." It tells you how to choose girdles to correct your figure faults. If you want to know where to buy the "fresh" fashions shown here, send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Candida, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York.

To transform her black dress, Anita Louise alternates Silson's Snood Bib with Goddard & Haines' pink camellia.

Anita can wear this shell pink Spool Cotton sweater day or night. Send Candida a stamp for free crocheting directions.
Sketched, Hansen's new Costume Gloves with white lace insets; Berman's Puritan collar and Kleinert's boutonniere.

To banish that end-of-winter feeling, Penny picks a striped dress by Kitty Fisher. Note the soft classic lines.

By adding pique collar and cuff set with bell motif to her black dress, Anita works more magic. From Rosen Brothers.

Penny Singleton (Columbia's "Blondie") perks up her suit with waffle pique vestee and flowers. Vestee by Lowenstein.

Penny's dark suit revives with Kayser's tweed gloves and matching Wesley bag. For her hat, a Kleinert rubber posie.
HOLLYWOOD COULDN'T DO WITHOUT MEN, BUT WHAT IT DOES WITH THEM, HOWEVER, MAKES IT A WOMAN'S TOWN. THE FEMININE RULE IS THERE FOR KEEPS. MEN WON'T REBEL—THEY LIKE IT THAT WAY

By JOHN TENNANT

When Marlene Dietrich was made star of "Destry Rides Again," movie males realized their last sanctum had been invaded by the all-conquering females of filmland. Until then, the Western picture was their one little haven in woman-dominated Hollywood. Even when it turned tuneful and lovey-dovey, and singing Gene Autry became top man, they didn't suspect the day would come when two-gun Dietrich would muscle in and (swinging her famous legs to the rhythm of a three-piece cowboy band) warble "Joe the Wrangler."

But this isn't about Westerns, except to note that they, too, have been taken over and redecorated with chintz curtains. This piece proposes to reveal how women run Hollywood, and tell some of the odd and amusing effects on favorite stars.

Who modified Gary Cooper's taste for flashy cars? Whose frowns restrain various actors' passions for loud clothes? Who condemned Jack Oakie's once-famous sweat shirts to the ash can? Who gets all the breaks in film divorces? In marriages? In endings of romances like Ty Power's with Sonja Henie? Who can have extra-curricular love affairs without blame? Who picks (so wisely!) handsome young men such as Bob Taylor and Richard Greene, for future stars? Who (not so wisely) recommended that Clark Gable's virile phiz be remodelled by make-up, to "soften and glamorize him"? That he be given "less brutally dominant and woman-scorning" roles? The feminine rulers of Hollywood, of course!

These important women range in position from studio secretaries, script clerks and hair-dressers to celebrated stars, and wives, sisters and daughters of the industry's influential men. Before we get down to actual cases involving stars everyone knows, let's see how studio top men explain woman's power in filmland.

The cigar-smoking Big Shots admit, surprisingly enough, that they are ruled by women. But there's a catch to the confession. It's the feminine fan who tells them what to do, they say, not the local ladies! They point to the success of films like "The Women," with nary a man in the cast, and pictures of almost wholly feminine interest such as "The Old Maid." These scored bigger hits, they say, than others aimed not so frankly to please the women and let the man fall asleep where they may! "It's like we're manufacturing brasiers," quipped one movie mogul. "I mean, our product is mostly, intended for women."

They contend that in movie-going, man follows where the girl-friend leads. Often enough, he likes what she likes. At other times, he can't even understand a plot that chills and thrills her. So what?

Granting all that, how do the film producers, directors, scenarists and so on, being men, know what will please women? There you have them, whether they'll admit it or not. They must rely on the advice of their women. And that accounts for some of the power the ladies wield, and the special privileges they enjoy. The rest is due to a very special, semi-secret power. It has been hush-hushed, for fear the "blue noses" (professional "reformers" who plague every creative art and industry) might misunderstand it.

SEX appeal is the secondary power that helps keep Hollywood a woman's town!

Because the film industry wholesales sex appeal, its capital is one of the world's most sex-con-

[Continued on page 84]
DO WITHOUT MEN?

ANN SOTHERN

MARLENE DIETRICH
SHIP MATES

1. Joy Hodges’ ship mate has a dual personality ... the front half of her swim suit is citron yellow, the other half is violet. It’s of pure silk Lastex

2. A calling of the clans brings out Joy in an authentic McBurnie plaid of navy blue and red. Accessories are navy blue, excepting a red calf belt

3. Joy’s ship mate for dinner also has a split personality ... it’s of dark and light blue chiffon. The draped bodice is dark, the crushed girdle light

4. A three-piece suit of pale yellow hand-woven silk linen is Joy’s play mate. It is stitched in blue and the braces, skirt hem have bands of embroidery

5. When those sea breezes start to blow a real mate aboard ship is Joy’s light beige polo coat with attached hood of dark brown. It keeps her snug

6. Joy’s ship mate on the sun deck turns out to be a love match ... a two-piece white rayon satin Lastex bathing suit. Huge sun hat is of natural straw

7. Joy’s traveling companion— and ship mate—is a three-piece wool ensemble ... a solid grey blue jacket and skirt, a fingertip box coat of blue plaid
"Oh, Mac," Joyce wailed, "why can't we take our love outside with us? We're innocent. Tell me, why can't we make them believe us?"
AND in hand, Joyce and Mac strolled along the main thoroughfare of the Amusement Park. They didn’t talk. They didn’t have to. It was enough to feel the vibrancy of their intertwined fingers, to sense the deep surge of happiness they’d found in each other since that first day, two weeks back.

But all at once, Joyce spied the clock. Heavens, where had the afternoon gone? Her fresh, young mouth curved regretfully. “You know, I really should get back. Pete expects me at the diner. The supper crowd’ll be there soon.”

“What!” Mac drew her to the gate of a little boathouse. “You mean you’re not going on this cruise with me?”

She wrinkled her little bunny nose at him. “Will it take long?”

“Well, that all depends on where we decide to go—Honolulu, the South Seas, Paris—”

The wanderlust sparkle lighted her hazel eyes. “Paris. I’ve always wanted to go to Paris.”

Yes, the clerk at the window informed them, they certainly could charter a yacht here for Paris. All depended on their imaginations. A radio in the boat? Sure—and the whole thing would be a total of just seventy cents.

Mac brought out his money grandly. “There you are, my man,” he said.

Joyce was smiling delightedly, when all at once her heart missed a beat. Those detectives outside—they were watching her. She had come to know one of them by sight. Reardon. He was the big fellow. She caught her lips between her teeth and turned away. Well, her three years’ probation would be up in a few weeks. Then, maybe, she could forget all about the marriage that had ended so disastrously in divorce and grief.

She and Mac went to the boat dock and pretty soon they were skimming over the lake in the small electric craft. The radio was playing some haunting fragments of melody. “Joyce,” Mac said suddenly, “I’ve got to start for Tennessee by tomorrow. They’ve wired me.”

She felt all squeezed up inside. Ah, Mac, she thought, I’ll never hear you laugh again, I’ll never be able to rumple that thick mop of curls, I’ll never be able to tease you about that cleft in your chin, Ah, Mac. “Well—well anyway, we’ve had this day together.”

“We could have a lifetime, Joyce.”

He had said that before but she had evaded it. She couldn’t now. He was too dear, too important to her. Funny that such a short time ago they’d been strangers. He’d come into Pete’s Drive-in Stand one night, ordered two of everything, hamburgers, coffee and pie, and insisted that she eat with him.

Then, as blithely as you please, he’d told her about himself. He was Fred MacNeil, a road construction engineer on his way to a job in Tennessee. And he was lonely. What could she do about it? In spite of past experience with “mashers,” Joyce couldn’t resist him. And now she was glad she hadn’t. It had been such a grand evening, going to the movies, and dancing afterwards. And when they’d come back she had made coffee.
in her kitchenette and they'd talked some more.

She moistened her lips. "Listen, Mac," she said faintly. "You may change your mind when I tell you that I've been married before—"

He twisted the dial of the radio. "But you're not married now?"

"No, I divorced him." He was intent on the radio. "Please listen." The very memory of it was like a terrible ache. Walter Ferris had been at a party given by a school chum and been attracted by Joyce's delicate, flowering beauty. Of course, she thought, remembering back, when your parents are dead and you're on your own there's no one to warn you against a handsome stranger with a background that won't stand probing. "You must know, Mac. He was a thief, a gangster. He was arrested. We both were. They sent him to prison. The jury acquitted me."

The announcer's voice came over. "Have you tried Cotters Tipless Shoe-laces?"

"No, and I'm not going to," Mac declared. He switched the dial to some music and pulled Joyce into his arms. "By the way, have you tried Cotters Tipless Shoe-laces?" He glanced at his watch. "Listen, we can still make the marriage license bureau if we hurry."

She gave him a helpless smile. "Mac, you haven't listened to a thing I've said."

"You haven't answered me.

Her eyes misted over and then her arms crept around him. "Of course I'll marry you, darling," she said huskily, "if you really want me." . . .

They had just sixty seconds to spare when they got to the License Bureau and the marrying justice tied the knot with one eye on the clock and the other on the door. But the words, "And now I pronounce you man and wife," still echoed beautifully in Joyce's ears as they drove back through the city in Mac's roadster. They had stopped off at Pete's to tell him the news but now she asked, "Where are we going, Mac?"

"Just be patient, Mrs. MacNeil."

She chuckled. "So I've married one of those strong silent men." Then she stared as they drove into a wooded glen and a man, standing beside a shiny brand new trailer, stepped forward and greeted them.

"Good evening, Mr. MacNeil. Just as you ordered it, sir. All ready to pull up anchor and roll. A pleasant honeymoon."

He nodded and left.

Joyce gasped. "Oh, it's a gorgeous trailer." Then a thought came to her. "But, Mac, how did you know I was going to marry you?"

He grinned and swung her into his arms. "I wasn't sure, Mrs. MacNeil. If we didn't  [Continued on page 58]"
"HOLLYWOOD SCARED ME SILLY!"

SAYS
BRENDA MARSHALL
TO
GLADYS HALL

HOLLYWOOD was a big Bogey Man to Brenda Marshall, whose name, given in baptism was Ardis Ankerson, whose married name is Ardis Gaines. Hollywood, the mere idea of it, her idea of it, scared the slim, dark girl "silly."

First, she told me, there was the Bigness of it. There was the formidable fact of so many people in it. Or rather, they were not people, not the kind of people one knows, working people, plain people, flesh-and-blood people who can look tired and sweaty and stringy-haired and occasionally dishevelled... the kind of people you may see, for instance, back-stage in some midnight theatre after a day and night of gruelling work. No, the people in Hollywood, thought Brenda, are all so Poised, all so Successful, all so Beautiful and Smooth.

All the girls, she fancied, look just like Marlene Dietrich, Ann Sheridan or Joan Crawford; all the men just like Clark Gable, Robert Taylor or Tyrone Power. Their clothes, their cars, their homes, their gardens, their parties were, she gloomed, of a sinister Perfection which sprang, full-bodied at birth, from the loins of the Great God Studio, itself a mammoth epitome of the Machine Age functioning with inhuman perfection...

"It didn't seem a human place," Brenda told me, "I thought I'd feel like a mortal who had stumbled into Oz..." The Glamor Girls scared Brenda... "I never had any idea of being glamorous," she said, "until I knew I was coming to Hollywood. Then I wondered what I could do about it and decided there was nothing I could do about it, or would if I could"... (what Brenda, an extremely modest young lady in her own esteem, didn't take into account was that Ma Nature had already "done it" ) [Continued on page 78]
England's Muriel Angelus likes U. S. so well, she'll become citizen. Won laurels in B'way musicals. Now with Paramount and The Light That Failed While Charles Boyer was first Hollywood star to go to war, the French Army sent him home. Can do more good here. American girls agree.

THE TALK OF
GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND

New Type of Hiccups

- Holly-wise Crack-o'-the-month—was Ken Murray's description of a gal dancer he was eyeing in that Sunset Boulevard nite-spot, the other dawning. Lipped Ken: "When that gal rhumbas, her lips hiccup!"

Appeasement

- Disappointment smacked down all the let's-be-there-when-it-happens gang, who under one pretext or another managed to clutter up the sound stage on the first day of shooting for M-G-M's Strange Cargo.

That's the picture in which, you know, Joan Crawford and Clark Gable share top billing. And for weeks, the rumor has hottedter Hollywood, that Joan and Clark were about as friendly as a couple of strange cats, and that when they got together, the temperamental fur would fly all over the set.

So what happened?—so Joan smiled at Clark, and Clark smiled at Joan, and it remained for Joan's famous dachshund "Puppchen" to provide the only warfare. The dog took one look at Gable, growled a bit, and then tried to bite off one of the Gable ankles.

Radio vocalist Ruth Terry won screen test, but waited two years for decent role like one in Send Another Coffin.

After waiting two years for big role Ilona Massey comes through with Nelson Eddy in Balalaika.
HOLLYWOOD
LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

Joan made up for it—and completely dampened all onlookers' hopes for open warfare, when she invited Clark into her dressing-room, for coffee. . . And Clark went.

Snicker

■ Snicker of the month is at the mor-daunt sense of humor of whomsoever it was who cast Melvin Douglas, of ALL people, in Ninotchka, the picture that laughs at Communism!

Tease

■ Bill Powell seems to be stealing some of John Barrymore's stuff. It's John, you know, who's famous for those utterly outrageous things he says and does in the presence of such nice ladies. Well, look what Bill Powell did—

The other day, Bill strolled out from his house to take his daily sunbath. He was wearing an ankle-length bathrobe, to be sure.

And on the back lawn, Bill came upon three of those pests who clutter up Hollywood no end—the uninvited tourists who, somehow or other, manage to invade the privacy of stars' estates [Continued on page 73]
THE first time we ever saw Brenda Joyce she was in a boat and paddling her perilous way through a California mist that apparently had gotten delusions of grandeur and decided that it wasn't going to play second faucet to a cloud-burst.

We could see with half an eye that Brenda wasn't any too happy about the predicament she was in and we couldn't blame her because every so often, pop, would go another plug from underneath a raincloud and down would come this ambitious "mist" harder than ever.

It kept right on pouring. And Brenda, wetter than a tubful of Pacific Ocean, kept right on paddling, steering her leaky craft through and around debris that ranged from chicken-coops to dead pigs until she finally arrived at a house that stood almost porch-deep in the raging waters.

We were mighty thankful when George Brent managed to pull her to safety because the boat sank a moment after she left it. We were mighty thankful, too, to see that Brenda was so well taken care of after her rescue. Two nurses and a doctor packed her off to her dressing-room where she was given a check-up, a change of clothing and, we hoped, a pat on the shoulder for her acting efforts in what had been the first sequence in the first day's shooting of The Rains Came.

That sequence likewise marked the first time Brenda ever had stepped before a movie camera to take part in the actual filming of a motion picture. It was, as Director Clarence Brown said later, a tough assignment to give a beginner, but he wanted her to register horror without being coached, and giving her the works right off the bat was just the medicine.

Brenda attested to that when we saw her at lunch. She said she was never so frightened in her life as when she set out on that initial boat ride. Director Brown had occasion to register a little horror himself when Brenda casually informed him that she couldn't swim.

[Continued on page 76]
DAVIE'S OFF TO WAR BUT BRITAIN DOESN'T WANT HIM—YET. HE MAY RETURN WITH A BRIDE—JACQUELINE DYER—WHICH'LL MAKE HOLLYWOOD MAMAS HOPPING MAD

HILARIOUS Davie Niven, Hollywood's most charming clown, is "off to the wars"—ta-ra-ra-tiddle-ti-dum-tra-rumdeay! At least, that's what they'd like you to believe—Davie and his press-agents and his palsie-walsies. Maybe, even Davie himself believes it; I wouldn't be surprised, because Davie's the sort of henishly ingenuous lad who persists in believing all about Santa Claus and storks and things like that, because life is cuter, that way.

BUT—unless they watch it very, very carefully, this latest high-sounding adventuring of Davie's assorted career is very likely to fizzle like a wet firecracker. Because—if you MUST have the truth—despite Davie's fanfare departure for the colors, England hasn't the slightest wish to have him there! And as a matter of fact, Davie's flying off to London in the face of the British consul's own advice that England'd much rather have him stay in Hollywood...

And—if we may step beyond the fact into the realm of not badly-founded probability—there lurks the further probability that when Davie gets to London, he won't join the colors at all—but instead, will quite probably marry Jacqueline Dyer, that little English gal-friend of his who's
When Bill won his battle in *Golden Boy* rival studios ganged up on Paramount for his services. Warners grabbed him for its *Invisible Stripes*.
Lady Esther says

“You can’t expect to win NEW LUCK if you wear an Old Shade of Powder!”

Is the powder shade that flattered you once . . . spoiling your charm today? Find the one shade of my powder that’s lucky for you now!

How many months have passed since you checked up on your face powder? Can you be sure that right now you’re not wearing a shade of face powder that is robbing you of your charm, perhaps ruining your chance for popularity?

The shade you wore as little as four months ago can be all wrong for your skin as it is today. For your skin tones change with the seasons—and the one right shade will flatter you, but the wrong shade can make you look older—years older.

That’s why I make my powder in ten lovely and lucky shades. This year my new Rachels are particularly flattering.

It’s really important to find your lucky, most flattering face powder shade!

And in every one of my 10 shades you will see not the dead grey of a coarse, dull powder . . . but only the opalescent film that lets your true beauty shine through.

Find your lucky shade. Send for all ten of my shades which I am glad to send you free. Perhaps my new Champagne Rachel will be your lucky one—perhaps Brunette or Natural. Compare all ten—don’t skip even one. For the shade you never thought you could wear may be the one right shade for you.

Make the “Bite Test”. When you receive my ten shades, make the “Bite Test,” too. Put a pinch of the face powder you are now using between your teeth and grind your teeth slowly upon it. If there’s the slightest particle of grit in the powder, this test will reveal it.

Next, make exactly the same test with Lady Esther Face Powder. And you will find not the tiniest trace of grit. Now you’ll understand why Lady Esther Face Powder never gives you that flaky, “powdered” look and why it clings so perfectly for four full hours.

So write today for my glorious new powder shades. Find the one that transforms you into a lovelier, luckier you!

Men’s eyes will tell you when you’ve found your Lucky shade of Lady Esther Face Powder!

Lady Esther, 7130 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill. (52)

FREE! 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.)

Lady Esther Powder
Rounding the Curves

DANCING with Fred Astaire shouldn't be anything to lose weight over—but Eleanor Powell, his partner in Broadway Melody of 1940, claims that she has a hard time keeping her precious pounds when she dances. "And it's no fun trying not to lose weight," she told me. "In fact, I have to work every bit as hard to gain a few pounds as most people do to lose ten.

Eleanor's backstage dressing-room was filled with rose—but it wasn't their perfume that filled the air. It was carnation! When I asked "how come," Eleanor explained that she always had a rubdown with carnation cologne after dancing. The cologne cools her off and refreshes her, and the massage relaxes the muscles of her back and legs. More than that, the specialized massage stimulates the circulation and helps build up her weight.

You wouldn't think, would you, that someone trying to keep weight up would go about it in just the same way you should to lose it? But Eleanor does. She follows the same type of diet—plenty of fresh vegetables and fresh fruits, with orange juice plus beaten egg in the morning, lemon juice and hot water at night. She eats lots of rare roast beef and steak for their energy and blood giving qualities. And she drinks milk by the quart—just as you should do. Milk is not fattening!

Beside that body building massage, Eleanor does exercises, specialized ones that help her add pounds and inches where she wants them. The deep knee bending she is so faithful to, keeps her legs from acquiring dancer's muscles and is equally good for paring down large hips and slimming waistlines. Another exercise she has done ever since she started dancing is as good for reducing bulgy thighs as it is for limbering up Eleanor's lissome limbs. She lies flat on the floor, with her legs held down tight—from hips to heels. Then, still keeping her knees flat on the floor, she stretches her toes as far forward as possible, holds them there for a count of ten, then back to the first position. You'll feel the pull all down your legs when you repeat this simple exercise. Remember, don't lift your knees!

I could go on from now to doomsday describing exercises, but you're probably much more interested in some of Eleanor's other beauty tricks. So I suggest that you write me personally about your figure problem.

I'll be glad to prescribe exercises to build you up—or wear you down! Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your letter.

Have you ever noticed, when you exercise, how strained your throat and facial muscles become? Eleanor suggests that you apply a liberal coat of lubricating cream, patting it gently into your throat and face, before you go out into your routine. Then when you stretch and pull you won't stretch the dry skin dangerously.

Of course you should exercise in front of an open window—you won't feel even mid-winter cold after you've gone through a few bends and twists. And don't skip a warm, relaxing bath after exercising. Your tub isn't only a cleanliness measure to get rid of the oils and perspirations your workout has brought out on the body. The warm water soothes your muscles and prevents their becoming stiff and sore from the unaccustomed labor. Try leaving that film of cream on while you're in the bath—the warmth from the water increases its lubricating action. Wipe the cream off with tissues, after stepping from the tub, and pat on an astringent or skin freshener to firm the skin and tighten the pores.

YOU can have a rubdown after your exercises just as easily as Eleanor Powell can after her dancing. And you can get just as much good out of it as she does. Slap cologne all over your body—and I mean slap. Pat it into your skin vigorously. Then rub it down your legs—keeping those toes pointed the while. Pinch it into your thighs and hips, with a lift, squeeze and roll off that extra flesh there. Do the same to any spare tire at your waistline—the new fashions call for curves, not rolls!

Eleanor parts that curly honey blond hair of hers in the middle—so it will [Continued on page 63]
I don't know how it is in your town, but in ours "Amateur Night" is a real event. Everybody goes. Anyone who has a talent tries for a chance. I practiced my song-and-dance act for weeks and then . . . !

When the big day came it proved to be one of my "difficult days." Not only was I frightened to pieces to wear a white costume before all those eyes, but chafing made dancing a torture. So . . .

I decided I’d give up the whole idea—when my singing teacher came to the rescue! "Little goose!" she laughed, after hearing my woes. "Haven't you heard about Miracle Modess with that wonderful new feature—"Moisture Zoning"?" And . . .

In less than a minute she had rounded up some Modess and was showing me why "Moisture Zoning" is the grandest comfort-discovery in years—because it acts to direct moisture inside the pad, leaving the sides dry and soft longer than ever before! I certainly was impressed, but she wasn’t through.

"Just look at this Modess filler," she went on. "It's a fluff-type filler—so different from layer-type napkins. Just as downy as a powder puff! And see, Modess has a moisture-resistant backing—it's safer, too!" She sprinkled some water on it and not a drop passed through. Well, that was enough for me!

Thanks to her tip, I went out there before that crowd as selfpossessed as you please and sang and danced my best. And when school's over, I'm to try my act on a larger stage. Maybe I'll never be a big-time star, but anyway I got my chance, thanks to teacher and that wonderfully comfortable Miracle Modess!

Now—New Miracle Modess brings you "Moisture Zoning"
When old Tarzan mans steps out of picture, Lupe Velez gets new Tarzan queer. She lights pipe of Art LaShell, new Tarzan Toots, at Roosevelt Blossom Room in a New York paper by Dan Topping, advertising to the world that he'll not be responsible for any debts incurred by his wife—Arlene Judge, to you.

And that comes right after Hollywood gasped when Dan made that half-million-dollar settlement on Arline, as part of their marital bust-up!

Meantime, from New York comes whispers that Mary Brian, the perennial gal-friend of Hollywood, is helping Topping forget Arline.

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Johnny Myers and Steffi Duna—
Two hearts beating right in tune-a!!

AFTER a half-year's continental separation, Jean Parker and her newspaperman-hubby George MacDonald, are seeing each other again, in the East, as O' Man Tattter writes this.

And all Hollywood is holding its fingers crossed for a reconciliation between these two!—despite the reports that all they're going to do is settle the details, so that Jean can take it into court.

AND so, at long, long last, Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler are further apart than the quarter of a century, or so, which lies between them in years...

After endless repetitions of the good old Hollywood denials, the Jolsons finally made it official with the separation which was followed, without a moment's waste of time, with Ruby's divorce suit.

"Cruelly" charged Ruby. "Ruby and her family just went too social," replied Al. And then Al flew East, with his heart as heavy as a ton of lead, because no foolin', he did and still does love that cute Irish gal he married.

And with all the sentimental emotionalism that makes Hollywood what it is, Ruby and Al, with that divorce suit between them, staged a necking act at the airport that left the crowd limp. Four successive times Al came clambering back out of the plane to grab Ruby and get another good-bye-forever kiss. And when the plane finally did roar off, Ruby's eyes were wet with tears, and O'H Tattter'll lay a dime to a doughnut that Al was bawling like a baby for its ma-a-a-a-ny in that plane.

It ended an eleven-year marriage—and one of the things Al said about that was: "I'd rather have been married eleven years to Ruby than any other gal a whole lifetime!"

Last September, they filled the whole Tropadero with their tenth wedding anniversary party.

The financial settlement which Al made for Ruby and their adopted baby, runs into the five-figure numbers.

MOST Tiresome Romance-Item of the Month:
Sonja Henie and Alan Curtis are reported that way.
Next?

HOLLYWOOD wisecrackers are grinning wryly over columnists' predictions that Betty Grable is going to marry Art Shaw, the tootle-leader. The inside boys with the wise money are willing to bet that—of all things!—she'll be remarrying Jackie Coogan before a year's gone by!

Meantime, they're both putting up a smoke-screen to hide their heart-ache. Jackie

[Continued on page 68]
Cut the comedy and try Clapp's...

BABIES TAKE TO CLAPP'S!

"Shall we give it to Daddy?... Look—look, Daddie loves it! He'll take it all, if you don't eat it up quick!"...

Silly, eh? That's what a baby thinks, too.
You don't need tricks if he likes the taste! He's bound to like Clapp's and thrive on them. You'd like them ever so much better yourself!

There's no mystery about it really. Clapp's are garden-fresh when canned. That's one thing. They're ever so lightly salted according to doctors' directions—that's two. And years of plant-breeding and soil selection have made them rich in the minerals and vitamins that go along with appetizing flavor.... Open up several different kinds of Strained Spinach, for instance, and taste them. You'll be astonished at the extra freshness and goodness of Clapp's!

Here's another point you might not notice—but babies do. Clapp's have just the right texture to give a baby's tongue real exercise without getting it into trouble. Babies appreciate that. So do doctors—they've been giving us tips about what babies like in texture and flavor for 19 years. For Clapp's is not only the oldest baby foods house—it is the only one of any importance that makes nothing but foods for babies and young children.

Clapp's Baby Foods
OKAYED BY DOCTORS AND BABIES
show up by six, the man was going to take it back and tear up the check. Then he could sell her warm, soft lips in a long, yearning kiss.

Since the trailer had an ice-box, simply bursting with food, Joyce fixed dinner there. Afterward they started out for her place to see Mrs. Mac, and as Mac said, "Then Tennessee or bust."

At the door of her room, Mac stopped and lifted her over the threshold. "It's the custom," he said, "even if we're not going to live here."

But suddenly, a shot rang out. Then another. It was from the kitchenette. Joyce went icy cold.

Mac switched on the lights and she rushed forward. There, in the doorway of the kitchenette, Sergeant Reardon was slumped over. No one else was there. She looked around wildly. One of the bullets had sent the Sergeant to his death. The other had smashed the glass of her little cupboard where she had soaked it with adhesive tape last week. "Mac," she cried, "do something."

His face was white. "I'd better call the police—"

But still once the door burst open and the roomers all stood there. An excited buzz went up. One of the men stepped forward. "Well," he sneered looking at their bags, "so you were all ready to leave town."

"Yes," Joyce panted, "we—" she stopped short. Oh, they mustn't suspect them, they mustn't. "Mac, Mac, tell them how it was, As we came in the door—"

He put his arm around her. "Don't get excited, honey." Then he held up the gun and said to the others. "I found this on the floor in the kitchen. We were just coming in the door when suddenly we heard—"

He stopped talking. Everyone was facing him with tightly pressed lips and stony eyes. But their thoughts seemed to come through him as if they werein the air. "Guilty. They did it... Guilty... They shot him. Guilty..."

EVEN in her worst moments of nightmare, Joyce couldn't believe that this terrible thing could happen to her and Mac. After all, only a few weeks when they were taken into custody, even afterwards, while the trial was in progress, it didn't seem possible that they could be convicted. But slowly, inexorably, their ending became inevitable. There was Joyce's background, her marriage to Walter Ferris, the fact that she was out on probation.

It all built up into an frightful sight. She had never told MacNell about her part, thundered District Attorney Martin to the jury. And when Sergeant Reardon came to her house, seeking Ferris, she so inflamed her new husband against the officer, that he attacked Reardon and murdered him.

Joyce's head swam with it and her ears pounded with the dreadful verdict that she could hear on all sides, "They killed him."

Then too, there were the other factors that contributed to the conviction. Hugh Gilman was a powerful political leader who knew how to steer his proteges right. And he had assured Gilman that a conviction on this case would be surefire in his coming campaign for District Attorney. No, though Joyce and Mac never really understood it, they knew it was a political marriage that was out to grind them into dust. On a terrible grim day of rain and sleet the jury brought in its verdict of guilty and Joyce and Mac, handcuffed to each other were driven off to prison.

At the Warden's office, they started to lead Mac away but Joyce threw her arms around Mac and said, "I got you into this. You should never have married me. I should never have let you." Warden Rynex looked away. He was a not unkindly man and the plight of these lost souls brought moisture to his eyes. Mac grasped her slim shoulders. "Joyce, darling, don't. Everytihg's going to be all right. We're not guilty and we know it. When our case is appealed—"

She put her lips to his then in a long, feverish kiss. "You've got to forgive me. You've got to tell me you forgive me. In his eyes glanced all his eternal love. "You mustn't say that honey." He drew her close against him. "I don't know why we're here, so how could it be your fault. Then he smiled down at her. "And we did have an awful good time last week. That almost squares this—"

Quietly, brokenly, she said, "Goodbye, Mac."

He shook her, a little roughly. "Don't say goodbye, dear. Just say—so long."

She smiled wanly. "So long—Mac." Matron Inglis took her to the dormitories. There she would stay, unless her case was transferred to a cell. "All right, Ivory," the Matron called out to a large, smiling Negress, "Have MacNell outitted right away."

When the matron had left, Joyce's strength flowed from her limbs and she fell to her cot in a torrent of tears. Then she saw Ivory sitting beside her, weeping a little for. "I'm sorry," Joyce sobbed, "I am—"

Ivory patted her head. "Oh, that's all right, honey," she sniffled. "Ah've been to jail bout nine times myself and every time Ah arrives Ah turns on de rain like you done. But you gets used to it."

Joyce's eyes filled again. "I didn't kill him, Honey."

"Never you mind, honey. Maybe you didn't. Me, I kinda believe you. Joyce went to the tiny window. "Where— where are the men's cells?"

Ivy jested. "Ova here, honey, way'cross de yard—but you can't see much." Joyce strained her eyes through the ventilator fan. "You never see de men, honey, 'ceptin new an' den when dey takes one up de stairs, 'way ovah dere. See?"

"Yes, I see the stairs," Joyce said wonderingly. "Where do they go?"

Ivy shrugged. "To de death house. De fellas dat climb de stairs don't nevah come back, honey."

And then Joyce's eyes dilated. Some one was climbing those stairs now. He was wearing a prison uniform and two guards were on either side of him. Her mouth twisted with horror. "Mac... Mac," she whispered and sank to the floor.

The deadly weeks passed and still there was no word of hope from their attorney. Joyce had been "taken up" by a group of the girls, each one rather nice in her own way. There was the Countess, she of the sharp tongue and the soft heart who opened it over all the others because she had once been an international jewel thief. Pert little Ruffles, another new-found friend, was already planning her release and the stroll in the afternoon along with Hillie and Susie. Then she was Susie dumb but honest in her own peculiar way, despite the fact that she was in for shoplifting.

One day, a new girl sauntered into the recreation room and some of the others greeted her like a long lost friend. "Hi ya, Peggy. Well, if it ain't Athens. Say, how's things?"

All at once, though, Peggy's lips set in a thin line as she saw Joyce. She walked up to her and stood there, arms akimbo. Joyce backed away and the girl snarled. "Well, why don't you say something?" "Why, what have you got against me?"

"Plenty.

"But—l don't understand it. I never saw you before."

"Just the same," came Peggy's low, impassioned retort, "I hate you."

Just the same, how now, why don't you pick somebody else to hate, 'stead of this gal?"

Peggy swung on her and snarled, "Aw, sew up your face. She and I have got a lot to settle and she better not forget it. If it wasn't for her I wouldn't be here now."

J O Y C E avoided the girl as much as possible. She was too heavy-hearted, too sunk in despair to wonder much about that strange hatred. Nothing really existed in this old but Mac—and what might happen to him.

And then one night they sent for her and she was taken into the reception room. She couldn't believe her eyes. "Mac!" she cried, running to him. She threw her arms around him. The guards were holding him tight. "Mac, Mac," she cried over and over again. "You, darling."

He tore himself loose from his captors and brought her into his embrace. "Joyce, dearest."

"Oh, my darling."

But all at once there was the flash of some exploding flashbulb. Joyce couldn't believe it. Photographers. They'd brought them here for the newspapers. "Oh, Mac, it's a trick," she cried. Pain lanced through her like a red hot blade.

Burton, one of the trustees rushed in to separate them. He was smiling sardonically. "You're a wide open girl now."

But Mac suddenly wheeled away from him, and dived at one of the photographers. In a trice he had grabbed the camera and smashed it to the floor. Instantly, one of the guards pulled a gun, but Burton hastily stopped him. "Put that gun away. Don't shoot him.

"Oh, Mac," Joyce wept, "why did they do this to us?"

One of the photographers spoke to the other. This is the dirtiest job I ever covered. If Marin wants publicity for his reign he ought to think of something else.

Mac was trying to get to Burton. "They paid you for this, didn't they? You're not a man. You're not human."

"Shut your face."

"You won't shut your face until you get me on the end of that rope."

Back in the dormitory everybody set up a yell. Just wait till the Warden found out about this. There wouldn't be any Burton here any more. Matron Lowry, she was in on it to only make sure she wouldn't be found out so quick, she was such a tricky snake.

It was after supper one night and the girls were all in the recreation hall. The Countess beckoned to Joyce and Susie. Then she counted out the others and called, "Joyce,

[Continued from page 46]

[Continued on page 60]
When asked for a statement she wrote: "Dear Perc—For outstanding beauty and color I'll take your make-up in preference to anyone else's under the sun."

TAKE A BEAUTY HINT from Ann Sheridan—Above, Perc Westmore creates street make-up for Ann Sheridan with Westmore cosmetics, used exclusively in Warner Bros. pictures. Created by the four Westmore brothers, the screen's leading make-up experts. One secret of this glamour make-up is the wonderful Westmore Foundation Cream.

A complete line of cosmetics on sale at drug, department and variety stores, 25¢ and 50¢ sizes.

NOW YOU CAN HAVE this wonderful foundation cream... essential ground tone for a perfect make-up, as used by Hollywood stars! It's lasting, water proof, covers tired shadows, blemishes. Gives your complexion a youthful glowing look in bright day or evening lighting. In four glowing tones with powder to blend!

HERE'S YOUR AID TO BEAUTY... "Perc Westmore's Perfect Make-up Guide," with measuring wheel to show you your face type. Tells how to make up each type for more glamour... how to play up good features, play down poor ones. Gives make-up rules the Westmores use for the stars. At drug and variety stores everywhere, 25¢.

PLEASE SEND ME PERC WESTMORE'S PERFEKT MAKE- UP GUIDE, FOR WHICH I ENCLOSE 25¢.
Women Without Names

Outside, Peggy looked at her curiously. "Why didn't you make me take that rap in the cell block?"

"Joyce spoke warily. "What good would that have done?"

"Well," Peggy pointed out, "when you hate somebody and you do something to them, don't you feel better?"

"I don't know," Joyce replied. "Why shouldn't she let her alone? I've never hated anyone."

"Not even me? For framin' you?" Joyce turned suddenly cold. "Maybe," Peggy said, very softly, "that's what he meant—when he said you were different."

I T WAS just one more night now and then Mac's job would be finished. Anguish was a knife twisting in her heart. She couldn't bear it, she couldn't. He mustn't go like that, without her seeing him just once more. They broke in her heart that night and when she was in his arms she ran the tips of her fingers over his face. "Darling," was all she could sob through her tears.

He tilted up her quietly. "Nowfolk, Joyce. Like a million dollars. I've been all right too."

But she couldn't be brave. She buried her head against his shoulder. "Oh, Mac, it's all my fault. I wish you'd never met me."

"I don't. I'm mighty glad to have known you, Mrs. MacNeil. He made her look up at him. "You haven't really spent much time together—"

She tried to play the game. "But how could we, with you away building roads and being a man—"

Now it was he who brooked the pretense. "It seems like a million years ago."

"Don't, Mac, don't."

"I can't help it. I've tried not to think about you when you and I found each other but it's no use. They were the happiest days of my life."

"Yes," she said softly, "I've lived them over too many times a thousand times. Oh, Mac," she wailed, "why can't we take that love outside with us? We're innocent. Why can't we make them know it?"

His face was very quiet. "I think," he said in a odd hushed voice, "if we could get out into the world, in a crowd of strange people and tell them who we were, we'd convince them we're innocent and they'd help us. But that's only a crazy dream."

Suddenly and for no real reason, new life surged through her. Her eyes shone. "Mac, somehow I'm not afraid any more. We're just having a talk, you and I—"

He nodded. "Until the next time."

"Yes, until the next time. Hold me tight, dear."

But all her exultation vanished as she had turned down her own corridor a bit later. It was easy being brave in Mac's arms. Now, all she could think of was, "He'll be gone. He'll be gone."

She looked up as Peggy barred her way. "Joyce! I want to talk to you."

Her eyes were dull. "Not now, please."

"You wouldn't mind her to her cell that way, night, don't be?" Joyce looked away. "Yes, yes he does," Peggy shrieked. "I saw the ropes from the window. And I can't stand it, I tell you."

Joyce stared at her. "What do you mean?"

"Listen," Peggy said tensely, "you never knew why I hated you. Well, it was accus-"

Joyce drew in her breath. "Walter Ferris? You knew him?"

"Yeah. Your ex-husband. I—I was his—"

Outside, Peggy felt something surge over her. Could it be hope? "But what's it got to do with—me and my husband?"

"Plenty." Peggy was rigid with tension. "Listen. I didn't want to talk. I don't want to talk now but I've got to. I can't keep it bottled up inside me no longer."

Then, as if the secret were killing her she began to speak in short, jerky gaps.

"He knew the truth about Reardon's murder? Well, Walter had done it. He had come to Joyce's apartment to see her. Couldn't stay away from you," Peggy said bitterly. "Said you were the most wonderful woman in the world. She had followed him. In the midst of their quarrel Reardon had come in and Walt had pulled a gun. Then she had beat it with him out the kitchen door. Their tough luck though, was that a few weeks ago she and Walt had been picked up for passing forged checks. Seems Walter was so busy thinking about Joyce his hand had gotten shaky."

"But I didn't want a man to die that was innocent," she ended, "so—there it is."

And there it was when Joyce was on her a few minutes later. And even when the warden explained to Peggy that she would be held as an accessory to the murder, she said stubbornly, "The guy's innocent. He couldn't die."

Immediately, Marlin was sent for, but there was a little delay. After all, the assistant district attorney was campaigning. What did a man's life matter compared to that? With considerable heat the Warden told him just how much it mattered. Then, when he was certain that Marlin was on his way, he told the matron to bring up the girls. "And have them dressed properly," he said. "They may have to go outside right away."

Marlin arrived about an hour later and Joyce left the room. She had beat it with her fingers to a newspaper in the midst of it, Marlin interrupted. "But Mrs. MacNeil, she hasn't given me one iota of proof that she was there. And if you think I'm going to make a fool out of myself—"

"But she can prove it," Joyce said feverishly. "She can describe a crack on the glass door of the dish closet where I tended it with adhesive tape—"

"Nonsense. Now look, Mrs. MacNeil, there's nothing personal in this but you're giving me nothing to go on except the story of this girl, a criminal. Don't you see?" She sank into a chair at the desk and put her head into her hands. "No, I don't see," she sobbed. "I see only that you don't want to do anything. No, I don't want to do anything. There's no hope for us inside these walls."

Peggy ran to her. "Gee, kid, don't take on like that."

Her tears were streaming from Joyce's eyes. Then suddenly she saw something through them. In a half-open drawer of the desk was a revolver. Her fingers moved and closed across it. "I've got a lot of神经 words slowly, "we'll be believed." That's what Mac had said. "If we went to a newspaper
office and told our story, thousands of people would be convinced.” Now she brought the
gun up. “Mr. Marlin, you’re going to take
us out with you and we’re going to tell our
story to the world. And if you refuse I’ll
kill you.”

Marlin’s eyes bulged. “Put down that gun,
you little fool!”

But Peggy let out a delighted yelp. “You
think you can get away with it, Joyce?”

“You’re not!” she demanded. Two round
spots of scarlet burned on her cheekbones.
“Warden Rynew has cleared the way for us,
and you can say that I forced you to go with
me. No one will see the gun. We’ll both
stay close to him.”

“Then let’s get started,” Peggy chirped.
“Boy, do I yen for some fresh air.” Come on,
Mr. Marlin.”

“I won’t do it,” he quavered. He made a
move toward the desk. “I’ll call the guard.”

Joyce stepped to him and placed the gun
against his belly. “I’ll—kill—you, Mr.
Marlin,” she said.

He backed away. “Very well—but don’t
lose control of yourself.”

THEY made the car outside with greater
ease than they’d ever imagined. Peggy got in front and Joyce sat in the
back, the gun trained on Marlin who was at
the wheel. “Ain’t this great?” Peggy chortled.

“He’s taking us out in a police car.”

But they had proceeded no more than a few
miles when the radio spoke announcing the
prison break. Joyce knew that she must act
instantly. “Take the car, Peggy,” she
directed. She nodded significantly, “And re-
member we’re in a hurry.”

“Well,” Marlin asked tremulously,
“W—what are you going to do now? They
k—know you’re loose—
Joyce leaned forward. “We don’t need a
newspaper office. Besides, there isn’t time.
We can tell our story to the world through
that radio—and you’re going to help us.”

Marlin folded his arms. “I have nothing
to say.”

“Step on it, Peggy,” Joyce said. “And I
mean step on it.”

“Here we go,” Peggy yelled and go they
did—at sixty-five, then seventy miles
an hour, descending the road that wound
around the steep hills. There were sheer
drops on either side and suddenly Marlin
began to gibber in terror. “We’ll be killed.
Stop it. I’ll talk, I tell you, I’ll talk.” And
as Joyce put the microphone to him, he began
with tremulous eagerness, “This is Assistant
District Attorney Marlin speaking. Mrs.
MacNeil and her friend did not break out of
jail. On the contrary they are with me and
I have just heard sufficient evidence to be-
lieve that Fred MacNeil is innocent of the
murder charge against him.”

The papers rolled off the press the next
morning with the whole story emblazoned
across its front pages:

Wife Tells Murder Story to Marlin
Police Arrest Ferris Who Confesses

Yes, Mac had gotten along well. Now the
whole world knew and believed.

At nightfall Joyce walked into the wooded
glen with him and they stood beside the
trailer.

“Home, sweet home,” she said softly.
“Isn’t it wonderful, Mac?”

He pointed upwards. “That’s wonderful
too. A moon—me moon bars across it.”

She breathed deeply of the whole, free
countryside. “I could just keep on staring
and staring and staring—

But Mac swung her up in his arms. He
opened the door of the trailer. “That’s what
you think, Mrs. MacNeil.” Then the moon
and the sky and the world were all shut out
as the door swung closed behind them.
Playing the Game of Hollywood Love

SO YOU see not only the players themselves take their catastrophes of the heart seriously but so does Hollywood, as a whole. Especially social Hollywood.

Some time ago when the romance between David Niven and Merle Oberon was brought to a finale, hostesses telephoned each other like mad.

"Isn't it wonderful David Niven is a bachelor again?" they cooed. The fact that David had never married in his life proves how seriously the town considers it all. To Hollywood the romance had seemed so sacred, like cows and things in India, that in their eyes, David could be nothing but a bachelor.

It's very beautiful, isn't it? Now for the game. Let's take Doug, Jr. and Davie Niven.

Doug began with Crawford. Then he went to London and in the meantime, Joan had gone to Tone. Tone had gone to the Group Theatre and Joan to Charlie Martin. And Davie went to Virginia Bruce and Bruce to Cesar Romero and Cesar to Ann Sheridan with Virginia ending up by marrying J. Walter Ruben.

Loretta Young, along with Connie Bennett, is really the champion player in Hollywood. So proficient is Loretta in the game several males are still spinning around, not knowing what hit them. Loretta has to her credit one home run, Grant Withers, and plays a good clean game all the way through; one that makes Loretta an aunt by romance to practically every nice family in town.

Connie, back in the silent days, shuffled off Philip Plant for Gloria Swanson's ex-hubby, the Marquis de la Falaise. The Marquis was succeeded by Gilbert Roland, who, in turn, was passed along by Norma Talmadge, who annexed Georgie Jessel in the meantime, but now whom she's divorcing.

Oh, yes, men play it, too. They have no choice. Jimmy Stewart swings gaily from lovely to lovely.

Tyrone Power, a recent benefact, positively romped through the game sailing merrily from Janet Gaynor, who picked off Adrian (there's always a dark horse in every race) and on to Annabella.

Of course, the merry-go-round of romance may be the last thing a man wants to ride on. "Never," he says. "I'll die first." But he doesn't. Very stealthily the thing creeps upon him and before he can take a deep breath, he's at a party with Loretta Young. Dazed, but happy.

So don't shout with laughter as the latest victim of the "I pass" dementia whirls by. Remember two days after you land here, you, too, may be engaged to Dorothy Lamour.

Which brings me tottering but still game to one final point. And an important one. It's the persistent rumors that float around to the effect that certain wives are "that way" about someone who already happens to be their own husbands. And vice versa.

So let Lew Ayres interested in Ginger Rogers or "Is Ginger casting eyes at Lew Ayres?" is a typical movie headline which sounds simple enough and would be if it weren't for the fact Lew is only married to Ginger with no legal separation whatsoever. That one little thing, you see, robs the whole business of its simplicity. A thing Hollywood can't understand—simplicity.

Give them profusion and they're at home. Simplicity—and they're sunk. Which explains why a report that Madeleine Carroll carries the torch for Capt. Astley (her own husband) seems perfectly simple to Hollywood.

The fact Lew Ayres is married at all makes him a proper target for romance. And it might as well be Ginger as not, they figure.

NOW for a few customs, modes and manners of the victims lost in the love maze of Hollywood. They insist on being together constantly. Dinner hostesses who separate a pair of love-birds at table, seldom live to give another dinner. Gable sits beside Taylor by Stauwyck. Ty by Annabella and the others by just whoever happens to be "it" at the moment.

What they find to say to each other after three months, one year or even three years of it, no one knows. Not even they.

Someone reported listening to a dinner conversation between a pair of devoted love-birds one night and it went something like this:

"I'm tired.
"So am I."
"You said that last night."
"Well, you said it the night before."
"Oh, hush, I'm tired."
"So am I."
"You said that last night."
"Well, you said it the night before."
"Oh, hush—" and so on all through dinner.

Personally, I don't believe a word of it. But they sure looked tired.

Sometimes they play tricks. Then things really are dreadful.

Next Carole and Gable are tops in gags; even after marriage.

For instance, Gable sends Carole a horse. Carole sends Gable a buggy. Gable sends Carole a bushel of lawn seed and Carole sends Gable the fertilizer.

They never quite get together on things, you see, which makes it terribly, terribly trying. Take my word for it, people head over and die laughing at two adults sending around an old horse. Even the horse laughs.

And now for one last revealing thing about Hollywood love.

It isn't love at all. It's friendship. And every player in the game is—guess who—just a friend, of all comical people.

Just friends they all say as they come up for a good long breath, "we're just friends."

Yep, just friends and loyal to the last embrace.
fall backwards when she dances. A side part would be becoming, she thinks, but it just won't work for a dancer. All the hair would fall across her face—so she couldn't see whether she was dancing into the footlights or the backdrop!

Is your hair the soft kind that won't hold a wave long? So is Eleanor's, and she manages to keep it looking lovely by giving it special attention. A deft hairdresser was setting it in rosebud curls while I talked with her—so that every hair would be in place for her next "personal appearance." At the studio, her very own hairstylist combs the curls into place between scenes. Eleanor herself does it up with curlers at night, and wears a net to bed to keep her wave in place.

Of course you don't have to part your hair in the middle to keep it out of your eyes when you exercise, but it would be a good idea to tie it back with a ribbon, or better still, to slip on one of those cute net turbans. You might get a head start by doing up your end curls before you begin exercising—then you won't have to go to bed with a wet head. The new curling lotions dry quickly, give your hair gloss, hold the curl longer.

Strenuous exercise brings oil and perspiration out on your scalp as well as elsewhere on your body, so you'll want to shampoo your hair often. Eleanor has two shampoos a week working at the studio, one otherwise. Those frequent shampoos haven't harmed her hair any more than they will yours. Be careful only to use a mild shampoo made by a reliable, well-known manufacturer—and your hair will be the lovelier for its cleanliness.

Do you bite your lips when you concentrate? They'll be in fine shape after your exercises! Why not chew gum instead—the purely mechanical process keeps you from getting tense or strained when you take that difficult bend, and it will stop that mouth worrying! The manufacturer of one high grade gum has prepared a set of exercises you may want, too. They're designed to strengthen the muscles of the mouth, correct double chin and iron out facial lines. Chewing the gum vigorously also helps to cleanse the teeth and exercise the gums. Write me if you'd like to know the name of the gum, and how to get the free exercises.

YOU'LL adore the grand new cream I found the other day. It's triple whipped, to make it just about the lightest, fluffiest thing you ever used. You can use it as a cleanser (it melts quickly so that you can remove it and the loosened dirt easily), as an overnight lubricant and as a powder base. It gives your skin just that bit of extra protection it needs in winter winds and steam-heated apartments. The cream has a delicate bouquet scent that's as pleasing to your nose as its lubricating and cleansing qualities are to your skin. There's a 10 cent size you can "sample," and larger jars at 25 and 50 cents.

You may also be interested in another thing. Eau de Cologne is a French perfume used in an expensive cologne. One is a spicy, carnation-like fragrance that will perk you up when your exercises have worn you down. The other is a fresh, spring-like scent, guaranteed to make you forget all about the cold, sleet drizzle overhead and the slush underfoot. I think it's a grand idea to have both scents, so you can vary them with your mood—and the moment. The colognes are so highly perfumed that you'll be conscious of their fragrance long after

[Continued on page 54]

Lady Esther says

"Let me send you 12 SHADES of MY NEW 7 DAY NAIL POLISH FREE!"

Choose your most flattering— your lucky nail polish shade— without buying a single bottle of nail polish!

WOULDN'T you like to be able to take the 12 newest, smartest nail polish shades and try each one of them on your nails at your own dressing table? You can do just that... and do it with amazing speed. For, in a jiffy, merely by holding one of Lady Esther's Magic Fingertips over your nails you can see exactly how each shade of polish—the actual polish itself—looks on your hands.

What are these "Magic Fingertips"?

They are life-like reproductions of the human nail... made of celluloid. Each wears a true tone of Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish. You see instantly which shade flatters your hands... accents your costume colors.

Choose your lucky shade, then ask for it in Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish at your favorite store. See how this marvelous new polish gives your nails gleaming, exciting loveliness for 7 long days. And just one satiny coat is all you need!

FREE! Send For Your 12 Magic Fingertips!

Clip the coupon now for your 12 free Magic Fingertips. Let your own eyes reveal the one nail polish shade that gives your hands enchanting grace and beauty... that looks smartest, loveliest with your costume colors.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther, 7110 W. 69th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me by return mail your Magic Fingertips showing all 12 different shades of Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish. (52)

NAME:

ADDRESS:

CITY:        STATE:

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

[Continued on page 65]
TO HELP WARD OFF SNIFFLES, many mothers start children on cod liver oil early in the fall! Many doctors say cod liver oil is unrivalled as a source of Vitamin A, so helpful in building resistance to common colds. And now THERE IS A BETTER WAY TO TAKE COD LIVER OIL ... SCOTT'S EMULSION!

1—Scott's Emulsion has all the values of cod liver oil and is four times more easily digested.

2—Easily Digested—The exclusive method of emulsifying the oil permits digestion to start in the stomach, whereas digestion of plain cod liver oil does not begin until the oil passes into the intestines.

3—Easy to take—Scott's Emulsion has a pleasant taste. Easy to take and retain by children and adults.

4—Economical—Scott's Emulsion is an economical way to obtain the Vitamins A and D so necessary to strong bones and sound teeth.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Young Enough To Know Better [Continued from page 37]

icing. I thought being an actress meant being conspicuous, so I 'went to town.' Now I—" "—now, you're sorry," I ventured.

The petite figure drew up even straighter in the incongruously tall, ladder-backed chair. A gold cigarette case dropped unnoticed and noiselessly from her hands onto the thick rug.

Ida looked hasty about the living-room of the English country house she and Louis Hayward, her husband of one year, only recently bought for themselves. It is far out from Hollywood, secluded on the palisades above the Pacific. Here there is peace and quiet.

"No," she replied slowly, "I'm only sorry that I haven't had more opportunity to pass on what I've learned to others. It's the best lesson this town can teach you—and the hardest, I hope I've learned it well—that it takes twice the amount of energy to put over a synthetic personality as it does to put over yourself. My plans today," smiled Ida, gravely, "are important because I've discovered that real self."

Certainly, this little Lupino with the large grey eyes, spent a good ten years out of her life on her lesson. She had argued at twelve, that she was old enough to be an actress. The whole Lupino family had been in the theatre, so that desire wasn't extraordinary. Her father was, and is, one of England's foremost figures of the theatre. He had enrolled Ida in an expensive private school. Within his walled garden in London he had ordered a miniature theatre for her special use.

The plan was to give her a sound education first. Then, if she still wished to follow the family bent, her father would introduce her to the leading players and playwrights and producers and she could utilize these valuable contacts.

She stubbornly waved aside all his suggestions. Faced with open rebellion from Ida, her parents gave in. And so, at twelve, she became an extra in the British studios, masquerading as some years older and under the assumed name of Ida Ray. When she was fourteen she became a screen heroine, with no parental pull. Not until she was signed for her first lead did she reveal her true identity and resume her right name.

Sometime later she was bound for Hollywood.

And then she proceeded to go unhappily haywire.

"My mother came with me, but I'm afraid I didn't listen to her as I might well have. After all, I argued, it was my career!" I thought it was rather chic, like most young people with an inferiority complex, to go rather rapidly about nothing at all—all the while trying to compete with others far more interesting than I and with infinitely more poise.

"I'm afraid I gave too much time to my hair, clothes and entertainment and not enough concentration on becoming a competent actress. But eventually—I came to it too late, a long way from anything that pleased me that I suddenly didn't care for, a very synthetic young woman on the surface. But deep down inside I knew there must be something real—something which kept reminding me, reminding me, demanding that I change.

Suddenly, I was stricken with infantile paralysis. Through this enforced isolation I gained what no other or nothing else could have given me—a true perspective of myself. Lying flat on my back for weeks and months upon month, I knew that what I had needed most was time for contemplation—time to get acquainted with myself. With perspective came the complete, clear picture. Nothing was so right as being one's true self.

AND over at Paramount Studio these days one hears from all sides exciting results of Ida Lupino's new lease on self. Ronald Colman and William Wellman were discussing her performance in The Light That Failed with a newspaper critic. "She is going to be truly great in this part," they agree.

One of Hollywood's little ironies: that at the studio where several years ago the Lupino lost herself in her search for an evasive glamour personality, she should have found today her true self and forte, a dramatic personality destined for the top.

"It's all too wonderful," Ida says, with a glow, "this new opportunity to do something really important in pictures. You see, before I was uncertain and indefinite about everything. Now I know, now, I can be definite about what I say and do. I'm happy now—because I know what I want. And I was so miserable while groping for things I thought I wanted.

"Louis and I have bought our first home and are furnishing it gradually. I've had to learn how much fun that could be. Several years ago the task of slowly furnishing a house would have been tedious and dull. I'd have wanted to get it over in one great rush—bury a raft of things, spot them here and there, and call it a day. But that isn't the way to enjoy anything, I've learned. Louis and I are treasure every moment we have to spend on our home. We're hoping we never quite finish. It's so much fun wandering for hours about little antique shops, selecting this rare old piece and having the good sense to avoid others. Several years ago anyone could have sold me any sort of furniture. I collected a lot of modiste things that were awful. Now I have developed an honest appreciation for really fine things.

"My new perspective has cleared my judgment on people, too. It was a shock to be snubbed by Louis the first time we met—but it wouldn't even occur to me that I was to blame. He told somebody later that I was a spoiled, dizzy blonde. I was indignant out of all the snobs I was stuffy, pretentious, actor! I should have thought a little about what he said. But I [Continued on page 66]
you’ve forgotten applying them! Try slapping the cologne on with squares of cotton, or rubbing it into your skin with the palm of your hand. A tiny bit of cotton, saturated with the cologne and stuck inside your bra will give off sweetness for hours. You can get dusting powder, talc and perfume in the same fragrance, for correspondingly low prices—the colognes come in two sizes, both under $1. Want to know more?

I HOPE you’re not one of those girls who thinks the slightly darker shades of stock-ings worn in the winter make it unnecessary to remove superfluous hair. Because you’re wrong. Unless you wear black cotton stockings, the fuzz is bound to show through as a darker shadow on your legs. And have you ever noticed how some of the coarser hair sticks right out through your stockings? I’ve always been sort of leery of hair removers that work by pulling the hair off and out, even though I knew that the hair took longer to grow in again afterwards—until one manufacturer shamed me into trying his product just once. I went up to his salon in fear and trembling, and I got the pleasantest surprise of my life. Because there was no discomfort, and all my excess hair was off before I knew it!

This particular product is made of honey and various other substances, and is so pure that you can actually eat it—as I did. You heat the jar of cream in boiling water until it’s about as soft as maple honey, or a semi-runny sugar and butter sauce. Then apply a thin layer, about two inches wide and six inches long, to your leg. Spread it in the direction the hair grows. Press a strip of unbleached muslin firmly on this, then snap the strip off against the grain of the hair—on legs, from the bottom upwards. Repeat the procedure in another spot till you’ve removed all the hair. A complete deforestation shouldn’t take more than a half hour, once you get into the swing of it. And you’ll be pleased as punch with the length of time your legs will stay smooth and hair-less. I had to have my legs done only twice all summer long, and that’s something for me. The cream will not make superfluous hair grow in heavier, darker or coarser and it does not contain any chemicals that could give it a disagreeable odor. A two ounce jar of the epilator for home use costs only a dollar. Want the name?

Winter’s the time, too, when you should never slip up on the use of an anti-perspirant. Heavy clothes and tight sleeves induce just as much perspiration flow as does summer’s heat. Two pints a day is the average amount you perspire summer and winter, all year round. Perspi-ration in itself is as natural as rain water, and just about as odorless. But when it is allowed to collect in one spot for long, when it is prevented from evaporating (tight clothes do just that), it decomposes or decays. That’s when you’ll notice body odor on your friends—and they on you.

The smartest thing and the daintiest is to check the perspiration in those confined areas like the armpits where it can’t evaporate easily and where the sweat glands are so numerous. A perspiration stop is not dangerous to use because it merely re-routes the sweat to other less thickly clustered glands where it can evaporate freely... I’ll be glad to give you the name of a cream “check” I’ve been using with success lately. It’s pure white and fluffy, and it vanishes completely into the skin after application. You can use it right before dressing, because it won’t stain your clothes, and immediately after shaving, because it can’t irritate the skin. The cream takes effect instantly and goes on working for quite a time—you’ll be free of perspiration bother from one to three days, depending upon your individual re-quirements. I’ll be glad to give you the name of this anti-perspirant—it costs 10 cents for a small size, 25 cents for a large jar.

Write me before February 15 if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for my reply, and address your letter to Denise Caine, MOTION PICT-URE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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**IF NURSES COULD ONLY TELL!**

**HERE'S ONE STORY YOU MIGHT HEAR...**

IT WAS YOUR HUSBAND, MRS. STEELE. HE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO GET TO THE HOSPITAL TO SEE YOU TONIGHT.

I THOUGHT MY ILLNESS MIGHT CHANGE THINGS...

**BUT HE'S STILL NEGLECTING ME—as he HAS FOR MONTHS**

MRS. STEELE, I'VE SEEN BAD BREATH BREAK UP SO MANY MARRIAGES THAT WELL, WOULDN'T YOU TALK TO YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH?

**MRS. STEELE'S DENTIST TOLD HER...**

TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. IT'S SPECIAL PERTURBING FOAM REMOVES ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS, AND THAT'S WHY...

**COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH... MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!**

"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth... helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

**LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM**

YOU'VE DONE A FINE JOB, NURSE, AND I'M VERY GRATEFUL TO YOU.

I THINK YOU KNOW HOW GRATEFUL I AM, NURSE, FOR EVERYTHING!

NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

**DO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM?**

DONT RISK OFFENDING KEEP BAD BREATH AWAY!

USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM TWICE EVERY DAY!
The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.  

10¢ and 25¢

EX-LAX MOVIES

The Taming of Tommy the Terrible

TOMMY: I won't! I won't take that awful medicine! I can't get it down!

MOTHER: All right, young man. I think I know something that you will like!

TOMMY: Mom–m! Gee whiz, Mom, that's a clinch to take. It tastes just like swell chocolate.

MOTHER: Yes, its name is Ex-Lax and it's not only good—it's good for you!

LATER

TOMMY: Whoopee! That Ex-Lax made me feel fine... You'll never have to force me to take that!

MOTHER: Right! From now on, Dad and I are going to use Ex-Lax, too!

Young Enough to Know Better

[Continued from page 64]

didn't. The idea that I could be wrong was out of the question. I was so cozily encased in all my cute little habits and mistakes that I couldn't see past my own script.

"One evening when a mutual friend asked Louis to go to Ocean Park with us, I saw how really wrong I had been. He was as anxious to ride on the roller coaster as we were. He out-distanced everyone doing the thrilling excursions. He didn't dance like a stuffed shirt at all. He didn't telephone me for a date for three weeks—and then he asked my mother, too!

"LOUIS was really responsible for snapping me out of a lot of things. When I realized he was intelligent enough to see I wasn't stupidly confused, I stopped acting, I was more like myself than I'd been for years. I remember," she mused, rising to pull the drapes wide open on the window towards the sable of one that he had a very proper and stately way of bringing me to my senses. He used to speak of the Lunts and Noel Coward with whom he was starred on Broadway. He'd talk about them by the hour—and afterwards, I'd feel strangely self-conscious. I'd look through old 'still' of mine and realize how vapid I'd been. My hair was too light, my cheeks too red, my lashes too black. I stopped plastering on make-up and let my hair return to its natural color. I was too heavy, so I dieted—lost twelve pounds. I began to look like a person instead of a paper doll.

"I was very sure once of what sophistication meant. Now I'm very sure that it has nothing to do with the kind of dress one wears or the way one plucks her eyebrows, or makes an entrance into a room. I've learned the value of poise and reserve and consideration of others. I've learned when not to talk and what not to say and how to listen.

"I still like to entertain—I like it better than ever before as a matter of fact. Loos and I are not night-clubbers. We like inviting a few close friends for dinner, usually buffet where everyone may sit, and chat, and eat as they please. We like the informality of a Sunday evening, when close friends can drop in and stay as long as they like and do as they like—listen to the radio programs, to read, to play games, or just sit in the sun and relax. We have few intimate friends but these we prize.

"My mother always took care of our house, my salary, my expenses. Fortunately, she knew what she was doing. She wasn't extravagant. She invested wisely. But now I want that responsibility. I want to learn to be a good business woman as well as a career woman.

"Of course, I've changed in my approach to my work. I never fully valued the opportunities which fell so generously into my lap when I was so young. Memorizing of lines was as simple as A. B. C. I never thought of them until the night before. The idea of taking a script, breaking it down, studying the character I was to play as well as the others which motivated the plot, was simply out of the question. I learned my lines and tossed them off with a 'listen and like 'em' attitude.

"Today, as far as my career is concerned, I want more than anything else in the world to be regarded as an actress. I hope and work to learn something with my audience, make them remember a character that rugged at their emotions, not just a blonde who looked glamorous in an evening gown."

Regardless of Ida's own strict self-analysis, not everyone in Hollywood agrees that she has lacked dramatic ability. As past. Alan Dinechat, actor-director and one of the film's most discerning talent discoverers, has consistently praised that "some day Hollywood is going to find out that one of its finest young actresses is Ida Lupino. When she gets her chance, the whole town will have to look to its acting laurels." Dinechat's statement was provoked at the time by two pictures in which he had seen her, and by three radio broadcasts. But no one did—for a long while—enough long enough to make me realize that lucky breaks don't fall from the heavens seasonally."

Ida's earnest efforts were not unavailing indefinitely however. Teamed on the air with Tyrone Power oftener than any other actress, her name was soon again on studio casting sheets. She no longer jabbered and idly visited other sets when she was called for a picture; she arrived on time, she was conscious of the crew behind the camera; she quietly withdrew to go over her lines between "takes."

She was in New York, doing a radio drama with Orson Welles, when she got the message that 20th Century-Fox wanted her for a straight role in its recent Adventures of Sherlock Holmes. She at first vacillated as a dramatic climax with Basil Rathbone. When they finished, the director, Al Werker, stepped over to her and said, "You have a fine conception of the character. I'm sure I'm going to like you in this picture."

Ida felt like bawling. "His reaction," she explained, "was what I'd hoped and worked for. His approval, everybody gave me a confidence I'd never known before. I know everyone needs encouragement in whatever field they're trying to succeed—but actresses need terrific encouragement. We all have fearful inferiority complexes!"

IT WAS her assignment to The Light That Failed however, which gave Ida full proof of how right her new attack on career had been. "I was even grateful for all my mistakes," she said, "It is good to have learned that way.

"I don't expect a follow-up immediately to The Light That Failed—no one can expect that good a break. The most I can hope for is the opportunity to do an earnest, sincere job of work. The fans are very friendly. They're understanding—and they're loyal. It's that loyalty I'm going to work like the devil to deserve.

"I've learned, too, to be less critical of others—to understand when I see some girl doing many of the things that I used to do that it just isn't youthful exhibitionism on which they are pinning their hopes for success."

"Thank heaven, I'm young enough to know better."
Swedish Surprise
[Continued from page 24]

pleased because they felt she was their discovery, which was a bit of astute showmanship on the part of Producer David Selznick because he had planned it that way. He knows that audiences like to make their own discoveries and that the chances of many a potential star are ruined by too much advance publicity. He had seen her in foreign pictures and believed that American people would like a nice surprise about five feet, five inches tall with a well-rounded but willowy figure and altogether normal looking.

That she comes from Sweden was grist for the mill of the Selznick publicity department. They could link her name with Greta Garbo's and hit the front pages frequently with their unknown star. But Miss Bergman had other ideas. Of course, she said, Miss Garbo is her idol but they came from different towns in Sweden; she had never seen the great actress. It was apparent that she had too much on her mind with her first American picture to worry about any other actresses—even Garbo. Very deftly she made it clear that she was not going to trade on the glory of her fellow countrywoman.

The picture was nearly finished when I visited her at the studio. In the publicity department one of the boys was talking about her. "Well, I hope she goes back to Sweden and stays there," he said, and he might just as well have thrown a hand grenade under my chair. "She's much too nice a girl to stay in Hollywood. She doesn't belong here," he concluded.

Then I heard all about her, and about the succession of surprises she had, unwittingly, uncorked for them. When they heard a new star was arriving they had brushed off their coat collars, all ked back their hair and prepared to meet a glamour girl. She proved to be a glamour girl, all right, but a distinctively new type. They hadn't yet recovered from the shock.

She was friendly and looked like a healthy, happy, normal, chubby-faced American school-girl. She wore no make-up and was simply dressed. And when they called a car to show her around the studio she thought it was a joke.

"Why, I can walk," she protested.

Gone With the Wind was in production and every star dressing-room on the lot was occupied. It was with some misgivings that they ushered her into the one that was to be hers, one similar to those occupied by lesser players.

"It's wonderful!" she exclaimed, looking around. "If you put a few more pieces of furniture in I can live here while I make the picture. It will save time and I will be able to work longer hours."

Nothing like that had ever been heard in Hollywood before and David Selznick, secretly pleased and amused, told her she had best go home at night and get the studio out of her hair. Later, remembering it, he said, "I've never had a star try to save me a dime before."

Thriftily by nationality, she considered the ordinary studio methods fantastic. The prodigal way money is spent was a sad waste, she thought, "Wouldn't one be enough?" she asked timidly, when told that two famous designers—Irene and Travis Banton—were designing her clothes for the picture. And when, as frequently happens, gowns that were beautiful and extremely becoming to her off the screen weren't photographic and others had to be provided, she thought it a shame, "Couldn't we put some tucks in them or dye them another color?" she asked.

If she surprised Hollywood, everything here kept her in complete confusion. The number of people on the set bewildered her.

"In Sweden," she said, "we have one of everything, not two or three cameramen and several of everything else. They couldn't afford it in Sweden. And I never had a stand-in in my life. I was the stand-in for myself," she laughed.

Then one day I was privileged to witness an incident, the likes of which will probably never be seen in Hollywood again. The scene had been rehearsed and everything was ready to take it when Leslie Howard noticed a button was missing from his coat. Irritably, the director, Gregory Ratoff, ordered someone to telephone for a sewing woman.

[Continued on page 69]
THREE girls will go to Hollywood this summer absolutely free of cost— as guests of Perfume of the Stars! Think of it! Two weeks of thrilling good times with train, hotel and meals paid for! See film hits in the making ... meet and be photographed with the Stars ... visit the Glamor Spots of Movieland!

You might win one of these free trips to Hollywood ... or a year's tuition and room at Defiance College ... or one of 30 De Vilbiss Atomizers filled with Perfume of the Stars, in the exquisite fragrance that accouts your charm and personality.

Here's All You Have to Do

Beauty and talent not essential. Unknowingly you may be a "movie type." Merely go to your Ten Cent Store and obtain a bottle of either Joan Blondell or Francesca God Perfume. Follow the easy Rules of the Contest on the back of each card affixed to the bottle. Answer a few simple questions about yourself and send the card, or facsimile, together with a snapshot or photo of yourself, as directed.

Nothing to compose! Nothing else to do. Mail before May 1st, 1940. Winners announced June 1st. Don't delay! Visit your ten-cent store today—it may win you one of 54 prizes! This is something you don't want to miss!

4TH PRIZE: 10c AT LEADING TEN CENT STORES

One Year's Tuition and Room Paid For at DEFANCE COLLEGE Located in Defiance, Ohio it has a record of 94% graduate placements for past 10 years.

NEXT 50 PRIZES: Beautifully Designed DE VILBISS ATOMIZERS

Each filled with 1 oz. of Perfume of The Stars. You'll love its fragrance!

If your 10c store cannot supply you, MAIL COUPON

WARREN-SMITH CO., DEPT. 6-B, DEFANCE, OHIO

Please send me bottles of Perfume of The Stars mounted on Entry Cards. Check choice: Joan Blondell, Francesca God. I enclose 10c for each.

Name: __________________________
Address: ________________________

One of the promising newcomers who is getting a share of creditable roles in Warner productions is Marie Wrixon. She has good supports to carry her to top

is stepping out with superheated polie-walsies like Dixie Dunbar and Cyrilla Dorne, the footlight fury. And Betty, heating things up, has switched her hair from blond to red, and alternately denying and insisting that she's going to become Mrs. Artie Shaw. . . .

CUPID'S COUPLETS:
Reggie Gardiner and Lya Lys—He's all her'n and she's all bys!

NOW that Deanna Durbin's highly-ballyhood first screen kiss is all over, Of Tatter can let you in on the fact that its professional perfection simply amazed Deanna's director, Henry Koster . . . !

[Continued on page 74]

Alfred Hitchcock, 239-pound English director, famous as connoisseur of steaks, ice-cream, teast, a chair (prop can take it) on the set of Rebecca—Hitchcock opus
"Give me a needle and thread," spoke up Ingrid. "I'll fix it in a minute."
She couldn't understand why everyone thought that was funny. It was unbeliev-
able to her that an entire company should wait twenty minutes or more while a woman was
sent for to sew on a button.
One of her biggest surprises was to dis-
cover that Hollywood is a city. "I thought
it was a studio," she explained. "Everyone
in Sweden thinks the same. And we never
hear over there how pretty Hollywood is."
It was her eagerness to see everything she
could during her short stay here that led
her to take long walks when she had an
opportunity. And she gave David Selznick
many a headache when he discovered she
was doing her exploring at night and alone.
"What could hurt me?" she asked won-
deringly, when a studio employee ran into
her walking alone on a deserted street one
night and had to argue to convince her that
she should accompany her home.

THE scenes in the picture she most en-
joyed making were taken at Carmel
where she could walk to her heart's content
by sea and allow her hair to blow at will.
Her hair was one small bone of contention.
She liked to comb it herself and frequently
after it had been carefully arranged for
a scene, Ingrid would take the comb and run
it through her curls, completely upsetting the
effects of the hairdresser.
Her creamy-white skin, rosy cheeks and
blood-red lips, a heritage of the cold Norse
country, are almost too good to be true.
There is nothing languid or mysterious
about her personality. She seems always

SPECIAL OFFER

Due to the very large sale of the
MOTION PICTURE issues containing
colored portraits—like the one of
Deanna Durbin in page 33 of this issue
—of Clark Gable, Tyrone Power, Sonja
Heleno, Robert Taylor, many of our reg-
ular readers were unable to secure their
copies and therefore missed these beauti-
ful, exclusive portraits of their favorites.
Learning of their disappointment, we
have decided to make available a limited
quantity of these photos which can be
secured at 10 cents each or two for 15
cents, postpaid. As there have been
numerous requests for these photos of
Clark Gable, Tyrone Power, Sonja Heleno
and Robert Taylor, we suggest that you
write at once to Photo Editor, MOTION
PICTURE Magazine, 22 Putnam Avenue,
Greenwich, Conn.

ready to laugh and when introduced to a
stranger is friendly and usually shakes
hands. To avoid making mistakes in English,
she speaks carefully, a bit precisely. She
was puzzled one day when she overheard
someone use the expression, "Get a soap
box" and was vastly amused to learn it had
nothing to do with soap.
On the set she was given a portable dress-
ning-room—the kind used by all screen stars
—but the first time she saw it she was very
upset by a sign on the door reading: "Keep
out. This room for Miss Bergman only."
It seemed to her unnecessarily rude, "I'd
rather not have it," she said shyly. "Is it
necessary?" The sign was removed.
During the necessary make-up tests be-
fore the picture began, she made strenuous
objections to unnatural make-up. Her eye-
brows shouldn't be arched; they were better
as they were. She insisted upon looking
like herself. The tests proved that she was
right.
Serene, almost stoical, she found these
characteristics stood her in good stead while
working under the direction of the volatile
Russian director, Gregory Ratoff.
"Bergie, you are wonderful! You are
lovely," he would shout at her. Five min-
utes later they might have a difference of
opinion over a scene, although the actress
made suggestions only when the action or
locale concerned some custom or place in
Europe with which she was familiar. "Well,
Bergie," he would capitulate, "you are so
beautiful we will do it both ways."
Ingrid came to America with the popular

LOVELY MARY MARTIN, FRESHMAN AT SARAH LAWRENCE COLLEGE, SAYS:

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

It's the modern trend in makeup—
the appealing natural charm of gay
young "collegians"!
And Hudnut brings it to you in
Marvelous Face Powder, the powder
you choose by the color of your eyes!

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

Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick
at drug and department stores—only 55c each. 65c in Canada.

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amounts of harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick.
I enclose 10c to help cover mailing costs.

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

Be sure to check color of your eyes!

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THESE people feel sorry for her because she will never again have such a triumph as Scarlett—the most coveted role in screen history. Ironically, she hasn't yet had any sensation of triumph. What she had while she was making the picture was worry. And that's what she's still living with the picture still to be released to the world at large.

She was about to go to Atlanta for the premiere. "I dread it," she said. "I'm too afraid of it."

Now, Scarlett wouldn't feel that way. Scarlett would like nothing better than entering a theatre on a red velvet carpet, consoled that all eyes were upon her. It would be a night of nights.

Here was a big psychological difference between Scarlett and Vivien. Were there any other big differences? Were there any ways in which they were alike? And then there was expense.

"Well, Scarlett wasn't the placid, easy-going type. Neither am I. I can't let well enough alone. I get restless. Very, I have to be doing new and different things. I'm a very impatient person. And headstrong. If I've made up my mind to do something, I can't be persuaded out of it. My becoming an actress is on example of that.

When Scarlett wanted something from life, she schemed about how to get it. That was her trouble. I just plunge ahead without looking. That's my trouble. Every so often, I bum down natural—and have to pick myself up and climb over them.

I'll never be able to save like Scarlett. Money meant everything to her. Life was empty without it. It dominated everything she did. To me, time is important. I'd rather have time to do many things than the money to do any one thing. It's fortunate I feel that way, because the more I make, the less I'm able to save. When I started on the stage, I was making very little money. I seemed to get along all right. Now I'm earning the biggest salary I've ever earned, and I have to be strict with myself to get along. I've had to come to Hollywood for the money. I've been better off to stay in England. What with the three income taxes I have now, I'm actually seeing less money as a star here than I did as a featured player at home. But—I want to stay.

Scarlett had a strong sense of property. I have that a little. I've got a number of things around me very much. That's one thing I haven't missed, being in Hollywood. Particularly my books. I collect them.

"She didn't get along with other women. I do. At least, I think I do.

"She could take care of herself, when she had to. I think I could, too. Without such painful effort. I went to school for a time in Germany. That meant being a girl. I had to learn What Every Hausfrau Should Know. And hated it. That was one of the things that helped me make up my mind to become an actress."

Vivien mused for a moment.

"I hope I have one thing that Scarlett never had—a sense of humor. I want some joy out of life. She never had joy, except when she was very young.

"And she had one thing that I hope I never have—selfish, blind egotism. I understand that that's something people sometimes get in Hollywood. I'm watching out for it.

"Scarlett was a fascinating person, no matter what she did. But she was never a great person. She was too petty, too self-centered. She could never consider another person, for that person's sake. She promised Ashley that she would look out for Melanie. But she didn't make that promise for Melanie's good. She made it as part of her scheme to win back Ashley's love.

"In many ways, she wasn't a very admirable person. But one thing about her was admirable—her courage. She had more than I've ever had."

That statement was open to question. How about her daring to invade Hollywood, test for the role of Scarlett though she was English, and play the role in the face of the uprisings over Selena? Wasn't that her?"

"But I didn't come to Hollywood to try for the role. I came on a visit. When a test [Continued on page 72]
Two always doesn't is ceremony complete short nothing Two off as were they were they are. I ate cypress "everyone eat ice-cream it's almost a thousand miles to be with cypress trees! two designers! two camera men! two of everything! this is America! "her explorations in Hollywood brought her to a well-known Swedish restaurant, but she was disappointed. "it is nothing like the restaurants at home," she complained. "everyone was in such a hurry. at home we take hours to eat, but the chairs in this place were so hard it's no wonder the people gobble their food and rush out as soon as they can. at home we have comfortable chairs and cat in a leisurely fashion. we take our time and make a ceremony of dinner!"

however, she approved of American ice cream and candy. several times a day she ate a huge plateful of ice cream and said it wasn't half enough. "and corn on the cob!" her face lit up. "i know by all the rules it should put pounds and pounds on me but i couldn't resist it. perhaps it is that i walk so much that the ice-cream and corn are defeated."

that she speaks English so nearly perfect is due to the fact that for eleven years she attended the Lyceum for Fiokker, a famous school for girls in Stockholm, where she majored in languages. "Fiokker doesn't mean flicker," she laughed. "it wasn't a school for the cinema, just a public school."

INGRID was born in Stockholm during the post-war period. Her father, Justus Bergman, who died about ten years ago, was a portrait artist and from him Ingrid learned as a child something of the values of lights and shadows and acquired an appreciation of art. She posed often for her father and took naturally to school dramatics. Wearing cast-off dresses of her mother's she appeared in many amateur productions and it was a school play, which 15-year-old Ingrid wrote, directed and acted in, that brought her to the attention of the director of the Royal Dramatic Theatre School.

with the consent of her parents she enrolled at the school. before she had completed her first term she was selected by a talent scout of Svensk Filmindustri for a small role. before two years had passed she made eleven films, nine of which starred her.

American pictures interested her and she never missed an opportunity to see one. During a short stay in New York before coming to Hollywood she spent every waking minute in the theatres watching plays and pictures. She thinks American stars are superb.

"i have studied their work since childhood and admired them," she said. "i knew how i felt when i told them that Hollywood would demand a great deal of me. i can't account for it, because there has never been anyone in our family connected with the theatre, but i always wanted to be an actress."

the day the picture was finished she left for her home in Sweden, where she has a previous commitment to make one more picture. as soon as that is completed she will return to Hollywood, where she is expected in February.

after her departure it was discovered that one scene had no sound track. Ingrid was called by radio telephone as she was on an ocean liner bound for Sweden; the scene was explained to her and she was told what to say. as she spoke the lines, they were dubbed onto a piece of sound track—the first time such a stunt has ever been done.

Temperament, she doesn't know about. She was ready and eager to work long hours. Of course, there was always the thought that as soon as the picture was finished she could leave for Sweden where her husband, a dentist, and her baby were awaiting her, but there was also uppermost in her mind the desire to do her job.

"she is different from any actress i've ever met," Mr. Ratoff said at the conclusion of the picture. "somebody is going to say pretty soon that she doesn't act like an actress except when she is acting."

"i would rather succeed in Hollywood than to do anything else on earth," she said. "i did my best. if i am not good, i expect it is my fault. i do not believe in the alka-seltzer."

She didn't know that time that she was a success in the picture and that David Selznick has big plans for her when she returns, but it doesn't seem likely that even that knowledge will cause her to change. We hope she won't change because we like surprises. We think you do, too.
The Woman Behind Scarlett
[Continued from page 70]

She is mildly crazy about clothes, all kinds, from dresses to slacks. She likes furts (as what girl doesn’t?) All kinds of furs, except chinchilla. "That’s a good thing, what with chinchilla costing about $25,000 per coat." She likes, typically Californian—and likes it. Although she does complain bitterly that she hasn’t room in it for the books she has collected, just since her stay in Hollywood.

The house has a small swimming-pool, which she uses. She also plays tennis—"very badly." She plays darts, dito. Her favorite sport is golf—but I’m not good at that, either. All-around-athlete Leigh, they call her. She plays the piano. She does a great deal of reading. She likes dancing, but she doesn’t like night-clubs. "They’re crowded and hot, and I get sleepy in them."

She dances well. She used to do the aesthetic kind. She likes large parties only at her own house—where she knows everybody.

IN PERSON, she talks just as crisply and briskly as she does in Gone With the Wind. In fact, her current view of the criticisms of her rapid dialogue delivery, "But the impression that Southerners talk slowly is a misimpression. Listen sometime to educated Southerners. I think they get their manner of speaking. That soft slur of r’s fools you into thinking of them as drawing." She won’t talk, crisply or otherwise, about Laurence Olivier—who, the columnists say, she is going to marry. The columnists are decidedly premature. Neither of them has yet taken steps to divorce their present mates. That makes Vivien still officially married to Leigh Holman, London barrister. They have a five-year-old, Suzanne.

As soon as she finished the last scene of Gone With the Wind, Vivien hopped a plane East and raced across the Atlantic to see her little girl, check up on the war rumors. England was calmer than it had been before the Munich conference. No one thought there was going to be a war. Reassured, Vivien came back alone. So much heart she wanted Suzanne with her. Suzanne had been happy in England. She didn’t want to tear the little girl loose from the security and surroundings she had always known—Then, three weeks ago, Vivien and Suzanne had to be up-rooted from familiar scenes. "Her father has her now in Devonshire, which is safe. There are no industries there, no targets for V-1’s."

Vivien seems destined to stay in "America for a long, long time. She has made good as Scarlett. Also, she has a long-term contract with David O. Selznick who regards her rightly as a very valuable property, and will loan her out when she has nothing to do on the home lot. She also has a one-picture-a-year contract with her old home, Loew. But in a further notice, he is making pictures for the British government and can’t use Vivien. That makes her America’s exclusively. Except that she is doing her bit for England with that chunk of income tax.

She is about to go to work again—on loan to M-G-M, for Waterloo Bridge. And Vivien Leigh, always to play a character completely different from Scarlett. "Only I do wish it were a bit lighter story. People will go out in blackouts to see comedy and laugh, but will they go out to cry?"

That’s Vivien Leigh—the woman behind Scarlett.
The Talk of Hollywood

[Continued from page 49]

without ever so much as a "may I?"
When the three of them—all middle-aged
matrons—saw Powell, they went into a fine
flutter of excitement. Bill, caught off guard,
was the soul of courtliness, with a deep
bow and a rich Powell smile. And then sud-
denly, he did a slow burn at the nerve of
these dames, crushing his private garden.
And then he pulled his "Barrymore"—
"I'm charmed, utterly charmed," he
smoothly told them, "that you have visited
me now—for here is where and when I take
my sunbath—quite in the nude, you know..."
And he began to take off his robe... 111!
Bill swears he is positive the three ladies-
from-wherever are still running.

Smiles

■ Neatest figure-of-speech of the month
is the one Dot Kilgallen pulled, when
she wrote "as rare as a frown on Don
Ameche."

Don Frowns

■ BUT—while it's neat, it isn't true, right
now. On account of poor Don is doing
plenty of frowning, even though he doesn't
like it. Seems that Don has been ordered
to take a long, quiet rest on a strict diet,
because his little tummy—wummy—is all tied
up in digestive knots.
The funny part of it (IF there is ANY-
thing funny about digestive woes) is that
Don's wife is—of ALL things!—a dietician
specialist...!!!

Garbo Apple-Sauce
■ Take it from your old Hollywood wisen-
heimer, all this ballyhoo about "the new
Garbo" is just so much balloon-stuffing!
Besides that, it's old stuff...!
You've read and heard it all, haven't you?
About the Garbo who smiles, and runs
around places, and meets strangers, and
nearness, crack jokes, and does cute things on the set,
and so on—and just turns out to be the life
of the party wherever she is!
They'd have you believe that overnight,
so to speak, Greta has done a complete emo-
tional and psychological flip-flop, and has
changed from the Garbo—nobody-knows to
the Garbo—everybody-knows.
To which we shriek: "Poofy!" And we
point, with proper outrage, to the fact
that the press-agents are pulling the same old
gag they pull with every new Garbo picture.
Every production-period, they flood the pub-
licity channels with twaddle about the ballet-
while—well—met Garbo, who clowns on the
set, and steps out. Now they're putting out
unjaey that even goes to the extreme of
painting a Garbo who did the nite-spots in
Reno recently, and wasn't recognized, and
even danced hot numbers with some cow-
ladies in town for the night!

Check it all off as apple-sauce, and a bit
moldy at that. Garbo is as likely to turn
into that sort of glamor gal as Judy Garland
is liable to go into a nursery!
And we'll lay ten-to-one that Garbo's
public doesn't like the hooey, either.

Good Deed
■ Interesting gesture, that move of Harry
Ritz's. In the midst of his sorrow over
the death of his lovely young wife, Harry
remembered enough to give her entire ward-
robe to that social organization, for charity.

Thrift Lays Egg
■ Thrill of the town, the other week-end,
was the undesired rumor that flew all
over the place, that, at last, Sonja Henie
had gone hot—the ice queen had melted!—
the glacier was running! It was a fact that
a bevy of studio folk had passed the open
door of Sonja's dressing-room, had looked
in—and beheld Sonja claps in the arms
of Robert Cummings, who was giving her as
earnest a bit of loving as any gal'd want.
The word flew like wildfire—for all
through Sonja's phony press-agent ro-
manances, all Hollywood knows that she's
really nearly as cold as the ice that helps
make her famous.
But Hollywood's excitement went flatter
[Continued on page 75]
**THE TALKIE TOWN TITTLER**

[Continued from page 68]

The children of Mary Astor are in her arms and at her side. The baby is Anthony Del Campo, 5-months-old son (his first photo). The girl is Marilyn Thorpe, now 7

When, on the first take, Deanna and Robert Stack pulled a screen kiss that would have been okey even for Hedy Lamarr and Robert Taylor, Koster raised an eyebrow and said to Deanna:

"Deanna, I think maybe you have been practicing so very, very hard with that Vaughn Paul, eh?"

Did Deanna say no?

**DON'T BE SURPRISED**—if Louise Stanley remarries Addison Randall, right in the face of all her denials.

—if Rosemary Lane is Mrs. Buddy Westmore by the time you read this...

—if Greer Garson elopes with M-G-M biggie, Ben Thau...

**KEEPING** marriage secret is an old Hollywood trick, but Gale Page almost pulled a secret divorce—simply by using her proper name...

When she went into court to get her freedom, she appeared as Sally Tritschler vs. Frederick M. Tritschler. Frederick M. is the Chicago broker Gale married a couple of years ago, or so—and kept it a secret from Hollywood for a long, long time.

So anyway, when the "Tritschler" divorce case came up in court, nobody recognized the name—and for 24 hours, there was no news about Gale being free again. Finally, an elevator boy in the Los Angeles court-house, who had recognized his favorite screen star, asked a reporter whyinell nothing was printed—and that's how the news got out.

**CUPID'S COUPLET:**

Joan Fontaine's sister, and Howard Hughes

Still making plenty of romance-news!

**CUPID'S COUPLET:**

Edgar Bergen's latest is Fay McKenzie—

Keeping up with Eddie drives Tattler to a frozone!
then last night's beer, when the truth came out, too—the truth being that during this impassioned love-interlude in Sonja's dressing-room, there was a third person present. It was Irving Cummings, the director—and he was rehearsing Sonja and Cummings in a love scene.

So Hollywood—AND Sonja—are back to normalcy.

There's Always Shirley

If THIS keeps up, Hollywood producers will HAVE to find "new faces." In Lynn, Massachusetts, a women's club of 500 members has just started something that's terrifying the Great Lovers of Hollywood. They have all signed a pledge NOT to go to see any movies which feature actors or actresses who have been divorced!

Well, there's always Shirley Temple. For a year or two, anyway. . . .

Gag

Newest gag on the Boulevard is a company which, for a fee, gets out a phony newspaper which looks completely legitimate—and on the front page, with heavy headlines, they will print any item you want to pay for.

Tourists are going big for phony news items which read something like: ROBERT TAYLOR AT NITE-SPOT WITH SOPHIE GLUTZ OR HEDY LAMARR DATED BY OSHKOSH VISITOR.

Your old Hollywood sleuth reports this just so you don't get too fooled, if you get a hot clipping like that from that friend of yours who's visiting Hollywood, and swore she'd make a date with Clark Gable.

Nasty Crack?

Bing Crosby and Bob Hope don't quite know whether to be sore at Dorothy Lamour, or just to let it pass. . . . Seems that Director Vic Schertzinger called Dot in to tell her that in her new picture, she would not have to play with any monkeys or apes or chimpanzees.

"So?" cracked Dorothy; "I thought that Bing and Bob were in the cast!"

Hollywood Unsafe For Unattached Males

The bachelor-shortage in Hollywood is growing more and more acute. . . . In this town, where personal charm and pulchritude are the top assets, and where there are handsome men and lovely women galore, the great war is to find male partners for all the manless lovelies. Of unattached females, there are plenty. But of unmarried, or unhooked males, there are so few that any good-looking guy could come to Hollywood and have the world's most expensive harem—practically free!

A certain Hollywood picker-upper-of-facts was told, the other night, by a certain eligible young Hollywood bachelor that in one day, he had received seven invitations to social affairs to square Hollywood beauties—and more than a score of invitations for house-parties over one week-end. Why, even Esquire's Sultan couldn't ask for more!

Reason: all the glamour-guys have fallen for matrimony. Gone are Bob Taylor, Clark Gable, Ty Power, young Fairbanks, Ronnie Colman, Brian Aherne, and even Adrian!

At large are George Brent, John Howard, Herbert Marshall, Dick Greene, Cary Grant. But check those over and you'll see they're optional. Brent is still on Garbo's preferred list; Cary might as well be married to Phyl Brooks as the way he is; Bart Marshall is roped; Kay Griffith has a halter on Howard.

Even David Niven, who was open stock, is gone—back to fight for merry old England. Robert Preston's is so tied up with that front-page romance with Dorothy Lamour that even though it's probably phony, no gals dare crash it.

As a result of the situation, no single and unattached young Hollywood male is safe. At any moment, he may be pounced upon by screeching mobs of manless women and suffer a fate which is just too, too magnificent to contemplate!
stroke! The depth of the water of that studio-made flood was twelve feet! If the boat had capsized and thrown Brenda smack in the middle of those swirling tree trunks, chicken crates, and dead bodies, pandemonium, you can well believe, would have reigned. And we don’t mean water!

When Brenda came out of her dressing-room, showing, if any, signs of the wear and tear of that first scene, she was greeted by the cameraman who stunned her more than somewhat by saying that she’d have to do it over again. “There was too much rain; we didn’t catch a thing,” he said. So, after catching her breath, the slender, 16-year-old ex-co-ed (and we’ll come to that later in this piece) waited patiently while prop men retrieved the boat and then stepped into it for another journey.

At Director Brown’s—“Let’s make it a drizzle this time,” the mist got its second touch of delusions of grandeur—but not quite so much this time—and Brenda once more took up her paddling and there wasn’t a man on the set, from prop man to Darryl Zanuck, who didn’t breathe ten sighs of relief when Director Brown said, “Okay, we’ll print it!”

Now this doesn’t take long in the telling, but before the scene got its official clear it was within five minutes of quitting time, which may give you some idea of how difficult the shooting was. When Brenda emerged from her dressing-room all dressed up in a blue sweater and skirt and ready, willing and able to partake of a home-cooked dinner, George Brent, grinning from here to there started singing in his better-than-barbershop harmony, “There was a pretty co-ed! Who posed in a shoe! Then she signed up for the movies—Without very much ads!”

Which, come to think of it, is more than less true. . . So let’s start in at the beginning.

**They Found Her Among the Ads**

(Continued from page 30)

The girl looked like Fern Simon and the next step, which was immediate, was to find out if she talked and acted like Fern, too. It wasn’t much of a trick to find her nor was much of a trick, once she was found, to bring her out to the studio. In fact, Brenda says she was so excited and so eager to get there that she arrived long before the appointed hour.

“They gave me fifteen tests,” she says, “ranging from the playing of difficult passages of the Rains script to silent ones which showed me to be an ingenue. Fortunately for me, Tom Moore, who was a star in motion pictures before he gave up his screen work to become a dramatic coach at 20th Century-Fox, I guess, I know, to this day, how he managed to keep his patience and hold his temper, because it didn’t seem to me that I did anything right—and never would. When it came time to take the tests—and they lasted three days—he was right there on the set to lead the one-man cheering section. Another man to whom I was—and still am, for that matter—deeply indebted was Clarence Brown who directed not only the actual shooting of The Rains Came, but my film tests.”

**W**hen Production Chief Zanuck saw the tests in his private projection-room he immediately buried half his production worries. Maybe he buried all of them, at any rate. Acting in Brenda the potentialities of a great actress, he was willing to gamble on the success of a more than $2,000,000 motion picture by ordering the cameras to roll with the camera in the cast as Fern Simon. As it turned out, his judgment was completely vindicated. The Rains Came has proven a smash box-office hit and director plus for Brenda Joyce. “I’ll never forget that first day’s shooting,” she confesses, “There I was, greener than grass, starting off this expensive picture with such stars as Tyrone Power, Myrna Loy and George Brent looking pins and needles in my own canoe through the rain and flooded river. I was not only terribly embarrassed, but I was terribly frightened, too. I felt like jumping out of the boat and swimming right out of the picture—for good.”

But she didn’t, of course. What Brenda did was to jump right out of The Rains Came to Here I Am a Stranger, a picture starring Richard Greene, with a portrayal that reaffirmed Zanuck’s judgment of her.

By no means quite so camera-shy after her initial workout in The Rains Came, she was (and still is, she says frankly) an utter stranger to the many acting problems that hold up inexperienced and unprepared. Every time she felt that she was responsible for a mistake that called for another “take” she’d sneak away off-stage and proceed to give herself an NP (Never Publicly) by bawling out, much to the delight of the prop boys who always managed to get an earful.

Dick Greene, who has a grand sense of humor, pulled the price nifty during the filming when he happened to hear Brenda give herself one of these verbal spankings. Borrowing a phonograph with a recording attachment he caged it off-stage and instructed a prop boy to turn it on the next time she sneaked away for one of her private tongue-lashings.

And it wasn’t long in coming, thanks to Dick who deliberately spoiled a scene with her by muffling his lines. Believing herself...
guilty Brenda walked off the set the first chance she got and once she reached her favorite wailing-wall she started in on herself—a three-minute harangue that was captured by the recorder as easy as you please. You can imagine her confusion, not to say embarrassment, when the record was played for her an hour or so later when she got another "mad off" against herself.

"Was my face red!" she admits, now. "Everybody laughed, including myself. Finally. It was really funny. And I'll say this for my I'm Sorry For Myself record: it did a lot to relieve the tension of frazzled nerves and I'm sure I got along better from then on.

She's not far out of plumb on that score. At any rate, from Here I Am a Stranger she stepped immediately into Little Old New York featuring Alice Faye, Don Ameche, Fred MacMurray and Richard Greene, "all of whom," she says, "were out of their way to teach her tricks of acting I'd never even dreamed about up until then.

Her eagerness to give credit and thanks to those who helped her is one sparkling facet among many others of the girl's character. It's a trait that's rather unusual in Hollywood.

And another nice thing about her is this: With three pictures out of the way and with bigger and better ones to come, she's still the natural, unaffected, unspoiled young lady of eighteen who, so short a while back, was magically lifted into stardom by a movie advertisement into motion picture stardom. She's still dazed about this amazing transformation but not too dazed to forget how extremely lucky she was. She's got a pretty head on her shoulders and it's full of good, old-fashioned common sense. She swears that she's not going to be fooled or be dazzled by the glitter and glamor of Hollywood.

Brenda was born in Kansas City eighteen years ago. After the first five mid-western years of her life she moved with her family to San Bernardino, California, where she remained until she finished up her Junior High School work. Then on to Los Angeles where she entered University of Southern California, where, in no time, she became quite the busiest body of them all. She was elected president of the high-school girls, president of the Girls' Cabinet, and head of the Brush and Quill. These extra-curricular activities offered no barrier to her winning "A" marks in all her studies. Because of her ability at public speaking and in dramatics, she won a scholarship at the time of her graduation, in 1936, to the University of Southern California.

"I TRANSFERRED to the University of California at Los Angeles after one semester at U. S. C. I left college in the spring of 1938 to become a model for commercial photographers. I posed for toothpaste ads, automobile ads, clothing ads and, lucky for me, shoe ads. The pay was good, the work was easy and..."

And she'd still be posing and modelling right now but for Darryl Zanuck who startled her—and Hollywood—by lifting her out of the shoe ads and placing her on her feet, smack in the middle of movie making.

Brenda, so far in her movie life, hasn't permitted her fairly fat salary check to get notions of extravagance and the chances are she won't. She did buy herself a second-hand car to save time in reaching the studio. After Here I Am a Stranger was finished, she and her mother moved into a cottage two rooms-and-a-patio better than the one they formerly occupied. And just recently Brenda went on a spending binge to bolster up her wardrobe and came home with three bargain-sale dresses, a couple of pairs of shoes and lastly, a moderately-priced fur coat which she says "isn't mink." Her salary, outside of the usual household expenses, car upkeep and so on, goes into a saving fund. Perhaps she isn't as thrifty as the proverbial Scot, but she learned the value of money long before she ever stepped on a movie set, and this need-stretching financial background is the first she's ever had going to grow or she'll know the reason why.

Drifting gently from finance to romance we run up against a subject about which Brenda speaks with more than the authority of her eighteen years. She wants no part or party of a studio-built-and-promoted affair with a handsome leading man squiring her around for the sake of publicity. As Samuel Goldwyn has it, you can include her out on that. And the reason she can be included out is that ever since her junior days she's been going places with an up-and-coming young fellow named Owen Ward, a U. C. L. A. graduate, who's carving out a career for himself as a business administrator.

Hollywood is going to have a tough battle on its hands trying to "referee" this young lady. She's modern and stream-lined like most of them, but with a difference—she likewise takes a heap of pride in holding fast to her own ideas of how to spend her money and her fashioned notions about love and marriage.

Well, one thing is certain—she won't go Hollywood. And that, take her or leave her, is Brenda, the ex-model, ex-teen who is the cause of so much rejoicing at the Century-Fox.

THOUSANDS REJOICE AS THEIR SKINNY BODIES FILL OUT

Amazing Gains of 10 to 25 lbs. in a Few Weeks Reported by Men and Women Everywhere

MANY thin, rundown, worn out, nervous men and women who had tried several other tonics with out apparent results—who could hardly look at food, sleep poorly and were always tired and jittery—report gains of 10 to 25 pounds in a few weeks, wonderful new pep, and new self-confidence through the use of the Ironized Yeast tablets—through simply taking these little ironized Yeast tablets.

The reason is simple. Scientists have discovered that vast numbers of people are skinny, run down and nervous only because they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their diets. Without these two vital substances you may lack appetite and not have the body-building good out of you what you eat.

But now you get these exact missing substances in these scientifically made, easy-to-take little ironized Yeast tablets. So it's easy to see how, with their aid, so many almost hopeless people have easily put on the naturally attractive pounds they so long wished for—have gained new strength, new pep, new self-confidence, new joy in life.

Try them on money-back test

Get Ironized Yeast Tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don't eat better and feel better, with much more pep and energy—just return it. This Ironized Yeast will give you the normally attractive flesh, new energy and self-confidence you have always wanted. We are so sure you will like the results of this first package that we will promptly refund the Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Only be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast, and not some cheap inferior substitute which does not give the same results.

Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this special offer: Purchase a pack of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a coupon of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating little book on health—"Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the first package—in your money refunded. At druggists, Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 325, Atlanta, Ga.

TUNE IN ON JOHN J. ANTHONY'S GOD WILL MOUR. See your local newspaper for exact time and station.
"Hollywood Scared Me Silly"
[Continued from page 47]

for her . . . giving her with that gypsy slimness, gypsy dark hair, lambent hazel eyes, dusky skin, bright lips . . . "There was nothing glamorous about me, I rather distinctly ascribed to Fairchild. I had neither, either, eyelashes or nose nor figure nor parted lips . . . I practiced furring my eyelids and parting my lips in front of a mirror and looked like a congenital idiot!"

I FELT that I wouldn't fit into the social pattern in Hollywood. I knew that I couldn't get into, a life of the Party like Carole Lombard. I knew that I couldn't be entertaining like Ginger Rogers. I knew that I couldn't talk the way Bette Davis does. I only I Am wasn't in, was, well, still am, scared to death of celebrities—of movie stars!

"Why, once, shortly before I came out here I was invited to Errol Flynn one day in the lobby of a New York hotel. I was so flustered that I just all tangled up in the revolving door as we went out and I couldn't find the door. Mr. or Mrs. Flynn? Later, I met him out here and he said, 'Helio, Miss Marshall,' which indicated that he remembered me, I was so flustered I thought I had been the purring type!"

'I'd never entered a night-club once during my entire time in New York and so I didn't think I'd adapted myself to the night-life pattern in Hollywood, if that was demanded of me."

"I was afraid of Hollywood Romances. I read about them and they seemed to be a necessity—any part of the training of an actress. That scared me because I was married when I came here and even though my marriage wasn't much publicized, I knew it. I felt that if I did go out to parties or dinners with an escort, which my husband would quite understand and would want for me, other people might not be so understanding when any marriage did become generally known."

"On the other hand, I couldn't sit at home every evening, for weeks and maybe months, reading or playing records. And also, if I did go around by myself, solo, that would create comment. So you can understand that I felt confused. . . . I was afraid of being misunderstood, afraid of loneliness. . . ."

"I was scared of the jealousy I'd read about in Hollywood. I was scared at the idea of always having to make a Personal Appearance even when I went to the market or took a walk around the block. I'd read about 'that type' and 'this type' and it petrified me. I didn't seem to be any type and knew that I didn't want to be any one type. I just felt that Hollywood might demand of me things I didn't have to give . . . You see," explained Brenda, "I didn't have much training for Hollywood. Or, rather, for what I thought Hollywood was like . . ."

Very little training, indeed, I kept thinking, as I looked at the children I'd spent on the Island of Negros in the Philippines, where she was born. For on that island the child lived a most curious, out-of-this-world existence. When she was eight years old her mother passed away, and after that her family consisted of herself, her busy father, a sugar planter, and her elder sister— with the result that much of her time was spent alone, wandering the Island, making friends with such strange, but indigenous animals as bats, crabs, lizards, bees, turtles, parakeets, firebirds and sun- birds with which the islands abound. Her games, usually solitary, were played under the shadows of large wild rum or, cedar and ebony trees . . . her domestic pets were a deer and a civet cat . . . not ordinary company for a small girl. No ordinary girl is developed in such strange company.

The movies were the only entertainment the Island of Negros provided but of such Negroes offered her chiefly Theda Bara and thought that Lewis Stone was about the same age as Wayne Morris!"

Some little while after her mother's death the Anderson sisters were sent to the Brent School at Manhattan and when it came time for them to enter high-school Mr. Anderson purchased a home for his daughters, and his second wife, in San Antonio, where the girls lived and where they attended the San Antonio High School . . . from which Ann Sheridan had gone forth a few years before . . .

NOW curiously enough, from the time the Brenda played at hide-and-seek, (most easily and herself and a brace of monkeys) among the stalks of the sugarcane or under the ebony trees, she wanted to become an actress. She can offer no reasonable explanation of how she even knew that she wanted to be an actress. She had never seen a flesh-and-blood actress. And as the movies were for them to enter high-school Mr. Anderson purchased a home for his daughters, and his second wife, in San Antonio, where the girls lived and where they attended the San Antonio High School . . . from which Ann Sheridan had gone forth a few years before . . .
Gaines (now playing Raymond Massey’s role on the New York stage in *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*—which is why he isn’t with Ardis Gaines in Hollywood!) was co-director of the college. Quizzed upon it, Brenda realized that the brilliant young man who was offering her, not only education but romance.

In 1937, Brenda and Richard Gaines were married. During the summers of 1937 and 1938 she worked in her husband’s stock company at Peterborough, New Hampshire. She was the leading woman in the company and appeared in *Guardswoman*, *One Sunday Afternoon*, *He Who Gets Slapped*, *Stage To Conquer* and other vehicles which matured and sharpened her green but growing abilities. She worked with that passionate concentration of purpose which is given only to those who are really dedicated to what they are doing.

She never, as she said, saw the inside of a night-club. During the day she worked and studied, and at nights she studied speech, French, Italian, and rehearsed roles for the school productions. Even in the summer stock, even during that first summer of 1937 which should have been her honeymoon, she had little time for anything but study and rehearsal as the company sometimes put on two plays a day.

In 1938 she was given the leading role in George Bernard Shaw’s *On The Rocks*, a New York Federal Theatre Project. She played the role of a girl labor leader. All the first and second and third reviews were “terrifically awful!” She made one for M-G-M and can only hope that some day she will forget it. She made one for 20th Century Fox in a psychological role and one of the results of that enterprise was that talent scouts from Hollywood began to beguile Brenda.

I T WAS then that her fear of Hollywood was formulated—and not without reason—for she made several screen tests and the description that came back was “terrifically awful!” She made one for M-G-M and can only hope that some day she will forget it. She made one for 20th Century Fox in a psychological role and one of the results of that enterprise was that talent scouts from Hollywood began to beguile Brenda.

Into the Great Silence which followed her tests for M-G-M and 20th Century-Fox came Talent Scout Art Jacobsen from Paramount. Brenda, told that he was exceptionally fine, agreed to read for him. She did and Art was enthusiastic. Brenda made a test for him. When she saw it, she was thrilled. She didn’t, she says, know that she could photograph so well. The scene she did was an intelligent piece of business. She was well pleased with herself and—*nothing happened*.

Then, indeed, Brenda bade hush-hush to thoughts of Hollywood. If *that* test didn’t baste the producers, it was no use. Time passed. Suddenly, one day, a message came through on the teletype in Warner Brothers’ New York office to Brenda to fly to Hollywood that very afternoon. They wanted her to test for a part in *Career Man*, starring Joel McCrea. (Warner’s, as you may have guessed, had seen the Paramount test too.) Brenda flew to Hollywood and she made the test and she played in *Career Man* which became *Espionage Agent* and from the day she arrived, up to and including this present day, the Brothers Warner, and all their cohorts have been purring about Brendaender, if possible,

than Leo, the Lion, ever purrred about Hedy Lamarr. And what I mean is, that is *purring*!

So, equipped with one pair of new stockings, her husband’s blessing and enough fear to make a press agent on the plane that brought her here, Brenda arrived.

She told me, “I tell you, when I first saw the studio, that huge factory spreading out all over the place, oh, my heavens, I tell you, it struck terror to my heart! I thought I was going to scream out loud! Why, for weeks after I arrived it was horror to me even to walk into the Green Room where the stars lunch. I’d sitter in and sit with my back to the others. I couldn’t have eaten if I hadn’t.

“When I started to work, the camera scared me, oh, horribly! It was just like putting the Evil Eye on me. They were all so kind to me, Joel McCrea, everyone . . . they’d say to me, ‘just relax,’ which was the last thing in the world I could do! I’d keep turning my back to the camera. I’m sure I acted wonderfully when my back was square on to the camera. I just gave and gave when other people were having close-ups.

“I’d keep remembering how Ann Sheridan had been mentioned for my part in *Espionage Agent*, how Marlene Dietrich had been mentioned, too, and that’s what really threw me. I’d keep on having Dietrich on my mind. I tried to play the part as I thought she might have played it instead of the way I would naturally play it."

“...I had opened my mind of thinking of parts as ‘a Davis part,’ ‘a Garbo par’ and get to thinking how I would work out the part my way. Director Lloyd Bacon was wonderful to me. He was aware of my special problems and was comforting and kind, until, at last, I began to feel comfortable and relaxed. Bette Davis was swell . . . she told me that most actresses were shy, too, inhibited, ill at ease . . . and how they kidded her in a scene she had to play by giving her a boy baby to bathe instead of the girl baby the script called for! She said it was like having a Freshman in College . . .

“...So, Mr. Bacon encouraged me, Joel McCrea encouraged me, Jeffrey Lynn worked with me on my lines, Flo McNeill, the script girl on that picture, helped me locate a house, took me shopping for groceries and a car and escorted me to my first Hollywood premiere, which happened to be *The Kid From Kokomo* . . .

“I N SHORT, I found out that Hollywood is a very human place, that there is a perfection here but it is a perfection which people worked for, suffer for, achieve the same way perfection is achieved anywhere, by means of sweat and struggle, and, often, heartbreak and tons of courage.

“I want to stay here now,” said Brenda, “I hope things may work out so that Richard can be here, too. Then I would have my share of the *Perfect* gams—and I still hope won’t ever become a ‘type.’ I’d like to do things like *Mayerling*, I’d like to play vivacious, sparkling parts like Jane Bryan does, and so well, I’d like to play the kind of dramatic parts Bette Davis plays . . . a variety of things, an infinite variety . . . it’s surprising what you can dig out of yourself when you have to,” said Brenda . . . *even* she added, laughing, “the overcoming of fear!”

NEXT MONTH

A beautiful color portrait will be found in March MOTION PICTURE of your favorite—Charles Boyer.
What's Davie Niven Up to Now?

[Continued from page 51]

got all the man-hungry hones of Hollywood in a peece because Davie still loves her. And having married Jacques, and into the war-wares was told by London biggies to go back to Hollywood, why, then little Davie and his cute mustache and his cute bride' ll come back to Hollywood and go back to the natural for Mrs. Sam Goldwyn—Ta-ra-ra-tum-ti-tigkeit-go—!!

And isn't it all just too, too, somethin' else. 

Ever since Davie landed in Hollywood, flat broke, and met Doug Fairbanks and went to visit Merle Oberon and laid on his back on Merle's front-room carpet and told her before he'd even been introduced that she was the loveliest number he'd ever laid eyes on, Davie has had something by the tail.

There's the old expression—about "having the tiger by the tail." For Davie it is a picturesque, and it applies almost precisely to Davie Niven. Only, in Davie's case, you have to substitute the bull for the tiger. Because it wasn't a figurative tiger whose tail Davie had held on of; it was the tail of the publicity BULL of Hollywood. And for the years that Davie has been running up a temperature in movies—his own and everybody else's—the bull has been giving Davie a glorious ride.

NEVER in all moviedom have there been stories going about that of a person who was in Davie's position. And Davie has lived up to the story that has been about Davie—that's what I mean bya ride on the bull's tail. You all know how Davie, in his fantastic career, delivered luncheons in a Rolls Royce so he could pay his bill at a satisfactory New York hotel and how he scandalized the entire Mediterranean by his antics while stationed at Gibraltar, and a few things like that. . . .

But Davie has taken this whole publicity that's been peddled about Davie. Some of these tales he told himself, for Davie's talents in the field of imagination are magnifique.

It was only up to now, and it's been swell publicity for Davie. It has lifted him from the category of a smart-cracking Englishman—or Scott—into the glamorous position of being one of Hollywood's most colorful and important personalities. I rather imagine that both Davie and his press-agents became blinded by the effects of their publicizing experiment, and took the brakes full off. And that's where Davie got hold of the bull's tail. . .

And now the bull has suddenly done a most unspeakable thing to Davie. Having hold of a bull's tail—particularly the Hollywood publicity bull—can be pregnant with possibilities. In Davie's case, the pregnancy is over. The bull has delivered. And Davie is—ah—ah! It came about like this—

Following full-steam ahead on their policy of unbridled publicity, Davie and his press-agents climbed right over the board. Of course, Davie had been rushed back to Hollywood to fight for his flag. It was glorious but it turned dull and soporific. Of a sudden Davie was looking for Mr. Sam Goldwyn—Ta-ra-ra-tum-ti-tigkeit-go—!!

And dammit, he had the bull by the tail, and couldn't let go. Everything was tried. Good old Alan Mowbray, as fine a gentleman as Britain has ever sent us, went to work in the British consul's office in Los Angeles, as special liaison-officer of some sort. Alan, officially, quickly made it plain that Britain, for the nonce, did NOT want her sons here in Hollywood flicking into the colors. That pronouncement, it was hoped, would stop the war-press-agentry. But it was too late to help Davie. He had said that he was going to war, and he'd practically set a date for it.

Davie had the bull by the tail, to be sure, but the bull had Davie, and even if Davie wanted to, he couldn't let go. He had to take the bull's overwrought tail.

And so there you are. That brings us up to date as this is written. Davie took a plane for New York, whence (as this is written) he's to depart for the Clinger or steamer for England as fast as he can.

Davie has been farewelled to a fare-thee-well; he has been cocktailed and parted in Hollywood as no war hero ever was before. Hollywood loves its drama and its departure was a fine excuse to make merry. So they all invited Davie to parties and that was swell.

A few of the gals wept—some of them openly into their cocktail glasses, others of them privately into their cold-cram jars. Because after all, Davie has been a boon to Hollywood's men.

He has been charmingly suave, delightfully witty and never serious enough to be troublesome. He was full of bright cracks and cracks and other such things like that. Davie was a "perfect English gentleman" of the story-book kind. He was a refreshing relief from the horde of Hollywood males who can talk only three coherent sentences at a time and themselves. Davie could talk of ANYTHING. And so, Davie made them a delightful companion.

HE HAD a social faculty that was amazing in this faction-splitt Hollywood. Davie could—and did—attend the social gatherings of Hollywood's three major cliques impartially; the Norma Shearer kind of lah-de-dah parties; the Joan Crawford types of all-star parties, and the British set's majesty affairs. Davie had the technique of all three down to perfection, and he was the one person in Hollywood who could belong to either set without being ostracized in the other.

Certain it was that wherever he was and whomever he was with, there was fun. Davie's sense of humor is one of his greatest assets, some nasty persons say his sense of humor is the only sense he had, but that's not true.

Those who know him better are certain that underneath all this bon-vivancy there's a David Niven who is so introvertic that it hurts. His clowning, his weird stories, his stupendous imaginations, are a smoke-screen behind which Niven hides himself.
Naturally enough, although he is only eighteen, he is still a truant and with the successes of the past the aches of failures on his tousled head.

Mickey's mother was a little awed at her prodigious young son. She has been ever since she found out a week ago that he was about two years old, interrupting an acrobatic act and panicking the audience with his antics. And, although she knew the hardships and the uncertainties of the theatrical world, she was able to see that the business of Mickey's career was apparently the important thing. If she could give him every advantage in that field, maybe she could, then, compensate him for the disadvantages any growing boy needs. She set out to work in that direction, always with her son's welfare prominently in mind.

Any youngster who tries to make his mark in the theatrical world doesn't have much time for any normal pleasures or regulated living. His mother recognized those drawbacks, but she also knew Mickey's happiness was a matter of course. He enjoyed his work, his geography, arithmetic, and history. His mother saw to that. And he wanted an education too. But, formal education wasn't in Mickey's line, and learning enough of the practical side to go with that which he learned from text-books. And there is the keynote of Mickey's life today.

His career has been built on one foundation—bucking life and entertaining a fickle public. He and his mother had to make an existence for themselves. Poverty and struggles didn't allow them to taste of any of the easier items. There was the problem of where the next meal was coming from. Of hurrying to catch a train to fulfill an act. Of missing the companionship of a father, for Mickey's father and mother had been separated for some time.

So, through all the difficult times Mickey experienced, he had but one thought in mind—to be a great show business man himself, so that they might have time to enjoy the pleasures of life. He'd learn all schools could teach him, but he was learning something else of more importance—how to buck up against the barriers that cluttered his path, the barriers that tried to throw him.

Before Mickey attained his present popularity, he took his acting more or less as a matter of course. He and his mother could have something they wanted. And Mickey could find spare moments to catch up on the pleasures he had missed.

Then came his sudden popularity on the screen. It wasn't a popularity that began instantaneously. It was one that saw a conscious birth in pictures like Ah Wilderness and A Family Affair. And after Love Finds Andy Hardy, he was the hottest thing in town.

Strange enough, it is that same popularity that has made Mickey a finer and more interesting boy. For a while, it is true, it threatened to throw him, but he has taken hold of himself and has acquired a renewed and vital interest in his career. He is laying plans for the days when he may not be an actor any more. When his type of work may have lost its appeal. And Mickey is just astute enough to know that the day will come when his career may close up on him—when he may find that he was right in knowing he couldn't last forever as an actor.

MICKEY explains his future by saying, "I'm not good-looking enough or tall enough to get very far as an actor when I get older. I'm not the leading man type, and I don't think I'd be much good in character parts for a long time yet. So I'm learning all I can about the business. You see, I'm really anxious to be a director or a producer."

So there is Mickey's answer to those, like myself, who have been wondering when he can last. He won't always be a shining cinema satellite, but he'll not leave the business that has been his whole life. And that's how he is conquering other fields at the same moment and preparing himself, as young as he is, for a new period in his career and in his life.

Popularity has also brought Mickey more mellowness and humility. Gone is some of the brashness—the cockiness of those earlier days. He seems to have passed through the period when a youngster thinks it's time he begins to be a man and assumes all of man's experience and worldliness. Like Andy Hardy, he's beginning to recognize the problems of manhood after going through a period of exaggerated youthful enthusiasm.

Mickey's career almost took a nose-dive a year ago. There were repeated stories of his interest in the girls—an over-emphasized interest, some thought. There were stories of his conceit and his temper, the temper being a problem to his studio, such a problem, in fact, that he finally had to be put under strict limitations, I know that I, too, had this impression of Mickey, impressions based on contacts with him.

I remember, for example, a preview I attended about four years ago—before Mickey was so popular. He had come out of the theatre and was signing autographs with a flourish that would have done credit to a seasoned film idol. This was about the time when Mickey began to realize that perhaps he had a rather large following.

HOWEVER, that period was apparently like all other periods in a boy's life. Most kids of fifteen and sixteen think they are just about the cat's meow. They think they have passed the stage when anyone can teach them anything and when they can, more or less, dictate for themselves. After all, the teen-age has thrown practically every youngster who has invaded it. Mickey was no exception. He was being another typical boy, but he was forgetting he was in the public eye. And some of the public, while they loved his smart-aleckness on the screen didn't stop to think he was like any other kid. He was a movie star, and they thought he shouldn't be so all-fired normal.

Then there is another picture I remember of Mickey. I was in a corner drug store one afternoon when he came in, dressed to kill in top hat and tails, dashed to the telephone booth, made a spirited call to a girl on the other end, and then whizzed away in his geared-up car with the elan of a Beau Brummel. He was about fourteen or fifteen
then. And so began the period in which Mickey envisioned himself the Knight Errant of youthful Hollywood.

Yet, he was only expressing, I assume, every kid's dream of owning a car and putting on the dog for his favorite girl. And, of course, the top hat and tails in the middle of the afternoon should have convinced me, as it didn't then, that Mickey was like any other youngster who, because he was wearing an evening outfit at any provocation, felt the delicious feeling that comes to a boy when he thinks he's a man, when youth and the teens are a thing that are vaguely acknowledged.

However, the picture of that afternoon was intensified when I saw Mickey at the premiere of a picture he had just finished because the contrast between the old and new Mickey was so great—and yet so obvious.

When I went into the theatre, Mickey was standing on the stage near Buy-Garland. He was almost bewildered by this tribute to his work. He stood humbly by, wide-eyed, and a little puzzled. There was no brashness or cockiness. There was just a strange wonder. The inexperience and confused enthusiasm of the past had changed to experience and an intelligent acceptance of his own position in youth. There was no attempt to grab manhood out of the air then. He was like any other boy of eighteen who was experiencing a thrill and who was not afraid to assume the responsibilities and worries that being a man involved.

To go back to that afternoon, though, in the dressing rooms and to Mickey's Deauville Brumnel tendencies, there is an interesting point of discussion.

Of all the criticisms leveled against Mickey, the most often squaring young ladies was hit the hardest. Columnists yelled in printer's ink when Mickey was seen swaggering up to a premiere with a fair one in his wake. He was knocked to have been seen doing the light fantastic in a night-club. Since I have never seen him at any of the exclusive spots, I can't verify the rumors with any authority.

But, he's a brash kid, he's been said about Casa-nova Mickey Rooney. I prefer to believe his interest in girls and his principles as an escort do not vary too violently from those of any other eighteen year old. Let it lie at that.

Mickey is, today, going with girls who are far from wild young things. They are from the best and finest families in Hollywood. And through them, he's made new friends who are sympathetic with his work and with his interests. Because of the new crowd with whom he associates, he has been able to intensify his flair for song-writing. As most of you know, he has already written several numbers. Then, too, his friends and admirers have helped him, although he qualifies swing and draws a line when it's plain gibberish. Since he writes lyrics, he insists upon swing that can be set to words and not limited to barbaric "uhgs" and "oomphs."

Mickey is interested in girls—decidedly. He likes their companionship and he loves to take them to the nicer places in town. But he's not nervous with women. As he says, "Why should a guy marry before he's middle-aged, say twenty-five, and make one woman miserable when he can make a lot of them happy?" Words that sound strangely like those enunciated by Andy Hardy.

Of course, Mickey means only about half of that—only the business of waiting until the ripe old age of twenty-five before he considers a marriage. He has too much to do yet—and he's not established enough to suit him. Girls are fine—as long as they aren't taken too seriously.

Mickey has also been lambasted for his acting—again as intensely as he has for his romantic urges. I have done lambasting myself, and, I believe, he knows the mistakes he has made as well as do his critics.

For reason, young kid star until Love Finds Andy Hardy came along and brought stardom with it. That was the turning point in his career.

Suddenly a boy who had portrayed normal youngsters on the screen became a caricature of adolescence, a boy who essayed his own youth with a tongue in his cheek almost too far for the right. Mickey is now being criticized by some of the same people who a year ago began to sneer about his mugging, his lack of fulfilling the real ability that is his and that he had shown in the past.

But the public are him up. They howled at his broad antics and lavished praise upon his shoulders. More praise than he could possibly take gracefully. To him, it didn't matter that he was turning into a mugging man. His career was based on popular applause. And he knew how to get applause.

THERE was a noticeable change in his work with the release of Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever. About it is by his own alertness and the realization that he couldn't burlesque his roles forever and last long on the screen. In this picture, he seemed to regain some of the style and poise of his earlier efforts. But it wasn't until his stellar performance in Babes in Arms that he fully recovered from the awful effects of his mugging. In this picture, he's a trapper—and one of the best. He shows what the years of plodding and struggling have done for him. And he proves he's got a comedy sense good enough to make the applause that has been showered on him.

So, like his life, his career is assuming more importance and is receiving more consideration. Mickey is now fully aware of the significance of his career, and he knows a great deal more about the fickle public than he did a year or two ago. Consequently, he knows how to protect his career from the public's sudden changes of moods.

Mickey and his mother are now in a position to enjoy the things they had hoped to enjoy. They lead a very regular life at their ranch at Encino, his mother has a car that Mickey bought for her, and they have finally been able to have something they could call a home. They are settled and contented—last.
mind the soft swaying of palm trees on moonlit tropical shores—even though he plays the accordion.

Compared to Valentino and the lesser lovers of the screen, Jimmy really hasn't got a leg to stand on in any cause. He goes ahead and dismiss him without a further thought. There's something about him that always lingers in your memory. He's your first All-World Crush. He's grown. He's like the boy who gave you your first kiss. And like these, he cannot be forgotten.

To the late Dr. Freud, or for that matter to any psychologist, the paradox of Jimmy's strange appeal is not really a mystery. In everyday life he is not a rare specie but in the land of films he is a complete contradiction to all accepted standards. And to most people he is a trifle bewildering.

Takem at first glance, Jimmy is just a big overgrown kid whose thinsness actually is a grave cause of concern to his doctors. He is being put to Hollywood measurements. He hasn't got one of those glib, winning voices that makes the girls slipper up to him. Nor does he employ flirtatious or any of the more subtle artifices with which he can entice suitors to his side. He's got an eagle-beaked face and hair that never stays in place. He's shy. He's awkward. He's slow. But still the ladies go for him all the same.

Just what he does to affect women the way he undoubtedly affects them has been a great mystery to the master minds of films. But if you understand something simple psychology, the great enigma could easily have been cleared up a long time ago.

In Hollywood these days, it isn't enough merely to be a good actor. You definitely have to have something else. Something almost equally important. Something all the fans will like. And in the strange case of Jimmy Stewart, you are apt to find it. Though he, himself, may be unaware of it, there's something about him that makes maiden and matron alike sigh with satisfaction whenever his face is flashed on the screen.

Jimmy Stewart is no pretty glamorous boy. He defies anyone to call him that without smiling. He's everything directly opposed to any woman's idea of a matinee idol. High-school boy is probably the closest description that can be given him. 

BUT according to Freud, who certainly knew more about love and sex than any person in this world, Jimmy Stewart would be classified as a person with an abundance of sex appeal. And whether you want to believe it or not, he has more of it than Taylor, Gable and Power all rolled into one.

If you have any doubts on the subject, try a little research in the realm of Mr. Freud himself. Maybe Jimmy, himself, might find this revelation a bit startling. Or maybe he's too deeply engrossed tinkering with airplane models, or starting stray strollers by bossing his camera into their surprised faces.

Even in Hollywood where glamor is a drug on the market, the ladies have been standing in line for Jimmy. And some of them have really high mighty standards. This shy, young, kid-brother type has done something to them. Maybe he reminds them of their own kid brothers madly dashing around town trying to borrow a tux for the junior prom. Or maybe they knew a kid like him who spent most of his days up in the attic tinkering with broken-down motors and building model sail-boats. But to all Hollywood, he's a cross between Ronald Colman and Gary Cooper. And as such he will keep the feminine pulses fluttering as long as he breathes.

But getting down to the reasons for his strange appeal, you have to go back to his very childhood. Ever since he was a kid there was something serious and determined about Jimmy. He was one of those youngsters who took everything in life with an eager, intense, inquiring mind. He was the solemn, wide-eyed kind to whom all the world was a vast mystery. And because of this seriousness and his own seeming helplessness, people always took a liking to him. Even today those very same symptoms persist. And because of them people are always anxious and waiting to help him.

EVEYONE feels like taking him under wing and explaining the strange bewildering complications of life. Old ladies want to give him a good hearty meal to fatten him up a bit. Younger women want to comb his hair in place and fix his necktie. Married women want to tell him wear an overcoat and rubbers out in the rain. In short, everyone is concerned with his well being.

The very key to his complex nature is the fact that everyone likes him.

Because they like him, everyone wants to do things for him. In short, they want to be his mother. They want to see that he takes care of himself. And this, according to psychologists, constitutes the second key.

Third, and last, Jimmy is a big kid at heart. This makes him the sort that never grows up in the minds of those around him. They always keep on mothering him. They always regard him as an adolescent. And because of this, they lavish on him the first and strongest kind of love. A love that is prompted by a maternal instinct. This love alone is not the type that makes successful movie stars. But with Jimmy, there is added a flavoring of the masculine nature and emotional love. Actual grown-up love. But beneath it all, and what first attracts about him, is his primary appeal to the mother instinct.

All this may sound a bit complicated. But when you consider all women have the mother instinct, this is not so strange. Without it there would be no such thing as love. But when this instinct is bestowed on someone, it undergoes a slight change—a change that makes it more grown-up. But it is because of the desire to mother a man, that a great many women fall in love with the men they marry.

And because most men are children at heart and like all this fuss and attention, women are sometimes attracted to them. It makes a woman feel she has the upper hand. It makes her feel capable of a certain amount of mastery over the male. And fundamentally, the feeling is one which all women covet.

According to those doctors who have witnessed his rapid-rise to stardom, Jimmy is the hottest thing in Hollywood. But that isn't the reason for his being one of the most popular stars in the film colony. They like him for the same reason the audiences throughout the country like him. They like him because he is Jimmy Stewart both off the screen and on. They like him.

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Could Hollywood Do Without Men?

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scious cities. Nowhere else on earth are there so many alluring "oomb girls," nowhere so many men trained by the duties of their profession to appreciate feminine charm. Hence, nowhere else on earth does woman get so many privileges, and wield so much power through artful allure.

Don’t jump to the conclusion that film-town women “pay and pay.” That’s just the point. In Hollywood they don’t have to “pay” at all. The test of their power is the fact that they can do so much by the use of sweet words, smiles, and the glances that say, “What a man!”

Even if some man, on whom an allure queen turns her charm, fails to respond emotionally, he’d better think twice before refusing her honeyed requests. Some other man will respond. She’ll get what she wants, anyway. And maybe that will turn out to be a position in which she can say of the man who refused her, “Do you know, I think we ought to fire Mr. Blank. He isn’t any too smart.”

That last statement would be quite true.

Women are running Hollywood quite capably. Once in a while they make some mistakes, or allow some feminine passion to sway them too far, as in the case of attempting to “pretty” the so-so—masculine Clark Gable. Mostly, the score is all on their side, and they control their whims, jealousies and passions considerably better than men.

Changes they’ve made in film fare, however, aren’t all dictated by their desire to please feminine fans. Some are made strictly to please the ladies of Hollywood, themselves.

TODAY, in private life or on the screen, no movie matinee idol dare show that he thinks he’s the answer to every maiden’s prayer. Hollywood women like their heroes modest and unassuming.

No matter how modest a movie hero’s private-life conduct may be, however, the blame is pinned on him when a romance breaks up. There couldn’t have been a more modest—acting guy than Ty Power, during the days of that Sonja Henie romance. Yet when it broke up, folks said, “Poor Sonja!”

Now poor little Sonja, a sweet girl and a swell pal, is also a very strong character, quite capable of breaking off one romance without asking for anyone’s sympathy. And she didn’t pin any blame on Ty. It was other Hollywood women who did that.

“Ty was forgiven, however, when he married Annabella. The charming deference he shows for her, and through her, for women in general, would soften the stoniest heart.

When a married actor escorts some “other woman” around the night spots, he’d better have a good excuse. His wife may know about it, may even have made the date for him. In that event, she must let Hollywood know she forced her reluctant husband to entertain the girl!!

The Hollywood wife, however, doesn’t need to explain why she’s escorted places by men other than her husband. That’s a privilege of filmland women. Many have “gone steady” with this man or that without causing more than idle speculation as to whether all’s well between the lady and her husband!

When divorce comes, man must take the
Successful marriage in Hollywood always brings a change of life and a new responsibility. Carole Lombard decided to change his way of living to suit the lady. Filmland as well as much-in-love Ty Power finds Annabella for taking charge of her husband's life. When Gary Cooper married, he left the rough and easy life of a country squire to enter the film colony's most dignified social stratum. And when Bing was Bachelor Crosby, he was once heard to remark, "I don't think I ever want to be a parent!"

Roger Pryor is a very successful husband because he heeded Ann Sochern's ultimatum that he keep going on orchestra tours and fooling with that game. Not so successful husbands were Herbie Kay and Harmon O. Nelson, also orchestra leaders. Herbie quickly lost Dorothy Lamour, and Nelson, at long last, parted from Bette Davis. They couldn't change their lives so handily.

Gable and Taylor made no notable changes in their way of living on marrying Carole and Barbara. Why? Because their tastes were almost exactly like those of their famous wives!

If powerful tradition holds true in their cases as in so many other famous movie marriages, however, Gable and Taylor can't expect to escape the effect of marriage on their careers. Here again, woman gets the breaks. Her popularity increases, while her husband diminishes.

Examples are thick around us, today and on pages of screen history. Joan Crawford quickly eclipsed Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., after they were married. Doug has since fought back to fame. Joan's marriage to Franchot Tone seems to have a similar result on that fine young actor. Yet Joan isn't the girl. The careers of husbands suffered similarly because that is the mysterious way that things go, in Hollywood.

O NE explanation for this phenomenon sounds logical. It is, that as soon as marriage occurs, the man in the case becomes the woman's press-agent.

Interview Gene Raymond, and you come away with a story about Jeanette MacDonald. Interview Dick Powell, and you've got a story about Joan Blondell. Before marriage, an interview added to a male star's own fame. After marriage they're demoted, by the rules of Hollywood's special code and the ordinary instincts of male gallantry, this valuable publicity.

Since the woman in the case gets the publicity value of most of her husband's interviews, and gets as much or more publicity of her own than she had before marriage, she now has about twice the build-up she formerly enjoyed!

Note how it works as Ty Power devotes an interview, not to doing Ty Power some good, but to praising Annabella. woman, what a wife, what a brave girl to go to France for the safety of her family, and so on! Fine and gallant. Praise richly deserved by its beautiful recipient. But it delivers some of Ty's fame to Annabella, wrapped in a package and tagged, "With love."

Who's getting the lion's share of publicity out of the Gable-Lombard combine? Carole, of course. As for Bob Taylor, he's been a publicity dodger since Barbara came into his life. He'll start to talk, then halt in panic. Whatever he'll be going to say, someone might print! No one knows how much good he might have been able to do for himself had he talked freely. Fear of being mis-

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Hollywood’s Champion Lone Wolf

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Not only did he argue for days; he got away with it. He won the argument. Now even Mr. X, will concede that he alone could have improved on George’s interpretation of the role. He made a big hit in it.

All of which proves that it pays to be independent. But that isn’t why George plays the game by his own rules, not Hollywood’s. He can’t help himself. He’s just naturally a Lone Wolf.

James Cagney also has a reputation for living his own life, no matter what. When he fought with his studio, he held his conviction to the point of walking out, forirting a fortune in salary, risking his whole screen future. People think of Cagney as a rebel. They don’t think of Brent as one. Yet, he staged a one-man strike before Cagney did!” It wasn’t highly publicized.

When he struck, he did so without having his convictions backed up by the slightest feeling that a large portion of the public must be on his side.

That was a tip-off to the amount of Lone Wolf in George. Hollywood hadn’t sensed it then. In fact, Hollywood hasn’t sensed it yet.

Tall (six feet one), well-built, handsome, with black hair, hazel eyes, a warm smile and good manners, George is attractive to women. He’s the kind a man — I think the gossips—capitalize on it. Since they don’t see him at the night-clubs, they assume that he must do his capitalizing in secret, shady places. George is constantly suspecting of him hidden romances.

Something they don’t suspect is that he is a skeptic about love, and women. “I’ve had my share of marriage,” he says, commenting on his three trysts. “Maybe it was my fault. Maybe it was fifty-fifty. I don’t know. All I know is that I’m in no hurry to try it again.”

Psychiatrists might find it easy to explain those three matrimonial strikeouts. Marriage, in its less blissful moments, can look to any man like bondage. Particularly, a man who’s made a habit of doing his thinking, himself.

His last bride tore up his pilot’s license, to keep him from flying. Almost immediately thereafter, he parted from his next partner.

He has been charged with hiking his wagon to feminine stars. The gossip cites Ruth Chatterton, Greta Garbo, Bette Davis. They are the three women to whom he has been most attentive in Hollywood, and each of them has in turn, First Lady of the Screen. Nothing gets under the skin of Lone Wolf George like the allegation that he has been attentive so as to be mentioned in the same breath with whoever is Queen of the Cinema.

That Brent-Davis “romance”—it can be told now—was a press-agent idea, to help sell two Davis-Brent pictures in a row: Dark Victory and The Old Maid. George and Brent didn’t get along. They had been good friends, making these two pictures. They enjoyed being together. If people wanted to wonder whether or not it was a romance, and wanted to go to their pictures to try to find out, why should they stop them?

But somebody embroidered the bare romance rumors. Somebody added the fanciful touch that George couldn’t help falling in love with Mrs. Brent, and that he had done so for him—helping him with his acting, giving him a new career, and all. George, to put it

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Could Hollywood Do Without Men?

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quoted makes him an exception to the press-agent husband rule.

When the woman star retires to private life after marriage, as did Charles Boyer’s Pat Paterson, Errol Flynn’s Lili, and Bing Crosby’s Dixie, it seems that the actor’s career always escapes undamaged.

IN ALL phases of Hollywood life, solemn or silly, men have given up their privileges while letting their pretty bosses assume more and more.

On the other side, what man could do a Garbo act without being sent to the baghouse? What man, seeking to do for his sex what La Dietrich did when she popu-
What's Davie Niven Up To Now?  
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He creates, with all his clowning and cracking a phony world in which he can lose himself, and gets away from Magoo Niven whom he doesn't like to be alone with. Is that complicated? Sorry if it is. But that's the picture of the real David Niven as those who know him might see him.

After all, despite all the hurrific color that's been daubed onto it by both himself and his publicists, David Niven's life hasn't been so phony a swell. David never had much money to do things with. He wasn't born rich. And even though he did shoot up the Hollywood ladder, he didn't shoot into the heavy money.

Add to that the fact that, despite all the wisecracks and the evasions and the denials, David has probably been steadily in love with his English gal-friend, Jacqueline Dyer. Instead, he had to go gavly along down the Hollywood trail of romantic antics—and get himself plastered with "love publicity" involving Merle Oberon and Lorenz Young and any other gal who happened to need a romantic build-up, from the studio's viewpoint.

So Davie was the unattached and personable male who was the love-interest in these phony build-ups, and it was part of the ride he was getting on the bull's tail. He couldn't let go; he had to go for the phony romances—and it must have hurt like hell for both his real heart and his sweetheart in England.

I'm not trying to picture him in the "laugh clown laugh" role. It wasn't that serious, really. It was, rather, silly. And realizing how silly it was, David did what was probably his smartest possible thing—he made it siller. And that accounts for all the half- empties of the absurdities to which, in his Hollywood career, he has loaned himself and his name. Davie never could foresee that it was heading for this—not even Davie could predict a war and the spot it'd land him in.

AND so now, there he is. He's packed up his things in his old kit bag, and he's left that Santa Monica beach mansion that he shared with Mrs. and Mrs. Robert Coote—that beach house he named "Cirrhosis by the Sea." He's off by plane for England. He sticks to his story of being off to the war, even though he knows jolly well that England doesn't want him—anyway not now.

Probably when he gets to London there'll be some sort of semi-official pronouncement in his case—like there was in Charles Boyer's. Davie will probably be told—publicly—to go back to America and do his best for Britain as a semi-official good-relations agent, at which he'll be so considerably more valuable to his country than he would be in kits at the "front."

Then Davie will turn around, and come back to Hollywood. And Hollywood will welcome him back with open arms and David will take up where he left off, professionally, but not romantically. As I said, he'll probably marry the gal while he's in England. And Davie and his lovely English wife will be back. It gets him back to Hollywood. Of course, it'd ruin him as the town's most-in-demand party-guest, The Hollywood mammoons will be hopping mad ...! They'll each and all of them be full of the fury of the woman scorned...

Gummm. Maybe, after all, Davie WILL go to war! It might be easier.
Hollywood's Champion Lone Wolf

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mildly, burned to a crisp. Being a gentleman, he couldn't comment in public. But he knew plenty of people in private. Where did they get that "new career" stuff? He had been having this career for the past eight years. And he didn't need any help with his singing, from Davis, or anybody else. Not after eight years on the screen, preceded by three hundred roles on the stage.

Soon there after, the right columnists re-emphasized that George and Bette might still be seeing each other, but not as often as before. The inference was plain, Bette was going to be able to get along without George, and—George was going to be able to get along without Bette.

HE GOES all the other Lone Wolf boys one better by having fewer close friends than any of them. His own explanation is: "It takes me a long time to know people, or to let them know me. I've never been a good mixer. I don't shine in a crowd. I can be agreeable, but I can't be chummy on short notice. That's enough to keep me from having a collection of buddies, Hollywood being Hollywood."

And George being George, if he had never made pictures with Jean Chatterton, Greta Garbo and Bette Davis, he never would have gone calling on any of them. In all three instances, it took weeks of daily association for friendship to get under way.

Actors, as a class, are notoriously good mixers. So are Irishmen.

George is Irish (born in County Galway, bejables), as well as an actor. Why, then, is it so difficult for him to be chummy on short notice?

Don't overlook his background. At 18, he was mixed up in the bloody fracas in Ireland that ended in formation of the Irish Free State. Mixed up in it to the extent of being dispatch carrier between the two revolutionary leaders—De Valera and Michael Collins. Both were hunted men. That made their go-between a hunted man. George made a habit of not being a show-off, conspicuous in a crowd; of keeping a close check on his tongue with strangers; of being wary of strangers in general. That habit was his only protection. The accident to his life—there was someone else wasn't as close-mouthed. Collins was ambushed, murdered. George, seeing his own number coming up, fled Ireland for his life. He escaped only by trusting people he knew.

When a man owes his very life to the way he has lived, it isn't in him to stop living that way.

GO FARTHER back in his background, and you will find more proof that the tree has grown as the twig was bent. He was born on a farm. When he was 7, his father died. He had to pitch in and work—helped milk the ship, pluck the cows, shear the sheep, hoe the potatoes, dig the peat. When he was 15, his mother died. That young, he got in the habit of being on his own, without expecting favors from anybody. That gave him the independence he now claims; earning him a Lone Wolf title today, why he has the attitude he'll never get anything that he doesn't earn—and to blazes with playing Hollywood politics.

"When I first came out here," he says, "and finally caught on after two years of testing, someone tried to sell me the idea that I might get ahead faster if I went to some of the right parties and met some of the right people. So I went to a few—it was ambition. It didn't take me long to discover that Thalberg and Goldwyn always went off by themselves to play backgammon, and the other giants of the industry broke up into two or three groups—always the same two or three's. Meanwhile, here I was a stranger, stranded with some other strangers. It was fairly obvious that I was wasting my time. What I was like off the screen didn't mean a thing. The only thing that would count would be what I was like on the screen."

Other stars before George have sought seclusion. Most of them have been accused, rightly or wrongly, of really seeking publicity. Not so, George. He has the disregard for publicity of the true, unadulterated Lone Wolf. His seclusion isn't spectacular. It is no more anything about it. He doesn't do anything for publicity unless prodded into it, and prodded hard. This includes interviews. He has had an interview appointment the other afternoon, and told me, "I don't want to make a picture? That's all that counts in the long run with anybody—what you do on the screen."

A Lone Wolf doesn't waste much time kidding himself. Even about the choice of his approach to life.

"I don't have much choice about the way I live. I have to make as many pictures a year as they want, me to make. It's Shall Meet Again is my sixth this year. When have I had time to play? Between pictures, all I've had time to do is to go to a sanitarium over in Pasadena and lie flat on my back for two weeks, resting up for the next one."

"Doesn't it ever get dull, just going to work and back again? Of course, it gets dull. But there's one bright and shining aspect to the work. It's the less like a concentration camp of any job I know about."

His favorite sports, when he has time for them, are polo and flying. Neither is on the Hollywood producers' list of Safe Sports for Stars. Flying's big appeal to George is that it is a solo form of activity. When you're up there, behind those controls, you're strictly on your own. He has more than 400 flying hours behind him.

Something else that can stand pointing out about George is the fact that he is one of the few British stars independent enough of old associations to become a citizen of the country that has given him his career and his stardom. But what is he building up to, with this Lone Wolf life of his? What is his goal?

"To make enough money to be financially independent, able to relax. I haven't earned big money in the Hollywood sense. I've had to bide my time. I'm still biding it. When I get there, I'd like to find out if a certain director is kidding me or not. He says, 'You're in the wrong racket, George. Get behind the camera like me, and you can sit back and let other people do the work.'"

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Bad Boy Broderick

[Continued from page 34]

than merely a fair-to-middlin' actor. His second severest critic, his father, Lester Crawford, had to admit that the night of 
*Miss and Men* opened in New York.

Behind it all lies a story that has its beginning many years ago. In a vaudeville circuit with his parents. Two weeks after the tour started, another actor on the same bill offered the youngster a dollar a week when mother made up her mind and yell "Tag. You're it!" After the second performance, Brod hurled the bombshell: "I don't want to go back to school—I want to be an actor," he asserted.

His father and dad were fully prepared for it.

"Let's get this straight now," was the ultimatum. "You're going to school for a long time. At least until you're through Harvard. After that you're going into business. Two actors in the family are enough."

"I GUESS I started being bad then and there," Broderick slyly admits. "There wasn't much I could do at the age of seven. At least not seven years out of my mind. So back to school I went. But all that time, I was merely waiting for a chance. I thought perhaps I would never be an actor. But I was resolved never to be a business man either. Somehow things rolled along smoothly and I was able to get myself graduated from grade school and entered at Dean Academy in Farnsworth. It was a nice place. But they finally expelled me for trying to run the school."

You can tell by the mischievous gleam in Brod's eye when he tells this story that the expulsion was exactly what he was waiting for. He lost no time in writing his parents, sending them a brief message saying—"Don't worry. I'm getting a job as an actor."

He did get a job, touring with a vaudeville troupe as a combination stagehand, actor and general huckster. It wasn't a bad job at that, for he managed to learn a lot about the business before he was picked up and sent back to Dean Academy, which had relented enough to give the young culprit another chance.

This time Helen Broderick sent him a wire that read: "You're going into business if I have to put you through Harvard myself."

Finally Crawford graduated from Dean. His parents gave him tuition fees, enough money to keep him for a month and shipped him off to Harvard. He completed his courses in exactly twenty minutes.

"I reached the steps of the administration building," he relates, "and looked around. Harvard looked awfully big; four years seemed an awfully long time. So I graduated myself real quickly and caught the next train for New York."

This time his wire home read: "Forgive me. I'm going to New York and be an actor."

The answer, equally to the point, was: "We forgive you but don't wire home for money."

"When came the dog days," sighs Brod, "I tried to get an acting job, but guess I didn't have that juvenile look because I went hungry most of the time. Finally I gave it up and hopped a freighter bound for Corpus Christi for the Gulf Coast, and that's where the act gets rather formidably spoiled..."
Christi, Texas. Boy, I'll bet that captain will never forget me because I practically ate him out of his ship.

After a cruise to South America, Crawford shipped out on three trips to Europe and returned to New York for another crack at the stage. Luck stepped off the ship with him for he had found himself in a leading role in "She Loves Me Not." Then followed months of stock companies and a couple of Broadway plays that closed almost before the audience left.

One of the plays in which he appeared was a seven day wonder titled "Secret Mystery of Life," written by George Haight. After the show passed off, Haight left for Hollywood, and became an associate producer for Samuel Goldwyn. This was the turning point in Broderick Crawford's career.

Goldwyn needed a comedy butter for the picture, "Irene," and Haight suggested Crawford. Goldwyn agreed and the very same day Brod had the offer.

"I couldn't get down the back fire escape fast enough," admits Broderick, "a friend loaned me plane fare to the Coast and I later paid the hotel bill because it was a nice place and I might want to stay there again."

As the plane took off, the sailing was clear. He made several films and then returned to New York to play "Lennie in John Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men. At the end of the thirty-eight week run, he went back for more ventures.

Walter Wanger, realizing that there was something good in Brod, decided to give him a chance to play a different role. And now instead of seeing Brod as another bad man, he will show his ability to play the part of an intelligent and wealthy playboy. But what's even more important to Crawford, he is that in his latest film, "Send Another Coffin," he gets the long awaited chance to make his audiences aware of the comic in him. For at heart he is a comedian. He seems to have inherited a bit from mother.

"I might as well face it," he admits with a good-natured grin, "Essentially I'm a clown. Why Hollywood didn't realize this before, is a mystery to me. On Broadway practically every role I undertook was a comic one. Nobody ever thought of me as anything but a comedian until I came to Hollywood. I could name a dozen plays in which I was well on the buffet side.

Crawford himself is a funny fellow. On the surface it sometimes seems that there isn't room in his head for a serious thought of any kind. But his running gags and visual jokes during the filming of a picture add years of necessary relief to days of hard work. Among his favorite ruses is the paying off of debts in pennies. But once, during the filming of "Eternally Yours," the joke boomeranged and he found himself at the receiving end.

ONE of the strangest things about Crawford is the fact that he gets along so well with the other actors in the film colony. With so many stars complaining about the heaving studio schedules preventing them from accomplishing all the things they would like to do, Brod feels that nature has given him a head start on the others. This 230 pound, six-footer, has never required more than five hours sleep a night since he was a boy.

Frequently Crawford finds himself in the bewildering predicament of not knowing what to do with all the time he has. After a mere 10 minutes rest, he is ready to go with his arrival at the studio at eight o'clock and ends at six, most actors are ready for bed. But not Crawford. He generally plays several games of handball, has dinner and then goes out for the evening or stays home and reads. To prevent waking at three or four in the morning, he stays up as late as possible—but when he can't find anyone to go out with him and is tired of reading, he has a problem on his hands. If he goes to bed at a reasonable hour, he is certain to be awake long before daybreak.

Much to the consternation of his Chinese house-boy, Wong Bo, Crawford often arias, cooks and eats his breakfast and reads all the morning papers before his Celestial even thinks of getting up. When Wong Bo first came to work he almost died from lack of sleep, because whenever he heard his employer stirring, he was sure something was wrong. Now Wong can sleep through a bombardment.

Although Crawford is unmarried and still one of Hollywood's eligible bachelors, he has no plans for giving up his career existence. "I'm having too much fun," he says.

PROBABLY the most restless person you can ever hope to meet, Brod hates to remain quiet for a second longer than necessary. On the set, he is always roaming around the stages and examining all the mechanism and equipment. Occasionally, he drifts over a long chair to sit still until he is summoned before the camera. But there is too much eagerness in him—too much youthful curiosity for him to remain rooted. He always wants to know everything that is happening. The world, to him, is an exciting, adventurous place and he loves every minute of the time he is here. "Don't get me wrong," he admits. "I love it—but I don't advise anyone to take life too seriously—you'll be a long time dead."

And then the sparkle comes into his blue eyes and there is a hint of the same sly twinkle that his mother is still making famous on the screen. You needn't be told in so many words that Brod is getting the most out of life—that his philosophy is one of the simplest, yet the wisest. For even if he progresses to be a clown and even if he has all the mischievousness of a spankable younger, there's something determined about him. Something that makes you realize that he means business. His mother terms "a bad boy" justified his actions. And even in his work, as in his life, everything he did justified the goal he had in mind.

He doesn't say much but can and continually cast as bad man. Deep down in his heart, he knew a day would come when he would step into a role that would do justice to his ability. Broderick Crawford will tell you he doesn't mind playing Lennie or lummoxes, as long as there's some meat in the roles. After all, the original role that made his name known far and wide, did right by Helen Broderick's boy. And maybe he feels differently about the whole business of being bad. Maybe he wouldn't even mind playing the role again, providing he plays it in white tie and tails.

Among the many ambitions of this husky, six-footer with his brown hair and blue eyes, is the desire to act opposite Garbo. It's no secret around Hollywood. But it wouldn't be done in a second either, even if he had been chosen for the assignment. For there is something about the determination of this zestful young man that can't be downed. And if you for one moment have any doubts about it, just ask Helen Broderick. She'll tell you plenty. But in the end, it will all boil down to her remark after seeing him in "Eternally Yours."

"Welcome home, son. I'm proud of you—as an actor. And after all, business men are a dime a dozen."
because all his success hasn't turned his head one single bit.

"Even if I should become excited over again, it's not for the good-natured, "the last thing I want to do is to get myself all puffed up like a cock in a barnyard. I'd look awfully silly if I did. I've been brought up that way.

"And at any rate I'm responsible for my success. It put me where I am. So why should I want to throw away something that's been with me all my life,"

"Yes," he admits rather reluctantly, "in relation to art. I've always adored the art.

Sometimes, I'm even astonished that people come to see my pictures. But from what I hear, they do. And here in Hollywood that means something. Why, then, should I want to suddenly go high-hat and lose the very thing that brought me stardom. I've seen that happen to too many fine players.

"Besides," he continues as his underlip droops hesitatingly, "I wouldn't know how to go about being high-hat. I'd feel out of place. It's not like me. I wouldn't even know how to behave. And I'd probably trip over the red carpet."

"But you do have your feet in the air," someone reminds him.

"I've been told that."

"I'm just speechless, you know. I keep tripping over myself as it is."

"I have no intention of speechless, you just can't help liking Jimmy all the more. You can't help feeling that here is someone who is real—someone who is honest, even at the expense of himself. And it is exactly this sort of talk and reasoning on Jimmy's part that made Frank Capra select him to play the title role in Mr. Smith Goes To Washington.

T O JIMMY this was indeed a singular honor. An honor that he ranks along with the memory of receiving the cherished M from Mercersburg Academy. And even now when he talks of Capra, he is almost speechless in his awe and respect for the great director. To him there is no one comparable to Capra. And Jim listens avidly to every word he says.

"With other directors," Jimmy explains, "you can go ahead and interpret the part according to your own fancy. But with Capra it's different. He insists that it be kept as real living as it can be kept real living. And you can always take his word for it, for whatever Capra says is generally right.

"There isn't a single moment throughout the shooting of a picture that Jimmy is not on the set. Where other stars have to be summoned by page boys, he is always watching the technical details that go into the complicated making of pictures. He still has a small boy's interest in finding out how things are constructed. And because of this, he's certain never to be bored with anything.

"I found Capra interested in directing and hopes some day to be able to take over from that end of the business. Perhaps this accounts for his reluctance to let Jimmy off the set of the studio day. He likes to putter around and get in the way. But if a stage hand or an electrician should bawl him out, Jimmy apologizes.

When he sat in at the preview of Mr. Smith, Jimmy watched himself in what most critics call the best picture of his career and the one most certain of walking off with the Academy Award, there was the same eager and intense expression on his face as there was on the face of everyone else in the audience. And when the lights went on, there wasn't a single dry eye in the house. But on Jimmy's face, you could still see the tears rolling down his cheeks as he earnestly tried to wipe them away with his hand.

LITTLE incidents like this are continually making Jimmy a host of friends and admirers—some of which accounts for his unusual appeal. Ordinarily, most women would laugh at the idea of lavishing a lot of maternal love on a great, big galumphing male. And yet real women, the great love they long for, they want a maturity and glamour about it. They want to be swept off their feet by strong powerful arms. They want a man to worship and adore them. But not so when it comes to Jimmy. In his case, they fall hard. And in doing so they reverse the usual procedure and are always trying to do things for him. In his presence, even when they are already doing things to help him along, through one of his friends there, he got his first start in a summer theatre at Falmouth on Capri, and the fact that people wanted to help him, he might be working away today in a cramped little cubby-hole of an architect's office.

Even Jane Cowl couldn't find the heart to fire him when she's been more than two minutes past the allotted time during Canville. Jimmy was supposed to ring down the curtain, but as usual he became engrossed in the intricate details of stage and paltry and completely forgot about poor Miss Cowl dying there before the audience and casting killing glances in his direction. But she simply couldn't fire Jimmy when she took one look at that pleasant and apostolic face. It would be like beating a kid that was so much smaller than you. It wouldn't be fair. And she was afraid that those sad, doleful eyes might haunt her wherever she went.

If you reverse the setting and positions of Jimmy's latest picture, Mr. Smith Goes To Washington, you find that the story might be Jimmy's very own. Like the simple Mr. Smith of the picture, Jimmy found himself in Hollywood instead of Washington. But all the glamour and glitter didn't dull the ideals he has always carried in his heart.

He was the youngest of the family. He was the one to go off the train in Hollywood for the first time. But all the veterans of films took one look at him and began squinting in his face. They scoffed at the very idea of someone so naive and unsophisticated making good in pictures.

As for appealing to the public—and especially to the women—they threw up horrorized, hatred, and outcries off a list of screen lovers that made Stewart want to get back on the train and keep going. Nowhere in their memories could they remember anyone like Jimmy. They were the leading men of the screen possessed the strange boyish appeal he had. And because of this, they were fairly convinced that he would never take in Hollywood.

Jimmy was shrewd enough to keep quiet. In his happy-go-lucky, unashamed, he wasn't conscious that he was the topic of much of Hollywood's gossip. But when in picture after picture, he consistently continued to make good, the film colony pecked up its passive expression and finally admitted that the kid had something. Today, they go a bell in front of Jimmy's name and think in terms of something different—something new and refreshing.

But when it comes down to analyzing just what he has, they can't put their fingers on it. And they immediately say that it's in the same classification as the inexplicable mystery that surrounds Garbo.

To prove further that Jimmy definitely has something, "on the ball" he is one of the few stars around the studios to have so little freedom between pictures. As soon as he finished, Mr. Smith, he began working in Death Rides Again. And when that is completed he starts working in The Shop Around the Corner.

With Gable, Taylor and Power married off, Jimmy Stewart stands out now as the most eligible bachelor in the cinema capital. You constantly hear of him escorting such glamorous girls as Ginger Rogers, Loretta Young and Norma Shearer. Maybe he isn't exactly the kind of man you'd expect these sophisticated ladies to choose for escort. They like his good-natured, boyish charm. Even they like his strange, exciting and different appeal.

He certainly isn't the modern girl's conception of the knight in shining armor. In the days of the distant hills on a white charger to carry off the fair lady. He looks more like Ichabod Crane on a horse. And his treatment of women isn't that of some womanizers. He is no more parasitic on women than the ladies would have it. He is too casual—to absent-minded and absorbed in the mechanical complications of the world to strive for a place as a man-of-the-world.

It wouldn't be a bit surprising to pick up the papers one of these days and discover that Jimmy and Garbo are in love. Because even if she is as aloof as reported, Jimmy has the stuff to be her ideal man. It is the mysterious, alluring, mysterious, taciturn type that the ladies would have it. He is too casual—to absent-minded and absorbed in the mechanical complications of the world to strive for a place as a man-of-the-world.

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But if this gives you the impression that Jimmy is merely another gullible lad from the hinterland, better perish the thought. He's far from it. And it takes a lot to best him in a bargain. For behind the simple, boyish manner, he has a sharp, clear brain that functions with surprising alacrity. And in spite of his casual air, there is a sense of values and alertness that few people know.

JIMMY has knocked about a bit and brushed up against the realities of life before coming to Hollywood. He has lived in tiny, cubby-hole rooms and existed on peanuts and water for days. He knows people and he likes them. But if anyone attempts to put one over on him, you'll see the fighting light come into those sad eyes. You'll notice the dishevelled hair become wild and you'll realize that Jimmy is in a fighting mood.

In spite of Jimmy's intense desire to find out everything about everything, he has overlooked one great possibility. For a man who likes to find out what makes things go, he has never taken time out to analyze one filmland's strangest and most interesting paradoxes—Jimmy Stewart. He has never made an attempt to discover what makes him stand out as a strange and different person. A person who has always had the hearts of thousands of fans and whose very name is repeated fondly whenever spoken.

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To: All Ladies

AL ALLARD
Art Director
GORDON FAWCETT
Hollywood Manager
CHARLES RHODES
Staff Photographer
HERE ARE THE LATEST INSIDE ANSWERS TO HOLLYWOOD'S ROMANCES, WEDDINGS, SPATS, DIVORCES AND BLESSED EVENTS

By HARRY LANG

JOHN GARFIELD is learning that rumors and stardom go hand-in-hand. Right now, he's furiously shrieking NO NO NO NO NO NO NO to Hollywood's whisperings that all is not well between him and the missus.

It's all due, John insists, to the fact that wifie and the baby have gone to New York, as this is written, while John himself has taken bachelor quarters in a Hollywood apartment-house.

"Separation!" howl the Hollywood tongue-waggers.

"Common sense," counters John, and explained: "I'm going back East in a couple of months to be there all winter. So we thought it'd be smart if Mrs. Garfield took the baby back there before the real cold weather began, so as to accustom the little one. That's the only reason she's there and I'm here."

NEVERTHELESS—Hollywood's gossip-peddlers are keeping an eye glued to the Garfield keyhole.

ART NOTE: On the wall of Dick Cromwell's home, there now hangs that big oil painting—but life.

[Continued on page 8]

With Adolphe Menjou next to her at Gene Markey's dinner party, Hedy Lamarr made guests gasp by wearing big diamond in the middle of her forehead.

LOOKS like Cesar Romero—last hope of the Manless Mama's of Bachelor-less Hollywood—is going to fall by the wayside...!!

To close intimates, Cesar is confiding that he's "tired" of playing the field, and thinks it'd be nice to get married and settle down. BUT—he names NO gal.

CUPID'S COUPLET:

Once again Cupid is cutting a caper With Reginald Gardiner and Natalie Draper!

John Barrymore, on the stage in Chicago, meets daughter, Diana, for first time in five years. She's in play at another house. Gives her paternal kiss
Use cosmetics all you like—but don’t risk Cosmetic Skin

Try Loretta Young’s ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS for 30 days! Clever women everywhere find this wise, gentle care really works—helps guard against the dullness, little blemishes, enlarged pores that mean Cosmetic Skin. Use Lux Toilet Soap during the day for a quick freshener, and at night to give skin the protection of perfect cleansing—protection it needs to stay lovely. Begin your ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS now! For extra economy, buy 3 cakes.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
PARIS says: "The hourglass waist is here with its illusion splendid envelope of romantic slimness!" Yes, and Thynmold's figure control helps you suit the new vogue to your own individuality, thanks to its latest back! Let us send you a Thynmold Girdle and Brassiere test it 10 days—only if you cannot be fitter with a dress smaller than you now wear, it won't cost you a penny!

Appear SLimmer instantly!

If you want the thrill of the year, make this sample silhouette test! Stand before a mirror in your ordinary foundation. Notice all the irregularities caused by bumps of fat. Notice the thickness of your waist, the width of your hips. Now slip into a THYNMOLD Girdle and Brassiere and see the amazing difference. The outline of your new figure is not only smaller, but all the ugly, fat bulges have been smoothed out instantly!

Test THYNMOLD for 10 days at our expense!

Make the silhouette test the minute you receive your THYNMOLD. Then wear it 10 days and make the mirror test again. You will be amazed and delighted. If you are not completely satisfied, if THYNMOLD does not correct your figure faults and do everything you expect, it will cost you nothing.

Mail Coupon for Free Folder Today!

THYNMOLD is the modern solution to the bulging waistline and broad hips. Its pure Para rubber is perforated to help perspiration evaporate . . . its soft inner lining is fused into the rubber for long wear and the special backless feature allows ample adjustment for change in size. The overlapping Brassiere gives a support and freedom of action impossible in a one-piece foundation.

Mail coupon for illustrated folder and complete details of our 10-day trial offer!
WIN AGAINST BODY ODOR
with this Fragrance Men Love!

DARLING—

OF COURSE you don't have to believe this if you don't want to... But I saw it, and there are a lot of people who will vouch that I don't usually see things in the middle of the afternoon... The sight that made my love for概况性 использования the most looking was Jo Ann Sayer wearing a hat with a veil which she lowered and raised by means of a draw cord behind her ear! Do you wonder I ducked into the nearest store to catch my breath? Run smack into steel Crawford wearing one of the best-looking of her many turbines... When I commented on it, Joan told me it had a long history which she knew you would appreciate... She said she had hunted for hours to find a hat to match her new tailored blue wool... But in a dime store window she saw some netting the exact shade of the dress... With not more than a dollar's worth of netting and about fifteen minutes' time, Joan had "wrapped" herself a turban which is bringing her more comments than many of her expensive millinery creations... I found Rosalind Russell at the glove counter where she was adding to her huge collection of unusual gloves... Her latest purchase was a pair of short black slip-ons, the tongues sewed with tiny red and green cross-stitching.

IF YOU really want to be up-to-the-minute in your evening ensemble, concentrate on your head adornment... One of the prettiest things I've seen in a long while was a snood made entirely of fresh violets which Zorina was wearing the other dance-time at the Grove... If you're not handy at making such things yourself, take your mesh snood down to the florist and have him cover it with tiny fresh flowers... He'll do it— if for no other reason, because he'll probably think you are just a little bit "touched"... I noticed that most all the Hollywood fashion-wis. gals at the Grove that night were wearing something in or on their hair... Jean Bennett looked positively elegant wearing a gold snood over her dark hair... Snood was made of narrow strips of gold kid which fastened with three tiny red bows in the front... Penny Singleton—she ran into that gal everywhere these days and nights—had a tiny blue net fan embroidered with gold sequins pinned in the curls at the nape of her neck.

YOU see, honey, there are all ideas which you can use yourself... But you can wear the hair ornament that Hedy Lamarr wore that night, you're doing better than you were the last time I heard from you... Hedy was her hair, as usual, parted straight down the middle and falling loose... Right smack at the parting was a huge diamond pendant which was the only accessory to her husky dress of pale blue and silver brocade... but don't get discouraged... In spite of this parade of the most precious stones, there are still those girls in moviedom who go for the costume jewelry... "Nonnette Jewelry" is what Jean Harlow called it that night when I admired her necklace of tiny white bells... "They're kind of silly," Jean told me, "but they make me feel so dressed up!" And there is no end to the variety you can get with one dress and a dozen different necklaces or bracelets... Jean's necklace of bells had a bracelet to match, and what is more, they shine like phosphorus in the dark.

HOWEVER, the "Joan" of moviedown are div- ilated in their preference for jewelry... Joan Bennett definitely goes for the more precious variety of stones for her evening wear... I saw Joan Bennett a few nights later at one of the dance spots, wearing what I can't help but call the most elegant gown-of-the-month... Made of a combination of black lace and satin, Joan's gown featured very long, light sleeves... The bodice and sleeves were of lace, the wide skirt of black satin... The full bodice of the skirt was trimmed with five rows of very narrow lace... For ornament, Jeanne wore diamond earrings and bracelet... Her full length, black velvet cape fastened with twinned diamond clips... Now I'll try to get down to earth and find some clothes ideas for next month which won't make your pocketbook bend, but bend in shame.

BFORE you use any soap to combat body odor, smell the soap! Instinctively you realize how much more fragrant your skin can be, when bathed in Cashmere Bouquet's costly perfume.

DO YOU long to sway men your way— have them say you're glamorous and interesting? Then be mighty careful of the fragrance that bath soap leaves on your skin.

For now there's a more exciting, a more delicate, a more feminine way to bathe away body odor. Millions of women revel in it, because it's more in tune with the rest of your make-up....

Yes, go hy the smell test when you buy soap to combat body odor. Instinctively, you will prefer the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet. For Cashmere Bouquet is the only fragrance of its kind in the world, a secret treasured by its manufacturers. It's a fragrance men love. A fragrance with peculiar affinity for the senses of men.

Massage each tiny ripple of your body daily with this delicate, cleansing lather! Glory in the departure of unwelcome body odor.

Thrill as your senses are kissed by Cashmere Bouquet's exquisite perfume. Be radiant, and confident to face the world!

You'll love this creamy-white soap for complexion, too. Its gentle, caressing lather removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly and leaves skin smooth and fresh looking.

So buy Cashmere Bouquet Soap before you bathe tonight. Get three cakes at the special price featured everywhere.

3 for 25¢

Wherever soap is sold

Cashmere Bouquet Soap

The Fragrance Men Love—

Tune in... WAYNE KING'S MUSIC
AND SEVEN FREE DIAMOND RINGS EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT, 8:30, E. S. T., COLUMBIA NETWORK
"I know men better than their wives do..."

"I see them stripped of the cloaks of civilization...I see the depths of terror in the secret places of their hearts. It takes a lot to make me love a man in the face of all I know about them..."

THE AUTHOR of "THE CITADEL"
Reveals the Intimate Secret of a Private Nurse in a drama more searching and absorbing than his first great success—the story of two sisters and a doctor who braved a cloistered code to find the love their spartan calling would deny them...Play by three great stars with a brilliance that makes this the first great human drama of the year.

CAROLE LOMBARD  BRIAN AHERNE  ANNE SHIRLEY

"Vigil in the Night"
From the New Best-Seller by A. J. CRONIN

with JULIEN MITCHELL  ROBERT COOTE  BRENDA FORDES  PETER CUSHING
Produced and Directed by the man who made 'Gunga Din' GEORGE STEVENS
PANDRO S. BERMAN In Charge of Production  RKO RADIO PICTURE
Screen Play by Fred Guiol  P. J. Wolfson  Rowland V. Leigh
Hollywood's Trick Parties

Priscilla Lane used to pass, each morning, with Prop Man Eddie Edwards, on the set... Arriving daily, Priscilla'd assumed the hooty-tooty manner and order "cocktails and hors d'oeuvres at three, m'good man!" So what?—why, so at 3 o'clock on the last afternoon of shooting, Propman Eddie and a retinue of assistants filed onto the set, Eddie bearing a salver on which a great magnum of champagne gleamed, the others carrying trays of hors d'oeuvres. Ceremoniously, while Priscilla's eyes popped, the rest of the company gathered—Jimmy Cagney, Jeff Lynn, Humphrey Bogart et al.—Eddie popped the bottles of champagne, passed glasses and poured; the aidaes passed the trays of delicacies—and the cast began to eat and drink. Then and hell popped—For the "champagne" proved to be cider and charged water; the "hors d'oeuvres" were such things as bitter orange peel smeared with paperbarkers' paste and axle grease, and such, but—after the grand how-laws, they brought on a real dish of sandwiches and a case of sodas pop... And Priscilla fumed the bill.

MOST Atmospheric Party of the Month—was the Italianotta thrown by opera star Tito Schipa for his Hollywood friends, the other night... As you might darn! well expect, the dinner featured spaghetti "à la Schipa!"—the sauce made after Tito's own recipe... With it came champagne and melody... It was in Schipa's Beverly Hills house... Tito sang several operatic numbers—and then Hollywood had its innings as Jimmy McHugh took the floor and boasted smack out with not opera, but a medley of his own hits, while the guests joined in the chorus... Songster-guests included Wally Beery, Deanna Durbin, Conrad Nagel, the Zppo Maruzzo and the Harry Maruzzo... From Italy to China—went, as a contrast to the Schipa spaghetti affair, the Chinese party given by Grace Hayes at her Lodge Cafe. In honor of the baby giant panda that passed thru Hollywood en route to the Chicago zoo...! Other guest of honor was a Chinese Princess, Li Ling Au, her country's only woman stage producer... Her presence was the reason for the Chinese menu—topped off with the rare Oriental rose wine... Life of the party was the panda, which ate mush-and-milk, piano legs and Loretta Young's slippers... Other guests included Rob Riskin (with Loretta, of course), Sally Blane and Norman Foster, Wayne Morris and Bubbles, Peter Lind Hayes, Helen Parrish and Forrest Tucker, and many others.

SURPRISE-Party of the Month—was the one that was smacked at Virginiia Field, on her birthday... She had a dinner party with Richard Greene, who asked her where she'd like to go... She suggested the Cocosnut Grove, So Dick said: "Oh no—that drive me out of my wits—maybe I'll go home to my evening clothes, and well go..." So Virginia, falling hook line and sinker, drove to Dick's house... As they approached they noticed the house was ablare with lights—even though Dick was out... "Mygosh, there must be a burglary," screamed Dick, "Let's sneak in the back way and surprise them..." Again Virginia fell... She held Dick's hand and they went in the back door, quiet as mice—But when they got in, Virginia almost fainted as a whole horde of people burst on her... However, they weren't burglars, or even policemen... They were a great gang of friends, gathered there by Dick for the surprise to Virginia on her birthday... And to top the surprise, there was a gorgeous diamond-and-ruby wrist... Watch from Dick for her... Oddest Party Reason of the Month was the fingernail-trimming party thrown by the Westmore Brothers, to celebrate the occasion when Stylist Juliette returned to her years of growth of fingernail... Hottest Party-Crack of the Month—was the one that certain host pulled when, on asking some friends over who they asked what was coming... "The Ritz Brothers," said he... "Count us out!" said the invitees... "Oh, I'll guarantee the showing won't start before 10," promised the host.

If your lips DRY-try Hollywood's NEW LIPSTICK

From the motion picture world comes exciting news of a new lip make-up creation by Max Factor Hollywood... It's called Tru-Color Lipstick. Note these four features that you've always wanted in a lipstick...

1. Lifelike red of your lips
2. Non-drying, but indelible
3. Safe for sensitive lips
4. Eliminates lipstick line

Can you imagine a lipstick more perfect? Really, there's a thrill awaiting you when you try Max Factor's Tru-Color Lipstick. There's a color harmony shade just for your type. $1.00

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POWDER...

CREATED in original color harmony shades, Max Factor's Face Powder imparts the look of lovely, youthful beauty. Satin-smooth, it really stays on longer...$1.00

ROUGE...

THE LIFELIKE color harmony shades of Max Factor's Rouge gives you the look of lovely, youthful beauty. Satin-smooth, it really stays on longer... 50¢

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK in YOUR COLOR HARMONY

Max Factor Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

Name: ________________________________
Address: ________________________________
City State

Purse Make-Up Kit

Max Factor Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

Send Purse Make-Up Kit to: Max Factor Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, Calif. Include 50¢ toward your first purchase. This offer limited to the first 1,000,000 orders. Offer expires June 1, 1951.

This offer not good in Canada.

IDNA LUPINO In Paramount's "The Light That Failed"

Mail for Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in Your Color Harmony

Max Factor Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, California

Purse Make-Up Kit

Max Factor Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, California

Name: ____________________________________
Address: ____________________________________
City: ____________________________ State: ________

This offer not good in Canada.

Purse Make-Up Kit

Max Factor Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, California

Name: ____________________________________
Address: ____________________________________
City: ____________________________ State: ________

This offer not good in Canada.

Purse Make-Up Kit

Max Factor Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, California

Name: ____________________________________
Address: ____________________________________
City: ____________________________ State: ________

This offer not good in Canada.
When Hugh Herbert and Jane Bryan were in NYC recently they had a quiet little party at the Stork Club. Both took in all the shows, but not together picture appearances. They sighed over the fortunes of Lied and refused to accept their change. ... Lief never did get a chance to explain and his face is still purple! The newsboy was so elated over his unexpected profits he offered to take Lief in as partner. ... Lief went shopping for a new coat, instead!

RAFT HEALS RIFT: It may only be the Christmas spirit, but George Raft rushed into town and made for Virginia Peine's doorbell. ... Then again, it may have been the frequent twosome Dan Topping and Virginia have been making around town. ... Even if it was she who made the break for a new life away from George since Mrs. Raft definitely refused a divorce, Virginia has had plenty to say about those Shearer-Raft items. ... They're undoubtedly still in love. ... and Georgie adores little Joanie Peine and is equally adored. ... Maybe a little child shall lead them to the altar, after all. ... Trail the stylists about town and gift shopping didn't show down our Hollywood visitors. ... Twenty-One at the noon hour held a festive air. ... Just everyone was in town. ... If only for a couple of days. ... Rosemary Lane made it a twenty-four hour appearance. ... At La Conga: Claudette Colbert with the Irving Berlin... just as thrilled as you would be over being invited to the gala premiere of Gone With the Wind in Atlanta. ... Claudette always looks as though she's having fun. ... She made a fan for life of Dozzi Arnez, the young Cuban singer at the Club. ... She introduced herself to him and congratulated him on his performance in a musical comedy that occupies his time when he isn't leading the Conga line. ... She gave him some good advice, too. ... At El Morocco: This spot still draws the stars who like to mix with cafe society. ... Lili Damita with the tenor Al Vanderbils... giving herself a final fling before joining Errol Flynn on the Coast. ... Adrienne Ames with a favorite escort. ... She just signed a year's lease on her apartment, so she couldn't be tempted to return to the M-G-M lot for the remake of the off-the-shelf Hedy Lamarr picture.

MUNI THE MAGNIFICENT: Maxwell Anderson's play Key Largo disappointed the press, but Paul Muni is settled for the winter. ... Muni's return to the stage was a long awaited event of the season. ... The public is thrilled to a truly distinguished performance nightly. ... But the famous Lambs Club will remember him because of the gesture unusual for the Hollywood gentry. ... When the Warner star first discussed salary with his producers, they apologetically offered him twenty-five hundred dollars a week. ... Under the actor's Hollywood salary by several thousand. ... But a very big salary in the theatre. ... Muni shook his head. ... He wanted exactly seven hundred and fifty a week. ... No more, no less. ... The difference, he explained, should be divided among the other cast members! Muni lives quietly at the Ambassador, pleased because he is so seldom recognized by the fans. ... On a clear day he goes riding in Central Park... on a bicycle! ... Lief Ericson goes hatless and wears a light top coat during New York's frostiest season. ... One night Lief, who's that kind of a guy, offered to peddle a newsboy's papers to enable the lad to escape the cold long enough to down a cup of coffee. ... A group of girls, stopping for a paper, gasped when they recognized him. ... Not from his current appearance in the hit show Margie for Error, but from his

Constance Bennett leaves the screen for a time to try the stage. She will star in Noel Coward's play, Easy Virtue. Takes up dialogue with director Hassard Short

Director Rouben Mamoulian, recent visitor in NY, saw the plays and escorted Mary Anita Loos to Fefe's Monte Carlo
I Take This Woman... She's stage-struck.

Very wisely, she didn't come in with The Woman Brown which opened to a bad let-down... This is the play Bette Davis wanted to do so badly... She coaxed Warners into backing it... At Feé's... Joan Bennett and Woolie Donohue throwing off heat waves... They're everywhere together... Joan's dressing up to those dark tresses and gets Holby-all the time...

... She wears glasses when she's not with Woolie.

STORKING IT: Herbert Marshall with demoted Lee Russell... the eve Edna Best filed suit for divorce... It means an early wedding for the steady going pair... Bart's looking for a play... likes his Scotch and sodas... and if that smile of his doesn't get over the footlights... that perfectly thrilling voice will. If it's Laurence Olivier I'm forgetting, it's only because I saw Marshall first... His charm is irresistible.

... The Cotton Club: Georgie Rait and Virginia... Slapshie Maxie Rosenbloom and his pretty blond wife... remember the column being turned into a matrimonial bureau?... Maxie was greatly saddened by the death of his mother while he was East...

Any cozy corner: Franchot Tone after giving Betty Grable the stage-door rush... Betty is in the glamor group now... Broadway discovered she has legs, can sing and dance, all at once... and is Darryl Zanuck's face pink?... he signed Betty again on the strength of a personal hit in Dulcraft's H As a Lady...

Three years ago she was on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot and nobody cared, least of all the producer... now look... A screen contract and on Franchot's list, all in one week! Tone confides to pals that he misses Joan... especially since seeing so much of her on the Coast... Until Betty happened along, model Ann Graham was leading the race for Franchot's attention...

Artie Shaw's front page disappearance left little Betty exactly nowhere in the romance stakes... until... read above...

BUOYANT BOYER: The excitement of the month was caused by Charlie Boyer Clippering in with Pat Paterson... smiling his happiness at being back... He left immediately for Hollywood, indignantly denying that he was here for propaganda purposes... To prove it he signed a screen contract that will keep him on the West Coast until France recalls him... The Frenchman was dismissed from the French Army, being above the present age limit for men in active fighting... The man you used to love to hate will give you the opportunity of hating him all over again... Eric von Stroheim goes into the Zorina film, after several years spent in European productions... The former director will make a financial settlement on his first wife, thus settling a long standing alimony dispute... It should make for more amicable relations between von Stroheim and Eric, Jr., an employee of M-G-M... The Eastern trek brought Alice Faye to share her turkey with Tony Martin while he does his four-a-day personal appearances... Rodgers and Hart lost Zorina to Hollywood and gained a double header... Marta Eggert and Shirley Ross go into their new musical... When Balanchine flew out to join his wife he couldn't make up his mind between two pieces of jewelry for her birthday... I suggested that he take them both with him and let her choose... Zorina adored both the star sapphire ring and the diamond brooch... She couldn't choose, either: Result: George's manager doesn't speak when we meet... Zorina is wearing both the ring and the brooch.

No Job for Nancy but a big Job for Mum

Why risk underarm odor—when Mum every day so surely guards your charm?

She tries so hard—goes everywhere—but somehow for Nancy it's a brief "no opening now!" For business is business. And it never helps to have a girl around who neglects to use Mum!

Constant personal daintiness is a business asset... as much in demand as cheerfulness, ability, and speed. Why does any girl risk it? Why don't all girls play safe with Mum—every single day?

For it's a gamble to depend on a bath alone to keep you fresh and sweet. A bath merely removes perspiration that is past... but Mum prevents odor—keeps you fresh and sweet for the hours to come.

More business girls prefer Mum to any other deodorant. Mum is—

QUICK! A daily pat under this arm, under that, and through the longest working day you know you're fresh!

HARMLESS! Apply Mum after dressing... fabrics are safe. Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to any dress. Safe for skin, too.

LASTING! Hours after your bath has faded, Mum still keeps underarms sweet. And Mum does not stop perspiration. Get Mum at your druggist's today. Be wise in business... be sure of charm! Make a habit of Mum every day.

WHY MUM IS FIRST CHOICE WITH BUSINESS GIRLS

Important to You—Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary napkins because they know that it's safe, gentle. Always use Mum this way, too.
Miss Margaret Biddle, attractive young daughter of Mrs. Henry C. Biddle of Philadelphia, enjoys one of society's smart indoor polo matches.

The younger social set loves skiing. To Margaret, a "spill" is just part of the fun, and she has a good laugh at her companion's expense.

After an exciting summer in Europe, Margaret is now back in the whirl of sub-deb gaiety. Season's high spots are exclusive Saturday Evening dances.

Both Young Moderns CHEER THE SAME THOROUGH SKIN CARE

Why should Phyllis worry about General Chemistry and English themes when Brenchbrook Pond is frozen over and she got new hockey sticks for Christmas?

With the last strains of "Home Sweet Home" at the DeMolay "formal," Phyllis and her date hurry to be "first come, first served" at Foul's Cabin.

QUESTION TO MISS BIDDLE:
Miss Biddle, does a girl looking forward to her thrilling debut year take any special care of her complexion?
ANSWER: "Oh, a good, regular beauty routine is terribly important! I use both Pond's Creams every day of my life—Pond's Cold Cream to cleanse and soften my skin night and morning, and freshen it during the day. It's all wrong to put new make-up on top of old, so I always give my skin a good Pond's cleansing before fresh make-up."

QUESTION: Doesn't an afternoon of skiing make your skin rough and difficult to powder?
ANSWER: "No, it really doesn't. You see, I spread a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream over my skin before going outside—for protection. When I come in, I use Vanishing Cream again. It smooths little roughnesses right away—gives my skin a soft finish that takes powder divinely!"

QUESTION TO MISS BOARMAN:
What does a good complexion mean to a high-school girl, Miss Boarman?
ANSWER: "It means plenty! No inferiority complex—and loads more fun! And it's so easy to help keep your skin in good condition! Pond's 2 Creams seem to be all I need—Pond's Cold Cream to make my skin clean and fresh looking, and Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth it for powder."

QUESTION: Miss Boarman, your make-up looks as fresh as if you were just starting out for a dance, instead of just going home! How do you do it?
ANSWER: "I have a system! Before even touching a powder puff, I cleanse and soften my skin with Pond's Cold Cream. After that, I smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for make-up foundation. Then comes powder. It goes on like velvet and clings for ages!"

Popular Senior

POND'S, Dept. 6-CYC, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and "diffuser" samples of Pond's Face Powder. Send $0.25 to cover postage and packing.

Name __________
Street __________
City __________
State __________
With Little Old New York out of way, Alice Faye and miniature pooch take little old rest for themselves where sun is warm and movie acting leaves her cold.
"DO YOU suppose people will still recognize me?" asked Clark Gable.

He invited inspection of the rags he was wearing—faded, greasy, tan denim rags: the shreds of a French convict suit. He ran one hand through his hair, which looked as if it hadn't been combed or cut for weeks. He scraped the same hand over a beard that had been weeks a-growing. He grinned with lips that a make-up man had just made look cracked and parched.

But he wasn't commenting on his appearance in Strange Cargo so much as on his non-appearance in anything else since Idol's Delight—except Gone With the Wind. Which started way back in January, 1939, wasn't premiered till December, 1939, and still hasn't been seen except in a few special spots.

The Gable grin widened. "I hear tell that some folks have forgotten what this phiz of mine looks like—they haven't seen it in so long. And other folks wonder how I've changed—after spending the best years of my life in Gone With the Wind. To quote the wisecrackers."

He shook his head whimsically. "It's bad enough, worrying about what people expect Rhett Butler to be like, without worrying about what they expect Gable to be like.

"One critic's going to cause me trouble. I feel it in my bones. He said I ought to retire because I could never top my performance as Rhett. I like to be patted on the back as well as the next guy, but, boy, that pat has the makings of a knockout blow. I don't want people getting the idea that, from here on, I'll be slipping. God forbid. And I don't [Continued on page 88]"
JOAN BENNETT
Joan Bennett charms the boys in House Across The Bay, including co-star George Raft
ILONA MASSEY

You saw and heard her in Rosalie, and then she retired from the screen to await her Big Moment—which came with Bataalika. From now on the Hungarian Rhapsody should shine brilliantly.
HANK--

HOLLYWOOD'S WHITE-HAIRED BOY

By DAN CAMP

FONDA IS 20TH-FOX'S WHITE-HAIRED BOY. THOUGH NOT A GLAMOR STAR, HE GETS THE FAT PARTS. ACTING IS NO RACKET WITH HIM. SINCERE LIKEMUNI, HE LEARNS HIS ROLES INSIDE OUT. WHEN THEY WANT TO MAKE A BIG STORY BIGGER THEY SAY: "GIVE IT TO HANK"

WHO'S the Number One Fair-Haired Boy of the 20th-Fox lot? Ty Power? Guess again. It's Hank Fonda.

A lot of Hollywood wisenheimers, who think they know all the answers, think they know the answer to why Hank is leading the pack. They think it's because Ty got married. They think that because Ty had all the femme-fans gasping for him, and figuring that as long as he was free, they had a chance. But when he took that flying leap into matrimony, they think it set him back as a screen bet, and left him just Annabella's Husband, and so what?

They say that no male actor can be THE big shot on his studio lot, and be married, too. And that shows what damfools they are—because the man who has barged ahead of Tyrone Power as 20th-Fox's current White-Haired Big Shot is one of the familiest family-men of all Hollywood hubbies—Henry Fonda! —and you can call him Hank, because that's what all his friends call him.

Yessir, today Hank Fonda is easily the biggest bet in Darryl Zanuck's stable of hand-raised stars. Richard Greene?—oh, he may come through some day.

But Hank is there. And that, despite the fact that Hank Fonda is not only a married man, but a father, too—three ways: by himself, by his wife's former husband, and by Ol' Doc Stork's future book, because almost any day now, as you read this, there'll be another Fonda in Hollywood!

[Continued on page 90]
HAT red-headed and comely chunk of human dynamite, Barbara Stanwyck, floors me! For years now, I've been watching her get away with things other stars can't do. She has broken every Hollywood commandment.

And for punishment, what does she get? Fame, riches, happiness. Public and critical applause. And, as the ladies would add breathlessly, Robert Taylor.

Don't think violators of filmland's strange codes ordinarily go unpunished. Nor that the punishment is light. There have been suicides, ruined careers, shattered lives, as a result of its severity. For violating a commandment or two, many a promising young “discovery” has been tossed back into oblivion after getting a huge ballyhoo, and delivering good screen performances.

Let's get acquainted with the Hollywood commandments by watching Barbara go about merrily smashing them!

This began as long ago as the time Barbara landed in filmtown and gave it an introductory kick in the shins. It was 1929, when she and then-hubby Frank Fay were brought to the Coast, with many other stage folk, to act in the new-born talkies.

She was to earn $1,500 a week. That movie small change looked pretty good to the redhead who, as Ruby Stevens, had been reared in Brooklyn in dire poverty.

Possibly such a thought was in the mind of a certain film executive [Continued on page 58]
MELVYN DOUGLAS

It took a gay role with Garbo in *Ninotchka* to establish Mr. D. as one of our foremost light comedians as well as a fine romantic actor. Next is *The Incredible Mr. Williams.*
"Love Can Wait -- Jane Bryan"

When Right Man Bob's Up Jane'll Wed Him, Have Kids—No Matter What Happens to Career

By Roger Carroll

I don't know what romance rumors do for me, but I'll tell you what most of them do to me," Jane Bryan said, with a wry smile. "They stir me up. They give me an insane urge to sit down and write letters to columnists, telling them what I think of people who print things without bothering to check the facts. But"—she gestured frustratedly—"I guess that would be kind of useless."

There had just been another Bryan rumor, published simultaneously by two rival columnists. This rumor had it that she and Eddie Albert must be romantic about each other, because they liked to go motorboating in Westlake Park and sing duets in the moonlight.

"Did you ever see the lake in Westlake Park?" Jane demanded. "It's about the size of the pond on Warners' back lot. And that's giving it the benefit of the doubt. Can't you picture us motorboating there, singing with the throttle wide open?"

"That's my idea of a pretty pseudo way of making love. That's trying for an effect. It's plain silly."

Her smile widened. "Now, if they had said we went canoeing, that would have sounded a little more romantic. But we've never been boating anywhere. Except for that, the story is correct. Except that Eddie Albert and I aren't romantic about each other.

She didn't want to give the impression that she had an aversion to Eddie—her screen husband (for the second time) in Brother Rat and a Baby. She likes him. Everybody does.

"But I don't like phony romance stories. You can't like that sort of thing without being something of a phony yourself. Besides, think of the danger of giving the right man the wrong idea—the idea that you're on the verge of marrying someone else."

"I've heard tell that anything that gets your name in print is good publicity. Maybe it is. I don't know. All I know is that I don't want to fool anybody. I don't want anybody believing I'm in love, for one thing, until I say I am. And don't worry—I'll say so when I am. I won't be able to keep it to myself. I'm Irish, you know, under these freckles."

"It gets me down that people can't wait to see me 'engaged' to somebody. Because I have a hunch that love can wait."

She wouldn't be Irish if she didn't have hunches. And she wouldn't be Irish if she couldn't find some quick reasons for having them.

"Right away, I can think of three," she said, ticking them off on the fingers of her left hand. [Continued on page 96]
Some are fine swimmers

Southern California beach wood a guest from Budapest in Ilona Mastey. She went into rhapsody over sun. Made her feel warm like paprika.

Leave it to a Lane—Rosemary here—to get the most out of summer in winter—and a trick bathing suit. Sets off figure much better than a ski outfit. And why bundle such a shape as La Lane's in wintry woolens?

They grow 'em neat and nifty out what swimmers find summery even when they display an eyeful such as Diana Lewis.
Is your figure a bit too bulgy for that fitted suit you want for Easter? Write for a free booklet telling how to bring your silhouette into line. It contains pages of advice on choosing a foundation garment to conceal your figure faults. If you can't find the clothes shown on these two pages in your local department stores, Candida will tell you where to buy them. Address her, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. C. And please enclose a stamped envelope!

That jaunty braided straw hat Joan wears is Byron's "Sparkle." Her be-ruffled organdy blouse is from Livingston & Lieberman; the dainty Violet Spray Pin from Leo Glass

Maiden Form's "Adagio"-topped "Once-Over" provides slim lines under spring suits. That smart black gabardine pump with patent rosettes is Jolene's new "Jo-Jo." Wear Miss Swank's camisole-top slip under your organdy suit blouses. And on your lapel, Leo Glass' Violet Spray Pin

Jean can change the neckline of her Hollywood Four-some, as she chooses. Left, with Peter Pan collar attached.
John Steinbeck's powerful story of migratory workers comes to life on the screen. Its earthy drama is vivid. Its characters live, played above by Henry Fonda (Tom Joad); John Carradine (Casy); Frank Darien (Uncle John); Dorris Bowdon (Rosasharn); Eddie Quillian (Connie)—below by Russell Simpson, Jane Darwell (Pa and Ma), O. Z. Whitehead (Al Joad).
ERROL FLYNN, LIKE GULLIVER, TAKES TO TRAVELING ROUND AND ROUND, LIKE THE MUSIC, HE ENTERS HERE AND COMES OUT THERE. HE CALLS IT A HOBBY, BUT SOME OTHERS WOULD CALL IT PUBLICITY

By GORDON BARRINGTON

O, Errol O'Flynn, O, where have you been?
This is a fine time for you to get in.
You've seen to see the "Big Parade"!
The "Big Parade" me eye!
It never took so long as that
For any parade to pass by.

Do you remember the jingle?
Of course, it was really Paddy O'Flynn, who stayed out so late, and crept in with his shoes in his hand. But then, Errol fits in very nicely, just the same. As the present-day globe-trotting, elusive prototype, he just wanders up, down and across continents, and from one to another, with sheer abandon, and you never know where he is. But, don't tell him I said so. He wouldn't like it, and I'm not looking for any trouble. It would probably amuse him, but he still wouldn't like it.

And here's a tip for you, when you make that trip to Hollywood. If you have one of those little black notebooks, listing the "Things I'm Going To Do In Hollywood," put it down, before you forget. Or, even better, begin another book, and call it "Things I Won't Do In Hollywood." Or, just put it down in your memory. You may be able to use it.

Here's the item: When you meet Errol Flynn, don't, for the love of Mike, attempt to kid him about his globe-trotting. Kid him about his necktie, ride him about his "gentleman's gentleman," tell him he's getting away with murder, or just plain tell him you don't like his looks. He may like it. He may even ask you out in the alley. But, it'll all be settled quickly, one way or the other.

Put his wanderlust on the carpet, though, and it's not so simple. You're hitting on sacred ground, and it's poison. And slow poison at that. Brother Flynn just shies away from you, like fog from glycerine, and it just doesn't work.

For months the Hollywood writing boys and girls have been speculating--"What is it with Flynn? Does he have to go hopping all over the place? Is there something about his health, or his diet, that requires him to cover the face of the globe? Does he have to pop up two or three thousand miles away from where he's supposed to be? "Come on, now, Flynn," we've said in imaginary interviews, "what is all this? A publicity stunt? Are the cops after you? Maybe you figure you won't last in Hollywood, and you're laying in plans."

[Continued on page 66]
PALPITATIN' FOR hot tempestuous love—
the palpitat' kind that leaves you limp as partici-
pant or spectator—Laurence Olivier and Joan Fontaine are worthy exponents as Max and "I" in *Rebecca*,
one of the year's big ones
It's hesitatin' love with Gable and Vivien Leigh in *G. W. T. W.* You see, Rhett is not quite sure of Scarlett, but he's the type who never gives up, and she's the type who gets her man. The Cause may be Lost—but not L-O-V-E.
WHEN Ma Joad saw us come into the 20th Century-Fox cafe that noon she followed us to our table and when we were seated she said with a decided trace of worry in her voice to the girl at our side: “Rosasharn, you'd better hurry with your lunch. You’re going to have your baby at one-thirty.”

Rosasharn, visibly embarrassed at this sudden announcement, smoothed down the starched front of her tattered-and-torn Mother Hubbard, tucked her muddy clodhopper shoes out of sight behind its folds, looked up and said, soberly: “All right, Ma. I’ll be there. Don’t you worry none.”

Ma Joad left us, then, and we saw her sit down at a nearby table around which were sitting Tom and Pa Joad and Casy, the preacher. And soon, while we talked to Rosasharn, occasional bits of the Joad family conversation would reach our ears and we’d pause in whatever remarks we were addressing to Rosasharn and listen.

It was Pa and Ma this, and Casy that, and never once did they call one another by their real names. Jane Darwell never once was addressed as Jane. Henry Fonda never once was addressed as Hank, and Russell Simpson was never once spoken to other than Pa. It was, we told Rosasharn, a publicity stunt and we were willing to let it go at that, but Rosasharn raised a soft-voiced objection.

“From the very first day that Director John Ford started shooting “Grapes of Wrath,” she said, “we fell into the habit of using the names of the characters we portray. Both on and off the set. The story has been so real to us all that we unconsciously adopted the colloquialisms of speech of the poverty-stricken share-croppers we represent. We’ve come as close actually to living our parts as anybody possibly could. When Ma Joad came over and told me it was nearing time for me to have my baby she spoke to me just as the real Ma Joad would speak and she was just as worried as the real Ma Joad would be... I’ll be glad when this screen ordeal is over.”

Here Rosasharn again smoothed down the starched fullness of her tattered-and-torn Mother Hubbard. “I’ve been going around for weeks waiting for my baby to be born,” she went on, “and acting as though I really were going to have one and I’ve felt rather embarrassed at times. You see, they made this dress... well, so that... but no one” [Continued on page 53]
WATSON KID

NOT SINCE SHIRLEY TEMPLE CONQUERED YOU WITH HER APPEAL HAS A YOUNGSTER MADE SUCH A SENSATION AS BOBS—TRULY THE BIGGEST LITTLE STAR IN PICTURES

By IDA ZEITLIN

When Norman Taurog was casting Boys Town, he sent for five of the Watson boys. There are six. But Coy, the eldest, who started his movie career at the age of nine months, has left it behind for the life of a news photographer.

"I'd like to use them all," Taurog told their father. "They've always been good luck to me."

His eye fell on Bobs, then six. "That one might do for Pepe. I'll test him in the crying scene. What's his weak spot? How do we turn on the tears?"

"He has no weak spot. Tell him what you want him to do and he'll do it for you."

Taurog took Bobs aside and outlined the situation to him.

"All right, now I'm Mickey, and you love me, and I'm running away from the school and you're trailing me and bawling your head off. Can you do that for me?"

"Sure," said Bobs, and did.

The cameras ground for the test. "O. K., that's swell."

Bobs halted in his tracks, wiped a palm over his grief-twisted face, emerged with a grin and ran off to play.

Behind this scene lies the story of one man's family. The man is Coy Watson. Bobs is the youngest of the nine. They have all worked in the movies. Coy, Jr., is out of his own volition, doing well at his chosen profession. The girls are out by their father's edict.

He knows the film world. In one capacity or another, he's been associated with it since Keystone comedy days. "I've seen too many marriages fizzle out," he says, "because an actress earns more than her husband. And in spite of all the brilliant careers I've watched, I still think happy marriage is better for a woman. My wife does, too."

Therefore, Vivian helps her mother at home. Gloria and Louise have jobs not even remotely connected with the movies. Of the five acting Watsons—from Harry, who's seventeen, through Bobs, now eight—none is under contract.

"You're a damn fool, Coy," the father was told when he refused to sign Bobs to a longterm.

"Maybe. But under contract we have to do as the studio says. This way we don't make as much money, but we belong to ourselves. We're still in the land of the free and the home of the brave."

For example: He had... [Continued on page 86]
Dunne - to Perfection
1. Dressed to perfection for a gay evening—and already in the mood—is Irene Dunne in black taffeta and velvet. The voluminous skirt covers up a scarlet taffeta petticoat.

2. In striking contrast to her beautiful black evening dress and hat, Irene Dunne adds a touch of white—gardenias in her snood, and perfect white diamonds in a clip at throat.

3. A dress that will see her through lunch to dinner is Irene Dunne’s crepe frock, in burnt sugar. Ultra smart are unpressed pleats at a lowered waistline, and forming a yoke.

4. With her luxurious baum marten stole—the perfect fur piece for day or night—Irene Dunne wears black suede accessories. Note the bustle on her high-crowned bonnet.

5. A perfectionist in moods as well as dress, Miss Dunne poses in a blue crepe dinner dress. Unpressed pleats appear again—at the low waistline. Ditto the shoulders.
BETTY FIELD WANTS NO PART OF GLAMOR

GLAMOR—the synthetic, painfully built-up brand—may be a common everyday thing in Hollywood today. The atmosphere is drenched with it. Every studio lot overflows to the rafters with its disciples. It gets in your hair, your eyes and even in your nostrils. Practically every screen actress under fifty who has a passable figure and a face that doesn’t look like a petrified pygmy is a glamor girl whether she likes it or not.

But don’t hold it against the stars. They don’t want any part of the word. And even the film city, itself, is just about fed up with it. Somehow is the quaint fancy that the fans themselves want the adjective applied to their favorite stars. This is not so. Though until now, a mysterious misconception made the movie-makers actually believe this gross bit of nonsense. And when not a single actress had spank enough to stand up and assert herself—to say, “I’m no glamor girl. I don’t want to be one. I don’t intend to be one,” you can hardly blame the producer for tossing the word around so carelessly.

Then along came Betty Field and said what no other actress in Hollywood dared say. Before that, her utterance would have been regarded as sacrilege. Today it’s a reality. For after being in the screen city for six months, Betty did the unprecedented. She got up and spoke a sensible little speech about glamor.

She simply told the truth. She said she wanted no part of it and she didn’t aspire to be a fourth hand imitation of Hedy Lamarr or Ann Sheridan. She didn’t mind if her screen roles demanded that she be entirely de-glamorized. Even if it meant that she play the role of a tart—overdressed, overpainted and earthy.

There’ll be no fourth-hand imitation of Hedy or Ann for Betty. When Hollywood tried to make a glamor girl of her she rebelled. Her rebellion has carried her to the top in meaty roles.

By GENE SCHROTT

No star has jumped into more popular favor than Charles Boyer. The first Hollywood star to join his country’s colors, he has now come back from the War to carry on his talent, pick up his popularity which has vastly increased since he has been away. Next month—April Motion Picture—you will find another gorgeous color portrait—one printed on extra heavy stock and free of printed matter. It’ll be a top favorite of yours—the ever popular Ginger Rogers.

[Continued on page 73]
Many were called but Ona Munson was chosen to play Belle Watling, the gay lady of G. W. T. W. in her red wig, padded costumes, she steps into character—nearly steals picture.

Days. And Mae, you may remember, was one of the fifty or sixty candidates for the role of Belle.

When Laura Hope (Aunt Pittypat) Crews heard that Ona had been given the part of Belle, she said: "I may be old-fashioned, but I can't understand why such a nice girl would want to play the part of such a bad woman. She certainly is an artist if she persuaded them that she could play it."

She certainly is, as most of us know by now. And she doesn't think that Belle was "a bad woman." Ona doesn't think that anyone with a capacious and generous heart is "bad." And she didn't "persuade" them to let her play the part, but quite the contrary, as you will learn.

But artist or not, when you consider that cast-conscious Mr. Selznick was thinking of Belle in terms of Mae West, Marjorie Rambeau, Joan Blondell, Lenore Ulrich and other, well, breasty, bully ladies, you might imagine that [Continued on page 68]
ANY woman who loves to give parties would like being a Hollywood social secretary. We're important cogs behind the scenes of the world's most colorful social whirl. That makes the job we do sound easy. It is far more exacting than any other of its sort. It is also more fascinating for the right kind of person.

It's a job for a woman who likes the excitement of social intrigue, and the risky thrill of knowing too many dangerous secrets about too many important, powerful people. In this respect it excels even the touchy sort of social secretary jobs I once held in Washington and Paris diplomatic circles.

I've been a Hollywood social secretary for six years.

On the face of it, staging a party for a film star doesn't seem so exciting; does it? It usually begins, for me, with a phone call from one of my famous clients. She's on the set, snatching a minute between scenes to say, "Listen, dear, I want to throw a nice little party a week from Saturday night. Informal, and not elaborate. Not too big, either. Invite about a hundred of my closest friends. You'll take care of it for me, will you, dear?"

"A social secretary's job is far more exacting than any other of its sort. It's a job for a woman who likes the excitement of social intrigue, and the risky thrill of knowing too many dangerous secrets about too many big, important people."
After a moment she adds anxiously, "Be sure everything is just right, won't you? I'm in a sort of spot, you know, and this party may either mend things or break them wide open!"

She needn't explain. Being her social secretary, I know all her secrets. She is one of the several famous clients on whom my living depends, so it is my duty to know all about her. All, from the state of her latest love affair to the result of her newest squabble with her bosses.

"Just leave it to me!" I reply. "Stop worrying, and forget it."

Now for the guest list. This party must be one of those smooth affairs, brilliant but never loud. Cosmopolitan but not freaky. Sophisticated, but not bawdy. She wants to impress a certain man with her position in the film colony. Whom shall I invite?

In a case like that, I'd head the list with Basil Rathbone and his wife, Ouida. The Rathbones, at this writing, are Hollywood's Number One Hosts. They are also among the most-desired guests. One invites them, and prays they'll come. Usually, they oblige.

I T MIGHT seem to the outsider that securing a hundred specially-qualified guests is quite a chore. It really isn't so difficult for an experienced filmtown social secretary who knows her party-goers. She must know as much about potential guests as about the hostesses she serves.

So, as part of my job, I know all the habitual imbibers and their reactions to fire-water: the sad, the glad, the gabby, the amorous and the combative. I know the over-sexed or egotistical celebrities who campaign for someone else's mate or sweetheart, at every party they attend. I know the men who are aesthetic and the girls who are gruff. And I know all those pests who insist on being "the life of the party."

All these are the party problem children. They are [continued on page 64]
Casting Agents Please Notice

Perfect-Casting Idea of the Month:
—why not cast W. C. Fields and Mae West as—MICKEY ROONEY'S PARENTS?!?

Talking about W. C., he pulls as many gags on himself as he does on Mae, or anybody else. Latest Fields quip at his own expense came when a waitress plopped a glass of water before him, in a restaurant the other day. W. C. waved it away.
"No, thanks," he bumbled, "I only use water with soap."

Eyebrow Raiser

Our personal nomination for the most eyebrow-raising line in any current picture's dialogue is the one Warren William, in Daytime Wife, flips across the sound-track at Linda Darnell.

Observes Warren, discussing wives in general:
"A wife is like a worked-out crossword puzzle!"
And if that crack doesn't start more after-the-theatre arguments in the homes of America, then your Hollywood correspondent loses all bets.

Very few stars can appear in unretouched photos and get away with it like Phyllis Brooks. Beauty of Cary's future bride (?) registers. Last film? Slightly Honorable

Starlet Ann Rutherford, one of the most popular of the Younger Set (she's famous for her figure), triumphs as Car- reen in Gone With the Wind

Every tree has limbs but they never win a beauty prize. This particular tree should be feeling very humble and ashamed for daring to display its limbs with lovely Jane Wyman's

Now Batting For Gable

Never has the team batting average of that girls' high-school softball team in that little beach town near Hollywood been so high as the day they played a team made up from the company of M-G-M's Strange Cargo troupe, which was shooting there.

Every gal on the High school team boosted her batting average. Because—Clark Gable was playing FIRST BASE for the M-G-M team!
Crack For Comrade Garbo

This department's own nomination for the best line in any review of M-G-M's *Ninotchka* is the one Walter Winchell pulled, when he said: "Garbo takes the lead out of her pantomime...!"

Among My Souvenirs

Silliest souvenir on record!—is the one a certain dentist has. He just yanked Norma Shearer's wisdom tooth. That's the souvenir.

Award: Tallulah Bankhead, when she flopperoed on Scarlett, did the stage play that's getting her international raves... ditto Katharine Hepburn, who also did NOT get the O'Hara plum, but, who scored hugely behind the footlights in *Philadelphia Story.* And Susan Hayward, Paulette Goddard and Miriam Hopkins, who also went pfft on their O'Hara tests, are running tops in the Hollywood handicap in other films.

Margaret Tallichet was another Scarlett also-ran. But instead of getting a part... [Continued on page 81]

All Made Good—One Got Rhett

Talk of Hollywood, recently, is how much luck the girls who did NOT get the Scarlett O'Hara role in *Gone With the Wind* had!

Of course, Vivien Leigh was the "lucky" one who got the part. But look at the others—Bette Davis did *Jezebel* instead and won an Academy Oscar; Norma Shearer, in *The Women,* did such a swell job that she may get the next

In an informal "get-up" Myrna Loy takes to a comfy settee to play "at home" (her favorite role) after working her head off in *Another Thin Man.*

While Deanna Durbin frolics in playsuit, don't be surprised if she has marital wardrobe packed for honeymoon. Rumors have it she may wed Vaughn Paul any moment.
THE stagecoach thundered along the road, enveloped in a cloud of dust. Julia sat back in her seat and tried to shut out the other passengers—especially the tall, lean young man with the keen gray eyes who had been watching her so steadily. She had caught his name—Kerry Bradford.

Not that it was important. Nothing was important right now but Vance Irby and his mission to Virginia City, Nevada. He was travelling by a shorter route than hers and would probably arrive before the stage-coach. So much the better. He had the names of those staunch men who would save the Confederacy—Dr. Cameron, Armistead, Marshall—all Southerners, and with five million in gold bullion between them. There was a prayer in her heart. Wars were won with gold nowadays not with men. And the North had the gold. But Virginia City, for all that it was such a Yankee stronghold still had loyal Southern children who would give up everything for their beloved Confederate President, Jeff Davis. It was for that reason she had made the dangerous journey to Richmond and helped Vance plan to get the gold to their Treasury. They would load it on false bottom wagons. Then the men would head due south to Texas. A convoy would meet them at the Amarillo outpost, rush the gold to New Orleans, then to Richmond. If only all would go well.

But now she must think of her singing job back at the Sazerac Cafe in Virginia City. The Federals didn't suspect her sympathies. "I've become an expert," she thought bitterly. "Treating friends as strangers and enemies as friends."

She glanced up at the men with vague interest. They were discussing their different lines of business. One sold insurance, another dealt in cattle. Mr. Vincent, a thin, hard-faced fellow to whom Julie instinctively disliked, tapped Kerry Bradford on the back. "And what sort of business are you in?"

"We're interested in mining property," Bradford answered.

His friend, Marblehead, who had boarded the coach with him, nodded importantly. "Gold mines. We thought we'd look around Virginia City."

Julia's sapphire eyes twinkled. How naive. They were talking of gold mines when all the gold in Virginia City was already coined—and ready to be sent away. She patted her yellow curls casually and said to Marblehead, "Doesn't your friend know there's much more silver than gold in Virginia City?"

Bradford leaned across to her. "We're interested in both."

He went on eagerly, "You're from Virginia City then, Miss Haynes? You've never said—"

She regarded him coolly. "Haven't I?"

That settled him. He turned away rather at a loss. Julia looked at his strong well-cut profile and for a brief second was sorry she'd been so curt. In fact, she was about to speak when Vincent suddenly addressed them all.

"Folks," he said in a voice gone curiously soft, "you all might be interested to know that this country ain't quite as soft as you might think. D'you ever hear of John Murrell?"


The insurance man, Upjohn, laughed nervously. "Guess we would be quite a haul at that. A load of business men like us, probably carrying fifteen or twenty thousand dollars between us."

Murrell grinned—and suddenly he whipped something from his pocket. It was a revolver. "That's what I figured," he said. They all faced him, stupefied. "Yes, folks, I'm Murrell. Now there's no point in making any noise. If you'll just hand over..."
Murrell was beaten by Kerry and he knew it. "Listen," he said to his gang, "this feller got the drop on me. He'll surely plug me if you start shootin'"

Somehow, when Kerry talked to her, when he smiled at her, Julia was stirred with a new kind of undefinable joy and happiness.
quietly nobody'll get hurt," He snarled at Bradford. "Now you kick in, if you please."

"That's just it," Bradford said calmly. "I don't please."

Murrell looked murderous and the tension in the coach mounted high. A sudden fear for this Bradford struck Julia. In it, she forgot herself. "Please," she cried, "he'll kill you, Mr. Bradford."

Murrell looked murderous and the tension in the coach mounted high. A sudden fear for this Bradford struck Julia. In it, she forgot herself. "Please," she cried, "he'll kill you, Mr. Bradford."

He turned to her with amused irony. "Why, Miss Haynes, this sudden solicitude is astounding." Then he held out his hand, palm up, toward Murrell. There was a pair of pistol cartridges in it. "You see, Murrell, I'm rather light-fingered so I examined your Derringer a while back and took these." His eyes blazed. "Anyway, I didn't like your face. In fact, I still don't."

Slowly, Murrell bared his teeth. "The boys won't like this. And when they don't like something they get kinda rough."

Bradford called out, "Driver, stop the coach." They pulled up short and at the same moment Murrell's band of men came riding up hard. "Now, Murrell," Bradford said tersely, "you're going to tell your boys' play-time's over. And you're going with us." He jammed his own gun into Murrell's ribs. "Start talking. Make it fast and clear."

Murrell was beaten and he knew it. He leaned out of the window and spoke to the gang of desperadoes. "Listen, this feller got the drop on me. If you start shootin' he'll plug me. Stay here and don't follow us. He ain't fooling. He means it."

It was all over in a moment and the coach was off again. Bradford put the trussed-up Murrell on top with the driver and sent Marblehead up to guard him.

Upjohn wiped his brow. "To think I tried to sell him life insurance."

Julia looked at Bradford over her magazine. "Don't you think," she jeered, "that the heroes were a trifle exaggerated?"

He leaned forward and righted the magazine which was upside-down. "You seem to have a peculiar way of looking at things."

She stared at him, startled. But as their glances locked a lovely blush spread over her cheeks. Then she broke into a peal of laughter. After all, he had bested her. Might as well admit it. "I was silly, wasn't I?"

"Yes, you were, but I was rude. Forgiven?"

She nodded. "I deserved it. And I haven't said 'Thank you.'" She added soberly, "If you hadn't been here—"

His voice went husky. It seemed [Continued on page 60]
Ma Joa's Daughter Makes Good

[Continued from page 38]

who sees the picture will take offense. They can't, possibly. Because the story is so earthy, so genuine, so intensely and honestly done.

Rosasharn looked over at Ma Joa sitting there at the nearby table talking to Pa and Tom Joa and Casey, the preacher, and Ma Joa smiled back, a fetching, tender smile and Rosasharn said, then, and as though she'd suddenly remembered it: "I've been Rosasharn for so long that sometimes I forget that there's a name behind the strange-to-be-called Dorris Bowdon again."

Dorris Bowdon. That's Rosasharn's real, off-the-screen name and if she forgot it during the filming of Grapes of Wrath, you picture fans never will. Not after you see her portray the character of Ma Joa's daughter.

TO BRING this unknown up to date, we'll have to go back a piece and explain some of the inner workings of studio making. For years back Hollywood has debated whether it is best to skyrocket an unknown into starring roles or to push her along slowly, over a period of three, four, or five years.

In their eagerness for new stars most producers have used the overnight method, figuring that if they set sail enough young hopefuls they'll hit a ship full of box-office gold. 20th Century-Fox tried this latter method several times with not-so-good results and decided to abandon it in favor of the long way. Which was break No. 1 for Dorris.

If you've been reading the movie news in the newspapers and magazines you've noticed that there has been an enormous demand of buzz-shots from the publicity minarets and towers about her. There have been no big splashies in advertisements. Even the studio executives have restrained their praise, have not blatantly announced to the press that she is colossal.

Yet she was given the role that every leading actress in Hollywood wants: a chance to make her mark in Rosasharn's built-in film, a picture called Danny, the Champion of the World.

"I would probably be the forgotten girl still," Dorris says, "but I finally got up enough courage to ask for a part in a Jones Family picture called Danny, the Champion of the World. That was the beginning of my good fortune."

We'll tell the world! While there wasn't enough footage left in the role after the film editor got through editing to turn three wheels of the projection-room machine, there wasn't enough left to impress Dorris at Zanuck, the studio production chief. He sent her for the next day.

"I think you have possibilities for becoming a great actress," he told the wide-eyed girl who had entered his office believing that she was to be told she was through. "But we're going to take our time, though. I'll give you small roles at first, so that you may have a good foundation and then I'll see if you have the ability to receive better and bigger parts. Just keep up with your studying and don't be discouraged."

A little while later Zanuck, keeping his promise, cast her for an unobtrusive character in Young Mr. Lincoln. Again Dorris could have stuck the final footage of her role in her left eye and never blinked it was that small. But small as it was it seemed to count with the critics who, while they weren't lavish in their praise of her, certainly did give her a handful or two in their reviews.

Again Zanuck must have been satisfied because when Alfred Hitchcock went before the cameras, there was Dorris playing with such veteran troopers as Henry Fonda and Claudet Cober. Again the final results were not strictly to the liking of the studio, but after her first two efforts and this time Zanuck called her into his office and complimented her.

She did even better than that a month later when the time arrived to cast Grapes of Wrath. He saw Fonda as Tom Joa and Jane Darwell as Ma Joa, and out of more than 25 Hollywood actresses who were wild to play Rosasharn he could only visualize Dorris in the part.

The fact that Dorris is the very antithesis of the usual run-of-the-mine cinema actress unabashedly had something to do with it. Dorris is not an exotic beauty by any stretch of the imagination. In fact, she isn't a glamorous girl in any way. You can call her her and everything, but she's not of the Playa safe, though, you'd better say that she is merely good-looking.

She's a small girl, this Dorris Bowdon, measuring only five feet and weighing the incision in her Rosasharn clothclods and she probably can't tip the scales at 100 pounds, but height and weight don't mean a thing. The girl's got personality. It takes advantage of the technical tricks of the "project" herself on the screen and that is what counts in making pictures. Despite her looks and other physical accurrations that are not such-a-much comparison to the glamorous girl, Dorris has got "It."

ZANUCK changes she hadn't reached her greatest dramatic height even in her tremendously fine portrayal of Rosasharn and he plans on carrying her along slowly, giving her every possible chance to reach maturity in the old-style manner of Dorris.

"I want to take my time as Mr. Zanuck suggests. I have no desire to be an overnight sensation. I've got too much to learn. Rosasharn gave me a chance to try out every talent I may have as a dramatic actress—a chance that comes to a newcomer like myself only once in many years. I was fortunate in more than just winning the part. I had John Ford, who produced The Informer for my director, and the difference between a mediocre director and a master at the business is often the difference between success and failure for a beginner. I've been lucky, too, in having an opportunity to play alongside Henry Fonda in my last three pictures. He has been my best 'course' in dramas."

"Take a bow, Hank!"

When Dorris' mother, Mrs. Lillian Bowdon, of Memphis, first learned that her movie daughter was to play the role of Rosasharn she set up quite a racket of protest. As did her many friends all of whom sent special delivery letters to Dorris begging her not to accept the part. Rosasharn was not, in their estimation, a proper young lady, the part of Rosasharn should be played by a girl who was smart if she waited until a "nice" part came along which it would, given time. And so on and so on. Well, Dorris WAS smart.

"I never answered a single letter until Grapes of Wrath was cast. You can imagine production and by that time I couldn't have quit if I had wanted to."

While we're still on Rosasharn you might be interested in knowing how the studio make-up experts finally managed to take out the glow and sparkle in our star-to-be's eyes. After the first rushes it was found that her eyes glittered too much in the tragic sequences.

Before these scenes were shot make-up experts tried using liquid applications to her eyes but the effect was exactly the opposite of what they were trying to do. Finally the experts blacked out the sparkle by throwing a dark blue light directly into her eyes. The blue light, being more of a hue than a color, was used to light her face, countered all reflections. From then on the cameraman had one less worry, being able to make Rosasharn look as dull, drab, and tragic as the director liked.

Before Dorris came to Hollywood two years ago she might rightly have been called "a young girl in search of an education."

After completing her high school course she entered Southwestern University located in her home town of Memphis, Tenn.

"But," she says, "the university offered no dramatic classes and after a year of 'suffering' I transferred to Wisconsin, stayed there for six months and then, hearing that Louisiana State University was the perfect school for a beginner she took the chance and tried to get a role in one of the dramatic critics who witnessed her performance in the Carol Kapek play R. U. R., produced by the dramatic department of the university. Impressed by the potential of the young girl, the drama teacher who happened to be in New Orleans at the time, took a week off and made a trip to Baton Rouge to watch the young girl work.

"He liked the play." Dorris says, "then saw me, and then said nothing. Twice before talent scouts had interviewed me and nothing had happened and I thought that this was just another of those things. I was sure of this because before I left school I had talked with a number of other prospects, and the evening before he left he gave a party for 50 whom he felt showed more promise than the rest. The one glad note in the whole affair was that another one of the lucky throughs that when I said goodbye to him that night he told me not to be surprised if I heard from him." A month later what did she receive in the form but a letter requesting her appearance at the 20th Century-Fox studios in Hollywood. She was due for a screen test.

I SPENT six weeks studying for the test. Dorris revealed, and after it was accepted I spent many weeks in dramatic training under Florence Enright, the studio coach. What I call the turning point in my career came late one afternoon in September, 1037. I had completed the rounds of various departments in the studio, visiting directors and producers in quest of a line or two to speak in a picture and, more than anything else, to remind them that I was still alive. I remember that I was walking down the exit and feeling pretty blue because my visits hadn't been productive of much encouragement when I glanced up and read the name John Stone, on a bulletin board."

"Mr. Stone, an associate producer, was one of the few executives I hadn't met and I thought I might as well pay him a call, not wishing to slight anyone. So . . ."

[Continued on page 71]
THIS picture of Geraldine Fitzgerald should tell you that Irish eyes don't have to smile to be lovely. Although hers are really twice as beautiful when she laughs—as I discovered when I chatted with her in a Park Avenue hotel before she left for Hollywood to start her new picture, Disraeli. We were sipping hot chocolate, because, she said, New York tea just wouldn't taste right after her English vacation!

Geraldine's eyes aren't large and wide, but she manages to make them look pretty starry! And that without being in the least artificial. She believes in exaggerating nature, but never doing anything contrary to it. In eye make-up, that means sticking to the colors in her skin, hair and eyes, but not going haywire over exotic tones foreign to her coloring.

Probably a lot of you have the light lashes and brows that go with reddish hair like Geraldine's. And maybe you've noticed, as she did, that light lashes and brows don't do a very good job of accenting the loveliness of your eyes. She uses a brow pencil to darken and extend her brows so they'll show up more. "The great trick in this," she told me, "is to use short, quick strokes of the crayon—for all the world as though you were sketching on individual hairs." Be sure to have your eyebrow crayon sharp, and slant each hair line in the direction your eyebrow hairs actually grow. It's a smart idea to set the crayon color by powdering your brows lightly, then brushing them free of powder. You can darken your brows easily with mascara, too. But be careful to thin it out to a pale wash—either cake, cream or liquid mascara will do. Then apply it very lightly with your eyebrow or mascara brush.

Geraldine's brows are a lovely, natural shape—as are most of the stars' these days. Hollywood has done an about-face away from the over-plucked, startled-fawn brows popularized by Marlene Dietrich. For which this beauty editor is thankful, because a lot of you followed the fad all too blindly—without a thought as to how those thin lines would look on your round, square, or long and thin face. Today it is smart to have full, natural brows. The upper line of the brows gives your face much of its individuality, so please don't try to change it. But don't take me too literally, and say 'Miss Caine wants me to keep my brows natural—"

Have you a beauty problem? Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE's beauty editor, will be glad to help you solve it. Write her your troubles, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her reply. Address Denise Caine, in care of MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.
Write me before March 15th, please, if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for my reply, and send your letter to Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 150 Broadway, New York City.

Your lashes, and your brows too, will be the lovelier for nightly grooming with a special lash cream. I can recommend one that is inexpensive—only 10 cents a tube. It does a grand job of lubricating the lashes, keeping them silky, healthy and preventing them from getting tangled. It seems to grow longer and thicker. Massage it into your lashes and brows each night, then brush them several times to distribute the cream evenly. The cream can't harm your eyes, and it is definitely beneficial to sparse, shaggy lashes. Be sure to write me for the name.

The same manufacturer makes a fine grade of mascara that I, frankly, wouldn't be without. It comes in both cream and cake forms—both give your lashes the desired softness without the harder consistency of the older kind. Each cake is saturated with a soothing, beautifying eye lotion that works in two ways. First and foremost, to brighten the eyes, and remove any tell-tale redness from smoke, dust or crying, and secondly, to exert a gentle pull on the skin, tightening it and temporarily smoothing away tiny laugh lines and crow's feet. The lotion works best when you leave the pads on for about 10 or 15 minutes, lying down the while. Be sure to press them down on the eyeballs, and to blink your lids and roll your eyes several times so that the lotion can get into them to work its magic. Several of the masks cost only 10 cents—and you should be able to use each mask more than once.

It's just about as important for you to have curly lashes as it is for you to have curly hair. But it can save your lashes a lot more easily than you can get a permanent. The slight pushing up as you apply mascara will help to curl them, and long as you do a job on them, you want to use and dust them by a lash curler. This tricky gadget has rubber covered edges that you clamp down over your lashes, as near the eyelids as possible. Hold them in position while you bent, and your lashes will swoop divinely. They'll hold the curl longer if you use the curler while the mascara is half dry—because it acts as a "set" while it's still wet. And only a dollar, and it lasts practically forever.

To go with it, you should have the convenient scissor-handled tweezers from the same manufacturer. They're easier to manage than almost anything I've seen yet, because the handles are twisted so your hand doesn't get in the way and prevent your seeing what you're doing. It's practically free of smudging, and doesn't go on your fingers.

Have you been hoping I'd tell you more about those iridescent shadows? Then here's what you want to know. These shadows come in four colors—blue, violet, green and bronze, all flecked with tiny bits of gold and silver. There's enough "tinsel" in each to give your lids a real sparkle under evening lights—and quite a bit of the gleam in the daytime. They're perfect to wear to a party or the theater—just open easily, without danger to long fingernails, and hold more than the old packages—so you get more for your seventy-five cents. The mirror is near enough your face so you can see all—but gives you plenty of room to maneuver—and it's adaptable so you can see yourself from any angle. I would buy it to use in setting my curls if for no other reason. The mirror comes in two styles—a single mirror at $2.25, and a double mirror (one side magnifying) at $295. Interested?

Nothing can detract from pretty eyes more than dark circles under them. But you can be worried about that if you use a tinted foundation cream to hide the circles—as well as freckles and occasional blemishes. One perfectly grand powder base comes in stick form. It's easier to apply, and you just rub it on lightly. Then you can smooth it tightly to your nose, throat, cheeks, forehead, then blend the cream evenly with your fingertips. Particularly dark circles may need an extra coat of disguise, but two or three times a day should be enough. For this stick cream gives make-up a velvety soft finish, keeps it in place for hours. It comes in four shades to harmonize with your skin tones.
APPETIZERS
By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

CANAPES, COCKTAILS, HORS D’OEUVRES, THEY’RE ALL APPETIZERS, BUT DO YOU KNOW WHICH IS WHICH AND WHEN?
NO. THEN READ THIS ARTICLE—IT’S INTENDED FOR YOU

Hot bites with cold sips—
Cold drinks with hot appetizers—
Appetite-provoking morsels from the hors d’oeuvres tray—
Canapes and cocktails—
Spreads, snacks and sandwiches—
Pickles and relishes—

COCKTAIL time is one of the nicest hours of the day, when lamps are lit, when ice tinkles, when tired or friendly folk come together to enjoy “the pause in the day’s occupation,” to chat about the day that’s gone or the shape of things to come. This is the witching hour when the hostess can make herself memorably popular by serving such tasty tidbits, such savory snacks that even a bite-size morsel assumes the welcome of a generous full-size hospitality.

Or, perhaps, it is not the afternoon cocktail hour, but the dinner at six, or at eight, which will be the occasion for the mouth-watering preludes to the courses that follow. Still another familiar hospitality hour is the late buffet supper or true “party,” such as is celebrated next month under the auspices of good St. Patrick. In each of these instances there is a form of “appetizer” which gives point and counter-point to the menu as a whole.

But first, as many readers write in to inquire, “What is a canape, and when do you serve it?” Or, “Is an hors d’oeuvre the same as an appetizer?” Or, “What snacks or spreads are appropriate for a buffet supper?” To all these and similar hostess “information pleas,” this little article hopes to give the right answers, as follows:

Canapes are appetizing highly seasoned mixtures served on crackers, toast, or diminutive fancy bread forms or pastry. Their distinguishing feature is that they can be taken up and eaten with the fingers. That is why the canape and the cocktail have become almost inseparable. If fingers strictly are not used, the canape may be skewered on a colored cocktail toothpick.

[Continued on page 94]
Lady Esther asks

“Is GRIT in your face powder robbing you of your loveliness?”

Unpopularity doesn’t just happen! And no one thing takes away from your charm as much as a face powder that won’t cling smoothly—

that gives you a “powdery look” because it contains grit! Why not find out about your powder?

You have a testing laboratory right in your own teeth. Grind your teeth slowly over a pinch of your powder (be sure they are even) and your teeth will detect for you the slightest trace of grit. But...

What an amazing difference in Lady Esther Face Powder! This superfine powder is free from all suspicion of coarseness or grit! When you smooth it on your face, your skin takes on a luminous, satiny look—a new loveliness!

When you make your entrance at a party, how wonderful to make it confidently! You can—if you use Lady Esther Face Powder! For no longer need you be a slave to your powder puff. Put on Lady Esther Face Powder at 8 o’clock...

And at midnight—after the gayest evening... your skin will still look exquisitely lovely! So today, send for samples of all ten shades of my face powder, at my expense. See for yourself that this superfine powder contains not a single trace of grit... goes on smoothly. And you can find your lucky shade, too... the one shade of Lady Esther Face Powder that will flatter you most... that will make you look years younger than you really are!

Try the “Bite Test”! Place a pinch of your present powder between your teeth. Make sure your teeth are even, then grind them slowly upon the powder. Don’t be shocked if your teeth find grit!

Now, brush away every trace of this powder and the grit it might contain, and repeat the test with Lady Esther Face Powder. Your teeth will quickly tell you that my face powder contains no trace of coarseness or grit! You’ll find it never gives you a coarse, flaky, “powdery look”... but clings smoothly to your skin... flatters your beauty.

Find your Lucky Shade, too! For the wrong shade of face powder can make you look older. So send today for all ten thrilling new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, at my expense. Try them all... don’t skip even one. For the powder shade you never thought you could wear may be the one right shade for your skin—luckiest for you!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)
LADY ESTHER,
7130 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.
FREE PAID 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.

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Barbara Defies Hollywood

[Continued from page 26]

Barbara may have smacked down a few stray commandments between first one and the next on my records, as I wasn't following her progress very closely at the time. If she did, she got away unpunished.

The next incident that came to my attention occurred shortly after she had viewed a screening of her first picture. A Biggie asked her, "What did you think of Stanwyck?" "What did you think of it?" "Come, come, now; give me your honest opinion!"

I've heard several versions of Barbara's reply. The one I like best is, "Mister, I didn't know they could make 'em that bad!"

Barbara was out of a job for quite a while after that. Finally, a different studio engaged her. This time her job was stabbing and poisoning people in a little number called Mexico Rose.

That picture nearly achieved the impossible—her initial victory. No Caesar of the celluloid, however, ventured to ask Barbara's opinion about it. Word had spread around that she gave untutored performances.

There followed a period in which she made film tests at the various studios. And poured her heart out eagerly into these bids for jobs and recognition. But in each case, time passed and nothing happened. No word of praise or criticism was forthcoming—only silence.

Nothing can be more discouraging, nothing more damaging to pride and confidence than such seeming futility. So Barbara suddenly declared she'd make no more tests. When Frank Capra asked that she do one as a favor for a part in Ladies of Leisure, she refused.

Crash! Into bits flew another commandment! For in that stage of a picture, she would be cocooned, until you could wear through, just outside the door of the man who thinks he may have a job for you. If he opens the door to look out, you must do things for him, such as stand on your head. And above all, you must come a-running if he beckons!

Fortunately for Barbara, Capra was then, as he is now, a sincere artist. Although angered by her refusal to make the test, itoccurred to him that possibly the girl who went around breaking Hollywood's rules might not be doing so on purpose, could not be anything but sincere.

Without insisting that she make a new screen test, he looked at one she had prepared for Capra, modestly, at another studio. As a result, Barbara was chosen for the part. She had to accept it, because Capra's studio had an option on her services.

For the first several days on the set, director and star, who had so much in common—both temperamental pride, glaring balefully at the camera, listless in the presence of friends, and for two years made pictures together. Fine pictures. The sort that can be made by people who pay attention to movie-making rather than observing cast-snun rules, nursing tender sensibilities, and keeping Hollywood's countless commandments.

Barbara quickly became an extremely valuable film personality. Many of the rules she should observe had a newcomer—and didn't—no longer applied to her. But that didn't cramp her style. She promptly found a nice, large fresh set of commandments to break that governs the lives of important stars.

Her pictures were now earning many shekels. That knowledge made her bosses less alert for remarks thatavored less majesty. But underlings often waxed indignant in their behalf. I recall particularly the venom one petty executive poured out—behind my back—when she heard.

She had been overheard saying that a particular studio would regret, someday, passing up the opportunity of signing Clark Gable. She thought Clark, who had just appeared with her in Night Nurse, would go places.

"Stanwyck's one of those silly dames who's got to tell people how to run their business, the film "brain" raged. "Say, you should see this Gable guy she thinks is hot!"

It was in the more private and personal phases of her life, however, that Barbara's commandment-smashing really went to town. And that commandment continues to do such a fine job of it today.

As soon as her name became important, she was expected to patronize the right eating-places, write the right letters, buy the right clothes, and go to the right clubs and alleys, and so on, to attract trade to those profitable businesses run by studio biggies, film colony socialities, their relatives and friends. Where this process involved what Barbara considered "showing off," she hasn't proved a good patron. No living in a show case for her! Night spots, particularly, see little of her. When she isn't working, she prefers going to the movies.

Nor can Barbara obey the filmland rule to make friends quickly, and accept strangers on a hail-fellow-well-met basis. She has to know people for awhile before she can decide about liking them. That, of course, is bad in the land where they say, "Hello, darling—I'm glad to meet you!"

The film colony's social cast system also takes a beating from Barbara. You'll read that her best friends are Joan Crawford and the Zeppo Marxes. But don't think she has accepted their friendship because, given, Hollis Barnes, studio hairdresser, Katherine Doyle, "stand-in" and several others of sub-stellar social rank.

You have to know Hollywood to realize how embarrassing that can be to the conscious big shots. Imagine their having to mingle socially, let's say, at a Sunday teashop, and Barbara is dining at a famous restaurant in the studios! It's trying enough, these money-aristocrats think, pretending to be democratic all week, on the set.

But never believe the columnists' point of view. Barbara spares them a lot of this agony by doing very little general entertaining. But failing to entertain, frequently and lavishly, brings invisible retribution.

Many important film folk, however, bid for her friendship. And the lucky ones like Joan Crawford, who have it, can appreciate it. She never believed that a few of‹"
THE DEB SAID

"NO!"

Was I lucky to find my old school-chum, Martha, in the dressing room away from the crowd? She's "news." She photographs like a dream. A picture of Martha at the bazaar would give me an "in" with any fashion magazine. But when I asked her if I could shoot, she turned me down—flat!

"Not today, Janet!" she moaned. "It's my bad time of the month and I'm so chafed I could scream"! Well—I wanted that picture, so I blurted, "Good grief, Martha, why be tortured when Miracle Modess now brings you 'Moisture Zoning'?

Martha was amazed, but I wasn't through. "Look," I rushed on as I opened a Modess pad. "This is why Modess is softer. It's made of fluff—entirely different from layer-type napkins."

Then I poured some water on Modess' moisture-resistant backing—and proved that not a drop went through. "See? Modess means greater safety against accidents, too," I crowed. Well...

I certainly got my reward! Five beautiful shots of Martha, and the nicest little note: "You can take more pictures any day you want," she wrote. "Believe me, I never knew what real comfort and peace of mind were till you told me about Miracle Modess."

TRY IT NOW! NEW MIRACLE MODESS WITH "MOISTURE ZONING"
Virginia City

[Continued from page 52]

to shut out the others. "Do you believe in predestination? I had to be here. So did you. So did Murrell. There's probably some future reason for it."

He never finished the sentence for the coachman fanned out as her eyes widened. "Why, what could we possibly have in common with Murrell?"

"Perhaps you're right—about Murrell," he said significantly, "but..."

So naturally, Kerry swung himself out to the side of the coach and began to climb up. The coach was careening crazily, for at the command the horses had run wild. A shot rang out, then Marblehead yelled, "I've dropped the gun."

Terror-stricken, Julia yet found the courage to look out of the window. Suddenly, Murrell tumbled from the top and as they the thrashing of a guitar. It surred bushes, holding an injured shoulder and glaring at them with implacable hatred.

"It's all right," Kerry called from in front and with relief, Julia saw that he was mounted on one of the plunging lead horses. Gradually, they slowed down and Kerry returned to the coach.

IN THE ten days that followed Julia found herself more and more willing to put the horrors of the war out of her mind. Before, all she could think of were those carefree days of childhood when she and Vance had played games and had been childhood sweethearts—and how those days were gone now and today was a time of war and hate and guns.

But somehow, when Kerry talked to her, when he smiled at her, she was stirred with a new kind of happiness—undeniable, without beginning or end. And the fact that he was of the North seemed to make no difference. One day when a swollen mountain stream had held them up he'd lifted her out of the coach and she'd said, with her arms around his neck, "Kerry, if you let me..."

And he had replied, looking deep into her eyes, "I wish you would, Julia. I fell—head over heels—ten days ago." The moment had instantly his magic. Then reality had swirled back and she had looked away.

She was thinking of him a few nights later as she sat in the soft moonlight at their last coach station. The horses were being changed.

Kerry suddenly spoke beside her. "Dreaming, Julia?" She nodded. "Nice dream?"

"Yes—and no," she whispered. She could hear and see and feel—her dream was in her veins. "We were climbing a mountain together—you and I—to see a sunrise. But when we neared the top you stopped me—almost as if there was something on the other side you didn't want me to see—"

He took her fingers understandingly. "But I don't know much about you, Julia, either. Anyhow, we're time for that. What you must know the now is where you live in Vir- ginia City—how I can find you." Now his arms went around her and he drew her to her feet. "Julia, I'm not a fool," he said passionately. "You must know how I feel. It can end now. It mustn't."

She clung to him. "I don't know, Kerry. I can't tell yet. Only promise me this. That if ever we meet we'll not climb mountains or cross bridges till we know what's on the other side. . . Promise?"

"I promise, Julia," Then he kissed her lips in a burning kiss of unuttered passion. Julia was wondering and just they, two, were in the world. The next evening they drove into Virginia City and Julia was making some laughing remark when her mirth died in her throat. There, hanging from a tree, was a crude effigy of Jeff Davis. A yelling crowd was shooting at it. "Kerry! Kerry!" the crowd yelled. Julia was left. "I've got to go. My home is near here. I'll find it."

"But, Julia, you mustn't. That drunken crowd—"

"I must, Kerry, I must. Her throat was thick with unshed tears. "No, no. I can't explain it now, but I've got to get home." With a wrench she tore herself from him and sped past the crowd."

She was on the stage at the Sazerac the next evening, singing the marching song with the chorus when she caught sight of Kerry. "I was surprised to see him. Her eyes brimmed with joy. "I've almost given up, I tried the Ladies' Aid and the Presby- terian minister but somehow I didn't think of you."

She stiffened. There was Vance standing right next to them. She looked at him without a flicker of recognition. But the next second, she flashed over her as Kerry turned slightly.

"Miss Haynes," he said, "this is Mr. Ibry. We knew each other back East."

She and Vance acknowledged the intro- duction briefly.

"You know," Kerry said carelessly, "from the way they liked your song, I'd say Vir- ginia City's quite a Union stronghold."

She shrugged, still trying to fathom the coincidence of these two men, out of all the world, knowing each other—Vance, to whom she'd once loaned her heart, Kerry, to whom she'd lent it. "I'd say this city is red, white and blue all over. Oh, there're a few copperheads of course but they're harmless.

Kerry turned to Vance. "What do you think, Ibry?"

Vance said courteously, "Miss Haynes is right. What harm could they do?" He bowed to Julia. "I'm happy to have met you, ma'am.

And Mr. Bradford, it's been a pleasure to see you again."

He left and she began, differently. "I should have warned you what to expect, Kerry—this place and—" She stopped and said anxiously, "You—you do still love me?"

He brought one of her hands to his lips. "More than ever, Julia—if that's possible."

Her heart was happy and her happiness. "I have to go and change now. But wait for me."

She was at the stairs when Vance stopped her. Looking at some distant point, he said softly. "Vance, do you need me? The man at the bar?"

She was puzzled. "He came West with me. Why?"

"He was one of my prisoners at Libby for eight months. Then he escaped. Stay away from him. He's a Union spy. I'll tell you about him later."

Somewhere she kept moving, but her eyes had the dazed, unfocused look of a sleep- walker. Still numb she returned to the stage a few minutes later but Kerry was gone. "Gone," went her scaring thoughts. "The first real love I've ever known—gone."

No, it must have been an illusion. Why, Kerry was a spy—for the North. That's what was on the other side of the mountain. How could she love a man whom duty told her to hate?

She had sung the finale and was about to mount the stairs to her dressing-room when a man knocked at her door. "You. You're a spy—of the North. That's what was on the other side of the mountain. How could she love a man whom duty told her to hate?"

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as she came downstairs to Kerry a few moments later. But her voice rang with sincerity. She had just heard who and what he was, she said urgently. One of the girls had told her.

He asked quickly, "Who was it?"

"I can't tell you. She doesn't want to become involved. But she has a message for you. She knows where you can find Irby. There's a boy at the door who'll take you." That was young Cobby, Vance's trusted servant. "She said Irby is ready to make a deal with you to give himself up if you come alone."

He asked warily, "How do I know I can trust him—or her for that matter?"

Her words were slow and leaden. "This girl wouldn't lie to me. She knows I love you and that your life means as much to me as his does to her."

His eyes blazed with adoration. "That's about all any man needs to know, Julia."

He turned on his heel and strode out. Just ten minutes later Julia stood in the back of Vance's cabin. The room, pitch black, was filled with men. She heard Cobby's voice.

"Right here, sir."

All at once, the lights went up and Vance said, "Don't move your hands, Bradford, and turn around slowly."

Rigidly Kerry faced them. Then, as he saw her, his eyes darkened with anguish. He whispered, "Julia," and that was all.

Vance spoke harshly, "You're going back home with us, Bradford, as an escaped prisoner of the Confederacy—back to Libby, to Lower West and the sentence you ran away from."

Still, Kerry said nothing. He seemed too stricken.

Then, from outside, they heard a volley of shots. An officer's voice rang out, "Murrell's gang. They're attacking the garrison."

Now everyone in the room sprang into action. "Tie Bradford up and bring him along," Vance directed. "We've got to move fast."

Outside, Julia mounted her horse with the rest of them and the party was off. The departure from the city was even easier than Julia had anticipated. All night long they rode with the ten wagons carrying the gold and by dawn they had reached the desolate Nevada country.

Somehow, daylight brought a bit of hope to Julia. Surely, Kerry couldn't hate her after what they'd meant to each other. She left young Cobby's side and rode up to Kerry. Her voice was a whisper.

"Dearest," she said quiveringly, "I—I'm sorry this had to happen—"

"Sorry? For what? Everything turned out as you planned it, didn't it?"

"Oh, dear God, he mustn't think that. No, no. It was the last thing in the world I wanted to do."

He laughed grimly. "No one but you could have done it."

The words were like a knife twisting in her bosom—they'd been Vance's words too. They looked at each other, knowing there was nothing more to say.

A LITTLE later in the morning, Murrell and his men joined them. Julia heard him and Vance talking together. Murrell was giving explicit instructions for the rest of the trip. Then he mounted his horse.

"Well, good luck. I may see you some time."

Armistead looked after him as he rode off.

"Say, Vance, that was a good tip about circling Mormon Station."

Vance nodded slowly. "Yes, a little too good. We're taking no more chances with Mr. Murrell. We'll go another way."

By nightfall they were in rough, mountainous country. Then Julia caught her

### “I’ll be the laughing stock of the town...”

**MARY:** Oh, Mother, why did that snooty Mrs. Palmer have to drop in today! Now it'll be all over town that even my tea napkins look so gray, they aren't fit to be seen!

**MOTHER:** Lucky I dropped in, honey. That soap you're using is so weak-kneed it doesn't get things really clean. Come on—I'll show you how to say goodbye to tattle-tale gray.

**MOTHER:** There! Just hustle home and put Fels-Naptha to work with its richer golden soap and busy, dirt-loosening naptha. Use the bar or the grand new chips. Either way, your wash will be so sweet and white, you won't recognize it!

**MARY:** Who-o-e, Mother! I'll say your tip about Fels-Naptha turned the tables! Mrs. Palmer came to tea again and her eyes simply popped when she saw my snowy linens. And she ended by asking Tom and me to a party!

**MARY:** Now—Fels-Naptha brings you 2 grand ways to banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"

### Use Fels-Naptha Soap Chips—wherever you've been using box-soap. They speed washing machines—because they're HUSKIER—not puffed up with air like flimsy, sneezy powders. And they whip up the creamiest suds ever—because they now hold a marvelous new suds-builder!

### Use the Fels-Naptha bar for bar-soap jobs—and get the extra help of richer golden soap combined with gentle naptha! Together, these two cleaners make the grimmest, greasiest dirt let go—without hard rubbing! They get clothes so white, they fairly sparkle in the sun!
breath as she saw that they were approaching a Union Army hut.

Vance gave hurried directions to everyone. "Get back along the line. Act natural. But keep Bradford out of sight in one of the wagons."

They were questioned and the sentry was agreeable to their explanation that they were merely poor settlers on their weary way when suddenly one of the soldiers let out a yell.

"You—" he demanded, "what's makin' this wheel sink so deep? You ain't got that hefty a load?"

Vance made a careless retort but the soldier approached the wagon. Suddenly Andrus bolted, spoke and the soldier toppled over. Then everybody began firing from all sides.

Julia screamed. "Cobly!" The boy was right among the wagons. "Get down!"

But a bullet caught him in the chest and he toppled over.

"Come on," Vance shouted, "get moving. Get those wagons up."

But just as he spoke there was a commotion from the wagon that Kerry was hiding in. Every nerve in Julia's body shrieked out as she saw him make a dash for the precipice. Bullets were whistling all around him. Then he disappeared.

Her heart seemed dead within her as the wagon train moved off again, leaving the bodies of the Union guards where they had fallen.

For days that seemed like years they jogged along. Julia tended Cobly as he lay, white and still, on his bed of blankets. "If we could only stop long enough to rest," she said to Vance one night.

He smoothed the boy's hair. "Julia, you don't regret anything do you?" She was silent. "It's just the way you've looked ever since I talked to her. 'Tell me what's on your mind.'"

She asked dully, "Haven't you enough to worry you without imagining things about me?"

"No, and I never will, Julia, when we get through this and back home again—"

"Home?" Her eyes were glazed over.

"Where is home, Vance?"

The day they reached the river but the current was high and it was a desperate battle to get across. Vance transferred some of the gold and left three of the wagons as dressing in case they were followed. And that, one miserable day followed the others.

Their clothes became tatters. Some of them were without shoes. Water got scarcer and scarcer and everyone had the gaunt, starved look of scarecrows. And then one night, Cobly died. Julia said a prayer for him but it seemed that the last spark of life within herself had died with the boy.

And finally, they reached the Arizona desert and descended into the canyon. They had only three of their wagons now which contained all the gold. Sitting at the campfire, Julia said to Vance, "'It's no use. These people can't go on. We can't make them. It's inhuman.'"

"War is inhuman," he retorted, "We're going on—as long as we have the strength to go on."

She was almost hysterical. "How long will that be without food and water? Two, maybe three?" But suddenly her blood froze. Following there came a wild handily yell. Then a number of horsemen began to swoop toward them.

"Murrell!" Vance cried hoarsely. "Everybody up." In a moment the camp was all abuzz as they made ready to protect themselves.

But Murrell was making a rush for them when suddenly two more men on horses came out of a clearing and shot like a battering-ram into the bandit gang.

"Kerry!" Julia cried. Her blood rushed warm again.

Vance and his men held their fire until Kerry and Marblehead were in their midst. Julia saw Kerry and Vance clasp each other's hands in friendship against the common outlaw enemy. Then the battle started in earnest. Once, as Julia brought ammunition to the men she saw Kerry's gaze follow her with a reluctant admiration for the indomitable Southerners; and she felt a thrill of gladness.

But just a bit later she went sick with shock. Vance was wounded. She rushed to him. He was talking in gasps to Kerry. "—so now you take over, Kerry. It's in that second wagon. And thanks—from a friend—"

"From a friend?" asked Kerry, rather slowly. He stood up, "Cameron, get some gunpowder together and take that wagon under that cliff."

Julia suddenly blazed at him with distrust. "Don't do it, Dr. Cameron. He's tricking you."

Kerry looked at her coldly. "You're an expert at tricks, aren't you?" He spoke to Marblehead and Cameron. "Get going—and no noise."

"I won't let you do it," she cried. "We've been through too much."

"Do you want the gold over to Murrell in the morning?"

"I'd rather." Her voice was almost a wail. "I'd rather. Murrell got it than the Vicks. I pity the—Julia." He gripped her arms tight and she looked up at him.

Her eyes glittered with tears. They stood there, trembling with longing for each other. Then she stepped back, "How I hate you."

His chest swelled and he turned away. Up on the cliff the burning fuse was eating its way over the rocks. Then all at once there came the detonation of the powder exploding. Almost at the same moment tons and tons of rock fell in a thundering avalanche over the wagon. The gold was completely buried.

At Daybreak, Murrell's new attack began. Gradually the gunfire became hotter from both sides. Men were dropping fast. "Kerry and Vance!" At last they realized that they must be all wiped out Julia saw Kerry make a rush for Murrell. For long, horrible moments they struggled.

In frozen terror, Julia watched. Her knees seemed to melt away. Murrell had his knife. The blade was coming closer and closer to Kerry . . . and then she heard a bugle call. No, no, she was imagining things. There was no such time. God couldn't be that good . . .

But from beyond the canyon, Union cavalrymen, fifty strong, rode down towards themselves. The gave a lusty shout and immediately rushed for Murrell's fleeing men and the battle was over.

A few moments later, Major Drewery returned and faced the pitiful collection of human wreckage that he had rescued. "Looks as if we made it just in time," he said. He turned to Kerry briskly. "That message you left at the Cayute telegraph office brought us double quick. Now is the gold safe?"

"We had one of the wagon train survivors stiffened. Julia looked at them with a breaking heart. Tattered, starved and forlorn, they realized that this was indeed the end of it. All that they had suffered had been in vain.

Then Kerry spoke. "There is no gold," he said. "Joy flooded over Vance's sunken features. He raised his hand to kerry's. Then, weakly, he broke back to the ground.

"Is this your idea of a joke, Bradford?" Drewery asked sharply. Kerry was silent. "Answer my question. Have you searched the wagons?"

Kerry looked at Julia and she gazed back at him. Faith and love were in her shining eyes.

He said again, this time with finality. "There is no gold."

It was April 9, 1865, and the ill-fated gold train party was assembled in the court-room of the Virginia City garrison. Kerry was being tried, and Major Drewery stood there, preferring charges against him.

"He's lying," the Major shouted. "And they're backing him up. No gold! It's absurd. But then I don't know what I have to keep them locked up for the duration of the war."

Then Kerry faced General Crosby. He was trembling with anxiety. "May I speak, sir?"

"I'm holding it for no government, sir," Captain the General said, not unkindly, "I must warn you. You have a duty to perform—"

"And I've performed it, sir," Kerry said firmly. "The gold did not reach the Confederacy. But it still belongs to those people—the ones who own it by law. You see, sir, in peace or war we have to act on what we believe is right."

Julia rose. A beautiful peace filled her breast. There was nobility in this man she loved that she might never have guessed. "General Crosby, may I speak for—us?"

"Very well, Miss Hayes."

She said, with dignity, "You see, sir, the war has deprived us of many things. But what we have left is less important than the safety of—of a friend. We're grateful to Captain Bradford but rather than see him punished for this—"

But suddenly a Union officer rushed into the midst of them. "John!" yelled a crowd-gathering—roaring in the street. You can hear them, sir."

The door burst open and a dispatch-rider hurried in. He went directly to General Crosby. The General said, not unkindly, "I was through with the civilian exchange."

The General read the paper. Then he looked up, his face eloquent. "An armistice. General Lee has signed it at Appomattox. All military operations are to be suspended until further notice."

Outside, the crowd was singing and dancing. "A new day has dawned." Kerry stood back against the wall, their words clear. Then Julia turned to him. His face was luminous with dazzling light as he took her into his arms. . . . Their love was forever, correct.

Very faintly, they could hear the words, "We are not enemies but friends . . . With malice toward none, with charity for all . . ."
... at winter sports who bundles up in clothes as thick as a mattress! Those who know wear outfits that aren’t hampering ... choose clothes expertly designed to protect, without being bulky!

For the same reason, girls who know choose Kotex sanitary napkins. Made in soft, smooth folds (with more material where needed...less in the non-effective portions of the pad), the New Kotex is naturally less bulky than pads made with loose, wadded fillers. Less apt to chafe, too...for Kotex is entirely sheathed in cotton, before it’s wrapped in gauze!

To guard pearls and pins—some smart person designed the modern safety clasp ...

And to guard your peace of mind, the makers of Kotex now put a moisture-resistant panel between the soft folds of every Kotex pad! Then...to eliminate tell-tale bulges...Kotex gives you tapered, pressed ends! Think!...No thick, stubby ends to make embarrassing outlines! Kotex ends are invisible (and patented)!

Kotex comes in 3 sizes, too! Super – Regular – Junior. Kotex is the only disposable sanitary napkin that offers you a choice of 3 different sizes! (So you may vary the size pad according to each day’s needs!)

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FEEL
ITS NEW SOFTNESS
PROVE
ITS NEW SAFETY
COMPARE
ITS NEW, FLATTER ENDS

“You scarcely know you’re wearing it!”
invited, sometimes, to make lively or amusing, but more often because policy forces a celebrity to entertain them.

It's harder to keep up with the changing relationships of important Hollywood people with each other. Know who's feuding and who's reconciling with whom, and who's in what caste—not cast!—this week. Hollywood has a rigid caste system, which is especially vexing because change does not happen from one caste to another. One mustn't embarrass a momentarily high-caste guest by forcing him into social contact with one below him, though next week, their positions may be reversed!

Consider Hedy Lamarr. At first, she wasn't highly paid. Her future seemed problematical. Various high-and-mighty folks snubbed her. Some (including a glamor-girl who once did "seventeen" dances in a short, bootlegged private-entertainment films) sneered at Hedy because of those unclad scenes in *Ecstasy.* Then Hedy burst forth to great advantage in *Algiers.* She got a glamor-girl build-up by experts. Did her social stock soar? It did! She was getting only $750 a week, then, a mere nothing for the film industry, but the dollar-minded socialites shrewdly guessed she'd leap into the high-salaried brackets very quickly.

There followed another illuminating phase of Hedy's case. She made a poor picture, which was shelved—for the time being, at least. (It's now being fixed up to click. Editor.) That was the signal for a polite turning of backs. Hedy, however, soon eloped with Gene Markey, one of the most important producers. Those who had turned their backs on her nearly snapped off their own heads, so rapidly did they whirl to present smiling faces of welcome and good fellowship to Mrs. Markey!

K N O W I N G that change is the essence of the Hollywood social scene, the good secretary tries to anticipate these shifts, and forewarn her clients. I know one clever girl who foresaw Hedy Lamarr's success. Unfortunately, the three stars who paid her to advise them did not believe her.

They should have had confidence in her because she had prophesied, long before anyone else in film society was willing to admit it, that Bette Davis would be a great success. Bette was doing practically no parting at the time, but the secretary had her clients shower her with invitations, anyway. The result was that when La Davis did hit the top (and remained difficult to coax to parties!) the clever secretary's clients were in Bette's good graces.

Something else that changes frequently is the distinction of being Hollywood's most popular host. Before the Rathbones won it there was an era of continuance. Many claimants vied for the honor dropped by Carole Lombard when she chose between hectic social life and Clark Gable. Strong bidders during this period were the Pat O'British, the Darryl Zanuck, the Edward G. Robinson, and of course, the Countess di Frasso.

Before Carole's reign as champion party-giver there were stories back a long record of dynasties, through the expensive, brilliant one of Marion Davies to the most famous social reign of all, probably, that of the King and Queen of Pickfair in their heyday. Mary Pickford still gives an occasional important party, and among her guests are to be found the most famous and intellectual figures of the day.

High on guest list popularity is that volatile pair, Errol Flynn and Lili Damita, but one invites them to give zest, color and excitement, rather than smoothness. Remem-ber Errol's manly argument with the police, Aidan Roark, at Mrs. Whitney's party?

The Charles Boyers, Dorothy Lamour, Marlene Dietrich, Tyrone Power and his Annabella, the sister, Benny Green, Bette Davis, Loretta Young, Cesar Romero and David Niven are a few among the many one might mention who are blessings to hard-pressed social secretaries. They'll usually accept, too. What a relief that is, when one must hand-pick a large number of guests for some very special and perhaps touchy occasion!

O N THE other hand, you never know whether or not you'll be able to drag out Irene Dunne and husband Dr. Griffith; Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond; Myrna Loy and producer Arthur Hornblow; Joan Crawford, Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, Claudette Colbert and husband Dr. Joel Pressman, and their like. They prefer small, intimate parties, and do a lot of refusing. You can always rely on them, of course, when the party has a motive such as charity.

A social secretary can't trust her memory to keep complex Hollywood relationships straight. I have, in large steel files, a complete record of Hollywood feuds, marriages, divorces and so on. A complete and up-to-date case history of over five hundred Holly-wood socialites!

Some of the information in my files has never been printed; much is little known. Gossip mongers would give a lot to secure it. Like all social secretaries, I have been offered sizeable chunks of cash for certain secrets. I was supposed to possess some of the latter, but really, I refuse all such offers. It's professional suicide for a social secretary to slip, even a tiny bit, just once. We're well paid, and part of the compensation is for keeping secrets.

Naturally, we must handle the press with care. It's always a problem to decide when to invite what correspondents of Hollywood's 300 or more, and when to permit candid camera, and press photographers to at-tend. The blanket rule is never to exclude the press wholly from any big affair. They're sensitive people, and proud of the fact that they're invited on equal basis with kings and que-

I make it my business to know all the important correspondents and their relationships with (a) the host and hostесс and
Lady Esther says

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PREVIEW THE HIT FILMS!

Complete story versions of all forthcoming hits are presented in the March MOVIE STORY, now on sale. Read these thrilling previews of "Northwest Passage," with Spencer Tracy, "Shop Around the Corner" with James Stewart and Margaret Sullivan, and many others. Only 10 cents.
“I’d go to sea,” he said, without so much as the bat of an eyelash. Good old dare-devil Flynn, he’d go to sea, without thinking twice. “Provided I had all the time I wanted,” he went on, “I believe I’d first head for Ropopo Island. That’s one of those tiny islands in the Japanese group, and, from what I’ve heard, it’s hardly been scratched from the outside. I’ve always been interested in archaeology, and they tell me remnants of a very early civilization are on Ropopo, for the asking.”

And why would you head for a place called Ropopo, Flynn? Are you sure it isn’t just the sound of the name that gets you? Of course, Ropopo would make a swell post-mark, for letters to the folks back home. But then, you could just as well go to Koko-nor, or Philippopolis, or Indigirka, or any Halfa, couldn’t you? These places are just as hard to pronounce, and they wouldn’t be quite so hard to get to.

And what are you doing, mixing in with archaeology? You’re a pearl-fisherman, we thought, and a gold prospector, and a writer, and a bow-and-arrow expert. Let’s keep this all straight, now, Errol!

But, he hurried on.

“My next two stops would be Zanzibar, and Madagascar. The idea of Zanzibar, in particular, fascinates me. I don’t know somehow it has always captured my imagination. In some of my more fanciful moments, in fact, I’ve visualized myself sailing into Zanzibar, and meeting the Sultan. Just think what kind of a guy the Sultan of Zanzibar must be! Maybe it’s just the sound of the phrase that gets me—The Sultan of Zanzibar! I sort of like it!”

But, hold on, now Flynn. Isn’t that a little bit boyish, and over-romantic? Isn’t there a little self-dramatizing in there somewhere? Maybe you’d like to be the Sultan of Zanzibar. Wouldn’t that be something? Are you sure that isn’t what you had in mind?

But, Errol was enthused, and went on with his dreaming.

“Another plan I’ve had in the back of my mind is to take a group of youngsters on an extended ocean voyage. Certainly, few things could be more thrilling, or satisfying, than surveying a group of kids who, at the most care-free and adventurous period in their lives, are seeing the ports of the World first-hand, and in the romantic manner.”

And there you go again. A noble gesture, sure. But couldn’t you get the same effect by joining up with the sea-scouts?

Well, so much for your dreams of the future. But you still have your past to live down, Mr. Flynn! For instance, your alleged gold-prospecting venture in New Guinea. Maybe you went prospecting for gold in New Guinea. Maybe you didn’t. Of course, we have no way of knowing.

But, even if you did, Flynn, well—all we can say is, so what? You certainly couldn’t have made a business of it. If you did, you wouldn’t be in Hollywood, making movies. And the same goes for that pearlizing expedition, too. And why did you have to stop at running down pearls and gold nuggets? Surely there you could be a few hidden treasure-chests still kicking around.

If you could just dig up one of these, you’d be set for life. You’d have your shiny coins, and your sparkling gems, all made up for you. Then you could probably set yourself up as the Great White King of Borneo, or the Shah of Madagascar. They might even make you Emperor of Abyssinia. You’d have the World in the palm of your hand!

Your next movements, you say, took you to every continent you’d not yet visited. You covered the entire Far East, you say, in search of material for your writings. At

HELP YOUR CHILD build a strong body. Give him cod liver oil! For many doctors claim nothing takes its place in helping children build sturdy bones and sound teeth. Also in aiding adults to recuperate after illness. And now THERE IS A BETTER WAY TO TAKE COD LIVER OIL...SCOTT’S EMULSION!

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SCOTT’S EMULSION

Is It An Act?

[Continued from page 35]

to sell fishing-tackle, or conches, or sponges, or grass skirts to the tourists. It’s all very colorful, Flynn, but come clean! What’s it all about?

But the bombastic Errol just kept putting out to sea, or cross country, with nary so much as an explanation.

Yesterday, he’d been crawling through a tunnel for a jail-break scene in Virginia City. Over and over, the scene was shot, before director Michael Curtiz gave the okay to print it. Errol must have made the discommodious escape six or eight times, wounding along on his knees and elbows, and he was obviously flagged.

That was the moment I’d been looking for. It was then I caught him, and he broke down. I put some of those fresh speculations about him into actual words, and he gave out with the statement we’d been waiting to hear: “You folks just have me all wrong, that’s all,” he supplicated. “The explanation of my wanderings is actually very simple. You see, I travel because I like traveling. It’s an outlet, and a hobby for me. It’s as simple as that. But that’s it, pure and simple. I hate to tear down all your nice, fanciful illusions. And I’m really quite flattered by it all. But, there just isn’t any other truthful answer.”

Well, okay, then, Flynn. You travel because you like traveling. Who doesn’t? An aunt of mine likes to travel, too. She sails on the best liners, eats the best food, meets a lot of nice people, and sees as much of the world as you do, but she does it in a nice, quiet way. There’s none of the razzle-dazzle with my aunt.

You’ve been to Tahiti. Well, so’s my aunt. And while you were swimming around under water, with your head in a bucket, chasing unsuspecting oysters, she was probably standing serenely on deck, tossing coins to your native boys.

Here’s the point. We think you’re a little too old for such carryings-on. It’s glamorous, it’s romantic, it’s colorful. Sure. But we think it’s an act, Flynn. And we think there must be easier ways of attracting attention.

We got into Errol’s alleged travel-bug something like this: Considering he might tire of his acting career, or vice-versa, what would be do to keep himself amused? His answer was spontaneous.

66
In 1937, you went to Spain. History, you said, was being made, and you wanted to be in on it. Well, Errol, did you get your eyes full? What was your big idea? Were you a war correspondent? War correspondents are very colorful people, you know. Especially when there's a war going on. But we didn't see any of your copy in the papers. Maybe you were a photographer, or a news-reel man? But we never saw any prints of your film, so it couldn't have been that. I guess you must have been a good-will ambassador. That was it. You were over there to stop the war, maybe. But the Spaniards just kept right on fighting anyhow. It seems to me.

And last year you went shooting marlin off the coast of Mexico with a bow and arrow. You played the part of Robin Hood, the archer of Sherwood Forest, in the movies. And, of course, you wanted to live up to the role you'd created. Well, all right! You can shoot a bow and arrow with the best of them. My little brother isn't so bad, either. And where's it going to get you? You can go out and shoot pigeons with a sling-shot, standing on your head, and I'll still ask the same question. Maybe I'm wrong. Maybe you're putting on the greatest publicity act in history. Maybe it's a case for the books. Maybe you're Gulliver, maybe I'm screwy keeping up with you.

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The late lamented Douglas Fairbanks arrived here from England by Clipper just before outbreak of war—his last trip. He is best remembered by fans of silent era as typifying the dashing American—blessed with the world's greatest smile.
he would have burst into tears when the pale porcelain which is Ona appeared before him. "What, would you make mock of me?" The harassed Mr. Selznick might, justifiably, have cried.

Nor is Ona a wolf in lamb's clothing. She is what she seems to be. Her tastes, her habits of mind, her likes and dislikes, all fit into the Portrait of a Lady.

CONSIDER, for instance, some of her "favorites"—her favorite authors are Barrie and Maeterlinck. Her favorite painters are Ingres and Ingres. She admires every kind of music, Beethoven and Brahms. Her favorite opera is Tristan and Isolde. Her favorite radio programs, The March of Time, Information Please, and Jack Benny. Her favorite radio star, Charlie McCarthy. Her favorite pastime, improvising on the piano.

Now, it doesn't seem likely that Miss Watting would care for Barrie, Maeterlinck or Alice in Wonderland. Nor that she would consider Tea For Two much of a song for business nor, indeed, that she would have a favorite hymn. Or and wrong and Eugene O'Neill. Her favorite book, Alice in Wonderland. Her favorite poem, Cyanide, by Dowson. Her favorite composers, Debussy, Ravel, Scriabine, Stravinsky, Gerahwa. Her favorite song, Tea For Two. Her favorite hynm, Heavenly Light. Her favorite opera, Tristan and Isolde. Her favorite radio programs, The March of Time, Information Please, and Jack Benny. Her favorite radio star, Charlie McCarthy. Her favorite pastime, improvising on the piano.

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The background in which these tastes and habits of mind and body—and these hobbies and favorite things—were developed tend to emphasize further this portrait of her, tends to
make even more remarkable the fact that "such a nice girl" played the part of "such a bad woman."

Ona is the daughter of Owen and Sally Wolcott, a direct descendant of Oliver Wolcott, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. An ancestor who would, beyond a doubt, turn in his grave at the very name of Belle Watling upon his descendant's bloodied lips. Born in Portland, Oregon, October 20th, Ona was educated at Miss Cattin's School in Portland. Her father was a prosperous real-estate dealer and his only child might have been just another debutante except—for the fact that from the minute she could stand on her feet, she jiggled.

She never stood still, she never just walked, she jiggled. And then she danced. And then she knew that she wanted to dance, wanted to be a ballerina. She doesn't have any idea how she knew that she wanted to be a dancer. There was no theatrical element in her family unless you can call a love of the theatre an element. For her parents were inveterate theatre-goers.

Ona says, "My life started out in conflict. I saw Helen Hayes and Ruth Chatterton, and Marilyn Miller when they played Portland and they are responsible for my conflict. For I couldn't make up my mind whether I wanted to be a dancer or an actress. One of my earliest memories is of being taken backstage to Ruth Chatterton's dressing-room, and there partaking of the real food she cooked in Come Out of the Kitchen. But Marilyn Miller tipped the scales for me when I watched her dance. She was, actually, the inspiration of my career."

And so, when Ona was thirteen, her mother took her to New York to study ballet. And then Gus Edwards came along, swooped down and picked Ona out of the school to become, at fourteen, soloist in one of his stage revues. So "bug" did her act go over that she played the Palace for six weeks straight and then the Keith-Orpheum executives swooped in turn and placed her at the head of her own Revue, the Manly Revue, it was called, Ona being the only girl with six young men.

For two years of straight looking the Manly Revue played every city in the U.S.A., and it must have been during that time, during those formative years, that Ona began to learn all she knows and understands about men and women . . . all kinds of women and men. Rich and poor, and successful and failures, good and bad—all mixed up together and called Humanity. The understanding which makes Ona say of Belle Watling, "she wasn't a bad woman. She doesn't belong in any category. She had just—met Life."

At the end of those two years, Ona and her mother went to Europe and there lived for a year, "I did a bit of finishing up on my education," Ona relates, "and on my return to New York, I heard that they were looking for a young dancing lead for the musical comedy, No, No Nanette. I didn't know how I ever got it, but I did. And the happiest days of my life were those two years, singing ten and twelve encores of The Four Two and I Want To Be Happy at every performance . . . ."

This was the beginning of a long list of musical comedy successes for Ona . . . Twinkle, Twinkle, with Joe E. Brown . . . Toes with Eddie Buzzi, Hold Everything (in which she made You're the Cream in My Coffee, the song of the hour) with Victor Moore, Jack Whiting and Bert Lahr.

It was while she was playing in Palare Toes that, in 1926 in San Francisco, she married Eddie Buzzi, then a star of musical comedy, now a director on the M-G-M lot here in
Hollywood. Ona and Eddie weren't married any longer. But they are still, says Ona, with an inscrutable expression which might mean humor or regret, "good friends."

It was straight from Hildegarde that Ona first came to Hollywood, in 1929, under contract to Warner Brothers, "I shouldn't have come to Hollywood then," Ona says now, "been footed for the part. And so I was prompted by one of innermost self and that wasn't the case with me at that time. I couldn't possibly have been a success in pictures then, my heart wasn't in it."

"Well, I wasn't planning it, but I did find out what I wanted to do...for after several pictures, Going Wild, The Hot Heiress, Broadunited among them, I did Five Star Final which I knew that I wanted to break away from musical comedy, wanted to do dramatic parts only. It was then that Laura Hope Crews took me under her wing; and I did, Hitler's Madwoman, and The Silver Cord on the stage with her."

"Then I went back to New York and played in stock for three summers, with the National Theatre in Washington, at the Fitch Gardens in Denver. In the winters I did plays in New York, Petticoat Fever and then Ghosts with Nazimova. During all this time I was doing radio, too. Among other things, I did three serials, the March of Time and the Cavalcade of America programs."

"It was two years ago, at the Denver Fitch Gardens, that Bill Grady, casting director for M.G-M, saw me in Autumn Crocus and begged me to come back to Hollywood under contract to M.G-M. I hadn't wanted to return to Hollywood until I was sure of myself. I wanted to be sure I knew how to handle a dramatic part. I wanted to be sure that I knew the cord between myself and musical comedy."

"When I felt that I had accumulated sufficient assurance I came back to Hollywood and--sat for six months. Just plain sat."

"I was in excellent company though," laughed Ona, "the best. For I 'sat' with Hedy Lamarr, Iona Massey and Greer Garson. The tour of us were doing an enforced sit-down strike. We were, presumably, invisible. We never saw a producer, no producer ever saw us. Every now and again we'd make for this or that for the fun of it. Nothing ever happened. We all used to meet at the masseuse's. We used to meet there every day, but every day, our life revolved around that two or three hours at the masseuse's. We didn't have anything else to do."

"Iona was being massaged down to where she would no longer care for rich Hungarian food. Hedy had hard muscles from skating, that had to be taken down. Greer had become, very, very conscious of how thin girls in Hollywood are and practically went overboard on the subject. I had various and sundry little alterations to be made on my person."

"Well, after six months my option wasn't picked up and I was free and determined to get a job. But I had been in green creeds and the infarare and trumpery which had attended my arrival here had died down. It was impossible to get a job. My agent did manage to get me a little job at Universal, in a picture called His Exciting Night with Charley Ruggles."

"Then I went to New York to see some plays to shake off the inertia that was creeping over me."

"When I came back to Hollywood I found the place in a dither trying to get a Belle Watling for Gone With the Wind. I had never read the book. I had heard, vaguely, that Belle Watling was a Madam which, certainly, didn't concern me. I spent almost every week-end with my good friends, Merion Cooper and Dorothy Jordan Cooper at their beach house; and the late Sidney Howard, sculptor of Gone, poor darling, who should have been spending hours playing the game of casting Gone."

"They never once thought of me for Belle. I heard them say that some fifty, sixty people had been tried out. I never entered my agent called me one day and told me to go over to Selznick's and discuss the part with David, I was cross about it. I said, 'Oh, why waste my time like this, why waste time?' And David said, 'Here's the role for you,' and with very bad grace, I obeyed, I walked with David and he said, 'I can't visualize you in the part at all...as you are...it'll just be a waste of time.'"

"Even more dejected than I had been before, I went down to the make-up department. When I went in, the girls had an 'oh!...can you imagine...we can't even picture you.' They put the wig on my head. And the minute they put that wig on, I was a different woman, that red wig is the whole keynote to the character of Belle Watling. It coarsened my every feature. It changed every feature."

"It changed me so completely that my best friends won't recognize me in the picture. I even changed my voice."

"Well, it was one of those instant realization things...the girls in the make-up department just stood there and stared at me, knowing, knowing, that they were looking at Belle Watling. I put on the costume, then, with pads where pads should be; you know, and walked back to David's office. Sidney bowed me out and one of them said, 'What they don't realize is--they don't recognize me. Six girls, that day, had been told to put on the wig and costume and David didn't know which girl I was."

"Well," laughed Ona, "that tears it. David didn't even want me to make a test for the part. But I did insist on that. First, though, I went home and read Gone straight through, not even stopping to eat, only stopping to sleep a few hours. When I finished the book, the one I knew the character of Belle, I said to myself, 'Oh, you fool, if I had read this before I would have fought for that part and fought against it. Then I made the test. And then I played the part and I could only play her as the most human being in the whole book.'"
Ma Joad's Daughter Makes Good
[Continued from page 53]

So, without so much as a polite knock, Dorris opened the door, walked right in and up to the producer’s desk and gave him both barrels. “Please gimme!” she said, or words to that effect and John Stone, as much angered as surprised by this unexpected visit asked her name which Dorris had somehow forgotten to mention in the wordy shuffle.

Now it so happened that Producer Stone had been studying the script of a new Jones Family picture entitled Down On the Farm, and he was pretty tired. But being a polite man he leaned back in his chair and studied the girl while she talked. When the one-sided interview, or visit, came to an end, Stone leaned forward, thumbed through a few pages of the script and uttered two words that meant the difference between staying put or getting ahead.

“You’re hired,” he said.

“I thought he said, ‘you’re fired!’” Dorris confesses, now, “and I was ready to go back to more studying. But he told me before I left that he’d have a part for me in the Jones picture—and he did.”

Dorris lives with Mary Healy, another 20th Century-Fox starlet who hails from New Orleans. The two girls occupy a modest double apartment three miles from the studio.

Her most exciting moment in Grapes of Wrath occurred when Henry Fonda hung a “shanty” on her eye. The two were riding in the back of a truck when the car hit a bump, Henry’s elbow hit her left eye—and Director Ford hit the ceiling. Make-up men whitened out the “mouse.” Happiest moment in the filming of the picture was when her screen baby was finally born.

Although a confirmed stay-at-homer, Dorris likes to step out occasionally on a dinner-and-dance date, but she’s found that movie work erects a barrier against such extra-curricular activity.

“This all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy’ applies to a girl, too,” she says. “I haven’t had a date for weeks—and it isn’t because I haven’t been asked, either. But I’ve found that when a girl is trying hard to improve in this business, too many things are apt to interfere. If I’m in a picture, I don’t get home before 7:30 and by the time I’ve had dinner and changed the evening is almost gone. I have my lines to learn for the next day, too.

By the time I’m out of a film, the boy friends have grown tired of asking for dates and being turned down. The boys want a girl they can date all the time and not according to the whims of a movie schedule. Looks as though if I’m going to get a husband I’m going to have to grab him on some movie set before he knows what’s happening.”

Referring back to this business of learning lines, Dorris employs a unique method of memorizing her script. She walks for miles at a time until she is letter perfect. Then she is usually too tired to walk back and phones her roommate, Mary Healy, to pick her up. When she was given the script of Grapes of Wrath she set out one Sunday morning and legged it fifteen miles along Ventura Boulevard before sending in a call to Mary. By that time she had every line down pat.

“I don’t know what people think when they see me going along mumbling to myself, but it’s an old Bowdon custom established as far back as my high-school days when I had parts in amateur plays. Now I can’t remember my lines unless I walk. Some of these days, I suppose, I’ll be picked up by the police for obstructing traffic or something.”

When Zanuck announced his purchase of Grapes of Wrath for $81,000 the wise crowd said he’d never dare film it, that the bankers had ordered him to shelve it in the dark recesses of his manuscript room. Fed up, finally, with the tearer-downers, his answer was short if not sweet.

“If any man can prove to me,” he said, “that I went out in the story market and paid $50,000 for Grapes of Wrath for the purpose of shelving it, I’ll throw the script in the waste-basket and make a picture about him!”

And he would have, too, being that kind of a fighting production man.

And there’s something else he won’t shelve, take it from us. And that’s a something that goes by the name of Dorris Bowdon, the five-foot, one inch plodder and plumber from the deep South whose portrayal of Rosasharn is something in character acting that you haven’t seen on the screen in a long time—she’s that good.
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Peggy Moran and Jackie Cooper.

IT ISN'T only the Clarksgables and the Robertstilts and the handsome screenies who pack a heart-appeal wallop for the gals of Hollywood. Even the producers, believe it or not, have that something.

For example, Margot Stevenson, who's been seen here and there and where with Producer Joe Pasternak, was asked if Pasternak was planning to groom her as another Deanna Durbin.

When ceremony was over, Yank ballplayer, Joe Di Maggio, gave bride, Dorothy a movie star's kiss... No errors
"Deliver me from the groove of the perpetual ingenue," she explains. "There are some actresses of the stage and screen, who despite creaking knees and tier upon tier of double chins, must go on being breathless, wild-eyed glamor girls."

"Playing such roles time after time, since grandma backed into bustles and the Cherry Sisters stopped the show, is like giving the public a steady diet of chocolate eclairs."

"I don't want it. I want parts with meat in them, even if the meat may occasionally be a trifle raw."

When Betty says this, you can take her word for it. She isn't the type who merely talks for the sake of saying sweet and flattering things. And to prove that she is really sincere, she will point out her current role in Of Mice and Men as an example of what she means.

In this, she undertook the part of Mac, the wife of a bellicose son of a ranch-owner on whose place the action of the story occurs. For this role, she wore a short, simple frock, bright tasseled shoes, gaudy make-up and an invitation in her grey eyes.

"In the" picture, she has, if you must insist, a certain sort of glamor. But it's not the usual stereotyped kind. It's down-to-earth and elemental. But it's definitely not the drawing-room type. And after playing pretty and fetching ingenues most of her career, Betty is mighty proud of the way she handled the part. But behind it all lie a strange reason for this feeling of satisfaction. You often hear of Cinderella actresses. Before their appearance on the screen, many of them came from poor, impoverished families. Some of them never even had enough to eat and hardly a decent stitch of clothing to their beautiful backs. But suddenly, they are flung headlong into another kind of life.

In Betty Field's case, the entire procedure is reversed. Before going on the stage, it was her everyday life. Her own background. There was glitter and glamor everywhere she walked. The tall, stately drawing-rooms with their hordes of flunkies are nothing new to her. All her life she has been surrounded by that sort of thing. It isn't ironical then, that she should shy away from it now. To her, it holds no fascination. Betty will have none of it. She wants to show what she can do in the roles to which she has been born. That is her reason for steering clear of glamour. That is her purpose in being an entirely different person in her career life than she is at home.

Young, pretty and patrician, she was born to the real life role so many of her sister stars have thrust upon them on the stage and screen. When she tells you that she was born in the Back Bay region of Boston—the city where the "Cabots talk to the Lowell's and the Lowell's talk only to God," she doesn't brag about it. And while she doesn't boast of her ancestry, she is a living example of the old adage, "blood will tell."

On one branch of her family tree, she is descended from Priscilla, the Pilgrim maid immortalized for her line, "Speak for yourself, John Alden." And not quite so far back is Cyrus Field, the man who laid the Atlantic cable. With two such persevering bloodstrains, Betty is a force to reckon with once she sets her mind on anything. And right now, she is determined to be a first-rate actress. Her purpose is as good as accomplished, for even if she had never done anything else her work in Of Mice and Men entitles her to a ranking place among Hollywood's glittering stars.

Betty's early education was acquired in Porto Rico; Newton, Massachusetts and Morristown, New Jersey. While Betty was a student at Morristown High School, she often attended the Saturday matinee performances of a stock company in Newark. After the performance, she would haunt the stage door—not in adulation of the stars but to find out how to become one. She wanted to experience the intricacies involved in breaking in. Soon her eager face became so familiar that one of the actors suggested if she was trying to get on the stage, a letter to the director might help. That night Betty wrote not one, but three letters!

A few weeks later, when she had abandoned all hope, there was a phone call. They [Continued on page 75]
THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLE

(Continued from page 72)

Jackie Coogan helps future bride, Harriet Haddon, put on her skates. Harriet is in ice show at St. Regis Hotel, NYC

STILL Brian Aherne sends flowers every day to Joan Fontaine.

LONg time ago, before the days of Jean Harlow, Bill Powell did a lot of two-sounding with Ginger Rogers.

Today, it seems to be starting all over again—and Hollywood is watching, with profound interest, to see whether the current dueting between Bill and Ginger is a rekindling of the old flame—or just another Hollywood “We’re-only-good-friends” manifestation...?

Anyway, the Rogers-Powell dates have been frequent at the home of Myrna Loy and her hubby, Arthur Hornblow. Little foursome dinners—and a quiet doubly romantic evening by the fireside, is about the program. Very little night-spotting: neither Bill Powell nor Ginger go for the nite-life racket...

Incidentally, one of the nite-clubste Bill and Ginger do NOT go to is the one where a lad named Jack Pepper is master of ceremonies.

[Continued on page 76]
wished the young correspondent to come to the theatre. It was only a non-speaking part they offered her—as a Chinese girl behind a lattice. But when that week was over, she was promoted. She was an actress at last!

NOT content with the meager experience she could gain from only one performance a day, Betty persuaded her parents to let her study at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. On her graduation day, however, Betty was not present to receive her diploma. She was already rehearsing for a New York play.

When her first show didn't last long, Betty took it in stride, hoping the English production of *She Loves Me Not*, for which she was hired, would open Broadway's eyes. When she returned to America, she thought that long-awaited moment had finally arrived, for she was given a fat role in a new show, *Page Miss Glory*. But when the play finally opened, Betty's part was whittled down to two or three lines.

Months passed and Betty almost thought that her career was finished. She was hired as an understudy in five or six plays, but no one ever got sick or quit. It was at this point in her career that her teeth-gritting faith in herself as an actress was justified.

Betty was called for an audition by Producer George Abbott. But as soon as he heard her read her lines, he decided to give her the feminine lead in the Boston company of *Three Men on a Horse*. When the actress who had played the same role in the New York production left the cast, Betty stepped in and from that minute on her career became a steady procession through a series of hit plays: *Boy Meets Girl, Room Service, Angel Island, What a Life and The Primrose Path*. Now, in New York on a six-month-leave from Hollywood, she has appeared recently in George Abbott's newest comedy, *Ring Two*.

AFTER she finished playing the lead in the Broadway production of *What a Life*, Betty thought she was a complete authority on the role. After all, she had done the same part night after night for sixteen consecutive months. However, when she arrived in Hollywood and was hurried to the Paramount lot to do the screen version, she found that the studio writers had made her into an entirely new kind of girl.

Instead of being the beautiful belle of Central High School, she was a little school drudge—a bookworm whose hair never experienced a “permanent” and who never made the local boys cast a second look in her direction when she sauntered past the town's drug-store. What was even worse, she was made to wear a dental brace—that bane of adolescence. It was mighty tough for Betty; especially that first day on the lot when the brace was clamped on her own pretty teeth. It brought back memories of the not-too-distant past when she actually wore one.

Fortunately, this didn't last for more than a few shots. She soon found herself transformed from the ugly duckling stage to one that did justice to her own pulchritude. In her six months in Hollywood, she made two other pictures, *Seventeen*, and *Of Alice and Men*. But during the time, she has learned so much about the strange routines and practices of the screen city that today nothing that's done there can make her bat one of her well-groomed eyelashes.

Betty's self-sufficient, self-confident air is not merely a pose. With her it's the real thing. She knows that she is on the way to bigger and better things in her film career and she is tirelessly preparing herself for them. Above everything else in life, she has the one desire to be a finished and accomplished actress. This is one of her main objectives. And because of it, she has very little respect for a career based entirely upon the glamorous physical qualities of an actor or actress.

UNLIKE a great many stars, her principal concern is not “How do I look?” As a matter of fact, she never really cares much about her appearance. Her life is far too full of interest in what is happening to be too highly taken up with thoughts of personal vanity.

While on location with the Hal Roach company, she almost drove Lewis Milestone,

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City__________________________
Corns are caused by pressure and friction—often become large and painful. Home patching only gives temporary relief—means risk of infection.

Now you can remove corns easily, scientifically. Just put a Blue-Jay plaster over the corn. Felt pad (C) relieves pain quickly by removing pressure. Special medicated formula (D) acts on the corn, actually loosens it so it can be lifted right out. You have wonderful relief! Then, simply by avoiding pressure and friction which caused your corns you can prevent their coming back. Follow the example of millions who have gotten rid of corns this easy way. Get Blue-Jay Corn Plasters for only 25c for 6. Same price in Canada.

Bauer & Black Blue-Jay Corn Plasters
the producer and director, mad by continu-
ously asking “When are you going to kill
me off?”

But Milestone merely laughed as he an-
swered, “We’re keeping you in suspense.
Wouldn’t you like to live until after Labor
Day?”

Betty was so determined to be prepared
for her screen death that she did quite a bit
of practicing to perfect herself in the mori-
bound art of dying. She selected the biggest
and strongest technician on the set and made
sure he had enormous hands. Then they
stood before a mirror as he went through the
motions of strangling her, and she made the
proper faces in the glass.

After a few rehearsals Betty nodded with
satisfaction at her performance and came
back to Milestone, “I’ll be ready to die by
Labor Day,” she laughed airily and went
about her business, assured that she had
mastered the intricate technique of dying.

While preparing to undertake her role, Bet-
ty set a sort of record for realism in fashions.
For a total cost of eleven dollars she had
two complete changes of costume.

When the picture was ready to go into pro-
duction, the wardrobe department tried in
vain to make numerous appointments with
Betty for costume fittings. But she was in
hiding—afraid that Hollywood might turn
her into a clothes-horse.

So while the wardrobe department fumed
and fretted nervously, and fingered their
bolts of cloth and shears, Betty haunted
the downtown Los Angeles stores where a

The downtown Los Angeles stores where a
girl like the one she was playing was most
likely to buy her clothes.

Her expedition took her to the five-and-
ten cent stores for wire and bead bracelets
and rhinestone earrings; and the store for
one-dollar-nineteen cent patent-leather
pumps and red mules with feather pom-
poms, and a fire sale where she found ex-
travagantly flowered calico and gingham
dresses, a tight-fitting serge skirt and an
unfinished lavender chiffon waist.

**Back** in New York for another season
on the stage, she is brushing up on the

technique which she temporarily abandoned
while she served her apprenticeship in Hol-
lywood. When asked if there was a great
deal of difference between the methods of
stage and screen, she answers with the in-
telligence and understanding of a person
much older than her twenty-one years.

“She seems to me,” she explains, “that the
essential difference between the stage and
screen, so far as the actor is concerned, is
the responsibility for pacing and timing
the performance. From the moment you step
on the stage, you control the tempo of your
part. If the audience is slow and unrespon-
sive, you can point the dialogue and action
by stepping up the pace. If it’s a good audi-
ence, you can take more time to get subtilit
of character.

“In either-case, the responsibility rests on
you. But in pictures, the men who pull the
strings are the director and cutter. Some-
times, the final effect, when seen on the
screen, bears no resemblance to the very way
you timed your performance. And in the
actual shooting, once the scene is set and
the camera starts grinding, woe unto you
if you get any new ideas or begin impro-
vising gestures.

“As for close-ups, while it may flatter an
actress’ vanity to have her face cover an
entire screen, she loses her relationship to
the scene and the other characters. In a word,
she must ‘freeze’ while her aim should be
movement and development at all times in
the minds of the audience.”

Among Betty’s petty superstitions is the
wedding ring she continually carries with
her. No. She isn’t married. But she used the
same ring in four hits since she’s been mar-
rried that many times on the stage. It’s not
a special kind of wedding ring. Merely one
she bought at her favorite shopping center—
the five-and-ten-cent store. Betty has at-
tached a great deal of faith to it and when in
*Of Mice and Men*, a wedding ring was
required, she lost little time in producing it
and thus assuring herself of another hit.

In spite of the aura of the theatre which
hangs over Betty, there is nothing theatrical
about her. Rather, she looks like a Junior
League and even acts like one. She is en-
tirely devoid of the usual characteristics of
so many actresses. She hates to gush or even
talk about herself. She would rather discuss
her work and the future of acting.

---

**CHAPPED HANDS ARE CUT HANDS**

Famous Medicated Cream Marvelous for
Chapped Hands—Grand for Complexions, too

* Help to prevent embarrassing redness
* Helps to soothe dry, rough hands
* Inexpensive—25¢ jar

**THEY HEAL QUICKER**

- With this Soothing Medicated Cream
- Become softer, whiter, lovelier
- Almost Overnight!

**MAKE This Convincing Test!** Apply snow-white, greaseless, Medicated Noxzema on one hand before retiring. Soothing, Feel the smarting and soreness disappear. In the morning compare your two hands. See how much smoother, whiter, less irritated your Noxzema treated hand looks.

**SPECIAL:** For a limited time you can get a generous 25¢ trial jar of Noxzema for only 19¢. Get a jar today!

---

**NOXZEMA**

**25¢ TRIAL JAR**

**ONLY 19¢**

At all Drug and Department Stores
How Ty Reacts to Marriage

[Continued from page 29]

the flower ordering, but there is a chaste limit to the list of recipients. Nowadays it would be to his wife, Anabella—Annabella; and his mother, Mrs. Patia Power, and his sister Ann. But the advent of Annabella, and this important, has not changed the impulse. Annabella, with rare ability and what seems to be complete understanding of her husband, has seen to that.

It seems to me that Annabella has been good. Ty seems at a marriage, that the shackles of marriage—no matter how sweet—were the thing for the handsome young lad, twenty-four, whom twenty-two million Americans had elected their King of the Movies for 1939. It seemed that he was too young, too hungry for life and adventure—romantic and otherwise—to be tied down by marriage. Besides, there were his wistful fanous fans to think of. How could they shift their worship of a cinema Prince Charming to an Ideal Husband? It was almost too much to ask of them. But Tyrone and Annabella did.

"I THINK there was too much made of that," Ty says, serious for the moment. "There were some objections—that's natural. But most people were too busy with their own affairs to worry whether or not a film actor was going to marry. Half of my letters offered me congratulations, and the other half. Very few moaned at my desertion of the bachelor ranks. The rest ignored the marriage completely.

"Frankly, I don't see why marriage and a domestic life should ruin an actor's career. What he sells is entertainment, and that is not going to be affected by marriage, at least a happy marriage. I think that is the way the fans look at it, now and by the way, a lot of us" (meaning Gable, Taylor, Fairbanks, Jr., etc.) "married right at the same time, didn't we?" he asked with a grin.

"I didn't care too much made of it," Ty says, again, and oddly enough you feel sincerity in the way the young actor attempts to shake off the multifaceted sentimentality that attaches to a number-idol. The reason? The fanfare of fame is all right, but he has an honest desire to be known as an actor, a fine actor. His father, you recall, upheld the name for three generations for Ty. His grandfather was a concert pianist. His great-grandfather was an Irish actor, with the same Gaelic name.

So now Annabella enters the scene, and what has she done for Tyrone? You sense a change immediately that you meet Ty. A new maturity, no lack of his usual ready smile and humor, no lack of camaraderie, a responsibility, but most of all a crystallization of purpose.

Before his marriage he was all youthful enthusiasm, and why not? He was young. He had dozens of ideas—so many ideas—his hair in his black-thatched head, adding light to the somber chocaliteness of his eyes. Now these plans have assumed shape. The wildest, what he has been talking about, has hardened. The one surest of being pushed through to success are the ones that are retained.

YOU'LL have to use a rolling pin to convince me that it wasn't a Good Woman, and I mean Annabella, who helped divert this churning current of ideas into constructive channels. Annabella is French, too, and that nation is known for the wisdom of its women—when it comes to handling their men. And she did it so painlessly that Ty undoubtedly thinks he alone is entirely responsible. Ty has the idea of the famous personality whose life story, if Ty played it, would be perfect casting. The thought of doing it has been hanging around in his head for two years. But only banging. With Annabella there, giving just the right amount of rapt, widely attention, young Power is beginning to tie his idea into form. He is reading all available literature on the gentleman—we can't tell you what it is, for it's Tyrone and state secret; and making story notes. Ty is all enthusiasm about this undertaking. So, too, is Annabella, and the subtle molding in her capable hands goes on. Ty is not aware of it. What he notices is that he has more freedom—yes, freedom—to do things. "Annabella has taken all the household responsibilities from me," he says, "Now I don't have to think to tell the cook that we're having guests tonight for dinner, and wonder if the cleaner will bring back my suit in time. All the household routine is her affair, and things run like clockwork. She installed a Finnish couple in the kitchen, and we have pastries there five days a week. The cook makes soup, too, rich soup with unknown flavors that are wonderful. I can't even guess what goes into them.

"Before I was married I ate at the Tropics or other places for ree or four times a week, and went bowling or to movies," Ty continued. "Now we eat at home and spend the evening at home. But I can't say that's the rule, there are other inhibitions that are full of invitations and we are out every night. Then the invitations slacken and we re-discover home. It's a pretty good place, too.

Tyrone, who has thrived on excitement, romances, career adventure, finds that marriage agrees with him. He and Annabella deny they're EXPECTING in Spring so much more freedom—yes, freedom—to do things. "Annabella has taken all the household responsibilities from me," he says, "Now I don't have to think to tell the cook that we're having guests tonight for dinner, and wonder if the cleaner will bring back my suit in time. All the household routine is her affair, and things run like clockwork. She installed a Finnish couple in the kitchen, and we have pastries there five days a week. The cook makes soup, too, rich soup with unknown flavors that are wonderful. I can't even guess what goes into them.

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"ANNABELLA is the most adaptable girl I know. In that way, she is different from another girl I ever met. There are many girls, who, if they have a social whirl, can't settle down to an evening at home. But Annabella doesn't mind. Even such small pleasures as an evening at home after a week of dinners and parties is too great for her. She has the greatest capacity for enjoyment of small happenings and things that I have ever seen. A flower from the garden, for instance, or it being her a gadget of some sort as a gift."

Spoken like a man very much in love, of course... but isn’t it grand that such love can actually solve some of the cynical soil of Hollywood? Ty goes on:

"When we don't have guests or someone drops in, we read. I read aloud to her because Frank helps her with her pronunciation of English, and besides there are so many American books that, as a French girl who has read Racine and Flaubert and Voltaire she does not condemn. I read Eileen Prone half-through the other night and she was so excited about it that she finished it herself the next morning—after she took her swim in the pool. She is determined to swim every day in the year, although yesterday the water was icy and she dragged me in with her to give her courage."

"I don't know if you have ever had the experience, but there is a tremendous wall-up in sharing fine reading and great writing with a person who is a stranger to them," said Tyrone. "If you love books and words, and the inspiration that fine writing can give you, it's a double thrill to make them live, say, for a girl like Annabella who is able to share the thoughts and emotions they bring to life. But some of the modern writers Annabella has no use for. Why do the modern writers try to outdo each other in writing about abnormalities?" Ty asked me in direct question. And then a smile, proud as a parent, spread over that nice Irish face of his.

"Do you know what Annabella says?" he asked, and went on without waiting for the obvious reply. "She says that if the Lord made those unnatural people look on the outside as they think on the inside, they would all be a strange with out the mess from the names, heads, covered with huge bumps and excrescences. You see that Tyrone was pretty pleased over his wife's flight of fancy.

IT SOUNDS like the Powers' home life leans to the cultural side with huge gobs of literature and no small talk or fun to enliven the hours. But that's wrong. There is no bridge playing in the library of an evening, because the master doesn't like cards and Annabella doesn't see why he should be compelled to play. When the electric pin machine game, the electric train, backgammon, slight-of-hand tricks with nets of boxes and marked dimes fail to yield diversion they get into a jam session—all of them—while Tyrone reads aloud Shakespeare."

Tyrone, true son of his Shakespearean father, is about the Bard's plays. Last year Annabella did Rosalind in Paris which further unites their interests, and the two youths get considerable satisfaction from Shakespearean readings. Favorites: Hamlet, Otello, King Lear—high tragedy, all of it, as you might know. Of course, there is no use with Shakespeare can get a little thick so they balance the scale by giving dinners. Within shouting distance of the friendly colonial Georgian house in Tyrone lived the Gary Coopers, the Frank Capras, Fred MacMurray and a few other congenial cinematic souls. It makes it very easy, and informal dinners fly thick and fast. Some-
times informal borrowing, too, just as you do.
The last time the borrowing privilege was
invoked was when Gary and "Rockie"
Cooper (the society journals refer to them
as Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper, and per-
haps we should, too) came for dinner. After a
gewgaw-ish little meal wherein, probably,
.Mexican Flute which is Finnish for
Hunter's Steak was served, topped off with
a tasty little Papallanhatavara (it's a de-
sert) or a Cold Fruit Soup, the hostess
asked her female guest if she would have a
schnapps.
"Yes," said "Rockie." "Vermouth would
be very nice."
Now was the moment for Annabella to be
embarrassed, for that very afternoon she had
used the last of the Vermouth. But Mrs.
Power was not to be thrown for a loss. She
stated facts. "Then," said Mrs. Cooper,
"we shall have to send for some of ours.
That is why Karl, the Powers' butler, was
seen walking down the dark street from the
Coopers' with a bottle under his arm.

ANNABELLA'S resourcefulness mani-
fects itself in other ways. Some of
the "little dinners" are elaborate affairs for
fourteen guests, and not buffets, either, but
"sit down" dinners. Ty mentions this off-
handedly, but you can see he is proud to be
a peerless host, entertaining with dignity. On
their invitation list you will find Ty's boss' name, 20th Century-Fox Darryl F. Zanuck
and Mrs. Zanuck, as well as Mr. and Mrs.
William Goetz. What up-and-coming young
business man—and actor, too—doesn't like
to have his wife lay out the best napery, the
sterling, the finest crystal and entertain the
boss? Subly, surely, Annabella knows this.
In creating background for Mr. and Mrs.
Power, Annabella has not forgotten the
spontaneity that first won Tyrone's interest.
And it's a nice trick to cultivate in the
business of Holding Your Man. Annabella is
never upset when Ty suggests flying down
to the little island, off Mazatlan, that he is
renting by the year from the Mexican gov-
ernment, or hopping off to Europe or the
Grand Canyon. Annabella has the enviable
capacity of being ready to go anywhere, at
any time.
She has, too, that nice ability to stimulate a
husband's ego by making him an Official
Information Bureau. The last of October
she discovered Hallowe'en. "What is this?"
she asked Tyrone. "Have you ever tried
to explain to a foreigner what Hallowe'en is
and how we Americans celebrate it?" Tyrone
asked me. "The more you talk, the worse it
sounds ... grown people dressing up in
sheets and pretending to be ghosts, and will-
fully submerging their faces in tubs of water
to grab a bite in an apple ...! The more
I tried to explain, the more bewildered, but
with patient bewilderment, Annabella be-
came. You could see what was running
through her mind ... 'What a strange cus-
toms.'"
"Finally she said, 'There are so many holi-
days here. Tell me one thing—do they give
parties for this 'Allowe'en? I told her they
did, so immediately she thought it would be
time to have one. Later, when I looked at
the telephone note pad, I saw a memo in
Annabella's handwriting. She had written
something about it, and spelled the day
'Hallowin' which to her French ear was
quite correct spelling."
It can be seen that Annabella is strin-
gently maternel, and about the finest thing
that could happen to the Powers would be
to have a child of their own. It has been
rumored that this will happen in the Spring,
but Tyrone denies it. "We wish it were
true," he says. "We would like to have
several children... not too much of a good
thing, you understand, but we would very
much like it for parents."
And then Tyrone said something that I
think is the key to the very great happiness
of the young Powers. It's a strange state-
ment coming from a lad of his years, who
has thrived on excitement, romances, career
adventure. "I think the finest thing that
Annabella has given me is peace," he said.
Peace... you can see how Annabella has
convinced it. Better jot that down in your
How to Win and Hold a Man book, girls.

EXCITING, VIBRANT
IRRESISTIBLE LIPS
WITH IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

IT'S WHIP-TEXT FOR
GREATER SMOOTHNESS

For the luscious, youthful, dewy-fresh lips
that men find irresistible, use IRRESISTIBLE
LIPSTICK, the lipstick that's WHIP-TEXT for
greater smoothness. Whipped again and
again by a new secret process, it is softer,
smoother, amazingly lasting, non-drying.
In alluring new Flash Red, Fuschia Plum,
Orchid, Red Oak with matching Rouge and
Face Powder; as well as other ever-smart
Irresistible shades favored today.

NEXT MONTH
Another beautiful color portrait—like the one of Charles Boyer
on page 43 of this issue—will be found in the April MOTION
PICTURE. It will be "America's Sweetheart"—GINGER
ROGERS.
The Most
BEAUTIFUL
FINGERNAILS
in the world

DURA-GLOSS

Yours—all yours!—the most beautiful fingernails in the world! Tint them with Dura-Gloss, the nail polish that millions of women have switched to! It's new, it's different, it's more durable! Dura-Gloss keeps its brilliant lustre longer! In lovely fashion-right shades! Dura-Gloss only costs ten cents, at all cosmetic counters. Get it today. Made only of the finest—no harsh ingredients!

Choose your color by the FINGERNAIL CAP

Handy! Sure! Quick! No guesswork. Choose exact shade by life-like "fingernail cap"—coated with the actual polish! Only sure way? Only Dura-Gloss has it!

10c
Lorr Laboratories, Paterson, New Jersey

Marion Martin, featured in Invisible Stripes, makes herself very visible in evening gown—one you can see a mile off.

NOT so big a surprise to the insiders as it seems on the surface is the bust-up of Phyllis Brooks and Cary Grant. Despite all the talk of marriage that has surrounded these two, those in the know have always wondered whether Cary's interest in his career wouldn't be too big a hurdle.

Came the bust-up, and Phyllis herself made that wonder official. Said Phyl: "We talked it over—and he has his career in which he is—a—deeply interested."

So they called it off. And to make it a new deal all around, Phyllis promptly went out and changed her hair to golden brown, and announced that she, like her ex-sweetie, will henceforth devote herself primarily to her career.

Cary took the broken engagement quite seriously. His best friends say his disposition, for weeks after the announcement, wasn't worth a plugged nickel.

Gossip scouts report that Clifford Odets and Frances Farmer (he used to be Mister Luise Rainer and she used to be Mister Martha Scott) have "discovered each other."

Wouldn't they?

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Hollywood's latest pair of stepper-outers: Peter Lorre and Barbara Pepper.

I F YOU're in a betting mood on a Hollywood romance, here's a tip—The Boulevard wisemen are laying two-to-one that despite their current ballyhooing, Jackie Coogan and New York Showgal Harriet Haddon will NOT get married...

Hollywood knows that Jackie's final divorce from Betty Grable won't go into effect until next Fall—and in that many months, Hollywood believes, the chances for Jackie's new romance are pretty slim.

The shock, after hovering over the Wayne Morris menage, dropped heavenly bundle (Bert D.) to Bubbles and her man...
Dunking Good Time

- Silliest Hollywood pay-off of the year—the national association of doughnut manufacturers got Grace Allen to be their queen, for their National Doughnut Week, recently. Part of her job was to press a button—like the President does when a new National Park opens, or something like that. Only when Grace pushed the button, it started all the doughnut machines in America, turning out doughnuts...!!!

Pay-off—Well, Grace got a GROSS of doughnuts. Huh, just dunk for dis!

Beeg, Beeg Secret

- HollyWOULD like to know—what’s bringing Ginger Rogers?? Has Ginger, one of the swellest gals in town, suddenly gone garboey? She’s been dodging and defying cameramen. The other nite one snapped a flashbulb at her, while she was dancing in a nite-club, and Ginger hit the ceiling. Few nights later, she ducked under her overcoat to dodge cameramen as she left a theatre.

Up to now, Ginger’s always been one of the photogs’-phavorites.

And to top it all, Ginger has just showed up, or a vacation in middle California, and instead of parking at the top hotels, as usual—or at ANY hotel, for that matter—Ginger ties herself off in an auto-trailer, and stays in it, rather than come out and mingle with the hoi polloi.

From Ginger’s studio tattle-tales comes one explanation. They say the studio has given the Rogers strict orders to keep from being seen too much, and to keep from being photographed, until her new picture is out. You see, they’ve changed the color of her hair, and her hair-do—and the story is that the press-department wants to keep it a beeg, beeg surprise until the picture itself hits the screens. Hmmmm.

Male Fashion Wags, Please Note

- Note to masculine fashion go-getters: Gable’s gone back to turtle-neck sweaters!

Yessam, That’s Hollywood For You

- Title-trouble’s troubling Hollywood again. Always, one of the biggest headaches in movies is to find a title for a new picture.

M-G-M, with its recent releases of The Honeymoon and Behind the Scenes, has set the Hollywood tongues a-wiggle. They’re wise-cracking about M-G-M putting out its films in double-talk. Or if maybe M-G-M, like Hitler, has signed a Soviet pact. But M-G-M’s title-titles are as nothing compared to the dilemma that Paramount popped into when Madeleine Carroll suddenly up and began action for divorce, right in the middle of making the picture called "Are Husbands Necessary?"

THAT was too much even for Hollywood! Rightly fearing they’d be kidded to death for keeping that title about-to-be-divorced Madeleine’s film, Paramount went into a frenzy to get a new title. The studio posted a reward for anyone on the lot who would suggest a title, but they didn’t want the title to include either the word “honeymoon” or “ball.” So everybody on the lot suggested either-creamy, extra-softening. What happened? Why, the picture was finally released as "Honeymoon in Bath." Uh huh, sonne, that’s the way Hollywood does things.

Ham In The Sandwich

- No self-worshipper is Rosalind Russell. Caustic-tongued, the Roz turns her keen wit against herself just as often or oftener than she turns it on somebody else. Latest Roz Russell crack came when someone asked her if she had any brothers or sisters.

[Continued on page 83]
DRY, DULL HAIR
Reveals Hidden Radiance

THIS THRILLING WAY!
Mar-O-Oil Brings Out Hair’s Full Natural Beauty... Leaves It Soft, Lustrous and Easy-to-Manage

AUTHORITIES generally agree that an oil treatment is wonderful for dry, unruly hair. That is why thousands of women use Mar-O-Oil—it contains imported olive and natural vegetable oils, and combines an oil shampoo with an oil treatment! Mar-O-Oil is utterly different from other shampoos. Gives benefits you may never have experienced before!

CANNOT Dry Out Hair! Mar-O-Oil contains no free alkali, no harsh chemicals. Cannot dry out and the hair, no matter how frequently used. Does more than merely wash off surface dirt. Its cleansing oils go to the very base of the hair shaft and gently flush away dirt, waste, loose dandruff flakes.

Mar-O-Oil forms no soapy lather, no sticky suds, and rinses away completely in rinsing water. Leaves no gummy, oily film on hair’s natural beauty. Hair is left radiantly clean and lustrous... soft and easy to manage.

Ask your hairdresser for a professional Mar-O-Oil Shampoo, or get a bottle today at any drug, department or 10c store, and thrill to the new gleam and sparkle of your hair!

Mar-O-Oil SHAMPOO

YOU MUST BE SATISFIED—OR MONEY BACK!
We are so confident you will like Mar-O-Oil far better than any other shampoo ever tried, that we make this liberal guarantee: Buy one bottle of Mar-O-Oil and follow directions. Use 1/2 bottle. If not thoroughly pleased, return to J. W. Marrow Mfg. Co., Chicago and your money will be refunded in full. Could there be anything more fair? You be the judge.
Came back Russell:
"I have three older brothers and three younger sisters—which leaves me in between: the HAM in the sandwich!"

Make It Ham

And that self-made crack about ham reminds your favorite Hollywooder that there's a certain handsome young leading man in Hollywood (you'd be surprised!) who's still in a pet because a nite-club patron the other night told him:

"Hey, fellas—why don't you flatten yourself out and go to sleep between some slices of rye?"

Keep 'Em Clean

If the latest double-bill marquee in that Hollywood theatre is right, the Dead End Kids are going in for co-educational research! The marquee read:

Dead End Kids WASH THEIR DIRTY FACES and also THESE GLAMOR GIRLS

Grandma Knows Best

Mickey Rooney, who collects fan-mail, has this in his collection. It comes from a chap in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and it reads, in part:

"I just took my grandmother, who is 91 years old, to see her first movie. This picture was Babes in Arms. And after seeing it, grandma said: 'Well, I guess pictures are here to stay!'"

What—The—Heck

Famous as Hollywood's slowest producer is Charlie Chaplin. But even the molasses-in-January Chaplin is breaking all records on his new picture, The Dictator. After several months of production, he has just confided to a friend, he has only produced seven minutes of running film that satisfy him!

At that rate, Hollywood jitters, the war in Europe'll be over by the time Charlie completes The Dictator. But even so, Chaplin isn't worried. He harks back to Shoulder Arms, which was to have been a big morale-hitting propaganda film during the last war—but which he didn't actually finish and release until the war was over. Charlie's attitude is what theheck: even IF the war is over, and even if Hitler isn't any more, the picture'll still be funny.

Incidentally, getting news out of the Chaplin studio is like getting news out of the war countries. The censorship is just as strict. Alf Reeves, Charlie's very English-accented general-manager-publicity-man, has for his main job the business of KEEPING publicity about Charlie's new picture OUT of print, rather than getting it IN. That is Chaplin's own order:

"If there's too much hallyhoo before my film is out," rules Chaplin, "then the public will have lost interest in it."

The 'Win and Influence' Man vs. Shirley

Most pertinent crack of the month—was uttered by Dale Carnegie, the psychologist-author of How to Win Friends and Influence People, after he had for the first time met and chatted with Shirley Temple, on the set where Shirley's making The Blue Bird.

Carnegie and the Temple got talking for more than a half hour. Finally, when the author left, somebody asked him what he and Shirley had discussed.

"Well," twinkled Dale, "I did NOT tell her How to Win Friends and Influence People."

Now Tune In On Judy's Wave Length

Biggest news for the world's DX short-wave radio "liams" is the revelation that of ALL people, Judy Garland is getting interested in radio.

She has just bought all of the equipment for setting up her own short-wave broadcasting set, powerful enough to stretch from here to Australia and back. She's collaborating with Doug Smith (that's Pete's son), who is a radio nut of the most pronounced type. Doug is setting up Judy's apparatus and teaching her the works—

And soon, the voice of Judy Garland is going out all over the world, FREE to anybody who's got a short-wave set to catch it with.

AND—if you're the kind of short-wave enthusiast who has a transmitter, too, then you can talk with Judy, IF you can tune in on her wave length and get her to answer.

But after all, that's exactly what a lot of guys in Hollywood have been trying in vain to do for quite a while now— even without radio sets.
"Where's your fare?" the conductor wants to know—and me without even a dime. "Right here," says I, passing him a stick of Beeman's, "Spent my last nickel for it. And is it a treat! Taste that keen, fresh flavor, that delightful tang—"

"Beeman's!" says he, looking mightily tempted. "I've been hankering for a chew of that smooth, tasty gum. Beeman's flavor rings the bell with me every time. Always fresh, always peppy. And just to show you I appreciate it—by golly, I'll lend you your fare myself!!"
The Talk of Hollywood
[Continued from page 83]

Tarzan in Tails—Honest

Hollywood is betting on whether or not
the gals will flock to see the next Tarzan
picture or will they stay away?

Why?

On account of for the first time in his
eight years on the screen, Johnny Weiss-
muller WEARS CLOTHES!!!

Honest—Tarzan is dolled up in top hat
and tails.

Off Again—On Again

M-G-M's stealing RKO's stuff in bally-
hooing the Fred Astaire-Eleanor Powell
dance-film. It was always RKO's publicity
department's specialty to prattle about how
much weight Astaire lost, doing those rou-
tines with Ginger Rogers.

So now, M-G-M's putting out the same
kind of stuff. They insist that Fred Astaire
lost ten pounds doing his dances—with
Eleanor Powell.

And so probably, when Astaire goes back
to RKO to make those inevitable future pic-
tures with Ginger, the RKO publicity boys'll
have to insist that he's losing 20 pounds with
Ginger, so his stuff'll be twice as good.

Tragic Irony

Gruesome news from Hollywood deals
with the recent auto-crash death of Di-
rector George Nichols. At the time it hap-
pended, Nichols was directing Richard Dix
and Chester Morris in The Marys Fly
High.

Two days before the fatal auto accident,
Dix and Morris asked Nichols if he'd fly to
direct the air scenes. And Nichols an-
swered:

"Not me! I'm going to stay on the ground.
Where I'll be SAFE!"

Uncanny

That was ONE for the superstitious.
And then came this other weird busi-
ness—

Less than 48 hours after the tragic death
of Alice Brady, her pet poodle "Snooky"

suddenly dropped dead in his tracks. And
"Snooky" had been in perfect health up to
that moment. And two hours later—Alice's
canary, which she'd owned for years, fed
herself, and made an unusual pet of, simply
fluttered strangely and then keeled off its
perch—dead!

Hollywood superstition-hounds crossed
their fingers and swore it was just another
uncanny manifestation of its famous "rule of
three"—the superstition that when one Hol-
lywood death occurs, two others are bound to
follow!

Wuz Robbed By Her Public

That wasn't just her idea of starting a
new fad, when Ann Sothern hopped
along the Boulevard wearing only ONE
shoe, the other in her bag!

—a fan had actually stolen her other shoe
as a souvenir while Ann was being fitted in
a shoe shop!
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Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today

Just rub it on the gums

DR. HAND'S
TEETHING LOTION

At preview of On Borrowed Time, the picture in which Bobs scored his greatest hit, the entire family turned out. Standing are Gloria, Louise, Mrs. Coy (Mother) Watson, Vivian. Second row are Coy, Jr., Harry and Betsy. At bottom are Delmar, Bobs (in circle), Gary and Coy, Sr.—daddy of the flock. All the children have worked in films.
Pud stalled, that fateful Sunday morning, outside the church.

"Not scared of riding with me, are you, Bob?"

Bobs gave him a look, man to man. "Say, Mr. Barrymore, I even rode in a covered wagon with Alice Brady, an' she's a lady."

Nick became a confirmed bon mot in art. Bobs loved to draw and model and, at a time, the young head and the old would be seen bent close together over a bit of cardboard, while Barrymore explained a trick of perspective which could be used. Bobs went over to his friend's birthday on the set, Bobs appeared, half proud, half shy, bearing a placard whose handwriting sprawled, whose sentiment was indirect, but Bobs who was worth the to the fact that it was his own unhampered handiwork. "HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU MR BERYMOR," it said.

Then the picture was finished, Graver gave him a gold wrist-watch, inscribed "From Lionel Barrymore to Bobs." So overcame was Bobs that he had difficulty in stammering out his thanks. "I—sure am pleased."

"Shucks, that doesn't amount to a thing."

"It amounts to a lot."

The boy's earnestness flushed. "I wish I could give you something, Mr. Barrymore, do you like turtles?"

He approves of Eddie Robinson, too, who played his father in blackmail, Robinson, the tough guy, is a pushover for kids. "He played with us all the time," Bobs marveled. "If Nick and me—say, I bet if we asked him to stand on his head, he'd do it." He played in the crowded little house which their father bought on the Sennett property twenty-seven years ago. But a large house is going up next door, and by the time Bob is big enough to be a film star, the family will have moved in. They might have built in Beverly or Brentwood, but they chose to stay in the fashionable neighborhood where the children had been born and gone to school and made their friends. "I didn't tell them we'd stay here," says Watson senior. "They told me."

There's a romping room for the boys and a dark room for Coy. Billy, with an itch for carpentry, is building the bookshelves. Nine steps lead to the front porch. When they're freshly plastered, there will be little children playing on them. With Cop at the top, little Bobs at the bottom, and their brothers and sisters between, each step will be marked by the footprint of a Watson child.

MEANTIME, they overrun the small house and spill out-doors into the corner lot where Sennett's clowns used to run wild. Bobs dashes in, followed by two cager dogs. His apparel consists of a pair of blue denim trousers, from which his small upper body rises, brown and firm. Seeing a batch of humbugs on his pretty face, he inducts, comes over to shake hands. The dogs follow. Not to be outdone by his master, one lifts his paw for a shake.

"And his name is Bobs. "The other one's Buck. Buck is Louise's. Spotty's the fighter of the family, he always fights at 'em. Like me. A moment's reflection, the boy doesn't mind the earful," he grins.

His mother, Louise, is a bit of a film star. Another film actor named Bob Watson, with whom he was sometimes confused. "Once they called me up for a barter, but I was to go as Louise!"

"Not Louise, the name of Bobs an' now they don't mix us up anymore."

His pet diversion is "playin' round with the kids. Like bicycle ridin' 'n' football 'n' baseball 'n' roller skates 'n' swimmin' 'n' divin'."

"Not so hot on the swimming yet," his father put in.

"No, it's a funny thing. I can swim under water, but soon as my head comes up, the rest of me goes down. Pop'll learn me yet, though. He learned all the other kids. That's why I have no shirt on my waist," he explained.

"I got tan a little already. I want to get tan some more, so I won't get sunburned, because I won't have to get a shirt on my waist if I go to the beach later."

His best friend is Nick. "An' the best part of Nick is I can play with him any time at the studio, too, because he's the stand-in, because he's the same size as me. They said, have you got a friend who's the same size, an' I said Nick. Boy, was I glad!"

"Once in a while Nick has a nickel or I have a nickel so we go to the drug store where they have all the funny books, an' we get a soda pop with two straws, an' we see almost three funny books a day sometimes. The man lets us on account of we bought a soda pop."

"The one we like best in the funny books is the Superman, Say, did you ever see that guy? He could tear down this house in one blow, it wouldn't even hurt him, he's a superman. He's even stronger than Popeye—say, he don't eat spinach, he eats bullets for breakfast. He pushes submarines out of the funny books, he don't even need a helmet, he could hold his breath for about five hours. I could hold it for about one minute, that shows what kind of a superguy is he.

Bobs drew a long breath. "Boy!" he added reverently.

HE DOES not care about school. His sentiments may be summed up in one expressive gesture of disgust and a "Yah! What's there to care about? You do something bad, anyhow they call it bad, you get a ticket. One time I got a ticket, an' Nick said, I dare you to tear it up, so I tore it up and I got two tickets. So where does it get you?"

He likes the movies, but he'd rather be taken to see Gene Autry than himself. The only reaction he gets to his own face on the screen is that it "feels funny to be two places at the same time."

The mention of girls brings another grinace. "Only my mom's my mom." In Beverly, where he was taken for the pretense of Boys Town, he insisted on stopping at a drug store enroute to the train, and emerged, bearing six pops in a paper cartoon.

"I'm taking 'em home, Mom. The man said they're right off the ice. Mom like to drink ice-cold pop right off the ice."

His favorite among his brothers and sisters is Louise, "because she does the most things. Like when she sings Three Little Fishies and screws her face up, I bet that's where they got the word screwwy from."

He has two treasured possessions. One is the potholder they gave him at Omaha, which he hangs at the studio cop each time he enters the gates.

"Pooh!" said the cop one day. "Look what I've got." He displayed a leather case, holding two badges.

Bobs examined them and handed them back. "Yours don't say captain," he pointed out kindly, and marched on whistling.

But even the badge is less dear to his heart than the watch Barrymore gave him. He insists on keeping it in its original wrappings. "I only wear it for specials," he tells you as with tender fingers he lifts it out.

"That's something to keep and give your own little boy when you are all grown up."

He folded the tissue over it and spoke with deliberation. "That's sump'n my own little boy'll just have to whistle for. That's sump'n I'll keep forever 'n' a-men."

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Here's Rhett—You Asked For Him!

[Continued from page 22]

Again that Gable grin—that you'll have to pardon me if I'm myself grin.

"Something I can't figure out," he said after a smoke-blowing pause, "is why people expect you to be different off-screen when you do something different on the screen. I'm getting that now. People say to me, 'But, Mr. Gable, you couldn't be Rhett for hadn't on him.' What had he been doing in those spare moments?"

"Getting callous on my hands," he said, "instead of where I used to get them. I've reverted to type. I've gone dirt-farmer."

"My dad was a dirt-farmer, and I used to jump on a farm. A 300-acre one, back in Ohio. I milked cows, and plowed fields, and pitched hay, and cultivated corn, until I was good and sick of it—almost. I said then I never wanted to see another farm, except from something moving fast. Now I'm eating my words."

I got fed up with being walled in, or hedged in, to get some privacy. So I bought those fourteen acres out at Encino. It had a house, just week-end size, hidden from the road by an orange grove. There wasn't much room inside, but there was plenty of room outside to move around, without bothering anybody or having anybody bother me.

I started going there Saturdays and Sundays. I left in peace and quiet. Then I discovered something I'd forgotten: you can't loaf on a farm. Or, ranch, as they call it out in this country. You see, any things you need doing, you started doing a few things around the place, and I discovered something else I'd forgotten: when you start working with your hands, you stop worrying about other things. Hollywood was only forty-five minutes away, but when I got out to Encino, there wasn't anything to remind me of it, or acting, or any of the rest of it."

"I got some free time soon after I bought..."

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PAUL RIEGER, 270 Af. Count Building, San Francisco
I noticed it. I wanted to live there. I wanted to keep my eye on the alfalfa.” He grinned. “So—I stick a fence in the house, and added a couple of rooms. Then I went at the barn. I took a trip out to the Adolfo Milk Farms and looked the establishment over; then I built—well, I don’t know what went into the bird. And I know my scrambled eggs are fresh. And those vegetables—they taste like nothing you can get in town.

“ND, I’m not making any money off the place. This is just a play farm. It’s costing me money. But no more than it would cost me to live in town. And think of the fresh air I’m getting free.”

The hired help consists of one farmer and one handy man. I get a kick out of my farmer. He says every morning, “If we don’t have rain pretty soon we’ll never have any alfalfa.” I was talking to So-and-So yesterday, and he said the same thing. There won’t be any crop if it doesn’t rain pretty soon.” The only difference between So-and-So and us being that So-and-So has a hundred acres in alfalfa—and we have three.”

He lighted a fresh cigarette.

“I understand the word’s out that Gable’s changed—he’s keeping people at a distance. Because I put up an electric gate and a No Trespassing sign. Let me tell you how that happened. I was working out by the barn late one afternoon when a car with three men drove in. One of them was in uniform.

“Get out and come over to where the farmer and I were putting some pipe together.” Mr. Gable?” he said. “I drive for one of the bus companies that make regular tours of the Valley. We pass by your place every day. Mighty pretty place. What do you think of it? Would you be willing to drive in? We wouldn’t stop or anything. I’ve been looking over the layout—and the bus could turn around right over there.” He pointed. Before I could say anything my farmer said, ‘Yes, you—you! Git! Git! And get.”

“How would you like it if strangers just opened your gate and wandered in, at odd hours?” Clark demanded. “Wouldn’t you want to get a gate they couldn’t open? . . . I’m no hermit. I’m an easy guy to meet during working hours. But when I get home, I want to be able to relax. You feel the same way, any body does.”

What about that story that his swimming-pool was going to be something new for Hollywood—a replica of the old swimming hole, with grassy banks and an overhanging oak tree for a springboard?

“Don’t believe everything you read,” he chided. “I happened to tell a press-agent one day in a very moment that when, and if, I built a swimming pool, it wasn’t going to be one of the de-luxe, marble, Hollywood kind—and, by the time he got through working on it, it was quite a story. Don’t worry. I don’t have to chop a tree to take a dive. I’ll have a springboard. I like modern conveniences.”

He tried to think of other ways he had changed this past year, besides going back to the soil and getting a new hang out of life.

“Well,” he said, “my taste in cars has changed—if that proves anything. I’m through with speed and splash. I’ve simmered down. I bought a new coupe yesterday, and I asked for something plain, dark. Inconspicuous.”

“I was driving Carole home in it last night and I noticed she kept flicking her cigarette ashes out of the window. I asked her why she didn’t use the ashtray. ‘What ashtray?’ she said. I looked all over the dashboard. There wasn’t one in sight. ‘What kind of car is this?’ I said. ‘There’s got to be an ashtray somewhere. Look in the instruction book.’ So Carole looked, and she said, ‘It says if you press here—and she pressed. Down came a section of the dashboard. You have to do it to make it disappear is push up the panel. That’s pretty fancy for Farmer Gable.”

He couldn’t remember the last time he had been in a night-club. Or to a big Hollywood party attended by all the right people. “I don’t see what difference it would make if I went, so I stay away. You can go to all the parties in town, play politics to a fare-you-well, work overtime to impress this big shot or that—but if that fellow who plunks thirty-five cents at the box-office doesn’t like you, it’s curtains. All that counts in this business is how you do up there on the screen. That’s what I’m saving my energy for.”

“And that’s why I don’t have any plans for the future. I’m not the one who’s going to decide how long I’m going to keep on acting. The fans are going to decide that. All I know is that I have a contract here for two years more. After that—I don’t know a thing. Nobody does.”

This was pretty modest talk, coming from the man of the hour. But he wasn’t talking just for publication. He has made blowing himself down a habit. For example, a few days before, a distinguished visitor from Greece had told him, upon meeting him, “You know, Mr. Gable, you’re as well-known in Greece as you are in America.”

It took Clark just one second flat to answer. “Yeah, I know. That’s why I’ve never been to Greece.”

As long as he keeps that sense of humor, you don’t have to worry about his losing his balance or letting roles or publicity or Hollywood or dirt-farming or marriage change him so that you can’t recognize him.

Speaking of his marriage, that seems to be doing all right, too. Because the interview ended with his being called to the telephone.

“Mrs. Gable calling,” said the messenger. “Mrs. Gable, notice. Not ‘Miss Lombard.”

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Hank—Hollywood's White-Haired Boy

[Continued from page 25]

And yet, this triple-barreled daddy gets the cream roles on the Westwood lot. Right now, he's playing the most-talked of role in Hollywood in the most-discussed picture in Hollywood. It's the role of Tom Joad in The Grapes of Wrath, and Gable's Rhett Butler in Gone With the Wind is just as shrewdly used as his fried egg, compared with its current interest in Hollywood.

What makes Hank Fonda's position all the more remarkable is the undeniable fact that he's not a "glamour boy." He's not beautiful like Bob. He's not one of those virile so-and-so's, like Gable. Nor is he the suave, slicky, sneek-into-a-gal's-heart type, like the Rafts and the Romeros, et al.

Hank Fonda is just a tall, gangling, awkward lad with a funny face, not very much sex-appeal, and a physique that wouldn't worry Johnny Weissmuller for a moment. "Way back in the old days, a casting director would have looked at Fonda, would have learned he was married, and would have dismissed him with a laugh.

"Hell; that guy could never be a leading man. Or a star. Make him a Keystone Kop, and let it go at that!"

SO WHAT'S the answer, then, to this mystery of why unprepossessing, unhappily-married and ultra-paternal Hank Fonda, of ALL people, turns out to be 20th-Fox's White-haired Boy, now? What's he got? And what kind of fellow is he?

Well, the answers are a bit complicated—and they seem contradictory. For instance, it's a fact that everybody on the lot likes him, most of them well enough to call him Hank. And yet, an awful lot of the people he works with say in day in and day out, think he's a stick-up, snooty, high-hat so-and-so! But even so, they LIKE him! They can't help it.

Ask them why they think he's uppish, and they can't tell you, and they can't think much. Yet that's another contradiction. As a matter of fact, there are few men in Hollywood who are more fascinating conversationalists than Hank Fonda—on things like the arts, world affairs, the stage, philosophy. Get him into a conversation in that line, and his face lights up.

But— he won't talk about himself and his family. He won't talk about his private affairs. He won't talk Hollywood talk about other people.

And because those are the things Hollywood mostly talks about, Hank Fonda has gotten the reputation of being a shrewd-mouthed guy who just won't talk! Get it?

And for that reason, too, Hank Fonda is the despair of interviewers. Particularly the gush-y-washy kind of interviewers who infest Hollywood so badly. The kind who gals gruesomely up to a movie star and drool things like:

"Tell me, is it true that you and your wife have separate bedrooms?"

With interviewers like that, Hank most positively and definitely is a close-mouthed boy. He's well aware of his private life, and consequently, there has grown up a sort of belief that his private life is something queer and mysterious and dark. But then, as with so many other things, people don't know what they're talking about.

Hank's wife, as you probably know, is a woman who is often described as "society." When Hank met her—it was on...
YOU KNOW YOUR MOVIES?

Puzzle This One Out!

ACROSS
1. Star of Fifth Avenue Girl
2. Disney character seen in Bachelor Mother
3. First name of Miss Bennett who returns to screen in Meet Dr. Christian
4. Continent depicted in Gone With the Wind
5. They — — Come Out
6. He had lead in Winter Carnival
7. Initials of Lorelta Young's youngest sister
8. Each Dawn! — —
9. Word used in most film titles
10. Mr. Crisp's initials
11. — — of Washington Square
12. Inexperienced actors (Slang)
13. — — but Nice
14. Portrayed of Charlie Chan roles
15. What those who work on cinema costumes do
16. Star of Ninotchka
17. He gave us those bathing beauty comedies
18. Actor's past
19. Whipped cream in movie scenes
20. Initials of John Barrymore's brother
21. Laddly in Three Texas Sisters
22. Dorothy Ann Swayne is one
23. Miss Russell's initials
24. She had feminine lead in Panamint's Bad Men
25. A star of Bachelor Mother
26. Jane Withers' screen father in Chicken Wagon Family
27. Henry in $1,000 a Touchdown
28. Nancy in Hotel for Women
29. Heroine of Nurse Edith Cavell
30. He was teamed with Margaret Lindsay in Hell's Kitchen
31. In Name — —
32. Short for first name of Mr. Roland
33. Bill Gargan's brother
34. Winnie of New York
35. — — of a Champion
36. Mr. Asther's initials
37. Al Johnson's red given name
38. You saw her in Swiss Miss
39. Eleanor Powell is one
40. Either of two sisters who were stars of silent films
41. The Light — — Fall'd
42. Baby Dumpling's pet
43. Miss Olives' initials
44. — — of the Sea (Sing.)
45. Robert Benchley showed us how to do this in one of his short subjects
46. — —, My Darling Daughter
47. Popular term for a cowboy film
48. — — Boy
49. He was Nan Grey's boy friend in Ex-Champ
50. J errol Hunt er in Adventures of Sherlock Holmes
51. Time of day when many movie theatres open
52. Jim Blake in Everybody's Hobby
53. A star of The Rains Came
54. Wore out of a theatre
55. Sob sister in News is Made at Night
56. The — — Glory
57. False hair sometimes worn by stars
58. Million Dollar — — (Sing.)
59. Initials of Carol Hughes
60. Miss Antite's initials

DOWN
1. He returned in $1,000 a Touchdown
2. Nancy in Hotel for Women
3. Heroine of Nurse Edith Cavell
4. She had feminine lead in Panamint's Bad Men
5. A star of Bachelor Mother
6. Jane Withers' screen father in Chicken Wagon Family
7. Henry in $1,000 a Touchdown
8. Nancy in Hotel for Women
9. Heroine of Nurse Edith Cavell
10. He was teamed with Margaret Lindsay in Hell's Kitchen
11. In Name — —
12. Short for first name of Mr. Roland
13. Bill Gargan's brother
14. Winnie of New York
15. — — of a Champion
16. Mr. Asther's initials
17. Al Johnson's red given name
18. You saw her in Swiss Miss
19. Eleanor Powell is one
20. Either of two sisters who were stars of silent films
21. The Light — — Fall'd
22. Baby Dumpling's pet
23. Miss Olives' initials
24. — — of the Sea (Sing.)
25. Robert Benchley showed us how to do this in one of his short subjects
26. — —, My Darling Daughter
27. Popular term for a cowboy film
28. — — Boy
29. He was Nan Grey's boy friend in Ex-Champ
30. J errol Hunt er in Adventures of Sherlock Holmes
31. Time of day when many movie theatres open
32. Jim Blake in Everybody's Hobby
33. A star of The Rains Came
34. Wore out of a theatre
35. Sob sister in News is Made at Night
36. The — — Glory
37. False hair sometimes worn by stars
38. Million Dollar — — (Sing.)
39. Initials of Carol Hughes
40. Miss Antite's initials

January Solution

LEIGHTON STILLS TROPE TONE
CROSBY ANNE ME
NAN DODGE FUN
CEILS LEE NOSE
LUMI ELS BATES
LOMBARD
GIRLS PICKS INAS BEN AUNT
GET MASON RIG
GE LADY LADIL
LADOR ALES EVELYN
NELSON

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Hank—Hollywood’s White-Haired Boy
[Continued from page 90]
a houseboat party on the Thames, in England, when he was over there, making "Wings of the Morning" for a British studio. She was then Mrs. Frances Seymour Brokaw, widow of George Brokaw, and mother of a young girl.

Henry, who had tried matrimony once before—with Margaret Sullivan, in their "little theatre" days—and found it didn’t jell, fell head over heels in love with Mrs. Brokaw. He was so glad to try matrimony again, Mrs. Brokaw was equally happy about the idea. So they got married, to be sure, and that’s all there is to that part of the tale.

She came to Hollywood with him, which is what any gal who loves her husband would do, isn’t it? But the Fondas didn’t take off and join the big band. Neither Hank nor Frances Brokaw Fonda think much of Hollywood’s idea of the social life. Front-page stuff is, to them, something to be taken with the dooms, wasn’t the first taken part IN! So they kept pretty much to themselves, and their own little intimate circle of friends.

Before very long, another baby came to join little Frances Brokaw, Mrs. Fonda’s daughter by a former husband. Frances is about eight now. And the young one is about two. Her name’s Jayne Seymour Fonda. The Jayne is for Henry’s mother, who was Herberta Jayne, and the Seymour is for Henry’s wife’s maiden name.

Henry is crazy about both little girls. But these days, he’s even crazier about the one that’s to come. Hank Fonda adores his children. There glows in him a deep, fierce pride in the ones he has—his own daughter, and his wife’s. And now that still another baby is on the way, Hank Fonda’s paternal pride knows absolutely no bounds.

FOR this family he loves so fiercely, Henry Fonda has made provision that utterly typifies his other tough-mindedness. He has bought them no costly, Hollywood mansion. Instead, he has bought a 325-acre ranch, more than a hundred miles from Hollywood, down near Providence, in the foothills of the San Gabriels.

There’s a ranch-house on it now. But it is not the home Henry plans for his family. Instead, Henry himself—an artist with the pencil, as well as in his soul—is drawing the sketch-designs. It will be a great, comfortable, homey place.

It will have none of the gauntness and none of the glitter of Hollywood. Indeed, much of it is the subsistence settings that you saw in Drums Along the Mohawk. Henry loved some of those interiors, and he wants them in his family home—partly so he can have his painting, the beams, the paneling that were in the tavern set.

Henry’s drawing them into the plans for the Fonda family home he’s going to build there on that 325-acre ranch, to live in with his wife and his children when he’s through with movies.

By that time, he figures, the great citrus groves of southern California—where he’s planning on the ranch, will support the Fondas, if they need supporting besides the picture money Hank is carefully investing.

Hank’s philosophy of life is not the hey-day kind. He figures that you can’t have things without earning them. Henry, himself, got to where he is, the hard way. He’s

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a big shot today, and rolling in salary checks, but it's only a few years ago that he answered ads for people to address envelopes, or pebble socks. He sold flowers on the streets of New York, one Easter week, and made $35, and bought a lot of cereals because he knew they'd last longer.

Today, Hank Fonda is grateful for the experiences he had in those days. "The hard going tells you, "paved the way for what I hope to do with Tom Joad in Grapes of Wrath. For one thing, it's made me sympathetic with Tom Joad's problem. He's not such a bad fellow, you know. He's caught by hunger, poverty of the worst sort. He gets shoved around. I know— from experience, mind you!—what that sort of thing is like. I can get under the skin of Tom Joad, because I understand him."

That sort of talk, from most other actors, would be just so much hooey. Hollywood is full of hams who shoot off their mouths about their roles, with high-sounding words that don't add up to anything, because you know, most of the time, that they're just parroting something their press-agents told them to say.

With Hank, it's different. Hank never says what his press-agent tells him to. Usually, it's Hank who tells the press-agent. And besides, when Henry Fonda talks about his work, it's Henry Fonda talking from his heart—because it's still a fifty-fifty bet as to which Fonda likes most: his work or his family. He takes acting seriously. There are actors in Hollywood, and successful ones too, who tell you frankly that they're actors because it's a nice, easy way to make a living. Not a soft racket, that's not Fonda's attitude. Hank Fonda believes acting is far more than just a soft way to get some money.

HE PUTS his whole heart into it. He's as sincere about it as Paul Muni. Whatever role he's playing, he learns it inside out. Like his role in Drums Along the Mohawk...

"Back in the old days of my stage career," Henry told me, "all I had to do was study my lines, learn to play the character with some conviction, get to the theatre in time for the performance, and then do as I pleased with the rest of my time."

"But now—well, to do this sort of thing right, I had to learn to cut trees, to pull stumps, to plough land with an ox-drawn plough, to clear land, to raise a crop. And I had to learn to DO it, too—not just make believe I was doing it. For pictures, you can't just go through the motions and expect to make it look real. You can't kid ten million people. There are too many folk in your audience who know what farming is all about, and they can discover a boner or a fake quicker than a Hollywood columnist can discover a blessed epicentivection."

"In pictures, you have to know how to do the things your roles call for."

And then Henry adds the postscript that makes him different from the star who might tell you that, and then bellyache about having to do it. What Henry adds is:

"That's what is to me one of the great interests of motion pictures. You really get to know how people live and lived and work and worked in all ages, all times, all lands—because you actually live and work like they did and do. It's better than just reading about it in books."

Today, Henry's doing the same thing for his Tom Joad role. He visited the "Okie" camps in Bakersfield and Kern county, in California—right in the heart of Steinbeck's Grapes of Wrath country. And with the courage of his convictions—a cour-

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age for which Henry Fonda is notorious in Hollywood, where he’s a no-man among yea-
men—he flies right in the face of powerful interests by coming out with a defense of the
dust-bowl people.

“They’re hard-working Americans,” de-

fends Fonda. “All they’re asking is a

career to a decent living. At least, enough
to eat. I heard no talk among them of

Communism, or any other Ism. Most of them
were hard-working, industrious fa-

mours before Nature made a hell of their land, and
.sent them out to fight a bitter war for the

good right to live.”

And yet, despite all this forthright straight-

from-the-shoulder-mess about Hank Fonda,

there’s a funny little quirk in the picture.

Mind you, he sticks up for these people.

He finds nothing conceivable about them or their
problem or the things they’re forced to
do. Yet, Henry Fonda would rather not

be one of them—even in make-believe—any
more than he has to. He is playing the

Tom Joad role, to be sure, in Tom Joad’s filthy

clothes, and with Tom Joad’s whiskers and
dirt on his face. But Henry doesn’t like it,

even though he insists he likes Tom Joad.

In fact, Henry Fonda has his dressing-

room to eat lunch, rather than appear in

public in his Tom Joad make-up—even in

the cafe on the studio lot, where everybody’s

used to seeing actors in make-up of every

imaginable kind! Henry won’t let them see

him, a La Grapes of Wrath. Instead, he

brings his own lunch with him, and eats

behind the closed door of his dressing-room.

And somehow or other, I can’t help but

imagine Hank Fonda going home from work,

after playing Tom Joad, and taking a

half-dozen baths in quick succession, probably

in six different kinds of disinfectant, before

he hurries downstairs to have dinner with

the wife and kiddies. . . .

Tom Joad may be all right. But Henry’s

a married man, and he’s got his family to

think of, mind you.

Hors d’Oeuvres are appetite provoking

morsels of many types. Sometimes they form

the first course at a formal dinner; again

they form the refreshments at bridge,

afternoon tea or supper. They are served

on a platter or tray in an assortment of

varieties. With almost no exception, the

ture hors d’oeuvres are eaten with a fork.

Cocktails may be of alcoholic beverages in

mixed forms, or fall into the classes of fruit

or fruit juice cocktails, seafood cocktails

or vegetable cocktails. As beverages, the cock-
tails may be served alone or with snacks, in

the other forms it is used as a prelude to

other courses.

Snacks are the more popular word for

either a canape or any hors d’oeuvre or other

novel specialty, and is usually more informal

than the usual canape.

Spreads are the tasty and highly seasoned

mixtures of both snacks and canapes

(sandwiches) are made, and include practically any fish, meat or other paste.

But ALL ARE APPETIZERS!

ONE of the most pleasing forms of the

cocktail is that prepared from flavorful

fruit juices. Mix a tiny spoonful of

cranberry juice or other fruit mixtures.

A cocktail of citrus fruit juices is popular with

all, and "ummph" may be given by the addition

of carbonated water or gingerale, etc.
When the cocktail takes more solid shape and includes diced fruits, cherries, melon sections, etc. or when it combines oysters, clams, shrimp or crab, then it is dignified enough to stand alone as a first course to the dinner itself.

Canapes may be either piping hot or chill and cold. Many of the most delicious ones are to be found in the first group, as hot bites are ideal companions to cold drinks. Sometimes the mixture is a hot sauce, highly seasoned; or the crackers, bread or pastry base may be toasting hot; or the whole canape may be put into the oven to brown and heat before serving. Still another type is the "hot ball" canape which is a zesty mixture rolled small like a marble and fried in deep fat. Minced ham, tuna and cheese all make these delicious hot bites, which are to be eaten from picks.

Hors d'oeuvres in their simplest form appear as the tray of olives, curled celery and radishes, so familiar on the dinner table. When more elaborate, the hors d'oeuvre (meaning "beyond" or "extra to the dinner proper") takes the shape of spicy pickles, piquant morsels of celery root, anchovies and sardines, endless novelties made of cheese, prunes, stuffed hard eggs, mustard, wafers and various salads. Platters of these assortments attract the eye as well as the palate, as may be clearly seen by the following suggested combination:

**ST. PATRICK LENTEN TRAY**

**Sardine Fingers:** Split tiny finger rolls and remove inside crumb. Spread shells with highly seasoned mayonnaise. Drain large sardines, remove skins, and place 1 in each shell. Garnish with picks of olive rings and pickled onions.

**Shrimp Fingers:** Spread shells with lemon butter. Place 1 large cooked shrimp in each shell and cover with green mayonnaise. Dust with moistened watercress and paprika.

**Cucumber Canapes:** Combine 1/4 cup grated cucumber pulp, 2 tablespoons grated onion, 1 tablespoon French dressing, 1 tablespoon sugar, dash of cayenne. Work mixture into 2-ounce package cream cheese together with 1 teaspoon anchovy paste. Add few drops green to tint. Spread on toasted round crackers and garnish with chopped olive.

**Cabbage Bowl:** Hollow out large well-shaped cabbage head, and fill with cold salad well seasoned and drained. Garnish with cooked shrimp, green pepper rings or anchovies moistened with dressing and stuck on picks.

**Carrot and Pickle Rings:** With corkscrew or long sharp knife cut out center of large carrots and dill pickles. Stuff centers with any cream cheese or savory spread, chill, and slice in thin crosswise rings.

**ANOTHER interesting platter of hors d'oeuvres suitable for any occasion is:**

**TUNA APPETIZER PLATTER**

2 cups flaked tuna 
2 cups cubed herring 
1 cup pimento-stuffed olives 
1/4 cup mayonnaise 
1/4 cup softened butter 
1/4 cup chili sauce 
minced chives
heart lettuce
stuffed hard-cooked egg halves
midget ripe tomatoes

eye crisp wafers

Put fish and olives through food chopper, using fine knife. Combine with mayonnaise, butter and chili sauce and blend thoroughly. Press into oiled ornamental mold and chill overnight. To serve, unmold fish in center of large circular platter, and sprinkle with minced chives. Place lettuce, egg halves and tomatoes around base, and arrange heated crisp wafers in fan-fashion all around plate. Offer with butter spreaders for each guest to "Spread his own."

The delicious quality of the "hot bite" has been previously mentioned, and is shown to perfection in all three of the following choice recipes:

**HOT HORSES D'OEUVRES**

**Ham Paste Savory:** Blend 2 tablespoons devilled ham paste, 1 teaspoon minced parsley, 1/2 teaspoon minced onion, dash of salt and pepper. In double boiler melt 2 tablespoons butter, add 2 tablespoons Worchester-shire and 1 raw egg yolk. Stir until sauce begins to thicken. Add meat mixture and spread on toasted crackers or bread rounds while hot.

**Crabmeat Fancies:** Saute 1 tablespoon minced onion in 1/4 cup butter. Blend in 1 tablespoon flour and add 2 cups cream while stirring constantly. Add 2 cups canned flaked crabmeat and continue cooking until mixture begins to bubble. Trim bread to any preferred shapes and toast on 1 side. Spread crab mixture on untoasted side and spread with 1/2 cup grated cheese mixed with 1/4 cup butter. Bake in hot oven 3 minutes.

**Oysters on Mushrooms:** Select uniform large mushroom caps, and peel. Set in baking tins, round side up and broil 5 minutes. Invert, fill cavities with butter and dust with salt and pepper. Continue broiling 5 minutes longer. Place on rounds of freshly made buttered toast. Then place 1 oyster in center of each mushroom, sprinkle with chili sauce and allow to stand until "pump" under broiler. Serve immediately.

Of snacks and spreads there are no end! And because every hostess is always seeking something novel along these lines, to serve for the cocktail or late supper hour, there has been prepared a very special leaflet which will be sent free to readers. Everyone one of the recipes in "Toothpick Parade" is smart and sophisticated, and will help you make your parties memorable, whether the occasion be cocktails, dinner or dance.

---

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"Love Can Wait"—Jane Bryan

[Continued from page 28]

"I don't know anybody I'm likely to fall in love with or who's likely to fall in love with me. Love seems to be a matter of luck—and I can't see any leisure ahead. And I'm only twenty-one, with a lot of years ahead of me."

The newspapers and magazines have been calling her "the most promising young actress on the screen" in *We Are Not Alone*. It sounded as if she might have been reading the paper. It seemed as if she might have made up her mind to have a career first, and love afterward.

The suggestion pained her. She shook her head violently, her long bob tossing from side to side. The suggestion also amused her. She laughed. "Don't tell me," she said, "that I look like a Career Woman. That would be the last straw.

"I don't have any objections to young marriage. In fact, I approve of it. When two young people are in love, they ought to get married—not lose a minute of happiness they might have together.

"I'm a product of young marriage, myself. My mother was twenty-two, I think, when she married. Probably all of the girl-friends I had in school are married now and have children. I envy them. I think it's fine for a girl to marry early—to get her family started young.

"If I had the right man, I'd be married now, myself. In one way, though, it's lucky I haven't. It's pretty dangerous, trying to establish a career and a family. It is nice to have a man to help one, to take care of the children, to be there for you, and, or yourself, or your children. You can't raise a family when you don't see anything of them seven in the morning until seven at night.

"There are actresses who have both careers and children—but somebody else, hired for the purpose, has to bring up the children. When I get married, I'm going to bring up my own. I'll paste down their ears, myself. Being my children, they'll probably need their ears pasted down.

SHE smiled, staring at the blaze in the corner fireplace of the large Spanish living-room, as if she saw her future offspring there. Then, soberly, she said:

"When I do get married, I'm going to take marriage seriously—just as seriously as I'm taking my career now.

"I'm not going to try to deny that I'm pretty serious about my career at this particular moment. I know I wouldn't be satisfied to give it up right now. But I don't have the slightest idea how long I'd like to go on that way, or whether I'd like that. It would be awful to be so methodical.

"I'm not cold-bloodedly avoiding romance. It just hasn't happened; that's all. And, until it does happen, I can't think of anything I'd rather be doing than acting.

"Not that Jane hasn't had her romantic involvements.

"The first one was when I was four, if I remember correctly. He lived next-door, and we both went to a school called The Wee Tots' Villa, and held hands all the way to school and back, and I'd tell Jane that she did some in high-school. She lasted almost two years. I was still going with him when I started on the scene. When we finally split up, it wasn't because of my work. That would have been too easy for me. I don't put very much reason for splitting up. It was just a case of two entirely different people realizing how different they were."

[Continued on page 98]
Laurence Olivier as Maxim de Winter, and C. Aubrey Smith "hold it" for camera crew during a scene in Rebecca. With just her back showing is Joan Fontaine who plays "I" or the second Mrs. de Winter. Critically watching, left, is director Hitchcock.

ON-THE-SET: Snicker-of-the-Month—came the day Joan Crawford, heading back for an afternoon's work after lunch on Strange Cargo, knocked at Clark Gable's dressing-room, with a bunch of green onions in her hand. As Clark peaked his head out, she handed him the onions with: "You'll better eat those, Clark, before that love scene we're going to play. Because I ate some for lunch, and you may as well protect yourself." Without an exhalted batting, Clark came back with: "Thanks, Joan, but never mind. I just had some garlic for lunch myself." On-the-set mystery exposed—He's always wondered how Garbo, without a wrist-watch, knew when it was 5 a.m. Because always, prompt on the hour, she leaves the set at that time, yet nobody ever sees her look at a clock... An ob-sessive electrician finally solved the mystery... He noted that during the day, Garbo's maid frequently brings a glass of water onto the set for Greta. BUT—just before 5 p.m., the glass is only HALF full—and that was the tip-off to GT... During the shooting of The Fighting 69th, they come to that scene where Pat O'Brien, in his clergyments, is about to chant mass at the front. Recitement men in uniform crowd the chancel set... Director Bill Keighley is busy scuttling them, while Pat goes about his work at the alter... Suddenly Keighley screams: "Hey, you—YOU—take off that overcoat you don't know you're in church or supposed to be, anyway." The offender turns around, and it's noted that he's Sammy Cohen, the camera... He grins apologetically and explains: "Oh, am I sorry. I knew I was in church, but I forgot it wasn't my own church." Pat almost split his clerical collar, laughing.

IT'S no thing to play opposite Sonja Henie, if you can't skate. But before he became his leading man in Everything Happens at Night, Robert Cummings had never skated a stroke. But he had learned—in two weeks... So okhe, he did pretty well when the picture was shot... But the other afternoon, after a "take" on skates, when the director called cut, Cummings slid to the sidelines and pulled a pair of heavy Turkish towels OUT OF HIS PANTS... Sonja looked her amusement Cummings explained: "A fellow, Sonja, was TOO big, it would have showed!"... Cracks—of the Month on the sets—came from director Bill Dieterle, during shooting of Magic Ballet... It was a take where Edward G. Robinson, as the doctor, examined a patient, with the stethoscope. The "patient" opens his shirt slightly to permit application of the instrument—and at that juncture, "Director Dieterle yells: "Open it BIG—open it WIDE—it's our only chance for SEX in this picture... They've just finished a tender, tender, tender but hot romantic scene for Mercy Place... In the leads are Jimmy Dunn and his wife, Frances Gifford... They're the ones who have just pulled that torrid kiss for the cameras... The director calls cut... And Frances looks at Jimmy and crinks: "I wish you'd make love to me like this at home...!!"

PRODUCTION: Casualties of the Month—No. 1 —In He Married His Wife, Nancy Kelly swings a dress over her head as she's about to leave the man she loves... As she swings the dress, there's a dull thud, and Nancy drops like a stone... Rescued, the crew of the picture rushes onto the set—to discover that a heavy lead weight in the hem of the dress has knocked Nancy Kelly on the temple, knocked her cold... So on the succeeding takes, she uses an X-ray weighted gown... No. 2— Running down the hall to meet Clark Gable in Strange Cargo, Joan Crawford tripped, struck head... They rush to pick her up, and find that one of her high heels has caught in the shot between the what-if-happening, tripping her... So, for the following takes, they change her heels—make them flatter AND ROUNDER... And how the vans—hunchers stuggle at that... Dexterity Note: During the barroom scene in Little Old New York, Richard Greene had to toss off a stiff gulp of whiskey... Two takes, and director Henry King wasn't satisfied... Greene only managed to SIP his drink... Shouted King: "From now on, Dick, remember you're a two—only man"... On the set, one of the electricians mutters: "Me, I'm a ONE—roller!"

MERCOLIDIZED WAX CREAM is the complexion lightener that aids, hastens and supplements the natural activity of the skin in flaking off dull, lifeless, over-pigmented superficial skin. You then see revealed the smoother, softer, lovelier true skin—your own natural complexion. Get a jar of Mercolidized Wax Cream today and try it.

CHOOSE SAXOLITE ASTRINGENT

A DELIGHTFULLY pleasant and refreshing facial astringent, Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and pat briskly on the skin several times daily.

Try Phelactine Depilatory

REMOVES unwanted hair from face quickly and easily. Skin appears more attractive.

Sold at all Cosmetic Counters
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Here's Amazing Way to Relieve 'Regular' Pains

Mrs. L. C. Lawson writes: "I was undernourished, bad nerves and bad back and have used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription over a period of time—and have been overjoyed to find that this famous remedy has helped me ward off many of the discomforts. Most amazing, the scientific remedy, formulated by a practicing physician, is guaranteed to contain no harmful drugs or narcotics. In fact, this way it helps overcome malnutrition, and so builds up your physical resistance and fortifies you against functional pain. Don't suffer one unnecessary moment from such monthly discomfort. Get Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription from your druggist. Discover how wonderfully it sets to relieve you from 'Regular' pains.

Many Never Suspect Cause of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are the only chief way of taking the excess waste and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass 3 pairs in a day. When tired, great kidneys become weak and permit poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backaches, fatigue, headache, poor digestion, shortness of breath and pale skin. You get rid of it by using combinations of kidney formulas or decoctions. See your druggist for a free sample R. SCHIFFMANN CO., Los Angeles, Dept. F-2.

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LADIES and GIRLS CAN SELL

YOU CAN MAKE $100 A WEEK

In 30 Days

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A WEEK

SEND FOR FREE BROCHURE

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R. SCHIFFMANN CO., Dept. 1543
64 S. Lake St., Chicago

($50 in 30 days)

100% Improvement Guaranteed

We build, strengthen the vocal organs—improves singing, speaking, reading and breathing—improves the voice—nourishes the voice. A normal voice saves money—can make a fortune. At least one voice improved every day. In 30 days, $100 or more... without extra voice lessons. Numeral 1. Works on the most trained voices—ferments. Wholesale 10c. Retail 25c.

Send for free 10c catalogue. Write today.

50 W. B., Tyrone, Pa.

Many never suspect that the kidneys may be tired.

The kidneys are the only chief way of taking the excess waste and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass 3 pairs in a day. When tired, great kidneys become weak and permit poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backaches, fatigue, headache, poor digestion, shortness of breath and pale skin. You get rid of it by using combinations of kidney formulas or decoctions. See your druggist for a free sample R. SCHIFFMANN CO., Los Angeles, Dept. F-2.

100% Improvement Guaranteed

We build, strengthen the vocal organs—improves singing, speaking, reading and breathing—improves the voice—nourishes the voice. A normal voice saves money—can make a fortune. At least one voice improved every day. In 30 days, $100 or more... without extra voice lessons. Numeral 1. Works on the most trained voices—ferments. Wholesale 10c. Retail 25c.

Send for free 10c catalogue. Write today.

50 W. B., Tyrone, Pa.

Many never suspect that the kidneys may be tired.
Here is a challenge to American womanhood! What can be done to protect young, unmarried girls from predatory, anti-social divorcees? How can unmarried maidens compete against the divorcee who is more experienced and whose moral code has been crushed out in the divorce mill? "Are Divorcees Unfair Competition?" is an intensely interesting and timely article by John H. Laval, author of the sensational best seller, "Marriage, Morals and Mothballs."

Don't miss his frank discussion of America's matrimonial Public Enemy No. 1—the divorcee—in the March issue of TRUE CONFESSIONS, now on sale. This issue is packed full of gripping, heart-stirring stories from life, including "Once a Girl Gets a Bad Name," "De-Honored!" "Ours Was a Wanton Love," and many others.

In addition, TRUE CONFESSIONS presents another outstanding book-length true novel entitled "I Sold My Baby."

Order your copy of TRUE CONFESSIONS today! Now on sale.

**True Confessions**

10¢ at all newsstands
AND meantime, here's a chuckle: Joy Howarth, who used to use the screen name of Constance Worth, has just turned down an offer to do a personal-appearance tour.

Reason for the turn-down: the promoter wanted her to go out under the billing: "The Ex-Mrs. George Brent." Which she is, BUT—!

NEATEST trick of the month in Hollywood's scrambled romantic merry-go-round was Dorothy Lamour's stunt of having BOTH Robert Preston and Wynn Rocamora at the same dinner party! My, my—how that gal has LEARNED since she came to Hollywood, soooo in love with Herbie Kay, only a year or so ago!

Cupid's COUPLE: Pretty Anne Nagel and Vic Orsatti—
About that gal, he's simply batty!

RANDOM Notes Entitled: "H'mmmmm!"—George Raft gets peevish when you ask him if it's really romance between him and Norma Shearer, but they sure do keep stepping out together at the BEST places!
... Bob Raskin took Jean Gale out to dine and dance, but all evening long couldn't keep his eyes off Loretta Young, at a nearby table with Tom Lewis ... Marlene Dietrich is still mixing them up: Jimmy Stewart and George Brent and Joe von Sternberg and Joe Pasternak—usually two beau tops ever evening! ... now that Priscilla Lane and Oren Haglund have called off their two-year superheated romance, just watch Tom McAvity move in ... when Lyle Talbot picks 'em, he picks 'em; his latest heartbeat is Adolphe Menjou and his monthly income from the oil-millionaire she was married to makes even a movie star's salary look like a relief check! ... if Garbo is NOT engaged to Diet-Doctor Gaylord Hansen, why is she wearing his ring? ... wonder what happened to that "almost" reconciliation between Al Jolson, in the hospital where he went for his bad cold, and Ruby Keeler, who rushed to his side when she heard he was sick—only to go storming out of his room after more than an hour's visit? ... right while certain radiators were broadcasting that their romance had gone sour, Arleen Whelan and Alex D'Arcy were swapping SUCH kisses at a Santa Barbara theatre stage-door that the doorman kept the fire-extinguisher handy! ... reason Linda Darnell, cutest trick in Hollywood, hasn't more dates than she has is because she really IS only 16 years old—and even in Hollywood ...!!!

NON-Nursery Rhyme:
Vehemently, handsome Nelson Eddy
Denies that he'll soon be a daddy!

The more you see Anita Louise and Buddy Adler together, the more you believe the gossip that they'll soon march to the altar.

DENIAL DEPT.—Merle Oberon says she and Alex Korda are still just as happy! ... Dolores Del Rio ditto concerning Hubby Cedric Gibbons ... Alice Faye and Tony Martin still getting out their daily denial...

THERE'S no man in Hollywood whose love-life, if any, so interests the gossip as George Brent. That's probably because George believes that his love-life is nobody's damn business except his own—and the lady's, of course. But WHO is the lady?

The answer to that has Hollywood split into several camps. There are a large number who insist that the Brent-Bette Davis romance is far from frigid. Others insist that Greta Garbo is still No. 1 Mama in George's life. And, believe it or not, there are still others who proclaim that they KNOW, positively KNOW, that Marlene Dietrich is the gal. And the others are betting on Olivia de Havilland.

George won't tell. He never would. But here's a tip: all those ladies are actresses. And George once, in a moment of revelation, told your Ol' Tattler that it's his firm belief that NO Hollywood actress would ever make an ideal wife. If that means anything to you, make the most of it.

WALLY BEERY, who just adopted a seven-months-old little girl to keep Carol Ann company, hints that he may even adopt a third child, ...!

Cracks Wally: 'They ought to be calling me Hollywood's Perfect Mother, if this keeps up!'

WOOSOME TWOSOMES—
Mary Rogers, whose dad was Will Rogers, taking up her interrupted romance with Eddie Granger again. Hollywood gals better lay off RKO's new Dick Hogan; he's engaged to a gal back in Little Rock, Arkansas ... Barbara Read and Don Bruggell tell it all to the preacher in February ... and by the time you read this, Maxine Jones'll be Mrs. Noah Beery—JUNIOR ...

Sally Haines, who used to be Mrs. Art Wheeler, outstepping with Jimmy Bryant ... It's Mary Parker who's warming up Dennis O'Keefe's winter evenings ... Anita Louise says she isn't Mrs. Buddy Adler YET, but by May, it'll be different ... Rudy Vallee and Marjorie Weaver are vibrating again ...

BUST-UPS of the Month: Chester and Suzanne Morris, after many denials, finally make it a legal separation, dividing the community property and the children, too ... and they're still having their dinners together, hoping against hope for reconciliation ... Lyle Talbot's wife wants $700 a month separate maintenance on account of the says Lyle was so cruel that it "destroyed the objects of matrimony" ... Connie Bennett formally announces that at last she's going to file suit, right here in America, for divorce from her Mrs. Earl Hollins. But Hollywood wonders why Gilbert Roland has been stepping out with Louise Stanley, in that case? ... Penny Singleton who gets along so-so with Hubby Duwood on the screen didn't have much luck with her real hubby. Dentist L. Serrug (really!) Single-ton, whom she's divorcing after two years of matrimony ... the Ricardo Cortez's, after five years of marriage, are calling it off and putting 3,000 miles between them—she in New York, he in Hollywood ... Priscilla Lawson has finally agreed to file for divorce from Alan Curtis, who's been Sonja Henie's steady date for the last three years, he's got everything, ... Astrid Alwyn, divorcing Robert Kent without alimony, gets indignant when you ask her if she's picked a successor yet.

QUAINT use for a sweetheart-pie, as discovered by Virginia Field: She uses Richard Greene's picture for a book-mark.

IT WAS Joel McCrea's sixth wedding anniversary, and on his way home, he stopped his car at the stand of a Japanese florist with whom Joel once went to school, and from whom he now buys his regular bouquets for wife ...

"Look, Joe," said Joel, as he hopped out of his car; "make me up a very special bouquet this time, why 'I've been married six years today!"

Silently, the florist went about the business of fixing up a splendidissime bouquet, which he handed over to McCrea with this sage observation:

"Six years married, eh? Well, not so long, not so long—but PRETTY GOOD FOR A HOLLYWOOD MAN!"
This girl is facing a problem that you may one day have to solve. She must choose between the claims of a long-dead love and the flame of a new-found passion.

From problems such as this springs the real drama of life, as portrayed on every page of REAL LIFE STORY. Novels, plays and fiction are mere imitations. When you read "Can I Marry Without Love?" in the new issue of REAL LIFE STORY you will understand why this magazine has enjoyed such a phenomenal success since it was first issued a few months ago.

The same issue contains twelve complete confession stories, including book-length true novel. [No serial!] Every story taken from life.

**Real Life Story Magazine**

**CAN I MARRY WITHOUT LOVE?**

*Ten Cents At All Newsstands! Get Your Copy Today.*
Bennett Partin, North Carolina tobacco farmer, shows flowering tobacco plant—from which seeds are obtained. U. S. Government methods of raising tobacco are used on Mr. Partin's farm. Below: Mr. M. J. Moye in action.

"Uncle Sam lent a hand"

making tobacco better-than-ever

and Luckies have bought the cream of these better-than-ever crops," says M. J. Moye, warehouseman for 18 years.

SMOKER: "How did Uncle Sam lend a hand?"

MR. MOYE: "The U. S. Government Experiment Stations showed farmers new methods of growing tobacco."

SMOKER: "And that's why you say crops have improved in recent years?"

MR. MOYE: "Yes. Even though crops do vary with weather—tobacco today is better than ever."

SMOKER: "Does the tobacco that goes into Luckies come from these improved crops?"

MR. MOYE: "Yes, sir. Luckies always have bought the finer tobacco sold on my warehouse floor. That's the reason I've smoked them myself for years. And it's also the reason why Luckies are the 2-to-1 favorite of independent tobacco men—buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen."

Try Luckies for a week. You'll find they're easy on your throat—because the "Toasting" process takes out certain harsh throat irritants found in all tobacco.

You'll also find out why—WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

Have you tried a LUCKY lately?

Copyright 1942, The American Tobacco Company.
GOOD GIRLS CAN BE BAD — IN HOLLYWOOD
From such situations as this comes the real drama of life. Novels and stage plays can only imitate life, never equal it.

That is why REAL LIFE STORY goes to life itself for its material. Life and love as they are lived and experienced by real men and women are the ingredients that make every story in this magazine vital, thrilling and completely absorbing.

Here is a challenge to women everywhere. Begin any one story in this new magazine, and we defy you to put the magazine aside without reading every word in every story, from cover to cover!

The April issue of REAL LIFE STORY is now on sale everywhere for only 10 cents. In it you will find twelve complete confession stories, including a book-length true novel. There are no serials.

You won’t want to miss such stirring stories from life as “I DROVE HER TO HIS ARMS,” “TRAPPED BY MY SINFUL PAST,” and “I HUNGERED FOR HIS KISSES.”

Get your copy today!
Richard Greene, who has become one of Hollywood's romantic figures, has something to say about Love. And he says it in next month's issue of MOTION PICTURE. He's one of the two or three remaining bachelors in Hollywood—and he will reveal What Every Young Man Should Know About Love In Hollywood. There will be scintillating stories about Rosemary Lane, Judy Garland, Claudette Colbert, Hedy Lamarr, Melvyn Douglas and others. You'll find another interesting fiction version of a top-notch screen-play—as well as a beautiful colored insert of a leading star. The issue will also be rich in newest art poses of the stars—and a Gossip department that tells ALL.

So order May MOTION PICTURE from your newsdealer NOW!
**THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER**

**HERE ARE THE LATEST INSIDE ANSWERS TO HOLLYWOOD'S ROMANCES, WEDDINGS, SPATS, DIVORCES AND BLESSED EVENTS**

**By Harry Lang**

**IT'S** absolutely the CUTEST goo-item of the month—that ducky-wucky little trick that Adrian has whipped up in advance for his baby. Or maybe we'd better say Janet Gaynor's baby, for after all, SHE's the one who's going to have it.

In June, And Papa-to-be Adrian has topped all his previous designing inspirations by designing for the expected baby—of ALL things!—diapers with ZIPERS!!!

Hollywood just can't WAIT....

**CUPID'S COUPLET:**
Miriam Hopkins and Bruce Cabot: Dinner-twosome's becoming a hablot!

**MAKE-what-you-can-of-it note:** Within 24 hours after the final divorce decree was entered between Bette Davis and "Ham" Nelson, Bette and George Brent picked a darkish corner at the Cafe LaMaze to have a so-quiet dinner together, and you couldn't have pulled a strand of spaghetti between their noses!

But—Ol' Man Tattler still lays all bets at all odds that George Brent won't marry Bette—or Greta—or anybody else, for that matter. Not for years to come, anyway.

Patricia Morison and her pooch, Judy, get some rest and a touch of sun between scenes of Paramount's _Untamed_

Once upon a time, not many years ago, George broke down in a moment of confidence and told your Tattler that he'd be good an' dodgammed if he'll (a) marry before his contract with Warners' expires in 1942 or (b) marry any actress anyway. Actresses, George seems to think, are all right for EVERYthing except MARRYing.

So whenever you hear or read about any Georgebractics with the gals, remember THAT. And don't say Tattler didn't tell you so.

**DON'T** be surprised if, by the time you read this, two Hollywood gals will be brides: Dixie Dunbar'll be Mrs. Gene Snyder (he's a producer), and Barbara Read'll be Mrs. Donald Briggs.

**SEASON'S** record in proposals has been set by Madeleine Carroll, that exquisite honey who just divorced her English hus-

band. Within one week after the newspapers printed the news of the divorce, Madeleine had received 274 proposals—by telephone, mail, telegraph, cable and radio! And she said NO—274 times.

**THIS** is in the nature of a more-or-less personal memo to George Raft:

Dear George: As long as you were going to make such a public display of the way you feel about Norma Shearer, why did you get so hurt-in-the-face when I wanted to write a story about it, not so long ago? For a guy that's sensitive about getting Norma talked about, you're certainly pulling the window

[Continued on page 8]
Bill Powell chunks single life, up and wed starlet Diana Lewis. Elopement and marriage surprised the gossipers.

CUPID'S UN-COUPLETT:
Ann Sheridan and Cesar Romero Finis!! Kaput!! He's got the air-o!!

STILL the nearest working arrangement in Hollywood is that Ginger Rogers-Lew Ayres set-up. It's a sort of insurance against further matrimonial toe-stubbing. Having decided long ago that marriages and careers don't mix, Lew and Ginger separated—but in all these years, they've never gotten a divorce. And so they go their merry way, now and then climbing aboard the Hollywood romance merry-go-round, but always quite safe. Because no matter with whom Ginger steps out, he's gotta remember she's still married. And all of Lew's gal friends mustn't forget he's still got a wife. Cute, wet?

Most recent towsomings of the Ayreses: Lew's been nice to Greer Garson. Ginger to Walter Plunkett.

WONDER how long Rosalind Russell and Madeleine Carroll are going to divide Richard Halliday between them?

ALL this talk about Sonja Henie doing a Hollywood threesome with whoozis and whatissname doesn't amount to a row of press-agent's asterisks. You can write it down in your little red book that EVERY romance that Sonja's been publicized into since she made her Hollywood debut has been the publicity blah—except the Ty Power affair, which scorch'd the edges of the little Norwegian's heart more than a little. All the other He's you've read about in her life have been phony-romes, as far as Sonja's real heart is concerned.

[Continued on page 68]

Glamour's the Word for You
When skin has this fragrance men love!

Before you use any soap to overcome body odor, smell the soap! Pure instinct tells you how much more fragrant your skin can be, when bathed in the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet Soap!

WHEN it's a must that you beloved by a certain man, winning is twice as easy if your skin has the fragrance men love.

For nothing throws so much cold water on a man's desire, as an indelicacy scent from your skin. In fairness to yourself, be critical of the fragrance left by your bath soap.

Go by the smell test when you buy soap to combat body odor. Instinctively you will prefer the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet. For Cashmere Bouquet is the only fragrance of its kind, a secret treasured by us for years. It's a fragrance men love. A fragrance with affinity for the senses of men.

Massage each tiny ripple of your body daily with this delicate, cleansing lather! Glory in the departure of body odor.

Thrill as your senses are kissed by Cashmere Bouquet's exquisite perfume. Be radiant and confident to face the world!

You'll love this creamy-white soap for complexion, too. Its gentle, caressing lather removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly and leaves skin smooth and fresh looking. Use it to help reveal a smooth, exotic beauty in your neckline and shoulders.

So buy Cashmere Bouquet Soap before you bathe tonight. Get three cakes at the special price featured everywhere.

3 for 25¢
Wherever fine soaps are sold

Cashmere Bouquet Soap
The Fragrance Men Love

Tune In... WaynE King's Music and Seven Free Diamond Rings Every Saturday Night, 8:30, E. S.T., Columbia Network

[Image of Cashmere Bouquet Soap advertisement]
TEST
Tyhmold
for 10 days
... at our expense!

Appear
SLIMMER
... at once!

WOULD you like to SLENDERIZE your
SILHOUETTE... and wear dresses
sizes smaller? That is just what the Tyhmold
Perforated Rubber Girdle will do for you! But you
won't believe it unless you actually try it
yourself. That is why we will send you a beautiful
THYMOLD Girdle and Brassiere to test for 10
days at our expense. If you cannot wear a dress
smaller than you normally wear, it costs you nothing.

BULGES Smoothed Out INSTANTLY!
• Make the simple silhouette test! Stand before
a mirror in your ordinary foundation. Notice the
bumps of fat... the thickness of waist... the
width of hips. Now slip into your THYMOLD and see
the amazing difference! Your new outline
is not only smaller, but all bulges
have been smoothed out instantly!

Test THYMOLD for 10 days
at our expense!
• Make the silhouette test
the minute you receive your
THYMOLD. Then wear it 10
days and make the mirror test
again. You will be amazed. If
you are not delighted... if
THYMOLD does not correct
your figure faults and do everything you expect, it will
cost you nothing.

Made of the Famous
PERFOLASTIC RUBBER
• THYMOLD is the modern
discovery to the bulging waistline
and broad hips. Its pure Para rubber is perforated to help
body moisture evaporate... its soft
inner lining is fused into the
rubber for long wear and the
special laced-back feature allows ample
adjustment for change in size. The overlapping Brassiere
gives a support and freedom of
action impossible in a one-piece
foundation.

Send for free illustrated folder
Tyhmold Girdles
DIRECT PRODUCTS CO., INC.
Dept. 134, 356 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Send me illustrated folder describing Tyhmold
Rubber Girdle and Brassiere, sample of perforated
material and full details of your 10-day Trial Offer.
Name ..............................................................
Address ................................................................

PICTURE PARADE

ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS—AAAA—

Robert E. Sherwood won the Pulitzer Prize last year for his ABE LINCOLN in
Illinois and while it may be too early in the year to make any predictions about
the play's future award—the Academy Award—we don't see how the
production's stirring play about Honest Abe can miss. Grover
Jones' adaptation follows the actual, religiously and with Raymond
Massey's portrayal on the radio the result is every bit
as striking. Being a biographical play it relies almost entirely upon the per-
formance of the player in the title role. His portrayal of Lincoln will probably
be remembered as one of the finest characterizations of the great humanitari-
ian drawn on screen. Also earning encomiums are Gene Lockhart for his
Stephen Douglas, Ruth Gordon for her Mary Todd, Mary Howard for her
Ann Rutledge. While this is the story of Lincoln from his young manhood
to his departure from Springfield for the White House it also carries a strong
message... and a timely one—an Americanism. But how could one draw a
portrait of Lincoln and escape that? Don't forget to take the children.—RKO.

THE GRAPES OF WRATH—AAAA—

What the screen has been striving for ever since it emerged from swaddling
clothes has been achieved here—skepticism. For one thing it is one of the
few great pictures of all time. No sop is thrown to conventions. It tells its
story as graphically, as humanly, as pointedly as Steinbeck wrote it, minus his
pungent worker's—looking for the Promised Land once they leave their
broken homes for California. And yet the dialogue is entirely appropriate as expressed by
the filmmakers—looking at the plight of the people. And yet the dialogue is entirely suitable for the open spaces.
It is a masterpiece of direction and photography. The salient points of the story
are in and you become a part of the action. To that you are a Joad and living
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(Continued on page 14)
Sally Ann can't tell Lillian's The And This picture Ann's with you last piece head writer -*-
collecting can the paillettes high things describing Norma's clothes, because she never goes for the more "gamy" types of things that my type-get scenes eat up... All I can say is that over a clinging trained gown of soft white crepe, Norma wore a hip-length swallow coat of gold lamé. Elbow-length gloves of the same gold material completed her outfit... That's all there was, but the utter plainness of it had more than one feminine head turned in envy...

REM E M B E R Last month I told you how popular you were being. Still, don't forget things like that, cause just the other night I saw Muriel Angelus in a midnight blue gown of this material... Her gown followed the newest fashion theory of "cover up" with its long fitted sleeves and high draped neckline... A brief apron peplum effect in front was accentuated with brilliant colored pailettes in an all-over subdued effect with the times, Muriel wore a matching wrapped turban which completely concealed her hair... The two-toned chiffon gown is silk regular, thank goodness... Don't know what I'd do if it went out of style... You'd never take to have a new blouse and a few pailettes to have that last year's skirt!... Claudette Colbert was dancing a few evenings ago in a soft crepe gown made with a sheen of pink paillettes and every brilliant skirt of a Burgundy color... The same night I saw Lillian Corsell in a taffeta-and-diamanté version of the same style... Lillian's full skirt was a vivid plush taffeta in shades of red and blue. Her blouse was tailored of white flannel and embroidered with gold sequins... Just to look around that dance floor, you would think diamonds had just been discovered... Never have I seen so many of them loose at one time. Paulette Goddard was a diamond clip in her hair which seemed to catch all the lights in the room... Gail Patrick's black taffeta strapless gowns were accepted with diamond ear-clip perspectiv pendant... Sally Eilers wore a white jersey (there it is again) gown, the neck of which was fastened with diamond clips... Dottie Lamour had on diamond earrings in the shape of star... Gail Patrick I told having my eyes become dizzy by so much high-powered jewelry. Dottie told me she had a necklace which was not fancy bought by so much molesonites, diamonds and rubies set in platinum, it can be seen from earth and was a piece. She also told me she had a hobby of collecting diamonds.

I USED to go for butterflies and I know a guy who collects stamps... But diamonds!!... Right then I decided that what I needed was a vacation, so next day I was off for Palm Springs and get some over looks at resort clothes for you... The smartest trick at the Springs was the white linen short suit with the reversible jacket which Isabel Jewell wore... The little jacket was made of woven bombies and lined with green Chinese silk... Isabel told me that over wet bath clothes she wore the jacket wrong-side-out, and over shoes she wore it with the bombie side out... It would also make a great jacket for a sports dress... You don't have to worry about there being many drastic changes in resort wear this season... The favorite is still the short suit, and your own imagination is still the limit.

THERE is quite a bit of accent on the waistline of slacks this season... Ann Rutherford was sporting in the desert sun dressed in high-waisted many flannel slacks, with wide cummerbund-type of belt... Ann's slacks were very full, the unpressed pleats giving an almost skirt-like appearance in the trousers... She wore a crimson crew-neck sweater, and a red hat with the desert slacks. She wore a knee-length, double-breasted reefer of navy wool lined with red. This navy, red, and white is just as popular in sports clothes this year as it was last.

Chopped Hands Are Cut Hands
Red, rough Chopped Hands need medication. Smooth Noxzema into the tiny cuts and cracks. Use the immediate soothing relief—how Noxzema helps restore hands to normal, soft white loveliness. It's not sticky! Not greasy!

LIMITED TIME OFFER
For a limited time you can get this generous trial size jar of Noxzema for only 10¢. See if Noxzema can't help solve your skin problems. Get a jar today. All drug and department stores.

POOR COMPLEXION?
If your skin is coarse or rough—if externally caused blemishes spoil the natural beauty of your complexion—if you long for a clearer, softer skin—try this famous medicated Beauty Cream.

Nurses first discovered how wonderful Noxzema was for chapped hands—and how it helped clear up so many Poor Complexions, aiding in restoring skin to normal, healthy beauty. Today over 15,000,000 jars are used yearly all over the world!

How it works—Noxzema helps soften and smooth rough skin. Its soothing medication relieves most skin irritations—helps more quickly heal externally caused blemishes and chopped, weather-roughened complexes. Use it as a Night Cream—massaging it into the pores. Feel how it soothes and refreshes. It's snow-white, greasemater—a real pleasure to use! In the morning rinse your face thoroughly with cold water and apply a thin film of Noxzema as a protective Powder Base. It's a grand day-long foundation for make-up.

What women write
"The improvement in my skin since using your miracle cream is almost unbelievable. Blemishes and large pores are disappearing and my skin is smoother than ever before."—Mrs. Hazel Niles, Atlin, N. Y.
"externally caused "I used to be troubled with blackheads, but since using Noxzema as a Night Cream they've disappeared completely. And it also helped reduce my enlarged pores."—Mrs. Carl Neis, Omaha, Ne.

Noxzema returns formation of blackheads
"I've been using Noxzema as a Night Cream and Powder Base for only a short time, but what a wonderful change it has made. Blemishes are disappearing and my skin is bet smooth."—Mrs. Elsa Mason, Establish, Wis.
"Allover long I've been ashamed of my 'sad-sauce hands.' My regular hand lotion and several others I tried helped not at all. The first time I used Noxzema the roughness started to go and in two days my hands were soft as when I did no housework at all."—Mrs. Warren F. Elderly, West Somerville, Mass.

Famous Greaseless Medicated Cream Now Used
by Millions to Help Clear Up Complexions
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. Yet Fibs cost only 25c for a full dozen. Mail coupon with 10c for trial supply today.

The Shop Around the Corner—AAA½—

Whether you are out shopping for a movie or not, we urge you to drop in and take a look at The Shop Around the Corner. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are the producers but it's Ernst Lubitsch, the director, and Margaret Sullivan, James Stewart, Frank Morgan, Joseph Schildkraut, Sara Haden, Felix Bressart, William Tracy and Inez Courtney, the staff, who make your visit such a delightful one. The Shop is in Budapest, the little Paris of the Balkans (and from what we hear from our traveler-friends every bit as romantic as the one in France) and it's intimate—both as to size and personnel—but just you ask for anything—romance, comedy, drams—and The Shop Around the Corner has it. Samson Raphaelson saw it all when he wrote the screen play which is based on an original by Nikos Laskos. Jimmy Stewart and Margaret Sullivan work together and not too well (descendants of the plot) but how they love each other in what really makes this romantic comedy so charming—that and Mr. Lubitsch's famous touches. We're sure you'll agree with us that your visit to The Shop Around the Corner was very enjoyable.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

OF MICE AND MEN—AAA½—

The last man in Hollywood we would ever suspect of being interested in the screen rights to the prize play, Of Mice and Men, is Hal Roach, therefore we shouldn't have been so surprised—Hollywood being what it is—to learn that Mr. Roach had secured the movie rights from Sum H. Harris and George S. Kaufman and was producing the screen version of John Steinbeck's unhappy story of an overgrown urchin and his pal. Should you wonder at our expression of surprise let us remind you that this is the same Mr. Roach who earned his reputation producing comedies like The Shop Around the Corner, etc., but now we admit we've never been surprised again at anything Mr. Roach does for while Of Mice and Men has lost some of its rawness in its transition from stage to screen, it has lost none of its pathos and retains a sympathetic but deeply stirring psychological study of human nature. Burgess Meredith as Crooks, Leon Ames as Candy are splendid and Charles Braidwood, Betty Field as Moe, Roman Bohnen as Candy and Bob Steele as Curley also add fine support to this stark drama.—United Artists.

[Continued on page 60]
Ingrid Bergman, who returned to Sweden after finishing *Intermezzo* to spend holidays with family, smiles her prettiest to be back to continue her career.

...sonality to be dropped without a struggle. Only the day before her Chicago wedding, Jane was telling the newspaper folk that she was through with romance for a long time.

**Hollywood on the Loose**: The Beachcombers, patterned after the popular Hollywood rendezvous of the same name, opened its doors to a packed crowd. It's informal and intimate and you really rub elbows with your favorite stars. Betty Grable put in an appearance with Phil Silvers, young comedian just signed by M-G-M. Betty's head hasn't been turned by the attentions of the local boys. She's waiting for Arrie Shaw to return from Mexico. Louella Parsons ("our darling Lolly" to her Hollywood pals) and her troupe, Arleen Whelan, Susan Hayward, and Jane Preissler, held court at a table. Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman were too tired to join the party... after a morning of sightseeing... their first trip to town... and tour shows a day at Loew's State. At The Colony: An increasingly popular lunch spot with the visiting cinema celebs... very expensive and very exclusive! Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone... doing the usual Joan-Tone act... holding hands, gazing raptly into each other's orbs and showing off their best camera angles... Joan looks lovelier than ever... The Rainbow Room: The New York Critics' Circle threw a grand cocktail party, announcing their awards for the best picture and best performances of the year... No one agreed, but it was fun... Sam Goldwyn made a modest speech accepting praise for *Wuthering Heights*. Vivien Leigh was wired in over the air from Hollywood... and Jimmy Stewart did a scene from *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*. Swell as Jimmy was, Robert Donat should have received acclaim for *Mr. Chips*. Joan put in an appearance only to hurry away to the party Tallulah Bankhead and Joan Emery were giving for her at their apartment... Joan and Tallulah have become close friends, Stork Clubbing several nights in a row. . The critics' party made up for

[Continued on page 61]
Miss Elizabeth Stuyvesant Fish, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Fish of Washington, D. C., is a popular debutante. Here, she and some of her dear friends primp between dances.

**Washington's smart young people take an active interest in national affairs. Miss Fish above out-of-town guests some of the city's historic landmarks.**

**Life for a Washington debutante means a constant round of parties—this spring Miss Fish is having the busiest season she has ever known.**

**But both help keep their skin fresh and young looking with Pond's**

**Question to Miss Fish:**
Miss Fish, when do you believe a girl should begin guarding her complexion with regular care?

**Answer:** "The younger the better! I think if you want a nice skin when you're older, you have to take care of it when you're young. That's why I began using Pond's 2 Creams when I reached my teens. Every girl wants a lovely complexion! Using both Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream every day helps to keep mine clear."

**Question to Miss Fish:**
Would you describe what each Pond's Cream does for your skin, Miss Fish?

**Answer:** "Yes, of course. Every morning and evening I use Pond's Cold Cream to freshen up my face. These regular cleansings help keep my skin looking soft and healthy. Pond's Vanishing Cream serves an entirely different purpose. I use it before powdering to give my skin a soft finish that holds powder smoothly for hours."

**Question to Miss Holden:**
In your opinion, Miss Holden, what things help most in a career girl's success?

**Answer:** "Interest in her job, willingness to work, and a good appearance! But nothing beats your looks like a dull, cloudy skin, so you can bet I'm always sure to use Pond's Cold Cream to keep my skin really clean and soft. I can count on it to remove every trace of dirt and make-up!"

**Question to Miss Holden:**
Doesn't the wind off Lake Erie make your skin rough and difficult to powder?

**Answer:** "Well, Cleveland is mighty breezy, but little skin roughnesses don't worry me a bit. I just use another Pond's Cream to help smooth them away...by that I mean Pond's Vanishing Cream. And besides smoothing and protecting my skin, it's perfect for powder base and overnight cream because it's absolutely non-greasy!"

**A Sunday ride in an open car is fun—but chilly! When her young man suggests stopping for 'franks' and hot coffee, Miss Holden thinks it's a fine idea.**

**Miss Holden entertains. The rugs are rolled back, she takes her turn at changing the records, and it's "on with the dance" to the tune of the latest swing.**

**Send for trial beauty kit**

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough 2 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quickly melting cleansing cream), and 5 different shades Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover cost and packing.

Name__________________________

Street__________________________

City__________________________

State__________________________

POND'S, Dept. 6-CYD, Clinton, Conn.
When you see Madeleine the beloved of Brian Aherne in *My Son, My Son*, you'll be calling her... *My Girl, My Girl*
THE IDOL OF THE MOMENT

By FRANK T. FARRELL

(New York World-Telegram Drama Editor and Staff Writer)

If you don't think that the tall, dark Laurence Olivier is the idol of the moment in Hollywood, then stop some pretty little thing at the next street corner and ask her.

The male animal will be slightly alarmed to discover that, if he is to have any victims among the female of the species this season, he will have to imitate a new type of leading man. For, unbelievable as it may seem, the god of the moment in Hollywood is not Jimmy Stewart, Cary Grant, Robert Taylor, Charles Boyer, David Niven or Tyrone Power. No, nor is it Clark Gable who so virilely seized Scarlett, dashed up all those steps to the Butler boudoir and left her wincing with delight the morning after.

No, it's a tall, dark, rather dour-faced Englishman whose name meant little in these columns a year ago—it's Laurence Olivier. And if you don't believe it's Laurence Olivier, stop some pretty little thing at the next street corner and ask her.

In all fairness to Nelson Eddy, Boris Karloff, Wallace Beery and the candidates previously mentioned, we asked a few pretty little things, and our confirmation couldn't have been more complete if we got anointed and a middle name with their answers.

Twentieth Century-Fox's beauteous Nancy Kelly sparkled at the opportunity to make known her secret aspiration. She split her inner devotion between Laurence Olivier and...
GUY who chews gum ALL the time, doesn’t own either a dress-suit or a turtle-neck sweater, and has never kissed a glamor girl (either on the screen or off it!) is the Number One movie hero of the world today, if you can believe his fan mail . . . !
He isn’t a foreigner, either. He’s right here in Hollywood, making movies practically every day. And to make it even sillier, the chances are pretty fair, my Dear Reader, that YOU have never seen him on the screen!—if you’re one of that vast army of movie fans who go to the so-called “key” theatres, the big screen houses, then it’s almost a cinch you haven’t seen him. But you will; believe me, you WILL ! ! !
And when you do, you’ll understand why forty thousand loyal and rabid fans a month, all over this world, write letters to Gene Autry, the “hoss-opera hero” who makes every other Hollywood leading man and glamor-boy look like an abandoned dill pickle when it comes to fan-worship.
Gene Autry is a cowboy star, and nothing else but. He works 24 hours a day, seven days a week, fifty-two weeks a year at being a cowboy star, and let the Clark Gables and the Bill Powells and the Brian Aherne s have their sex-appeal and their glamor girls; Gene’ll take his hoss . . . !
Sure, let Clark Gable have Lombard. Let Bill Powell take Myrna Loy, and let Brian Aherne have Joan Fontaine and the whole Folies Bergere chorus thrown in too, if he wants it. But give Gene Autry his hoss, his guitar, his chewing gum, his 40,000 fan letters a month, and his cowboy clothes, and the world’s oke. Above all, his cowboy clothes—and there’s a story in that.
YOU see, Gene Autry, like everybody else, was a kid once. And when he was a kid, he was simply nuts about a movie hero. Gene’s movie hero was, as you might easily have guessed, a cowboy star.
[Continued on page 66]
When Ann was chosen as The Oomph Girl she thought it was just a dream, but now she tells you *It All Came True*
UNMASKING
Louis Hayward!

By TEMPLE CRANE

THE MAN BEHIND "THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK" IS UNMASKED AND STANDS FORTH AN ACTOR WHO HAS HIT HIS STRIDE THRU BELIEVING IN HIMSELF. YOU'LL SEE HIM IN "MY SON, MY SON!"

IN London, Louis made the rounds of agents and managers—determined to be neither awed nor frightened by the ominous reports he had heard concerning the infrequent opportunities available to fledgling actors. At long last Louis connected with a company about to tour the provinces. He toured and toured—always hoping to reach that mecca of all English actors—London's West End.

Says Louis, "It was Gerald Du Maurier who gave me my first hope of a part in a London show. I was to have played in The Pelican. But Derek Williams got the part. Later a chance came for a role in The Breadwinner—a younger gaga brother sort of thing that would have created [Continued on page 81]

LOUIS HAYWARD knew the desire to act before he learned to walk. Naturally at that time he had very little to say in the matter, so he carefully considered the wishes of his parents and under their supervision learned the fine art of putting one foot in front of the other. It was all rather prosaic business for one who knew he was born to be an actor. But Louis learned to look upon it as a valuable lesson in the virtue of patience.

What Louis did not realize was that his patience would be tested for some twenty-odd years. Meanwhile, ever nurturing his histrionic desires, Louis attended to such minor details as school, hunting lions in South Africa, and becoming a proficient athlete.

His acting debut occurred in his twentieth year—not in London, nor in the provinces. He chose Campere, France, for this important event. Here with the village as his setting—the sky as a proscenium arch and passers-by for his audience, Louis Hayward acted for the first time—on the street. No, he did not stop traffic with a loud-voiced recitation of Hamlet's Soliloquy. Louis was more subtle. Frequently approached by English tourists seeking information, he would answer them in a strong French accent. He pretended to speak and understand very little English. Everyone was fooled. Delighted, Hayward knew he was an actor.

Impulsive, enthusiastic and young, Louis knew that something would have to be done about his long-cherished desire to act. With a fictitious sick aunt as an ally, Louis freed himself from his minor job in Campere to return to his native England.
NOT EVERYTHING A GIRL HAS TO DO IN HOLLYWOOD IS WRITTEN INTO HER CONTRACT. AS FOR THIS PARTICULAR GIRL WHO PREFERENCES TO REMAIN ANONYMOUS, SHE TELLS HER STORY IN THE HOPE IT WILL OPEN THE EYES OF OTHER GIRLS WHO FEEL THE LURE OF HOLLYWOOD AND ITS MOVIES

—EDITO

MY STORY starts at the wrong end, so to speak. Most of it unfolds backwards. But so do so many, many untold stories of Hollywood. That's why it is called heart-break town; because the goal that thousands struggle to reach so often turns out to be a "not a through street" sign, leaving them stranded at a dead end. Then they give up, or go back and start all over again, as I did.

No—I'm not giving my plot away. It has been exposed too many times in the life stories of our stars and in the tragic court records of Los Angeles for me to worry about a surprise ending. And it is too packed with things a girl should know about the movies for me to worry about interest and suspense.

Although not anxious to recall its de-

At the far end of the reception room was a mirror that intrigued me. Reaching it, I couldn't help seeing through an open door and overhearing what was...
tails, I want to tell my story in the hope that it will open the eyes of other girls who are feeling the lure of Hollywood—and give them a glimpse of Hollywood "angles": their imagination cannot conceive. I’d like to prepare them for the sort of disappointments and temptations that came my way—and that may come theirs. Because I’ve discovered that temptation is as big as a girl is desperate—or lonely—or hungry. And as dangerous as she is unprepared, or gullible.

I’ll let others tell of their struggles to "crash" pictures, of the wiles and tricks they had to practice to get Guild cards and a chance to work as extras—and of what it means to be alone and friendless in the tinsel-covered, sponge-rubber heart of Hollywood.

My story starts in fools’ paradise—at the end of the rainbow where so many millions think fame and fortune begin—in the motion picture studio test stage. But first I must tell how I got there.

My break came back in Chicago when the manager of a big movie house who had seen me in amateur theatricals got a studio to have one of its talent scouts drop off to see me on his way west. This scout, who had the manner of always running for a train, rushed me to a photograph studio and had pictures made of me from every angle.

“No retouching,” he warned the photographer. “And air mail us the negatives. We’ll make our own prints.”

Later, he explained to me. “If there’s anything wrong with the way you photograph,” he said, “I’ll rather find it out while you’re here than after you get to Hollywood. Save us both a lot of grief. I like to let casting see for themselves—before I build up somebody’s hopes and send her on a long trip that will only end in disappointment.”

Then he had me sign an agreement that his studio should have first chance to test me and put me under contract in case they brought me to Hollywood.

“And now,” he said in way of parting, “you’d better forget all about it. You may never hear from us again. Nine out of ten don’t.”

But I did. Within a week I received a telegram instructing me to pick up my expense money at the local film exchange and report at the studio as soon as possible.

That’s how it happened that two weeks later I was one of a half-dozen girls gathered in the most jealously-guarded spot in one of Hollywood’s major studios—the testing stage. Girls who believed they were facing the ultimate answer to their hopes, the magic "Open Sesame" to glittering success. The subdued excitement; the [Continued on page 62]
YOU’LL SEE MANY CHANGES IN HOLLYWOOD—SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC—TWO YEARS FROM NOW. DOUG, LIKE A PROPHET, PEERS INTO THE FUTURE AND GIVES YOU THE LOWDOWN

In THE salons of Beverly Hills, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., gives the lowdown on the war situation and the diplomatic chess game behind it. He has golfed across the English landscape with lords and dukes, and is on terms of conversational intimacy with political bigwigs—Chamberlain, Churchill, Anthony Eden—as well as with many business and professional men.

And it is no secret out here that he has important Washington connections, is a friend of President Roosevelt, Secretary of State Cordell Hull, etc. (I’m afraid he will squirm when he reads this. So much nonsense has been written about his going Mayfair, as if he will collapse if anybody below the rank of marquis talked to him. Doug, take my word for it, is a regular guy.) He has a knack for political cracks, a brilliant mind, and charm. Sartorially speaking, he looks as if he has just stepped out of the pages of a novel by his pal, Michael Arlen. He has made himself popular on both sides of the Atlantic, with the high and the low. The Governor General of Canada may entertain him as his personal guest, and the Dukes of Kent, Windsor and Gloucester may be more than nodding acquaintances of his, but he rates mighty well with the rank and file, too.

And so the other day I asked him how the war is changing Hollywood, and what this town will be like, say two years from now.

I was waiting for him in his portable dressing-room on the set of Safari at Paramount, where he is being co-starred with Madeleine Carroll, in one of those love-and-adventure-in-Africa photodramas. The dressing-room was just a shabby cubby-hole, with room enough for a couch and a chair. Papers and magazines were everywhere, for Doug does considerable reading.

He came in as a strapping khaki-clad warrior, with a Hollywood bandana knotted at his throat, walking in that resilient long-legged gait of his. His handshake is firm and cordial. He threw himself onto the couch, flung off his military hat, and lit a cigarette.

"Every major event has its repercussions," he said. He is not slangy and habitually expresses himself [Continued on page 83]
TRAPPING HUMPHREY BOGART, THE BIG, BAD VILLAIN IN HIS DEN, YOU FIND HIS WIFE MAKES HIM OUT A LAMB IN WOLF’S CLOTHING. . . . A FERDINAND THE BULL. BUT BOGEY CAN TAKE IT T GETS so tiresome, the jolly clown with the old, breaking heart; the suave leading man who turns out to be just a small town boy at heart; the hard-berled villain with a lollipop for a heart . . . ALL of them with hearts.

Hearts and Flowers! Surely there must be some tumbleweed of a buffoon with a heart that rollicks as he frolics, some suave leading man with city slicker morals, some villain who would drown little kittens and do a damsel dirt?

It seemed an experiment in human behavior worth the trying, anyway. So, having decided on Humphrey Bogart as our clinical guinea pig, we laid a trap. We would go to his home, unexpected, uninvited, on a sudden afternoon. No studio interview, this. For in the studio Bogey might be on guard, might be talking for the Press, doing the pretty-pretty. At home, he might be off guard, revealing his colors as Black, his standard as Sin. We might deceive the deceiver into talking to us as just a friend, paying a social call.

And so we rolled up to the Bogart home atop a hillside in Hollywood. The home Bogey bought for Mayo Methot, his bride. The only home Bogey has ever owned, furnished and, I am afraid, loved. Everyone calls him Bogey here in Hollywood, by the way. Bogey, short for Bogart—not for Bogeyman.

Bogey was in the garden, a hose in his hand. Also, he was cussing. Well, anyway, he was muttering to himself and the expression in his dark eyes indicated that he was not saying nursery rhymes. This looked promising.

As I came closer I heard him snarl, “I'll fix him, I'll fix Bunky!” . . . and then he saw me, nodded hospitably toward the open front door told me to go right in. Mayo was there, she'd be glad to see me, he'd be right back . . . and then he hoofed it down the hill, hose in hand, in his . . . [Continued on page 70]
All the clothes and accessories shown are from the California Designer Barbour's new collection. The dresses and skirts are made of rayon and acetate, and the coats are of wool. The shoes are made of leather and are available in many colors. The hats are made of felt and are also available in many colors. The bags are made of leather and are available in many styles. The jewelry is made of gold and silver and is available in many styles. The scarves are made of silk and are available in many colors. The gloves are made of leather and are available in many colors. The belts are made of leather and are available in many styles. The purses are made of leather and are available in many styles. The hats are available in many colors and styles. The shoes are available in many colors and styles. The bags are available in many colors and styles. The jewelry is available in many colors and styles. The scarves are available in many colors and styles. The gloves are available in many colors and styles. The belts are available in many colors and styles. The purses are available in many colors and styles.
Perfect Harmony

By CANDIDA

The finale to this symphony by Calla-le-is a smart col-
shoorleae with set-in waistline. It has the saddle
Spring, 1940." There are big hip pockets to match it
the palt Birtton felt sailor which matches the coat.

Wendy teases "Hymie" while relaxing in
pleated slacks with in-
and-outter shirt boast-
ing double tabs over
breast pockets. Wendy's next picture
is to be The Romantic
Mr. Hinkin for RKO

Write for list of department stores
carrying these clothes. And don't
forget to ask for our new free book-
let, "Figures Can Lie," telling you
how to have a slim silhouette for all
your new Spring clothes. It contains
helpful advice on exercises and
proper foundations. Address Can-
dide, Fashion Editor, MOTION
PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New
York City. Please don't forget to
enclose a stamped, self-addressed
return envelope. Write today!
"From the beginning of Time I have searched for you," Ahmad said in a soft voice. The Princess moved. Then all at once her lips fluttered open.

"Steady, steady," Abu warned Ahmad. "We must wait. In an hour they'll eat, and after that they sleep—and then it's time we go!"
T HE Thieves' Market of Bagdad was at its busiest. there under the noonday sun. The tide of humanity ebbed and flowed and the cacaphony of noise was one great voice. calling its wares, bargaining for fruit and cakes, demanding alms for the love of Allah.

On the high wall crouched the slim, brown boy, Abu. His dark eyes missed nothing. That one there, descending from the brocade litter, was rich, he decided. But the man had guards. It would be difficult to steal from him. Now those two merchants, the one in a purple cloak, the other in red, would make fine pickings. But they were too far away. One would have to move and that would be intolerable.

Now a camel passed, laden with a pannier of fruit and cakes. A grunt of satisfaction passed Abu's lips and he leaned down. Quickly, he grabbed up a grapefruit and an apple, hid them inside his ragged tunic and took on an air of sublime innocence.

But the camel man had seen.

"Stop, thief, stop, thief!" went the cry as Abu took to his heels. His stolen treasures tumbled away as he crossed the market place and jumped into a large, empty oil jar. Then he popped out as his pursuers flew past. Thinking himself safe, he mounted the wall of Bagdad. But suddenly, thick hands grasped his shoulders and despite his entreaties he was dragged off to the nearby prison.

It was dark inside the dirty cell and as Abu sensed the presence of another he shrank against the wall and feigned tears. "No, no, no! I don't want to die. I'm too young. No, no, no."

A hand touched him gently and a voice said, "Poor boy, they've driven you mad."

Abu looked at the other prisoner. It was a fine, sensitive face he saw—young, but stricken with suffering. "Me mad?" he asked. "They said you were mad. Are you really?"

The other threw out his arms crazily. "That's it. I'm mad. I must be mad. The maddest of all the madmen that ever lived in the Sultan's Palace."

Abu nodded. Such ravings. "You are quite mad."

"What does it matter?" was the bitter reply. "In the morning with the sunrise we will both die by the executioner's hand. The madman and the thief. And I don't want to die."

Abu began to giggle. "No. As the sun rises we'll take a boat and go down to the sea and find Sinbad the Sailor. I've always wanted to go to sea because there we shall see fishes as big as the Great Temple and boats with sails like clouds and—and—" Now he glanced around stealthily. Then he held something up and whispered, "Look."

Tenderly, Ahmad touched her. "Don't be afraid," he told the Princess. "I am not a Djinn. I'm your slave."

CAST

Abu, the Thief ............................ Sabu
Giafar ...................................... Conrad Veidt
The Princess ............................... June Duprees
Ahmad, the Prince ......................... John Justin
The Djinn .................................. Rex Ingram
Halima .................................... Mary Morris
The Sultan ................................. Miles Malleson

An Alexander Korda production, released through United Artists.

Script by Miles Malleson with Sir Robert Vansittart. Directed by Ludwig Berger.
“What’s that?”
“The key to the prison. I just stole it from the guard.” Wild eyes looked into his. “The key! Give it to me.”
“Steady, steady,” Abu warned. “You need someone to look after you. No, we must wait. In an hour they will eat and after they eat they sleep—and then we go.”

And so it was. As night fell and the guards dozed, Abu and his new-found friend stole out of the place and made for the rushes by the river. At dawn, they reached the small sailing craft that Abu had waiting. But as he loosened the boat and stood ready to leave, he heard a sound. Then he looked up incredulously. His companion was turning away.

“Come on. What are you waiting for? We’ve got to get off.”

The other shook his head somberly. “No, I must stay and fight.”

“Fight! For what?”
“Fight! For what?”

For my Kingdom.”

Suddenly there was a single bugle call from the distance. “Listen.” Abu’s friend’s face whitened. “The Lord Vizier Giafar knows of our escape.” The bugle sounded again.

Abu was a bit uncertain. “Well, Giafar would not make all that fuss over me. What is your name?”

His friend turned toward him. He said, “I am Ahmad. Son of Akbar. Grandson of Haroun-al Rashid. I am Ahmad, the King.”

Abu stared at him. He wasn’t exactly awed; rather, he was impressed. Yes, ’twas a tale whispered around the city—how Giafar had tricked the King into going among the populace like a beggar, and caused him to disappear one night.

Abu found his usually nimble tongue. “But, Lord King,” he pointed out, “you can’t go back and fight now. You’d be killed.”

There are things more valuable than life. I must go back.”

“No,” Abu said positively. “And never mind about your kingdom for a bit. We’ll get it back for you and I’ll help you.”

Ahmad looked at him queerly. “Why do you want to help me?”

The boy thought it over. Then a grin lighted his impish face.

“Well, I like you. Don’t you like me? Aren’t we friends?”

Slowly, Ahmad nodded. “Of course, Abu. You are the first friend I ever had.” He stepped into the boat.

Now Abu threw him the sail rope and with a kick of his foot set the boat into the water. [Continued on page 72]
Toni Lanier on one side—Lana Turner on other—help Bill Powell celebrate last days of bachelorhood at Arrowhead Springs before his marriage.

Alan Curtis, Sonja Henie's new flame, takes her for whirl at Victor Hugo restaurant. They have eyes only for each other—at present.
A Thousand Times "No-o-o"

All Hollywood is waiting, as this is written, to see if Mrs. Gertrude Temple (yes, that’s Shirley’s mamma) is going to make good on the decision she announced a few years ago.

That was when Shirley was riding high, annually topping the motion picture box-office poll as No. 1 Box Office draw of the screen. At that time, Shirley’s mamma announced:

“If and when Shirley ever drops from first position, we’ll take her out of pictures forever!”

SO—the 1939 box-office poll has revealed, as you know, that Shirley is down to Position Number FIVE! And to make it even more so, No. One spot is held by Mickey Rooney, of ALL people.

And now Hollywood is wondering: will Shirley Temple quit the screen?

(P.S.—Hollywood is betting “NO”—a thousand to one.)

Diana Lewis of the younger set, took a springboard and leaped into marital sea with Bill Powell. It’s her first, his third

THE TALK OF
GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND FAME

Naughty—Naughty

A downtown Los Angeles burlesque theatre is featuring a striptease queen, billed as:

ANNETTE SHERIDAN

Giggle-of-the-Season in Hollywood is the line which the Hays office DELETED from Destry—the line which Allen Jenkins quipped when Marlene Dietrich hid a pouch of gold in her bosom:

“Boy, that’s gold in them thar hills . . . !”

Silver Threads

Time-Marches-On note: Ronnie Colman’s hair is turning snow-white. It’s as white as Chaplin’s, now. Oh, girls . . . ! ! !

After GWTW, Civil War stories are on the make. Newest is The Man From Dakotas (presenting the Union side) with Wally Beery, Dolores Del Rio and John Howard
Ah There, Madeleine!

It's Groucho Marx's crack, as he stepped down the gangplank of the boat on which he came back from his first visit to Hawaii. "How'd you like Hawaii?" asked a friend. "I'd rather," back-cracked Groucho, "look at Madeleine Carroll on a clear day."

Not Electric Kind

Hollywood's still giggling about what happened on Tyrone Power's recent trip East. On a hot day, he telephoned from his hotel room to the desk: "Send up a couple of fans, please."

In two minutes, two breathless girls arrived, bearing autograph books.

[Continued on page 77]

Marilyn (Body Beautiful) Merrick is one of Warner starlets. You'll be meeting her again in We Shall Meet Again.

Hollywood

LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

Beeg Hearted

Impulsive Lupe Velez has two names on her lists—a new friend and a new enemy. The friend is the blind man who stopped her on the boulevard the other day, with his tin cup and his pencils. Lupe, impulsive as always, learned his name—and promptly went to everybody she could reach in Hollywood, raising money to buy the blind man a Seeing-Eye dog.

The enemy is the well-known star (we won't mention her name here) who was the only person who refused to chip in when Lupe raised the money for the dog.

Like R. R. Time Table

MARQUEE SIGN of the month:
—was on that tiny theatre in Hollywood, with the very small marquee. It read: E.FLYN & BET.
DVS in "LIZ & SEX"

The screen brings virile pages of Northwest Passage to life, with Spencer Tracy as Major Rogers—and Robert Young and Walter Brennan as his sidekicks.
1. Jane Bryan—who was hit by Cupid’s DART (first name Justin) recently—wears one of her new dinner dresses. It is black crepe, topped with chalk white crepe and accented with black braid around neck, down front and on sleeves. Black and white is always a pepper-upper—not that Janie ever needs one.

2. The young bride—Mrs. Justin Dart, to you—must be preparing for a busy social season as we also found this dusty rose jersey dinner dress in her Spring collection. Both color and fabric are important this season. The only trimming is the use of pin tucks on the sleeves.

3. Jane must have been planning a honeymoon trip when she chose this gay ensemble—a natural for traveling. The straight lined skirt is yellow wool and it is worn with a matching angora sweater with a crew neck. The loose, plaid wool coat combines shades of yellow, green and red.

4. To serve as a pepper-upper for a lunch or cocktail date, Jane has in reserve this brown and white street dress. The long-waisted top is brown crepe, the billowing skirt, brown and white dots. Dash is added with accessories—breton sailor, bag and gloves—in mustard gold.

5. And there’s Jane thinking of dinner again—in a black flat-surfaced crepe gown. The tailored top is trimmed with turned down collar and cuffs of white. Note the interesting peg top skirt which narrows down at the hemline. *Brother Rat and a Baby and Invisible Stripes* are Jane’s new pictures.
MENTION Vivien Leigh—and Laura Hope Crews will toss her chapeau into the air. Talk about Shirley Temple—and Miss Crews will do a jig for the sheer joy of her enthusiasm over the pride of the Temple family. And just hint Greta Garbo’s name to Laura Hope Crews—and that veteran of stage and screen will blow a fanfare of praise for the blond Swede’s histrionic ability.

In other words, filmdom’s greatest fan is Laura Hope Crews—and when Laura enthuses about her fellow-players, she enthuses! Laura will forget her own triumphs to live again the thrills she got out of working with such players as Vivien Leigh, Shirley Temple and Greta Garbo. But then Laura confesses that it is her enthusiasm that keeps her outlook upon life so cheerful and youthful.

Laura, despite her mounting enthusiasm for filmdom’s great personalities, still is as stage-struck as ever. It was a wide-eyed Aunt Pittypat who had been going night after night to New York’s shows during the course of a Manhattan holiday, and it was an imperious Mrs. Luxury who had been reading plays and still more plays in the hope that some ambitious dramatist might pen another Silver Cord for her. But no matter what the decision may be, Laura and Hollywood will remain bound to each other.

Laura admits that she comes from a theatrical family. That is, her mother always had wanted to go on the stage—and did, until Laura, at the tender age of six, watched her mother act. The young actress-to-be ran backstage, weeping. “Mother,” begged this youthful critic, “please, please don’t act again. If you promise never to act, I’ll always take care of you!” Mother retired.

But mother’s passion for the stage was transmuted to the youthful Laura who, it must be said, kept her promise about taking care of her parent. Young Laura was put through a course of training that today, in turn, has been the background for the ability of such players as Carole Lombard, proud to be considered a Laura Hope Crews pupil.

Incidentally, mother’s faults became virtues in the hands of the young aspirant for stage fame. “Mother never had a sense of humor,” explained Miss Crews. [Continued on page 85]
“Have you ever wished for a

BRAND NEW SKIN?

Well, you’re going to get one!” says Lady Esther

Just beneath your present skin lies a Lovelier You! Help reveal your new beauty to the world with my 4-Purpose Face Cream!

Every second that you live and breathe, a new skin—a new-born skin—is coming to life upon your face, your arms, your whole body!

Will it be more glamorous, asks Lady Esther? Will it flatter you—he soft and lovely—make you look more youthful? Yes, says Lady Esther, that new-born skin can bring you a new-born beauty—if—

If only you will let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you to free your skin from those tiny, invisible flakes of worn-out skin that must be removed gently before your new-born skin will be revealed in all its glory!

For these almost invisible flakes of old, worn-out skin can be the thieves that steal your beauty. They leave little bumps you can feel with your fingertips—keep your powder from going on smoothly—they can make your complexion look drab and dull!

Let my 4-Purpose Cream lift that veil! Gently and soothingly it waits away each tiny flake—cleanses the very apertures of your pores—loosens embedded impurities—leaves your complexion softer—lovelier—more glamorous!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

All the better if he’s a specialist on the skin. If you have a vitamin deficiency—follow his advice. He will be a strange physician indeed if he tells you to try and push anything like vitamins or hormones into your skin with your face cream!

Ask him if every word Lady Esther says isn’t absolutely true that her cream clears away the dirt, impurities, worn-out skin, and accumulated grime concealing your new, young skin about to be born!

Then, try my face cream at my expense. Use it three times a day for thirty days. See what a perfect base it makes for your powder. See how it does help reveal your glamorous new skin—how it does help keep your Accent on Youth!

Please Accept Lady Esther’s 10-Day Sample FREE!

The Miracle of Reborn Skin

Your skin is constantly wearing out—drying up—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—cleans crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (51)
Lady Esther, 7130 West 63rd St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, free and postpaid.

Name ________________________________
Address ________________________________
City __________________ State

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)
GLANCE at this picture of Ilona Massey will tell you that she is as liltingly lovely as one of her own songs. With that golden blond hair, that fair skin, that beauty patch pointing the way to her dimple, she looks like a fairy book princess. And the Hungarian singing star of Balalaika is every bit as sweet as one, I discovered, when we chatted together at a party high above New York’s Radio City Music Hall.

Skin care may seem a dull subject for party conversation—but not to this beauty editor. I know just how much most of you would like to have the lovely freshness of skin that is Ilona’s. And I discovered that she is just as enthusiastic about the why’s and wherefore’s of soap and water and cream use as I—so we had a beautiful time exchanging secrets.

Ilona has that delicate, sensitive type of skin that goes with her fairness. That means she has to be particularly careful to use a mild soap and plenty of lubricating cream to keep it in the pink of condition. She wouldn’t think of omitting either from her beauty routine, because the skin needs both the stimulation and cleansing of the soap, and the softening and soothing of the cream.

Here’s what Ilona considers the perfect cleansing routine. She washes her face in the morning, and again when she returns from the studio at night, with a mild soap and warm water, and she works up plenty of soapy lather with a soft-bristled complexion brush. The friction from the brush keeps her skin clear of blackheads, and helps remove any rough flecks of dead skin caused by sun or wind. She rinses twice, then sometimes when she’s removing studio grease paint, she lathers up again. After the final rinsing with cool water to shock the pores back to normal size after their warm water bath, she dries her face thoroughly. The slightest dampness could cause uncomfortable chapping, and aggravate the dryness of her skin.

Cream applied after washing will soothe irritation of delicate skin, Ilona knows. She uses only a tiny bit, because most creams...
I VOWED I WOULDN'T DANCE AT HER WEDDING

Audrey is my very best friend. So when she asked me to be a bridesmaid, I fished out my savings and sank them gladly into a lovely pink frock and hat and slippers. I was as excited as she was. And then came the day. Bright—but not bright for me...

For it turned out to be one of my "difficult days" and long before the reception was over, I was terribly uncomfortable—you know how chafing is! The minute I could, I flew upstairs to dodge the dancing. And there Audrey's sister found me. "Why, darling?" she exclaimed, "whatever on earth?" And soon I was telling her my troubles.

"Just you wait!" she ordered, "till I get some Miracle Modess. It has a wonderful new feature—'Moisture Zoning'!" And back she came in a minute to show me how "Moisture Zoning" acts to direct moisture inside the pad, leaving edges dry and soft and comfortable longer than ever before.

"Now, see this." She opened a pad—pointed to Modess' fluff-type filler—as downy-soft as a powder puff. Then she took out Modess' moisture-resistant backing, and sprinkling water on it, she proved that it didn't strike through. "So go ahead and dance—with a light heart," she counseled.

Well, I did. And soon I was not only having a grand time, but I caught the bride's bouquet. As I wrote later, to Audrey's sister, "Thanks to you, I danced every dance as carefree and comfortable as you please! And was I surprised to learn that your wonderful Modess with 'Moisture Zoning' costs not a penny more!"

NOW—NEW MIRACLE MODESS BRINGS YOU "MOISTURE ZONING"
AN'S best friend" is no meaningless phrase, as anyone who has been lucky enough to own a dog understands. Whether your pet be any one of the popular pedigree breeds, or just an appealing mongrel, family unknown, his happy welcome whenever you return home is more enthusiastic in its emotion, than anything other members of the family are able to turn on. And it's not an act either. For whether his dinner is involved with your return or whether he has just been fed, it's all the same to him so long as his master is with him again.

For the companionship, entertaining antics and pretty manners of your pet, there is of course a price. And anyone unwilling to pay that price has no right to the animal who might otherwise have a better home. The price is low in money and not excessive in time, but it involves, above all, patience and a willingness to learn what constitutes the best care for these loyal and dependent friends. A dog can be supremely happy (and don't think they don't show it) with people who love him, no matter how humble his home, while the very best in kennels or tiled front porches do not keep him from grieving himself sick when he is lonesome for human companionship.

MANY people, through careless ignorance, own a miserable creature of whom they are constantly complaining: the dog's too much trouble; he's noisy; he's not house-broken; he's destructive; he chases cars; he's this and he's that. Or, he's always sick; has fleas, mange, upset stomach, rickets or a poor coat. All of these complaints would be made less often and with more shame, if it were fully realized that the dog's behavior and physical condition is the responsibility of the owner and not of the dog. And none of these complaints would exist if it were realized that because an animal is not human, it is nonetheless responsive to good care.

So here are the soundest rules to follow with your dog:

Never buy a puppy less than 7-8 weeks old at which time it should be completely weaned. If you are weaning it yourself, start at about four weeks to give it a little warm milk from a shallow saucer. Rub a little of the milk on its mouth and whiskers at first, which it will lick off, and gradually and gently shove its mouth toward the milk until it gets the idea of drinking it. Keep the mother away from it for 4-hour intervals at first, for about a week, except at night when puppies need her warmth. At about the sixth week, start the pup on solid food, lean raw beef or a good canned ration. There is a new product on the market for weaning puppies, in the form of a liquid food resembling milk somewhat, and containing nutritive elements, which is very helpful. Puppies should sleep 18 to 20 hours a day, and should be fed at least three times a day; milk and/or raw egg for breakfast. [Continued on page 87]
1. The Young Thing with her first baby starts it off by remarking, "I'm starting Barbara on strained foods next week. I suppose it won't matter to her which brand I buy, will it?"

The chorus of protest rises loud and emphatic. "Oh, doesn't it?...", "why, there's all the difference—... if my baby could talk, he'd tell you—" "My Willie can talk—he's on Chopped Foods now—and he's"

One speaker finally gets the floor...

2. The energetic ex-business girl says, as she tucks a week's groceries away at the feet of her offspring, "Babies are very choosy about flavor. And Clapp’s are so fresh-tasting. They seem like vegetables right fresh out of a garden. You just ought to open up all the brands of strained or chopped spinach some time and taste them yourself. Clapp's would win in a walk!"

3. The former schoolteacher who has read up on infant diet gets in a word: "Clapp's vegetables are specially raised for baby foods. Clapp's aren't ordinary canners, you know. They made baby foods long before the others, and they don't make anything else. They've spent years working with plant-breeders to develop vegetables full of vitamins and minerals and flavor."

4. The comfortable mother of four says, "Listen! It's texture, too. Some foods are too thick for a baby's tongue, and some are so thin he doesn't learn to eat. Clapp's are exactly right. And you'll be glad you started with Clapp's when your baby's older! Clapp's Chopped Foods have the same good flavors, and she'll go on to them so easily—and thrive on 'em for years!"

17 Strained Foods for Babies
Soup—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup • Vegetables with Beef • Vegetables—Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens • Fruits—Apricots • Prunes • Applesauce • Pears-and-Peaches • Cereal—Baby Cereal.

12 Chopped Foods for Toddlers
Soup—Vegetable Soup • Junior Dinners—Vegetables with Beef • Vegetables with Lamb • Vegetables with Liver • Vegetables—Carrots • Spinach • Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens • Fruits—Applesauce • Prunes • Dessert—Pineapple Rice Dessert with Raisins.

Clapp's Baby Foods
OKAYED BY DOCTORS AND BABIES
Spencer Tracy, describing them as "the sexiest men in Hollywood."

Harriet Bennett, the photogenic centerpiece of Earl Carroll's Vanities, was dining with Franchot Tone when she was queried. She said—"One look at him on the screen and you squirm in your seat and wish he'd come down off the wall, throw his arms around you and muss your hair," Mr. Tone's addendum to Miss Bennett's candid exposition of heart and mind will have to be supplied via self-addressed, stamped envelope to the curious.

A society editor, Laura Brown, felt that while Clark Gable shows it more, she suspects that Laurence Olivier possesses it in greater quantities and that he would be more gentlemanly in its evolution. By far, she would choose him over all the men in Hollywood for her canoodling companion as soon as the picnic can be arranged. And she would be "damned careful" where she introduced him among the "400."

Superficially Mr. Olivier is a brown-eyed, brown-haired, trimly set-up individual with an English accent and the rest of those requisites which qualify a young man for the odious title, "Matinee Idol."

Like most actors Laurence Olivier once aspired to do Hamlet. He did—in 1937—and the third was heard for miles around London's "Old Vic."

Unlike most actors Laurence Olivier seems unable to realize that he has made a perfect three-point landing in what is known as "the clover," playing the roles that have been assigned to him on Broadway and in Hollywood.

Cash customers jammed the box-office, and autograph-hunters almost beat down the stage door when he was playing in No Time for Comedy with Katharine Cornell in New York. His portrayal of Heathcliff in Wuthering Heights was the chief reason the New York film critics named it the finest film of 1939. And to all indications Rebecca will stand as another monument to his acting ability—as his public wants him to act—but not as far as he is concerned.

Come hell or Mickey Finns in his whiskey and soda, Mr. Olivier is bent upon abandoning both Broadway and Hollywood to become leading actor, director, manager and everything but ticket-scratcher in an English stock company. Egad!

For his peripatetic love scenes in Wuthering Heights, which have won for him international fandom, Mr. Olivier can express nothing but personal embarrassment:

"Why, dash it all," he says, "it certainly seems silly saying all those goopy things in front of a camera."

This, no doubt, will come as a crusher to his thousands of admirers. But Mr. Olivier is an unusual young man, and no matter what he does to admires he seems unable to lose them.

Once we had occasion to inform Mr. Olivier that more than a hundred autograph-hunters stood outside the door of the place in which we were sitting. We were curious to know if he felt as warmly about them as they did about him.

"Of course not," he replied. "It doesn't make me proud and it doesn't make me happy. It's meaningless—at least, I don't understand it. Those people want something. They want your autograph. They want to see you, to touch you, if they can. But they're not nice about it. In fact, they're dreadfully rude."

When it was suggested that perhaps some nod, some semblance of a smile from him, no matter how trivial, would lighten the hearts of a heap of subway-crushed maidens, he replied:

"You make it sound rather nice. To me it always seemed a most unattractive manifestation of sex-starved eagerness. Mind you, this fad and the miserable manners that go with it are not confined to this country. It's every bit as bad in London. Surely you haven't forgotten what my fair-countrywomen did to Toscanini—tramped them down in the rush to get at Spencer Tracy."

It would be little short of a sure thing to bet that if Toscanini, Barbra, Bogey, St. Leger and Mendelssohn himself were lined up in front of Laurence Olivier, they would all be trampled down in a similar rush, so high is his charm appeal today.

And who is this handsome young man? "I'm the son of a priest," Mr. Olivier is prone to announce. In London he rocks you a bit until he explains that his paternal ancestor was a member of the High Episcopal Church and thoroughly within his right to be made fun of.

The background of the family seems to be French, its origin having been traced back as far as the Huguenots who fled to England after the St. Bartholomew's Day Massacre. They were inclined toward France, however, so there was much intermarriage with the French among these new settlers in England. And there seems to be more French in Mr. Olivier than merely the spelling and sound of his name.

His acting began at the age of nine. It seems that there was a remarkable man named Geoffrey Olivier, head of a school in All Saints' in Margaret Street, who had a way of producing plays that attracted patrons like Ellen Terry and Forbes-Robertson. Laurence Olivier used to act in them, and also in the cast were fellows named Ivor Novello and Tony Burkel.

Later Laurence Olivier attended St. Edward's at Oxford and the Central School of Dramatic art where Sybil Thorndike had introduced him to Elsie Fogarty. It was no time before he had a job, and when the company came to Letchworth, his home town, Mr. Olivier saw to it that all his relatives, including the family cook, got tickets. After the performance the scullion was a bit perplexed.

"Master Laurence," she said, "I kept looking and looking, but I didn't see you."

"Did you hear the bell after the tea interval?" he demanded rather bumptiously. "Well, I rang it." Mr. Olivier's job with the company, we hesitated to advise, was sinecure to an assistant stage-manager.

His next job was something he likes to forget. He played with an indefinable company that seemed to play all the outskirts.

"Everywhere," says Mr. Olivier, "we used to go to swimming-pools, town halls, town baths, barns. We referred to ourselves as the Lavatory Players because we usually dressed there."

His next move was a big one. He played Henry VIII with Sybil Thorndike. And when the company reached Birmingham he joined Sir Barry Jackson's Repertory Company, a distinguished group of the period.
He went to London two years later, opened in Elmer Rice's *Adding Machine* and drove everybody nuts by learning an American accent and persisting in employing it. Mr. Olivier was the original Stanley in *Journey's End*. He played it on Sunday nights before it began its regular run. The whole production cost only $750, and he could have had a share in the profits—a gold mine of the theatre—but he turned down the part in the regular run.

He turned it down to take the lead in Basil Dean's production of *Beau Geste*, which promised to be a stunner. It flopped in four weeks.

He was in a succession of plays from then on, none of them doing more than seven weeks. Finally he went into *Private Lives* with Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence. It was a smash hit in London and New York, to which fair city the play occasioned Mr. Olivier's first visit. Though he returned to London, M-G-M had its eye on him, ultimately signed him to do *Queen Christina* with Greta Garbo.

He went to Hollywood, put on whiskers and turned up for duty on the set. But Garbo sat reading a magazine, out of contact with an entire world of entrancing producers, directors, cameramen and actors, among whom was Mr. Olivier. It was no use, so Mr. Olivier took off his whiskers, left Hollywood and went back to London. The producing virus seized him. He went for three shirts in three different plays. All seemed lost, until along came John Gielgud with whom Mr. Olivier put on a roving *Romeo and Juliet* that caught the fancy of the fastidious public.

Next thing you know he played with an actress named Vivien Leigh in a film called *Fire Over England*, both of which were turning points in his life.

*Fire Over England* established him as a Hollywood possibility of grand dimensions. And Miss Leigh, it appears, is the other reason for his parting with Jill Esmond, to whom he was married in 1929.

Officially, proceedings have not been instituted between Mr. Olivier and Miss Esmond, but they have between Miss Leigh and her estranged spouse. And the correspondent is Mr. Olivier.

THE name is pronounced Oh-lee-vee-ay, and a dashing lad he is proving himself, no matter what he tells the admiring cosmos about himself.

"Really, I'm just a dull fellow," Mr. Olivier insists. "Really, I am. I just sit here and don't say anything. I suppose I should have a viewpoint, but I don't. Not about anything. I just sit here and try to say something dangerous, but nothing happens."

It is a matter of record that Mr. Olivier was never at a loss for words or sentences with which to flout Samuel Goldwyn in the course of producing *Winthuring Heights*. In fact, there are witnesses to state that Mr. Olivier has a positive genius for flouting people without letting them know about it. And writers, long since, have learned not to take Mr. Olivier too seriously, especially not since one day last summer when he strode down the gangplank of the *Ile de France*. The ship's newsmen were having difficulty locating Vivien Leigh who was supposed to be on the boat, heading for Hollywood and *Gone With the Wind*. Finally they solicited Mr. Olivier's aid.

"Vivien Leigh?" Mr. Olivier inquired. "Why, I didn't even know she was on the boat. Who is she?"

It developed that Miss Leigh had fled down the gangplank earlier and secretly. And as things are developing now, Mr. Olivier knows Miss Leigh quite well. Yes, indeed.

"It used to make me hopping mad—the way my husband was always kicking about his shirts. I know they were a mess—everything in my wash was full of tattle-tale gray. But I worked like a beaver. I didn't know my lazy soap left dirt behind. I had no idea what ailed my clothes until . . ."
A Secret of Soft, Lustrous Hair

If you want to be more attractive—use Nestle COLORINSE. It aids in rinsing away that soap film which dulls the hair, robbing it of its natural sheen. COLORINSE adds lustrous highlights to your hair—produces a richer tone. Nestle COLORINSE is easy to use—easy to remove—washes out completely with a single shampoo. Try COLORINSE tonight. Notice the improvement in the appearance of your hair—notice, too, that it will be easier to comb, easier to style. Choose the color suitable for your own shade of hair from the twelve flattering shades of COLORINSE. Consult the Nestle Color Chart at Toilet Goods counters.

10¢ for package of 2 rinses at 10¢ stores

25¢ for five rinses at drug and department stores.

THE SECRET FOUR

Frank Lawton, Griffith Jones, Hugh Sinclair and Francis L. Sullivan bring to life on the screen—Edgar Wallace's Four Just Men from the novel of the same name. And like the novel, the cinema is equally as exciting having been directed by Walter Forde. Perhaps these names don't mean very much to you but let us remind you that Frank Lawton starred in The Mill on the Floss and also appeared in David Copperfield and Can Can; Griffith Jones you may remember for his work in A Yank at Oxford, The Mill on the Floss and Bruce's Me Never. These two talented gentlemen, together with the others mentioned above, and Anna Lee, the feminine interest, have scored in numerous English productions and it won't be long before their names will be as well known here as our Gables, Tiptons, Crawford, et al. The Secret Four makes suspenseful melodrama as these men—they're sort of a private secret service—go around righting wrongs—particularly to their Empire. Their greatest job is tracking down those conspirators who sit in on a few murders—and they're not of the ordinary kind, either. It's bold—yet it's exciting.—Monogram.

PICTURE PARADE

THE FIGHTING 69th

In placing the Hollywood boys in a war picture so that they not only fight for their flag and regiment but also among themselves—be sure you are sure to have something doing every minute. In this glorification of New York's famous 69th, the colonel is treated to one of the tightest stories ever screened. We follow the regiment from the day it drills its raw recruits to the day it returns with colors flying—meanwhile picturing the humor of camp-life, the stark, raw drama of the trenches—and the character building as men go through the crocodile of war. Its chief protagonists are George Brent as Colonel Wild Bill Donovan, Pat O'Brien playing its loveable Father Duffy, and Lewis Stone as a buck private. It's the latter character who makes himself obnoxious to his buddies with his smart-aleck wisecracks and general disobedience. He also diagnoses the regiment and causes the deaths of poet Joyce Kilmer and others through his insubordination and disobedience. But he comes through a man before he's killed. The war episodes, the exciting stuff of shells, the continuous zero hour—build terrific suspense. In all, an exceptional picture.—Warner.
its lack of glamorous names by a flock of pretties like Anita Louise... who was celebrating her birthday the very next day... Buddy Adler gave her a party... Anita met Buddy's family for the first time and there's nothing to prevent their marriage now... The blond starlet is friendly and full of fun once she relaxes in your presence... Lucille Ball was another young player meeting the boys and girls of the press... Nancy Kelly went almost unrecognized, she's shot up so fast since her last visit... quite tall and very slender, Nancy really looks grown-up... regretfully she had to turn down the lead in Clifford Odets' Night Music... but she is happy that Edmund O'Brien can return to Hollywood with her... Her long-time boy friend is doing well for himself on the Coast... Zanuck and Mother Kelly willing, Nancy will be an early bride...

ROUND THE TOWN: Norma Shearer took to her bed after wisdom tooth trouble... She came on from Sun Valley where she had been taking in the winter sports with her children, to see The World We Make, the Kingsley play... It will be her next picture... George Raft follows, as usual... Virginia Peine still refuses a reunion with Georgie until the almighty Mrs. Raft agrees to a divorce... which will never be, according to that adament lady... So Raft is devoting himself to Norma with a clear conscience... Bob Montgomery left for England to resume film production on the other side... Judy Garland spent several days seeing everything with Johnny Downs... Geraldine Fitzgerald plans to come on to New York to have her baby... Margaret Sullivan is play-shopping seriously, looking over all the plays Jean Crawford didn't take back with her... Al Jolson, Martha Raye and Ruby Keeler go into rehearsal for a Rodgers and Hart musical... Al refused to listen to the producers' advice to leave Ruby out of his professional life... John Garfield reopens the Group Theatre in Heavenly Express... Ingrid Bergman, who was so sensational in Intermezzo, returned to continue Hollywood activity... Charlie Laughton made a pleasant impression at a party in his honor, by being quiet-spoken and docile and very devoted to his wife, Elsa Lanchester... His reddish hair comes as a surprise and he's one off-screen villain who doesn't look as though he spends his spare time patting babies and children... He has a strange personality... He is the only Englishman I've ever known who doesn't worry about the crease in his trousers... Sir Cedric Hardwicke was another guest... Mickey Rooney has grown up... He vacationed in Miami with such oldsters as Ben Bernie, Jolson, and Georgie Jessel, topping them gag for gag... He took many a rib because Bill Powell was supposed to have married his girl... Mickey dated Diana Lewis several times he said, but his real heart is Dolly Thom, a dancer... I knew Bill's bride some years ago when she was starting her professional career in the chorus of a Hollywood musical comedy. She has something of the freshness Janet Gaynor had in her early years... But when she was screen tested, it turned out that she photographed much like Gloria Swanson. Diana was so thrilled! But nothing much has come of several stock contracts... She's a sweet youngster and Bill's a lucky guy... It must have been very lonely for the actor these last unhappy years.

Stars Over Broadway
[Continued from page 17]

Lady Esther says

"Wear your Nail Polish
7 LONG DAYS
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I will send you free my 12 Magic Fingertips so that you may try the 12 shades of my 7-Day Nail Polish

HOW WOULD you like to try on all the smartest, newest nail polish colors—to see them on your own nails, to find the one color most flattering for you? Then what a thrill to know you can wear that loveliest, luckiest color 7 long days at a time... thanks to Lady Esther!

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Lady Esther's
7-DAY
NAIL POLISH

61
I faced Hollywood's temptations

(Continued from page 33)
eager, expectant faces; the shining eyes; the tight-lipped tension of half-fear— all proved that every girl there felt as I did, that the test ahead was the beginning of thrillingly-romantic future.

Standing back in the shadows, I watched the girls moving about just outside the glare of the brightly lighted set. Like myself, they had been in the hands of the experts of the studio's make-up and hair-dressing department, and one by one they edged over to have a peek at themselves in a battered full-length mirror.

A couple affected smiles and a nonchalance; actually they were excited and nervous. One or two were almost jitters. A colorful blonde, caught in the light reflected from the mirror and looking like a cameo come to life, was straightening the collar of her dress with a trembling hand. A shapely brunette bit her lip and clenched her fists as she waited her turn at the mirror.

Twisting a handkerchief into a whirling knot, a little redhead was repeating her lines, half aloud. But so bewildered was the look on her face that I was sure she hadn't the slightest notion what she was saying.

All of which was comforting. Knowing I wasn't the only one who wanted to run, helped me fight the sick feeling in the pit of my stomach and the lump in my throat. So just to prove to myself that I was calm and ready for my big chance I started to rehearse the lines that had been given me three days before. I was to do the scene from *Accent on Youth* in which the secretary tells her employer goodbye. Closing my eyes, I began:

"Well; before I say goodbye, I want you to know that I love you. I want you to know that the two years and three months I spent with you have been the most wonderful, happiest years I've ever--"

"All right, girls, attention, please."

Mr. Stein, head of the casting department and chief of the talent scouts was speaking. He stood in the bright light, his hand on the shoulder of a tall, gray-haired man in a blue pin-stripe suit.

"This is Mel Riley," he continued, "who will direct your tests. And let me add that you are very fortunate to be under his direction. It is not often he has time to do this for us."

There was a flutter of excitement among the girls, and two or three looked very pleased. Apparently they knew Mel Riley or his reputation.

"We know we're fortunate, Mr. Stein," spoke up a tall, quiet-looking girl with a voice like the note of a cello.

"Thank you, Kathleen," acknowledged Mel Riley gravely. "And just for that we'll start with you.

Then, pausing for an instant, he looked around, "Come in a little closer, girls," he said. "Let's get acquainted. Because there are some things I'll have to tell you."

As we moved toward him he continued: "Now, kids, believe me, I know just how you feel. Nervous, and maybe a little afraid. Just between ourselves, I'd be plain scared if I were in your place."

"But that's very good. The whole trick is to relax. Don't take your part in your teeth. Just play it easily, be natural and don't worry about me smashing the camera if you make a mistake. I promise you I won't. I'm all for you--because the ones of you who make good I'm going to claim as my discoveries."

So leave everything to me, except being natural. That's your job.

"We're testing two parts today—one from *Accent on Youth* and the other from *Stage Door*. Four of you play one, four the other. The most inexperienced of you will be shafted last, so they'll have a chance to watch the others, get an idea of how it's done and become used to the lights and action.

"Remember you are to express yourself in your own way, and not attempt to copy the personality of the girl ahead of you. Your possible value to pictures lies in putting your own individuality in your part. Don't forget that site her now.

He stopped and surveyed us. Then: "Any questions?"

The girls glanced at each other self- consciously, but none spoke. I had a lot of questions to ask, but couldn't think of a single one right then.

"O.K., then--let's go. Come on, Kathleen. We'll try two rehearsals."


"Here!" I called back a slender, dark-haired youth rising from behind the camera. "Ever alert, ever ready. I was just giving Pete some fine pointers on cinematography, but now I'm ten to guide friend Riley through his tests."

He grinned, and I know every girl on the set got a thrill. I'd seen his face on the screen often, but I never knew his name.

Stepping toward Kathleen, he bowed and offered his arm.

"May I escort you to the guillotine, Anne Boley?" he murmured. "Twill be a neat job. I like to young 'uns heard you director whetting the knife."

"Perhaps 'twas but the cutter you heard," replied the tall girl, accepting his arm, "sharpening his shears against your scenes."

"Shove," cried the boy, jerking away his arm. "Methinks the kitten has growed up."

"Mel Riley likes Paul to cut up before the tests," explained a voice behind me. "It helps relax the young 'uns and makes them forget their fear. Once relaxed they'll be so fascinated watching what's going on they'll forget their own names."

I turned a half dozen hairdressers who had said she should be over to take care of us.

"They're all so nice here," I agreed, "that I almost think it will be fun. And I thought everybody would be so—so cold and superior and impatient that a test would be like a nightmare."

"Some of them are—especially the silent ones. They're murder. Just putting you up in front of the cold eye of that camera and telling you what to do and what to register. You're lucky not to have to take one of them first."

I guessed I was lucky, but before I had time to say so, Mel Riley was talking to us again.

Now all relax—but pay attention. And keep quiet. Show the people up here the consideration you want when your turn comes.

"This first test is not one for newcomers. Kathleen Green is one of our contract players and she is being tested for a part in our coming picture *Hearts Away*. I've included this with your tests so you will have the benefit of watching her—and because you will take your tests with Paul Bowen who plays opposite her who makes good."

[Continued on page 86]
So, she signed with RKO—to do musicals. Just about the time she arrived, Hollywood stopped making musicals, by popular request. The public was fed up with them, RKO, not knowing what else to do with its singing find, put her in girl-next-door roles in pictures—that didn’t matter. One of them, a comedy about the Marines, bore the subtle title of Leathernecking.

She was desperately lonely and bitterly unhappy. She lost completely whatever small desire she had once had for a movie career. Then she met Ernie Westmore, of the Make-Up Westmores. Or perhaps, since the Westmore boys do get around, Ernie met Irene. Anyway, he said to her, “You would be perfect as the girl in Cimarron. They’ve tested everybody in town, and I haven’t seen anybody yet who looks the part as you do.”

Irene said, “Would you mind if I told that to William Le Baron?” then head of RKO. “I’m going to a dinner party at his house tonight.”

Next morning, the willing-to-be-quoted Ernie was hardly inside the studio when he was summoned to the Head Man’s office. Le Baron said, “So help me, Ernie, if you ever again tell an actress she’s the type for a role, I’ll fire you. That Dunne girl spoiled my whole evening, bothered me to death—all because of you. You ought to know better. She’s no actress. She’s a singer.”

“I don’t know anything about her,” Ernie mumbled, “except that she looks to me like the girl in Cimarron.”

“Don’t let me hear any more about that,” said Le Baron, “or it will cost you your job. I mean it.”

Days passed. Ernie saw some more of Irene. And every time he saw her, his first impression was repeated. He had to do something about it. The next Saturday, a big football game was coming up; the studio would be deserted. He said to Irene, “If you’re willing to skip the game Saturday, I’ll make you up as the girl in Cimarron, and I’ll get Bachrach to stay and take some pictures. I still think you’re it.”

More because of Westmore’s belief in her possibilities than because of any belief in herself, she skipped the game (and crazy about football, too), let Ernie make her up as a young girl, a mature woman and an old woman, and faced Bachrach’s camera. Bachrach stayed up all night, developing the pictures. Sunday morning, early, Ernie and Irene were at the studio to see what the results might be.

At 9 a.m., Monday Ernie was in the office of Wesley Ruggles, who was to direct Cimarron, showing him the pictures. “Who is this girl?” demanded Ruggles. “A girl who’s been under contract here a year,” Ernie said, “and hasn’t had a chance yet to show what she can do.” Ruggles said, “Come on, we’re going over and show these to Le Baron.”

Ernie tried to duck; Ruggles made him go along. Ruggles handed the pictures to Le Baron with the words, “Here’s the girl we’ve been looking for.” Le Baron took a look at the top picture, saw who the girl was, and said to Ernie, “If you’re behind this, you can start walking right now.” Ruggles asked him to look the pictures over. Le Baron started riffling through the pack, slowed down after three or four, paused at the tenth, and said, “She’s got the part.”

She’s nobody’s April Fool! With her transparent “bumbershoot” this young lady can look ahead . . . see where she’s going!

But the umbrella people aren’t the only ones with new ideas in protection. The Kotex Laboratory has developed an improved type of moisture-resistant material...made specially for Kotex sanitary napkins. And a protective panel of this material is now placed between the soft folds of every Kotex pad!

So remember this new Kotex feature— all you who believe in “Safety First!” Remember, too, all the other advantages Kotex has to offer...

Many a time—you’ll be thankful for the flat (patented) ends of Kotex ... so different from napkins with thick, bunchy ends!

Thankful, too, that Kotex is made in soft folds (with more absorbent material where needed . . . less in the non-effective portions of the pad). This makes Kotex less bulky . . . more comfortable ... than pads having loose, wadded fillers!

Kotex* comes in 3 sizes, too!

Super—Regular—Junior. Kotex is the only popular-priced napkin that offers you a choice of 3 different sizes! (So you may vary the size pad according to each day’s needs!)

All 3 sizes have soft, folded centers ... flat, tapered ends ... and moisture-resistant, “safety panels”. All 3 sizes sell for the same low price!

"You scarcely know you're wearing it!"

One of Irene's closer friends heard this story for the first time only the other day—from someone else. She asked Irene if it were true. It was. Irene added, "I owe Ernie Westmore my undying gratitude." Why, then, had she never told the story? Irene said, "Nobody ever asked me about it. I didn't know if anybody would be interested."

That is Irene Dunne. The motion picture star.

Her first interviews didn't know she was story-blind about herself. They warned her confidants that she "didn't give." Why, she didn't even show off on dates. None of them suspected she was married. When that fact finally emerged, it was set forth as proof that she was human, after all.

There was considerable drama in her marriage. Their separate careers forced Irene and her husband to spend most of their time a continent apart. But it never occurred to her to worry about it. Her impulse was to keep her personal emotions to herself.

Hollywood doesn't understand the reticence of good taste. If she has never unfolded Irene—who is a lady first, an actress second. Hollywood calls her "secretive," "distant," "difficult to know."

People fortunate enough to know her make a habit of conflicting in Irene. She won't confide back—but they can be quite certain their secrets will be safe with her. They can also feel that her advice will be sound.

She is a thoughtfully opinionated person.

Most of us are what our backgrounds make us. Irene is no exception. She was raised in a genteel Southern home. She cut her baby-teeth on the tradition that this is the sort of people that have the right set of manners. Added to that, she had only a short while of frivolous girlhood. Her father died when she was 14. She was suddenly (This is an other untold story.) just before the end, he called for her, to talk to her about something he had never let her know about before: life's hardships. He said, "I'm leaving you very little. You're going to have to have a great responsibility. Your mother has always been protected. You're going to have to look after her." Up to that moment, Irene had never had to be serious. After that, she could never be frivolous.

One thing she inherited from her Irish father was a quick wit—which she thoughtfully curvature. She is desperately afraid of hurting people. So much so that you are entitled to the suspicion that she was once hurt badly, herself.

That fear of hurting someone also partly explains her reticence. She kept her marriage to herself. She feared that this would happen: Hollywood would call Frank "Mr. Dunne." She has been afraid to talk about her love for her little girl lest she hurt the baby's real parents, who gave her up.

H OWEVER, Irene is less reserved than she used to be. This has been particularly noticeable since "the doctor" has come to the Coast to live. It isn't necessary now for her to be on the defensive about her marriage. Anyone can see that it is in good working order.

She has always yearned to be one of the girls. She has always held that if any girl, with success, after nine years or so, is be- beginning to give her confidence. She is a much better mixer than she used to be.

If you don't believe she is acquiring confidence, glance at her fingernails. For years they were a "natural" hue. Then they took on a pink tint. Then a rose tint. Now they are a deep exuberant red.

She believes that a happy marriage needs something more than love to thrive. It also needs mutual respect. Few husbands get the respect that Dr. Griffin receives. He reciprocates.

She received a fan letter the other day that said: "I can't sleep at night for thinking of you. And my wife can't sleep for the fear of not see ing I'm thinking of you." She is constantly receiving proofs that people think she has sex appeal. She does nothing to encourage the belief that she manipulates dress, accentuates her pretty figure with tight dresses. If she, herself, is conscious of her sex-appeal, she doesn't let anyone know it. She buys her clothes as no other star. She is strictly on impulse. She will be driving along Wilshire Boulevard, see a dress in a shop window, like it, go in and get it. The only gowns she "prepares for" are evening gowns. She has the three a season.

A fashion expert out from New York attended a lush Hollywood party, agog about finding out who was the screen's most attractive dresser. Her surprise, Irene Dunne was the most attractive woman there—and the most simply dressed. In a room full of glittery sophisticates, Irene stood out as warm and feminine.

S HE is on every list of Hollywood's ten most beautiful women. She is forever dining with gents to go to parties.

She is not fashionable, but she likes to have her main meal at noon.

A friend once asked her if she liked to be called a beauty. "I'd rather be called a sophisticate," Irene said, and started to tell why. Half-way through her reasons, she stopped short. "No," she said, "I've changed my mind. I'd rather be pretty than sophis-
ticate. A pretty woman is more feminine." She doesn't have the glamour girl's habitual expectation of comments on her appearance. All "the doctor" has to do to give her a glow for a while without telling her, just before they step out, "Honey, you're pretty tonight."

I rene's principal ambitions are three in number. In the order in which she rates them, they are (1) to be a great singer, (2) to be a great actress, (3) to be a great beauty.

She has no intention of giving up work, ever. After the movie career is over, she'd like to go on to opera. Every day she has free from the set, she has a singing lesson, plus an hour's singing practice. Her teacher is also Jeanette MacDonald's. If she can't make the operatic grade, Irene would like to do settlement work.

She's a sucker for a hard-luck story. Once upon a time, all the gents had to do to get charity from Irene was to write her a heart-rending letter. When "the doctor" became her business manager, she saw to it that when he sent a letter before Irene did—and that any plea for help was investi-gated before help was sent. But he didn't save her any money. She sent heavier checks to charity groups. Usually under the name of Irene Griffin. That was less conspicuous.

A few years ago, she was almost physically ill when someone revealed that she was sending a good deal of money through a conservatory of music. She didn't want the girl embarrassed, in any way.

Producers say, with annoyance, that she is too fussy about stories. She admits it. She'sn't coy, she's convinced that her's is a more important career than the stories she does. She believes that every picture she makes should have a definite moral.

Few people know it, because she has never
stressed it, but she is devoutly religious.
She would like to do a biographical picture, but not of a DuBarry or a Marie Antoinette or a Queen Elizabeth or any other historical femme fatale. Her idea of an historical character worth portraying is Madame Curie.
She has a few close friends. Her closest in the movie colony is Jeanette MacDonald, whom she has known for years. They may not see each other for a month at a time, then one will call the other, and they will get together. That's the way she likes friendship to be—not too demanding. Few Hollywood friendships are that way. They are, instead, time-killers.
Irene has little time to kill. When she's making a picture, she never goes out. She hates confusion—and there would be plenty of confusion if she rushed home from work to dress to go out. When she isn't working, she has singing lessons and singing practice; she tries to play 18 holes of golf a day—that being her only exercise; and she has to read scripts constantly, looking for future picture material. The rest of her time she spends with "the doctor" and their four-year-old, Mary, better known as "Missy."

FEW stars are socially acceptable to the "400" of Southern California. Irene is one of the few. She is, as aforementioned, a lady. Also, she has made a point of being acceptable. When she married wealthy Dr. Griffith, she married into the New York "400." When "the doctor" started vacationing with her in California, he came armed with cards to golf clubs that were on the exclusive side. She met there were much like the members of his own clubs back East; well-to-do business and professional men. He and they talked the same language. Irene, aware that he wouldn't have much in common with the movie people, made a point of accepting invitations from the people with whom Frank did have something in common.

A few weeks ago, the Griffins gave a large party—Irene's first, by the way, during her entire stay in Hollywood. Forty people were invited. Ten of them were movie names. The others were society names.

Don't think from this that Irene is beginning to put on the swank. She isn't. She still doesn't have a personal maid, except on the set. At home, as far as she's concerned, a personal maid would be a nuisance. "I can still manage to get myself hooked up," she says.

She has two unfortunate habits. She puts things off. (She says she's lazy.) And she judges people before she knows them, and it takes her a long time to change her mind, though she has been known to change it.

There was a certain divorced actress she was sure she wouldn't like. They finally met, casually, at a party—and Irene surprised herself by liking the girl.

"Temperamental," they call her, because she doesn't like visitors on a set. That's what she gets for being conscientious about her work, anxious to make every detail as perfect as possible. Every visitor is a distraction. She doesn't see even her press agent when she's working. That's why she likes to work with Charles Boyer. He's the same way.

She gets mad streaks, between pictures, of wanting to go out every night in the week. Then she's content to stay home for weeks. A New York editor, recently visiting Hollywood, asked plaintively, "Why is it movie stars don't have happy faces in person? They all look harassed. I've seen just one happy face since I've been here, Irene Dunne's. Don't the others know how to be happy?"

It's very possible that they don't.
The World's Number One Hero

Continued from page 29

He was Hoot Gibson. Remember Hoot Gibson? Well, Hoot Gibson was Gene's childhood screen hero.

Until, out on a day down in Oklahoma, where Gene was living then, he saw Hoot Gibson in person. And Hoot wore just ordinary store clothes, like you can buy for $24.90 if you walk down the ten-dollar street. Just ordinary shoes and pants and coat and hat. And BANG went Gene Autry's kid illusions, because he couldn't imagine his hero in anything but boots and chaps and cowboy shirt and a ten-gallon hat, and so to hell with Hoot Gibson from that day on.

Gene never forgot that childhood disillusion. And so, when Fate worked her strange magic, as I hope to tell you in this story, when and if I get around to it, and Gene became the screen's No. 1 Western Star of today, he remembered it.

"Danged if I'll ever disappoint any kids like Hoot knocked me for a loop," swore Gene. And from the very beginning, although Gene Autry's wardrobe is one of the biggest in Hollywood—ever better than anything in it but cowboy clothes. White ones, green ones, red ones, brown ones, multicolored ones—but nothing else. He pays $25 apiece for shirts. The only one that has more than Basil Rathbone has stiff-front shirts. His boots cost $75 a pair, and they're made to order. And each of those ten-gallon hats of his cost Gene fifty bucks. Let Adolph Menjou stick THAT in his pants-preserver and think about it!

And wherever he goes, whatever the occasion, wherever the place, Gene Autry is always decked out in full-fledged western costume. And no little boy, and no one of those 40,000 people a month who write him letters, is ever going to be disappointed by seeing Gene Autry dressed like a church usher. In Hollywood, where they're always making wise-cracks, the wags insist that if ever Mrs. Gene Autry sues Gene for divorce, he'll be on account of extreme cruelty—because Gene won't take off his spurs when he gets into bed. But I hardly think that's true.

Yes, he's got a wife. Her name used to be Ina May Spivey, and she's an Oklahoma gal, and he's been married to her since before he ever came to Hollywood, and he's still married to her, which shows how unholy-wooden this gets. Outside of Gene's host, "Champion," Ina May gets just about all of Gene's kisses. She's used to sharing them with "Champion," though. You never saw a cowboy that didn't kiss his horse, did you?

NOW let me tell you some more about this Gene Autry, on account of you might as well get to know him since 20th-Fox yanked him out of the small-time western circuit, and teamed him with Janice Witthers to make a super-feature western that you'll be raving about by now.

In the first place, Gene Autry's real name is Gene Autry. He was born in a place called Tioga Springs, Texas, but it's going to be called Autry Springs any day now. That started out as a press-agent idea, and Gene Autry kept it stank-savvy as no modesty that it hurts when they try stunts like that. Said Gene:

"That town was called Tioga Springs long before me, and the famers, and the farmers, and there ain't no reason to change it now." He got so mad about it that he went back home, unbeknownst to his studio one day, and called a meeting of the townies and told them that this idea of changing the name to Autry Springs wasn't none of his thinking-up, and to hell with it. Whereupon Gene showed up on the town meeting stage—oldsters and all—and up and voted unanimously to honor him by making it Autry Springs, and so from the next postal directory on it'll be Autry Springs!

Gene's pa was a hoss-and-cattle trader, and his grandpappy was a Baptist minister. When Gene was a little kid, he thought there never was a two-bit hoss trader or a Baptist minister, and Gene figured he'd rather be the hoss-trader. But he got sidetracked early in life, and somehow turned out to be a railroad telegrapher instead of a singer, who liked to sing. That's how it all happened—

He was tap-tap-tapping in the railroad station at Sapulpa one day, and when he got done with the key, he picked up his crummy old guitar and strummed a few notes and began singing a cowboy song.

In walked a gray-haired guy with twinkling eyes and a grin. "What are you singing, son?" he wanted to know. ""Cowboy song," said Gene. "Can you do anything else?"

"Say," drawled the stranger, "kin you sing 'They Plowed the Old Trail Under'?"

"Kin I; sure KIN!" said Gene, and he did sing.

Then the stranger picked up the guitar and whanamed a few himself, and broke into out "Casey Jones." Then he laid down 87 cents to pay for the telegram, said to Gene: "You got something young, young fellow. I wish I had time to set around here a while, mebbe you co'd teach me to sing like you kin. But I gotta go;—say, you ought to be in Hollywood, feller!"

Then he went out—and not until Gene remembered about the telegram after a few more songs, did he read the signature and discover that the stranger had been Will Rogers . . . !

AFTER that, Gene took his singing seriously. He took Will's words to heart, and plowed away until he'd get a job on a small radio station. He got so popular that it led to a vaudeville contract. And that led to Hollywood, and Gene finally arrived in Hollywood—just in time to catch the time that Will Rogers, the guy who'd really started him, hit the end of the trail.

Republic Studio was looking for a new type of cowboy star. That's how they picked up Gene. They heard he could sing, and some bright lad figured that it'd be a swell gag to have a cowboy hero who could strum a guitar and sing "Home, Home, Home On the Range" while he was knocking off the cattle- rustlers with a row of shots from his trusty six-shooter. So Gene got the job, and he rode, shot, sang so well that it made him what he is today, whatever that may be.

Forty-thousand fan letters a month is no piffle. But compared to what it represents, Gene's salary is a holla- laugh. Gene gets only $35,000 a picture—and compare that with $150,00 and $200,000 or more per picture that some of the other top names get in movies—and if they get as high as a thousand letters a fan month, they're givin' a lot of their face, money maker, holdin' fur a raise to a million a film!

Modesty—except in his personal comin'—is Gene's all-predominant characteristic. He lives in a little two-by-four sort of
farmhouse on a piddling two-and-a-half-acre lot that wouldn't even be sniffed at by the average movie star. He doesn't go to night-clubs, because they make him uncomfortable, and he'd rather have a bowl of chili than an order of frite de foie gras, which he can't pronounce, anyway.

He hasn't much time to do any Hollywood hell-raising, even if he wanted to, because out at Republic, they keep him too busy making pictures in a hurry. Right now, at Fox, he's worried over them taking so long with scenes and takes.

"I gotta hurry back to Republic and make six or eight pictures," he complains.

Gene's best friends are his horse and Mr. and Mrs. Smiley Burnette. Smiley is the 250-pound western comedian who works in Gene's pictures—and who under a three-year-contract can work in no other films.

The Autrys and the Burnettes are practically a unit. Gene first met Smiley when Autry needed an accordion-player to round out his vaudeville act. He heard about Burnette, who can play 52 instruments, believe it or not. Of the 52, the accordion is Smiley's favorite. That was in Tuscola, Oklahoma. Gene'd made a date to see Burnette, over the phone. Gene drove down.

The first glimpse Gene had of Smiley was Smiley's 250 pounds backing out of a little Austin! And if you can imagine what the rear-view of Smiley Burnette must be, emerging from an Austin! Smiley's first view was almost as startling—he saw Gene, dressed in a bright red shirt, a bright green bandanna, a brilliant white ten-gallon hat, brown boots that shone like a headlight, and skyblue chaps.

Both of them nearly split their sides laughing, and they've been laughing at each other since.

Gene's horse, "Champion," is 13 years old, very, very old, lives in a corral greater than Gene's. All the trappings on Champion's harness are solid silver. The horse goes from location to location and personal appearances in a trailer in which the Maharajah of Bnopal needn't be ashamed to travel. It's bright red, fifty feet long, mounted on specially constructed springs which wouldn't jar an oat in Champion's breakfast.

There's room for another horse, to keep Champion company, and if Mister Hays hears what goes on sometimes—but never mind. There's also a built-in bedroom for Champion's groom, who's really a personal valet to the horse—or for Gene himself. For lots of times Gene travels along in the fancy trailer, with Champion. And the whole contraption is elaborately wired with an electric burglar-prevention gadget that would shock any breaker-in into unconsciousness with enough volts to all but do murder.

Gene bought Champion for a hundred dollars, nine years ago. Today, Gene sets a book value of $25,000 on the horse, but wouldn't sell him for a cool million. Cash. Champion doesn't work as hard as Gene. Gene uses Champion only for close-ups and trick riding. Long shots, grueling cross-country chases, and all that sort of thing are done by a double—a double for Champion, but no double for Gene.

Gene takes his popularity seriously. He sees it as an almost holy obligation to live up to the ideal that his screen self really is, in the minds of those 40,000 fans who write him every month, and the millions more who don't write. Of them, he knows the vast majority are youngsters; his mail is almost entirely from teen-age folk. He has dedicated his life to the one basic precept—never disappoint them; never break down their ideal. His life, onscreen and off, is so clean that it's a wonder Hollywood, of ALL places, doesn't pass a law against him.

On tour he devotes himself to the entertainment and pleasure of youngsters. He's a cinch to make visits to every orphanage, kids' hospital, and similar places. He plays and sings for them, he puts Champion through his tricks. And he always gives away a pocketful—say, trunkful!—of pictures of himself and Champion and Smiley Burnette. At the rate of two bits a picture, which other stars charge their fans, Gene Autry must have given away, FREE nearly a hundred thousand dollars' worth of photographs already!

"Aw, heck, I got no other way to show my appreciation for what the kids have done for me," he protests, when they ask him why he spends so much time and money on them. "And besides," he adds a moment later, "I LIKE kids!!!"

So there's your Gene Autry. A guy who has more friends than Hitler has enemies. And who, as modest as all the rest of the movie stars in Hollywood, added up, aren't! Modest?—well, look—

At 20th-Fox, the other day, they said they were going to let him use Will Rogers' dressing-room bungalow.

Autry got as mad, when they suggested it, as though he'd been asked to chop Champion's head off.

"Listen," he went, "not me nor nobody else is ever going to be half big enough to fill Will Rogers' shoes, let alone his dressin-room!!"
BUT—jot down the name of George Windsor in your mind. And keep an eye on that lad and the Henie. Georgie is a new York dance expert, and those close to the picture insist that if there's anything closer to Sonja's heart than her career, it's this Windsor.

They met on a trans-Atlantic boat. Since then, they've been writing and telephoning to try to efface the 3,000 miles between them while Henie's doing her stuff on Hollywood ice and George is doing his stuff on New York waxed floors.

He has created a special dance-step for her—to be done with skates, on ice.

CUPID'S COUPLE:
Joyce Matthews and Bentley Ryan—
'Holdin' hands, and muggin' and syan'

NORMA Hall didn't take long to get over her grief at Jackie Coogan's engagement announcement. Bruce Cabot and Jimmy Bryant helped her. Plenty.

JUST as though three or four years haven't intervened, Glenda Farrell and Drew Eberston are at that stage, again.

BABY-TALK: . . . the name is Wendy Joan for the daughter which Of Doc Stork gifted the Henry Wilcoxons with . . . but

Dressed in her gaudy finery Mae West might be asking Bill Fields to "come up and see me' in My Little Chickadee

Andrea Leeds, having married into a racing family when she marched to altar with Bob Howard, son of Seabiscuit's owner, takes in races with hubby at Santa Anita
six feet seven, remember, I got tangled up with him somewhere in New York and...

"Oh, that was so-o-o funny," gurgled Mayo. "Bogey had to climb up on the bar and stand there all night. I was just paralyzed... Now, John Garfield knows all the tricks. He could Handle Things. But Bogey knows nothing about the tricks. He learns to do them on the screen but the thing is, he has to learn, you see..."

"If you think that just because Garfield had a gang when he was a kid in New York..."

"Why, Bogey," cooed Mayo, "you know you've told me yourself that when any gang like Garfield's came after you, you...you used to run like...you used to run...

"I suppose I didn't have a gang, too?"

"Oh, you did, dear. He did. Gladys. His gang was called the West End Marsys. You see," continued Mayo, a help-meet if I ever met one, "Bogey can't help it that he has to act being a tough guy. But he's a tenderfoot actor, that's why he's so good at it. Yes, you are, Bogey, I say and I mean that no one can beat you at—acting."

"But you see, Gladys, he wasn't brought up properly for good, bona fide thugginess. He didn't have any of the advantages of Hef's Kitchen and Third Avenue and all that. You know there, or weren't you, and the millies have handicapped him. That he has overcome these handicaps so handsomely proves that he is a truer, par excellence, as I said. His father was a surgeon, his mother an artist. Why, he was even born on Christmas Day, which is rather sweet. Then, too, he has two sisters and sisters do so much to soften a boy, don't you think, and he went to Andover and..."

"... and I was kicked out, wasn't I?" demanded Bogey, "kicked out for ducking a junior professor, wasn't I? Because I didn't like the way he wore his face. I..."

"But a junior professor, darling," murmured Mayo, "a little junior professor, kinda sissyly is the way I always think of him..."

"I was about to say I then joined the Navy, didn't I? I suppose I didn't have a lot of fights in the Navy, always talking out of turn like I did and..."

"... and getting kicked, darling," sighed Mayo, "as you've often told me when in a meditative mood... not that Bogey is often in a meditative mood," Mayo gave me this... "there's nothing moony about Bogey. He's being temperamental and tense all of the time. He can't relax, not at any time. He can't sit down and just read a book. He's just going-going-going, all the time. Boats, gardening, fishing, he adores the sea... and golf..."

"O H, BUT I must tell you," caroled Mayo, "about Bogey's golf... he was called one of Hollywood's Grimnest Golfers but now he's given it up. Now he plays croquet at home. He claimed that golf was spoiling his disposition. And besides, after we bought this house, Bogey hated to be away from home any more than he could help. He loves to potter and to tinker, Bogey does. He just dates on the place. He's such a home-body, Bogey is. Well, so now Bogey plays croquet at home. No, of course not the 'sissy game,' darling, whoever said so? Why, there's a little golf in Bogey's croquet. He has hazards, sand traps, hills, bunkers and the such. And some of the wickets are a hundred yards apart. Bogey is so cute about the game, he says it should be called 'croquet' or 'golquet.'"

"... but what I say when I miss a wicket," hissed Bogey, "and anyway, as I was saying... I served in the Navy right through the War, didn't I?"

"... and got out as soon as you could afterwards, dear, and quite right, too, because, as you said, 'Adventure is too strenuous.' That's Bogey, Gladys, always thinking of things which will insure him the minimum of effort..."

"I bucked Wall Street next," ralled Bogey, "that takes guts. High Finance. Bears and Bulls, Buccaneers of the Ticker Tape and all..."

"... and you were so happy, weren't you, dear, when William A. Brady 'rescued' you. rescued is the word you always use when you speak of it, I believe, and gave you a job backstage in one of his productions..."

"... plenty of fights in New York in those days," puffed Bogey, "that guy on the subway one night. He was stripping all over my feet. I resented it. I gave him a good shove. He upped to me and he said 'how about getting off at the next station?' I didn't want to get off at the next station because I... well, because I had a date. But I did get off and we were rolling all over the place, he was all over me and I..."

"... and out of you, wasn't that the way you told it to me, dear?" helped Mayo. "I know it still worries me when I wake up nights thinking about it..."

"He was a prizefighter," said Bogey, "he could have been a drug store clerk, a soda-jerk with anemia, but he had to be a prizefighter..."

(Mayo was certainly helping Bogey now.) "But there's one thing about Bogey," Mayo picked up the thread that was [Continued on page 91]

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**NOT GOOD IN CANADA**

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**Joan Crawford**

**in Meto-Goldwyn-Mayer's**

**"Strange Cargo"**

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**71**
The Thief of Bagdad

[Continued from page 42]

"Pull!" he called lustily. "Come on. We're going.

The sail to the nearby town of Basra was the greatest joy Ahmad had ever known. The sky was bluer, the air clearer, the sea bluer, and the fish cleaner. The melon that Abu had stolen and the fish they caught were better than anything that his hundred servants had ever brought him. But best of all, there was freedom, whole days to themselves! They reached Basra on the third afternoon and as they went over the curving bridge into the town, Abu reached out, and from here and there among the crowds, picked some delicious pancakes and honey.

They were eating in quiet content when suddenly they heard a great clarion call. Then a hundred horsemen appeared, driving the people brutally out of their way with whips. And all at once the streets were empty—except for one stranger whose garment Abu grasped. "What's happening?" he demanded. It was the Princess, he was told. "Then why does everybody go?"

The stranger shuddered. "It's death to look on her. Her beauty is like the Sun and the Moon but no man has ever seen her; nor shall till her father gives her in marriage." With a terrified yelp, he darted away.

Together, Abu and Ahmad climbed into the awning of a shop. Then they shrank back as the procession of musicians and soldiers appeared. There followed dancing girls and coal-black slaves. But as the jeweled palanquin approached, Ahmad suddenly exclaimed in rapture. "Abu—she is like the Moon and the Sun."

And indeed it was so, as she lay there in her ivory litter, gowned in the fragile stuff of a pink, pearly dawn. Her lips were red ripeness of pomegranates, her skin clear, precious alabaster.

The procession moved past—and she was gone.

Abu rubbed his eyes. "Well, we looked at her and we're still alive. Now to the harbour for Sinbad, the Sailor."

As if in a trance Ahmad shook his head. "No."

"What?"

"I must see her again."

Abu took one look at him and knew it was useless to argue. "All right. If you see her once more, will you then come with me to find Sinbad?"

"Yes."

"Then we must find where she lives."

Suddenly, he saw the stranger and called to him. The man sized up but as he answered their questions about the direction of the Palace, terror came over his face.

"Remember," he finally squirmed, "She's the Sultan's daughter and it's death to look on her."

He started away. "Allah he with you. But I doubt it."

The next day they found the palace gates. Ahmad's eyes clouded as he saw the guards but Abu merely observed, "There's always a way in." This he proceeded to prove with a little game that he had once picked up from a wandering magician. The whole idea was to shuffle up some coconut shells, pick one up and lo! and behold! there was a gold coin.

The guards were immediately entranced by the idea and in a few moments they were all betting their swords on the result. It was an easy matter for Ahmad to slip past them while Abu held their attention with his trickery.

Inside the grounds he wandered around for a bit. All at once he stopped. There, in the midst of a green, flowering garden, was a marble bathing pool, which, like a mirror, reflected the thickly-leaved trees.

Then his heart almost stood still. Reclining with her handmaids at the edge of the pool, was the Princess, exquisite as a bit of porcelain. And in a voice like the mellow of an organ she was singing a lovely song.

Ahmad came closer. But just then, one of the girls saw his face in the pool and screamed with terror. "An evil spirit. A Djinn."

They fled. But behind them they could hear many peacocks and disappeared behind the great hedges. All but the Princess. Cautionedly, she drew her silken garments about her and looked into the water. She stared in fascination at the reflection of Ahmad's face.

"Oh, Djinn," she breathed, "you don't look ugly. Don't go away."

Tenderly, Ahmad touched her arm and with a sharp intake of breath she rose and faced him. "Don't be afraid," she said, "I'm not a Djinn."

"Who—are you?"

"Your slave."

"Where have you come from?"

"From the other side of Time. . .to find you."

Her voice was as low and sweet as the whisper of a flower. "How long have you been looking?"

"Since Time began."

Her cheeks tinted delicately with color. "And now you've found me, how long will you stay?"

The fires of his heart blazed in his eyes. "Till the end of Time . . . For me there is no beauty in the world but yours."

And then the Princess knew. Here was the love that had always colored her dreams—here it was to the end of eternity. "For me there can be no more of pleasure in the world but to please you," she said huskily.

Through the long sun-dappled afternoon they spoke in the language of lovers. And then it was time for a亚马d to the grand apartment of the Sultan, who was doubtless in his arms as he asked, "Will you be here in the garden tomorrow, at the same hour?"

Her violet eyes clouded. "There is a gardener here who watches night and day for lovers. His name is Death. Are you not afraid?"

But he clasped her closer. "No."

"But she cried, "You must not come again!"

"Forgive me, then."

"Try as she would, all her being cried out against it. Finally, she said, "I cannot forbid."

"Tomorrow then?"

"And all the tomorrows.

But the Sultan had not told him about her father, the Sultan. And perhaps he had known, the youthful recklessness of his heart might not have cared. For the Sultan was not as other ruling warriors. There were some who spoke of him as the Greatest Collector of Toys in the world. There were others who merely said bluntly that he was an old man—silly and greedy.

Suffice it to say that on the third day when Ahmad was in the garden with the Princess, Giasar, the Grand Vizier of Bagdad was in the Palace making formal plea for the Princess' hand. His method was simple. He had brought the Sultan a toy horse that would fly—a plaything so marvelous that the

So it was that the two "beggars," Ahmad and Abu, discovered on the grounds. They were brought in by the guards and hurled to the marble floor.

But as Ahmad raised his head and saw his enemy, Giafar, the man who had made outcast from his kingdom, he rose to his feet and thundered, "Giafar! At last! Face to face. Man to man. Sword to sword." He grasped Giafar's arm savagely. "Why do you mutter so? Is it for shame?"

He turned to the Princess' father, "Great Sultan, I speak the truth. My eyes bear witness."

But now Giafar's evil words could be heard in incantation.

"The Powers of darkness blind, The spells of Satan blind, The slayings of your mind, O Prisoner of the Night."

"My eyes bear witness," Ahmad cried again. Then suddenly he moaned and touched his face. The world was black before him.

"My eyes! My eyes have gone. I cannot see. I am blind."

But Abu rushed forward and threw himself before the Sultan. "Listen, O most High and Just, I know the truth," he faced the assembly. "Listen, good people—"

Now Giafar stood over him. He smiled cruelly.

"Son of a dog, by this my magic rune, Be what your fathers were and bow the moon."

And the Abu felt evil spirits take hold of him. His body worked this way and that. Struggling wildly, he began to run. Then he stared into a mirror and saw—a dog. Yes, there were four legs, two up-pointed ears and a tail. The dog was—himself. Giafar's terrible laughter rang out. "And this is my curse that I lay upon you both."

He turned to Ahmad. "You shall walk in the dark of the blind."

Now he laughed down at Abu. "And you remain so, in the form of a dog... until that moment when I shall hold the Princess, willing for my love, in my arms."

FOR many moons, the blind Ahmad wandered with his dog. Always, Abu guided his footsteps and led him away from danger. But Ahmad's heart was as bleak as his sight—until the day that the woman Halima approached him in the market-place near the river.

She seemed to have come from nowhere but her message gave him the first hope he had had in many days. It was news of his Princess that she brought—dread news, to be sure, but at least it was word of her.

When Ahmad had been sent away by Giafar to wander, his Beautiful One had run off, Halima told him. Then she had been captured by slave-traders and sold here in the Slave Market. The richest merchant in the town had bought her but as soon as she was taken to his house, she had fallen into a deep, unshakable trance. She lived but was as dead. No doctor could restore her. Only the one she called "The Djinn of the Pool" could bring her back to life.

Ahmad threw back his head in exultant laughter. "I was the Djinn. Take me to her."

Halima led him through the streets with Abu trotting along at his feet. Then, finally, they came to the great house and he was taken to the Princess' sleeping chamber.

Her sweet voice reached his ears as she spoke from her trance. "O, Djinn, shall I never see you again?"

Ahmad whispered, "Guide my hand to her." Tenderly his fingers touched her silken hair, her sweet lips. She stirred slightly. "From the beginning of Time I have searched for you," he said in a soft voice.

Again she moved. Then all at once her waxy lips fluttered open and she looked at him. "My lover, my lover," she breathed. But tears of crystal formed in her eyes and she turned away. "The dream," she wept, "my dream—always the same."

Ahmad put his arms around her. "This is no dream."

Wonderingly, she looked at him again. And then she saw that he was real. "Ahmad," She said with ringing joy.

His lips caressed her throat, her eyes, and the rich warmth of her mouth. "The dream is over, my own. It has come true."

She sighed deeply. But then a sense of something wrong went through her. "Don't look at me, Suffering has left its mark."

"For me," he said thrillingly, "your beauty will always be as I first saw it;"

But now her fears were real. "Your eyes. They are so strange, so full of pain."

"One cannot pass through fire and not be scorched."

Her lips formed to speak again, when she saw Halima motioning to her. The woman touched her eyes and a terrible pain lanced through the Princess' heart as she knew that Ahmad was blind.

Now Halima spoke to him. "Ahmad, you must go. The Master has returned."

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"I'll not go. Never. I stay here," his voice rose. "I would rather die than leave her again. I can still fight.

Halima smiled ruefully. "It will be a short fight. And think of the Princess. They will kill her too. Come away with me and when the Master睡眠s, in the heart of the moon, I'll lift her out with me.

"Yes, my love," the Princess begged, "go with her. She is our friend."

Abu began to jump up and down and bark. Ahmad spoke to him sharply. "Quiet. From now on, you are not only mine. You belong to the Princess as well." Once more he tenderly kissed his Princess, then walked outside with Halima.

She said to him, "Go to the boat wharf where I first met you."

"Very well. Hurry. I'll wait for you there."

But as he left the place, Giafar, sitting in the patio above sent an ugly laugh after him. His agent, the woman Halima, had done her work well. She had caused Ahmad to awaken the Princess and now she would be his. "King of the Beggars, of Poverty and Hunger," he cursed, "your only Kingdom will be the road beneath your feet."

Down at the wharf he was sat and waited. he thought of many things and especially of the soothsayer's prophecy the night that Giafar's soldiers had seized him.

"Have mercy on the old man," the old man had said, "Trust in Allah. One day in the Blue you shall see a moon, mounted upon a cloud. And from the ranges of the sky he shall destroy the tyrant with the arrow of Justice."

Hours passed and then a queer unacquaintance possessed him. There was a reason, though he didn't know it, for always Giafar had spirited the Princess on board his black boat and was offering her a cruel bargain: In exchange for her promise to wed him, his lover's sight would be restored.

At the wharf, Ahmad's frantic foreboding grew stronger. Where was Abu? The dog had been absent for a long time, ever since he had left the house with Halima. "Abu, Abu," he called. And suddenly a miracle happened. His eyes were open, truly open. He could see. "He was never blind!"

Then he turned and stared. There was Abu coming out of the sea. And he was no longer a dog but a boy again!

"Abu," said Giafar. "She's with him, Ahmad. They took off the boat then threw me over to drown. And in the water there, I changed back to a boy again. But now she's with Giafar."-

Ahmad's eyes were dark with despair. "What good is my sight to me without her?"

"Is there nothing for you without her?"

"Nothing."

As usual, in a crisis, Abu took to action. He indicated a small harbor boat. "Then we must follow her at sea. Come. Hurry."

But out of environment there came a tempest, sent by Giafar, sud- denly rushed down around them. the world darkened and the sea howled and raged. Desperately, Ahmad and Abu tried to keep aloft. It was with the boat torn apart that they were flung away from each other into the stormy swirl of wind and water.

EONS later, the morning came and Abu woke. He looked around and saw a beautiful, peaceful island. But he was alone, and he began to weep bitterly. "Ahmad, Ahmad, Ahmad." Then suddenly he heard a tiny squeal. He started. That was funny. The noise had come from that small bottle, lying on the shore. His senses began bettering out for it. He heard the squeal again. Curiosity overcame him and he loosed the top of the bottle.

The cork popped off—and suddenly a small head stuck out of the bottle. "Yow! Abu crying throwing it from him. Black smoke began to pour out of the bottle and then from the midst of the smoke, stopped a shadowy figure as big as a Palace. It began to sing.

"I'm free, you warm
Now you can escape
And let the sons of earth beware"

Abu thought he would die of fright. Why, he had had a Djinn.

"I'm free again," the Djinn was shrieking, dancing around. "After two thousand years, since King Solomon, Master of all the Djinnis, imprisoned me in this bottle. But for you, you insect, this is the last moment of your life."

Abu looked at him in outrage. "But Sheik of Spirits," he protested, "I opened your bottle. Let you free. You can't be so ungrateful."

"Ungrateful," the Djinn scoffed. "Slaves are not grateful. Not for their freedom."

Now Abu thought hard. He must do something and do it fast. With a bequelling expression, he turned to the Djinn. "How comes it that you, as big as a mountain could ever get into that bottle that I can hold in my hand? You weren't in it really, were you?"

"Of course I was."

"Can't you remember?"

"I was."

The argument went back and forth heatedly and finally to settle the matter, the Djinn started to shout. He had gotten the bottle in. That was Abu's chance. Quickly, he clapped the cork on again and when the Djinn began to plead for his liberty Abu imposed his conditions. Only on the oath that he would behave, that he would call Abu, "Master" and that he would grant three wishes, would he let the Djinn out again.

Before the bottle there came groans and moans and curses but finally the promise was made and since it was bound with the Oath of King Solomon, Abu knew it would be kept. But when he had again released the Djinn, excitement overcame him so that he wasted a perfectly good wish by asking for some home-made sausages. Then he be- rated himself. No, no, that would never do. He must stop to think next time.

Now, instead of making a wish he asked tentatively, "I wonder if I could see Ahmad."

"Ahmad," the Djinn said, "to do that you must look into the All Seeing Eye. It is a great Ruby in the eye of the Goddess. There are many guards about it but I will take you there."

Abu nodded and the Djinn hoisted him to his back and they were off. Over mountains and rivers they went, right over the curve of the world, sun, moon and stars and all.
Then finally Abu saw the Goddess. There she sat, supported by seven pillars, with her feet in the sea of Eternity.

Trembling like a leaf, Abu mounted her huge foot. He was just walking across her chin when suddenly a score of guards appeared. Abu slid past them like an eel and scrambled into her mouth. The guards were after him. Now the chase went from the Goddess’ mouth to her ear and then up and down her cheeks. Finally, Abu made a leap to the eye. Then he pulled with all his might and the great Ruby was in his arms.

The Djinn took him on his back again and not until they were in a safe spot did they stop. Then the Djinn said, “Look into it. Look hard.”

Abu peered into the ruby. He gasped, for there in a deep ravine crouched Ahmad, tired, dejected and hopeless. Abu cried, “And now my second wish. Take me to him.”

“Tell him to obey,” the Djinn said sorrowfully, “Hold tight, little brother. We have to return half across the world.”

Off through the clouds and the sky they went, not stopping until they had reached the ravine where Ahmad was resting. Abu dismounted from the Djinn and ran to his friend. “Don’t be afraid, Ahmad,” he said, “It’s me. And I’m the Djinn’s master.”

With his first smile in days, Ahmad embraced his friend. Then he looked up as the Djinn burst into an uproar. “What’s he laughing like that for? I don’t like the sound of it.”

The Djinn swayed again with mirth. “I’m laughing for my freedom. It’s at hand.” Like a knife flash he turned to Abu. “Your third wish, Master?”

But Abu was quicker. “No, no, no.” He turned to Ahmad. “Phew! I’ve had enough already. I’ve got to be careful. Only one wish left.”

Ahmad sighed. “I have only one wish. If I could only see her again.”

“See her!” Abu exclaimed. “Is that all?”

Grandle, he pushed the ruby in front of Ahmad. “I needn’t waste a wish for that. Look! Look into it hard.”

Bewildered, Ahmad stared into the stone. Then his face lighted up for through the red fires of the jewel he could see his beloved. She was in a garden in Bagdad, holding a blue rose, and inhaling its fragrance.

Then Ahmad was plunged into despair again for in the distance he could see Giafar in his laboratory talking to his alchemist, The Grand Vizier was rubbing his hands in glee. “It is done. Let her inhale the fragrance and she will forget Ahmad and the past. Her mind will become blank.”

Ahmad jumped up. “Why did you bring me this?” he said hoarsely. “I can’t look any more. There are worse things than blindness, I am worse off than before you came!”

Now Abu became really angry. “And I risked stealing the ruby for you? I’ll never have anything to do with a moon-struck lover again.”

Ahmad was just as incensed. “Good. Have nothing more to do with me. I wish I were in Bagdad.”

“I wish you were too,” Abu retorted.

And then, all at once, there was a great thunderclap and Ahmad was gone. Abu looked up dazedly. “Ahmad, Ahmad, Where are you?”

“Where you wished him,” the Djinn chortled happily. “In Bagdad. And now, you have had your three wishes and I am free! Free! So farewell, Little Master of the Universe.” Singing his songs of freedom lustily he danced away.

Like a lost child, Abu began to wander around aimlessly, crying all the while. But he could not keep away from the ruby. Finally, he peered into it. But as he looked he saw a hovel of anguish torc from his lips. There, in the Bagdad garden was Ahmad with the Princess but Giafar stood before them with drawn sword. To his guards, he was snarling, “Take them below, Claim them to opposite walls so they shall spend their last night face to face. In the morning they die.”

BAFFLED and torn with despair Abu looked up at the Heavens. “How can I help them?” he asked. “I must help. But how?” He eyed the ruby with loathing. “But if I can’t help, I won’t see.” And in an outburst of fury, he raised his arm and threw the ruby from him. Then suddenly, fantastic fireworks exploded and the whole earth seemed to be spitting amber.

After a long time Abu again had the strength to open his eyes. But as he did so, they widened like saucers. Why he was all dressed in cloth of silver and was standing in the doorway of a royal tent. An old king, surrounded by his courtiers was looking at him. They were all of petrifed stone.

“Welcome, Little Prince,” they all chanted and smiled for the first time.

Abu took a deep breath and looked around. “Father of a Beard! There’s some mistake. I’m not a child at all.”

But the old King smiled. “Yes. For you, we have been waiting twice two thousand years. This is the Land of Legend where...” [Continued on page 88]

CLARE POCKMAN, SENIOR AT SKIDMORE COLLEGE, SAYS:

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**The Talking Town Tattler**

[Continued from page 68]

George Raft-Norma Shearer may deny romantic interest but howsabout the get-togethers at L.A. & N.Y. premieres? the Wayne Morrices went much fancier! They called their new son Bert DeWayne Morris III—and even his mama, who used to be "Bubbles" Schmaus, thinks that's quite a load, because she says she's going to call him Michael for short, because she likes that name. Wonder if Wayne's wondering who Michael was ... it'll be a midsummer baby for the Kent Taylors ... and it won't be long now before there's a new little Stephenson at the Jimmy's ... snicker-of-the-season in Hollywood is the crossed-signals business at the Woody Van Dyke home ... the doctors all said it'd be a girl ... BUT Ol Doc Stork crossed them up, and delivered a boy ... and the Van Dykes had even picked its name—Gretchen!!! But Woody, being a director, is used to quick changes-of-title, so he switched the name to Winston Stewart Van Dyke ... Geraldine Fitzgerald says it'll be a May baby ... and the Tim Holts are building a nursery on their house, for the time when handsome screen hero Jack Holt becomes a granddad.

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**CUPID'S UN-COUPLETT:**

Marg Lindsay and Friend Eddie Norris have called their romance daddie!

**HOLLYWOOD'S** most active girl-friend these days seems to be June Lang, who gets around faster than a whitest dervish. One night you find her holding hands with James Mc Kinley Bryant (who's no slouch himself!); the next it may be Lew Ayres (when he isn't Greer Garsoning); and then again it may be Alex D'Arcy, or maybe Bob Oliver. But it's NEVER Vic Orsatti, Vic, who used to be June's Mr., is finding Ruth Hussey grand company today's events.

[Continued on page 89]
Just Like the Movies

■ Even in Hollywood, there's a man who believes everything he sees in movies. He's the carpenter to whom Errol Flynn gave the job of building some jumps on the riding-track on Errol's ranch.

The carpenter went to work. A few hours later, a ranch-hand happened by, and saw with amazement that the man had built no barrier LESS than six feet high. He protested—"don't you think they're a little tall?"

"Hell, no," drawled the carpenter; "ef'n Mister Flynn rides like I seen him ride in pictures, these here jumps had ought to be a 'GINCH!"'

A Cuppa Coffee and You, Ann

■ Not to her head has all this oomph gone, which leads to this neat little item about Ann Sheridan. She rides a bike, you know, to keep that figure oomph. But she doesn't ride so well, and the other day, she got excited when a big truck turned a corner in front of her, and before she knew it, she had smashed into a tree and was sprawled all over the roadside.

The truck-driver got down to help the gal, and found out it was Ann Sheridan. Not at all abashed, he told her he was sorry and could he do something to make up for it. Equally unmiffed, Ann looked about, saw a hamburger stand a few yards away, and said she'd call it square if he'd buy her a cuppa coffee.

He did—and now they're swell pals, the queen of oomph and the truck-driver.

Burglars Use 'em, Too

■ Next time you see Dorothy Lamour, you can ask her to autograph your front window. On account of her latest present from boy-friend Wynn Rocamora is a diamond-pointed pencil!

He Knew What He Wanted

■ Hollywood kids (even the ones NOT in pictures) know what they want. Anyway, the one who sneaked into Joan Crawford's back garden did. He had a candid camera, and he was trying to snap some shots of Joan in her bathing-pool.

Joan caught him. She scolded him. Then she gave him candy, and told him to run on home now. He did—but as he reached the gate, he turned back and yelled: "Aw right, Miss—but c'mon back and take the picture TOMORRER?"

A Corset Held Her Back

■ Lackadatical reaction of Hollywood youth to the Gull-crest Moments of Life, as typified by Bonita Granville:

In At Good Old Sixty, Bonita got her first screen kiss, as you remember, from William Holden. Curious about her reactions to the experience, Holden himself asked her, afterward, how she felt about it, and how she liked the kiss.

Cracked Bonita: "I didn't notice. My corset was pinching me."

Windfall

■ This guy Bob Hope—luckiest stiff in town. The other day, he and Bing Crosby played a golf match, and Bob won—including the two-bit side bet. Bing paid, and Bob took the quarter and dropped it into the slot-machine in the clubhouse bar.

And hit the jackpot!

Helping Pop

■ Playing in Swiss Family Robinson, Tim Holt, son of Jack Holt, had to grow an almost shoulder-length head of hair for his role.

All his friends kidded him about it. Finally Tim came back with this crack-of-the-month: "Well, it's all MINE anyway—and when I'm done with this picture, I'm going to make a toupee of it—AND GIVE IT TO POP!"

---

Honey

Beauty Advisor asks: "DOES YOUR HUSBAND WANT TO SHOW OFF YOUR CHAPPED, RED HANDS?"

Want appealing, lovable hands? Don't let housework and chilly winds spoil the looks of your hands. Use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream regularly to help guard against harsh chapping. Hinds is extra-creamy, extra-softening. Helps tone down harsh redness. Coaxes back a softer look and feel. Hinds feels good, does good to tender hands! Contains Vitamins A and D, 100, 50, 25, and 10 sizes at toilet goods counters.

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So You’d Like To Be a Star at 18!

(Maybe you should think twice. Maybe, like some other pretty females in the movie village, she should relax and let herself be unconditionally envied. But, worse luck, she can’t. Growing up ahead of time, she has the habit now of doing everything ahead of time—even facing facts and the future.)

“I envy other girls my age,” Nancy says with all the earnestness of her boundless youth, which is considerable. “They can look back on countless carefree memories. I can’t. Do you know that I’ve never been to a prom? I’ve been at the theatre at 8-45, instead.”

“At eighteen, too, most girls can look ahead to countless years in which to achieve their ambitions. The farthest I can look ahead is to next option-time—six months away. If I make a couple of bad pictures in the meantime, what would happen then?”

Don’t think from this, that Nancy cries herself to sleep every night, bemoaning the unhappy lot of a girl who is a movie star at 18. She does nothing of the sort.

“I’m lucky, and I know it,” she testifies. “It’s hard to do anything about the way I look, but in my own case, I’ve had to give up part of my youth. If I had to do it over again, I’m not sure I’d let myself in for that bargain.”

“What gives me something else to think about?” Nancy continued, and the light in her eyes grew wistful. “I’ve had trifling but good luck so far. And I’m bound to have some bad luck, before long, to balance it. Things have to balance. I’m as convinced of that as I am that it’s a reasonable, if not a comfortable thought—but there it is. I can’t get away from it. I can’t kid myself out of it. I used to envy people who were lucky. I didn’t know what I was doing. Anybody who owns everything to luck lives in dread of the day when the debt will have to be paid. I’ve found that out. I live from day to day literally. I’ve learned that I don’t have to worry about inviting bad luck. If I thought I might get married tomorrow, I wouldn’t dare say so today.” (There have been rumors of her marrying Edmund O’Brien.) “Love isn’t out—but talking about it, I don’t want my bad luck to strike there.”

The funny part of this is that Nancy is serious about it. This is how a movie star of 18 feels. It’s all very disillusioning. Much of her denial that she leads a dramatic, exciting life.

“Now, if I actually fell in love with the hero of every picture I’m in, my life might be exciting. Or if I had the habit, like so many heroines, of constantly daring death, my life might be dramatic. But so far I haven’t sown in anybody’s arms or risked my neck once. I’ve just been working steadily.”

“It’s nice work if you can get it—dressing up and making believe you’re somebody else. Usually it’s interesting. Sometimes, it’s an actual pleasure. But talking about it, I don’t want my bad luck to strike there.”

After I’m through for the day, I can’t just put on my hat and go home. I have to change my clothes. I have to get the grease-
paint off my face and give my skin a going-over, to bring it back to life. By the time I get home, it's 8 o'clock. I stretch out my dinner as long as possible. Because, after dinner, I have to study my lines for the next day. And be in bed by 11 p.m., because I'm a wreck if I don't get eight hours' sleep. A fine chance I have of dancing at the Trocadero any night in the week—except Saturday night!

But how about those larger pay-checks? Don't they—er—compensate? Don't they make life a little more exciting?

The first ten—yes. They give you a sensation of walking on air. You have visions of getting all those things you've always wanted and have never been able to afford. You have yourself such a spending spree as you've never had before in your life. Then one day you sprain your ankle, or something else happens—and you can't go to work. You suddenly think, 'What if I could never work again? That puts fear into you—and your money into the bank. You may have a bright and shining career now, but even if you stay well, you aren't going to have it too long. And what about afterward?'

Why worry about "afterward?" That's a long time away. The important thing—isn't she living now in the luxury to which a star is entitled?

"You mean sensational luxury? No. I'm still renting the same house in Beverly Hills that I rented on my arrival. I almost bought it last year. Then I got to thinking that that might look to the Fates sort of like making plans. So I called the deal off."

Such qualms as that may prevent her from living in palatial style. But there is nothing to prevent her from living a freer life than she ever lived before. Or is there?

"Only the fact that I'm a girl, and under twenty-one. In Hollywood, girls under eighty-one can't live alone, without getting talked about. Anyway, who wants to live alone? I like having my family around me—my father and mother, two younger brothers and my younger sister."

"My home-life is exactly the same as it has always been. And don't think I'm sorry about that. I've always had more fun with my family than with anybody else. My mother is only twenty years older than I am. That makes her practically a contemporary. I don't call her Mother; I call her Nan—and my father, Jack."

EXCEPT for the rumors linking her with Edmund O'Brien, whom she first met when they were both on the New York stage, Nancy hasn't had her name in the romance departments of the columns. Isn't she human? Doesn't she want to have the world think that the world's handsomest bachelors are smitten with her?

"When I first came to Hollywood, they wanted me to go out with this one and that. I refused. I didn't want to go out with anyone just for the possible publicity. I didn't want to fool the public, or the man—or myself."

One after another, Nancy blows down the alleged reasons why she is to be envied, as a movie star of 18. Even the one about her learning the secrets of glamour, from experts.

"Sometimes I think it would be fun to try to be a glamour girl—and I'm sure it would be killing. That's one thing Hollywood does to you. It makes you super-conscious of your facial faults. Why, they've even got me looking for wrinkles—at my age, . . . . Really, I envy girls who have never met a make-up expert. They must live fairly unworried lives. It's hard to remember, but it almost seems as if I lived that kind of life once, myself."

What do you mean—you'd like to be a star at 18?
HINT from HOLLYWOOD!

Geraldine Fitzgerald, featured in Warner Bros. picture "We Shall Meet Again"—with make-up by Perc Westmore.

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Spring Song

[Continued from page 54]

YOU can avoid the reappearance of blackheads by washing your face thoroughly and often, by faithfully rinsing it with cool water, and using your skin tonic afterwards to tighten the pores, and by always cleaning your face before applying fresh make-up.

The weekly use of a good facial mask will keep your skin fine-pored and satiny of texture. It will stimulate the circulation so that the tiny blood vessels and capillaries of the skin receive the necessary nourishment. Blood that keeps going on an even keel, and producing just enough and no more facial oil. The mask will help to close the pores, and help normalize over-oily, and too-dry skins! And that's not all the magic it can work. As the mask dries, it contracts, mechanically tightens the skin somewhat. That helps refine enlarged pores, for the skin's texture and gives smooth, natural wrinkles and fine laughter lines. All this is temporary—if you use the mask only once! But you can extend the benefits by using the mask weekly.

Be careful always to follow the directions for the mask you are using—exactly. Some masks may be mild and gentle enough in their action to be used close to the eyes—but many may cause a slight puffiness and redness of the eye area. Check on the manufacturer's instructions to find out if your mask will help relax you, or if it can be used around the eyes. If you are not sure, it is better to use a mask especially made for the face. Masks will help to improve the complexion and to keep it clean, but don't let a trace of cream remain on the skin, because that might prevent the mask's taking hold and acting properly on the skin. Apply the mask with upward, outward motions from the base of the throat (the chin and throat skin need stimulation, too) to the hair line on your forehead—then lie down for about 15 minutes while the mask dries. Keep your head absolutely still, and don't talk, because that will just crack the mask, and you'll lose half the good of it. Use lukewarm water and a clean washcloth to remove the mask, then rinse your face with cool water and pat dry.

One of our beauty manufacturers puts out two grand masks—one for dry, sensitive skin, the other a heavier, more stimulating preparation for oily skin. Both will help refine large pores and prevent blackheads. These particular preparations are dry—to the touch, but that doesn't mean they'll give you a skimpy beauty treatment. No, indeed! Each will act as an immediate bracer to your face, whip up the circulation of the blood, and make the skin feel and look ten times firmer and finer and fresher. A little bit of either mask will go a long way—and they cost only a dollar apiece. Want the name?

Write to me before April 15th if you want the names of any of the products mentioned in this column. Address: Bob's Place Close, 1215 (U.S. postpaid, please) self-addressed envelope and address endorsement, and receive a BOX OF NEW GOLDDEN GLINT SOAP along with a new package of a new soap that people say it will keep you skin clean and clear and stay that way. One of the best new products on the market, and the one that works. It's mild, and just cast off full of skin vitalizing ingredients. It lathers like fury in lukewarm water and rinses off just as quickly with cool water. There's something about this soap that seems to perk up dull, tired-looking skin—try it and see! After rinsing the soap off thoroughly, dry your face, and pat on the lightest of the new make-up foundation. It's mild, but it will give your skin that necessary stimulation, at the same time helping to refine enlarged pores, and cut excess oiliness. Use it after washing your face, and always after creaming. It comes in 10 and 25 cent sizes; the soap costs a few pennies a cake. Interested? Looking for a quick meltem cream for cleansing and lubrication? I can give you the name of one that is as effective as it is inexpensive. It comes in several sizes from 10 cents to a dollar, and is even more economical than it sounds. A teaspoonful will do a complete job on your face and throat! Because this particular cream is of the all-purpose type, you can use it as cleaner, lubricant and powder base. It softens the skin so that the make-up will cling long and smoothly, without a trace of nose shine. Spring time means pink and blue hats, sheer blouses, pastel suits and all kinds of frills and flowers to me. So it's only natural that I should like lighter, pinker powders then—to go with all those baby tones. I found two grand ones the other day. The first I found is a delicate soft pink—most flattering with a baby blue bonnet, I discovered. The other is named champagne rose, and is more on the brunette side, but with a slight rosy tint to it all the same. The first would be grand for blondes and brownettes, the second for brunettes and certain red-heads. You can get stick of all the way to a red-red tied with orchid, but it's black and your red hat to a deep red with a blue undertone to wear as a darker accent to your pastels. Both powder and lipstick come in convenient sizes as filter tips. Of course, I didn't go without saying that each in its way will stay on well. Want to know more? Speak of make-up, and I automatically think of cleansing. Tissues are the start and finish to any good make-up—you use tissues to remove cream in preparing for your make-up—and as the final touch when you blot your face and nose, and powder it. Tissues are downtown for tissues are 20c, and they cost under 30 cents, and you have your choice of several pastel shades.
Unmasking Louis Hayward!
[Continued from page 31]

a bad impression. I was too young an actor to take a chance so back to the provinces I went. When I came to London the second time I was determined to wait. The waiting was rewarded with a part in a short-lived play. Did I play? It was not even that. I was an understudy—something I’d sworn I’d never be. The play lasted four days and Edward Scott Galli—the star whose understudy I had been—took a great liking to me.

"Let’s go for a tour," he said when the engagement was over. "Delighted," I replied. But when I discovered the tour was to be on motorcycle, I refused. I had tried hanging on behind but my idea of a good time was not to sit on the back of a bucking, vibrating motor. Two days after my friend had left London, I was shocked to read in the newspapers that he had been killed in a collision with an automobile."

"Shortly after this took place, Du Maurier called me and offered a part in The Church Mouse. I happily accepted it for it was an excellent role. Noel Coward saw the opening performance. The result was a part in Cavalcade."

At the conclusion of the lengthy run of A, the Coward hit, Louis packed his belongings and went to Corsica expecting to stay for a few days. Instead he remained a whole year—living like a king on four dollars a week. The days of simple living took nothing away from his work as an actor. When he returned to London, there was an excellent part awaiting him in Conversation Piece opposite Yvonne Printemps."

"My vegetating in the small Corsican villages and my lazy days along the Mediterranean shores were justified. I had had time to think—to read—to assimilate life—something virtually impossible when one is bucking the so-called swim of things. After Conversation Piece I went directly into Hay Fever with Constance Collier and then Rais du Nervy with Raymond Massey and Gladys Cooper."

It was in Pointe Volante that critical New York first saw Louis Hayward. It was a Noel Coward play written by the author for his devoted friends, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontaine. The critics thought the play a lesser Coward work and tactfully suggested that there were many better plays to suit the talents of the popular Lunt and Fontaine. This reserve, however, did not extend to

Louis Hayward. He made a personal success of an extremely difficult role—one that labeled him as a most promising young actor and won him a picture contract with M-G-M.

"My first impressions of Hollywood, the place I now call home by virtue of marriage, owning a house and a contract—was one of billboards and cardboard houses. I felt this was a 'wolves paradise.' But I knew it was mine. I liked the perfume of the orange groves, the rose hedges and the ever enveloping sun. Here even a tent could be a paradise."

Louis’ first picture was The Plane Within. Today Louis is most amused when he recalls those first days on the set. He wanted to appear taller than his five-feet-eleven—and as he analyzed it, there was only one way to accomplish this—by walking on his toes. To the consternation of the director and more experienced players—Louis proceeded to do just this. He walked around—creating a strange limping effect which rose to its greatest heights when Louis opened doors. He stalked up to the door—looked at it—clenched his toes in his shoes—swayed back and forth and finally opened the door with the full force of his body behind it.

There was a disarming naiveté about Louis Hayward—one that is just now becoming apparent to the general public and quite probably accounts for his climbing popularity. Although Louis enjoyed his California life his career was disappointing. He did some splendid work—was acclaimed by the country’s critics, but failed to make anything but the slightest impression on the public at large. His pictures were poor and however well Louis acted his roles, they lacked that all-important quality of sympathetic appeal.

After four years in Hollywood, Louis felt he was through with pictures, at least for the time being. He planned to return to England. As it had so often before, Fate intervened in the form of that tragic and untimely death of Jack Dunn who was slated to play the title role in Edward Small’s production of The Duke of West Point.

A large sum of money had been spent on the film’s preliminary work. It could not be abandoned. It may have been desperation that caused Small to turn to Louis Hayward. Whatever the reason, the first day’s rushes convinced the producer that in Hayward he had a real "find." The role of the duke was everything a young actor could wish for—sympathetic—athletic—appealing alike to backwoodsmen and sophisticated. It was the type of part Hayward needed and had never before played on the screen. Louis knew this. He played it to
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the hilt. The picture was successful. Hayward was "in." Small lost no time in signing his discovery to a long-term contract and rushing him into an exciting dual role in The Man in the Iron Mask.

Having shaped his career toward success, Fate dealt another hand—this time marriage was the trump card. Of course you know the story of the young and winning of "Lupe" as Louise calls Ida Lupino, the girl he delighted to razz as an actress before they discovered each other on a Hollywood hilltop. Two solitary walkers, they struck up an acquaintance—discussed this and that—Hollywood and England until suddenly they thought it time to introduce each other. "I'm Louise Hayward"... "My name's Lupino... Ida." Louise blushed to the roots of her hair as he recalled the off-handed manner in which he had frequently discussed this favorite daughter of a famous British theatrical family.

Ida teases him about this now. Louise's opinion of Ida's acting ability has changed. He believes she has never had a chance. But that was before her appearance in The Light That Failed. The Haywards are all for each other and rightly so. They share everything in common—even their impulsiveness.

Recently the Haywards took a drive before breakfast to the beach. Before they reached there—they had bought a house—a small place with a lovely view. Now they are tearing down a wall here and adding a closet there. But they both love it in spite of a few unexpected inconveniences.

But with all their emotionalism, their love of vagabonding, their impulsiveness, the Haywards live quietly, unpretentiously and sone. In the film city this is by no means an easy achievement, particularly for a young, ambitious and enthusiastic couple. For say what the debunkers will—there is still a great deal of glamour to the film colony—superficial though it may be.

It is a type of glamour whose most fatal influence is on the young actor or actress who feels that to be a success—pictures—must become a part of their whirl—to understand and know its cliques—seeds—to attend its parties and to revel in its gossip, small talk and big talk. Lulled and reassured by well-meaning friends that this is the way "in" the newcomer strives valiantly to keep up with Hollywood until as is frequently the case, he belatedly discovers that actually his efforts have been in the direction marked "out."

That Louise Hayward is now a full-fledged star with a promising future assured is a tribute to his poise, good sense and confidence in his acting ability. For Louise has never so much as considered employing this devious success route. He has belied the ad-

Cesar Romero was so popular as a dance partner in New York that he had to choose between his daytime job and his evening fun. He chose the fun, but has been working hard at dancing ever since. The story of how Hollywood cast him first as a villain, and, at long last, as a dancing hero is fast, and funny. You'll find it in the current HOLLYWOOD. Don't fail to match wits with the experts of the famous radio program, INFORMATION PLEASE, in the same issue. Just for fun. John Kieran, F. P. A., Oscar Levant and Clifton Fadiman thought up some questions for you. They are stoppers! See how good you would be if you were a guest on the famous "Information Please" show.
in good English. "In a way, the war in Europe, tragic as it is, has had a salutary effect on Hollywood. It has brought us closer to the people and their problems and sentiments. It has given us an international consciousness. It has made quite a few people realize that Hollywood, after all, is a part of America and not situated on another planet where there is nothing to remind them of the world you and I live in except in name only.

"We aren't directly involved in the war," he went on, "but we are in it economically and emotionally. Our whole national economy is now geared to the actual and anticipated demand of war orders. And we know on which side the sympathies of the overwhelming majority of the American public lie."

"Hollywood is the most international community in the country. We have an enormous European and British colony here, stars, directors, writers and technicians representing every country in Europe. Many of them have been through the first World War, and they have friends and relatives on the other side. To them the war is a very real and terrible thing."

But he thinks the big war pictures will be made after peace has been signed.

"The immediate effect of the war right now," he added, "is in the direction of more cheery, lighter pictures on the screen, not only for our domestic market, but especially for the British and French theatres. People want to forget their troubles and laugh during periods of emotional stress. It is only when we are safe and comparatively happy that we can afford the luxury of tears. So in 1942, if the war is ended by then, we will have a good crop of war pictures; if not, we'll go on being cheerful." He flashed a typical Fairbanks smile—a smile that begets a smile from you.

"People look to the screen primarily for entertainment," he stated, "and not for information. It's the task of the press and to a certain extent the radio to supply them with information, but the art of the motion picture is to amuse. The trouble is there is considerable divergence of opinion as to what constitutes entertainment.

"Producers are still going on the assumption that there must be pictures for a public with a collective mental age of 14 years. Perhaps it's 18 years now. I think it's high time that we find it out. Hollywood has always lagged behind the public in that respect."

HE BELIEVES in striking a happy medium. He knows that cinematic sur-realism, a completely fictitious, cannot and should not be expected from the commercial screen. And furthermore a picture has to rake in the shekels in the hinterland as well as in sophisticated metropolitan centers to keep its producer out of the red. That means compromises.

"It's different on the stage," he explained. "On the stage you can play to very limited city audiences, and a few thousand people can keep a play going for several weeks, even months. But on the screen you have to play to a world-wide audience of diverse nationalities, languages and cultural levels. Many stage actors have a superior attitude toward the screen, without realizing its possibilities and limitations. I think the Germans and Russians have in the past done some very fine, revolutionary things on the screen. Then they went to the other extreme and became too intellectual.

"I love the movies. You get annoyed with the production methods, but the medium itself is first rate. In matters of entertainment, the public is always right."

Doug said he has had two great difficulties to overcome, the handicap of being the son of a famous father, about which much has been written, and the new conventional set-up, the established machinery, for making commercial pictures, about which he un-burdened his soul.

He has courageous and sensible ideas about making pictures, although he has never been a producer.

"Criterions Films was advertised as my company, but I had only a small share in it and was in it for only ten months. After certain difficulties I walked out. I was blamed for things that weren't my fault."

HE BELIEVES the solution of Hollywood's problems lies in making pictures on a cooperative basis, by round table discussion, with everybody sharing in the profits on a percentage basis.

"There is a great distrust between producers and actors," Doug said, and his eyes grew serious. "They are two factions growing apart. By not meeting on a common ground both sides are bound to suffer. Actors as a rule don't have a high opinion of the intelligence and methods of producers, and the producers feel the same way about actors, and often use them in high-handed tactics. I think the best pictures are made when the director is also the producer. The director is much closer to the actor, perhaps he used to be an actor himself, he has an understanding and sympathetic attitude toward him. But as things are now, one group fights the other and tries to dominate it.

"I should say that in 1942 we'll have in Hollywood a number of small, select companies making excellent pictures on a cooperative basis. They will keep abreast of the times, have their finger constantly on the public pulse, and make the screen a more vital and popular medium than it is today. Such creative gamblers will dare to do things which the biggest studios cannot even attempt."

"How about the star system in 1942?" I asked.

"The star system goes in cycles. There will be, of course, new faces. But when you have significant stories to film, stories about which the whole cast is enthusiastic, the emphasis will be on the material and team work. On the star question I stand for the middle ground. I know that I like to see pictures showing the artistry of Garbo, Bette Davis, Spencer Tracy. We'll still have stars in the present sense, but they will have to be good actors if they are going to survive."

Doug is in favor of lowering the price of admission. Many people can't afford to go even to a neighborhood theatre. The average American family of five lacks the means for patronizing, regularly, the first run houses. Many stars, no doubt, will be glad to play for a portion of what they are getting today if they can only have a voice in their production.

The outlook of Hollywood is changing too.

"People are getting more serious. The war is the main topic of discussion. There is a wave of economy. On the surface it has not affected anyone appreciably except"
among the British and French. But in all circles there is an undercurrent of apprehension about the future. Nobody knows what's going to happen. We are living in a period of transition, and the future depends more on what others do than what we do. You can't make any definite predictions in times like these. But after every war social life undergoes major changes. All I can say about Hollywood life two years from now is that it will be far away from the razzle-dazzle of former days."

I WANTED some details about his present social life. His closest friends in Hollywood are such people as the Basil Rathbones, his father's group, David Niven, Cary Grant, and some others who aren't in the profession.

"I play tennis, swim. I do a lot of boating, except out here. I used to have a motor boat in England, but I sold it. I have one in the East; it's built for smoother waters than the Pacific. There is no place here to go except Catalina. I rent a house in the Pacific Palisades and own a farm in Virginia. I travel around so much, and the responsibility of owning property in Hollywood is so great, that I'd rather live here in a rented home."

"Your plans for the future, say, in the next two years?"

He said: "My plans are vague. It's difficult to chart a course for yourself in this business. I happened to be over in Europe, and then, after finishing Safari I wanted to go East for a few months vacation on my farm in Virginia... But now, I don't know. "I like Hollywood, I like the movies and my friends here, but I'm not particularly fond of its climate. This might be blasphemy in the eyes of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, but I prefer the four seasons to perpetual sunshine."

"What's your greatest ambition from now on?"

"Well, I hope to continue acting. I'd also like to be a writer."

He has had many articles and short stories published in national magazines, admitted receiving his share of rejection slips. In France, but the difficult years of his early youth, he wrote a novel and then tore it up. There is something Byronic about Doug. He is a dreamer with the stuff of adventure in him. Yet he has both feet planted firmly on the ground.

I, for one, will not be surprised if Doug has his mark on the world also as a diplomat. In fact, I'm tempted to make a little prophecy of my own: Some day he may be our Ambassador to the Court of St. James! He will cut a fine figure in those fancy breeches, and drive to Buckingham Palace amid scenes of feminine sighs.

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See NATIONAL SEW AND SAVE WEEK displays at your local store.

"The Alan Jaffee Fawcett" Always look for this triangle with the words PUBLICATION A FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS - before buying a magazine. Fawcett Triangle is your assurance of a better magazine for your money!
Aunt Pittypat

[Continued from page 52]

"To help her understand a funny story, I had to dramatize it. To dramatize a funny story, you'll have to find your own time. And so I became a comedienne." Miss Crews, however, has done exceedingly well in some of the more dramatic things of the theatre.

If Miss Crews ever appears as an actress, she may always be certain of a spot as a talent scout. Even before she turned Carole Lombard into an actress, she had unearthed the acting ability of Alfred Lunt. When young man left a career on the stage and as the matrimonial better-half of the acting team of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontaine.

Finding Lunt was a combination of luck and desperation. Miss Crews then was planning a vaudeville tour ("but vaudeville really never had wanted me," she complains) and needed a leading man for her skit.

With Philadelphia and opening night of the tour just twenty-four hours distant, Laura was desperate when a tall fellow opened the door of her hotel room. He wanted to hire a leading man to work with Miss Crews—and salary was no object. He read his lines—he rehearsed on the train— and Alfred Lunt was launched on his career. The contract expired, but Laura sent young Lunt on the road with Lily Langtry, preparing preparations for the production of Laura's next stage play, Romance and the Rector. In those days that both Laura and Alfred discovered the sparkling talent—the emotional flair of Lynn Fontaine, then acting in a series of six plays. Just arriving there had won critical acclaim and the two, Laura and Alfred, decided she would make a good friend. Lynn did. For she married Alfred (Laura Hope Crews) and was a bridesmaid at the wedding and the three still remain the best friends.

If finding talent is one of Laura's hobbies, buying houses is a Laura Hope Crews passion. Laura's best friends just won't tell her when there's a "For Sale" sign outside of some house—for she'll whip out her check-book and take possession before the owner can get the tank in the backyard. Laura did own three houses, until recently, when she disposed of her Connecticut farm. Now she has the only colonial mansion in Beverly Hills, haven of neo-Spanish haciendas, and a bungalow in Santa Monica.

The colonial house is a story in itself. Every Hollywood architect threw up his hands in horror at the idea of a colonial mansion in Beverly Hills. But persistence brought her to Roy Selden Price, a Scotchman who agreed with Miss Crews about building such a house—and then disagreed with her all during the course of the house's construction. Laura knew what she wanted—Price knew what he wanted—but the house was built. Now, Miss Crews is proud of the Beverly Hills' contribution to home life.

Just another side light on a Laura Hope Crews favorite. The actress has an antique chair or sofa table, keep it away from Miss Crews. The actress hates exercise, but she'll walk or drive miles to ferret out an antique. She'll send them on to her home if she's on tour, and months later will reveal, like a small girl, in the surprises of her purchases. One "surprise" was a Duncan Phyfe table, circa 1797, and acclaimed a real museum piece by those who know.

Laura's stage career started at four, leading the maypole dance at Woodward's story, for she had been told one day, "And so I became a comedienne." Miss Crews, however, has done exceedingly well in some of the more dramatic things of the theatre.

Laura opened (in Edgar's Babbage, which was the Pimm's of its day. At that time, no stock company repertoire was complete without Laura's stage performances. She and Alfred Lunt opened a variety of characters to lift her way through its lines.

But San Francisco had its limitations (amounting to $15 a week as the top salary) and so Laura hired to New York to become a part of Henry V. Donnelly's Murray Hill stock company where Henry Miller found her and made her his leading lady.

Laura's limp and plump figure may have been "cute" to those who liked that sort of thing, but to Henry Miller it was just something to kid about. "Henry Miller cruelly imitated my limp and my waddle, and made me work much better in my exercises to meet the situation and there, explained Laura. "I worked to eliminate the limp and the waddle, and tried to become a good actress instead of a cute one."

Belasco may have been a great stage director; Daniel Frohman is rated high by those who know—but to Miss Crews there was no one but Henry Miller, and she gives him full credit for her later success on the stage, when such plays as Merely Mary Ann, Joseph Entangled The Great Divide brought her to the stardom she achieved in Blackbirds, Mr. Pyn Pukkes By and her greatest role, that of the mother in The Silver Cord, which she considers the greatest play ever written.

HOLLYWOOD beckoned to Laura—but not as an actress. Miss Crews, if you please, was one of filmdom's first teachers of diction, in those uncertain days when the screen began to talk and Hollywood's beautiful swans made sounds most reminiscent of duck-like quacking. Signed for six weeks, Laura stayed twelve years—which indicates some sort of record. But Miss Crews has kept up her interest, as well as her teachers, and so Laura made her first picture, Charming Sinners, following that with a film version of The Silver Cord.

From then on and more roles became her way, climaxing a most ambitious screen career with her work in Camille, where she became a Garbo enthusiast; as Aunt Pittypat in Gone With the Wind, where she learned to bow before Vivien Leigh's fine talents, and as Mrs. Luxsey in The Bluebird, to genuflect at the shrine of Miss Shirley Temple, America's home-grown genius. "It may be Miss Temple on the set," states Miss Crews, in explaining her heroine-worship, "but that child is sweet, hard-working and the brightest thing in all Hollywood. And a good bridge-player, too!"

Of Greta Garbo, Miss Crews gives her the accolade of accolades: "She's a great trouper." And to prove that she thinks so, Miss Crews tells how the Swedish star sent her a bouquet of American Beauty roses as a Christmas gift. So Laura, wishing to return the compliment, drove through one of Los Angeles' most congested avenues and then more miles (in some typical Hollywood rain) to find Greta, only to learn that she was gone. The camellia ultimately got to its destination, but not before Laura gullibly soaked. That's being gruff for you!

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The eye of the motion picture camera is no more critical than the eye of the000 eager moviegoers who will admire you. No man craves to touch a corpse-like cheek.

Any woman, no matter how young in body or mind, adds unwanted years to her looks by going about with white, colorless cheeks. Colorless cheeks are repellent...they look sickly...corpse-like...cold...no one wants to touch them. And flat, one-tone rouges do little better. They look "faky"...painted and repellent, too. They give you artificial, lifeless color...no radiance...no way to charm. But oh how different is lively dou-toune rouge! It's really alive...it glows...it colors look real, as if it came from within...it radiates vivacity...sweetness...so warm that no one, NO ONE can ever resist its invitation! Dou-tonne rouge is the easiest in the world to get, too. Simply ask for PRINCESS PAT dou-tonne rouge. All stores have it in all shades. See them...one is sure to be YOUR "shade of romance"...the shade that will make YOU look younger...more really exciting to heart!

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Don't wait! I was drummed for Dean'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 Dean's Pills.

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**I Faced Hollywood's Temptations**

(Continued from page 62)

"Notice how easily they work — how they seem to underplay everything. You girls who have appeared on the stage must remember to hold your gestures and action small. Because the camera's eye is a lot closer to you than the people out in your theatre audience. And the microphone is considerably more sensitive than the ears of anyone in a theatre seat.

"We'll rehearse twice and then shoot — God willing. When Kathleen's test is in the can Paul will work with the girls doing the Accent On Youth scene. So if you'll just watch closely and keep quiet, we'll start."

DURING the next three hours I was probably as close to heaven as I will ever get. First thrilled with the sight of a girl being tested for a real part in a big movie, and then fascinated by the cool, friendly, understanding manner in which Mel Riley worked. I forgot my fears, forgot even that soon I'd be up there in front of the camera.

At luncheon time I managed to get in a little worrying, but by now the girls were exchanging confidences, experiences and ambitions, and we were back in the middle of it again before anyone had a chance to tie themselves into nervous knots.

There it came!

"Lois Sears. Miss Sears please for rehearsals."

The bustling young man who had come from the casting office with Mr. Stein, and who was assisting director Riley, called again:

"Right over here, Lois Sears."

As I took my place beside Paul Bowen, Mel Riley smiled encouragingly to me. We'll rehearse it twice, Lois," he said. "You've seen it done several times and know how to play it with Paul. You won't have any trouble at all. Just remember to take it easy."

I'd been assuring myself for hours that it would not be difficult, and that I would be as nonchalant about it as Paul was. But now with everybody watching—the lights blinded me, the microphone frightened me, the camera looked like an evil eye and I didn't know what to do with my hands. In fact, I didn't even recognize my own voice when I heard it.

At the end of the first rehearsal I heard Paul say: "Not bad, eh?"

"Lois, you're a lucky girl," declared director Mel Riley. "You're fine, and your voice is just right for the 'mike.' So you can forget about that camera and 'mike' and read these lines naturally. Don't attempt to put anything into them, but let any natural little habit or quick slip through as you read them. Don't act; just do what you would if you were really the character you're portraying."

I took that test eighteen months ago — and got a six month contract. The salary was distressingly low — only $55 a week. I never dreamed they paid people who were hired to play in pictures, even the rawest recruits, less than three or four times that much.

But a skinny pay-check couldn't deny me the thrill of being given a contract — of being hired as an actress by one of the world's great studios. I was truly in the seventh heaven and fairly walked on air as I followed Mr. Stein's advice and prepared for my test for a part in a

[Continued on page 92]

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**WHO IS TO BLAME?**

It's ALL HIS FAULT!

Here is an amazing story — the complete, unvarnished truth about a broken marriage as revealed by the man and woman involved!

She was a manicurist who became Wife No. 4 of a millionaire playboy. After a short, hectic marriage he filed suit for divorce, charging infidelity.

So much publicity and scandal was connected with the affair, that the young wife decided to tell her side of the story to the public through TRUE CONFESSIONS, But the husband insisted that his story be heard, too.

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This is only one of the many vital and vivid stories from life in the new issue of TRUE CONFESSIONS, now on sale. You'll be fascinated and thrilled by every one of them, including the true book-length novel.

Get your copy today!

10¢ AT ALL NEWSSTANDS
A Dog's Life
[Continued from page 56]

puppy biscuit or cottage cheese for lunch, and meat for dinner is a good rule for puppies. Not enough meat will never give him anything from the table in the first place. Of course it's hard to stop the habit once you've encouraged it, and although it may be "cute" at times, it's not the best procedure from any point of view.

Dogs should never be allowed to sleep in a damp place such as a cellar, and are happiest when they have a bed of their own, either one of those wicker beds with sanitary pillow and protecting sides to keep off drafts, or a home-made box bed with soft lining. If your dog is small and yearns to sleep on the foot of your own bed (and keep your feet warm!) you may provide a washable cloth of some kind for him to lie on, and not feel too guilty, as this has been allowed in some of the best dog-ridden households!

IF YOU want to keep a puppy from eating your shoes, give him an old one for his very own (preferably one with a strap so he can shake it from his teeth, thus having a swell time and looking very comical) and keep your good ones behind the closet door. Or, try substituting some toys of his own—a solid rubber bone (chocolate flavored, perhaps!) a hard rubber ball, with maybe a bell inside, a leather "teether," or a leather strap (this takes two to play with, and after learning how, doggie will bring it to you so you can hold one end, while he works himself into a ditto patting at the other). The well-dressed dog usually requires only a collar containing an identification holder of metal, in which is contained his name and address in case he strays, and his license number. Small thin-skinned dogs, living in steam-heated apartments, sometimes need a sweater in winter, in which case the pull-on type is best, as zippers have an unhappy way of catching in the coat. The real fur coat should of course be brushed daily if possible. By removing loose dirt in this way, baths are seldom necessary; the animal's paws may be washed off from time to time, but regular bathing has to be done with great care to prevent colds, and is rarely essential to health and well-being. After salt-water flushings, always give a shower of fresh water, as salt dries out the fur and skin.

When your dog is ill, take it to a good veterinarian. However, there are several minor ailments which may be successfully treated at home, if recognized, and as there is no space to describe them here, do write for the free leaflet offered below. You wouldn't neglect your "best friend," would you?

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Skin

87
The Thief of Bagdad
(Continued from page 75)

all things are possible and you are the
golden-hearted child who has released us.
Now, here is your insignia of true kingship.
He held out some golden arrows and a bow,
"Aim these only against injustice and they
cannot misfire."

But Abu drew back and said, "No, I
don't want them. And I don't want to be a
king. I'm only a thief and I only want to
save my friend." "Then these will help. And so will your
army here." The old king held out a box of
pebbles. "When you throw them on the
ground they become soldiers. And now—
all I keep is my flying carpet—that I can
tell to the houris in Paradise at the appointed
time.

In humble silence Abu stood there, until
finally the royal servants took him to his
tent.

But night came and he could not sleep.
What would happen to Ahmad if he did not
go to help him? With the threatening
thought, he crept from his bed and went to
the old king's tent. Noisily, he picked up
the flying carpet and breathed a prayer.
"Oh, Allah, I know you don't much like steal-
ing and after this I'll never steal again.
But please, Oh, Allah, just this once so I can get to
Bagdad in time."

He stepped on the bright green carpet but
nothing happened. "Oh, Allah," he began
again but suddenly he began to rise and a
moment later he was skimming through the
morning light of Heaven. His face was
radiant. "Oh thank you, Allah," he said in
joyous gratitude. "Glory be thy name for
ever. Carpet, fly!"

For a long interval of time he and the
carpet soared through the air like a great
great bird but at last long he spied the Court of
Giafar. Then he almost spun around with
fright.

There below, stood Ahmad and the
Princess bound together. And the execu-
tioner was making ready with his shining
sword. Quick as a flash Abu fitted his
arrow into his bow and sent it through the
executioner's heart. Then he brought out his
pebbles and dropped them to the ground.
The carpet descended and his pebble soldiers
rose like magic around him.

In a trice Giafar advanced on him. "You!
Would you be a dog again—and for ever?"

But Abu shouted in boyish triumph, "I'm
not afraid of you any more. The old king
told me, 'Aim this against injustice and it
cannot fail.'" Then in the wink of an eye,
he shot his second arrow through Giafar's
heart and the Grand Vizier was dead.

At court that night there was a great cele-
bration. Ahmad, with his Princess in his
arms, stood on the terrace and addressed
his courtiers. "Everything I owe to Abu,
"he said. And when he grows into a man, he
shall be my Grand Vizier. He shall be sent
to the best schools in Bagdad, he shall be
the wisest of men. He shall learn history, the
science of government, mathematics, phil-
osophy, astronomy."

Stealthily, Abu edged towards his carpet.
Then he stood upon it. "Fly, carpet," he
whispered and instantly he rose.

"Hi!" Ahmad shouted, "Where are you
going?"

Abu called back, "No school for me!
You've got what you wanted and now at
least I'm going to find what I want."

"What's that?"

Abu's reply came faintly. "Another ad-
venture." Then away he flew.
strangling the life out of the story I'd hoped to do, "he's not tied to any woman's apronstrings, he. . . ."

"Me? I should say not," said Bogey, taking heart of hopes along with me, going into his stride again, "I should say not! Why, I feel sorry for some of these guys who run to a telephone every five minutes and call their wives, even have to tell 'em when they're going to be a little late for dinner."

"My goodness, Mayo," when he's going to be late for dinner—he has his stand-in do it. Every single night his stand-in calls and says, 'Bo. Bogart will be home in fifteen minutes."

"You miss the point completely," said Bogey, coldly, "it's the Regimental Sergeant in me, it's the wanting things done, it's the fillies-on Parade."

"Then, too," said Mayo, "Bogey is sentimental. No, no, don't look like that, dear, you're not articulate about it. Now, I hear husbands say to their wives, 'You look so sweet tonight, darling,' and I sometimes wish Bogey would say things like that. He never does. It's a pat on the funny from Bogey."

But it's in love, too, "Words," said Bogey, "have no value to me at all. I used to say things like 'the golden sheen on your hair,' but. . . ."

"Oh, Bogey," that must have been long before I must have," wailed Mayo. "'Yep," said Bogey, "it was. Just saying 'I love you' is an awful easy thing for anybody to say. Easy things to say don't mean anything. A good slip of a word. . . . a good slap can go deeper than any words."

"I am to a certain extent," Bogey continued, a somewhat subdued Mayo offering no interruption, "anti-social. I hate women. . . ." (Mayo gasped. So did I. But not for the same reason.)

"They tie men up in knots, women do. They can talk better. They're cleverer than men can get along, and quizzed up, I like individual women very much. They're quite necessary to me," said Bogey, with a kindly beam in his eye for the muted Mayo, who survived enough to chip in with. . . and Bogey really is old-fashioned about women. He may not know our place is In The Home but he'd like it to be. He'd really rather I'd stay with my career. I have, largely. Though I did just do a part in Brother Kat and The Baby. But I always have to be home before Bogey gets here and I wouldn't dream of buying a dress or a hat without first asking Bogey's opinion. . . ."

"She came home with a hat the other day," said Bogey, and I swear to God I thought it was going to explode. I exploded instead and she went back to its maker, I'm anti-social about other things, too. About sitting at dining-room tables through long dinners and then get to itching, I get so damned bored with it. I don't like food. Only steaks and chops. I don't like flatterers. I hate sloppy emotions. And I still say," said Bogey, suddenly wheeling in hot art and facing up, "I still say that one of these days I'm going to do in real life what I've often done on the screen . . . I'm going to take a swipe at some bloke, shoveling down his throat, he'll go BOOM, I'll dust my hands with my handkerchief and say 'take him away. . . .'"

"But it will be a monoangelo handkerchief, dammit," purred Mayo, "I know because. . . ."
picture; which he said would be in two or three weeks. Meanwhile it would be a good idea for me to become acquainted with the practical side in make-up and hair-dressing, and to go over to see the studio's physical instructor.

Of course, he assumed, I realized I must bribe the make-up artist, the hairdresser, and the talent coach, would advise me what I should study. Later I would be assigned to her for coaching, and she would train me for work in picture settings.

As I said, it was eighteen months ago that I realized I was living the fondest dream of millions of American girls. I not only had a screen test but I had won a contract. And the more I dropped, the more I realized, was in the beginning. It was—the beginning of an experience that a thousand other girls have suffered—but that none has even anticipated. An experience being shared by scores of girls in Hollywood studios today.

I didn't get that second test; I didn't go under the instruction of Miss Cummings the talent coach; I didn't receive any training for the part I was to play even the smallest bit in a picture. Not because I had failed—I never got the chance to fail.

Along with five other girls in the studio, I was told I would be going away for a while. I was sent on a self-imposed training and posed for hundreds of fashion and publicity photographs. Being a commercial model, I was a "natural" for this role.

THAT'S how we earned our salaries—posing before the "still" camera at all hours of the day and night—doing what I had been paid three times as much for (with pay-and-a-half for overtime) back in Chicago.

Yet in spite of draging midget versions of the well-known "Hollywood" salary, we carried on happily for months. Although a little worried at times because my second test and an opportunity to play in a picture both failed to mature from week to week, I was still in the clouds.

Then bit by bit we girls compared notes, and added to our own findings what girls from other studios told us. For ours was by no means an unusual case. It was happening all over the world. For the first time in my life I discovered that the studio's practice to bring in new prospects, test them and sign the most promising, and that's how, at the end of six months, I happened to be in Hollywood without a job. And how five of the other girls who had been on our studio's probationary list happened to be in the same fix.

I was disappointed, disgusted and angry, but not particularly apprehensive. I felt I knew Hollywood, had an acquaintance with movie people and understood the making of pictures. Also that I had learned quite a bit about the actualities of acting before a camera. In other words, I knew what it took and believed I had enough of it, at least, to make a start. So I would contact an agent and have him get me bit parts. Then I'd turn in the kind of work that would guarantee my getting real parts later on.

Although not employed steadily during the year I modelled for Chicago commercial photographers before leaving for Hollywood, I had managed to save a hundred dollars. That, together with what I banked while working in the studio, gave me a working capital of slightly over two hundred dollars. I had lived very economically in Hollywood, but buying the clothes I felt I needed as a studio contract player prevented my saving more. As it was, I felt that my clothes were a sound investment.

So I would turn back, my story has worked back to the situation in which thousands of girls find themselves—out of work, and too proud to go and give back home. Not that I am saying I should do it. I think I was in a better position than ever to "crash" pictures. It might take time, but I would do it.

Twenty-two, reasonably attractive, able to take care of myself, and of self-confident Irish-American stock—I wasn't worrying. That is, for three months I wasn't. But after that began to wonder what was wrong. I took to analyzing myself and sitting up nights figuring how to make one dollar do the work of five.

I changed agents because mine had failed to get me a picture assignment of any kind. But during the month I had had the new "flesh peddler" he had done no better.

Then a girl who had "been around" informed me that I was getting $25 a day bits for players, as their percentage on them seldom amounted to more than fifteen or twenty dollars a picture. Most agents do not volunteer. That means even missions smaller than $50 a picture. Unless the bit player held unusual promise there must be some special inducement offered before they would attempt to "peddle" such small trifles.

So I started scanning the help-wanted columns. Not because of lack of confidence in my ability to get into pictures (with or without an agent) but because my faith that everything will turn out all right in the end is stronger when I have a comfortable bank balance than it is when I'm down to my last $30.

I had already registered with the commercial photographers of Los Angeles, but so had a couple of hundred other experienced models. Hollywood shows how many beautiful extras and extra "types." With but few accounts to sell to I realized the photographers could use only an occasional girl or two, and therefore didn't depend much on that source of revenue.

We'd skip the next month, and my crusade for work at stores, theaters, offices, advertising agencies and even restaurants and factories. Harried girls and weary for the last bit of money. There was no money; what was left for rent was the next bit of weekly expense. I was afraid I wouldn't get out of the pin. But now, as the head of the school returned. So I just skinned down the stairs. I knew then that the school was just a front that drew in girls who would not answer an ad for a job which said, "Paid 50 cents an hour"--in other words, free dancing lessons was the bait to get them to take jobs as cigarette girls, hat-check girls and "hostesses," or glorified "B" girls.

By this time I discovered that the temptations most girls meet in Hollywood are not of the penhouse variety we hear so much about. The bait is more often a square meal or a chance to earn a few dollars, than a pearl necklace, an apartment or an opportunity to star.

ALMOST a year has passed since that episode at the dance place. And since then my break has come. The assistant casting director at the studio that tested and offered me my contract a little over a year ago made head of casting for a smaller studio. He called three of us girls in and told us that while he didn't have a budget that would cover all the contracts of stock players he was going to use us for bits. And he promised that as fast as we proved we could handle them he would give us better parts.

His idea was that while they didn't have the money for their own jewelry and earings, they didn't call for swimming pools. But I have worked in four productions for him and been paid as high as $50 a day. And other independents have used me for the same reason.

I have an agent now who says it won't be long until the big fellows decide to give me something to chew on.
There's plenty of fun for everyone in the exciting new issue of WHIZ COMICS, now on sale. The whole family—Mother, Dad and the kids—will find thrills and amusement galore in the fascinating picture adventures of Captain Marvel, Ibis the Invincible, Golden Arrow, Spy Smasher and the rest of the galaxy of comic stars that have won the hearts of the nation.

WHIZ COMICS offers 64 pages of sheer entertainment, all in superb color. The large, clear type makes WHIZ COMICS easy on the eyes of young and old.

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RICHARD GREENE TELLS WHAT HE LEARNED ABOUT LOVE IN HOLLYWOOD

COLOR PORTRAIT OF ERROL FLYNN FREE IN THIS ISSUE—SEE PAGE 43
THE 52-PIECE DINNER SERVICE FOR EIGHT includes 8 Dinner Knives, 8 Dinner Forks, 16 Teaspoons, 8 Salad Forks, 8 Soup Spoons, 2 Serving Spoons, 1 Sugar Spoon, 1 Butter Knife.

only $29.75
AND AT NO EXTRA COST
THE 11-PIECE "PARTY" SET FOR FOUR includes just the pieces you need after bridge or for midnight snacks: 4 Butter or Cheese Spreaders, 4 Iced Drink Spoons, 1 Pickle or Olive Fork, 1 Pierced Pastry Server, 1 Cold Meat Fork... all in a useful Serving Tray. The Anti-Tarnish Chest is FREE.

Who but a Hollywood Star—who "doubles" as star and hostess, too—could have thought of this idea! Imagine! A 52-piece dinner service for 8... plus an 11-piece "Party" Set for 4—both for the price of the dinner service alone! With this new "Two-in-One" Set is included a big Anti-Tarnish Chest—free. Make your selection among the four beautiful patterns at your silverware dealer's now. Ask your dealer about planned payments on this "Two-in-One" Set.
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 knew it... but so hard to win back? The memories of happy days—of dances, dates—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 under-arm odor... who would humiliate 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!

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

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MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
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INTEGRATING MOVIE CLASSIC

LAURENCE REID, Editor

Volume LIX, No. 4
MAY, 1940

Twenty-ninth Year

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ROGER FAWCETT
GORDON FAWCETT
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SECRETARY-TREASURER
HOLLYWOOD MANAGER
STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER
HOLLYWOOD'S INCORPORATING MOVIE CLASSIC

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4
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Kenneth Roberts’ thrilling adventure story, *Northwest Passage*, loses nothing in its transition from book to screen. In fact, there are those—mostly male—of literary ilk who will admit—who maintain that the picturization of this historical novel is more exciting and realistic, even though it only deals with the first part of the book—than the first part itself. Some of the scenes of the Zephyr’s journey through the Rockies’ rugged terrain and the French-Indian War. After you see this first part, you'll wish the second part was also included. 

Dr. Ehrlich’s Magic Bullet

Dr. Ehrlich’s brilliant achievement of 1909, the introduction of salvarsan, the first effective treatment for syphilis, made history. The story of its discovery and development is a classic example of how a scientific discovery can make a major contribution to human welfare. This film, *Dr. Ehrlich’s Magic Bullet*, tells the story of this great man’s work in a way that is sure to be entertaining and inspiring.

[Continued on page 12]
Edward Small presents

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that leaves skin really clean—fresh and sweet.

The Complexion Soap 9 out
of 10 Screen Stars use
HOLLYWOOD STARS ON MANHATTAN'S MERRY-GO-ROUND

By DOROTHY LUBOU

Dorothy Lamour has been taking in the N.Y. shops, shows and night-clubs. She was center of attraction at Beachcomber

On the Town: Ty Power and his Annabella occupied the Park Avenue apartment of a friend. They accepted the keys of the place from an "extra" pal, thinking to have a modest hide-away while here, only to discover that he was in the midst of such grandeur as even a Hollywood star finds unsatisfying!!... They attended the John Barrymore opening and ogled Elaine in the first row. The aging Profile found the excitement of that evening and the rest of the evening too much for even his robust constitution. He spent a week at a hospital from which he managed to escape one evening, only to be recaptured wandering about Harlem. He is still under medical care, but the show My Dear Children goes on nightly to crowded houses. To return to Elaine... and opening night. The reconciliation at the Monte Carlo was too touching... or don't you think? Diana Barrymore shopped her step-mama and stalked out in tears, appalled ecstatically... and Doris Dudley who was by way of being John's newest romance, saw her role in the play reverting back to the fair Elaine. The New York critics and John's theatrical cronies are shedding a tear for the former glory that was his.Only young Diana can carry on the tradition that was Broadway's royal family. She has the beauty and the spirit. Mrs. Phil Ammidown expects to join Errol Flynn in Hollywood... if Lili Damita doesn't change her mind again. Errol admitted on his arrival in town that Lili has decided to divorce him... which didn't dampen his spirits any. He's never looked so well. He escorted the young socialite to all his usual haunts... The Werners had a most nice party for Errol at the Waldorf. Errol really showed up and was on his good behavior. The going got tough after a while, with the feminine half of the Press surrounding him. Errol hustled them over to director William Dieterle... who said something about the girls being in awe of directors and not of actors. If one of the directorial ranks held such dressing lads, now... Miriam Hopkins looked in for a moment, got a glimpse of Flynn, and vanished. They're not too friendly since Tropicana City, and they're a couple who don't pull their punches. It's Bennett Cerf, the book-publisher and Sylvia Sydney's...
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(Signed) ELIZABETH L. LAWRENCE

Bronxville, N. Y.  (Mrs. George D. Lawrence)

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IN EVERY circle, there are women who lead and women who follow. That is how Tampax has spread so rapidly, from friend to friend, throughout the nation, until over 250,000,000 have been sold.

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Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. Enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below:

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16

HOLD EVERYTHING. MAKE PLANS TO GO ON MOVIELAND TOUR TO HOLLYWOOD THIS SUMMER—AND HAVE THRILL OF YOUR LIFE!

When you take Movieland Tour to Hollywood you'll be partyed by Joan Blondell and Dick Powell. You'll be guests of Paramount studio where you lunch with stars and see big pictures being made.

HERE'S your chance for the vacation of a lifetime!

The 1940 Fawcett Movieland Tour makes it possible for you to enjoy a glorious two weeks of travel, entertainment and fun, climaxd by a behind-the-scenes visit to Hollywood with Joan Blondell and Dick Powell as your hosts!

Not only will you be the personal guests of these charming Hollywood stars, but Paramount Studio has thrown open its doors to the Fawcett Movieland Tourists, permitting them to see a major studio from the inside and watch pictures being made.

The modest price of the Fawcett Movieland Tour includes every major expense of the trip—railroad fare, meals, hotels, a tour of Hollywood, the visit to the studio, the cocktail party at the home of the Powells, and incidental pleasure jaunts. For as low as $180 you can enjoy this entire program. [Continued on page 96]
Hollywood's Trick Parties

ANYTHING-MAY-HAPPEN! Invite of the Month—was the one Ann Rutherford sent out for the big spring Easter Day breakfast she plotted 'way in advance... Early in January, Ann sent out her invitations—of invitational lines, for the reason ANYthing may happen is this: Ann ordered each of her guests to wear some new fashion innovation modelled by herself—er even HIMSELF... "You see, even the men must wear some new style trick they've thought up themselves—even if it's a gas!" warned Ann... "That's why I sent the bid-out so early—so they'd have plenty of time to think up something..." It ought to be TERRIFIC!... Christening Party of the Month—was the one for the adopted tot of Basil Rathbone... It looked like a register of Who's Who in Hollywood, because the Basil-and-Ouida Rathbone home... Always enticed the BEST people, and the christening was no exception... The same hostess on the nine-months-old baby girl the Rathbones have taken into their home in Barbara Cynthia... Reason: "Cynthia has always been the favorite girl's name of both Basil and Ouida... That may be a coincidence, but it's only one of the coincidences that attach themselves to the Rathbones' names—because although Ouida was born in Virginia and Basil way and in the world in South Africa, the name of each's mother was Barbara—and the name of each's father was Philip... So the baby's name is to be Barbara, after the foster-parents' mothers, and Cynthia, after the fosters-parents' preference..."

PARTY-DIN of the Month—came when Mickey Rooney hopped to the bandstand at the Vic... Hugo the other night, took over the drums, and played them through the evening... Baby Party of the Month—was the best-browsed engineered for little Peter B. Good under the expert auspices of No. 1 Party-Thrower Elsa Maxwell, specially retained for the occasion, to honor both D'Peter and Brother Ken and a Baby... Rule No. 1 was that NO adults could attend without bringing a baby... And the scramble to get infants was SOMETHING in Hollywood, because EVERYONE, regardless of whether they had a baby of their own or not, wandered IN to see what kind of a baby party Elsa would throw... Once in, the comers saw plenty... There was a BAR—with two old-fashioned bar-tenders, complete with moustaches... But they served such concoctions as "Cow's Delight" and "Baby Dynamite" and "Brownie Milkman" and "Milkman's Special!"—and ice cream, oh, plenty of ice cream... Elsa, herself, president, wearing a BABY BONNET... There was all sorts of fun, including a shower of positively hundreds of balloons of every shape, size and color... Victorian baby-star who attended was Baby LeRoy—and if you don't think time FLYES—Baby LeRoy is now SIX years old!

DRESS-PARTY of the Month—was the shindig thrown in the newspaper press room at the Los Angeles city hall, to meet the latest star of the perennial stage and film play The Front Page... This time, guest of honor was Rosalind Russell... Other guests included Pat O'Brien and Lee Tracy, each of whom has played the top role in the Hecht-MacArthur newspaper drama... And also present were Los Angeles Mayor Horne, Sheriff Gene Biscailz, and the news reporters on the city hall beat... Hottest Parties in Town—say the La Cienega brawls presided over by Lloyd Pantages, one-time movie columnist, now metamorphosed into a master of ceremonies who lets the quips fly in all directions, with and without bars... Besides others, Lloyd thinks up the DARKEST PARTY-IDEAS!... Latest was the turtle-reel he sponsored, with a ball-dozen huge turtle gatored, and with "jockeys" as Carole Landis, Kay Griffith, June Lang, and others... Another regular feature is the rhumba contest, which rhumba-sa of the affair is frequently Carole Landis, who shakes a mean rhythm with partner Harry Stack... The Los Angelesites mostly include Jimmy Bryant, June Lang, Bruce Cabot, Olivia de Havilland, Johnny Himes, many other top-names of movieland.

DOUBLE-BARRELED Birthday Party of the Month—was the joint natal day celebration of Cary Grant and Grace Moore, who's Johnny Mack's wife... Both Cary and Connie have the same birthday, so they collaborated on a celebration at the Mackie home... The centerpiece was a trick birthday cake, with two huge photos on top, glazed over with sugar—yeah, photos of Connie and Cary themselves.

Does he want to kiss you?

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 the man you love! 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.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Company, 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. Enclose 10c (Stamps or coins), (15c in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder desired:
- Peach
- Rachel
- Light Rachel
- Dark Rachel
- Flesh
- Tan

Name: ____________________________
Street: ____________________________
City: ____________________________ State: ___________

F50
We interviewed Miss Calhoun...

**QUESTION:** So many Georgia girls have "peaches-and-cream" complexion, Miss Calhoun. How do they do it? It's easy to see you have the answer!

**ANSWER:** Well, really, I'd say Pond's 2 Creams are the answer—at least for me! Morning and evening I cleanse my skin carefully with Pond's Cold Cream to make sure every trace of make-up is removed. And before putting on fresh powder, I always spread on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

**QUESTION:** Do these two creams do anything else for your skin?

**ANSWER:** Yes, much more. You see, besides cleansing, regular use of the Cold Cream softens my skin and brings a warm glow, and the Vanishing Cream helps protect it against weather—smooths little roughnesses right away, too!

We talked with Susan Medlock...

**QUESTION:** Isn't it a tough beauty assignment to hurry straight from a newspaper office looking fresh enough to "cover" a society party?

**ANSWER:** No, because I always keep jars of the 2 Pond's Creams right in my desk—ready to freshen up my complexion in a jiffy. Pond's Cold Cream is just perfect for a thorough, easy cleansing. It leaves my skin feeling so sweet and clean—and soft! Then, before make-up, I use Pond's Vanishing Cream.

**QUESTION:** Do you mean you get a quicker and better effect with your make-up when you use both Pond's Creams?

**ANSWER:** My, yes, and I'll tell you why: Pond's Cold Cream cleanses and softens my skin. Pond's Vanishing Cream is a different kind of cream—it's a non-greasy powder base that takes make-up smoothly—keeps it mighty nice for hours.

Send for Trial Beauty Kit
POND'S, Dept. 6-CVE, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquidifying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream), and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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Copyright, 1940, Pond's Extract Company
By FRED CATON

BECAUSE HE'D ESCAPE FROM USUAL ROUTINE AND CRUSADE FOR THE UNDERDOG, MELVYN DOUGLAS HAS BEEN CALLED EVERYTHING FROM "COMMUNIST" TO "PARLOR PINK."
HERE'S THE TRUTH—STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER. NO HOLDS BARRED

Escapist—One who seeks mental distraction or relief from the bondage of reality or routine.
—Webster.

And so we come to the case of Melvyn Edouard Hesselberg, born in Macon, Georgia, just four days after All Fools' Day in 1901, of a Russian piano-player who wanted him to become a musician, and a Scotch-English-blooded Kentuckian mother who wanted him to become a lawyer...

So Edouard, caught at the very outset in a trap of parental conflict over himself, became instead an escapist. And by this time, he's escaped to the extent that he's no longer Melvyn Edouard Hesselberg, nor is he either a piano-player or a lawyer. Instead, he's Melvyn Douglas (and by law, too!) and he's a movie actor, which gives about as free rein to his militant escapism as any field of endeavor might.

In the far-flung variety of roles he can throw himself into, as an actor, the man who was once Melvyn Edouard Hesselberg can escape from the humdrum and confusing realities of life in today's belly-aching world, by being almost anything at all, from time to time, depending on the script. Even to the business of being Garbo's lover, as witness Ninotchka and what...

[Continued on page 90]
In telling of this thing called love, Richard Greene gives pointers to your boy friend

... as we met for luncheon on the 20th Century-Fox lot. "I beg your pardon?" said young Mr. Greene to me, as he held out my chair for me. Nice manners, I noted. The easy, unobtrusive good manners of the well-brought-up. Nice, steady, gray eyes. No nonsense about him, I thought. Dignity. A pleasant poise. More than a suggestion of strength under the good looks. An air of quiet competence, too, which I somehow hadn't expected. I thought, irrelevantly, I bet he'd know how to fix a blown-out fuse and how to treat a dog and handle a horse... Those dimples have deceived us, here in Hollywood, they've even deceived his own studio but they haven't deceived the fans. For the fans are writing to Richard Greene by car-loads of mail... since the release of Little Old New York. It has taken a corps of secretaries to handle the fan mail of Richard Greene.

He is being made a star in the only real, sound, substantial and lasting way a star is ever made — by the public. The studio hasn't thrust him down the throat of the public, heaven only knows. They have, if anything, kept his light dimmed. No wonder Darryl Zanuck and Joseph Schenck are putting their heads together and planning to cast him in The Mark of Zorro and other tales of derring-do.

At an adjoining table Alice Faye sang out "Hi, there, Mister Fulton, you're getting a good press, congratulations!"... and... "Goes double, Alice," Richard called back to her... and then we settled to the business of ordering luncheon. A recent flu victim, he took pains to order only liquids and a mixed green salad for me... I made another mental note: Considerate. Cares about the Other Fellow. Excellent qualifications for a husband. And that brought me back with a start, to what I had come to talk with him about... [Continued on page 81]
Winning Bill who had said “never again,” Diana Lewis is in a Garden of Eden of ecstasy. He's happy, too. Can it be she plays Eve, plucks forbidden fruit? But no. Bill likes the juice of the orange. It's Eden, folks, without the snake.
DORIS DAVENPORT apparently didn't realize that the wise ones of Hollywood had long scoffed at the idea of anyone ever duplicating the famous Margaret Lindsay hoax, and that now an entirely different reception awaited the misguided soul who attempted another such masquerade on Flickerville.

Or maybe Doris was too weary and discouraged to anticipate what Hollywood would do to the next one who tried to create an impression with a false front—or too accustomed to bumps to mind what the movies might have in store for her if she tried to outsmart the town.

Anyhow, that night as she sat on the edge of her bed, soaking her feet and trying to ease the ache that wearing a thirty-pound costume all day had put in her back, she determined to do something desperate.

As an extra in Marie Antoinette she had gone out to M-G-M at six that morning to stand in line to get her make-up; and to stand in line to get her costume; and to stand in line for the shots in the picture; and to stand in line for lunch; and to stand the rest of the afternoon in a scene; and to stand in line to get the assistant director's signature on her work slip and to stand in line at the cashier's window [Continued on page 58]
In dramatizing early years of Edison, Mickey discovers how to spark name in lights as Young Tom Edison.

MICKEY ROONEY
SOCIETY WIVES—CAN THEY

Mrs. Gary Cooper has built a tight lil' world of her own—like back East

Socialite Jock Whitney with Astaires. Mrs. A. from Park Ave. has caught on

Mary Lee Hartford, fugitive from Park Avenue, weds Doug, finds Hollywood society very stimulating

By marrying socialite Ruth Piper Hollingsworth, Dick Foran now moves in the top upper stratum
“TAKE OVER” HOLLYWOOD?

JEVES, BRING THE TEA! WHAT HAPPENS WHEN BLUE BLOOD MEETS GLAMOR BOY—AND MARRIES

By DOROTHY SPENSLY

N ONE knows the thoughts of the Eastern brides as they planed across the country, or traveled on the extra-fare trains. All of them knew Hollywood as an amusing stop-over on the way from a winter in Santa Barbara to Maine for the season. But to live in the town, marry into the gentry...that was another thing.

There would be adjustments to make. All the people out there did was to talk shop—motion pictures and their making. Someone had reported that the servants were dreadful. Maidies answered your friend’s telephoned messages with, “Aw right, then I’ll see you all tonight, honey?” And didn’t a cowboy actor by the name of Mix have a butler who called him, “Tom”—right to his face? It was all positively primitive. And horrible, too.

There were two things the refugees from the creme de la creme set could do. One, being in Rome, was to do as the Romans. The other was to build a tight little world of your own and live pretty much as you had in your Eastern stronghold. It seems that the latter plan is most popular. Mrs. Gary Cooper follows it, even to ignoring the press with a dignity worthy of an Astor, a Whitney, a Vanderbilt. Personal calls and notes go frostily unanswered.

Nor has Mrs. Henry Fonda joined the local Romans, and in her white-picketed estate, very small and unpretentious, utterly charming, with its Colonial cottage, she does not give interviews. But her diplomacy is of another order than Mrs. Cooper’s. In dashing backhanded pennmanship, blue ink on gray...[Continued on page 60]
FOR 25 YEARS ERIC VON STROHEIM HAS LED THE FIELD IN PLAYING MEAN MEN. HIS FANS ALL OVER THE WORLD HAVE MISSED HIM. AFTER A LONG ABSENCE IN FRANCE HE'S BACK TO WIN YOUR HATEFUL HISSES

"I was born in Austria," he continued, "but for more than twenty years I have been an American citizen. And that little paper that says I'm an American is my most precious possession."

It must, then, be a tribute to his fine artistry that the world considers him German. How he could leer and sneer at inferiors and superiors alike. With one glance at a woman he could undress her as deftly as though actually he had removed every stitch of her clothing. His portrayals of decadent fops, world-weary Continentals, unfaithful husbands and betrayers were never surpassed.

His fans booted and hissed him, but how they loved him. He became known as "the man you love to hate" and when a bigger and better German was needed in a picture, the cry always went up for von Stroheim. [Continued on page 62]
CAROLE LANDIS—
1,000,000 B.C.
AND TODAY

Just to prove that a girl's figure was just as attractive a million years ago as it is today, here's Carole, who holds her age and curves well. At right as she is today, ready for the beach. Below, as she looked when living in a cave in 1,000,000 B.C.
Garbo took long vacation in Europe. When she returned she made headlines. After two year absence from screen she became comedy star, laughed, made public laugh with her too, in Ninotchka.

Hepburn proves she's not poisonous by packing theatre in Philadelphia Story.
THey're box-office poison!

You'd be surprised! Really, they're not so black as painted!!

About a year and a half ago, all Hollywood as well as the rest of the country, was startled out of its everyday doldrums one fine morning to read a scurrilous blast by the box-office men against the reigning stars of the screen. Never since the ill-fated San Francisco fire has California experienced so depressing a blow. But with the promise of halcyon days ahead might even bestir itself from the terrible complex acquired as a result of the famous black-bordered advertisement that appeared in the “Hollywood Reporter.”

At the time, the consequences looked very black, indeed. The effect was instantaneous. The studios and stars involved immediately hurried to make plans to meet the strange crisis that had arisen. And as a result, Hollywood has gone through many restless months. But even if the screen centre did give credence to the charges drawn up against it at the time, it has managed to prove that somewhere in their too frank accusations, the barons of the box-office must have erred.

For today, the entire situation has changed. The much dreaded and highly over-publicized designation, “box-office poison” no longer fills the stars and producers with fear and terror. Hollywood has proven that no such thing exists. And the stars themselves—those who were involved—have fought down the stigma with remarkable courage and will.

Mae West, who since that ill-fated day has hardly been seen on the screen, is back. Kay Francis, at the time, announced that she would retire and settle down to make marriage her newest career. Garbo left the screen for a two years' absence. Hepburn deserted Hollywood for Broadway. Marlene Dietrich floated aimlessly about the country and then betook herself to Europe. Only Crawford, Constance Bennett and Edward Arnold stuck to their guns. Only they made no radical changes in their plans and continued the fight against the stone wall that had arisen in their paths almost overnight.

Along with Herbert Hoover, Wall Street and over-expansion of credit, they were blamed for the erstwhile depression that had hit the motion picture business.

To give the exact reasons for the return of these stars to their former footing is an impossibility. Perhaps they are better now than during their peak days. Perhaps they were merely being maligned by bitter box-office executives who were looking for someone to blame. Maybe the theatre-owners realized they spoke too hastily and have since regretted. But whatever had been charged against this group of stars has since been disproved. [Continued on page 72]
GLAMOR IN THE JUNGLE

NO ONE HAS LIVED A MORE ROMANTIC, ADVENTUROUS LIFE THAN OSA JOHNSON, WHO IS AS MUCH AT HOME IN THE AFRICAN JUNGLE AS SHE WOULD BE IN YOUR DRAWING-ROOM. IT TAKES COURAGE TO KEEP UP WITH HER

By LEON SURMELIAN

SHE has killed lions and mad elephants. She has chased chest-pounding, real King Kong gorillas—six-footers—in their native strongholds. She has brought down at her feet charging rhinoceroses and African buffaloes with one well-aimed shot. She has tramped and camped through fearful jungles, climbed the snow-capped peaks of the Equator, tamed mutinous black warriors with a rifle, led a swashbuckling life with a motion picture camera for the benefit of science, surviving a thousand hair-raising adventures in the dark, mysterious and deadly corners of the world.

You will soon see her in Columbia's saga of the wilds, Married Adventure, a picture filmed in God's vast cathedral for 27 years at a cost of over ten million dollars. It's not another animal picture, but her own biography, the story behind the story, a factual, documentary film showing how she and her husband, the late Martin Johnson, killed in an airplane accident a few years ago, preserved for the civilized world a pictorial record of the animal and human [Continued on page 64]
There's no such thing as rushing the bathing beach in Sunny Cal (no adv.). These spring days, Brenda in swim-suit takes to a spring-board for early tan. A sea hawk, her next is *The Sea Hawk*.
Smartness begins at home, so don't be sloppy while you do your household tasks. The clothes on these pages are all neat, sweet, washable and inexpensive. Write Candida for information on where to buy them. And don't forget to ask for the free booklet, "Figures Can Lie," telling you how to achieve a slim silhouette. Enclose a stamped return envelope and address Candida, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

For warm, active tasks wear a brief play suit like Rita's Hollywood Premiere bra-blouse and pleated shorts. Add a comfy pair of hand laced Dundee Mocc-Sans in soft brown and white.

Marketing or answering the doorbell? Slip this complementing jumper dress on over the shorts and bra-blouse—and you'll be as trim and presentable as Rita looks here. Note side buttons...
Some suggestions for neatness and comfort at work or play: A new style brassiere by Adola, with adjustable shoulder straps, feather-stitching on rayon satin fabric, and plenty of support and oomph (only 59 cents). Those brief panties are called Minikins. Just 39 cents, they wash like a dream, hug you tight. Crochet your own half-snood of Knit Kroshene yarn. It is easy and quick. Write Candida for free directions. That's another Dundee sports shoe—with smart Cuban heel—in case you prefer it.

An International Latex "Playpron" in washable pink latex affords protection from the spatter of egg-beating and other kitchen tasks. It comes in little girl sizes, and other pastels, too.

Rita’s washable spun rayon Westbury frock is a gay example of their South American prints. She’s adjusting her "house stockings" (Peds is the name) for comfort without real hose.
**DR. CYCLOPS**

In this novel film the figures are scaled to miniature size. It gives Albert Dekker (on glamor side) chance to turn in portrayal that can be terrifying. Dekker in real life is okay. Here as jungle-invading scientist he shrinks humans to one-fifth normal size. Among those shrunk are Janice Logan, Victor Kilian, Thomas Coley, Ernest B. Schoedsack, who's had experience with eerie epics, directed. How'd you like to call him and Dekker in to shrink some Presidential candidates?
ALERT, pert, charming, and well-poised—that's Katherine Aldridge, who has graced the covers of scores of our national magazines. She startled her boss, Darryl Zanuck, when she let him know that she "wanted to make millions of people laugh—and to make enough money so that Blandensfield can be installed with complete and modern plumbing."

Blandensfield, now that we mention it, is a 575-acre plantation located sixty miles from Richmond, Virginia. It's a plantation on which the one architectural asset is a box-colonial house of 24 rooms built by Kay's forebears on her mother's side 'way back in 1690. As we write this, Kay has sent back enough of her movie earnings to get this installation started, but the price of modern plumbing being sky high, it will be a year before the job is completed. But that's all right by Kay who says that the moment the final foot of pipe has been placed she's going to fly back to her ol' Virginny home and stage a celebration in honor of the event that will out-premiere any shindig Hollywood has put on during the past ten years!

Kay's reply to Zanuck gained widespread publicity in and around movietown, much of it adverse enough to establish her as the sassiest young thing who ever broke into the movies. The smart- [Continued on page 92]
Cigars and Cigarettes...

At the Franco-British Relief Ball, Joan Fontaine and hubby, Brian Aherne (British), buy ciggies from Annabella.

Lee Russell, who wed Britisher Herbert Marshall recently, and Britisher Heather Angel, turn out for Ball.

La Belle France's Annabella, when not selling cigarettes, sits down with Britisher Pat Paterson, Charles Laughton.

Franco-British cigarette girls Claudette Colbert, Merle Oberon sell to Britisher Ronald Colman.

Britishers Regina Gardiner, Ronald Colman buy flowers from Irisher Maureen O'Sullivan at Franco-British Ball.

Claudette Colbert, born under Tri-Color, also sells kisses. She sells one to Britain's Basil Rathbone at the Ball.
and a Snack at Ciro's

Ciro's owner, Billy Wilkerson, welcomes Alice Faye, Harry Joe Brown, and Jimmy Ritz on opening night.

Hat-check girl nearly swoons with ecstasy at Ciro's opening when Gene Markey checks in with Hedy Lamarr.

Those newlyweds, Bob Howard and Andrea Leeds, turned up too at Ciro's. Food and waiters can wait; they order love.

You can't keep Lana Turner away from gay turn-outs. With ex-sweetie Greg Bautzer she was life of party at Ciro's.

Charles Boyer and Pat Paterson must have made reservations early. Note choice table, shared with Anatole Litvak.
For I Was An Adventuress Zorina is suit-ed in lime green above the waist, black below. Note its points and follow suit.

For lounging, Zorina wears luxurious white satin pajamas, with silver embroidery.
Very suitable is this costume of grey broadcloth with old-fashioned soutache braiding. Created by Royer for Zorina, it should suit you, too.

Zorina's beige wool coat shows how things are shaping up this spring. The draped turban matches the brown jersey frock underneath.

An important feature of this dress rehearsal is the harem drape (those pockets are real) on Zorina's shell-blue crepe frock.

To make a dramatic entrance at an important affair Zorina wears her striking wrap of ivory broadcloth, lavish with fox.

The role of an adventuress is daring—so is Zorina's gown of all-over jet beading. For additional glitter a jet side fringe.

Royer really makes the star shine in this romantic gown of iridescent sequins on white net over chartreuse taffeta.
JUDY GARLAND, 16, IS NO LONGER A CHILD AND NOT YET A GROWNUP. AND THE TEENS AREN'T SO TERRIBLE WITH JUDY REPRESENTING THEM. YOU'LL LIKE THE WAY SHE SPEAKS UP

By JAMES REID

"I DON'T think the teens are so terrible, said Judy Garland—as if she meant it. She even added a smile. It wasn't a pained smile. She didn't act as if she intended to be pleasant-even-if-it-hurt about being reminded that she wasn't grown-up yet.

Certainly she didn't give the impression that she was in a hurry to look grown-up. In a commissary full of Pretty Young Things, some of them playing schoolgirls in a new picture, Judy was the only one who looked more like a schoolgirl than a movie actress. Her hair wasn't carefully coiffured; it was merely combed. Her eyelashes weren't long and artificial. Her lips weren't rouged. Her clothes weren't Fashion's latest gasp; she was wearing a jacket and skirt—both inconspicuously plain.

As it happened, the only reason why she was at the studio today was that, even between pictures, she had to go to school. You might think that a girl who had just been elected Feminine Star No. 3 in a nation-wide newspaper poll would be embarrassed about letting anyone know that, till next June, she still had to go to school. But Judy wasn't embarrassed. Not on that score.

"Not after what has been happening to me ever since The Wizard of Oz," she said, darkly. "I've been accused of being twelve years old.

"You should see some of the disappointed looks I get, when people lay eyes on me in person. They expect someone in gingham, with braids, to come out singing 'Over the Rainbow.' And out I come, instead. I think some of them are pretty angry with me, too, for not wearing braids, and not dressing like Dorothy, and not being eleven or twelve. They've written in about it.

"I don't get any sympathy from anybody. People I've trusted all my life tell me, with perfectly straight faces, that I ought to feel flattered. 'It isn't every actress that people are willing to believe younger than she is.'"

She tossed up both hands in a you-can-see-what-I'm-up-against gesture.

"It's terrible to be half-way through the teens and not get [Continued on page 95]
NOT PRISCILLA BUT THE OTHER, OR ROSEMARY LANE'S SIDE OF A HOLLYWOOD SUCCESS STORY

If you have been wondering about the professional destiny of Rosemary Jane Lane of the Lane sisters (Martha, Leota, Lola, Rosemary, Priscilla), scratch it off your Worry List. It appears that Rosemary, who has humor, is to be allowed to display it, cinematically. There was evidence of it in the latest adventures of the Lemp girls, *Four Wives.*

In this filial opus, which might be Warner Brothers' answer to the Hardy, Jones, Higgins, et cetera Families (and a healthy retort it is, too), the vocal Lemp, or Rosemary, is given a chance to clown a bit—which she loves—and cut capers as a cinema husband-hunter. For a while it looked like Rosemary Jane was doomed to be a dope, a moonlight-and-roses dope, the very thought of which makes her shudder.

It might be that Rosemary was the [Continued on page 70]
Petey's voice was hoarse with emotion. "Stick out your chin," he said softly. Martha obeyed. He leaned over, kissed her lips.

Those Were the Days

They were two very angry people on either end of the telephone. Petey Simmons looked around at his office, especially decorated for his and Martha's thirty-fifth anniversary party.

"But I tell you," he shouted, "that I have to work late. You must meet me here." Oh, why did women have to be so unreasonable? It was a wonderful surprise he had planned for Martha.

In the living-room of their home, Martha talked and simpered. "Petey, you have to come home for dinner. It's important." Half the guests were here for their anniversary party already.

Now their words rushed over the wire and became a mad jumble. "Everything's prepared... can't leave, I tell you... ruined!... important... please..."

Suddenly, Petey's other telephone rang. "Hold on a minute, Martha." He listened, then spoke to her again. "Martha. Now darling, don't get alarmed. It's your father. He's been hit by a golf ball." She began to sob. "He's not badly hurt I tell you. Yes, yes, of course, darling. I'll pick you up in front of the house."

And so it happened that they were assembled, guests and all, for a third anniversary party at the Lake Shore Country Club just half an hour later. Their host was old Judge Scroggs, Martha's father, and his little ruse to get them out to the Club had solved their dilemma of who was surprising whom.

Everyone was sitting around the

CAST

"Petey" Simmons  WILLIAM HOLDEN
Martha Scroggs  BONITA GRANVILLE
"Allie" Bangs  EZRA STONE
Mirabel Allstairs  JUDITH BARRETT
Judge Scroggs  VAUGHAN GLASER
Sam Byers  JOHN ARLEDGE

A Paramount Picture

Copyright, 1940, by Paramount Pictures, Inc. Produced and directed by Ted Reed. Screen play by Don Hartman. Based on the "Siwash" stories by George Flitch.
table and a stringed orchestra made music in the night.

Petey touched the Judge's arm affectionately.

"I might have known you could never get close enough to a golf ball to be hit by one."

The Judge nodded in agreement, then rapped on the table for attention. "Silence," he roared. "All of you. This is my party. Now, I have no intention of making a long speech." He eyed Petey narrowly and spoke to the others. "You know, the bones of the head are soft and elastic in the very young. Well, when I first set eyes on Petey, I thought to myself, 'If some masterpiece of justice would remove this young man from the world, the general tone of civilization would go up about fifty per cent!'"

Petey and Martha laughed softly together.

"But," Scroggs went on, "I've watched these two children of mine grow for thirty-five years. Almost overcome with emotion, he wiped his glasses. "Petey and Martha, I have a little present for you." He waved a legal document done up in pink and blue ribbons. "It's a deed to Twin Oaks. I know how much you two love the old place."

In a trice they both had their arms around him and now everybody cheered and the orchestra played joyously. A bit later, the dancing started and Martha and Petey watched the proceedings from the tree bench.

Scroggs was looking at them as he spoke to some friends gathered 'round. Then he began softly, "Did you ever hear about Petey, the courthouse clock, the runaway street car and the Civil War cannon...?"

Petey's eyes twinkled and he said to Martha, "Stick out your chin." She did and his lips pressed hers.

Her face glowed. "Umm... I like that." A laugh gurgled in her throat. "Goodness me, it seems like only a couple of days ago when you and Allie called for Mirabel and me at Browning Hall..."

"Browning Hall," Petey nodded. Good old Siwash. Yesterday? Why, it was right now. He could almost see the hat Martha had worn. Even the headlines of that day had been the same. "Roosevelt Must Run Again." Why, the very noise of the train wheels as they neared Siwash was in his ears...

Yes, there wasn't a senior at Siwash who wasn't out after young Pete Simmons for his own fraternity. And why not? The kid was a comer. His old man had plenty of wampum. A fellow could make his house just by getting that Simmons into it.

That was the way the rag-tag fight over Petey started. Everybody went after him and when Petey caught on, he was pleased as Punch. Gee, those fellows sure must think he was the razzmataz to quarrel like that over him. First it was Alpha Rho Epsilon, plying him with cigarettes and showing him their fine beds. On the second day the Lambda Nus barged in.

Then along came the Beta Pis. Petey kind of liked them, but when the Alphas set fire to the Beta Pis' house and the Lambdas arrested Petey with fake policemen, things got kind of confused. Everybody was hustled off to the station house by some real policemen...
and all seemed lost as they came before Squire Jennings.

But all at once, somebody gave the Beta Pi whistle and the Squire looked mighty happy. He peered over his glasses at them. "All of you boys, Beta Pi?"

They shouted "yes" in joyful chorus but Petey shook his head. "No, your honor, I'm a freshman. I just got here—"

"Oh," said Squire Jennings sternly, "you're not a Beta Pi? That's unfortunate."

Instantly, one of the boys showed Petey the pledge colors. Petey grabbed them and pinned them on. "I am now, Your Honor."

There was a suspenseful silence. Then Squire Jennings nodded. "An excellent decision. I—er—find there are certain extenuating circumstances—youth—all of us fraternity brothers. CASE DISMISSED!" he roared. "Now clear out, all of you."

And so Petey became a Beta Pi. After that, there was initiation and a week or two later, he and Allie Bangs, a fellow pledgee, were notified of their first party invitation. They would choose their girls by drawing their names out of a hat.

Allie seemed to be in luck, for everybody declared that Mirabel Allstairs was a real peacherino from the Old South. But as for Martha Seroggs—

Mirabel and Allie began to coo immediately. Martha turned to Petey and said briskly, "You know Mr. Simmons, Dolly Dinsmore—a good friend of mine—said you were one of the sights of the campus."

well, the name was greeted with a significant silence.

Petey was really worried on party night as they waited in the reception room of Browning Hall. Gee, this Martha sounded like a burnt out match. But as the two girls came down the stairs, his eyes brightened. They were both pretty and that little one with the light brown hair was the real class.

As it happened, she turned out to be Martha and the blonde was Mirabel. Allie was in quite a dither as they led the girls to the door. "My, Miss Allstairs," he burbled, "aren't you good-lookin'."

Petey took Martha's arm and she looked up at him demurely. "I've heard a great deal about you, Mr. Simmons. I hope you don't think I'm forward but when I heard we were going to be partners I was really excited."

"Ain't it the truth," Petey told himself. He nodded. "I ran through a pretty good assortment of emotions myself."

In the landau, Mirabel and Allie began to coo, practically immediately.

Martha turned to Petey and said briskly, "You know, Mr. Simmons—Dolly Dinsmore—she's a friend of mine and very funny—said you were pointed out to strangers as one of the sights of the campus."

He adjusted his hat at a rakish angle. "Yeah, you can tell by my clothes what the rest of the college will be wearing five years from now."

Martha giggled. "Dolly's very funny. I have to laugh when I just think of her. She said that the authorities are going to enlarge the college just to fit you." Another laugh. "Dolly says the funniest things."

Petey got a little worried. Say, that didn't sound exactly like a compliment. "She seems mighty interested in me. Who is she, anyway?"

"Oh... she's a Delta Rho. She'll be at the party."

Petey turned to Mirabel. "You know Dolly Dinsmore?"

Mirabel burst into laughter. "Dinsmore? There's no Dolly Dinsmore. Martha's just joshing you."

Petey got it and burned. Making fun of him, was she? "I see," he said grimly and reduced her to a cinder with a look. So that's why the boys were silent when her name came up. Who liked a girl with a sharp... [Continued on page 60]
THE UPS AND DOWNS OF ROBERT CUMMINGS

By E. J. Smithson

AN AVIATOR AS WELL AS AN ACTOR, ROBERT CUMMINGS HAS HAD HIS UPS AND DOWNS. HE "AIRS" THEM HERE

One way not to obtain an interview from Robert Cummings on his screen career is to let him get off to a flying start on his favorite subject which happens to be aviation.

Inadvertently mention an innocent three-letter word like "air," for instance, a moment after you meet him for the first time and presto, he'll have you up in it. Mentally, at first, and then physically, if he can lure browbeat or drag you out to the airport where his four-passenger "Cessna" champs at its fuselage while impatiently waiting for its youthful master to hop in, hop off, and play hop-skip-and-jump among the mile-high clouds.

Like the mellifluous Voice over the radio, we speak from experience.

Now from time to time, while scanning the columns devoted to disseminating this and that about the magic lanterns, we'd run across a little item about Mr. Cummings and his flair for flying but we put it down as so much publicity dope. We knew a lot of "high flyers" in Hollywood who couldn't get up from the floor let alone up in the air. We knew that Mr. Cummings didn't belong in this class being a strict teetotaller and a guy who keeps the home fires burning at all times.

But we had a hunch that so far as really being aviation-minded was concerned he was a co-pilot flyer like nine-tenths of the other motion picture people who claim through their publicity agents that they can pilot a ship solo and en tete.

He might have had a flying lesson or two, but so far as taking a ship off the ground single-handed and staying up there all by his lonesome—that belonged with the rest of the fantastic dreams whipped up by his press-agent.

Well, as we say, we got fooled.

We arranged an interview with Mr. Cummings recently while he was employed at Universal helping Charlie McCarthy solve a murder mystery. When we arrived at the appointed hour, Cummings had finished his acting chore and eager to get away from his pestiferous, smart-cracking, clue-seeking, mystery-solving pal, Charley.

"About the only thing that animated fence post could run down is his heels," sneered Cummings, "if he could walk. Come on, let's fly."

[Continued on page 83]
Patricia Morison becomes a gingham girl, wears gingham dress atop her garden wall. . . And in film *Untamed*

**THE TALK**

*Can You Jingle?*

- Come, come, boys and girls, and join Hollywood's new craze. It's SOTCH FON! All you have to do is to make up silly (or ARE they so silly?) li'l jingles, like:
  
  *Gals that go Gable*
  *Rarely are stable!*
  
  Or:
  
  *Gals that dream Taylor*
  *Grow paylor and paylor!*

*Four-Legged Leach*

- Of course, you don't HAVE to play. But in Hollywood, ANYthing goes. For another instance, look at what Cary

Apparently the bust-up in the romance of Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks hasn't interfered with Phyl enjoying herself. A sandy beach, lots of sun, can make a girl forget
Grant did to his own name when he changed it to Cary Grant. His own name, you know, was Archie Leach.

Well, when he changed it to Cary Grant, he bestowed the family name on his Scotch terrier, which is now “Archie Binge Leach.”

The “Binge” is just an afterthought.

Hollywood Suckers Born Every Minute
- Or if you still don’t like it, how about listening in to what happened to Lupe Velez, who certainly thought she was too, too smart to fall for anything like that. Yet, when the gypsy fortuneteller came to her and told her that she had very many enemies, but that they could be gotten rid of easily, Lupe went for it hook, line and sinker. She asked how.

“Let me pray over $10,000 of your money,” said the gypsy. Lupe cut it to $2,500, and handed over that amount in bills, but watched carefully. The gypsy took the $2,500 and folded it in a red silk kerchief while Lupe looked on. Then the gypsy prayed over it, and then handed the folded kerchief to Lupe.

“Now you hold this for a day, and your enemies will be gone,” she promised. And vanished.

And when Lupe opened the kerchief to get her money out—why, the money was gone! And nobody would fall for such an ancient swindle except a country yokel or a movie star!

Very Much Close-Up
- Never for an instant does a movie star forget who she is. So when they rushed Joan Fontaine to the hospital from the Rebecca set, and took X-ray pictures of her to see whether an operation would be necessary, it was Movie Star Joan who piped up when the nurse cautioned her to lie perfectly still when the X-ray pictures were being taken.

“You BET I will,” said Joan, “this is the biggest CLOSE-UP I’ve ever had!”

Competition
- On gals who pine for Georgie Brent
  Other guys’ efforts are quite misspent!
  [Continued on page 74]
HAPPIEST GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD

BY CAROL CRAIG

ON APRIL 17, ANNE SHIRLEY WILL BE 21. IN AUGUST SHE AND JOHN PAYNE CELEBRATE THEIR 3RD WEDDING ANNIVERSARY... IN JULY THE STORK PAYS THEM A VISIT. ON TOP OF THAT ANNE IS GETTING A FLOCK OF GOOD PICTURES. CAN A GIRL ASK FOR MORE?

Hollywood’s a tough town in which to find contentment, but Anne has found it. She has everything—a nice home, a sweet income and a husband she loves—and who loves her. Anne has no plans for future after the blessed event. (I guess the baby ought to convince people,” Anne says, smiling.

Her ingenue days are definitely over—off the screen. And on the screen, too.

In *Vigil in the Night*, she grows up before your eyes, as an irresponsible young girl who becomes a responsible nurse—a tragic nurse. In *Saturday’s Children*, she is a dramatic young wife.

Warners, who borrowed her from RKO for this picture, are so enthused about her performance that they are trying to buy her contract from RKO. And thereby hangs an ironic little tale.

When Warners were getting ready to film *The Old Maid*, they tested every possibility in Hollywood for the role of Bette Davis’ daughter. Among those tested was Anne Shirley. And she virtually had the role, when they decided to give it to Jane Bryan, who was under contract to them.

The role did a great deal for Jane, made her “the most promising young dramatic actress in Hollywood.”

Months passed. Up came *Saturday’s Children*, in which Jane was to play opposite John Garfield. On the eve of production, she eloped, renounced her career. Warners had to find a replacement in a hurry. They offered the role to Anne Shirley, who wasn’t expecting it.

Now she is “the most promising young dramatic actress in Hollywood.” Which she would have been nearly a year ago, if she had played in *The Old Maid*.

Her screen future looks exciting. And you would expect Anne to be excited about it.

She shakes her head. “I don’t get ex-
woman. And I was convinced that I didn't want to have any ambitions, to go out and try to make money. It was just one of those things."

"We're going to have a home. We're going to have a home all our own at our ages, and we know it. And we're going to enjoy it. We're going to fix it up just as we want it, with our own hands."

SPECIAL OFFER

Readers! Here are the color photos you have been demanding. If you will write at once to Photo Editor, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 22 Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn., you can now obtain color photos of the one of Errol Flynn in this issue—of:

CLARK GABLE
SONJA HENIE
TYRONE POWER
ROBERT TAYLOR
DEANNA DURBIN
CHARLES BOYER

These photos are 10c each, or 15c for two, postage paid. Hurry, or they'll be gone. Tell your friends about it!

HOW does she feel about approaching 21?

"I feel as if people probably don't believe it, after all those adolescent parts. But in five years they'll probably be saying, 'Why, she's thirty-two if she's a day. I remember her in handkerchief-drama pictures—well, it was a long time ago.'"

"Johnny won't be able to tease me any more about being 'under age,' or try to make out with me the way he well as his wife."

"I feel as if this is going to be a great year, in every way. A different year from any other I've ever lived. I've been very lucky in my pictures so far, playing three completely different roles. First, the nurse in "Vigil in the Night," which was stark drama. Then the contrast of "Saturday's Children," which was bright and modern, a dramatic comedy. And I surprised myself, losing off wiscracks. And now I'm doing "Anne of Windy Poplar," which is a costume picture, sentimental and homespun, which takes up where "Anne of Green Gables" leaves off, with "Anne" aged twenty-two.

She has never looked prettier than she does right now. She blushes when told of it, as if she doesn't dare believe, herself, that her luck is extending this far."

She has no plans for the future, after the baby arrives. "No plans except the ones I've always had—to live a happy, contented, good life. I'll be contented, I'm confident of. I'm not so confident of success in a professional way. But I do know I'll be successful in living the kind of life I'd like to live.

"Why aren't there more Anne Shirleys in the world?"
WHAT—take a “spring tonic” of sulphur and molasses. Not on your 1880! Grandmother may have needed such stringent measures to get the family through its Spring “low” of aches and pains and spring fever, not to mention the time-honored “vapors”—but her granddaughter takes her tonic right from a tin can! Debutantes or dowagers, hostess or housewife, be beauty-bound this Spring! For right now, this balmy weather, when the soft sun smiles and tender winds caress you, is the ideal time, the psychological moment, on which to start off and embark on a Spring beauty cruise, right on the home deck, and an all no-expense tour at that.

The old-fashioned tonic put wrinkles in your face because its bitterness puckered up the lips, but new-fashioned tonics take wrinkles out, because they are so delicious to drink, so refreshing, and so flavorful. Some such tonics are the expressed juices of those familiar food-fruits, the tomato, in person, or the pineapple, the citrus, the lemon and the orange. Still others are the extracted juices of vegetables which star “A” in the galaxy of vitamins: celery, carrots, spinach, beets, onions, watercress, or combinations thereof.

Canned fruit and vegetable juices save work, are always ready for serving, and can easily be chilled without tipping over in the refrigerator. Keep an assorted

Grapefruit Juice Bracer is a refreshment drink
stock always on ice, and you will never be faced with that emergency meal problem.

Spring is the authorized period for Spring housecleaning, for Slenderizing and for Sports, not forgetting the garden and wheeling the baby or Jr. around in the park! It's the home dressmaking season too—indeed the most busy season of the year.

It happens all too often that under such strains, the homemaker fails to sit down and eat quietly; she is too occupied to the time to prepare a real, wholesome meal for herself, and so, as the old woman expressed it, "eats her meals on the hoof"—standing up and always in a hurry. Now here is where the beverage meal comes to her rescue. If she has not the time (or thinks she hasn't), instead of eating solid food in haste, try the tin can drink-meat. Pour out a whole can of tomato juice, add a little seasoning, particularly cleansing lemon or lime—and presto—all the vitamins combine themselves right in one tall glass!

BEAUTY experts from Hollywood assert that in their treatments they perform only two out of one entirely liquid meal. This prevents packing down of foods and accompanying stodginess and overgrowth. The tin can drink-meal is just as possible to any of us, and equally effective, whether our goal be slenderizing, more energy, or saving in time.

However, if we are cleaning house, tackling an odd job of Spring painting, or are under the additional strain of having one of the children ill with mumps or whooping cough, then we need additional meals, or interval doses of Spring tonic to give us more energy to meet increased responsibilities. Again the drink-meat comes to our rescue: and a tall refreshing glass of some concentrated fruit or vegetable juice will give us the pep, punch and pull necessary to continue.

A word about canned tomato juice, familiar to all. Learn to serve it in new cocktails—say with the addition of minced cucumber pulp, minced watercress, or chopped celery or minced, grated, or shredded carrots. Why, do readers know that the finest (and expensive) food wrinkled in our big cities is to have a "juice bar" where one may sit down at the counter and call for a celery juice cocktail, a carrot cocktail, or any other vegetable choice? Pineapple juice, canned, is unsweetened, remember, just as it is made from fresh, naturally-sweetened pines in Hawaii. Morning, noon, and night, you may drink pineapple beverages, safe in the thought that they give health without additional fattage. Always demand unsweetened, natural pineapple juice which has no preservatives added, and nothing taken away.

GRAPEFRUIT juice, too, is an effective, natural tonic. Filled to the brim with magnesium salts, it is at once a purgative and a refreshing drink. Drink it straight the last thing at night, when it helpfully controls digestive processes, or use it with other juices, particularly pineapple, as a cooling drink at any time. Try mint with grapefruit beverages, or add fresh lime juice and see what a pleasing tropical combination that is.

Celery, carrots, spinach, etc., can be run through any common food chopper, and the expressed juices made into drinks. There are also special extractors on the market, some costing as low as $5, which are designed for this purpose only. Or, grate or shave the vegetable, and add to a tomato juice base, drinking cold as a cocktail, or heating and using as a soup. With rye or whole wheat wafers, you have a full meal—and no pots to wash!

Cayenne pepper used with care, gives an additional tonic quality to any vegetable juice cocktail, while grated onion, or shaved garlic is always the needed "woosh" to such drinks. The fruit juices will have a novel zest if a tablespoon or so of bitters, or of papaya juice, a natural digestant now also sold in inexpensive bottle form, is added to the beverage.

For your convenience this month the featured recipes are gathered together, so that they may be easily clipped for your cooking files:

**TOMATO JUICE WITH CUCUMBER AND LIME**

1/4 cucumber, finely minced
1 can (14 oz.) tomato juice
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon lemon juice

Add minced, peeled cucumber pulp to tomato juice, and chill one hour in refrigerator. Strain, add salt and lime (or lemon) juice, and serve well chilled. (Omit cucumber pulp, and use "straight.")

**TOMATO JUICE AND CELERY SPRING TONIC**

1 cup chopped celery
1 can (14 oz.) tomato juice
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon lemon juice

Grind celery in food chopper. Add to tomato juice with salt, and chill one hour in refrigerator. Strain, add lemon juice, and serve well chilled with garnish of minced watercress.

**HOSTESS SPICED TOMATO-ADE**

3 cups canned tomato juice
2 tablespoons sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon

Combine tomato juice with sliced lemon, sugar, salt, and spices, and slowly heat to boiling. Stand 10 minutes, then strain and chill. Add lemon juice just before serving. (Makes 3 1/4 cups.)

**PINEAPPLE FIZZ**

1 1/2 cups canned pineapple juice
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 egg white
1 bottle Worcestershire
2 bottles (12 oz. size) ginger ale

Combine in cocktail shaker all ingredients except ginger ale. Shake vigorously. Add ginger ale, and immediately pour over cracked ice in tall glasses. (Serves 6.) If more sweetness is desired, add additional sugar syrup.

**SPICED TEA WITH PINEAPPLE JUICE CUBES**

3 1/2 cups sugar
3/4 cup water
1 inch stick cinnamon

Boil sugar, water and spices together for 10 minutes. Strain, and add to hot tea. Pour over pineapple juice ice cubes. (Makes 1 quart.)

To make cubes, freeze canned pineapple juice in refrigerator trays, and to remove run hot water over bottom of trays.

**BEET JUICE SPINACH TONIC**

1 cup liquor from canned beets
1/2 cups boiling water
1 bouillon cube
1/2 cup lemon juice
1/2 cup spinach juice
1/4 teaspoon salt

dash of cayenne

Combine liquor from canned beets with boiling water in which bouillon cube has been dissolved, together with lemon and spinach juices and salt. Blend thoroughly, and pour over cracked ice. Sprinkle with dash of cayenne. (Makes about 3 cups.) To prepare spinach juice, crush fresh leaves in food chopper, or use liquor of spinach cooking water.

**RHUBARB-PINEAPPLE CUP**

3 cups diced rhubarb
3 cups water
1 cup sugar
1 cup pineapple juice
1 tablespoon lemon juice
2 cups ginger ale

Combine rhubarb, water and sugar and simmer until rhubarb is soft. Strain, and cool. Add fruit juices, and chill. Add ginger ale just before serving. (Serves 8.) May be made a richer color by adding few drops of red coloring. Pleasant in punch cups garnished with lemon wheels.

**HOUSEWIFE'S SALAD CUP**

1/2 cup canned grapefruit juice
1/2 cup pineapple juice
1 cup pitted canned cherries
1 cup diced canned pears
1 cup diced canned peaches
1 tablespoon minced candied ginger

Whole wheat wafers

Combine juices with diced fruits and chill thoroughly. Serve in bowl, sprinkling with minced ginger (or omit if on sugar-less diet) and eat with wafers as complete luncheon.

But these are only samples—you must send for the additional recipes in the free leaflet offered below.

Mrs. Christine Frederick
C/o MOTION PICTURE Magazine
1501 Broadway, New York City

Please send me "BEAUTY SPRING TONICS," including recipes for Florida Eggnog, Pineimint Cooler, and Tomato Cosmetic Cup.

(This offer expires June 15th, 1940)

Name ...........................................................
Street Address ...............................................

City and State..............................................
LEADING A DOUBLE LIFE—A WORKING GIRL BY DAY, A GLAMOR GIRL BY NIGHT—JANE WYMAN KNOWS THE IMPORTANCE OF KEEPING HER CLOTHES, MAKE-UP AND HAIRSTYLE IN HARMONY WITH EACH OTHER—AND WITH THE TIME AND PLACE. SHE'S SMART TO BE TWO-FACED

T'S hard to believe that these two pictures can be of the same girl, pert little Jane Wyman, soon to be seen in *Three Cheers for the Irish*. Because Jane is smart enough to be two-faced! She believes in keeping her clothes, make-up and hairstyle in harmony with each other—and with the time and place.

For daytime wear, Jane favors sports clothes—slacks, sweaters and skirts, simple play dresses, or tailored suits and dressmaker frocks. She thinks it's a mistake to wear out dressy "date" dresses around the house or to work. It spoils your whole attitude towards that type of clothes. You'll get more fun out of "date" dresses if you wear them only when you're going out with someone, or to a party. Then they'll always be associated with good times in your mind. I have one dress I simply adore—just because I've never worn it without having the

By DENISE CAINE

the nape of your neck. Your daytime make-up should make you look naturally attractive—but you can go to greater extremes with powder, rouge, lipstick and eye make-up in the evening, to bring out the glamor girl that lurks in every one of us.

Take a lesson from these pictures of Jane. She's learned in Hollywood to add softer curves to her own fairly thin lips—but she builds up her mouth a lot more at night than she does during the daytime. That provocative pout with the full lower lip goes with evening clothes—but it's rather out of place on the golf links! These pictures tell you, too, that eye make-up isn't out of place during the day—if correctly used. Jane wears brown mascara, to go with her blond hair, and applies it sparingly. The tiniest bit of colorless eye shadow gives a glint to her eyelids. [Continued on page 82]
Lady Esther says  Won't you please help your

"NEW-BORN SKIN"

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!

Every time the clock ticks—every time you breathe—your new skin is crowding eagerly upward, outward—and soon will make its bow before all the world—in new glory and new glamour, if you will do your part!

Why let your new skin be "born under a cloud," asks Lady Esther—when it can be flattering—can make you a little younger, fresher, lovelier? Yes, each coming generation of your skin can bring you a new-born beauty—if—

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!

My 4-Purpose Cream permeates those flakes. Soothingly and gently it whisked them all away—loosens embedded impurities—cleanses the very apertures of your pores—helps your skin to be smoother—lovelier—younger-looking.

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

If he's a specialist on the skin—all the better! Follow his advice if you have a vitamin deficiency. He will be a strange physician indeed if he tells you to try and push anything like vitamins or hormones into your skin via your face cream!

Ask him if every word Lady Esther says isn't absolutely true—that her cream removes the dirt, impurities, and worn-out skin beclouding your new, young skin about to be born!

Then try my face cream at my expense. Continue using it twice a day or oftener for two weeks. See if your powder doesn't look lovelier day by day. See the glamour of your new-born skin as my cream helps you keep your Accent on Youth!
after dark to cash that slip. She saw the marks on her back and legs from the costume she wore—and thought of the long waits between jobs.

"Nigh then," I was explaining, "I decided to take chance. I knew Hollywood was doing to me what it does to thousands every year. It was deflating my ego, dumbing my spunk, sapping my ambition and making me cow."

"I had grown conscious that my face was getting too common a sight among the studios. I'd heard the remark: 'Oh, we don't want to speak of the sort of girl who has been knocking at their gates for bit parts for a year or so'—somebody would have signed her if she was any good, so often that I knew it was the thrill of lure casting directors and producers.

"My steadily growing 'what's-the-use'-feeling had to be whipped right then or not at a time. So I was going to New York, and would strangle my inferiority complex en route.

"Since being known and humble was put under contract with M-G-M in Dors Davenport. And it had looked her over pretty well, too.

In the chorus of Kid Millions at sixteen, husband had attracted Samuel Goldwyn's attention. He gave her the part of Eddie Cantor's childhood sweetheart in one sequence of the picture. This made the whole of her life—especially when Eddie Cantor said to her: "Now, Doris, you've got a start in pictures, and remember one thing; never take less than you are asking for—go up—and never go down. Take long lay-offs between pictures if you have to, but never accept a smaller part than this.

"There were more lay-offs between pictures—and not because Doris refused to shave her price. During some of them she played in various 'little theatre' shows in Hollywood.

"Sometimes people in pictures would tell me how good I'd been on the stage," says Doris, "and I'd be in the seventh heaven. And sometimes casting directors and studio talent scouts would call me to their offices to talk to them. They would say they liked my performance very much and felt I had a lot of promise.

"But when I sat there holding my breath for something to happen, just nothing did. But I finally got a part as a show-girl in The Great Ziegfeld and then a contract as a starlet with M-G-M.

"However, a dozen or more other excited youngster under contract to that studio, Doris discovered that being signed scarcely meant anything. Parts they thought they could play always went to someone else. Aside from being allowed on the lot, posing in publicity pictures and drawing in their weekly pay, being a contract didn't seem much different than being "between pictures."

"Then one of Hollywood's justly-famed retrenchments hit her hard along with the rest of the stock youngsters.

"There was more waiting and hoping and studying, and then I began to do extra work."

Hence the Marie Antoinette experience, and Doris' determined departure for the East.

"ARRIVING in New York," she says, "was like shaking off something oppressive. I really felt entirely different. I seemed to have shed my inhibitions and somehow I just felt there was everything was so entirely unlike Hollywood. I just didn't feel like the same person at all."

"And she didn't act like the same person. She could breathe the cool air of the world she breezed into John Robert Powers' studio and offered herself as one of his famous glamor models. And clicked.

"Next she dropped over and read for producer Brock Pemberton who was casting for the lead in Kiss the Boys Goodbye. Doris didn't get the part. But she was doing all right more."

"Then RKO suggested she make a test for them. But, on Powers' suggestion, she guessed she'd rather not sign the contract required for the test.

"Oh, yes: she was decidedly unlike the Doris Davenport of Hollywood. She had even changed her name from Davenport to Jordan, and had felt what an inferiority complex felt like. So she calmly waited for the movie casting directors to come to her with something really interesting.

"Max Arno, one of Hollywood's best known casting directors, carried the script for Scarlett O'Hara to New for Selznick. Naturally, he looked over the famous glamour girls at Powers' model agency. Doris Davenport was—"Doris Jordan caught his eye. Would she like to be in pictures? No doubt it would be thrilling, and a wonderful opportunity. But Doris wasn't sure. She really hadn't thought about it or read for producer.

"How about testing for Scarlett O'Hara—right here in New York, Mr. Arno wanted to know."

"Well, it couldn't do any harm. And it might be fun."

"I was so excited, " admits Doris, "that I could hardly trust myself to talk. And was it true, when I really wanted to grab that casting director by the hand and start running for a test stage."

"A couple of days later they made sound tests of me in New York. They had ten or fifteen tests and I wasn't even invited to death that I might not show up well beside them."

"But when Mr. Selznick came to New York he interviewed me, and I was put under contract for a month while they decided whether they wanted to go farther with my tests."

"The next morning Phyllis Brown in the Selznick offices on Park Avenue phoned me and said: 'Doris, can you fly to the coast this afternoon to test for Scarlett O'Hara?'

"If I hadn't been making a beauty with both hands on my mouth open and gasping. When I got my breath I said: 'Fly? Goodness no! Not to test for Scarlett O'Hara or anybody else. I'll go on the train, if you wish. Actually, I'd have to swim out there to get the part. But being nonchalant had got me this far and I was going to see it through."

"When asked if she had anyone in Hollywood to live with when she got out there, Doris replied: 'Well, ah—oh, yes. I'll stay with my aunt—my Aunt Hilda.'

"Born in Moline, Illinois, Doris Davenport went to Los Angeles with her par- ents when little more than a baby, and had lived there until Hollywood had driven her East. But Doris Jordan was strictly a New York housewife product who knew absolutely nothing about the movies."

"A phone call from a huge office. My name was on the train, Doris tells her story, "so when Mother rushed up to greet me I called her Aunt Hilda. She looked like she thought I'd gone completely out of my mind and I think she was too busy to notice it. And when I told him that I didn't know where the Selznick studios were or how to get out to Culver City."

"But I managed to find my way out there, and everything went fine till I was taken to a stage for my first test. And then what a surprise I got."

"The camera crew making the test was from M-G-M and every man on it knew me. They had seen me over on the big lot a hundred times, and now I was going to be introduced to them as Doris Jordan.

"Jeepers, I thought, here I go! When those boys say 'Why that's Doris Davenport who was to be from M-G-M in stocks' it would be just too bad."

"But they didn't say a word, and when the cameraman came over to check my make-up, he asked: 'Why the false whiskers."

"And they all thought you were a man. I begged him to tip off others and to have them warn anybody that knew me not to betray my deep, dark past."

"They didn't say a thing, and I wish it had been a fine joke, and didn't tell a soul. In fact they did everything they could to help me."

"And so did Mr. Arno. He was wonderful. Only, when I went through test after test, my failure to get excited over my prospects amazed him. The choice had apparently narrowed down to Paulette Goddard and myself."

"'Girl,' he would say, 'how can I impress on your mind how close you are to this? Can't you realize that?'"

"He never suspected that I didn't dare let myself realize it. I'd never figured I would reach a spot like that in Hollywood—and I just couldn't think it was true."

"Then I came to New York, and they were through November and later into December of 1938. For eight weeks they tested me, and paid me all the time I was there. The Technicolor tests took so much time and they were so exacting in all phases of it, I had seen so many girls tested for Scarlett O'Hara that I began to believe nobody would ever be selected for it."

"One day when I was going on the stage for a hair-dress test, I saw Vivien Leigh being tested for make-up. Saw her several times. She struck me as just another Scarlett that would go with the wind. But I was so dizzy from the endless trips between make-up, hair-dress, wardrobe and testing stage and so blinded by the powerful lights necessary to color photography that I probably would have told the difference between Clark Gable and Mickey Mouse."

"After Vivien Leigh was definitely cast for Scarlett, Doris went over to RKO for months and did, to quote her, 'exactly nothing.' An only too common occurrence in Hollywood."

"Samuel Goldwyn saw some of the tests Selznick had made of her and asked her to test for The Westerner under the direction of Willie Wyler. She did so, and Goldwyn signed her under her original name 'Doris Davenport.'"
"IMAGINE ME GIVING ADVICE TO A MOVIE STAR!"

1. *Whee! I was thrilled* when the stylish dressmaker I work for told me to deliver a gorgeous evening gown to my favorite movie actress! But when I got to her house and the French maid took the dress into the inner room, I heard my Glamour Girl blow up.

2. "*No, no, send it back!* I won't need it," she moaned. "This whole afternoon I've been standing on the lot... now I'm too chafed to go out!"... Say, was I on a spot! Madame, the modiste, would be furious if I brought back that dress.

3. *So I flew into the room.* "Wait," I cried. "It must be you haven't heard about Miracle Modess. It now has 'Moisture Zoning'-a wonderful new feature that acts to direct moisture inside the pad, leaving edges dry and comfortable longer than ever before!"

4. "I... have some Modess," stammered the maid. And soon we were cutting a pad. "Look," I said. "Here's why Modess is softer, too! It's made of fluff! Not a bit like layer-type napkins. And thanks to Modess' moisture-resistant backing," I rushed on, "Modess is safer, too!"

5. *Well, my Glamour Girl* was delighted! And that night, as I stood outside the rope and watched the "celebs" sail in to a "first night"—there she was! Looking gorgeous! And handing her grand bouquet of orchids to *me!* Glory, but I'm glad I told her about Miracle Modess!

**NEW MIRACLE MODESS WITH "MOISTURE ZONING"**
paper, with “Mrs. Henry Fonda” in square gray letters embossed at the top of the page, and by return mail, she informs you, gracefully, that she is “so sorry to have to tell you that Mr. Fonda does not approve of the publicity you mention... etc.” And signs it “Frances S. Fonda.”

The Astaires have built their “tight little world” and Phyllis Potter Astaire is almost a myth, so seldom does one see her at the gay gatherings. A friend of the Astaires says the reason for their social reticence is that each is very shy and not given to fraternizing even with the inner circle of the movie group. For a time gossip ran like wildfire that Mrs. Astaire was so jealous of Fred that she insisted on accompanying him to the sets each day. The truth of the matter was that Phyllis Astaire made her appearance only on Fred’s invitation and that was when he was doing a particularly difficult dance routine, and, like a proud husband, he wanted her there when he put his best foot forward.

Mark Sandrich, director of many of Fred’s successes, doesn’t like to talk about Fred—violation of confidence, and all that—but he recalls that Mrs. Irving Berlin, who was Ellen Mackay and veddy good, socially, in any land, holds Phyllis Potter Astaire in highest esteem, and anyone that Ellen Berlin likes,” says Sandrich, “is all right with me.”

No matter if a Society Wife creates her own inviolable island in Hollywood’s social sea, she still has to face realities and make adjustments. She cannot completely isolate herself from the gossipy, seamy side of the colony. She has to build a wall against rumor; the printed stories that the marriage has “puffed,” that she is to have a child when she isn’t, etc. She has to ignore it, or let it give her some bad moments.

Too, she has to accustom herself to being mobbed every time she steps out to the theatre or night-club with her popular husband. Half the time she is swept away from him by crowds intent upon getting his autograph. It’s not like dear old Park Avenue where the debs—if you’re a Brenda Frazier or a Cobina Wright, Jr.—get the mob’s attention.

A NO THER thing that she must not let floor her are the quaint and informal manners of the cinema center. She must learn that it’s traditional in Hollywood to bid fifty guests for buffet supper and entertain one hundred and fifty. She has plenty to learn; plenty of adjustments to make... etc. if she loves her husband enough to want to make them. And all that we met did—very definitely. The movie boys have something that Wall Streeters don’t have.

Of all the Society Wives, the one who found the sharpest differences in modes and manners, when she first came to Hollywood, was Dolores Del Rio. The darkly beautiful Mexican girl came as a double-threat to the town; she was both Society Wife and Film Star. Over a decade ago she came as the wife of Jaime Del Rio (very good family) and she was an Asusteso, reared at St. Joseph’s Convent in Mexico City, taught French and other languages, all the pretty manners of society, including protocol or who goes in first to a state dinner. She made a “grand tour” to Madrid and Paris, and married very early. Widowed, she later married M-G-M’s debbitch Art Director, Cedric Gibbons (he is Mrs. Gary Cooper’s uncle). Naturally, she is able to weigh the matter of Society Wife vs. City of Hollywood very competently. “The adjustments are many,” said Mrs. Gibbons, in flawless English.

“In Hollywood, at the last moment, your guest of honor phones and says that she will be working at the studio until late and can’t possibly come to the dinner. It’s a horrible habit and I’m guilty of doing it myself, but what alternative have we out here? We are in a business that knows no regular hours. I do it myself and understand when my guests do it to me. But the Easterner has a hard time understanding. A social obligation is something like a banking obligation to her.

“I have known several young hostesses—Society Wives, as you call them—to have near-hysterics because their dinner tables are thrown into confusion. It sounds unimportant, but years of training have made her social fiber.

“To me, now, it doesn’t mean a thing. Far more important is the business of making a film. But I do sometimes miss the sweet smell of Mexico,” said Dolores, wistful in her crinoline for M-G-M’s The Man From Dakota.

A DEL RIO has been in Hollywood long enough to see a social dynasty fall. When she first came, Pickfair was the hub of all filmland activity, and Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., were the social arbiters. With their divorce, film society was de-centered and other bloods and little groups, now, who carry on, but no great social leader. Ouida Rathbone (Basil’s frau) is the great party-giver. Ann Warner, wife of Producer Jack Warner, gives the slick magazines several of copy.

Mrs. Fairbanks, Jr., regrets that she missed the great days when Pickfair was a magnet, attracting the Duke of Alba, the Mountbattens and other blue bloods. As Hollywood society is today, this fugitive from Park Avenue finds it stimulating—yes, stimulating. “Hollywood gets artists, writers, playwrights,” she says, vivaciously. “The dinner table talk is apt to be sparkling because of this. The only adjustment that I have had to make to the town is in the distances. They are e-nor-mous. When I go to buy a hat, I pack a box-lunch and am gone for the day! “Even the gossip doesn’t bother me. Since column-conducting became a major journalistic business, even Easterners have become accustomed to having Cholly Knickerbocker write ‘So and So at El Morocco last night won the gum-chewing contest... but really was it necessary?’ So we are quite conditioned to it. Frankly, I was a little aghast when five weeks after our marriage last May, a columnist came forth with the news that we were going to have a baby.

“At that time we were not,” continued Mary Lee Fairbanks, “and Tyrone and Annabella Power were busy denying that they were having a child. Douglas and I talked it over and decided to say nothing about it, on the theory that by the time the denial had completely circulated we might be going to have one. We could have saved our efforts.

“The day that our hopes were confirmed, months later, Ed Sullivan’s column came out... [Continued on page 79]
The most beautiful fingernails in the world!

The most beautiful fingernails in the world!—have them yourself, tint them with Dura-Gloss! Discover this new and better nail polish, made on a new principle! See how smoothly the color "flows on" your nails—see its jewel-lustre, longer-lasting brilliance! Yet do you pay a fancy price for it?—No, Dura-Gloss costs only ten cents, at cosmetic counters everywhere! Now you can afford six bottles—a different shade for every costume—for what you often paid for one bottle! Buy Dura-Gloss, today!

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DURA-GLOSS Dura-Coat (nail wax)

LORR LABORATORIES, PATerson, N. J.
Recently the cry was so loud it reached all the way to France and so urgent that "Von," as his friends call him, flew all the way from Europe via Clipper and transcontinental plane to appear in a Twentieth-Century-Fox picture entitled *J Was an Adventuress*. The adventure in this instance is the Swedish dancer, Zorina.

Von Stroheim happened to be in France because three years ago a French producer sent him to play the same sort of role—a German spy. Taking advantage of his varied talents, the French producers have kept him busy ever since and want him back when he finishes his chore here.

He always pace, Not nervously, but with the same intensity that he gives to anything he does. He almost spits out his words and clips them off at the end as though with a sharp knife.

"My house is rented so I must live in two rooms," he complained as he stalked about the seven-room apartment ordering ice for a drink, inquiring if his son, Joseph, had returned from school, removing his coat and placing it on a chair with neat precision.

He has changed little since I first met him in 1914. He is a little heavier—he says—a little mellower, a little more tolerant or, perhaps, more indifferent, but no older in appearance. He is well-tailored and immaculate, as always; his every move is stiff, suggesting that he is still in the army. Yet, he is graceful. No surgeon about to perform a delicate operation could be more precise than von Stroheim doing nothing more important than sitting down, getting up, pouring a drink and holding each glass up to make sure the contents were equal.

He can carry on two or three conversations at once. "Who is on the telephone? Well, tell him — Don't do that. That's very stupid," he tells his secretary, who is neatly binding his freshly written script.

"Leave it in two parts. It's easier to handle." His eyes are everywhere, he sees everything, "I do," he agreed. "I see that you have broken your fingernail and are trying to save it with a patch."

**HE MUST** have felt some sort of humor and a great deal of satisfaction when he stepped from the plane, followed by his pete (but efficient) French secretary, who accompanied him here from Paris, and found not only his family on hand to greet him but also a group of newspapermen and photographers.

It was quite a different picture than was apparent when he left three years ago from the same airport. Someone referred to him then as "demoted but not defeated." And when he stepped off that plane he must have been conscious of his success abroad; that important contract in his brief case—and the French secretary.

The photographers spied the French girl, who isn't hard to look at, and asked her to pose with the actor, but he handled that, deftly.

"Come, come, now, boys," he said good-naturedly. "Remember I'm a married man. If you want a picture, I'll pose with my wife."

And he did.

December 6, 1936, I left Hollywood for France," he recalled, "and I returned just three years later—to the very day. A fortune-teller told me before I went away that I would be back in three years. Of course I didn't believe her. I couldn't think of anything that would bring me back," he added bitterly.

He told freely of how Hollywood kicked him around; how he wasn't allowed to work and of how he had to go away from here in order to earn a living. Now he loves living in France and he should if all the things you hear are true. According to the foreign publications, the French have taken him to their hearts. They understand his ambitions and appreciate his genius. He is very popular there as he was here when he appeared in American films.

During his last stay in France he had written, directed or acted in—and in some cases done all three of these things—twelve French pictures. He has written and directed yet he finds France very stimulating. His salary is $5.500 a week and that is a lot of gravy and not on the vest, either.

"That is the plan really live," he said, with as much enthusiasm as he ever displays.

"There is everything there. One can work hard and when work is done one can relax and enjoy himself in any way he likes. The people there don't try into your affairs. They are busy with their own business."

When he is working in a picture, von Stroheim occupies an apartment in Paris. Between pictures he often goes to the country to write and relax. He feels at home there. He even wanted to join the French army but that would have lost him his American citizenship.

"So I invented a combination helmet and gas mask and gave it to the French Government," he told me. "Right now it is being tested and I have offered it to the United States if it proves to be practical."

With his mind momentarily on the conflict in Europe, he said, "You don't know how lucky you are to be living here." Yet, unless another good picture keeps him here, he will return to France in a few weeks.

**It WAS** characteristic of him that three hours after he arrived in California he appeared with his secretary at the studio ready to go to work. Gregory Ratoff, the director of *J Was an Adventuress*, had been eager to have Von for the picture and the two conferred amicably with the result that the actor took the script home and rewrote it. "They accepted the changes I made," he said simply.

One of the telephone operators at the studio noted that she received more than a hundred telephone calls for him the day his arrival was noted in the morning papers. Some of them wanted to borrow money; some wanted him to intercede in their behalf in order that they might get work in the picture, but the majority were just friends.

A natural showman, von Stroheim is the reporter's delight. He is too honest to put on an act but everything he says and does has dramatic value.

"Let them print anything they like about me," he said at a time when Hollywood ridiculed him in print. "I always answer any question a reporter asks me. Why not? He will write what he likes anyway and I don't care!"

He is pretty safe on that score because so many of his remarks cannot be printed. He says exactly what he thinks about anyone and expresses himself frankly on any subject.

**SEX,** which he never failed to inject in his pictures, he handled bluntly, as he does in conversation, but he never included a sex angle merely as a sex angle. Sex is an important part of life, he argues, and belongs in pictures.

He admits using endless reels of film to get effects he wanted but he argues that he didn't "use any more film or spend more
money than directors do today, I wanted to release *Greed* in two parts. They did it with a play—*Strange Interlude*—years later,” he reminded me.

This drastic suggestion was not accepted, of course, and *Greed* was cut from 42 to 10 reels. It made a great impression on audiences in spite of themselves, for audiences weren’t ready to be impressed by motion pictures in 1923 except by D. W. Griffith. Like Mr. Griffith, who gave von Stroheim his first opportunity in Hollywood, he was years ahead of his time.

If he was extravagant with the money of his employers, he was just as lavish with his own. I recall a dinner party he gave one New Year’s Eve, which was the last word in elegance. The favors alone cost him $1,000.

When he directed *The Merry Widow* with the late John Gilbert, Mae Murray and himself in the top roles, Hollywood looked forward to fireworks and Hollywood got fireworks. John Gilbert was M-G-M’s top star and knew it; Mac Murray was not above stamping a foot under the strain of exacting direction while Von himself, doing duty as both director and actor and handling two stars, each one with a personality as volatile as his own, was in a fine frenzy most of the time.

Hollywood laughed and laughed over the temperamental clashes of the stars while Leo, the lion, roared and roared over the money spent on such items as embroidered initials on the officers’ underwear, embroidery that would never show in the picture. “But,” insisted von Stroheim, “the actors will know the initials are there.” His insistence on what his bosses considered trifles kept him continually in hot water.

The picture was a box-office success but von Stroheim was not proud of it. “It’s the kind of picture audiences want,” he said, at the time. “I made it to keep my family from starving.”

Today, although still putting up a fight for his ideals, he does care so much. “If they pay my price I’ll work,” he says with a shrug, “even if I know the picture is not too good.” He is willing to compromise—a little.

Pay Wray, who became a star after working in one picture, *The Wedding March* under his direction, gives an interesting side light on his method of casting a picture. She was inexperienced and didn’t know him when she applied for a part—any part—in the film. Admitted to his office, she found it full of people. He began telling her all about the role of Misty, the feminine lead, and acted it all out for her and the others who were present.

“He didn’t ask me any questions or give me a test of any kind,” Fay recalled, “but when it was time for me to leave, he shook my hand and said ‘Goodbye, Misty!’ That was his way of telling me I had the job.

“It was necessary for me to cry in the picture but I was so delighted to be in it that I couldn’t raise a tear. We had quite a time, but I learned to cry, all right. I’ll never forget Mr. von Stroheim. He was so kind and patient. He went into every detail so thoroughly. He would explain and show an actor over and over and over just what he wanted and he only lost his temper when the actor was stupid or didn’t try. I always think of him as one against the world.”

He was still filming *The Wedding March* when it was taken away from him. Two years later it was cut and released. Only about one-half of the film was used, leaving a complete plot and enough film for another picture.

Unfortunately, his next picture was the

[Continued on page 77]
life in the uncivilized portions of the globe. They were not big game hunters, but camera hunters—and, indeed, had been shaped by the journalistic motif—get the picture! They never shot a wild animal unless they absolutely had to for self-defense.

Osa Johnson is a paradox, a lovely one. One imagines her to be a legendary Amazon. Born in the hinterlands of Kansas, this crack shot who has spent most of her life in the Camdeel Island, Borneo, East Africa, and other inhospitable lands, has managed to remain utterly feminine and civilized.

The Academy of Fashions recently nominated her as one of the most beautiful women in America. She dresses and looks like a million dollars. In her clothes and accessories she goes for African effects, creates her own styles, and has pulled of metropolitan glamour and chic.

Physically, she is a brunette and vivacious edition of Mary Pickford. Petite, shapely, her chestnut hair is tinged with a bit of gray, but she has a youthful, blooming complexion and the alert eyes of a gazelle that has just come down from the mountains to drink at some tropical stream. Quick and gay as a forest sprite, the playful young girl and her keen relish for life is infectious, which in part explains her charm.

O SA JOHNSON is the most interesting woman I have met in the Hollywoods. Out here in the New York House, New York at the Waldorf-Astoria. She has a manager, secretaries, assistants and all the paraphernalia of wealth and fame. You see her at the Cocoanut Club, hostesses on Park Avenue. But she must bake her own bread, cook her own meals. She positively glories in her kitchen. With the exception of some still unpooled newcomers, no actress I know of has one tenth of Osa's oomph. The tragedy about the celebrated beauties of Beverly Hills is that they lose all their feminine qualities and age. I've known some, but the charm in real life it just isn't there, that's all.

It takes a real woman, and not a phony one, to make for a home for her husband in the jungle. I know Osa's story pretty well. She is a true heroine, but the most remarkable thing about her is her genius for enjoying life, no matter where, and how dangerous. I asked her to describe an average day in the jungle. Her brown eyes shone, and speaking at the rate of 200 words a minute she said:

"We got up at 5 or 5:30 in the morning and had breakfast as soon as the sun came up. When we camped in the jungle we lived under a big tent with little windows and a red fly over it, which kept the tent cool, as red resists the heat rays. We had two large camp cots, I had a dressing table for my cosmetics, folding chairs, tables, etc. I could cook anything in our portable kitchen. For breakfast we had hot tea, ham, or bacon, and eggs, or I would go out to shoot a few partridges and broil them.

"We took along chickens for our daily supply. She would tell me what you get lam and eggs put up in. We had good coffee, jam, butter, hot muffins, waffles, hot cake, anything we wanted. I had delegated much of the kitchen routine to two native cooks, and they had their own 'boys,' as we called our black porters and servants, to wash the pots and pans." She explained in the kitchen—sawed off the back of a jungle of barbecued a back or six guinea fowls. It would make your mouth water.

"In Africa," she continued, "you have to have a knife and a gun. Usually I carried my gun in my gun case, and my knife in my pocke. All my knives I took with me from the Islands, I have never worn that pocket knife. During breakfast the boys loaded our cameras and other equipment on the cars. We drove around in a roadless country, looking for lions and gorillas, and many other animals to photograph. I held the gun while Martin cranked the camera, but sometimes I handled the camera myself. I'm not going to tell you how I managed to do this job with the camera, but I did it.

"At noon, we would camp in the shade of an acacia tree and have a picnic luncheon. It's so hot in the middle of the day that the game sleeps. So we would rest or take a nap until about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and then go out for another photo shoot. After returning to our base in the jungle, our gibbon ape and czechetias would run to meet us like happy children, and a black boy would put the tea-kettle on to boil before we could get the water, Turkish towels, bath salts and everything ready for me. After the bath, I would put my make-up on, and go to the dining room in bouncing pajamas.

"Our dining room was a separate tent. We often had hors d'oeuvres, caviar, anchovies, stuffed eggs, etc. Dinner would be a roast antelope or wild turkey, or perhaps a saddleback or a wild game. I was able to gather wild asparagus, spinach and mushrooms. Of course, we had all kinds of canned vegetables and fruits. For dessert, we would have apple or mince pie, or custard pudding. As you see, we ate well. We had excellent dinners. There is always fish and game in Africa.

"I HAD six or seven changes of clothes, which I carried around in a black air-tight tin box. I wore slacks, which I generally made in Cairo by an English tailor there, and high boots, made by a Hindu bootmaker in Nairobi, East Africa. You get them for almost nothing, $5 a pair, soft suede boots crepe soles, which have a light spring to them and are very comfortable. I wore regular angora wool stockings, which my mother knits for me. I sometimes wore a light pith helmet, or a soft large hat with two brims as an extra protection against sunstroke. Also a spinal pad for the same purpose. A violent sun stroke is fatal. You never get over it.

"There is no reason why a woman should be careless of her appearance in the jungle. I never wore a makeup during my stay. In any case I was never in good looking condition and always tried to make myself as attractive as possible. I carried all kinds of cosmetics with me, used gallons of skin lotion."

"There is feminine daintiness and vanity for you! And in the jungle at that!" "There are noihilights in Africa," Osa said. "The sun sets, and bingo, it's dark."

After dinner they usually sat around a campfire going over the events of the day, planning their activities for the morrow, wondering what the folks were doing back home, meanwhile listening to the night sounds. She waxed poetic as she described the nocturnal music in those starlit solitudes far beyond the pale of civilization; the de- licious cool air vibrant with the silvery chorus of crickets whose long metallic trills are louder than the noise made by our crickets; the staccato thunder of hoofs, the herds of zebra stampede when the lions pursue them for their customary nice juicy zebra steak; the coughing of leopards; the screech of bush doves and baboons; the quarrel among themselves while settling for the night in the trees; the distant trumpeting of elephants; the sudden dead silence following the mighty roar of the lion.

"D IDN'T you ever feel lonesome? Didn't you ever miss civilization?" I asked her.

"Of course I did. Sometimes I would say to myself, 'Ah, wouldn't it be wonderful to have a great big ice-cream soda!' I thought it would be wonderful if I could go to a beauty parlor and have my hair shampooed. I am after a woman's gaiety, not a primitive gaiety. I like to wear beautiful clothes.

"Missed the company of my own sex; I was the only white woman in an all male company, and sometimes my feminine sensibilities received a rude jolt.

"I would count the days when our safari would be over and we would return to civilization.

"But, nevertheless, I loved the work we were doing, in spite of all the hardships and dangers it exposed us to. I was seriously ill only once, when I caught dysentery while climbing uncoiled Mt. Kenya in East Africa. We led a healthy life, had keen appetites, and you can sleep like a log under African stars.

"I never went to bed, though, without my sawed-off shot gun handy by my side. She smiled.

"Although in the early days of her campaign she was captured by cannibals in the South Seas and released by a British gunboat, in Borneo and Africa she feared only the crocodiles and snakes. They scare me to death," she admitted. "In Borneo there are 128 varieties of snakes, most of them deadly poisonous, and the crocs are so large that they upset boats and devour the natives.

Snakes are comparatively rare in Africa. In Africa mosquitoes and sundry varieties of ants are the worst pests. Whenever they settled down in some place for a few months she always planted a vegetable garden with seeds from America. Corn, melons, cucumbers, radishes, lettuce, beans, tomatoes grow marvelously in the hot humid climate. Most of the falls are that. Being from Kansas, she must have her Country Gentleman corn. "But the darn monkeys would come and eat my corn when it got ripe. I had to build a small net and keep them away. I never went to bed at night without a monkey right in my window sill. I can still see his whiskers in the moonlight."

She did the work of ten people. She is a woman of exuberant vitality, and electric with the dash and elan of life. She is a licensed pilot, and has a plane, a Silokorsky amphibian painted like a zebra and called Osa's Ark. She flew to Borneo and up and
down Africa many thousands of miles, then across Egypt and the Mediterranean to London. She learned flying because her husband wanted her to. She is the kind of woman who would completely identify herself with the interests and career of her husband.

She believes husband and wife should be pals, and the secret of a happy marriage is co-operation on a fifty-fifty basis.

Incidentally, she married at 16. Martin Johnson had returned to Kansas from an adventurous voyage in the South Seas with Jack London and opened a playhouse. His chief competitor ran a theatre at the other end of the town and had a wife who could sing. Martin decided to do something about it.

He heard of a young girl in a nearby town who played the piano and sang at church socials. He went to see her, and three weeks later they were married.

On safari, besides making a home for her husband wherever they went, she drove a car, nursed and doctored the boys when they cut themselves or became ill, acted as commissary officer and shot the game for the meat which the natives on safari must have by law. She bossed them and paid them their wages. But her most important duty was holding the gun while Martin cranked the camera, as she was a better shot.

Quite often she had to handle the camera herself, and knows everything about photography and developing motion picture films. She can also speak several jungle dialects.

In the wilds of Borneo and Africa the natives have never heard of Hollywood. If you give them a picture they hold it upside down or sideways and can't figure it out. They can't recognize even themselves in a photograph. The man-eating savages of the South Seas, though, have a high appreciation of Charlie Chaplin's comedy and howled with laughter when the Johnsons showed them a Chaplin film.

How about morals among these naked savages?

"They are very moral," Osa asserted. "Take the pigmies of the Belgian Congo, for instance, the happiest little people in the world. All they want is a handful of salt. We lived among them for several months. One day I gave an evening gown to a pigmy belle. She wore nothing but a leaf. But she was so modest that she ran behind a bush to put it on. I thought it was very sweet. I love them. They are just like children and will do anything you tell them. They are like one big happy family and never quarrel. One pigmy chief had 15 or 20 wives, who did all the work, even feeding him like a baby when he ate.

"Women do all the work. You can see them carrying huge loads of wild bananas on their heads, with both hands on top of them, while their lazy, good-natured husbands just amble along carrying their ridiculous toy bows and arrows. I am only five feet tall, but I was a giant among them.

"One thing savage women in general couldn't understand: why I had so much hair. They shave off their heads, and the fatter, they are, the better the men like them."

Osa is going back to Africa. She will be on safari this spring, perhaps by the time you read this story. She likes Hollywood. The other night she went to her first preview and it was a thrilling experience for her. She has been to a few night clubs, just to see what they are like.

"But my jungle is calling me," she said. "I'm going back to my home on Lake Paradise, near the Abyssinian border. I'm going back to Paradise."
tongue, anyhow? Why...? The thought was new. It had been finished for the landau was suddenly stopped and a little fellow by the name of Adams ran up. "Hey, Simmons," he yelled, "the whole street's fulla sophomores. They're after you." Petey started. "Me?"

"Yeah. They say you're too fresh for a greenie. They want your hat and they're gonna cut off your hair and paint your head green.

Petey almost jumped out of his skin as he saw a gang of sophomores turn the corner. They carried cabbages, tomatoes and brick-lights. "They're not going to get me," he thought, and he quickly hopped out, mounted the ladder in front of a two-story building and pulled it up after him.

Now the Roman mob pelted him with their ammunition. Petey ducked successfully. Then he broke off some bricks from the old chimney and tossed them below. "Another step," he shouted, "and I'll feed you bricks until you choke.

The fresheners cheered lustily while the sophomores craned at him like wolves.

Now, in great bravado, Petey danced on the roof of the building. He had an audience partner. "You Waltz divinely, Miss Astor-bill," he simpured loudly. Then he leaned down. "You fellows couldn't hit the broad side of a barn.

He was immediately showered with missiles and the battle was really under way. The furious sophomores were just forming a pyramid to reach him when Petey received help from an unexpected source. The owner of the house, clad in nightshirt and cap, appeared with a bucket of water. "I was in the class of '46 myself," he explained. "And I'm not afraid of this very trick. On, give it to 'em."

Petey "gave," again and again and in a few moments, the fight was just a rout, with dripping sophomores fleeing in every direction. Then the freshman orchestra began to play and everybody sent up a cheer for Petey Simmons—"Petey the Great!"

Utter confusion with all the adulation Petey came down and made straight for a little dark-haired girl who was looking at him with adoring eyes. "Do you know who you are," he asked.

"Oh, yes," she smiled, "I'm Miss Clair—"

"You're much more than that," Petey assured her, "you're my partner."

Then, for the rest of the evening he repeated the procedure with every girl there, not remembering even once that he had had a date with a Martha Scroggs, never even noticing that she had left long before, with one final hurt look, back at the scene of celebration.

**PETEY'S** popularity with the girls grew by leaps and bounds. There was only one trouble—punishment and one day, in front of Brooking Hall, he stopped it. Walking up to Martha, he grabbed her arm. "Say, Miss Scroggs, it has come back to me that you have been saying some very nasty things about me and I want to tell you that I got a certain reputation around here—"

Her eyes were defiant. "Well, Mr. Simmons, if you think that I'm the lone member of the sisterhood of the Simmonds' club, you're very much mistaken."

Petey was highly injured. "What's the matter with me?"

She smiled—too sweetly. "Oh, you're just perfect." She looked down at his feet.

"If you'll just leave your footprints here I'll have them washed off by the campus." Petey was sore as a boil. He called after her as she ran up the steps, "I got you out of a hat and as far as I'm concerned you can go right back into it."

He was still frowning when he walked into the study. Then he stopped as he saw Allie mumbling over a calculus book. Poor Allie had an exam in the morning and he was sure that he would have to look some study notes.

Petey pushed the books aside. "Hey, Allie, let's have some fun. Let's go and meet James."

Allie was annoyed. "Oh, lemme alone, will you?"

"Hey, what's wrong?"

"Listen," Allie shot out at him, "it might surprise you but some of us are here to get an education, too. You see, practical jokes are all right some of the time but—"

Petey stared at him. "What are you talking about?"

Allie took a deep breath. "Now look, Petey, I'm your friend. I want to explain what—what people are saying. You see, you do a lot of things to people but you don't do them because you're mean. You do them just out of meanness. You can't just take and take. You've got to give a little. Because in a way we're like a family and—" His voice trailed off. "Hope you're not mad.

Without answering, Petey left the room.

Quietly, he opened the next door and Sam Byers nodded at him coldly. Ignoring this, Petey ducked into his idea. His friend Allie, it seemed, was in a jam with that examination tomorrow. What did Sam think he could do to help?

For thirty seconds Sam digested this. Then he began to laugh little. The only way out was for him to cram Allie for another day. But he couldn't do that unless old Hogboom didn't show up for class in the morning. Or supposed old Hogboom was late. Well, it was an unwritten rule that the class didn't have to wait for a professor and could dismiss right away.

But nothing happened. "You know Hogboom, though. He's never late."

A mysterious smile flitted over Petey's face. "There's always a first time for everything."

Hurriedly, he left and his evening's work started. The first part was easy. He merely shuffled up the porch of Hogboom's house and set the alarm clock back. Then he got the turnip watch from under the Professor's pillow and fixed that. A cuckoo clock in the kitchen came next. Then the grandfather's clock downstairs. But suddenly something stuck up in horror. The Courthouse Tower clock was chiming eleven. Something had to be done about that. A few minutes later, a small window at the rear of the courthouse, gave way to pressure. Then, once in the tower, Petey worked desperately on the wheels and levers. But suddenly, the mechanism all but exploded and Petey ran for it.

"In the end, everything seemed to merge into a nightmare."

He leaped into the vestibule of a street car, turned a wheel and they were off. A woman suddenly began to scream. Then two policemen grabbed him. "You're wanted in the tower." Petey looked back. "Well, well, seemed he'd left the conductor behind. Frantically he worked the gears of the car. Leaping, crashing and honking, the vehicle went on. The ride seemed as if it would never end. But finally there was an inglorious finale. The motor fouled out and Petey was dropped into the arms of the law.

He was still protesting the next morning as he was taken from his cell to the courtroom. 'You've been mistaken,' he told the attendant. "This judge is a fraternity brother of mine..." But all at once his mouth hung open. That wasn't Squire Jennings on the bench at all. Why, it was somebody else—whose name who looked as if he had a grouch against the solar system.

"Peter Simmons," the attending called and Petey stepped up.

"Huh, Mrs. the Squire humphed. "You seem to have committed every crime but murder. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

"Well, you see," Petey began weakly, "it all just started as a joke—" Then he thought of something and took on the courage of a dying man. "Just one moment Your Honor, you can't sentence me like this—I—"

"I dismiss a continuance."

"Say, his law course was coming in handy.

The judge was really startled. "S-o-o-o,"

he glared, "you demand a continuance. On what ground?"

Petey gathered confidence. "Necessary time to procure counsel and prepare a defense and—and well, I'll think up something else.

Unfortunately the judge was legally bound to grant his request. Rigid with anger he said, "You will appear in this courtroom one week from this morning."

Now, victory went to Petey's head. "Sure. A week, huh? I can arrange a lot of things in a week."

The judge went back to his papers. "I suggest, young man, that you make your arrangements to cover the next six months."

PETEY was as low as the sidewalk that morning in biology class. Sure, it was all right for Allie to realize he'd been doing something for him but that didn't help matters any. And the way Allie was right now making goo-goo eyes at the Deep South Mirabel—distracting Pettow, to add his woes, Sillicocks had to call on him for recitation. By a superhuman effort he managed to stumble through it. Then he shuck over to Allie. "Gosh," he said despairingly, "how can I concentrate on biology with the fix I'm in? Why did they have to go and get a new judge at a time like this?"

Allie stared. "Seems like everybody but you knew Jennings had retired and that Judge Scroggs was—"

"But why...?"

Petey began. Then he grabbed at the air. "What did you say his name was—"

"Scroggs." Allie nodded to the other side of the room. "Sure Martha's old man."

Petey's eyes lighted up like twin lanterns. "Allie," he panted, "there's a chance, a slim chance. I begin to see a beautiful bright new world. It's tied up in pretty pink ribbons."

The "bright new world" wasn't very responsive right away but Petey, undaunted, plunged in where an expert would fear to tread and kept right on talking. Finally, Martha turned to him in exasperation. "Mr. Simmons, will you please let me alone? I have no intention of climbing back out of that hat where you put me and that's that,"
Then on I figured can be-yu-tiful ask dishes. means this that's the fore face I've softly, came mobiling he him he's months before he'd into the same. "Two more?" "Yeah," Petey said, "Two more—of the same." They kissed again.

Petey was walking on air when he came into court the next morning. Gee, it was a great old Universe. Prettiest color pink he'd ever seen. Even Judge Scroggs' sour face couldn't dampen his spirits as he came before him.

Then the case opened quickly as Judge Scroggs spoke. "I have here your own admission of guilt," he said sternly. "I therefore sentence you, Peter J. Simmons, to six months at hard labor in the County Jail."

Petey nearly fainted.

"However, there has been a private appeal made in your..."
Martha thought he implored. "I don't want to treat you like this. I know it makes you mad. Now, I'll unite you and we'll just talk the whole thing over and when I tell you—"

The handcuffs rumbled and she struggled like a tigress. "Pety Simmons, if you don't—"

Petey was gagged again. Petey stood back and studied her. "All right," he said finally, "I'm going to keep you here until you do believe me—"

Then, for half an hour he stalked steadily, his eyes were wide. "Don't you see, Martha honey? Why should I be doing this? Taking a chance like this? Because I'm over my ears in love with you!" He waited tensely for the answer. Then he almost collapsed with relief as she nodded "yes."

And as the gag came off, she said from her heart, "Oh, Petey, darling—and I've been so mean to you—"

For long minutes they crooned at each other, in close embrace and made plans for the next thirty-five years to come. Ah heaven, Al love, Al was here.

But all at once, there was a hiss and a roar from the doorway. Judge Scroggs descended on them like old Jupiter himself. "Sparrow! What are you doing to my daughter?"

"Petey tried to explain. "Now look Judge, I know it seems kind of funny but you see—"

The Judge fairly dragged him across the room. "You're going to get what's coming to you."

"No, no, Papa," Martha cried as Officer Swanson rushed in, "don't send him to jail. Petey didn't do anything—"

Everyone began to shout at once but the net result was Petey being dragged out by the patrolman.

Judge Scroggs stood there, looking after the young varmint. Then, as Martha began to cry, he said tenderly, "There, there daughter, I know, I know just how you feel. But we've seen the last of him. He'll not bother you again."

Martha's eyes were wet with tears. "But you don't understand. She stepped on her foot in an explosion of rage. "I want him to bother me!"

It wasn't so bad in the jail at that. Petey had a rather nice cellmate, fellow by the name of Sparrow who was always quoting Shakespeare. In fact, it might have been just about perfect if Martha had been there. He was cherishing this melancholy, sweet thought when all at once, he looked up in surprise. Why, that was Martha they were putting into the next cell.

When the jailer had gone, their lips and hands met through the bars of their cells. "Oh, Petey," Martha breathed, "isn't this wonderful? It was worth throwing that rock through the jail window."

Petey surveyed her thoughtfully. "Jail window? Darling, you're marvelous."

"Oh, Petey," Martha breathed, "I've never been so happy in my whole life."

Then, quickly, she brought him up to date on current events. She had left home today and gone straight to Mirabel and told her the whole story. And oh my, but Mirabel was furious with Dad. She had called him a brute and a twit and declared that in the South he would be horsewhipped. Not that was true. Dad just meant well but he'd first have to come to his senses.

In the other corner, Sparrow was sud-

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**BILL NEVER GOT HIS HAT OFF!**

1. "Don't take your hat off, William!" commands Mrs. Todd. "The kitchen drain is clogged—the sink's a mess—we're eating out!"

2. "That drain plugged again?" frowns Bill. "This time, I know what to do! A fellow at the office said 'Get Drano!' and I will!"

3. Down the drain goes Drano. It gets down deep—digs out the clogging gunk and mud—clears the drain thoroughly!

4. "No drain is going to put us out again!" grins Bill. "Just use a teaspoonful of Drano every night—to keep the drain clean!"

P.S. After the dishes use a teaspoonful of Drano to guard against clogged drains. Never over 25¢ at grocery, drug, hardware stores.

**Drano**

CLEANS CLOGGED DRAINS

Cop 2149, The Drackett Co.
denly carried away, "How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongue by de night—Like de softest music to attendin' cue.

Petey was in a trance, "Isn't this beautiful, darling?" He held his beloved as close as the bars would permit.

They broke apart though Scroggs suddenly stormed in. "Martha," he thundered, "what is the meaning of this? Jailer, get her out of here. I'll pay the fine but get her out!"

"Fie upon thee," Sparrow sneaked, "lie off, coxcomb."
Scroggs almost had apologiax. "Martha," he shouted, "if you don't come out this minute—"

"No," she retorted gloriously. "There's no use trying. I'll just come right back in as long as you keep Petey here and I'll throw rocks and maybe I'll even set fire to the courthouse."

"Now don't you try to intimidate me, Martha," the Judge began when suddenly he was interrupted by a horrible sound.

From the street below came a loud, sustained cat-call and a yell of derision from a hundred voices in unison.

"Boo-oo-oo-oo—Scroggs!"

Now they were hissing Scroggs and everyone was shrieking his particular idea. "We'll show him... Let's storm the Bastille. Gotta get 'em out... The firehouse—to the firehouse."

The noise sounded like a minor French revolution.

"I'll tear you apart, Simmons," Scroggs shouted. "I'll put you in jail for life..."

Sparrow was positively inspired.

"'Tis a tale told by an idiot— Full of sound and fury— Signifiin' nuttin'—"

"Simmons," Scroggs thundered as the din below grew to greater proportions, "this is all your doing. But it will have no effect whatsoever. I'll never let you near my daughter again if you live ten thousand years."

And then—there came a roar that seemed to split the earth asunder. The jail shook, the Judge shook. Petey and Martha shook. The whole world seemed to be falling apart.

Heavy black smoke began to billow through the street... The smoke cleared and Petey saw just a wisp of it now, coming from the Judge's cigar. The past was gone and they were back in the present at the Country Club with Allie and Mirabel and all the other guests.

"Well, sir," Judge Scroggs said, still addressing his friends. "There was an old Civil War cannon facing Browning Hall and the Beta PIs stuffed it with fruit, filled up the powder keg and set her off." He spread his hands.

"The front of Browning Hall was just one great fruit salad." He smiled with reminiscence relish, "I had to let Petey out for the entire college would have gone to jail and it would have been a national scandal." He looked at the two affectionately.

"But I warned them both. I told them their marriage wouldn't last a week."

Still with Martha on the tree bench, Petey said admiringly, "Stick out your chin." He was just about to kiss her when a bellhop handed him a telegram.

In quite a state of anger, be read it aloud.

"Was late for Junior Prom. Swiped airplane from Fort McKinley. Am in jail. What do I do now? Petey, Jr. Petey waved the paper in the air, "That kid is in trouble every week. Now how's he going to get out of this?"

The Judge studied the paper for a moment. Then he looked up and a smile like a torchlight parade illuminated his face. "I wonder," he said softly, "if the Judge has a daughter..."
They Had Me All Wrong

[Continued from page 45]

victims of circumstance; a circumstance that skyrocketed kid sister Priscilla, one year younger than Rosemary's twenty-three, into the front ranks of film darlings in the short space of one or two years. Obviously the producers, still misty-eyed and thankful for what the combined forces of Fred Waring, his "Pennsylvanians" (a band) and radio had turned up for them, saw double when they considered the talents of the two Waring daughters.

They saw in Pat, as she is known, a dew-eyed, coddled blonde who suffered elegantly, whose smile—through tears—heart any Turner sunset ever painted. Her rare moments of humor were touched with pathos, which is surefire for certain types of drama. In looking at Rosemary—for remembrance—"don't forget," they said the same traits. They were wrong.

Where Pat's eyes are blue and wide, Rosemary's are, too, only they have an unqueenchable twinkle. Where Pat's face is round and built for gentle weeping, Rosemary has a firm, independent curve to her chin; her pretty face wears the map of Eire. She moves with short, staccato motions, sitting with her left leg crooked beneath her (a bone cracks menacingly when she does it), she is up again the next moment. All this action may be that she's trying to live down a misconception that she is "moody, quiet, sentimental."

Restless, never still, seemingly never idle, she doesn't particularly resemble the film's Pattern A of the Girlish-and-Romantic Type. They're finding that out at Warners'. And in finding it out they may have unearthed an excellent comedienne—which Rosemary hopes they have. She'd like a chance to prove her abilities along those lines.

In this desire for a chance to prove her worth lies one of the big dramas of Hollywood. The drama of brother against brother, sister against sister, in a race for film fame. It's nothing new. The Gish girls, Dorothy and Lilian; the Pickford girls, Mary and Lottie, back in the early days of the flickers, fought it out—nicely, of course. But foul of the situation there, nevertheless. We can imagine, back in the middle nineteenth century, that the Bronte girls—writers—must have had difficulty in hiding their emotions (if not downright jealousy, mild envy) when, say, Charlotte's first book won critical acclaim, and Emily's and Anne's were ignored.

IN RECENT Hollywood history, the Young girls—Loretta, Polly Ann, Sally Blanc—laced the same problem. No one can say what they felt "resentment." Social custom, tribal tradition, teaches that pride in the accomplishment of a relative is to be expected. But, deep in all hearts, are emotions that cannot always be governed by convention. Few people can say that they are unreservedly glad, deeply and honestly, that a sister, a brother, has won success beyond them in their professions. Those who can, deserve to be canonized.

To Mrs. Belzer, understanding mother of the Young sisters, goes much credit for keeping her daughters free from career jealousy... although Sally, who was the first "star" of the family, getting fifty dollars a week, once told me that when Loretta's career went into high gear, she (Sally) had to make one of the major adjustments of her life. It wasn't exactly envy that she felt. Gladys Belzer's girls, with their strict church rearing, were able to avoid that, but it was the sense of insufficiency that suffused her. Why had Loretta found favor in films, when, she, Sally, was just as good an actress as she had ever been?

This feeling of self-doubt—lovingly called an "inferiority complex" in these neurosis-ridden days—affects many theatrical families in Hollywood. You could risk saying that it affects the Beery brothers, Wally and Noah, both fine actors but unequally successful; the Morgans, Frank and Ralph; the Lane sisters (by Rosemary's admission) and many others.

Doubt cast on Sally by Loretta's striking success finally drove the actress to consult the film's suet observer, a physician who studied egos and troubled personalities. It was his advice that helped Sally to make a complete adjustment, but these days, as Mrs. Norman Foster and mother of little Gretchen (named for famed Loretta whose given name is Sally) is the one to be envied, and even Loretta, who is strongly maternal and has no child of her own, sees that.

"IT'S a wonderfully right thing to do, to see a physician!" Rosemary Lane said, for she was discussing, and very frankly, the unwelcome circumstance that has come into the close circle of the Lane family. "Someone who is not tied up, heart and mind, with your problems is of the greatest help in getting the snarls all straightened out."

"Look at us as parallel to the Young sisters," continued Rosemary. "Pat and I have always run as team-mates. She always thought I could do something better than she did, whether it was singing, acting, with minor exceptions—like wrestling! To this day, she wishes that I had the film success she has. All of us girls had to shove Pat along, tell her to go ahead and act, go ahead and sing. She would much prefer not to have a career. And she has won the outstanding success...."

"Sometimes I think that you just let things flow toward and over you, offering no resistance, making no conscious effort to divert them to you, you have the secret of how to get along. But I never could do that. I am too ambitious. I want to make things happen. I have always been that way," says Rosemary, and it is easy to see how it could be true. Even now she was all action, blue-slacked action, emptying cigarette ashes into the "silent butler," lighting herself a fresh cigarette, folding her left leg beneath her with that ruddy creak of joint as she sat.

"Honestly, I am glad about Pat's success... I'd rather have Pat be the sensation, if it had to be one or the other of us, and that's because we've always been so close—there's only a year's difference in our ages. But, still, I'd like to be a smashing success too. I know that if given the opportunity, I can show Hollywood and the public, that I'm all right, too, and I can do it.

"It's no use to be silly, and strike a pose about 'dear, dear sister—she deserves her good luck, and I'm not one bit envious of her!' In a perfectly healthy way, I do envy Pat's success. Not for the material gains. Not those. But for the chance to show to the fullest just what talents I have. I know that if it was me, I'd make my motion picture debut, and I'm just as good an actress as Pat. I want a chance to show it."

"What happens to me is that I am shoved off into the back seat of the car. I have to do behind the scenes, and have to act romantic through reel after reel, without ever being able to prove that
"I'd like to do something about that. It may sound egotistical, and I suppose it does, but I know—in my heart—that my time will come in Hollywood. It may take a long while, and I won't be anything like Pat, but I know that, with the intelligent help of my studio and Warner Brothers are known for their trail-blazing abilities, I am going to build into a substantial success in films, and I'm not going to let any long waits discourage me.

"Hollywood is full of people who waited and waited for their chances. Gable, Jean Arthur, Norma Shearer—they all had long waits, and they all made out, later. Every time I hear one more of those early-struggle success stories I am encouraged."

MEASURED by Hollywood standards, Rosemary's fate is not dire. She and Pat came to Hollywood, where sister Lola had successfully pioneered, about three years ago. It was Rosemary who was the hit of their first movie, Varsity Show, when Bandmaster Fred Waring and his musical "Pennsylvanians" came West to co-star with Richard Ewing Powell. Pat, whose baptismal name is Priscilla June, in that first film was one of those also-in-its. But Loree, Hafis, and I won't do any more like Pat, and, importantly, Four Daughters put the baby of the Lanes into big time. She had just what the public clamors for—whatever that is, and in large portions. All the Lanes have potent charm, but Priscilla had fan magnetism. She "clicked." In the meantime, Rosemary, drawing a comfortable three-figure salary per week, fell behind in the race. It may be artistic stagnation for a girl as high-priced as Rosemary, but it is certainly not financial rut.

"We don't quarrel about what happened to my career, though," said Rosemary with one of those quick grins that is half-Pat, half-Rosemary, and all Lane. "And I don't say new values more. We do. Pat still thinks she can throw me better than I can throw her. And I know that I'm her superior in the gentle art of house wrestling. No . . . we quarrel about things—like hair. I learned the other day that I am an absolute, orthodox, bona fide ash blonde, and Pat has always called herself that. Said she was the only one in the family. I have books to prove that she's not an ash blonde."

Rosemary did not elaborate on the circumstances that led to this remarkable discovery, but you can chalk it up to Romance and frequent visits to Warners' Hairdressing Department—the latter for cause. For some months her favorite man has been Buddy Westmore, one of the brothers of the famous wig-making clan, and you can discount rumors that he gave her a diamond and emerald necklace. Rosemary's eyes popped wide open when she heard that she was reported to be the recipient of the fabulous gift, and she hastily gulped: "Uh uh! It must have been Merle Oberon. Her husband gave her a beautiful clip."

"What she values more than diamonds and emeralds, it is very obvious, is a silver cigarette case ("It may be platinum," she says with complete disregard for value), and I can guess the name of the donor. It has her initials entwined in the upper left corner, and inside is a diamond-tipped pencil for special friends' signatures. Already "Bad" is prominently inscribed. "And up here, around my initials, I have reserved for the family," explains Rosemary.

[Continued on page 98]
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An average month’s supply

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For the enclosed 10¢ please send me trial package of Holly-Pax, also New Facts You Should Know About Monthly Hygiene—plain wrapper.

NAME

ADDRESS

So They’re Box-Office Poison!

(Continued from page 31)

TAKE the case of Katharine Hepburn, for example. Perhaps next to Garbo, she has been the most widely misunderstood player in all of Hollywood. Some people say she never spoke the genuine American language. Some accused her of being a snob. Some said she was too snotty and high-hat and not as democratic as a picture star should really be.

But in spite of all the vicious attacks directed against her, Hepburn still shows that people will flock to the theaters to see her. She still has something that will make them show their quarters and dollars in the gilded ticket cages for the opportunity of seeing this strange, fascinating girl perform.

You needn’t take our mere word for it. At the moment, Hepburn is proving that she is definitely anything but “box-office poison.” To her is due the credit for one of the top-ranking hits on Broadway, and if you still have a tendency toward doubt, just try calling a couple of tickets from the cashier at the Shubert Theatre these nights.

If you know the President or the Mayor or one of the Shubert boys, you may have some success. Otherwise, you’ll have to await your turn along with thousands of other anxious theatre-goers to watch the scintillating Hepburn perform before the critical New York audiences the night after in The Philadelphia Story. If this is the meaning of “box-office poison” then every star of stage and screen will be clamoring for an overdose.

If you’re up to date on matters both theatrical and screenie, you’ll know that the motion picture companies are bungling for the purchase of The Philadelphia Story together with the services of Katie. So there is hardly any doubt that she will soon be on her way to Hollywood again to disprove further the unpleasant things said of her.

ANOTHER of the “poison” stars who made an unchallenged return to the top is the silent, shrewd Garbo. In spite of the numerous stories written about this strange, fascinating woman, not a single person has given her credit for being a shrewd and clever business woman. To most people, she is associated with romance and glamour. She is pictured as a being who is shrouded in constant clouds of mystery. Few people realize that she, too, knows what life is all about and can be just as sensitive to hurts and pains as any other fellow-being.

Perhaps, she has been somewhat strange and inexplicable in her desire for seclusion. None of us are overly fond of having our private lives become public topics of conversation and gossip. Garbo is no different. And when she saw herself labelled “box-office poison,” she did not exactly relish it.

Her action was not as spurious or as obvious as that of some of the others included in the same category. She didn’t, like Kay Francis, immediately decide to retire to a life of domestic bliss; or like Katie Hepburn, turn to the stage for consolation. Instead she visited her native Sweden and toured the other countries on the continent. She took a long-needed vacation. And since, according to that famous boxed advertisement, the public was no longer interested in her there were even rumors that she might retire from the screen.

But then came the headlines! The stories of the romance between her and Leopold Stokowski. And quite inadvertently, instead of being shunned by a disinterested public, Garbo found herself deluged by the press and photographers. Even on her vacation, she found less privacy than she had enjoyed in Hollywood. At that time she was called “box-office poison.” Did that show that her fans no longer cared?

The public was still interested in this strange, enigmatic woman who cleverly manages to keep her fans on their toes whenever she felt her public was forgetting her. She was clever. Far more clever than anyone would have guessed. And certainly less of a snob than anyone would have supposed. She didn’t need a score of press-agents to keep her name before the public. She did it herself. In her own simple and unassuming manner.

After a two-years’ absence from the screen, Garbo again did the unexpected. When Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public awoke one morning not so long ago, they were startled to read in their morning newspapers that Garbo can laugh. What was more, in her newest film, Ninotchka, she actually did laugh—laughing the laughable way—without making a snooty face and even normally. And by doing so, she once again annexed the hearts of the millions of movie-goers.

CERTAINLY the most unexpected and least anticipated rise to the forefront of motion pictures was made the second time by Marlene Dietrich. This lady who never walked without leaving an aura of glamour in her wake and who cavorted delightfully before mirrors and among lust and luxuri- ations no one ever thought she was capable of doing.

After Paramount had bought off the contract for her pictures from its exhibitors, Dietrich was let go. The fact that she had been so warm and earthy in Blue Angel and Moracco meant nothing. She was still a glamorous lady. Her legs were still heralded far and wide as being incomparable. But there was one little item about that made her as much as the rest of the maestros. She was box-office poison. For two years, after leaving Paramount Marlene tried to sell her ability and talent to the other Hollywood studios. Everywhere, everywhere—where she went, the studio executives turned deaf ears to her requests. According to their attitudes, she was simply finished. She was through. She was no longer a draw at the box-office. She had had her brief moment in the sun and was graciously advised to retire to private life. But Marlene didn’t.

She went abroad. She kept herself before the public lest the fans who had once been devoted to her completely forget her. She still believed in the public and she meant to prove that the public still liked her. It’s true she had to hide her time. But Marlene is a very patient woman in spite of her reputed temperament. And when you really know her, you’ll find her far more charming and pleasant than you expected.

When she returned to these shores at the request of Universal Pictures, Marlene was a new woman. The gentlemen of the press went into raptures about her charm and beauty. To them she was still the same fascinating person she had always been. And even the ladies who interviewed her forgot their feminine stereotypes and their sentimental speculations that make them geniuses at spotting the flaws men so glibly overlook in beatiful women and they all yielded to her gracious and acquisitive charm.
But when everyone learned that her assignment was to be in a horse opera, there was a general surreptitious snickering up a great many sleeves. "This," they all agreed, "would undoubtedly be Marlene's swan song. And what a swan song!" So everyone anxiously waited for the completion of the picture. And outside a hundred of Universal executives, no one had the slightest sign of faith that she would make good. When Destry Rides Again opened, everyone was there to be in "on the kill!"

At last, they thought it would be a "kill."

It wasn't! It turned out to be one of those surprises that hits you between the eyes. What happened to the startled audience that night was something that will go down in Hollywood history.

But all the so-called poison stars haven't had such phenomenal success as Hepburn, Garbo and Dietrich. Crawford is still struggling along fighting ardently for the opportunity to show her worth. Mae West is yet to show her worth as is Fred Astaire and Edward Arnold.

But Joan Crawford's effort is one of the most sincere and certainly the most laudable. Suffering from a continuance of mediocre stories and, at the same time, emotional upheavals in her marital life, everything pointed toward the downward path of her. This girl, who at one time was one of the most refreshing personalities in pictures, bore the brunt of the blame for everything—for her poor stories, for her over-lavish clothes, for her culture but superficial accent and for many unfounded rumors.

As Joan Crawford, the idol and dream of every girl from Bangor to Beverly Hills, she rode the crests. But somehow, as soon as culture caught up with her, her following dwindled. She was shoved into picture after picture in an effort to reclaim her tremendous following. Joan was the champion of every aspiring young girl in the country. They looked upon her as their own particular idol and as such their worshiping re-echoed at the box-oftices throughout the country. But suddenly something happened. Joan went high-hat. She was no longer on a common level with her fans.

The girl who had once been a salesgirl, telephone operator and dancer had disappeared. In her place was a brittle pseudo-sophisticated being, bereft of all individuality. And in her new role, Joan was no longer in the same class with her great public. And the fans, in turn, felt that her desertion no longer merited their former allegiance and devotion.

Perhaps Joan was box-office poison for a time. But it wasn't entirely her fault. She has managed to snap out of the awful depths that had engulfed her. And now she is once more striving to enjoy the same rating with her fans that she had once handled too lightly. She is anxious to show that in spite of her position, wealth and clothes, she is merely Joan Crawford at heart. She has discarded all the superficial signs of culture and returned to reality.

Because her wish to be a fine actress is a sincere one, Joan risked a great deal when she undertook the role offered her in The Women. Most stars would have turned it down. But not Joan. It had meat in it. Slightly raw, perhaps, but meat, nevertheless. And she played the part for all it was worth.

In Strange Cargo, she will be able to give a better evaluation of her ability. She will be given a better chance to justify the faith that thousands of fans have placed in her. But most of all, she will have the opportunity of contradicting her inclusion as one of the box-office poisoners.

Meanwhile, Mae West who hasn't batted a single one of those long, lurid lashes of hers throughout all the turmoil, is ready to show the box-office blabblers that they're all wet. She still feels she has what it takes to invoke the kind of laughter she is famous for inducing. Her only regret these days is that she hasn't been cast as Scarlett O'Hara. She still feels she could have imbibed the part with more interest and zest than anyone in the business. And who knows. Maybe she could. But in My Little Chickadee, she again proves that her public can still take the sort of film fare she dishes out—and like it.

This season will see Fred Astaire with Eleanor Powell as his new dancing partner making a bid for some of his former popularity. Perhaps, without Ginger, Fred may prove himself anything but a.O. poison. As for Kay Francis, she had her chance in In Name Only, playing the part of the other woman for a change and doing a mighty swell job of it.

Hollywood may seem heartless and unrelenting toward the actor or actress who is on the way down. But it is also as eager and willing to lend a helping hand to those who feel they could make good with another chance. And thus far, most of those who had been labelled poison at the box-office have made valiant and successful efforts to remove them forever from that class.

---

I LOVE MY HUSBAND
FAR TOO MUCH
TO RISK GETTING DRY,
LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

HOW YOU, TOO, CAN KEEP YOUR COMPLEXION LOVELY
WITH THIS SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL!

AFTER ALL, ANN, HOW CAN A WIFE EXPECT TO BE ALLURING TO HER HUSBAND IF SHE LETS HER COMPLEXION GET DRY, LIFELESS, OLD-LOOKING? THAT'S WHY I USE ONLY PALMOLIVE SOAP!

BUT WHY IS PALMOLIVE DIFFERENT, SUE?

THAT SOUNDS TO ME LIKE AN AWFULY GOOD REASON FOR USING ONLY PALMOLIVE. I'M GOING TO GET SOME RIGHT AWAY AND LET PALMOLIVE HELP KEEP MY COMPLEXION LOVELY, TOO!

BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS, THAT'S WHY IT'S LATHER IS SO DIFFERENT, SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN! PALMOLIVE CLEANSES SO THOROUGHLY, YET SO GENTLY THAT IT LEAVES SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH... COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!

MADE WITH Olive Oil
TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH
But True

- Guys that wish they had Hedy Lamarr. Are seldom the guys they think they are!

No Excess Baggage

- They call Mickey Rooney “One-Grip Roonev” around M-G-M. And it has nothing to do with his handclasp. The idea is that when Mickey travels anywhere, he confines his luggage to one small grip. “I like,” he explains, “to keep myself portable!”

He’s Go On And On

- The other Mickey crack-of-the-month is the one he quipped to the nice old lady who asked him how long he intends to stay in moving pictures. Replied the Rooney: “I don’t exactly know, ma’am—but I think I’d like to retire after I’ve played JUDGE Hardy a few years.”

Keep Sighing, Girls

- Gals who sigh for handsome Ty Mostly sigh—and sigh and sigh.

It’s Tough, ’Ats Wat It Is

- Sweetest new contract in Hollywood is Clark Gable’s new one with M-G-M. It’s for seven years—and WITHOUT options! And under its terms, Gable gets $7,500 a week, instead of his old wages of $4,000 a week. It calls for 40 weeks work a year, at that rate—and three pictures a year. The 12 weeks off, the contract stipulates, are to be the last twelve weeks of the year, so he can take those beloved hunting trips of his. H’m, iss dis a life?

Ain’t Hollywood Wannaful!

- When little Miss Sandy Henville made her movie debut recently at the age of 11 months, it was to play the role of a baby boy. And now 20th-Fox has hired nine-months-old Bruce Hampton to make his movie debut in Sailor’s Lady as—yeah, you guessed it—a lil’ girl. Even God couldn’t do that. But that’s Hollywood!

He Drugs ‘Em

- Gals with a drive for Gary Cooper Can drive themselves into a stupor

‘Ar’l n’Air—or Mongrel-ly Yours

- Still at large are the Marx brothers—all four. Latest insanity: They decided to buy a dog. Groucho and Zeppo wanted an airedale; Chico and Harpo wanted a doberman pinscher. So they went to the SPCA pound and previewed some two-score mutts—and found one they adopted. Yep—half airedale, half doberman pinscher.

Hens Will Think He’s Queer

- Typical sight of Hollywood is to see Linda Darnell’s family go shopping at an open-air market in Westwood. You can always tell them—on account of Linda’s kid sister carries her pet rooster along. And it’s got tinted toenails!

Okay On Eyes

- Nelson Eddy’s really perturbed over the way the word is spreading around among moviegoers and that he’s either blind or going blind! He’s had thousands of letters from worried and sympathetic fans, and the Hollywood movie column writers, too. He’s been asked, under a deluge of letters asking, is it true?

No Migratory Workers

- If this keeps up, ALL the land in the country’ll be owned by movie stars. . . . I mean, in the East, Jimmy Cagney has just bought up another 200 acres of Martha’s Vineyard, to bring the total acreage of his farm there up to over the 1,000 mark. And in the West, Doug Fairbanks has just laid $30,000 on the line to buy Elissa Landi’s house in Pacific Palisades, on the edge of the Pacific. But Doug’s no sap; it cost Elissa $110,000 to build, just a year or two ago!

Yodles Of Yens

- Guys with a yen for Carole Lombard Have all the others for outrnboard!

S’wonderful

- Swoon of the month happened at the Arrowhead Springs Hotel the other week-end. One grey-haired old dame dropped her purse from her lap. A man picked it up—and when she recognized him, she swooned. It was Bill Powell. You know—that new husband in Hollywood.

Sinful

- All the time we’ve been making those cracks about Dorothy Lamour’s sarong, we’ve been crazy and didn’t know it. Dot, if you MUST know, has never worn a sarong on the screen . . .

The catch is this: a sarong is an ankle-length garment. The ones she wears, which are by NO means ankle length, are properly named “sinjags.”

The accent is on the syllable “sin.”

And it was all explained to Hollywood the other day by one Prince Raden Wulutah, nephew of the Sultan of Surakarta, who was a filmland visitor.

Not Blue—Bloody

- Reason Bruce Cabot didn’t get a featured role in Northwest Mounted Police was because they found his blue color. Cabot was to have played a half-breed villain—but half-breed’s eyes are black, and Bruce’s are blue and so bloody went the job.
This exposed her successful hoax, and dropped it right in Goldwyn's lap. One of his friends tossed up to him the fact that she had been a chorus girl in one of his former pictures, and that he had picked her out to play with Eddie Cantor. And did you get fooled this time?" he laughed at the usually astute Samuel.

"Not this time or the other time, either," claimed Goldwyn, "having her show star material now simply verifies my choice of her in Kid Millions."

And since seeing her work opposite Gary Cooper in The Westerner everybody else at Goldwyn's seems satisfied, too. For Doris has turned in a grand performance.

"She had a tough assignment going out to that movie-made Arizona town of Goldwyn City," Walter Brennan said, "but she showed she had what it takes."

Besides playing a full picture part in which she had to carry on against the sort of acting turned in by Gary Cooper and Walter Brennan, this girl had to behave like a true pioneer woman. There were many scenes in the picture during stampedes and shots in the big fire sequence that took not only courage but strength as well.

Not that Doris claims she wasn't afraid. "One Sunday," she says, "we went over to Nogales, Mexico, to see a bull-fight. The bull tossed the bull to me, and I had a seat where I could see the long horned 'critter' snorting fire."

"In the very next scene we shot for the picture I had to ride up to a fence, pull my gun and stop the cowboys from driving cattle over our corn. When I saw the cattle running toward me all I could think of was that man-killing bull I'd seen the day before, and I was simply petrified. I mean I was too plain scared to yell."

The men on the picture, however, claim Doris is afraid of nothing. This, with her love of horses and vital appearance of health make her a natural for the part.

THERE is nothing fragile about this girl. She sparkles energy and cheer and promises to add a vivid note to the Hollywood symphony of feminine pulchritude.

"When I was testing at Selznick's," she laughs, "I lost a lot of weight, and they sent me to a doctor. He said I was anemic. And I loved it. It sounded so very feminine and dainty. All my life I had wanted to be called anemic. It lasted only a couple weeks."

Doris is twenty-two, five feet three-and-a-half inches tall and weighs 118 pounds. When she modelled for Powers she discovered that tall girls got the most work. So each month she claimed an additional inch in height until she reached five feet, eight inches.

I'd call Doris a natural blonde, with hair between red and brown. Her eyes are gray-green and her voice is something to remember. It is low, but full-toned with a ring to it, and with no trace of huskiness. Goldwyn admits that once he heard that voice he was sold forever on the girl.

In private life she is Mrs. John Randolph, and her husband is a photographer. They have no children.

Personally I don't think she resembles any star in pictures, though her friends tell her she sometimes looks like Margaret Sullivan and sometimes like Myrna Loy. She says her appearance changes on the slightest provocation and that if she gets a red nose her friends won't know her. A new hat, a change in make-up or a different hair-do and people fail to recognize her.

She loves "scrappy" cross-word puzzles and has a weakness for any animal with four legs. Her ambition is to own a horse, a dog and a phonograph that turns the records over as it changes them. Her pet peeve is Hollywood's habit of refusing to give extras a chance. She thinks that chasing to the four corners of the earth to find talent that's often not as good as what's here begging for a trial is criminal—even if that practice is what brought her back for the biggest opportunity of her life.

The fire this girl shows in her characterization as she battles Gary Cooper through every foot of The Westerner is a spark from her own personality. She is a fighter and has already ripped Hollywood up the back for the way it closes its eyes to extra talent and struggling youngsters.

She thinks she was mighty lucky to get her opportunity—but Goldwyn says she earned it, and that she has what it takes.
1. Does not harm dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
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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 decay in the bowels, gas blots 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 those two pints of bile flowing freely, to make you feel “up and up.” Amazing! In making bile flow freely, Ask for Carter’s Little Liver Pills by name, 10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

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Nair is painless...not irritating to normal healthy skin...no sulphide depilatory odor... economical...39¢ a tube at stores or from Carter Products, New York. NAIR

Penguin Pete, supporting Ann Rutherford in Hooray, I’m Alive!, is given a little powder to take shine off beak. Pete has a bigger wardrobe than Menjou.

CUPID’S COUPLET:

Astrid Allwyn and Billy Seymour—
Are they that way? They couldn’t be more!

LEAP YEAR is not being overlooked in Hollywood. Especially by Fritz Feld, the monocled bachelor who’s been the quarry of many a

When a girl’s 16 she has a right to go with boys. Judy Garland’s friend, James Cathcart, takes her to Kate Cornell play

[Continued from page 8]

[Continued on page 78]
ill-fated Queen Kelly. Gloria Swanson was the star and with Joseph P. Kennedy, now U. S. Ambassador to Great Britain, as financial backer, the budget was as unlimited as even von Stroheim could want.

After months of working at great cost, Queen Kelly was laid quietly on the shelf. From habit and because Hollywood never heard the true story, von Stroheim was blamed and very unjustly.

As the picture neared completion, Al Jolson appeared in The Jazz Singer, a talking picture, that set Hollywood on its ear. Whether or not this "novelty" would change the entire motion picture business no one knew, but in case talking pictures did "catch on," Gloria didn't want to come out in a pretentious silent picture. Mr. Kennedy agreed and production was stopped. It was a chain of circumstances, Fate or whatever you want to call it. And it was one more black mark against von Stroheim.

Walking Down Broadway was his next effort and again misfortune stalked the director's trail. There was story trouble; illness of the principal players and, when the picture was half finished, executive changes in the Fox organization caused the picture to be shelved. It was von's last attempt to direct a picture in Hollywood. In fact, it was the last picture entrusted to him, so deep was the conviction of producers that he was bad news to their pocket-books.

Trouble followed trouble. The accident in which his wife was horribly burned caused him intense grief. I recall visiting Mrs. von Stroheim at the hospital. Von had engaged the adjoining room and, script in hand, he paced the floor night and day until the patient in the room below complained. His helplessness to alleviate his wife's suffering and his inability to collect any damages from those responsible for the accident, filled him with futile rage.

"What could I do?" he asks. "I was broke. Anyway, if I fought it, it only put me on a level with them," he added contemptuously.

He accepted a job at M-G-M as a writer and actor at what was to him a pitiful salary—$150 a week. For years his weekly check had been $5,000.

"I wrote stories, but everything I wrote they put away in drawers. No one ever saw them until my French pictures began to attract notice. Then they filmed General Hospital, one of my scenarios. I believe they called it Between Two Hymens.

"They were emasculating me," he continued, "I might as well have been dead."

It was while this emasculating process was going on that he received four film offers from France. "Three of them didn't interest me but the fourth one offered to deposit my salary of $5,000 a week and my fare to, and from, New York. And both ways. I decided to go. If I would go to France and play a spy in a picture entitled Spy of France,"

"The company was not one of the big ones, which was a bit discouraging but there was the money and I needed it. What could I lose? I was walking around making holes in the red carpet waiting for Hollywood to give me a chance and Hollywood wouldn't make me an offer."

He went to France and the picture didn't turn out badly at all for it won him a role in Grande Illusion. And that picture, you will remember, won plenty of buzzards for the actor and the New York critics' award as the best foreign picture of last year.

No history of Hollywood or the film industry would be complete without a chronicle of this talented, colorful, fabulous, unbelievable man that is Eric von Stroheim. Many of the tales told about him are exaggerated, of course, but they would never have been told at all if he were not important.

He spoke again of the picture in which he is now working, and says with a conviction that is hard to believe: "I had been right here in Hollywood they wouldn't have given me the part." He doesn't anticipate any arguments with the fiery Russian director, Gregory Ratoff.

"When I am an actor, I am a soldier," he said, clicking his heels mentally, "I am just part of the director's hand."

"Oh, yeah?" sings the Hollywood chorus. Personally, I would feel very badly to ever contemplate such a catastrophe.

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Send me 5 trial size FLAME-GLO Lipsticks, and Handy pack of Lipstick Trays, enclosed Find 10c for mailing costs (15c in Canada)

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Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for a white, gained strength, and was greatly relieved of these pains.

FOR over 70 years, countless thousands of women, who suffered functional monthly pains, have taken Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription over a period of time—and have been overjoyed to find that this famous remedy has helped them ward off such monthly discomforts.

Most amazing, this scientific remedy, formulated by a practicing physician, is guaranteed to contain no harmful drugs—no narcotics. In a scientific way, it improves nutritional assimilation; helps build you up and so increases your resistance and fortifies you against functional pain. Lassos nervousness during this trying period.

Don't suffer one unnecessary moment from such monthly discomfort. Get Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription from your druggist. Discover how wonderfully it acts to relieve you of 'Regular' pains.

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[Continued from page 76]

Artie Shaw, the ex-King of Swing, and Lana Turner, who can cut a mean rug, certainly took Hollywood's breath away by eloping to Las Vegas on Valentine Eve and marrying, but definitely. Lana is 19 and Artie is 30 and married twice before. A few months ago Artie tired of it all—the swing stuff, the jitterbugs and went to Mexico and California to bring rhythm back to jaded nerves. There's nothing like love as a remedy. Artie and Lana are in pappy's Beverly Hills home Hollywood honey, but never the hubby. But now Fritz has put himself on the block—or maybe he was kidding when he publicly announced, the other day, that he's ready for matrimony, and since this is Leap Year, it was open season for any gal . . .

That was several weeks ago. As yet, he hasn't been proposed to. BUT it's different in the case of Ann Rutherford, who got a trick Leap Year proposal by radio from an Australian youth of 18. It was a radiogram, which said:

"You won't have to worry about proposing to anybody this Leap Year, for I'm asking you to marry me. It's quite all right for I have a private income."

Ann won't reveal the young Aussie's name, though.

ALTHOUGH Kay Francis isn't discussing it, that famous romance of hers with the blond Baron Karnak of Germany seems to be all finished, but definitely. Her intimates say that she hasn't heard from the Baron since late last year, when she got word from a German hospital where he was being treated for a heart attack—and of 

[Continued on page 80]
Society Wives—Can They "Take Over" Hollywood?

[Continued from page 60]

with a line: 'The Fairbanks, Jr.s, had better stop denning that the stork will call. It's due to pay them a visit.' Now I ask you! But the same thing could happen in New York. Hollywood can't be blamed for it.

ONE concession to Hollywood's informality that Mrs. Fairbanks, Jr., refuses to make is in the matter of dress. Having spent the past eight years of her life in a metropolitan atmosphere, she is not able to ship into the easy film colony habit of slacks under a minc coat at a formal dining spot. "I find myself hastily getting into a tailored suit or dress whenever I have to take one of those enormous trips into town," she says. Today's costume was a trig little dark tailored suit, the left lapel of which was set off by the jewelled head of a blackamoor.

Aside from adjustments and adaptations, the thing that impresses about these so-called Society Wives is their desire to please their husbands, help them with the strange, weird occupation that is their work. Mary Lee Fairbanks calls her husband's profession his "business," like a stockbroker's wife, and tries to ease the social burden by declining many of their invitations, lest he be made overtired. Mrs. Fonda abides by her husband's request that there be no interviews given. Little "Bubbles" Schinasi Morris, a child-wive if there ever was one, has a woman's intuition, though, and suggests that Husband Wayne be more attentive to certain people whom he might carelessly slight.

Critically speaking, little Mrs. Morris is not a "sassyety gal." When it comes down to facts, not one of the local Society Wives is as good as Vanderbilt, Astor, Whitney, Goelet, Gould, "I was born on the wrong side of the track," says Wayne Morris' bride, a cute little trick with the skin of magnolia petals and violet eyes. "I was born in a great big house at 89th and the Drive, but at that time everyone had moved away to Park Avenue and elsewhere. I really can't be called 'society.'"

"Mother had an idea that we should all have hobbies, interests. She thought nothing was more deadly than a girl or boy who didn't have something to do, so when I was eighteen she told me I had better go to college, get a job, or marry. I did the latter two things. First I got a job as play reader for Cheryl Crawford, then I married. Now I have a baby and I will have something to do. I want the baby to spend time in New York, though. If little Bert stayed out here all the time, he might become a vegetable. Not that California isn't very nice, but there's something about the climate that slows down an Easterner."

To bridge the gap between her New York life and her Hollywood incarnation, Mrs. Morris reads, but voraciously. The lack of clubs like Manhattan's Junior League she doesn't mind, for she never belonged. "I don't like large gobs of women in clubs," she says.

IT MUST be different in Mrs. Henry Fonda's instance. She is the one Society Wife—that we unearthed—who is represented in that staid tone, the New York Social Register. Whatever her immediate antecedents were, is not recorded... only that she was a Seymour. But her marriage to George T. Brokaw put her up with the brightest stars in the Manhattan social world.

But Mrs. Brokaw was not doing any matrimonial slumming when she married a Hollywood film actor. It was recently revealed that one of Henry Fonda's ancestors was a passenger on the S. S. Mayflower, which makes him very First Family, indeed.

Perhaps the infusion of society blood into Hollywood's gelatin gentry is changing the film colony's social structure. We're getting classy! The other night the first of its kind on the West Coast came about—a Butlers' Ball at the Bigome Bowl, very much like New York's and London's similar dances. It was sponsored by Staff Service, Lee De Forest organization formed within the year to raise the status of domestic help to that of a profession.

Who knows—maybe Society will become the aggressor, a custom so popular abroad, and "take over" Hollywood? Mrs. Fairbanks, Jr., says "Tacky" Astor, who recently visited in Hollywood, found it good. If Society does "take over" it will be interesting to see who will make the adjustments and who will do the "adapting."

MEN HAVE A WORD FOR DULL, DRY, "OIL-Starved" HAIR

They CALL IT FROWSY!

This Famous Oil Shampoo Developed Especially To Make Dry Hair Soft And Lustrous—Give It The Lovely Highlights Men Adore.

- Are you self-conscious about hair that is so dry and dull and so "frizzy" that you're slave to a comb and are continually working and tucking it into place? If so, a new experience is waiting in a Mar-O-Oil Shampoo.
- You'll delight in the way Mar-O-Oil Shampoo "works in"—at how thoroughly it cleanses hair and scalp. And you'll thrill at the "luscious," soft feel of your hair on the towel.
- The stylish "hair-do" you wouldn't even have attempted before, is easily yours—because Mar-O-Oil Shampoo leaves your hair gloriously smooth, easy to manage—brings out full natural beauty. You'll say, "Mar-O-Oil Is Marvelous!"

MAR-O-OIL BRINGS 3 BENEFITS TO DRY HAIR SUFFERERS
If you've found dry, dull-looking hair a drawback to your appearance, try the way that thousands of women are adapting. Change to Mar-O-Oil Shampoo. (1) It is a true oil shampoo that contains oils such as are used in oil treatments. (2) Mar-O-Oil lubricates as it cleanses. Contains no free alkali to dry out hair. (3) The cleansing oils in Mar-O-Oil Shampoo go to the very base of the hair-shaft to remove dirt, waste and loose dandruff—and then rinse completely away!

TRY IT TODAY! Mar-o-Oil SHAMPOO
Ask your hairdresser for a professional Mar-O-Oil Shampoo from the drug or perfumery or druggist department of the store. Change to Mar-O-Oil Shampoo now.

NOTE: If you want the speedy action of a fancy shampoo, use the new Super-Fancy Mar-O-Oil.

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Think of winning $500.00 worth of new clothes from any store you choose... or $500.00 in cash if preferred! Or one of 250 free services at your favorite beauty shop!

Here's all you do! Try new Blend-Rite Bob Pins. See how their amazing "hairlike" finish makes them practically invisible. Feel their firm grip; their smooth, round ends that won't mar your fingernails. Then complete this sentence in 25 or less everyday words: "I like Blend-Rite Bob Pins because...

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[A continuation from page 78]

After making so many films, including Gone With the Wind—in which he plays Gerald O'Hara—Tom Mitchell, Hollywood's busiest actor, finds relaxation. His latest is Three Cheers for the Irish Quaintest divorce—reason of years, in Hollywood, was the complaint on which gorgeous Fay Helm got her divorce.

[C continuation on page 85]

Cupid's couplet:

Eddy Duchin and Meredith Howard—
There's a twosome that hasn't soured!

The Slapsie Maxie Rosenblooms who were married by justice of peace 6 months ago—have followed through with a religious ceremony. Maxie is taking wifey to see My Little Chickadee.
and the word "husband" stuck in my throat and I thought, gosh, that'd go hard with all those thousands of letters in eager feminine handwriting, all beginning "Dear Richard Greene."

I'd better find out about this, I says to myself ... And then Richard came out of the deluge of congratulations and pats on the back which had submerged him since we first sat down and he was saying to me: Did I understand you to say, congratulations, when we first came in? If so, thanks so much, the picture has . . ."

"I wasn't talking about the picture," I told him.

"Oh, no? What, then?"

"Why, you're going to be married," I told him, "you know, to Virginia Field. I read it in the papers. I'm not ashamed to know what I read in the papers, Will Rogers wasn't."

"I read it in the papers, too," smiled Richard, then, "and so did Virginia. We weren't particularly surprised. Hollywood makes life such fun, you know, actually gives it a certain dimension . . . for did you ever realize that we have two lives, really, we who are on the screen . . . the lives we actually live ourselves and the lives we read we are living?"

"You mean that you and Virginia are NOT going to get married?"

"I wouldn't say that," he answered, "I mean, only that Virginia and I have not made any plans for getting married. We have set no time, no date, not even a tentative one . . ."

"But you are 'going steady,' aren't you?"

I persisted. "It is, Serious?"

Richard smiled, and answered in his easy, matter-of-fact way.

"We are, indeed, 'going steady' if by that you mean going exclusively with each other and no one else. Neither of us has had a date with anyone else for the past seven months."

"When you find all the qualities in one girl," Richard said, "it seems to me to be pretty silly to go shopping around further. I mean, why take one girl out for her sense of humor, another for her beauty, another because she's a good dancer, another because you like to talk to her, when you've found all of those qualities in one girl . . . and I have found them all in Virginia."

"She has a marvelous sense of humor, I think she is very beautiful, she dances divine-ly, we laugh at the same things, we're interested in the same things, we're both English and we're both in pictures . . . so that answers that. And we do believe that we are serious, you so quaintly put it. We do believe, now, that one day we shall be married. But when that day will dawn is still entirely over the horizon and out of sight. We have so many things to accomplish first."

"What we do eventually depends on so many things, and circumstances, our careers and what we do with them, things still unresolved which must be resolved before we take so definite a step. Besides, we are entirely happy as we are now, so there seems to be no immediate reason for changing things, and every reason for not changing things . . ." (I could think of several thousand reasons for "not changing things," all of them just, if you'll today what I mean.)

I ventured (and perhaps it was wishful thinking), "Perhaps you're not sure?"

I couldn't say that," he answered, "I don't think that either of us would or could say that, feeling as we do now. Naturally, we both know that the emotions are unpredictable things, that cataclysms do occur in Nature and all that. No, simply that we're happy as we are, and very busy, and we both feel that there's no reason why we shouldn't take plenty of time.

I don't believe in divorces. If people marry and become intolerably unhappy there's no other solution, of course. But I do believe in using every precaution against such a solution ever becoming necessary. I don't believe in rushing into marriage light-ly, I don't think the—You're a-pretty-girl-and-I'm-not-bad-looking-myself—and-we-have-a-good-time-together-let's-go is even the beginning of a basis for marriage . . .""

"But in Hollywood," I told this young man with the amazingly mature mind, "in Hollywood, isn't love all pretty confusing and feverish, here today and gone tomo-
Leading a Double Life
([Continued from page 56])

But at night! She uses a blue mascara that makes her eyes seem larger and deeper and starry. She wears a colored eye shadow—sometimes two, applying one on the inner corner and the other as an overtone close to the lashes. And for a very special occasion, she uses an iridescent eye shadow to give a star-dust look to her lids.

Do you change your lipstick and face powder in the evening—or do you wear the same shades you’ve had on all day? Electric lights make a difference; there’s no color there’s no color, because they take all the pink tones out of your skin, and make you look sallow—unless you’re careful. Wear your red and suntan powder, your new rust-tones of lipstick in the bright sunlight—but pick a pinker powder and a rosier, raspberry toned lipstick for your dancing evening. You can apply all your make-up a little more liberally then, because you need more make-up to get a glowing natural effect than you do in the daytime.

DON’T take me too literally and powder so heavily that you get a floury effect. But powder enough so that you won’t have to reapply it frequently. The real trick of lasting make-up is this: Use a foundation cream at the foundation first, then the smooth out any rough areas. Apply it sparingly, then blend it evenly with your fingertips. This leaves a slightly moist surface film on the skin and that in turn, makes your make-up stick. Press your puff firmly into your powder box, then pat it lightly all over your face and throat, working upwards from the base of your neck to your forehead. Let that set a minute, then dust it off lightly with a powder brush or fluff of cotton. Another square of cotton, saturated with skin freshener or astringent, and patted lightly over your finished make-up helps to set it—and gives you a dewy look that’s mightily becoming by sun or candle light.

If you’re in a hurry and need much, you’ll want to choose a powder base that will help protect your skin from chapping and burning—and keep it lubricated at the same time. Why not write me the name of a foundation cream that does all that—and keeps make-up perfectly in place too? It’s a vanishing type cream and seems to disappear into the skin. But it leaves an invisible film on the surface to which powder and rouge adhere quickly and long. The cream itself contains certain skin vitalizing agents that work, all unseen, to keep the surface texture smooth and soft. It goes on easily, blends evenly—and a little goes a long way. It’s inexpensive too—prices run as low as 10 cents. Interested?

If you’re looking for a rosy powder to flatter your skin at night, I’ll be glad to give you the name of one. It comes in three pinks, glowing shades that will do things for your face (the shades match on the cheek tone, too). The first is a rose cream, delicate as a baby’s blush, ideal for silver blondes and fair-skinned redheads. Next, and slightly darker, is rose dawn—it’s rosy and warm, but still delicate enough for most blondes and for the Irish brunette, with her dark hair, green eyes and fair skin. For the dark brunette, there’s still another shade, warm and glowing, correctly lovely. It should be good with that first tan. It’s a good idea to wear a darker tone of powder, as well as a warmer one, at night, so you might experiment with two on one side, shades you can get a generous amount for 10 cents, and larger sizes as well. The manufacturer, by the way, has just brought out a very fine booklet on skin care. I’ll be glad to tell you where to get it. Want his name?

Have you ever tried a liquid lipstick? They’re just about the most indelible I know of. You can take it from me that they won’t come off until the end of the day. Want his name?

Other wavs you might try on and have them work for you:

1. Buy a double pressure, or slide-screen, mascara. These are super!

2. Use your lipstick the other way up.

3. Don’t mix your cream and your blue lakes. Use them separately, and then mix them on your hand. Use the blue lake, and then a dusting of your cream over it.

4. Take a bit of your favorite blue lake, and put it into a saucer. Then mix it with your cream, and apply it to your face like a cream. It will give you a lovely blue lake look. This is especially fine for women who want a blue lake look, but don’t want to use a blue lake lipstick.

5. Use your powder as a cream. This is a good way to get a good color effect, but not for a long time. If you use it, you’ll find it running or smudging into under-eye mascara circles. The tube of mascara and the brush are housed in the cunning little leather container—so you can carry them in your purse without fear of leakage! Brown, black and blue are the mascara colors, and the price is only 10 cents. Do send for the name.

Did you know Jane Wynn’s nails? They’re long—but not claws. They make her fingers seem slim and tapering and elegant for an evening occasion, but they wouldn’t be out of place when she plays badminton. For an extra glamor note in the evening, Jane
Running to the car we said something about taking time out to sew on a pair of white muslin slippers at that. "Well, we'll be seeing you," said Mr. Lively, "I'll take care of that," he said. Then he looked at the sky and pointed to a big, white, fat cloud that seemed to be coasting along before it disappeared, "We'll be sitting on that in about thirty minutes—and then we'll talk about the movies." And we said something about the air doing us a lot of good—and from then on it was all aviation.

He could talk the flying jargon like an old-timer we admitted to that. He appeared to know the facts and figures at his tongue-tip. He apparently knew fliers, too, judging from the way he reeled off some famous names. And ships, there wasn't a make, from the old Jenneys to the latest army pursuit ships, that he didn't know about.

By this time we were in his car, roaring down a highway that led, we expected, to his home. But did we get fooled again! We didn't stop until he skidded to a stop in front of an airfield and when we climbed out some long, lean, and lanky mechanic shouted: "Hiya, Bob!" 'Til old crate's ready for ya. Bill just had her up for a warm-up and she's slicker than a seal's back!"

Pretty soon another mechanic came up and showed us the stunt and a pair of goggles to Cummings and the same to yours truly who'd be all kinds of a liar if he wrote that by now he was cool, calm, and collected. The "old crate" was squattting nearby, purring like a hungry cat over a pan of cream and without more ado we walked over and climbed in.

We were another guy at the door of the ship and I thought he was the co-pilot and then the door closed quickly, and Cummings said "Here we go!" and gave the old crate the go-ahead. In a few hours he found himself to his credit, has been appointed by President Roosevelt as one of two flyers (not in active service) who can take any available navy plane from any field and fly it to any part of the country. Cummings says he'll never be happy until he has the same honor.

He's a member of a group of movie colony
Cleanliness
IS NEXT TO
LOVELINESS

If you’re discouraged by the USiveliness of your complexion may I tell you the really thorough cleansing of a Pompeian Massage. For a dirty mask of dirt can dull even a naturally lovely complexion.

Simply massage Pompeian on your face: note its fresh, pink, and clean. It dries, massage it off; note how the cream has tinned dark with the "skin film" it removed. This treatment makes your face look more youthful and radiant because it helps to remove pore-deep dirt and blackheads; stimulates the blood flow in all of your skin, leaving your face gloriously refreshed, stimulated.

Pompeian (the original pink massage cream) is entirely different from the regular cosmetic creams — contains 70% pure milk. A three-minute massage will convince you.

Send 10c for big sample

The Pompeian Co., Baltimore, Md. Enclosed is 10 cents. Please send jar of Pompeian Massage Cream.

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New...A 7 DAY SHAMPOO FOR BLONDES!...You Keep the Brilliance, Lustre and Loveliness This Shampoo Gives Blonde Hair for a WHOLE WEEK!

Ends Dull, Between-Shampoo Look!

All blondes with this amazing new shampoo instantly remove the dirty, dull, oily and, distressful film that leaves blonde hair lifeless, mouse-colored and "old" looking, and enables you to keep that "JUST SHAMPOOED" look a week. Done in a few minutes and a cost of but a few pennies, New Blondex gives your hair that glorious, luminous, shimmering radiance that usually comes only in childhood. All blondes find New Blondex leaves their hair lighter...lovelier. Start BLONDEX today. Now combination package—shampoo with separate rinse—at all stores.

pilots who hope to form a pursuit squadron.

Negotiations are already under way to have an army pilot get a leave of absence to teach them the intricate aerial maneuvers of squadron formations... So much for the aviation side of it. Unlike the birdmen who finally decided to set us down after an hour of cloud-jumping.

As to his picture career—We learned something about that, too. He stopped at the airport restaurant, and we ventured to say that he’s going to climb as high—or higher—in pictures than he has in the air. He’s that kind of a talented young man... Robert is a Joplin, Missouri, boy, the son of Dr. Charles Cummings and Ruth Kraft Cummings.

"After graduating school in my home town," he says, "I sort of remixed off my education at Carnegie Tech, hoping that in time I might become an engineer. I enjoyed the course and I might have graduated as a full-elapsed engineer, but I got mixed up in acting having acquired a taste for grease-paint in college theatricals. So, not satisfied with merely dabbling for a full meal, I gave up my technical studies, went to New York and became a student in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. After that a role in a passage and then ended up in the Perfect Voice Institute and sometime later, quite sure that all this theatrical knowledge lodged where it would do the most good, it would be a cinch to win a success in pictures. I stepped out to seek what ever fame and fortune there was behind the footlights.

And was I surprised and humiliated! I never knew until three months had gone by that the word "no" could be uttered in so many different—and emphatic—ways by so many different—and emphatic—agents and producers. Well, after getting kicked around until I was dizzy I decided to do something drastic about the career of one Robert Cummings and the way I did it was this: I sent him through an insurance policy for $400 and boarded a boat headed for England. Since practically every agent and producer had told him that what they wanted at the moment was a horse as a way for play for Cummings figured it might be a smart idea to become one and that the only way to become one was to go where they lived. It was quite an adventure, quite an experience. It was the first time in years that he’d eaten meat of any kind and he ate it at this party so as not to offend his host. She didn’t know that we had a New York agent in this cat word—since all Cummings ever heard them say was "no."

Once, landed in merry old England, Cummings bought himself a motorcycle and for weeks toured the highways and byways of the British Isles.

"In time," he says, "I acquired the accent, the idiom, the geography of the country. It was a lot of fun, but I didn’t let pleasure interfere with my main reason for coming.

We’ll say he didn’t. Arriving at a small English town, he had his picture taken in front of the theatre and after getting a few dozen prints (with the necessary retouching) he mailed them back to New York where in a short while the agents and producers learned that one Blake Stanhope Conway, actor, author, manager, and producer, was prepared to consider American ambition. What Cummings had the manner in which those New York "no" men fell for the hoax was a caution. Cummings got offers by the score!"

Actually, Cummings’ ties with the picture industry relates, with a smile that showed he was still pleased about his trick, and finally decided to accept a part in Charles Hopkins’ The Roof as my first American play. Well, Mr. Blake Stanhope Conway fooled Broadway for years, no foolin’. After The Roof came in, I had roles in Earl Carroll’s Vanities and Ziegfeld’s Folies. I was with the Folies for three years, still keeping up my masquerade at a British restaurant.

Around about 1935 the Hollywood studios began casting its casting eyes on Robert Cummings, alias Blake Stanhope Conway, the pet of every successful screen picture. Finally, though, he decided to do something about it and when the time came he repeated his hoax stunt by fooling Paramount into taking me into their picture crew. From the wide open spaces of the Lone Star State where the studio wanted a native Texas actor for a role in So Red the Rose.

It was fairly easy to turn my English accent and mannerisms and take on the Texas drawl since a "Show Me" and a "Longhorn" speak with the same tonal qualities. Besides, it was not a particularly English accent. At any rate, my second masquerade was successful enough so that the studio signed me to a long-term contract during the life of which I made seventeen pictures, among them being Souls at Sea, Last Train From Madrid, Wells Fargo, The Texans, and Touchdown Army. After this last one I free lanced around the country and got a role in the Republic’s I Stand Accused. Then over to Universal to play the lead in Deanna Durbin’s Three Smart Girls Grow Up. That was a fine picture, if I do say it myself.

W E AGREE one hundred percent. It was not only fine for Universal and for Deanna Durbin, but it was fine for our gay masquerader. So far as his motion picture career was concerned Cummings grew up when those Three Smart Girls Grew Up.

His role, that of a young musician, was an exceptionally high-powered one. Universal signed him up to a long-term contract the next day following the picture’s preview. Right now every studio in town is trying to get into on loan-out, too. So far 20th Century-Fox has been the lucky one. Cummings appearing in this studio’s Everything Happens at Night.

In popular demand, according to Cummings, has its drawbacks. After the preview of Three Smart Girls Grow Up he went to a dinner party given in his honor and for the first time in his life was given a free pass. It was the first time in years that he’d eaten meat of any kind and he ate it at this party so as not to offend his hostess. She didn’t know that we had a New York agent in this cat word—since all Cummings ever heard them say was "no."

Having played the part of a night-spot musician in the picture he thought it would be a gentlemanly gesture to pay a visit to one of the swank night clubs about town. "I ordered a lettuce sandwich and a glass of cider and guess what the bill was? 18 big round dollars! And that didn’tucco as we say, New York Boulevard. I’m a drive-in beaanity addict now."

We forgot to say, and it might as well be mentioned here, that his trained his hand—Vernon—while he was in town by appearing in Collier’s Hour, with John B. Kennedy, the George Washington Coffee Hour, the Fred Allen program, straight man for Milton Berle and as lead man in the Pond radio show, Those We Love with Nan Grey, the Universal starter.

We might mention, too, that he just moved into a new house in Beverly Valley. He built it, he says, so he could host his first cocktail party. His wife, Vivian Janis, whom he married in 1938, says he built it because he wanted his Joplin boy at heart still. She’s probably correct. Being an A No. I woodworker, like his pal, Ray Milland, he designed and constructed half of the furniture for the new home.
Love that bloomed when *Grapes of Wrath* was being made, culminated in marriage between Dorris Bowdon (Rosasharn) and Nunnally Johnson from that lawyer she married once. Seems that Fay complained that her hubby thought so much of his stamp collection that he spent all his spare time with it, and left her alone.

After playing around here and there, Dick Purcell suddenly is in love. Dick himself says so. He says

(Continued on page 89)

Joan Woodbury is hurt to see daughter Wendy Joan cry so lustily. Their husband and dad is actor Henry Wilcoxon.

For the 1940 season, the standard tour of Yellowstone National Park, via de luxe hotels, has been reduced to $36—less than ever before! And the sight-seeing Park tour in modern buses now requires only 2 ½ days. Yellowstone may be included more conveniently than ever on a trip to or from the Pacific Coast. The Northern Pacific serves Gardiner, Cody, Red Lodge and Bozeman—Gallatin. Go in one gateway—out another, getting the most for your travel dollar.

Going to the Golden Gate Exposition in San Francisco in 1940? Don’t miss Yellowstone! Costs nothing to get all the facts—just mail the coupon.

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Please send literature and complete information about the new Yellowstone Tour. I am planning a trip by train to:

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City __________ State __________

NORTH COAST LIMITED 85
row? And is there any help for it? There should be some rules and axioms, I think, about what Young Men Should Know About Love in Hollywood if you had a kid brother, for instance," I said, "who was coming to Hollywood, what advice would you give him?"

"I DON'T think I'd give him any advice at all," said Richard, "I don't think advice is much good. Experience is the thing, the only thing, your own experience... I made mistakes with my Every Young Man should know as much about love as possible before he comes to Hollywood."

"I think he should know as much about life as possible. Yes, I had one strike he should have had a chance to kick his sense of values around a few playing fields until they at least begin to stand right side up. I think he should know something about himself... that's my idea, anyway, if anyone cares."

"Did you?" I asked.

"Yes, I'd say that I'd have more experience than most fellows my age," Richard said, considerably. "I think I'd have as much experience as, say, the average man of twenty-six or twenty-seven. I'd made most of the mistakes a young man makes in Hollywood for many of them. Every pretty girl I met fell madly in love with and was perfectly prepared to marry. I did all the immature things, all the wrong things. I knew of the good many experiences in two or three years. But that isn't original with me, but I don't think it's time that matters so much—it's what you do with time..."

"I'm sure, for instance, that an hour in a front line trench under fire would mature a man far more than a year in a hotel parlor, playing tiddly-winks."

"Yes, when I came here, I'd say, thanks to my background more than to anything else. I come of a theatrical family, you know. My dad, he's gone now, was Richard Greene, Senior. My grand-parents were in the theatre. My mother, known on the stage as Kathleen Gerrard, my aunts and uncles are still active in the theatre. Well, you can see that this must... it means that I was weaned on paint and powder.

"Glittering ladies," laughed Richard, "fed me the meat and potatoes and told me bedtime stories. Then I went to work when I was pretty young, on the stage in London, touring the British Isles and elsewhere with a Repertory company... . well, then, actresses are the same world over, you know. From Bombay to Hollywood actresses are glamorous, beautifully dressed, practiced in the Art of Being Pleasing to Men."

"So that I had in all some four or five years before I ever came to Hollywood of knowing some of the most beautiful and interesting women in the world... And if it's all possible, that's definitely so that every young chap should have before he comes to Hollywood—that kind of experience, I mean—not only because it seasons him a little, professionally, but more because it seasons him emotionally... sort of salts him down," laughed Richard."

"But even with my background," smiled Richard, then, the tolerant smile of the man for the antics of the boy him once was... "even so, my first eighteen months in Hollywood were pretty much absorbed with the pretty faces, so many pretty faces...

"Why, Great Scott, pretty faces in Hollywood surround you like the Wall of Troy, you see them not only in the studios, on the sound stages, but handing you your hamburger...

"That's certainly one of the things your Every Young Man Should Know," laughed Richard, "that all of the girls in Hollywood are pretty, not just the actresses, but all the girls, most of whom came here hoping to be actresses, I suppose.

"YES, it is a more vivid life out here than anywhere else in the world. There are more temptations, sure there are. It's all more unsettling. It's too easy to get what it should be hard to get. It's a madcap place, the town is torn down, too. It's a place where a five dollar bill is just like a one dollar bill anywhere else. It's full of people who make money overnight. Money they've spent for just overnight, maybe, for just a few weeks. Money that lies close to the surface, under the top-soil, and they haven't had to drill through granite to get it.

"And so, with everything... everything is liable to come too easy... love, among other things. Or love's little stand-in... You may have the danger of not having to dig for love, either, you may run the grave risk of not having to earn it, not have to work and wait for it..."

"I have something of the old-fashioned in me, I guess," said Richard. (so much wiser than I'd expected him to be that I was having myself a time keeping up with all this) "I still believe that a thing worth having is worth working for and waiting for and should be worked for and waited for. Which is another thing your Every Young Man Should Know, by the way... that it's apt to be easy come, in Hollywood, and if it's easy come, it's easy go... And so we should all put a stop-watch on our emotions and impulses, and listen and learn... that is, if we want to have any sort of respect when we're older. And I do," said Richard. He paused to plunge into pie a la mode before he continued.

"So, anyway, when I first came here, the first three months I was here, it was like going to my first party and being scared that I'd miss a trick... I was perfectly content to date a different girl every night or so, and did, perfectly content to just go about, to Palm Springs, to the races, to wherever the crowds were going..."

"Didn't you," I interrupted her, "didn't you have a couple of publicity romances, too?"

"Publicity romances?" Mr. Greene's inquiring eyes said, "Information, please..."
"Sonja Henie," I explained, "Arleen Whelan, Loretta Young...."

"Oh, I see what you mean... I didn't get it, right off. No, they were NOT publicity romances. Are there really such things? I wouldn't know. I certainly didn't have any. I certainly wouldn't have any. I most emphatically would not take a girl out unless I found her attractive and wanted to take her. That seems to be the publicistic part of the idea is a pretty poor one. It makes a fellow seem a perfect sap and a ton of a heel and it is certainly not complimentary to the girl involved. If my studio should ask me to take an attractive girl to a premiere, for instance, escort her to dinner or the theatre, I'd probably be delighted, why not? But that wouldn't be pressure from the publicity department—that would be a suggestion quite in accord with my own desire.

"If, however, I was asked to pretend to have a romance which I was not having, for publicity reasons, I would most certainly refuse. In other words," said Richard, firmly, "I have never gone out with a girl, in Hollywood or elsewhere, unless I wanted to go out with her and unless she, at the time, wanted to go out with me.

"But to cut back... after my first months here I then went to the other extreme. I got the What-About-My-Life-Out-Here bug. And then—I think it was the publicity department—that must have acted on me somewhat the way insulin shock acts on mental cases. I went through so much pain. I didn't know how much pain existed and when I walked out of it, I suddenly knew what it felt like to be older. I felt that I had exercised all surplus things in me, all the immature things, the vapid taste, more I felt more definite than I ever felt in my life before. When I left the hospital I realized what a kid I was; what a kid I'd been. That was a turning point with me. The pain made a sharp, permanent incision between the way I had been and the way I am now. And then I met Virginia...."

"And was that," I asked, "love at first sight, a sudden thing?"

"No, Oh, no. We'd met quite some time before we started to go out together. We'd met months and months ago, on a soundstage, by the way, both of us being in the same studio. But a long time passed before we started to go out together, before we said more than 'Hello, how are you?' when we met here in the studio or around the film lot. We did go out together, however, that was that...."

"So, since my time in the hospital, since Virginia and I have been going together, my life has taken a certain form and a pattern is beginning to emerge. I feel now that I've got some footing here, that I have my life now. I mean, I feel that I've caught the bird by the tail, have him in my hands, know the shape and feel of him, his potentialities, how far he may go, and in what direction, where his wings are clipped and where they can unclip in other words, I'm beginning to know what I'm doing.

"I know what I want to do, anyway, in my work, in my personal life. I'm happier than I've ever been before, and its a more lasting, more contented sort of happiness than I've ever known. But I've got to get used to my new perspective, you see, before I take the definite steps in any direction. I'm jealous of my freedom and of my new found how shall I put it, maturity? ... Well," said Richard, "oh, but it was out of the restaurant, "I don't know that I've done to help that Young Man of yours, but" he laughed, "as of this day and hour I've told you everything I can think of to tell you about myself, how things are with me....

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87
Stars Over Broadway
[Continued from page 14]

ex, who enjoys Miriam's gentle moments.

... Robert Stack, who received Dean
Durbin's first screen kiss, is my vote for the
nicest newcomer in the juvenile ranks.

Maybe it's because he comes of a theatrical
family (his uncle is Richard Bonelli of the
"Mett") that he is taking his success and a
million dollar inheritance in his stride.

Your true theatre folk can be casual about
everything but The Part. ... Bobby's next
role will be in a Dietrich picture. ... It's
romancing Cobina Wright, Jr., but is too
young for marriage ... twenty-two. ... Be-
sides, he believes it hurts an actor until he
is firmly set.

R E B E L S' RETURN: Joyously, Jean Muir
dropped her organization activities with
the American Guild of Variety Artists to
depart for the M-G-M lot. ... She replaced
Virginia Bruce who asked for a contract
release. ... Jean's career came to a stand-
still several years ago when she made herself
heard on the Warner lot and suddenly
discovered that Hollywood didn't think any
more of her than she thought of the film
Asia. ... Her test for Of Mice and Men
last summer won the interest of the Metro
producers even though the part she tested
for went to Betty Field. ... Frances Farmer
is also trying to get back in the good graces
of the Hollywood citizenry. ... Her break-
up with playwright Clifford Odets caused
her to give up her role in the Frankfurker
play and return to Seattle for a short visit
with her family. ... Frances is really heart-
broken and may never return to Broadway.
... Her generosity to less fortunate friends
hasn't improved her financial position.

If her motion picture fans rally round per-
haps her return to the screen will restore
her to the promising place she occupied
when Come and Get It.

H I T T I N G T H E N I G H T S P O T S: Jeffrey Lynn
and Doris Carson, a romantic twosome that is a
holdover from their Broadway days, showing
hands at the Beachcomber. ... This should be an
delay wedding ... if Jeff continues to make
strides on the Warner lot. ... Betty Grable at
the La Cuesta inn. ... Dean Martin and Jean
Amra at the night after Artie Shaw eloped with Lana
Turner. ... Desi and Betty are a steady
pair but they're not heading for a wed-
ing. ... Like most of the newer crop of
starlets Betty is a level-headed lass who
handles her own finances and looks upon
her career as practically as any photograp-
er. ... She gets most of her fun bowling
with the Diva Bat of Los Angeles girls.

Margaret Sullivan still ups the camera
lads at the Monte Carlo. ... Garbo at the
Monte Carlo with Gaylord Hulse after a
first chance to be paired to Robert Gordon's
swank club in street clothes. ... Everyone
was too startled to stop her! ... The Pat
O'Brien and the Jimmy Cagney's staying up,
so late at the Kit Kat. ... Just as
interested in looking at Hedy Lamarr
at a neighboring table as you would be.

The Cagney's spent a few weeks at Martha's
Vineyard returning to their Fighting Grit
ballyhoo. ... Brian Aherne and Joan Font-
taine beaming at El Morocco. ... Financial
difficulties cancelled the production of Beare
Stratton's latest, which was earmarked for Spring
production. ... Brian wanted to introduce
his wife to legitimate audiences. ... They're
much too happy to be disappointed, though
Joan is eager to make a debut on the stage.

And if Dad really wants to give the
youngsters a treat, he'll pick up the new
MASTER COMICS on his way home
from the office. Mother and Big Sister,
too, know that this giant new comics-
venture book is a source of wholesome
fun and amusement for the boys and girls
of the family.

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TER IS over-sized and thus makes a much
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the usual publication of its kind. Appealing
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taining action stories, MASTER COM-
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15
MY, OH my, oh my, oh my—but you should have heard the out-loud howling out Buddy Westmore got from Rosemary Lane, the other night, outside of that nightclub...!

If there was anybody else around to get an earful, he'd have heard plenty, including Rosemary's definite remark that "I'm through with you, you..." ahem!

And since then, Buddy and Rosemary haven't been twosoming. Maybe she meant it. But why?—that's what she isn't telling.

They like to dress alike. So when Gary Cooper was on location for The Westerner near Tucson, his wife copied his jacket—finds it an ideal sports coat

After being engaged for quite an insubstantial time, Walter Wanger and Joan Bennett eloped to Phoenix. Reception followed at bride's home. The House Across the Bay is Joan's next opus.

he's in love for the first time in his life, no matter what went before, and that he's simply GOT TO marry Lola Lane...!

NEWEST vogue for Hollywood's newly-wed brides is to renounce the career in favor of domesticity. Latest brides to come out with that declaration are (1) Jane Bryan and (2) Helen Ericson. Jane is now Mrs. Justin Dart, and Helen is Mrs. Philip Berman (he's a big fur and pelt man)—and both of them say they're gonna stop being movie actresses and just be Mrs.'s. However, that's been said before, in Hollywood.

THAT years-discussed melting of Edna Best and Herbert Marshall has become a fait accompli. Edna has married agent Nat Wolff (they trained to NYC for honeymoon), and Bart recently hooked-up with Lee Russell (of course!).

Maureen O'Hara goes in for masculine mess jackets—featuring red and white carnations in button-hole. Maureen stars in RKO's Bill of Divorcement.

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F.W. 5
How Douglas Escapes From It All

(Continued from page 21)

more utter escape from reality or routine could ANY man ask than that . . . ?

This Mr. Douglas has done very well for himself, indeed. Tall and undeniably handsome, suave and soft-spoken as a stock salesman, shiny with an urbanity and worldliness that makes many another leading man look like a plowhand by contrast, and gifted with a rich flair for characterization and deft, light comedy, Melvyn Douglas has boosted himself into a spot in the Hollywood picture where he is today one of the most sought-after leading men in movies.

He gets himself a satisfyingly fat pay-check, and he's got a nice house and is building another. When he's done with his days work of being Garbo's lover or some other movie queen's, he can go home and be Helen Gahagan's lover, which is all right because he's her husband. He's got just about everything that any man, even a most acquisitive one, could ask for in this current world—everything, that is except peace of mind.

And Melvyn Douglas' peace of mind is sorely disturbed by the basic fact that the world is so constituted that everybody else can't have as many nice things as he has. Melvyn Douglas is utterly sincere about that—utterly and militantly, too. And so, being at a loss for the ability either to shut his eyes to the facts of the world as it is, or to adjust himself to live in it in mental and moral ease, Melvyn Douglas has set about the task of readjusting the world to himself. Perhaps it's another manifestation of his basic escapism. But whatever it is, this banner-bearing crusading of Melvyn Douglas has resulted in the fact that he has become known more widely and more famously as a hard-working, hard-hitting reformer of the world's social ills and injustices, than as a movie actor, believe it or not!

TO HOLLYWOOD and its people and casting directors, he may be merely that leading man that's doing so nicely. But to the State of California, he is the extra, active driving member of the State Relief Commission, and the State Welfare Board as well. To 150,000 dust-bowl migrants, whose plight in California has made the world wonder, he is a shining knight in armor who is riding full-tilt in their behalf against whatever ills of capitalism and fascism they can conjure up in their poverty-warped imaginations.

To those extra-official committees and leagues and organizations who devote themselves furiously to raising money for the underprivileged, he is a fellow-worker and a fine source of funds. And to the viewers-with-alarm, Melvyn Douglas is a rather obscure character who has been called everything from "communist" to "parlor pink" and "why doesn't the Dies committee do something about him?"

To all of the hue-and-cry about him, Melvyn Douglas lends an unexcited and knowing ear. He knows that he isn't overly well-liked by certain persons and groups for what he is doing, but at the same time, he is sincerely and magnificently convinced of the justice of his cause, and to Melvyn Douglas, that's the only thing that matters, and it's probably his greatest pride in life that he has done more than any other luminous figure in Hollywood to translate in action the seething of discontent and resentment that had hitherto manifested itself...
of a fanatic, but not with a fanatic's irrationality. Instead, the cool, calm, low-voiced logic of his argumentation is so devastatingly effective that many a birder who has tried to shout him down has come away feeling licked. Not half bad. One can't be too careful of the birderly sensibilities or resentments of his fellow Hollywoodians.

In fact, very many of those who know him believe that he keeps his tongue pretty well in check when he talks about Hollywood and its folk. And at such times as he lets the tongue out of the cheek, it says some pretty harsh things about Hollywood. One of the hottest came when somebody once tackled him on the subject of his dearest friend, John Steinbeck, and Steinbeck's Grapes of Wrath.

The birder howled about the profanity and obscenity that Steinbeck puts into the mouths of his dust-bowl characters, and on that basis, to tear down the book. Douglas took just so much of it, and then he softly drawled—

"Look here—I've heard as much and even more profanity and obscenity from the mouths of Hollywood's great and near-great than I ever saw between the covers of Steinbeck's book, or heard on my visits to the migratory themselves."

That shut his opponent up. Douglas is always shutting them up.

I N HIS private life, Douglas is unostentatious. Hollywood's nite-world rarely sees him or his wife. They prefer to spend their spare time and money helping the unfortunate, rather than in rambles clubs. He wants to get beyond the constrictions of such a narrow social life as is represented by the Hollywood merry-go-round. That brings us back to his basic escapism, at last.

You see, from the very beginning, he's been trying to escape. One of Douglas' earliest memories is of the railing around his baby-crib. He still hates that with the hate that was born in his baby-mind, because it imprisoned him; it blocked him in. When he got old enough not to have an actual railing around him, he found himself in the invisible railing, built of his parents' dominance. That dominance was fractional made it all the more a matter for resentment. His father's determination to make him a concert pianist sent him to endless dull recitals; his mother's wish that he be a lawyer grated against that. Melvyn, in desperation, thought he'd like to be a poet, instead.

They clashed, and finally, when everything went topsy-turvy once more because his pa got a job teaching music in the conservatory at Toronto, Canada. Mel's escapism broke all bounds. He was determined to get away from family restrictions and compulsions—and so he tried to enlist in the first world war. But he was only a kid, and didn't make the grade.

Nevertheless, that summer brought his first real "escape" from family. He got a job delivering for a drug-store. That led to open revolt, and next summer he got a job as ranch-hand, eight miles from any railroad.

In that job, there was planted a seed that must have grown into his particularly earnest partisanship today in behalf of farm workers as against farmers. One day, when the young farmer and Douglas got tired from hoeing a row of potatoes in the hot sun, he lay down briefly to rest. The farmer happened along at that unfortunate moment, and fired him for loafing on the job. So he went back to Toronto in a high rage because he didn't want to go back home—and he's never actually loved farm employers since!

It was in 1917 that the Hesselbergs

(Continued on page 94)
Remodelled for Hollywood

[Continued from page 37]

lecks made book offering odds of ten to one that she wouldn't stick on the Fox lot more than a week, if that. They based their predictions on the fact that Zanuck is known as a frowning man whenever his talented hired hands display any brushiness.

But as regards this particular episode, Zanuck soldiered completely. He immediately sized up Kay for what she was—and is—an honest and fearless young lady, and boss and bossie have gotten along famously ever since that first conflict.

Kay's reputation for manufacturing smart-cracks on the spur of the moment lingers on, much to her annoyance. But there's compensation in that since she's been lingering on, too. In fact she has been the recipient of better-than-good featured roles in four pictures—with bigger ones to come long before the year does a fade-out.

I F KAY'S first official meeting with Zanuck caused such a commotion, imagine the vast amount of tongue-wagging that went on the morning following the Trocadero party to give friends by no less a personage than the Maharajah of Indore. It was directed against Kay because she had had the audacity to hold up the gala event almost an hour.

Take any given number of movieland's elite who were present—and you'll find that every last one of them were snorting, and fretting. "The Aldridge girl's actions are preposterous! She's utterly impossible! Who the hell does she think she is! Wait until Darryll hears about this!" And so on and so on.

In other words, the jewel-embazoned, ermine-wrapped ladies of the upper brackets wasted little time in pushing Kay into the dog-house and locking the door, they were that angry.

Now, so far as we know, the story of Kay's social faux pas has never been in print. As a matter of fact, the first time we ever heard about it was just the other day—from Kay herself.

To begin at the beginning, Kay was introduced to the Maharajah at the studio costume party the day before. She added this compliment to others he had offered her: "You're the only girl I've seen in Hollywood who doesn't look as though you were wearing a mask!"

Before the lunch was finished, His Highness invited her to the Troc party at which he was to be host—and of course Kay accepted.

Well, the night of the party arrived as did the ermine-wrapped, jewel-bedecked movie queens with the escorts, and everything was lovely until the Maharajah, scanning faces, discovered that Kay was missing. In less time than it takes to tell about it he was at a phone wanting to know the why and wherefore of her absence. And Kay, without any hemming and hawing, told him the reason.

"You may not know it," she said, "but in our country when a man invites a girl to a party he calls for her and takes her there."

Absorbing Lesson No. One in American manners, the Maharajah said: "I'll be right over," or words to that effect. "Will you please give me the facts?"

"I won't be home," Kay informed him in her best Southern accent. "I'll be over at my dressmaker's getting scented into a new gown. You may call for me there." And he called!

Leaving his own party flatter than a sticker on a trunk, he ordered his limousine and, with his son drove to the dressmaker's home and brought Kay to the Troc in what you and I call real fanfare.

The trip took up the better part of an hour during which, as we've already stated, the elite of the studios got in their funning and free-drinking.

But did all this furore bother Kay? Not on your life! She had what she still calls the most pleasant evening I've spent since I came to Hollywood.

Now let's go back to Blandensfield and pick up Kay at the age of fourteen.

We select fourteen because it marks a milestone in her life, dating as it does the year when she quit wearing hand-me-downs, over and under-sized garments given her by kind relatives and friends. Her father had passed away when she was three and she had been reared by her mother and three maiden aunts. One of her favorite recollections of childhood was "the five of us sitting around a watermelon patch."

It was when she was fourteen that she earned her first money, "I dug up butter-cups at five cents an hour," she says. "And don't think that that money didn't come in handy."

Kay not only had the pleasure of shucking off her hand-me-down clothes and earning her first nickel at the age of fourteen. That year she marked her entrance into Maryland seminary where she studied diligently enough to complete the four year course in three. Her biggest thrill in school came when she was voted the prettiest girl in her class.

"But I received a greater shock," she admits, "when I read the list of various prize-winners and saw my name listed opposite three horrid little words, "the biggest nuisance."

The greatest thrill a year later came with her trip to Winchester, Virginia, where she reigned as the Apple Blossom Princess during the annual festival. Queen of this particular festive occasion was Mrs. John Hay Whitney.

"Following my graduation at sixteen," Kay says, "I obtained a job in the Federal Land Bank in Baltimore. A great number of other girls applied, all of them, I'll admit, more capable than I. But I got into things after a time so that I remained with the bank for nine months getting my $15.50 each week and sending most of it back to Blandensfield where it was used for repairs and upkeep."

K A Y would have stayed on most likely but for the fact that her department did a sudden fade-out compelling her to seek another job.

"I finally landed a secretarial position in the Army Headquarters of the Third Corps Area of Baltimore. I discovered later that one of the reasons why I got the job was because I wore my hair long."

Along about this time Kay got her first tough break—she was discovered, during a sudden jump, turned completely around in mid-air and down went Kay. She woke up in a hospital with a broken hip.

"It wasn't so bad after the first week," she claims. "One of the papers sent over a
photographer for a picture and after it appeared in print I began to receive letters and phone calls suggesting that when I got well I became an advertising model. I said I'd think about it, but of course I had no idea of ever attempting work of that kind.

All that concerned me then was my job at Powers, and the money that went with it. Well, eventually I got out of the hospital and back to my secretarial desk as happy as I was to be earning money as I was to be married. Then, in the next few months later came the great day when I was invited to West Point by the cadets!

It was at the dance there that I met several of the models who suggested that I visit the commercial photographer the first time I came to New York.

Well, I said to myself, there may be something to this modeling idea after all, especially since the Powers girls had gone on record that I might do. Besides, there was the salary I might earn! Ten dollars an hour, so the girls told me! So...

SO KAY hurried back to Baltimore, went into a telephone huddle with her mother and three maiden aunts, got their consent to make an appointment, but that oversight failed to make a whit of difference, for Powers, entering his private-office, spotted her on the way in.

"He came over to where I sat," Kay recalls, "complimented me on what he called my 'perfectly balanced face' and then said that my pigtails would have to go. 'Just as soon as we're off,' he said, you can start right in.' Can you imagine that?

"Well, I couldn't and before I agreed to cut my hair I made Mr. Powers promise that if I failed to make good as a model he would find a job for me as a secretary. He surprised me by saying that he would. I was confident that I'd make good at one of the jobs at least."

Kay worked for Powers for two years and he kept her so busy that she became America's most photographed girl. Seven times in the last two years she appeared on the covers of the big slick magazines.

"Being what Mr. Powers called the 'adaptable type,' I modeled everything from shoeshine polish to a bird cage more often than any other girl in the business, if that's worth mentioning as some sort of a record."

But being recognized as one of New York's famous models failed to impress the hired hands on the Blaudensfeld plantation. It wasn't until her picture began to appear in the movie magazines that they began to take the young girl seriously.

"They were impressed by my wardrobe, and Sears Roebuck catalogues that they observed that Kay amounted to something! And the pay was good! Don't think it wasn't!"

Sometimes she earned as high as $300 a week. At $10 an hour it didn't take long to earn that amount and Kay did it many times during the two years she posed before the commercial camera.

"And she didn't likely be earning that amount right now only she took a trip with Georgia Carroll, another Powers' model, and became a movie star!"

"It was a breath-taking trip to Honolulu," Kay says, "with all expenses paid and arranged on tie-up with the Matson Line and a leading New York store. On the way back we stopped at San Francisco where we met Elsa Maxwell who suggested that we visit Hollywood. It was Elsa, later, who introduced us to Mr. Zanuck, and it was Mr. Zanuck who instructed Director Ratoff to test me for a role in Elsa Maxwell's Hotel for Women. When I finally found, as you can well imagine, was a happy surprise for me. I got the role and a contract to go with it!"

Well, that's how things go in this town. One minute you're a Hollywood visitor and the next minute you're in moon pitchers. Since that first role Kay has appeared in Here I Am a Stranger, and Shooting High.

Kay is a unique contribution to the talent of Hollywood. She's a glamour girl with a sense of humor. You have to possess it, she insists, to get along in this town.

And there's something else I wish you would quote me on. I made my living from the inside of my head long before I did with the outside of it. That should help to correct the impression that all models are beautiful and dumb."

Not so long ago a columnist took a crack at Kay by saying that it was such a pity that a 'girl as glamorous as Kay Aldridge should be seen in swanky night clubs wearing cotton clothes.' Kay took care of that one. "In the first place," she argued back, "I don't like night clubs and visit them very rarely, and then only on the spur of the moment. And in the second place nobody is going to tell me what I should, or should not wear. And in the third place we raise cotton on our plantation and so why can't I wear it on my back?"

Kay has kept her eyes and ears open since her arrival in town. Nothing seems to escape her. She's been watching movie mothers for quite a spell and she thinks they are the most unhappy people in Hollywood. Movie mothers sit around watching their daughters especially. "These mothers sit around, watch their girls grow away from them in the years they're being advised by agents, producers and directors and there's nothing she can do about it. It's all pretty sad, I think."

I T DIDN'T take Kay long to decide that the "way to kick this Hollywood business was to refuse to talk about myself in company. I detest shop-talk and for that reason try to have as many friends as possible outside the studios. Only a few of these know what I do to earn a living and these are nice enough to not mention anything about the movies unless I start talking about the subject first."

"Marriage? Yes—just as soon as she falls in love with the man who wants her for his wife. But I don't expect to marry an actor. They're nice—but they don't make good husbands. They're too risky an investment in the marriage market to suit me. And you can put this down as being absolutely true. When I do marry I'm through with everything except the duties that go with being a good wife. I'm not a career girl and never was one—and, I hope, never will be."

Kay lives in a very modest apartment where she cooks and does her own housework for herself and big brother who is employed outside the studios. Her mother is coming out from the Blaudensfeld plantation soon to see, so Kay says, "if my daughter has changed any since becoming a movie star."

"She'll be happy," Kay adds, "to find that I haven't changed a bit since the five of us sat around the watermelon patch!"

Well, there you are. And if by now you don't know the girl who entered motion pictures because she wanted to make millions of people laugh and to install modern plumbing on the old plantation, you'll have to see her for yourself.
moved back to America, and the following year, the boy made another frantic effort at escape. He joined the American army, and for eleven months he stayed in the service—never getting overseas.

For the next few years, Melvyn's escapism efforts were directed toward escaping from starvation—he got a lot of jobs. He sold pianos; he sold caravans; he sold blankets in a shop. And then he met William Owen, one-time stage star—and his die of life was cast. In the world of the stage, he found the final and complete escape—and he's been there ever since.

True, he mixed in a few other briefs of escapism. Once, to get away from it all—especially a girl, at that particular moment—he ran off to Europe with $1,200 he had painstakingly saved. When he got back to America, he had $68, and married the girl. They were divorced a year later, and Melvyn Douglas doesn't talk about it.

He's even had his fits of escapism from the movies that give that escapism free rein! There was the episode in the early 1930s, when Melvyn signed a five-year contract with Sam Goldwyn. After he signed it, it became as horrid to him as the railing around his baby crib ever was. He suddenly found himself inside a prison—a five-year term. He couldn't stand it. He went to see Sam Goldwyn and laid his cards on the table, and Sam Goldwyn (of all people!) understood—and gave him a release.

So violent was Melvyn's reaction from this escape that he and Helen went away to San Francisco, for a few days' spell of relief—but before they recovered, they found they'd taken a boat all the way to China, to get away from it all!!! So they kept on going, around the world.

Today, he's a bit more settled. He finds his escape in his roles and his work among the under-privileged and downtrodden.

He even owns a house and furniture now, even though his inner nature rebels against possessions as merely a camouflaged set of fetters. Yet even that house typifies his innate escapism!—there isn't a room anywhere in it that hasn't got a door that opens to the outside!

They've got two kids, have Melvyn and Helen Douglas. Peter, their first-born, is about seven years old. Mary Helen is two. Melvyn, remembering his own circumscribed childhood, is not "possessing" his children. He treats them not as vassals, but as equals. He talks things over with them, reasons with them, and brings them up as independent, individual beings. Peter, whom he considers old enough, he has put on his honor. He does not tell Peter "you must do this and you must not do that." He reasons with Peter: tells him that certain things are expected of him, and that if he violates these expectations, he will have to pay in some manner for the violation. So far, Peter is passing out pretty well.

The Douglas-Gahagan social life is best expressed in a few friends' dinner visit, and then several hours' deep-chairs conversation—rather than bridge—chess, and cocktails. That's oketh with the friends, because Mel Douglas is one of the best raconteurs and conversationists in Hollywood, and Helen Gahagan one of its best hostesses.

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Who Said “The Terrible Teens”?

(Continued from page 42)

credit for even being in them. But the teens themselves aren’t terrible. Just inconvenient sometimes.

"Some people who know how old I am don’t give me credit for having any sense—because I’m only 16." That attitude is the only thing that really bothers me. I’d like to break it down. But apparently there’s no way except to grow up. And I don’t know if I want to grow up. I’m having a wonderful time.

Now, most adolescents don’t enjoy being just that. They can’t wait to be adults. They have no casual about that adults lead more desirable lives. The movies encourage them in the delusion. The movies make adolescence something to laugh about or pity, and the grown-up state something romantic and poised and exciting. And Judy not only sees movies; she’s in them.

Another thing: A girl six thousand miles from Hollywood can get ideas about trying to be more sophisticated, just from watching glamorous girls on the screen. And here Judy is, right on the same lot with Hedy Lamarr, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford; she’s in the same crowd; and she isn’t inspired to try to acquire that adult allure—even off the screen.

She actually likes being an in-betweener: No longer a child, not yet a grownup. "I’ve thought a lot about it," she said earnestly. "I don’t envy grownups. They take life sort of for granted. They don’t get excited about it. Practical things, they do, they’ve done before. It’s all old stuff. And having cares and worries cramps their fun.

"Anyway, why I don’t want to get ahead of myself; I don’t want to grow up in a hurry. I want this to last a while. I mean—this being able to look forward constantly to something new, being able to get excited about things. I’m doing so many things for the first time. And there’s no time like the first time.

"If" I were 25 or so, and could go to the store every night in the week, how much would it mean to me? But I get to go dinner-dancing once a month with my mother’s permission—and it’s an event. When I walk in the door, I feel so casual about being there. But I’m really palpitation inside."

That made her sound like a normal 16-year-old. But how could she be a normal 16-year-old? She was a movie pitcher star. She had a career to think about.

She disposed of that with: "Everybody my age likes to do some one thing more than anything else—like good and loud. Or not so good maybe; but loud... I’m luckier than a lot of people, getting paid for doing what I like to do most; but that doesn’t make me any less normal than anybody else."

"Of course, what’s normal for one person might not be normal for somebody else. But it’s normal for me to be mixed up in show business. I’ve been mixed up in it as long as I can remember. It isn’t a career; it’s a habit. I don’t feel natural at working. This vacation right now is the longest I’ve had, and it’s killing me. I wish they’d hurry up and start Strike of the Band. It’s going to be a follow-up to Babes in Arms. Mickey and I are going to play a couple of kids on Broadway." She added pointedly, "A couple of normal kids—in show business."

Was she going to sit there, spooning up a large bowl of chicken broth (practically all that she was having for lunch), and try to insist, between spoonfuls, that anybody who had grown into the teens in show business could be normal? She certainly was going to try.

She said: "It gives me an awful pain when an actress hauls out her hanky and has a good cry about how she missed out on fun when she was a child, being on the stage. It’s all in the mind. If you don’t have fun as a kid, it’s only because you think you don’t.

"I had fun. I had a wonderful childhood. I did a lot of traveling, saw all kinds of interesting places. I met interesting people—people with stimulating minds. I learned countless things I’d never have learned just from books, and I liked that. What kid wouldn’t?

"I’ve heard actresses wail that as children they were always with older people; they never knew what it was like to have friends their own age. It’s true that when you’re a child on the stage, you’re with older people more than most kids are. But I never had trouble finding friends my own age.

"I’ve heard actresses say, too, that they missed out on the fun of growing up gradually, being in show business. They had to grow up practically overnight. One day, they were doing child roles; the next, they had to play young grownups. Maybe that was true once upon a time, but it isn’t true now. Pictures like the Hardy Family have made people expect adolescents to act their age.

"Nowadays, there’s nothing to keep an in-betweener in show business from being as normal as any in-betweener anywhere. Not a thing.

Nothing except fame. How about the difficulty of doing things other people do, what with autograph-hunters swooping down in droves?

Judy grinned. "Stars complain about not being able to go shopping, because they’re recognized, and stumped, and stuff. If they don’t wear jewels and furs, they won’t a lot of attention. I did my Christmas shopping here last year, myself. I just wore something simple, and I wasn’t recognized once. Other shoppers weren’t looking for a movie star. They had their own shopping to do."

She smiled mischievously. "Funny thing about movie stars. Put them in plain clothes and they look like plain people. Without the trimmings of glamor, they don’t stand out in a crowd."

That took care of that. But was it normal for a growing girl to content herself with a chicken-broth lunch?

"Oh, I’m not contented," Judy said, "I love to eat. But I was eating too much. I used to put away steak and potatoes, and pie at lunch—and then want to go somewhere and lie down the rest of the afternoon. . . . You should see the breakasts I eat. No glamorous girls ever eats such breakasts. Truck drivers, maybe, don’t get girls. Orange juice, scrambled eggs, sausage, toast, coffee. A real meal. It takes something like that to get me out of bed in the morning. Something worth-while in the line of food."

She seemed to have a rebuttal for every supposition that she couldn’t have a normal life, being a star at 16.

(Continued on page 97)
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Take Your Vacation In Hollywood!

[Continued from page 16]

The Fawcett Movieland Tour will leave Chicago July 14 and will arrive in Hollywood on July 22, to be greeted at the station by film personalities. Between those two dates, the Movieland Tourists will enjoy the superb scenery of the Ten Thousand Lakes region of Minnesota, the Rockies, Puget Sound, Mt. Shasta and many other scenic highlights.

The entire trip will be made in beautifully appointed, air-conditioned cars, assuring every tourist of complete comfort and relaxation.

In Hollywood the Fawcett Movieland Tour will include a trip through the movie colony on special bases. Tourists will see the homes of the stars. In the Paramount Studios, trained guides will conduct the tourists through one of the most modern and star-studded movie-plants in the world.

This is made possible through the courtesy of Paramount officials and through special arrangements made by Fawcett Publications, publisher of movie-plants, in behalf of the Movieland Tour. You cannot "buy" your way into a Hollywood studio, but the Movieland Tour will get you in!

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PRISCILLA LANE RECALLS "WHEN I WAS LITTLE"

The liveliest of the Lanes takes down her curls and reveals her adventures past in the new HOLLYWOOD Magazine, now on sale. You won't want to miss Priscilla's story of the days when she wore hair ribbons and middies, and had a wonderful time with the rest of the kids on the block. It's one of the breeziest and most refreshing stories to come out of HOLLYWOOD in many a day!

The same spirited issue of HOLLYWOOD Magazine contains many additional stories from the movie colony, all new and amusing. Plus up-to-the-minute gossips, bright photographs, and the candid shots of Cary Grant on the cover and get your May copy today!
"I have a home. It's so much comfort to be able to buy it, myself--and I'm going to get my money's worth out of it. It isn't a showplace. It's a place where I can be myself and do things with my family. And, with my particular family, I don't get a chance to be a movie star around home. I don't get away with anything. I don't even get picked up after; I have to pick up myself after."

"Some of the things we have in the house are a little nicer than the things we used to have, but once I got the same as it always was. We do the same sort of things. We have just as many laughs. Our friends are still the same ones we used to have. Mom still doesn't mind how much noise my crowd kicks up, if everybody's happy. She still bakes chocolate cake, and we still like it. My two sisters and I still trade clothes. And I still ask Mom first, if I want to do something."

Ah, that's a gruesome thing about being in the teens--still having to "ask Mom first."

"The way I look at it," said Judy, "is a good thing--having somebody who has your best interests at heart and won't let you do anything unless it's safe and sane. You get a lot of crazy ideas."

Judy gave a short laugh.

"The only time Mom really slipped up was when she let me talk her into letting me have a motor-bike. My idea of a place to try out--with my girl-friend, Patty McGarry--was in the middle of Hollywood Boulevard. The studio heard about it and told me to keep out of traffic. So I tried the bridle path in the middle of Sunset Boulevard, out on the hills way over there where there wasn't even horse traffic. Somebody phoned the studio: 'Your Judy Garland is going up and down that bridle path at what looks like eighty miles an hour.' That was the last straw. A few executives had nervous breakdowns, what with The Wizard of Oz not yet finished, and I had to give up motor-biking.

SOMETHING that makes 16 terrible for most people is the self-consciousness that goes with it. Was she ever afflicted, even for a moment?

"Yes--when I can feel people getting the wrong impression. Like the time I went to the opera with Lind Hayes, Grace Hayes's son, and on the way home he wanted to stop for five minutes at Grace Hayes's Lodge. She asked me, in front of the crowd, to sing a song. I was embarrassed enough into doing it, not wanting to offend Lind's mother. But I could see what some people were thinking: That I was there just to show off. It was agonizing. And the next day five people phoned the Board of Education to see if something couldn't be done about keeping Judy Garland home nights, not chasing out to night clubs. And that got in the papers. And everybody was unhappy. Especially me. That was complicated like that very often, thank goodness."

A popular misimpression of Judy is that she is probably the hottest of Hollywood's jitterbugs. "I was a jitterbug for three weeks--but I couldn't stand the pace."

The columnist kept insisting that she was smitten first with this boy, then that. The last time she said she was "in love" was then crazy. "Nobody thinks less about boys than I do," said Judy airily. "I don't go out with any boys, and the only reason I go out at all is, a girl has to have an escort."

When I do go out, it's usually with Jimmy Cathcart. He isn't in the movies. We've known each other a long time.

"In one breath, people accuse me of being 12 years old. And then the next breath, they suspect me of having ideas about eloping. It's a great life.

"I don't want to get married till I'm 24. Why? Well, that sounds like a good long while away."

School isn't one of the terrible things about the teens, to Judy. "It was, while I was taking geometry, but it's funny that's behind us. And, for the few minutes while I really finished school last June. What I'm taking this year is a sort of post-graduate course--appreciation of arts, music appreciation, Shakespeare and French. All of which ought to do me some good."

YOU might not suspect it, but Judy, the jazz singer, collects the records of Tchaikovsky and Delius, not the composers of Tin Pan Alley. She's serious about her music. She's considering voice lessons. (Something she has never had, up to now.) On her last trip East, of her own accord, she went to see famous teacher at the Metropolitan--to have an audition--to see if the woman could do anything for her.

"She thought maybe she could help me sing. I don't know. I'm sort of sentimental about those loud notes. I've screamed this far."

Something else she did for the first time while East was to go skiing at Lake Placid. "I knew I was going, so I went shopping for a ski suit in Chicago. They talked me into buying a regular Swiss one, complete even to goggles. I got it, Lake Placid, put on my suit, and strolled down into the lobby, looking like probably the most professional skier this side of the Alps. Everybody trooped out to watch me--and they thought I was kind of a big joke. I went out to the beginner's slope. I started down, and I saw a couple of trees looming up a hundred feet ahead. I didn't know what I was doing. I was scared. I had visions of bashing my nose into my head. So--I just sat down. Ignominiously.

"I try so hard to be an outdoor girl, but I'm just not it. I'm awful at tennis. I can't hit a golf ball. I splash when I swim. The only sport I'm good at is skeet-shooting--and I don't know how that happens. I get most of my exercise with my eyes, reading."

One thing that makes the teens terrible for some people is the conflict of ambitions within them.

"Up to the time I was fifteen," said Judy, "I had all kinds of ambitions. Every time I passed UCLA, I wanted to go to college. Every time I read a fashion magazine, I wanted to be a designer. When I read An American Doctor's Odyssey, I could see myself in my lab with my test tubes."

"But now that I'm 16, I realize that if a person is having a good time doing something, that's what he or she ought to continue doing. I'm getting impossible ideas. If I'm lucky, I'd like to go on like this for five or more years, and then quit."

"That's what everybody says, isn't it? Everybody likes to believe he or she will be able to quit five years from now! But I'm not kidding myself one bit. I know I'll be keeping on till rigor mortis stops me."

The teens aren't so terrible--with Judy Garland representing them.

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RICHARD GREENE'S PORTRAIT
One of the screen's most popular leading men, Richard Greene, will be the subject of next month's star portrait in MOTIVE PICTURE. As usual, the portrait will be printed in superb color on special paper and free of type on both sides. This will be one of the outstanding portraits of the series, so be sure to get the June issue of MOTIVE PICTURE, on sale April 28.

KILL THE HAIR ROOT

Remove superfluous hair promptly at home, following directions with ordinary care and skill. The method described thoroughly prevents hair from growing back into the hair root. The delightful result will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater serenity to the owner of a youthful face. Enlist today. Fall in line with men who have enlisted for Bug Superb Hair Foundation. B.J. Malling Co., Inc., Dept. 785, Providence, R.I.

ENLIST
in the Women's Field Army of the American Society for the Control of Cancer, and help in the intensive war against this disease. Educate yourself and others to recognize early symptoms that may indicate cancer.

There are some of the 150,000 who may die this year unless promptly treated. Early cancer can be cured.

JOIN your local unit now!
or send your enlistment fee of $1.00 to

AMERICAN SOCIETY for the
CONTROL OF CANCER
350 Madison Ave., N. Y.
PICTURE PARADE

THE OUTSIDER

--AAA--

A powerfully dramatic production, with a tender love story, The Outsider is a film that should definitely go on your "must" list. Based on a famous novel and an equally famous stage play, the film brilliantly directed by Paul Storm, potently poses the problems of two outsiders—a man, beyond the pale of the medical profession, who has yet offered miraculous cures, and a girl, beautiful, gifted and wealthy, but suffering complete frustration from a physical deformity. An Outsider, the dynamic healer, George Sanders gives the outstanding performance of his career. His colorful characterization of the rakish, forlorn, dramatic actor of distinction and charm. By this performance alone Sanders should definitely take his place among the top-notch male stars. Mary Maguire, Hollywood actress temporarily in England, also gives a distinguished performance as the sensitive girl who ultimately finds happiness in her physical rehabilitation and in the love of the man responsible for it. -Attire.

ROAD TO SINGAPORE

--AAA--

If you need a spring tonic—and who doesn't?—this is just what we would prescribe. It did miracles for us when we were about ready to drop from emotional exhaustion. Hollywood having been rather strong on drama this past month—and we're certainly grateful to Paramount—you will be, too—for having come through just at the crucial moment with this stimulating romantic comedy. The Road to Singapore is a lyrical love story and while it may be on the non-serious side it is hilariously funny and delightfully appealing with songs and tap dancing. And its stars—Rudy Crosby, Dorothy Lamour and Bob Hope—make a winning combination. Crosby and Hope are a great comedy team and the glamorous Lamour does a fine job of making the boys comfortable in her South Sea Island shack when the mates (yes, they're seamen) are trying to get away from it all (all being romantic complications in the States). And while the lamour has changed from a strong to a simian, harmoniously speaking, there isn't a difference whatever. Lending precious support are Charles Coburn and Judith Barrett. —Paramount.
BETWEEN OURSELVES

COMMENTS ON THIS HERE PICTURE BUSINESS

By LARRY REID

Movies' Greatest Year

THAT campaign of Motion Pictures' Greatest Year (remember the ballyhoo?) beat the gun by two years. With nothing much to shoot for and shout over, the film moguls took 1938 as the year to crow about their productions. So with the slogan mentioned above tucked into equally spasmodic headlines as "come on"—Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment, Hollywood was determined to do something about winning back the cash customers who had deserted the theaters when the Queen "B"s buzzed over the land.

If Messrs. Big had only waited till 1940 to make a fuss about their films they wouldn't have had to live down their 1938 slogans. Now they can point with pride to the accomplished fact that Hollywood can turn out A-1 pictures instead of junk embossed with ballyhooed adjectives such as "colossal," "superbative," "epic," "greatest ever," etc. These adjectives have sense this year.

Why the 1940 product is so exceptional (and the year is very young) that it looms up already as a great vintage year. Though some of the big boys bought racing stables (they wanted the solace of seeing their horses run well in '38 even if their films were also-rans) they did turn from their racing sheets and concentrated on their production charts the past season. Why can't a film be trained for a box-office race as well as a horse for a big stake handicap? Anyway, they have entered some likely prospects for the 1940 Film Derby. So what to do? Why go prospecting for cash customers again.

And so-o-o-o-o-o-o what have we here but a flock of fine pictures that are so exceptional in story plot, production, photography and portrayal that cash customers are flocking back to the erstwhile empty seats! With but four months gone one good picture is crowding another for recognition and patronage. By the time Christmas arrives the country should be smothered with the greatest array of pictures ever shown.

Taking Pride

TAKE The Grapes of Wrath. What the screen has been striving for ever since it discarded diapers has been achieved here. For our money it's one of the few great pictures of all time. The movies grew up over night here. Take Abe Lincoln in Illinois—which is far better than the play that won the Pulitzer prize last year. Take The Fighting 69th, a stirring bit of war drama that colorfully romanticizes a famous New York regiment that covered itself with glory in World War No. 1. Take Young Tom Edison—and Edison, the Man—pictures humanizing America's greatest inventor (Rooney as the boy, Tracy as the adult). Take Vigil in the Night, Dr. Cronin's new best-seller (you haven't forgotten his Ciadet, have you?) which in film form tells the most absorbing and faithful side of the nursing profession ever revealed. Take Of Mice and Men—again a compelling story that surpasses the play. And Pinocchio, where Disney, again in the realm of fantasy, surpasses his Snow White II such a thing is possible. And take Northwest Passage which animates a very moving and vigorous story of pre-Revolution days of early settlers. Take We Are Not Alone, James Hilton's gripping story of tragedy that stays a family.

These are but samples of what Hollywood is giving you in 1940. There'll be more like them in the months to come. Yes, 1940 is truly Motion Pictures' Greatest Year. We'll forgive Hollywood for 1938.
Stop... Look... Compare these two pictures of the same girl. Hair, nose, mouth, complexion — exactly alike. Everything the same, except her eyes. It's easy to see what Maybelline eye make-up means. The difference between blankness and beauty. Between dullness and sparkle. Between hidden charm and instant attraction!

Don't doubt your own eyes. See what Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids can do for you. Lashes always take on this dark sweeping loveliness with Maybelline Mascara — and notice how this makes the eyes appear larger, more brilliant. Depth and color are subtly accented with Maybelline Eye Shadow — and brows are tapered so naturally with Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Bring out the beauty of your eyes to your own thrilling satisfaction — today! You can get generous purse sizes of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids at any 10¢ store.
“Uncle Sam sure did help—
make tobacco better than ever...

...and Luckies always buy the finer grades, says H. H. Scott, 12 years an independent buyer.

Here’s why we ask: “Have you tried a Lucky lately?”

1. The world has never known finer tobacco than American farmers have grown in recent years with the scientific help of Uncle Sam.

2. Among independent tobacco experts—buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen—Luckies are the 2 to 1 favorite. Experts like H. H. Scott point out that Luckies have bought the choicer grades of these better-than-ever tobaccos. So Luckies are better than ever.

3. These finer tobaccos have been aged from 2 to 4 years, and have been further mellowed by the “Toasting” process, which takes out certain throat irritants found in all tobacco.

We believe that no smoker who has not tried Luckies lately can know how fine a modern cigarette can be. So try them for a week. Then you’ll know why . . . WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT’S LUCKIES 2 to 1.

Copyright 1940, The American Tobacco Co.

Have you tried a
Lucky lately?
Exclusive!

COMPLETE MOVIE STORY

"ALL THIS AND HEAVEN, TOO"

STARRING BETTE DAVIS
CHARLES BOYER

THIS MONTH'S COLOR PORTRAIT
RICHARD GREENE
SEE PAGE 35
A NORTH WOODS VACATION

Treat yourself to a delightful, economical vacation among the lakes and fragrant pines of northern Minnesota at "America's most complete summer resort." Make new friends and become one of the thousands who call Breezy Point Lodge their "vacation home."

Breezy Point Lodge is on the shores of Big Pelican Lake, 120 miles from Duluth, 150 miles north of Minneapolis. Golf on emerald green and watered fairways. Sun yourself on a white sand beach. Ride horseback through stands of pine. Fish for bass, pike, or trout. Dance each evening at dinner. Play billiards, tennis or bowl on Breezy Point's bowling alleys. There is every sport at Breezy, including trap shooting, archery, etc.

There is a mammoth three-story hotel of gigantic fir logs, plus the convenience of beauty shop, tailoring service, and all the niceties that will make your vacation complete. Half a hundred log cabins, each with several rooms, complete with fireplace, bath, kitchenette, sleeping porch, etc., are available for those who prefer them to rooms in the hotel.

Breezy Point is delightfully cool. Official average temperatures are lower than those of any other summer resort in the United States.

Easily accessible by motor car, train or bus. Rates start at $2 per day, $5 per day with meals. Golf $1 week days. Other prices in proportion. Season from June 20 to Sept. 1. Write for reservations.

Address Breezy Point Lodge, Pequot Lakes, Minn.

FAWCETT'S BREEZY POINT LODGE
PEQUOT LAKES • MINNESOTA
HOW DOES GABLE DO IT?

You've been wondering for many years how Clark Gable keeps his popularity—how he stays up there in the front ranks, making good pictures and making new friends.

Well, you'll know the answer in next month's MOTION PICTURE.

Which also offers new, all-revealing stories about Spencer Tracy, Ray Milland, Joan Blondell, Jack Oakie and many others. There will also be a new color portrait of a top-ranking star, and a fiction version of a top-notch screen play. Also look for a rich collection of new portraits. Keep abreast of the Gossip of Hollywood. Order your MOTION PICTURE for July now.

MOTION PICTURE

INTEGRATING MOVIE CLASSIC

LAURENCE REID, Editor

Volume LIX, No. 5

JUNE, 1940

Twenty-ninth Year

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ROGER FAWCETT GORDON FAWCETT CHARLES RHODES AL ALLARD
Secretary-Treasurer Hollywood Manager Staff Photographe Art Director
Put your Best FINGERS Forward!

These 12 stunning colors help you to glamour and charm!

A NEW NAIL POLISH color gives a girl's heart a lift! And these 12 new colors give her a dozen chances to add new charm to her hands and new glamour to herself.

For they are as “fashion-right” as Park Avenue can make them and durable, durable, durable beyond your fondest hopes. Two coats last actually longer than 7 days. Yes, this Lady Esther 7-Day Nail Polish is a great advance over any other polish you have ever known!

I offer you, says Lady Esther, a wonderful, new way to find exactly the shade that is luckiest for you. Read the coupon—send for my 12 “Magic Fingertips”—pale shades, soft, dusty tones... dark and vibrant colors. Put your best fingers forward with the smartest new shades on your fingertips.

Lady Esther
7-DAY NAIL POLISH

Gable betting on Seabiscuit sees hoss cop Santa Anita Handicap. Carole Lombard picked also-war, tears up ticket

CONSISTENTLY holding their respective leads in the Hollywood Champion-Vamp contest (for both Huns and Hers) are Jimmy Stewart and Ann Sheridan—Jimmy plays 'em all, but never plays 'em to the altar. Recent sharers-of-the-Stewart-evening included Olivia de Havilland (who steps around quite a bit herself), Ilona Massey (who's no mean eyelid), and Katherine Aldridge. . .

As for Oomphy Ann, she's still playing Sheridan, Sheridan, Who's Got the Sheridan? with most of the available males in movieland. Cesar Romero still dates her out (even though he seems to hesitate at marrying her); Anatole Litvak keeps her phone busy (even after those romance-denials)—and now George Brent, heaven's gift to lonely Hollywood damsel, is spending lots of phone money on Ann. On their home lot (Warner's) there's a certain pair of biggies who've laid a four-figure bet on whether or not George and Ann'll marry. Tattler'd take the "NO" end; George goes for dating, NOT for mating.

Cupid's COUPLET:
C "Shipwreck" Kelly and Brenda Frazier—
And that's a twosome that ought to amazier!

Cupid's COUPLET:
Alan Gordon and Carole Landis—
Everywhere you see 'em holding hands!

[Continued on page 8]
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 deeply stirred emotions that burn from every exciting word of the story. Henrietta 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 most of all!

Included in the notable supporting cast are

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

AN ANATOLE LITVAK PRODUCTION

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

Warner Bros.
ARE HONORED TO OFFER
'ALL THIS AND HEAVEN TOO'
FROM THE WORLD-APPLAUDED NOVEL BY
Rachel Field
USE IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK
IT'S Whip-Text FOR GREATER SMOOTHNESS

For lovable lips with plenty of "Man Appeal" apply the magic of IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK, the lipstick that's Whip-Text for greater smoothness. Whipped again and again by a new secret process, Irresistible Lipstick is softer, smoother, more lasting, non-drying. In vibrant, exciting, clear colors that add witchery to your make-up: FLASH RED, FIRE PINK, FUCHSIA PLUM, ORCHID and other smart shades, with matching Rouge and Face Powder.

10¢ AT ALL 5 AND 10 CENT STORES

USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME TONIGHT!

20th-Fox production chief Darryl Zanuck offers Academy Oscar to Dr. H. T. Kalmus of Technicolor for bringing 3-color process successfully to feature length pictures—a well-merited tribute.

QUAINTEST traveling-companions of year took the Honolulu trip together: George Brent and Ralph Forbes. They must have had plenty to talk about. BOTH used to be married to Ruth Chatterton.

HOLLYWOOD Crack-of-the-Month comes from Columnist Irv Hoffman, who says much in little. Cracks Irv:

"In view of all these Hollywood divorces, we're wondering if the marital ties aren't made there with SLIP-KNOTS."

FINIS to the Arleen Wheldan-Alex D'Aarcy heat-wave came when Alex drove three days and nights, virtually without rest, to reach Hollywood from the East in time to keep a made-in-advance date with Arleen. BUT—when he arrived, he found her busy with another guy. Indignantly, he becketed: "How come?" And Arleen blandly replied: "I didn't think you'd make it."

SOOOOOO—since then, Alex has been dating Marguerite Chapman, while Arleen has been dating dancer Paul Draper, and Ken Murray. MOST OF ALL, Ken Murray ... ! But definitely!

WHAT Hollywood CAN'T understand is WHY isn't Joan Crawford married again?

So jittery is the town over Joan's protracted single-blessedness that all the round-about-towners had fits the other night when the rumor spread, like wildfire, that Joan had eloped with Lee Bowman, with whom she'd been doing some nite-clubbing off and on. But it was ONLY a rumor...

Yet, remember this: at that Hollywood wedding where she bridesmaided, the other week-end, it was Joan who caught the bride's bouquet.

DON'T BE SURPRISED—if Marie Wilson becomes the wife of Director Nick Grinde by the time you read this.

[Continued on page 10]
The Story of a Love Affair that lasted a lifetime!

It's a real, human story. It's got real love in it—the kind that begins in childhood and then bursts out in a flame of romance that's more thrilling than anything in the world. And it's got real drama—so true and powerful it won the Pulitzer Prize as a play. Don't miss OUR TOWN.

SOL LESSER presents

OUR TOWN

from the Pulitzer Prize Play by Thornton Wilder

WILLIAM MARTHA

HOLDEN • SCOTT
FAY BAINTER • BEULAH BONDI
THOMAS MITCHELL • GUY KIBBEE
STUART ERWIN • FRANK CRAVEN

Directed by SAM WOOD ("Goodbye Mr. Chips")
Released Thru United Artists

Coming soon to your favorite theatre
"What, no whales?" said Jerry, laughing at my empty creel. "Well, just quit jiggling your rod for a minute and sweeten your temper with a taste of Beeman's. That's real flavor, my lady. Refreshing enough to change any fisherman's luck!

"Beeman's!" I cried. "Jerry, you angel—you know I can't resist it. Beeman's flavor is so luscious! So smooth and tangy. Refreshing as a breeze at sundown. And look!—" But Jerry was already reeling in my line—with a whale of a catch! I'll say Beeman's brings me luck!

**Bill Powell takes bride Diana Lewis places. Took her to Garcia-Armstrong fight—first outdoor bout of the season**

**No Surprise** to you who jot down Tattler's tips is Ginger Roger's divorce suit. Let it be no surprise either if, by this time next year, Ginger is Mrs. Somebody-Else, and Lew Ayres is some other gal's hubby. Ginger and Lew have been content to go for four years, married but not working at it, as long as neither had any serious romance. They've both been stepping out, but being married has been insurance against either of them being high-pressured into an unwanted romance. BUT—both of them have found, now, that they'd rather be free. And the reasons are a certain man NOT in pictures, and a certain gal IN!

**Cupid's Couplet:** Forrest Tucker and Helen Parrish—Any day, they're a cinch to marry!

**Sonja Henie**, whose Hollywood romances are always interesting, now has another one. This time, it's with Dan Topping, who's just finished divorcing Arline Judge. Dan, whose charm is only equalled by his wealth, has been showering attentions on impish Sonja, and Sonja hasn't looked the other way. Half of Hollywood is betting she'll marry him; the other half, remembering Ty Power, Richard Greene, and the others, is betting Dan'll be just another "almost." Arline, looking on from the sidelines, wishes every happiness to her ex-hubby and Sonja.
NO MATTER HOW SLEEPY I AM AT BEDTIME I NEVER NEGLECT MY ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL

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

ANN SHERIDAN

STAR OF WARNER BROS.
"It All Came True"

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

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

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

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
Yes, you can dive in...and come up smiling, with lips and cheeks still colorfully fresh—perfectly made-up.

For Tangee Natural Lipstick and Tangee Natural Creme Rouge are waterproof and swimproof. They really stay on! And they're not affected by hot-weather perspiration, either!

Why not test Tangee's exclusive scientific principle yourself? Why not give your lips and your cheeks the soft, lovely color that has made Tangee the choice of beautiful women all over the world? Just send the coupon below, with 10¢, for a smart little make-up kit that's just as handy for purse and guestroom as it is for beach use.

And, we'll also include a sensational new 40-page booklet, entitled, "Make Up and Live", in which 10 of America's leading beauty editors tell you their priceless beauty secrets!

---

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder, 1 envelope 10¢ (stamps or coin, C.D. in Canada).

Check Shade of Powder Desired:
[ ] Peach
[ ] Light Rachel
[ ] Dark Rachel
[ ] Tan

Name: ____________________________
Street: ___________________________
City: ____________________________
State: ____________________________

[Continued on page 64]
To be Somebody's 
Number One Girl

give your skin this Fragrance Men love

Your womanly instinct as well as his eyes, both tell how alluring you are when bathed in the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—the fragrance men love.

Here’s a secret that might be worth a million dollars in happiness! Always go by the rule that a man’s senses are ever on the alert!

So remember, when you buy soap for the bath, Cashmere Bouquet has the fragrance men love. Yes, Cashmere Bouquet is the only fragrance of its kind in the world, a secret treasured by us for years. It’s a fragrance with peculiar affinity for the senses of men.

Massage each tiny ripple of your body daily with this delicate, cleansing lather! Glory in the departure of unwelcome body odor.

Thrill as your senses are kissed by Cashmere Bouquet’s exquisite lingering perfume. Be radiant and confident to face the world!

You’ll love this creamy-white soap for complexion, too. Its gentle, caressing lather removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly and leaves skin smooth and fresh looking.

So buy Cashmere Bouquet Soap before you bathe tonight. Get three cakes at the special price featured everywhere.

3 for 25¢

Wherever fine soaps are sold

Cashmere Bouquet Soap

The Fragrance Men Love

TUNE IN: WAYNE KING’S MUSIC

AND FREE DIAMOND RINGS EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT, 8:30, E.S.T., COLUMBIA NETWORK
The new shade for early summer
— "Pink Lady"

DURA-GLOSS
Within your grasp! A new beauty for your fingernails! Time them with the nail polish that's new, that's different—made an entirely new way! Have the most beautiful fingernails in the world. Millions of women have switched to Dura-Gloss, prefer it to polishes costing five and even ten times as much! In lovely, fashion-favored shades, at cosmetic counters everywhere—only 10¢. Lorr Laboratories, Paterson, New Jersey.

FINGERNAIL CAP
Only Dura-Gloss has it! New "fingernail cap"—coated with the polish that's in the bottle. Shows exact shade. Banishes guesswork, disappointment.

10c

I Want a Divorce may be the title of the new Joan Blondell-Dick Powell picture, but 'tain't so. You'll learn about their happy home life when you're their guests at a lawn cocktail party in Hollywood.

JOIN OUR MOVIELAND TOUR AND SEE HOLLYWOOD FROM THE INSIDE

HERE'S only one way to see Hollywood—from the inside! Thousands of tourists to the Movie Capital come away disappointed because they were not permitted inside the studios, were not allowed to watch pictures being made, and were unable to meet any stars.

But through the 1940 Fawcett Movieland Tour you will be able to do all these things, and a lot more. Motion picture Magazine has made all arrangements for a glorious two-weeks' vacation that includes travel, entertainment, and a chance to see Hollywood from the inside. All you have to do is fill out the coupon that accompanies this article and leave the details to us.

We guarantee to provide the vacation of a life-time. Here's what your ticket to the 1940 Movieland Tour gets you: A superb trip in air-conditioned Pull-
Just a Pretty Stranger
—in her own Home Town

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

USE THIS COUPON

MOVIELAND TOUR,
Fawcett Publications, Inc.,
360 North Michigan Boulevard,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:
Without obligation on my part, send me your complete, illustrated booklet describing the 1940 Movieland Tour.

Name
Address
City
State

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO—
Mum was the answer for me. All right? I’m a hit... tonight!
Georgie's step-grandma! Georgie's son by his first marriage made the actor a grandfather recently. The quarter of a million settlement that has been the obstacle to Raft's freedom for so many years won't look so big, now that George's bride is almost certain to be the wealthy movie widow. Norma's friends still haven't recovered from the surprise of her sudden romantic interest in Raft. George still retains the friends of his early night-club days. Norma has long been a social leader of the film colony. On his last Eastern visit George was interested in buying part of the flourishing La Conga night club. He is also one of the financial backers of a new night spot soon to open on Broadway. Evidently Norma hasn't tried to discourage his long-standing interests in cabarets. George practically lives in them when he's East. Meeting Margaret Lindsay proved to be one of the nicer events of the month. She is much prettier and gayer than five years of colorless screen roles led me to suspect. Like Bette Davis, Margaret was tagged early in her career as lacking the necessary sex appeal to develop fan appeal. But Margaret is doing all right. Her one complaint is that Hollywood men simply won't understand that she's too tired when working, to date. That's handicapped many a romance in her life. She's on her first vacation in years, after moving her make-up box over to Universal. She was off to Nassau and Florida in a few days. Nassau has become quite the ile since Garbo guested there with some very social friends of Gaylord Hauser. The most interesting item about Margaret I discovered over tea at the Lounbarly (and I do mean tea), was that she spent twenty-five dollars a month for rent during her first year in pictures. Another twenty-five went for food. She knows the value of money and doesn't believe in that so called necessary Hollywood front. Margaret didn't have to go through the routine of shopping while here. She looked too smart in Hollywood fashions.

BOP PRESTON JOINED Dorothy Lamour before she went off to Florida to build herself up for a tonsillectomy. The skeptics who figured this a publicity romance are wrong. Dot had the jitters for weeks, fearing that the throaty huskiness of her voice would disappear along with her tonsils. But voice tests since the operation are reassuring. Sherman Billingsley threw a gay party at the Stork for the savorg star. A tribute to a little girl who made her first night-club appearance in New York singing for her snapper (and very little else) at his club. On the heels of Bette Davis' hunt for a vanishing Gloria Dickson, who turned up living with mama and set for a divorce suit, brother Ernie eloped to Virginia with Peggy Kent, daughter of movie mogul Sidney Kent. They'll housekeep in New York for a while. Peggy's pal, Arline Judge, threw a cocktail...
party for the couple. . . Arline refused to comment on the Sonja Henie-Dan Topping romance, . . . maybe it'll take, for Sonja has a way of getting what she wants. . . . Frances Farmer returned to Hollywood for South of Pago Pago after answering Equity charges about her desertion of The Fifth Column. . . . She's recovered considerably from the Cridford Oles unsuitability. But isn't it too bad she had to miss out on one of the hits of the season. . . . Franchot Tone did something that even Paul Muni failed to do. . . . Bring a not too well-written play into the hit class by reason of the most discussed performance of the year. . . . Franchot is grand! Maybe Hollywood producers will know what to do with him when they woo him to the Coast again. . . . Ruth Chatterton was most unfortunate after a fifteen year absence from the footlights. . . . It looks marvelous. . . . But Lady Chatterley's Lover even under another name and excellently acted, is nasty stuff for a fine actress. . . . Edmund O'Brien must have made Nancy Kelly very proud of his great notices. . . . Katharine Hepburn's brother has written a play. . . . It's about the Hepburn family. . . . and especially, Katie. . . . Young Richard is following the family tradition. . . . Hepburn's ex, Ludlow Smith, has become her best boy friend again.

At the Out of Town opening of Higher and Higher, agent Ken Dulan, who has nursed Mary Martin and Frances Langford through similar trying appearances, was just no good at comforting the missus, Shirley Ross. He admitted that he had absolutely no judgment when it came to his wife. . . . Was he delighted when he reassured him that Shirley looked very lovely, and carried off her first role in a musical comedy with honors. . . . She stopped the show with a torch song that should do for her what Thanks for the Memory did in Hollywood. . . . Marta Eggert, the star, known to European film audiences, is Simone Simon with talent. . . . Bob Montgomery may repeat Doug Fairbanks' experiences in London by remaining there a long while. . . . Bob has been discouraged in Hollywood. . . . In England, he has his say in production and direction. . . . Ingrid Bergman will team with Burgess Meredith in a revival of Lillioon. . . . With Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh actually getting under way with Romeo and Juliet, but those things will not be sequel to the English production. . . . New York will have the biggest line-up of screen talent in its history. . . . Gladys George is back, in Lady in Waiting. . . . Olymic Brahms, Helen Mack, Ethel Pellen and Mary Healy, along with Michael Whalen and Peter Hayes were in town with Jimmie Fidler's troupe. . . . Mary and Hayes have been doing something of a romance on route, but it's Franchot Tone she looked up the moment she got here. . . . That was really something before Franchot left the Coast. . . . Those beauteous Powers models will be astound stuff competition for Mary.

Making merry: The Fred Astaires at the ever popular Pops Monte Carlo. . . . Mary Martin and Fred Drake . . . it's been serious for some time. . . . Hally Chester, one of the Tough Kids, sighing over Gloria Blake, seventeen year old singer. . . . Gloria's family broke up their youthful song . . . after Hally scoured the town for the very biggest and very best orchids. . . . The Brian Ahernes again . . . causing everyone to change their minds about the Ty Powers being the happiest pair around. . . . The Stork. . . . Marie Wilson . . . tired after a season of vaudeville. . . . happy that Hollywood wants her again . . . and that Nick Grinde has been wiring frantically for her to return. . . . The Waldorf: Hal Walis and Louise Fazenda being partyed . . . every theatrical light in town present . . . John Garfield and Paul Muni getting all of the attention. . . . La Conga, Tony Martin and Renee De Marco, of the dance team . . . not serious. . . . Alice Faye is still head girl with Tony despite her suit for divorce. . . . Betty Grable . . . no longer vowing with Desi Arnez, very sad about that Artie Shaw marriage, now that she has gotten over her surprise. . . . Franchot Tone with Paco Paris. . . . Cafe Savini. . . . Jeanette MacDonald, on a rare off night from her concertizing. . . . Gene Raymond has been joining her from time to time. . . . The Beachcomber: Songwriter Harry Revel, who will be reunited with partner Mack Gordon tells a little story. . . . Harry recently bought a house in Hollywood. . . . Like all new homeowners he never misses an opportunity to show off the place. . . . His sister was luring several guests a few weeks ago. . . . He offered to show a late arrival over the house. . . . Proudly he pointed out the view, the grounds, the luxury features. . . . He didn't notice that he wasn't getting much response. . . . Suddenly, the woman interrupted him. Would he mind if she didn't look any further? She knew the house well, she informed him. . . . She had built it . . . She had lived in it for many years with her husband before his death. . . . Financial troubles forced her to part with it . . . The lady was Miss Wallace Reid.

Women thrilled by this Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps!

Brought to you by Camay to Help you to Loveliness!

Women everywhere are making new Camay their favorite beauty soap . . . seeking new loveliness with the aid of Camay's gentle beauty cleansing care.

And no wonder . . . for now Camay offers them advantages which most women have never enjoyed before! Yes—we tested new Camay against six of the most popular beauty soaps we could find . . . proved Camay was milder than any of them . . . gave more father in a short time . . . had a fragrance almost 9 out of 3 women preferred! Get Camay at your dealer's, now!

I'm just thrilled by the new Camay—it's even better than ever. Such wonderful mildness and lather! And that lovely perfume lasts and lasts while there's a bit of soap left.

Atlanta, Georgia

(Signed) Le Vera Dona
Mrs. William L. Dobis

Now—more than ever—THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
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 requirement.

**Top-Flight Air Hostes**

June dances on off-duty evenings.

**Glamorous Society Actress**

**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 grand 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!"

**SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT**

POND'S, Dept. 6-CVF, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Crea enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond Liquidizing Cream (quicker-melting cleanser), and 5 different shades of Pond Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

NAME

ADDRESS

City

State

Copyright, 1946, Pond's Extract Co.
Bob Taylor and Vivien (Scarlett and Academy Winner) Leigh are reunited in whirlwind romance of World War—*Waterloo Bridge*
IF YOU THINK YOU KNOW HEDY WELL YOU HAVE A SURPRISE COMING. IN THIS INTERVIEW—THE FIRST SHE HAS GRANTED ANY MAGAZINE IN MONTHS—SHE GIVES YOU AN ALL-REVEALING PICTURE OF CHARACTER, HER PRIVATE LIFE, AND HOLLYWOOD

YOU drive up Benedict Canyon for miles, past the last clusters of houses. The country becomes wild and rugged, covered with underbrush. The road starts climbing sharply, preparatory to twisting up the mountains ahead. Suddenly you come upon a narrow road leading off to the left. It is marked, emphatically, “Private Road.” From the canyon road, you can see no house. All that you see, some distance up, is a high steel fence. You start up the road—in second. For a quarter of a mile you climb straight up the canyon side. Then you make a hairpin turn left. Around the curve is a high wooden gate. Over the gate is a sign, “Hedgerow Farm.”

Past the gate, the road, one car wide, winds on up the mountainside, with a low white fence on your left warning you that there is a cliff below, as well as above. From somewhere above you, a great Dane sets up a barking. You know you are nearing the house. You top a sharp rise and — there it is. A small, one-story, white stucco house, set on a leveled acre of ground. A white picket fence encloses the yard, which faces the mountain. Around the fence are rows of colorful flowers.

A hundred feet or so back of the house stand the garage and a building that might be servants’ quarters. Farther away stands—of all things—a large chicken house.

You don’t, somehow, expect Glamor Girl No. 1 to keep chickens. Neither do you expect to find her living in a small, secluded house that is more livable than luxurious and can’t be seen by the passerby, much less awe him. Her surroundings are a tip-off to Hedy Lamarr. She doesn’t work at the Glamor Girl business in private life.

The house is built in the shape of a wide V, with the entrance door in the center, facing the yard and the afternoon sun. A Filipino boy in a white coat ushers you into the living room, asks you to wait. “Miss Lamarr has been delayed a few moments.”

You happen to know that Hedy, herself, planned this room, as she planned every room in the house. It is an example of her taste, not [Continued on page 76]

The photos at the left and across bottom of opposite page give you the Hedy of European triumphs, taken a few years ago. The large photo opposite is the glamorous Hedy of Hollywood, who has become the most photogenic actress on the screen.
NO ONE KNOWS

By

JAMES
REID
MONSIEUR CHARLES BOYER doesn't feel so proud and cocky, any more, about his role of "Napoleon"—remember? Not that it wasn't a swell job, mind you!—probably the grandest screen Napoleon anyone has ever seen or ever will see. And Boyer felt pretty swell about it, himself, after all the critics on both sides of the Atlantic had done a rave about it. Even his home critics in France. After all, it isn't every man who can be a Napoleon and get away with it, and so Charles Boyer, as well he might, felt pretty well inflated about it....

And then came the war, and Monsieur Charles Boyer laid away his grease-paints and his fancy costumes and his stardom, and he became a private in the French army. He put on that faded-blue uniform of the poilu, which wasn't at all like Napoleon's gaudy outfit. And he got his orders to proceed to Agen, which is in Southern France, to serve with the 37th French Colonial Artillery. And as soon as his fellow privates discovered whom they had with them, they knocked Napoleon right smack out of Screen Star Boyer's head....

Boyer makes no bones about telling it, now—
"They—what you call?—kidded me unmercifully," he says, in that precise English he is re-learning now.
"See what we [Continued on page 68]

YOU'LL FIND A NEW SERIOUSNESS, A NEW INTENSITY IN CHARLES BOYER. THAT'S WHAT THE ARMY DID TO HIM
When the doc takes looker like Loretta (The Doctor Takes a Wife) he also takes his blood pressure—she's that exciting

LORETTA YOUNG
GEORGE BRENT recently said (according to an interviewer): “I feel sorry for anybody who gets a lot of publicity. I had too much, myself, in the beginning. And a reporter in New York summed it up very neatly. He said, ‘Now that you’ve had a million dollars’ worth of publicity, when are you going to make a picture? That’s all that counts in the long run with anybody—what you do on the screen.’

Now people are wondering if he is taking Ann Sheridan to dinner because he feels sorry for her.

Life hasn’t been the same for Ann since a year ago, when a bright young press-agent had a Ziegfeld urge. He wanted to glorify the American girl—as exemplified by his studio’s brand of starlet. But he wanted to be subtle about it. So he promised a number of Hollywood’s best-known and least-publicity-shy gal-lants a champagne dinner, and newspaper mention as connoisseurs, if they would proclaim one of his studio’s starlets the Hollywood girl with the most “oomph.” What “oomph” was, he didn’t say. They were free to use their imaginations. The whole idea amused the boys; they accepted with alacrity. All the press-agent had to do was to select the time, the place and the girl.

He chose Ann Sheridan, without her knowing it. She knew only that there was to be a dinner she had to attend, because some honor was going to be bestowed on her. The nature of the honor-to-come was made a mystery. (Just to make sure she wouldn’t back out.)

The dinner was most amusing. Ann wasn’t sorry, at the time, that she had gone. She had a lot of laughs. She even got a laugh out of being handed the title, “The Oomph Girl.” She didn’t suspect its serious possibilities. No one did. Everybody else laughed, too, on first hearing the words, “Oomph Girl.”

Everybody laughed, but the label stuck in everybody’s mind—particularly with press-agents constantly repeating it, to get their money’s worth out of that dinner. Everybody began asking: “What is oomph, anyway?”

Since Ann Sheridan was the girl who seemed to have it, everybody wanted to look her over, know something about her.

Within a few weeks, she became the most-photographed, most-interviewed, most-talked-about girl in Hollywood. Her bosses were delighted they gave her a raise, but they were dumbfounded. [Continued on page 70]
STARS

By

RICHARD MCKENZIE

Publicity given Hedy Lamarr led public to expect too much, too soon

"Pretty boy" publicity hurt Bob Taylor

A storm dampened Jon Hall's big build-up
THE LATEST GLAMOROUS FIGURE TO FLASH ACROSS THE HOLLYWOOD HORIZON IS IRINA BARONOVA (MONTE CARLO BALLET RUSSE) HAILED AS MOST BEAUTIFUL BALLERINA IN THE WORLD. WE GIVE YOU BARONOVA, MONTE CARLO'S LOSS, HOLLYWOOD'S GAIN

T HE Toast of Continents," reads the biography of Baranova, "the friend of kings and queens." It says, "Hailed throughout the world as not only the Most Beautiful Ballerina but as the first successor to Pavlova . . . Irina Baranova, latest glamorous figure to flash across the Hollywood horizon . . . Playing her first screen role as the gorgeous Trina, sweetheart of an archduke, in M-G-M's Florian, drama of the fall of the Hapsburg dynasty, et cetera, et cetera" . . . my, my, I thought admiringly, doesn't it sound just elegant?

It was the "Toast of Continents," the "friend of kings and queens," the "Beautiful Ballerina" that really got me. I've always had a yen to sit down and really pass the time of day with a Toast of Continents. I've often wondered how they really tick.

There seems something so not-of-our world about the world of the ballet, with its fantastic, earth-leaving figures, its conjuring names, Pavlova, Nijinsky, Zorina, Baranova . . . "latest glamorous figure to flash across the Hollywood horizon" her biography reads . . .

Alas, I thought, the very last, like as not . . . in an almost entirely deglamorized world where we know that Myrna Loy has freckles and was born in Montana, where we know that Garbo laughs, and probably eats and sleeps, too. Where Dietrich has as good as admitted, "I am mortal!" and Hedy Lamarr is dished up to us in a starchy apron Doing Good To The Poor.

I T DID seem to me that the last enigma left, the last exotic veil to be rent would be a Beautiful Ballerina, a Toast of Continents . . .

I hadn't the least idea what Baranova would be like. I'm ashamed to say I'd never seen her with the Russian Ballet. I'd never seen a picture of her. I didn't know her age, young or not so young . . . about 40, I thought, vaguely . . . and I imagined she would have kohl-darkened eyes and intricate ways, and maybe wings, for all I knew. They say that Nijinsky's feet are, structurally, the feet of a bird. I didn't know whether she was married or single. Probably single, I thought, with a long and lacquered list of lovers, kings and archdukes and things . . .

I found out, at once, that she is married. Because when I arrived at the apartment I was admitted, most courteously but unceremoniously, by a very tall, dark and handsome young man who looks like a idealized enlargement of Fredric March, and who introduced himself as German Sevastianov, and the husband of Baranova.

Well, I thought, if a friend of kings and queens must be married, this is the arch-type, if not an archduke . . . (when I learned, later, that German Sevastianov, Jerry to his friends, was Managing Director of the Russian Ballet, the pattern was complete). Irina, he was telling me, offering me a cigarette, proffering tea or sherry, [Continued on page 85]
Having been the friend of kings and queens, Irina Baronova feels very much at home in Florian, a drama of the fall of the Hapsburg dynasty in which she plays the sweetheart of an archduke.
Susan can take all the close-ups they give her. That's how her beauty registers. She will be seen soon in Mystery Ship.
NOT too many weeks ago, a publicity man who had just met him for the first time tried to tell Thomas Mitchell that he had given a great performance as the whiskey-soaked doctor in Stagecoach. Tom is suspicious of all publicity men. He wasn’t going to let this one get the idea that blarney could make them friends.

He exploded, "I’m getting fed up with you fellows calling that ‘a great performance.’ I don’t want any credit I don’t deserve. That part didn’t call for any terrific acting. With those lines and those situations, it was fool-proof. If you’ve got to write about something I’ve done, mention some part I had to work over to make a character register. I’ve had some."

The publicity man retired in confusion. Up to that moment, he had never encountered any actor who reacted pugnaciously to praise, of any kind, from any source. His confusion, however, was nothing compared with Tom’s when he was nominated for an Academy Award—for his work in Stagecoach.

He almost didn’t go to the Academy dinner. He had heard that it was pretty dull stuff: one speech after another. Friends told him that he ought to be there, in case he did get an Oscar. He scoffed at the possibility. He went, finally, only to avoid offending anybody. To forestall boredom, he invited some chance and amiable acquaintances in Dave Chasen’s cocktail bar to go with him.

When he was called to the dais to receive the award for the best masculine supporting performance of 1939, he looked thunder-struck. He was.

He didn’t get pugnacious about the Academy’s calling his acting in Stagecoach great. He took the gold statuette and liked it.

No actor yet has ever been able to turn down a tribute from fellow-actors. There is nothing he would rather get. Particularly if his name is Thomas Mitchell.

He has always been on the pudgy side. He is immune from any matinee-idol complexes. What people think of his looks doesn’t matter to him. The only thing that matters to him is whether or not he is believable in a role.

His concentration on his performances has made him the greatest scene-stealer in the business. It has also made him the greatest publicity-dodger.

“When I’m trying to be a character on the screen, I [Continued on page 66]
OLDING top rating as a movie star over a period of years is quite a task. But far easier than staying in the ranks of Hollywood's most interesting Ten. For it takes more than lucky breaks and good pictures to keep man, woman or child there. And all the relatives in the studios can't help you.

It takes a mighty unusual quality to rate recognition among Hollywood's most interesting people—because the smartest, the screwiest, the most original, the most famous and the most notorious sooner or later find their way to the corner of Vine and Hollywood Boulevard.

But to stay in that strange company—that's really something. For if time marches on elsewhere, it sprints in Flickerville, and the scene changes so rapidly that people here have been known to be fired before they were hired, and, as in the case of Our Town, babies are signed to work in pictures before they are born.

Four years ago the five hundred people queried by Motion Picture for the data from which to compile its first list of the most interesting nominated the following:

1. Shirley Temple
2. John Barrymore
3. Grace Moore
4. W. S. Van Dyke
5. Peter the Hermit
6. Al Jolson
7. Greta Garbo
8. Jim Tully
9. Harry Cohn
10. Jim Jeffries

A tabulation of the opinion of those questioned developed the following as the second team of our All-World squad of fascinating individualities:

1. Irving Thalberg
2. Aimee Semple McPherson
3. Mae West
4. Charlie Chaplin
5. Mary Pickford
6. Irvin S. Cobb
7. Joe E. Brown

[Continued on page 82]
SHE DARED TO BE A HUMAN BEING

MEETING ANN SOTHERN YOU FIND A DIFFERENT WOMAN. SHE GAVE UP GLAMOR AND POSING, BECAME HUMAN AND SO SAVED HER PROFESSIONAL AND PERSONAL LIFE

By BEN MADDUX

F YOU meet Ann Sothern today you find her, amazingly, a decidedly different woman. Her hair is still that very golden blond, her face remains artfully glamorized, her voice continues to trill as she talks to you. But make no mistake—Ann's changed plenty. She's stopped fumbling foolishly!

"I'm through trying to impress anyone but myself! When I couldn't help but realize I was stupidly making a failure of my life in Hollywood, I quit posing. Oh, certainly I used to pose! Of course, every girl is apt to pretend too much. But it's a dangerous detour. I know... that's why I'm an absolute realist now.

"I don't kid myself any more. Not about love, nor my career, nor anything that's important. I face facts. I smile at alibis. Fortunately for me, you see, I discovered how wrongly I was living, just in time to save myself. My own [Continued on page 87]
SINCE SHE WAS FIVE, PEGGY MORAN PATIENTLY PLUGGED FOR STARDOM . . . AND WON!

By E. J. SMITHSON

For many years, now, we have cherished a mighty high regard for these nimble-fingered fellows who draw pretty pictures. But our regard, high as it is, has, we confess, a deep streak of envy running through it. We'd like to be able to take our pencil or paint brush in hand and create a creditable piece of art, but apparently nature never intended us to be artistic, and about the only thing we've been able to draw satisfactorily is our breath. We can still vividly recall that sad day when we decided to draw a check only to have it bounce right back with a N. S. F. stamped across its back! This failure was a terrible blow to our artistic temperament and we gave up further attempts at drawing until the art of doodling sprang into vogue. It may surprise you, as it did us at the time, that during the period when we considered ourselves little more than a novice at this form of expression, we won a Class A medal in a state-wide doodle tournament. We'd like to elaborate at great length about this achievement, but innate modesty forbids—besides, this is neither the time nor the place to become too articulate about art.

Which brings us back to artists in general and one Earl Moran in particular. Moran is the chap who draws those unbelievably beautiful girls that illustrate the calendar in your home or office. Now this corn-fed, Iowa artist, Earl Moran, paints these curvacious beauties from live models, the cream of the New York crop, and he pays them going wages which must be high from what we've gathered. What we can't understand is why he hasn't kept that model money in the family and used his daughter, Peggy, who could give those New York models six extra curves in the right places and still beat 'em to her pappy's draw!

But her father's baffling reluctance to use his daughter as a model has probably turned out for the best because Peggy wouldn't have enjoyed the job very much anyway, having made up her mind at the age of five just what she was going to do when she got to be a big girl.

[Continued on page 90]
Lady, Take a Vow!

By CANDIDA

The "bride" wore white—a traditional satin gown. Flower spray by Parisian.

Katherine Aldridge models a gray wool going-away suit. Accessories are blue.

Kay wears striped play suit, perfect for honeymooning. She's in Sailor's Lad.

Mr. and "Mrs." step out—she in printed sheer redingote. Gowns by Nancy.

The wise bride can keep her vow to be lovely for Him, with these undergarments, right. Mother adjusts veil. 

Bride wearing Munsingwear on bride wearing white tissue net with foundation of white double net over tummy. 

Scallop edged in white lace. 

The bride at top wears Woolse's gray wool going-away suit. 

Accessories are blue Kay wears striped play suit, perfect for honeymooning. She's in Sailor's Lad.

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Accessories are blue Kay wears striped play suit, perfect for honeymooning. She's in Sailor's Lad.
Bride-to-be or girl graduate, your figure is your best friend! So keep it trim in curve-controlling foundations, bras and girdles like these inexpensive ones. Write for information on prices to Candida, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City. And please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her reply.
"It is useless to fight against some things, Monsieur," Henriette cried out. "One of them is a woman's jealousy."

"Theo, I'm not going. I'm not going to Melun," the Duchess wept. "But you'll realize—when I'm dead..."
There had been hope in her heart that February day, when she had crossed the Channel to come back to her native France again. She had thought, "Ah, this year of 1847 will bring me luck." Even that young minister on the boat, Henry Field, had given her kind words of encouragement. He had said, "Though a stranger to me, I can see that you are a sad and lonely person, my dear. But you have strength. You will fight your destiny through."

And so she had brought her letter of recommendation to the Duke and Duchess de Praslin and taken up her position of Governess in the household. And from the first day, the children had been a joy and delight. Thirteen-year-old Isabelle, gangling and awkward, was like a companion. Louise and little fat Berthe and four-year-old Raynald—all of them, bright, sunny little angels who had given her their love and devotion from the first.

And now she must lose them. Impossible to stay on, now that the Duchess had become, so openly, her enemy. That the woman had hated her from the start had been all too evident. But Henriette had pitied her. She was a strange creature, in repose, a sleeping, slumbrous volcano, but aroused, a fiend, calling on all the world to witness that her husband did not love her and that some day she would be avenged.

Her passion had been frightsome when she had learned that the Duke had taken Henriette and the children to the Opera during one of her recent trips abroad. But her calm had been even more horrifying. Henriette must continue on here, she had declared harshly, while she and the Duke presented themselves to the world as a happy couple so that there would be no breath of scandal.

Such was the plan of the rich Marechal, the Duchess' father, and the Duke had suffered visibly while they spoke of it. But as always, for the children's sake, he had agreed.

Henriette heard a footstep and she turned.

"Mademoiselle," the Duke said to her, "you mustn't leave." His fine, sensitive face was drawn, his eyes dark with tragedy.

She drew away-conscious of the blood racing hotly through her veins. "You shouldn't come here now, Monsieur. There is already enough trouble."

"I beg of you to remember the children—"

It was like a stab in her breast. "Don't, Monsieur."

He went on, "Raynald, who owes you his life. Yes, it was her courage and will that had brought the boy through diphtheria. "Louise, Isabelle, Berthe, who have learned to trust you."

"They are young—they will forget."

CAST

Henriette Deluzy
Duke de Praslin
Duchess de Praslin
Henry Field
Louise
Raynald
Isabelle
Berthe
Pierre
Marechal Sebastiam
MONTAGU LOVE
A Warner Bros. Picture
Produced by Hal B. Wallis; directed by Anatole Litvak. Screen play by Casey Robinson from the novel by Rachel Field.
She cried out, in fierce defense. "There are some things that it is useless to fight against, Monsieur, and one of them is another woman's jealousy. If I leave, it will be better for all of us. She will be happier. And perhaps in time, you and she—"

"Never!"

Her throat was dry and tortured. "She loves you, Monsieur."

He demanded harshly, "What kind of love—that drives one to madness? That delights in fury and quarrels?" His voice shook. "I hope you will never understand what it is to be slowly smothered by a love which has become loathsome."

Her white lids dropped. "I shouldn't—have presumed to speak of love at all, Monsieur." Yes, it was a word forbidden to them, by tone or gesture. "I have no right and I ask you to forget it."

"No, my dear, I'm glad you did. It was better to speak out. Somehow, it lightened the burden in his heart—the dread of the day when he would be driven to do something desperate. He took her hands.

"Mademoiselle, I know that if you stay it means putting up with slights and humiliations but—surely you haven't it in your heart to deny the children and me the only sanctuary we have."

"But, Monsieur," she implored, against the need in his voice, "I must be practical and—"

"Let's be practical, then." He held up his fingers. "There is only one reason to make you want to go and there are five reasons to keep you here."

A smile of infinite sweetness touched his lips. "Yes, Mademoiselle—four young ones and their father."

She drew a deep quivering breath. "Monsieur, you have asked me and that is enough. If you had tried to bribe or drive a bargain with me, I shouldn't be yielding against my better judgment."

Her eyes were luminous and his gaze plunged into them deeply. "To be loved as you are in this house," he said, "is above all bargains."

For a moment they were close and her yearning body swayed him like a tree in a storm. Then abruptly, he bowed and left.

The public "reconciliation" of the Duke and Duchesse de Praslin began the next day. They were seen at the opera, at gala balls, at intimate soirees. And the newspapers recorded each event Henriette would read the accounts and then she would stare blindly into space and pretend that she had never seen the printed words.

There was a great ball in the house one evening and around midnight Henriette found the three girls crouched at the head of the stairs, stealing a look at the festivities. They squealed and chattered with excitement. Everyone was there. Victor Hugo, the divine Rachel, even King Louis-Phillippe himself.

Finally, when she had [Continued on page 60]
GREAT SCOTT!!

By PAUL DEMING

AS MARTHA SCOTT WENT THRU HER PACES FOR OUR TOWN THE DIRECTOR SAID: "GREAT SCOTT, HOW MARTHA CAN ACT!" IT TAKES STOCK TRAINING IN THEATRE TO BE THAT GOOD

S ELDOM does the sudden demise of a stage play benefit anyone connected with it. The critics write their obits, the saddened producer sews on a new mourning band and sets out on a long and weary trek for a new play and golden-winged angels to back it, and the cast wears out shoe leather and nerves in heartbreaking searches for new acting chores—and that's an end of the whole business.

But when Frederick Lonsdale's The Foreigners went bust on Broadway last December after a two weeks' run, something different happened. The critics wrote their eulogies, right enough; Lonsdale, eschewing the mourning band, simply went to work on a new play and the cast began their recitations of "got anything today?" to hard-boiled Broadway theatrical agents.

But to Martha [Continued on page 72]

Martha plays original stage role of Emily in Our Town. William Holden is opposite as love interest.
WE'RE going to play smart before we get too involved in this piece about John Hubbard, the ex-M-G-M, ex-Paramount actor now laboring under the Hal Roach banner, and the reason we're going to play smart is because we have to and the reason we have to is because we're going to start out by trying to convince our readers that this Hubbard guy is one of the most sensible and normal young-men-of-the-movies in all Hollywood. And after we've done that we're going to come right out in meeting and prove that he's the "craziest" sensible young man we've ever come across, either in Hollywood or elsewhere.

It's a writing trick if we can do it—and we think we can.

For instance. He's so modest about himself and his acting talents that the Hal Roach publicity department has just about given up trying to get his name in the public prints. He just won't talk about his private life. And what's even more remarkable he just won't talk about the private lives of others. And that's something for Hollywood!

When he got himself tied to a long-term Roach contract he moved into a modest little home on the "other side of the tracks" in Beverly Hills. The reason? "My wife and I," he says, "like to live where we can enjoy real neighbors. The kind that'll let us have a cup of sugar or a pat of butter in case we run short and who'll come a-running to our house if they learn we're in trouble."

He dresses as modestly as he acts (off stage). He owns a couple of conservative suits, a few pairs of slacks and shirts to match, but a search of his wardrobe closet would fail to reveal any garment approaching the cock-eyed, show-off duds that usually adorn the many forms of ninety-nine out of a hundred of our very best actors.

He seldom, if ever, spends an evening in our chromium decorated saloons. Not that he's agin it, he says, but that it seems a great waste of time. "I'd rather stay home and play pinochle with my wife," is his sophisticated way of expressing it.

He owns a plane and flies it expertly and has for a couple of years. But you've never read of his amazing aerial adventures and you never will... He goes to bed at eleven bells precisely and sleeps (this from his wife) like a log save for the more than slightly off-key pianissimo A-Sharp sound that is called a snore in our more vulgar circles.

He'll never be elected as a member in good standing to any of our several groups of first-class exhibitionists and show-offs. He's [Continued on page 79]
Patricia Morison listens as Doc Donohue does ventriloquist act with editor Larry Reid, makes him say "Uncle!"

Mischa Auer learns Joe Schildkraut’s technique in welcoming Marjorie Weaver. Gail Patrick enjoys the act.

Camera catches Forrest Tucker playing waiter as he passes snacks to Joan Valerie, Bill Lundigan, Helen Parrish.

Marion Davies and Gene Raymond get laugh from Bob Cobb, Hollywood wit and story-teller, who spins fast one.

Beautiful eyeful Susan Hayward is hungry, takes mouthful of two handfuls of sandwiches. Guy Kibbee has big appetite.

Helen Parrish, Jackie Cooper sit out tea and eats Brenda Joyce and Owen Ward say it with—sandwiches.
THE TALK OF
GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND

No Dollar Sign

- SILLIEST MARQUEE SIGN OF THE MONTH—was on the Hollywood Boulevard filmhouse, where they were running a feature and bank night. Seems they didn’t have any Dollar-Sign to put up, so it read:
  20,000 MEN A YEAR
  1,000 FREE TONIGHT

What Ham Did They Cook?

- If a columnist had made the crack, he’d be ruled out of the studios. But they can’t do that to Bob Burns, who, when they served ham for lunch on the set the other day, remarked out loud: “You bunch of cannibals!”

Joan Will Be Blond Again

- Now that Vivien Leigh has replaced Hedy Lamarr as No. 1 glam-gal of Hollywood, you may be interested to know that Joan Bennett is going to return to her original blond.
  H’mummmm!

Interesting If True

- Interesting news from abroad is the rumor that Robert Montgomery likes London so much that he’s planning to stay there for good—and, some talk even has it, he’s even thinking of giving up his United States citizenship to become a Britisher.
  Or didn’t you know he was away?

Possessing one of Hollywood’s most gorgeous figures, Carole Landis displays it in Roach spectacle, 1,000,000 B.C.

Dead ringer for Lillian Russell in heyday, Alice Faye has best role in Lillian Russell—supported by Don Ameche

Eye-filling Rita Hayworth appears in Blondie On a Budget wearing a slinky gown. Sets off figure. Keeps within her budget.

Celebrating first year in Hollywood, Vivien Leigh gets cake from Mervyn LeRoy. Sid Franklin, Bob Taylor help eat
LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

Setting Mickey An Example

Bob Taylor's mustache is now official. After protesting against it ever since he first grew it for that film role, Bridie-Widie Barbara Stanwyck has finally surrendered, and told him that she "really likes him better" with the fuzz on his lip.

So from now on, Bob can go around with the hair on—and now probably Mickey Rooney'll start one?

Terse Verse

Note to all guys with a yen for Carole Lombard:
Clark Gable can hit 99 bull's-eyes out of a hundred!

Ann Rutherford in white terry cloth robe with attached hood shows how to prevent sunburn on beach. Doesn't mind burning pretty legs

Allergy?

Chuckliest talk of Hollywood, just now, is about what the doctor told Orson Welles (remember him?—he's the guy was going to make a movie, isn't he, mama?)....

Anyway, seems Welles kept sneezing. Even Welles, after awhile, figured out it must be some kind of allergy, like hay-fever. So he went to a specialist. And, after extensive tests, the specialists told Orson Welles, of all people!—that he is ALLERGIC to MOTION PICTURE FILM!!

P. S.—And that makes it about even. On account of motion picture film seems allergic to Welles, too. Anyway, the betting around town [Continued on page 75]
For something new under the sun look at Janice Logan's pinafore playsuit. The apron is white cotton with rose and blue pattern, playsuit underneath, rose

Concentrating on her Safari Muriel Angelus, right, gets in the mood by trying on her smart one-piece slack suit of white sharkskin. Note wide bottoms on slacks

Above, Janice's sandeze ensemble in sun orange and cinnamon was designed for fun. Over one-piece shorts garment, Janice wears a butcher boy blouse, wrap-around skirt
Out in Hollywood they're pickin' cotton for play clothes. Judith Barrett picks a flower printed frock with shirrmaker top, flared skirt, in shades of green and orange. She's snoody.

For fun on a Safari Muriel Angelus selects a light-weight beige wool circular skirt, a rust colored feather-weight angora sweater and a short-sleeved jacket of beige and blue plaid wool.

Judith Barrett also picked this three-piece cotton print in rose and yellow for fun. It is made up of a "bra" top, tailored shorts and a full wrap-around skirt.

Busy as a blue street, Ellen Drew.. she doesn't much time for fun. But when she has the turns out, in a frank blue striped sun suit.

EVIAN US BAIN
JANE DARWELL faced the casting director of Twentieth Century-Fox across his desk. "Do you mean to say you're going to let me play Ma Joad?" she quavered.

He grinned assent. Her face puckered like a child's against the impact of tears. "You're a great help," jeered Walter Herzbrun, her agent. "How d'you expect me to get any money out of these guys, with you bawling for joy?"

So she laughed instead, though shakily, and dashed home to break the news to the family—which consists of her brother Bill, his grandnieces Mary and Daphne, and assorted livestock.

"I knew you'd get it," said her brother, having of course known nothing of the kind, having warned her at frequent intervals not to get too worked up about it, having lain awake nights worrying over her disappointment if she didn't get it. As for the girls, they hopped around like crazy, hugging her, Uncle Bill, each other and any of the five dogs that got in their way.

There was also genuine joy on the studio lot—a tribute to Miss Darwell. "Our Janie," they call her affectionately, though technically she was no longer theirs. Her contract, made when she played Sailor in White Parade, expired a year ago last November. "And they were perfectly right," she declares warmly, "not to renew it.

The parts they could find for me didn't justify the salary they were paying me." The studio saw her go with regret. "Whenever there is a part, you shall have it just the same," they assured her, "contract or no contract." So she went out to free-lance.

A studio lot is a world of clashing personalities. Everyone has his pet peeves and enthusiasms. Many players are well-liked, many well-hated. To be universally beloved is rare as a robin in December. That distinction is Miss Darwell's. From directors to errand boys, eyes grow fond at mention of her name. When she enters a room, you feel unaccountably cheered. You want to stick around, basking like a cat in the sun. She has probably been the repository of more confidence than she

By Ida Zeitlin

For bringing Ma Joad to life on screen Jane Darwell wins new contract, trip to N. Y. It's a vintage year for Jane
FORD was so sure he'd found his Ma that he didn't even bother with Miss Darwell's test. It was made by another director. Then came the day when they were all to be run off, and the final decision reached, "Well, I guess that's the lot," said Ford, rising to go. An anonymous voice stopped him. "Don't you want to test?"

"Sure." His tone was indulgent, but unexcited. "Let's look at Janie."

It was noted by those interested that after the first minute or two he uncrossed his legs and leaned forward. He didn't write long. He had it shown a second time, and a third. He had it stopped at a point where Ma's heart fails her for a moment, and her face tucks into a patient mask of sorrow, as if she were leaning against something, and being held steady by it, by the corners of her mouth, as if she were smiling. He decided which was right, to whom he might be wanted in the part. And here's where the feeling for Janie was translated into words and action. "Let's give her a test, anyway. She wants it so badly."

Miss Darwell could have picked the third. It was a fool's errand. She picked the third. She didn't care how she put it. Here's how she put it: "Marvelous! She's some-thing."

"What's going to state me?"

"He's gone," said Miss Darwell.

"I'm going to have an apartment," he answered. "I helped her find a job. She free-lanced for several years and, while nothing spectacular came of it, she did all right. Then her agent heard that Jesse Lasky at Fox was hunting an actress to play Salome, "Hodie Femina." He took her over, and left her outside the office,"

"Jane Darwell? You're crazy," said Lasky.

"I believe Jane. She's such stuff.

"Mhmm. Have you seen her lately?"

"Not in—well, at that, it must be twenty years."

"Have another look." He flung the door open. Lasky did a double take, and flung his arm open, "Sailor to the life!" he yelled, as an amble, chuckling Jane stepped into his embrace.

From the part itself, The Grapes of Wrath has paid her dividends. She's been restored to the fold at Twentieth Century-Fox, with a new long-term contract and a rather different footing. Henceforth, they won't wait for suitable parts to turn up. They'll scuttle around and turn up parts for her. "Our Jane's box-office now."

JANE lives with her brother and the girls, who came to them seven years ago, on a two-acre place in the valley. "We're going to have a third room," she says, "and put cut-up stuff."

At present, they have only ducks and geese and chickens and cats.

The house is unpretentious, built not for show but for pleasant family living. We splurged," says Mr. Darwell, "on the best rooms and fireplaces." Old friends come to dinner, but there's no formal entertaining. "Oh, gi—no!" (that's her favorite expletive)—"we host big parties. She goes to the races to watch the horses run. "My brother always had trotters and pacers. We were brought up," she says, with that chuckle that is so pleasant to hear. "I love breeding horses was fine, but betting was bad. I get reck less and gamble two dollars now and then. If I win eighty cents, it's a big day."

They're a close family unit, and do things together—like going to a picture play, a long drive on Sunday. Evenings are spent round the fireplace and radio. When she's working, she's in bed by nine, and insists on an early bedtime for the girls because of school.

Mary's eighteen—a blue-eyed dreamer who goes to art school. Daphne, a year younger, is what Miss Darwell calls the saucy type. She has copper-red hair and wants to be an actress.

The Grapes of Wrath paid her another dividend. The studio gave her a new contract. "I'd like you to go to New York for a radio program."

"I'm afraid I can't afford New York now."

"It won't cost you a nickel," he said. "They indicate a gig. Then: "When do I leave?"

It was her first trip to New York in sixteen years. She attended the premiere of the picture, had dressed up with orchids sent by a friend. She tasted the fruits of screen triumph. Fans fought for autographs. She met Mr. Zanuck for the first time, when he came up to congratulate her. She met Heddy Lamarr, and was taught to feel at home. Heddy had seen the film, of which she'd never glimpsed an inch before. And she played a scene from it on a national hook-up,
"ACT Your Age," is Bonita Granville's advice to all June girl graduates. This picture proves she means what she says, for it shows Bonita is graduating this year, too. True, she won't have the conventional graduation, with white dress and tightly rolled diploma. Bonita is graduating into adult roles, for her latest part in Paramount's Those Good Old Days. And this step up from younger sister, spoiled brat and willful schoolgirl parts to glamor girl leads is every bit as important to her as the end of your school days and the hunt for your first job.

Bonita laughed when I asked her how she felt about all this, and admitted it was fun to have a grown-up part for a change. But it's not going to make her lose sight of the fact that she's still a young girl. "I think it's silly to try to look and act much older than you really are," she told me. "No one can have any better time than I'm having right now."

Certainly no one has a better chance of being really lovely than Bonita with her fresh young skin and sparkling mischievous eyes. She's typical of thousands of graduates and near graduates, of all you girls who are eager to be attractive and popular, without being sophisticated. The only advantage Bonita has over the rest of you is expert supervision of her beauty routines by the studio make-up artists. But she's eager to pass those "secrets" along to you, through my article.

This new picture of her tells part of the story. Gone is the awkward-looking youngster who made everyone's life (including her own) miserable in countless pictures from [Continued on page 56]

BY DENISE CAINE

BONITA GRANVILLE HAS GRADUATED TO ADULT ROLES BUT SHE HASN'T LOST SIGHT OF THE FACT THAT SHE'S STILL A YOUNG GIRL. AND HER ADVICE TO YOU IS LOOK AND ACT YOUR AGE

WILL YOU BE A JUNE BRIDE?

Or a Sweet Girl Graduate? Denise Caine will tell you how to look your loveliest on the big day. Write her about your skin, hair or make-up troubles—or send a snap shot if you want a new hair style. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply, and address your letter to Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.
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 you have a new skin unfolding—crowding
eagerly forward to replace your old skin that is de-
parting in almost invisible, worn-out flakes!

These tiny flakes can menace the loveliness of your new
skin, says Lady Esther. Why let them? Why not help your
new skin to bring you new youthfulness?

Each unfolding of your skin can bring you Reborn
Beauty, says Lady Esther, if only you will let my 4-Purpose
Cream help you to remove—tenderly and gently—those tiny
flakes of worn-out skin veiling your complexion today—
beckoning the glory of your new skin!

Run your fingertips over your face now. You probably can
feel the tiny rough spots left by those almost invisible flakes
of worn-out skin. They’re the thieves that steal the beauty of
your face powder—keep even the finest powder from going on
smoothly—make you look older!

Let my 4-Purpose Cream help you remove them properly—
soothingly—gently! It loosens the impurities so that you may
wait them away gently—helps Nature refine your pores and
reveal the youthful freshness of your “new-born skin!”

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

All the better if he’s a specialist on the skin! Ask him about
so-called skin foods—about hormones and vitamins. I’ll be
surprised, yes, 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!

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream at my expense. Use it twice a
day or oftener. Try it before you powder. See how much more
glamorous your powder looks. Let my cream help bring you
New-Born Beauty—help keep your Accent on Youth!

Please Accept Lady Esther’s 7-Day Tube FREE!

The Miracle
of Reborn Skin

Your skin is constantly
wearing out—drying—
flaking off almost invis-
ibly. But it is immediately
replaced by new-born skin
—always crowding upward
and outward. Lady Esther
says you can help make
each rebirth of your skin
a true Rebirth of Beauty!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (56)
Lady Esther, 750 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous
sample tube of Lady Esther Face
Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, post-
paid. (Offer limited to one per family.)

Name

Address

City. State

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)
These Three through the Nancy Drew series. Gone are the days when her hair was differently arranged, let fall where it would; when her brows were left thick and hearty to suit any make-up. How she’s changed! Her hair is still worn in the long bob, but it’s parted differently, and waved softly around the face. The straggling bangs are gone, the brows are set, and their arch has been accentuated slightly, to give depth to her eyes. A light film of the correct shade of powder gives her skin the effect of a mask, and a stick brings out the curves of her mouth. Bonita’s chin tends to be a trifle strong—so the studio make-up artists taught her to widen her mouth slightly at the corners, and to build up the curves of her upper lip. This makes the mouth seem more in proportion to the lower part of her face. A darker face powder dusted over the jawline helps to shade off that fullness.

Both Bonita and her beauty advisors feel that absolute cleanliness is the most important thing for all young skins, and especially for those oil-sweated, many-teen-age skins are! Bonnies applies plenty of cold cream to remove the heavy make-up used on the set. She massages it in with the tips of her fingers, and after greasepaint with tissues, then reapplies the cream to be sure to get every last trace of the make-up. Next, she works up a thick cleansing lather with a mild soap, lukewarm water and a soft bristled brush or sponge. The friction of the brush helps keep the pores free of black heads, and prevents their becoming clogged with oil or waste matter.

The most significant thing about Bonita’s cleansing routine is that she doubles up on everything. She’s not satisfied to cream her face lightly, nor to wash it just once, even with the friction of the brush! She repeats the washing procedure, always with a rinse between washes, and then rinses twice, thoroughly, with cool water.

Bonita thinks every girl should be extra careful to choose make-up that tones in with her own coloring. That means taking into consideration the color of your eyes and hair as well as your skin. If you’re a blue-eyed, blonde girl, choose lighter or brighter shades of powder, and the pink or raspberry shades of lipstick and rouge. Dark-eyed brunettes can wear the warmer tones of powder, with the true red or new rust red shades of lipstick and rouge. Be sure, too, that your lipstick and rouge harmonize with each other, and that your nail polish tones in with them both.

Hollywood girls learn early that soft, well-groomed hands and feet, clean-smelling hair are worth having. Bonnie’s blue mop is washed twice a week at the studio, and set in soft waves every morning. And it freely gleams with shining highlights when you meet her. That should convince you that it doesn’t hurt to wash your hair often. Simply being careful to use a mild shampoo—and wash your hair as often as necessary. I said mild shampoo, because harsh soaps and strong alkaline solutions will injure your hair if used only once a month!

Don’t think you have too much hair. Lots of you write me you can’t brush your hair because you have a permanent, or you don’t need to brush your hair because you’ve had a ringlet perm. Of course your hair is too oily, and brushing makes it worse. I say “Taint so” to each and every one of these poor excuses. Brushing will make your wave softer and deeper, and more natural looking. A rinse will brighten the color of your hair slightly—but it can’t give it that true healthy shine. If it’s a trifle less than just what it needs! Because brushing, the proper kind, stimulates the oil glands of the scalp to a more normal rate of production. (That is—your own hair.)

It distributes what oil there is on your hair evenly, so you won’t have an oily scalp and dry ends. And five minutes brush-work each day pumps up the circulation of the scalp to keep your hair in your head of hair.

Do you have difficulty choosing make-up that harmonizes with your coloring—and with itself? Then you’re just the girl I want to tell about a swell-elegant new kit of three make-up items, all keyed to each other and to your coloring. It’s a bargain if I know one! First, there’s a generous sized box of rouge.

It gives your skin a smooth, velvety finish that lasts and lasts. Next there’s a compact rouge of the smoothest spreading variety that goes on or go on blithely to give you that hectic flushed look. Apply it lightly after powdering, because you can always add more, but you’re apt to rub it into your pores if you try to remove any excess. And lastly, there’s a new lipstick—just enough to go on smoothly, but not enough to smear or run down into the little grooves around your mouth. I’ll stay on, too, especially if you apply it lightly, and let it set for about five minutes—then blot off the excess grease with a facial tissue. All three of these cosmetics come in four types, and one of them is especially designed for you. I’ll be delighted to show you how to choose your set if you’ll write me about your coloring. The price of the kit including powder, rouge and lipstick is only 55 cents.

Looking for a soap that will do a super cleansing job—and still be kind to your skin? Then you should surely try one of my favorites that’s been improved just about 100 percent—or so I say. First, this new improvement brings you a soap that will give you a gentler, more abundant lather in a shorter time. It’s a small bubbled lather that fairly swooshes away dirt and excess oils, leaving behind no hint of oily, dirty, greasy oils in your skin. It contains no free alkalis to irritate or, leave a dry and taut feeling. The soap always did have a delicately lovely fragrance—but it’s ten times nicer, now. It’s more lasting, to begin with, and I think you’ll find you prefer the scent, too. Hundreds of women who tested it did! All in all, these improvements make the soap a bigger help than ever before to your complexion, and clear and radiant looking—and keeping it that way. And the price remains as low as ever—a nickel everywhere.

Don’t let summer breezes fool you into thinking you needn’t use a hand lubricant from now on. Your hands are in water just as much as they are in the wintertime, aren’t they? That’s what dries them out—not just the cold weather, but the water, too. You see, there are very few oil glands in the back of your hands, so what little oil they do supply is easily rinsed away when you go swimming, washing, bathing, cooking, or doing the dishes. That means you should use a hand lotion or cream several times daily, whenever your hands have been in water, if you want them to stay soft. You can’t afford to carry the lubricant up your arms—and pay special attention to elbows. They become course so easily—and rough elbows certainly aren’t glamorous.

One of our best known manufacturers of hand lotions has recently brought out a hand cream that is a worthy addition to the family. It spreads easily, and vanishes completely into the skin, so it won’t leave the hands sticky. I can heartily recommend it for you. It is an ointment that are rough and dry and sore, because it does such a fine job of soothing, softening and whitening. Its deliciously feminine scent is nice because it is made up in an appealingly buttery hand cream as a vanishing type of powder base, to keep your make-up on smoothly—it won’t ooze through, or give your nose that unpleasant shine—and to help protect your skin from sunburn this summer. (The hand lotion makes an equally good make-up foundation, if your skin tends to be oily, and you prefer the liquid type of toner.) Both the lotion and the cream come in 10 cent sizes, and the large jar of the hand cream costs only 39 cents. Want to know more?

**Act Your Age**

*(Continued from page 54)*

**Y**ou can wash your hair as often as you want, when you use the fine oil shampoo I’m telling you about. The several olive and vegetable oils of which it’s made are specially pure, and free from dirt and excess oils, so they and loose dandruff flakes can be easily rinsed away. The shampoo is really an oil treatment and cleanser in one, because it lubricates the hair way down to the base of each tiny shaft, and leaves it soft and glossy looking. There will be no dulling film left on your hair to spoil its lustre when you use this shampoo, because the oils of which it’s made are completely soluble in water. Use it weekly to keep your hair at its loveliest. You’ll find this shampoo in dime, drug and department stores, and you can have a treatment with it at almost any beauty shop. Want the name?

Bonita, like most of the other younger Hollywood stars, likes perfumed cologne for its cooling fragrance on hot summer days. She uses it when she walks in the wave of her hair, before going dancing, because it acts as a wave scent, and scents the hair slightly—quite the glamour trick, don’t you think? Slip a perfumed powder after the daily bathing—the alcohol gives a wonderfully refreshing tingle, and the perfume of the cologne will be gradually released by the warmth of your body, during the day. I’ll be glad to give you the name of a delightful cologne that comes in six of the floral fragrances that are so popular during spring and summer months. Carnation, lily and honeysuckle are especially fresh, but each scent is nicer than the last, and the attractive Hobnail bottles make you want to have at least two or three for your dressing-table. You can use the bottles as vases, lamp bases or just decorative glassware when the perfume is all gone. Each contains nine ounces—that should give you many cool mornings this summer. The price is $1.00.
1. Gr-r-r! That gang of mine! They would stir up a skating party on the very day I'm being a woman. I couldn't go! I was sizzling mad! So I sneaked up the stairs. But...

2. My Aunt Kate who's down on a visit wanted to know "how come." So I upped and told her, "I'm chafed. One turn around the rink and I'd be fit for a wheel chair." The next thing I knew, things were flying around. And...

3. Out of Aunt Kate's bag came a box of Miracle Modess. "Haven't you heard that Modess now has 'Moisture zoning'?" she stormed. "It acts to direct moisture inside the pad—keeping edges dry and comfortable longer than ever before."

4. "And look at this," she rushed on: "Here's why Modess is so heavenly soft! The inside is made of fluff—airy as a cloud. Entirely different from layer-type napkins." "I'm sold," I piped up, but Aunt Kate said, "Wait! I'll show you another surprise!"

5. She took the moisture-resistant backing out of a Modess pad—poured some water on it—and not one drop came through. "See," she crowed: "Modess is safer, too!" Right away quick, I borrowed the box and...

6. Whango! When the crowd came over to play ping pong that night, I romped off with the game and sweet revenge! I'll say it's Miracle Modess and glorious comfort for me from now on. (Specially since I've found it costs no more!)

TRY IT NOW! NEW MIRACLE MODESS WITH "MOISTURE ZONING"
EVERY WOMAN KNOWS THE FLATTERING RESULTS OF A GOOD "FACIAL." FROSTINGS BRING EQUAL CHARM TO CAKE COMPLEXIONS

IVE your cakes a flattering frosting "facial"!
Every woman knows the flattering results of a good "facial," and in quite a similar way a thick, delicious, creamy frosting brings equal charm to cake complexions! The frosting serves to fill in any unsightly pores, depressions or rough edges on the cake; it coats it with a uniformly smooth surface pleasing to the eye; it helps keep the cake moist and less likely to crumble or dry out; it adds color or heightened make-up to the ensemble; last, it may be used as true ornament when manipulated by a cake decorating or frosting tube into flowers, scrolls and greetings like Happy Birthday!

In most cakes also, the frosting adds to the sugary sweetness of the entire cake. But one should by all means avoid anything in the nature of a goo-y frosting.
or filling—and let the frosting be a topping, on effect, and permit the cake to shine of its own good qualities.

The term “icing” has been entirely discarded in favor of “frosting,” which means any coating spread either on the inner layers or on the top or sides of cake. In general it can be laid down as a good rule to use uncooked or simple frostings on delicate and sponge cake mixtures; reserve cooked and richer frostings for butter cake and similar rich cake mixtures. Fudge type frostings are especially appropriate to dark, devil’s food, and other chocolate mixtures; lemon, lime, orange and other tart fruit juices team well with white cakes, sponge and “sunshine” cakes which need scarcely any frosting; loaf cakes are not usually frosted except lightly on the top only.

That Simple Uncooked Frosting: The most simple frosting is uncooked, and is made from a mixture of confectioner’s sugar (XXX), blended with sufficient liquid to produce a spreading consistency. Always twice-sift the sugar in a flour sifter to free from all lumps. If cocoa or other dry ingredient is to be used, first sift together with the sugar. Add liquid (which may be cream, orange juice, coffee infusion, etc.) slowly, so as not to get mixture too thin to spread. If coloring is to be added, be sure to blend a very small amount in a teaspoon of water and add with care until just the right tint is achieved.

**HERES** a good novel example of this frosting, which is easy and quick to mix, and which gives a fine facial to the sponge-type of cakes:

**CREAM CHEESE CHOCOLATE FROSTING**

| 1 package (3 oz.) cream cheese |
| ½ cup sweetened condensed milk |
| 1⅓ cups sifted confectioner’s sugar |
| 2 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted |
| ¾ teaspoon salt |
| ½ teaspoon vanilla |

**Mash** cream cheese with silver fork. Add condensed milk and whip until smooth. Add sugar gradually and beat until light. Add melted chocolate, salt, and vanilla, and beat well until thoroughly blended. (Sufficient for tops of two 9-inch layers or 18 cupcakes.) A smooth creamy frosting which keeps well.

And, here’s still another—this time featuring fruit juices which bring a cool refreshing flavor to the frosting. It’s called:

**GOLDEN BUTTER FROSTING**

| ¼ cup butter |
| 2 cups sifted confectioner’s sugar |
| dash of salt |
| 1 egg yolk |
| 2 tablespoons orange juice |
| 1 teaspoon lemon juice |
| 1½ teaspoons grated orange rind |

Cream butter until soft. Gradually stir in 1 cup sugar. Add salt and egg yolk. Add remaining sugar alternately with blended orange and lemon juices, beating smooth after each addition. Add grated rind. Beat until light and creamy. (Sufficient for tops of two 9-inch layers or about 18 cupcakes.)

**Still another excellent frosting of this same type** gains its fine creamy spreading quality from the use of sweetened condensed milk, which always insures velvet-smooth consistency whether used in frosting or sauces. Added to melted chocolate, it

**Meddle! Meddle! Meddle!** Goodness only knows why, but this busy neighbor does it plenty! She criticizes you for this. She criticizes you for that. And glory, what a spot you’re in—if she looks at your little angel and finds her dressed in dingy, tattle-tale gray!

**Don’t get mad**—just get wise! For no matter how hard you rub and rub, some soaps are so weak-kneed they simply can’t budge all the dirt out of clothes. So hurry to the grocer’s and switch to the soap that doesn’t give dirt a chance! Switch to Fels-Naptha—golden bar or golden chips!

**Then parade the baby in style!** And prick up your ears—whenever that meddler comes around. For Fels-Naptha’s richer golden soap and gentle, dirt-loosening naptha, working as a well-balanced team, make tattle-tale gray give up in despair. They get clothes honestly clean all the way through. So sunny-white and sweet—it’s a thrill to have even a meddler notice—to hear her sing your praises to the skies!

Now—Fels-Naptha brings you 2 grand ways to banish “Tattle-Tale Gray”!

“Use the golden bar for all bar-soap jobs. It’s just the best ever! Use the golden chum wherever you use box-soap. They’re HUSKIER flakes—not puffed up with air like flimsy, sucee powders. And now they’ve got a new suds-builder that makes oodles of rich, busy suds. Simply grand for washing machines.”

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All This, and Heaven Too

[Continued from page 42]

gotten them back to bed, she walked into the schoolroom, in lonely indecision. Her heart was troubled. The children were beginning to notice that the Duke never came to see them any more. They grew more and more to hear of their mother's angry spells and Isabelle had declared that she would never get married because she didn't want to be like Maman. She told Maman how much she longed to be a mother. She thought it was a pity that one should be made in a pretense and not by nature. "If we were going to have a child, we would have it in a fit of passion," she said, "and not in a moment of reason,"

"The woman was shrieking out at the Duke as if she were in agony. "Theo! Last night I begged you to come to me— in the sacred name of God, and you went your way."

"In the name of your pride," he returned, "her voice rose piercingly. "How cruel you are. I'm not going. I'm not going to Maman's boudoir when I'm dead and out of your way.""

In a stark silence, Henriette sat in the carriage with the children and waited. Then the Duke came out and said to go on alone.

He and the Duchesse would not be coming along. "Here are the tickets," he said quietly to Henriette. "Give the children as good a time as possible. I shall think of all of you during the holidays."

The Duke's chateau was a lovely place set deep in the woods of Melun. Every day Henriette played games with the children and taught them their lessons. But when night came, her thoughts were elsewhere, fleeting swiftly to a pair of dark, unhappy eyes, to a tender mouth that seldom smiled. One night they were celebrating All Hal- lows Eve and a fire in the clearing where suddenly a dark, cloaked figure appeared. The children let out a scream but a hearty laugh answered them.

"So you thought I was a ghost," the Duke called. "Don't you know your own father?"

A moment later, everyone was babbling happily and no one even commented on the fact that the Duchesse hadn't come along. Then towards the end of the evening stopped off for tea at Madame Gauthier's lodge. There was a music box going and the Duke suddenly did a few fancy twirls. Henriette turned her glowing face to him. "Monsieur—the Duke and Melun you're the youngest child of them all."

He sat down beside her. "Why shouldn't I? Then his face grew serious. "Madame, don't we all like to look back to the time when we were happiest? Don't you?"

Her eyes clouded. " Didn't you have a happy childhood?"

"No."

"He was all quick sympathy. "I'm sorry to hear that. Why?"

"Well, I was alone," then she told him about her grandfather—how he had hated her for being his daughter. When she was old enough, she had run off to England to work and had dropped the name of Desportes and become Mademoiselle Delucy.

"But what made you become a governess?"

"Since I loved children—what better?"

"Marriage," he said quietly. "It would make me happiest to think of you seated in a chair before my own son."

"And your own husband looking at you and counting his blessings."

"She could barely speak for a second. Then she rose. Thank you, Monsieur. We—we must get the children. It's late and it's a long drive home."

"When they were back at the chateau, the children were quiet. The Duke helped Henriette out of the carriage and looked at her tenderly. "It's been a long day. You're tired."

"He tilted up her chin and looked at her frightened eyes. "Would you have preferred I hadn't come here?"

"Something glistened—one of her tears. "God help me, no. And I can't deny it has been beautiful to have you here. But there's the accounting that you will and I will have to give."

"Whatever comes," he said sternly, "I promise you that you will not have to face it."

But this time I can't help feeling that you will pay dearly."

His eyes went a little wild. "I always pay. Sometimes I pay most for what I never had."

Now his words were hushed. "These feelings—this glimpse of what life might have been—I haven't asked for more."

"No," she breathed.

"And if it had been only one hour or one minute it would have been worth throwing away a fortune."

"Knowing—that it could never last?"

"It will last as long as it is remembered. And then suddenly their longing for each other blazed into flame. They drew togetherness and she gathered her hands to his lips. Her heart was bursting and she felt the need to crush her mouth to his, to be clasped tight against his beating heart.

The chateau door opened and the light was full upon them. In the entrance stood the Duchesse' father. "Theo," he said sharply, "if you are kind enough to step into the study."

The Duke pressed her fingers as, a moment later, he left her to enter the study. A short time afterward, Henriette was called to the Duchess. The woman's face was twisted like an animal as she spoke and there was poison in the drip of her words. Her attack was swift and brutal. Mademoiselle was entirely without morals or scruples. She had conspired to become the mistress of the de Praslin household beneath a mask of innocence. She had thought to resign without rivalry, no matter how scandalous the position. She had tried to steal a mother's four children away.

Finally, Henriette was able to speak. Courteously, she denied all of the Duchess' accusations. Then she said, "You must know that a dismissal now will place me in a false light. A governess has only one stock in trade, Madame, and that is her good character.

The Duchesse nodded. "Then I will be generous. I will give you a letter, clearing your name of scandal and praising you as the most excellent of governesses."

She cried desperately. "I can have no money, a person anything if you will only go away."

"I don't know, Madame."

"I once before the Duke had pleaded with her. She could not let herself be forced into a false position now. "There are so many things to consider. The children, a promise I made him. I must have a chance to think."

An insolent smile sharpened the Duchess' face. "You needn't hope that this time he will protect you. A man who has found it so easy to replace a wife will not find it difficult to replace a—governess."

She waved her hand in dismissal. Outside the library, the Duke was waiting for Henriette. He was in a mood of black anger. "If you had heard him," he raged. "The filth of that wretched mindless- ness. Oh, he took care to paint the picture for me. It's a popular one—the wife and mother left deserted, ill and suffering while his husband consorts—oh, it's too shame- ful."

Henriette touched his arm. "My dear friend, we have both known how it had to end."

He looked at her. "Yes," he said quietly, [Continued on page 62]
**Three fights a day....**

Those upsetting "scenes"—those long-drawn-out conflicts about eating—do not have to happen. Countless mothers have proved with Clapp's Strained and Chopped Foods that such troubles can be avoided. They've shown how important it is to offer foods whose flavors and textures please the baby and suit his stage of development.

**Or three happy meals?**

Babies take to Clapp's!

They like the flavors—special vegetables bred, grown, cooked, and lightly seasoned to please the taste of babies. (And they test high in vitamins and minerals, too.)

They like the textures—not too coarse for easy handling, nor too fine for exercise.

They like the variety—more kinds than any other brand offers.

They like the pleasant placid transition from Strained Foods to Chopped Foods—the same good garden-fresh flavors they've always known.

• Any wonder Clapp's know what babies like? Doctors and mothers have been giving them tips about it for almost 20 years! Clapp's is the oldest baby foods house, and the only one of any importance that makes nothing else.

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**Clapp's Baby Foods**

**OKAYED BY DOCTORS AND BABIES**

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**Hollywood's Trick Parties**

For anything at all—ANYTHING!—Hollywood'll just bust out with a party... if your cat has kittens, if you catch cold, if you've just finished a picture—any of these things'll be excuse for a party... 

EVEN, believe it or not, the arrival of a 16-pound smoked ham!... One arrived at Henry Willson's house, from Virginia—a 16-pound Smithfield, kidney-smoked ham... So what?—so came a party. Henry called together as Alan Beldin, Carol Stone, John Payne and Aimee Shirley, Grace and Bill Henry and Pat Ellis—and they had a ham dinner... And NOBODY—nobody at ALL—even mentioned tweets to the sweet and ham to the—well, you finish it!

May Allah help the Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy friend... They've worked and worked and worked this up, to pull at some future Hollywood party, when they're both guests, and the party goes into a dinner party route. Jeanette and Nelson have practiced on a double xylophone, so that they're practically perfect on the good, old William Tell Overture—with variations... 

So much, mmmm!... Swank Party of the Month—was the one thrown by the Jack Warners for Lady Diana and Alfred Duff-Cooper, my word! It was a Japanese party... Cherry blossoms and little Japanese figurines were the decorations of the little tables set all over the Warner dining-room, which seats so many, many people... 

Hostess' gown, specially made for Mrs. W., by Jack's studio's ace-designer Otis Kelly, was a print gown, Japanese fashion... Guests and features: Els Maxwell with her wild anecdotest of her personal appearance tour... Myrna Loy and Hubby Arthur Hornblow tasting a mean thumbs. Eddie G. Robinson, still glowing over the compliments on his Doctor Ehrlich germ-battling... George Raft, positively GLUED to Norma Shearer... Gwilym Andre apparently playing a re-take with one-time heavy boy friend Willis Goldbeck,... Marlene Dietrich knocking 'em cold with a white gown... Lil' Damita WITHOUT Erol Flynn, looking stunning... 

BIRTHDAY Gift Gag-of-the-Month—was what Mary Livingstone did to Jack Benny, when they ate dinner in their home the eve of his birthday... 

In his jello, Jack found a pair of diamond cuff-links... It was Mary's birthday present... Now Jack is afraid to eat jello at home... He thinks maybe he'd find Oxon Welles in it... Most Brilliant Party-Decoration Idea of the Month—was what was done to the porch of Johnny Mack Brown's lovely house, when tenants Joelle and Doris Stein threw a party... Endless yards and yards and yards of colored cellulose paper were draped---re-draped around and about the porch... The many glowing lights, shining through the transparent colored stuff, made the place glowy... 

Big party it was, too, big enough for TWO tiers, not just one... There were all pairs of the partsiest names in Hollywood present... If you ever ever get invited to one of the Saturday night light-bulb parties during the racing season at Bing Crosby's Del Mar track, you'll hear the regular rendition of the—well, maybe you could call it the place's theme-songs... Anyway, Bing, Pat O'Brien and others usually get together on some time during the evening, and it goes like this:—

Shake hands with your Uncle Mike, me bby; 
Shake hands with your Sister Kate; 
And here is the gin you used to swing 
Down on the garden gate; 
Shake hands with all the neighbors, 
And kiss the colena all; 
You're as welcome as the flowers by May—

TO DEAR OLD DONEGAL!?!?

**KID-Party of the Month—was the third birthday party given for little Woody Van Dyke by Papa Director Woody and mama... Scene of the party was that elaborate children's playground the Van Dykes have built on their estate—a playhouse divided into two parts: a swank three-room apartment for little Barbara and a workshop-playshop combined for little Woody... More than a score of Hollywood's movie tots were guests at the party. 

They ate at a specially-built table, T-shaped, low enough to accommodate the little ones, and adorned with horns, balloons, trick paper hats and gay-colored bags full of my favors... They ate creamed chicken, ice cream and cake.
He seized her roughly. "Why didn't you tell me? I had no idea until I heard from Madame Le Maire."

Her eyes were heavy with fatigue but every fiber in her thrilled to his touch. "She shouldn't have let you know. You have enough trouble as it is."

"At least I could have done something—given you money—"

"No, I don't want money. Only the letter. I must have it."

There was such a fury in him that he could have torn down the roof of the world. "When did you write last? What did she say? What dared she say?"

She clapsed her hands. "That if I would go back to England perhaps she would send me the letter there." Then her eyes flashed. "If that won't be done out of my own country in disgrace. Isn't it enough?"

"Enough for her!" His voice rasped. "You underestimate her, my dear. She has power in those plump white hands of hers and she will squeeze and shut up!"

She cried out, "Stop. You frighten me, Theo."

"I frighten you?"

"The look on your face."

He asked stridently, "Is it as noticeable as that—that I am going mad?"

A piercing pain went through her. "Please," she implored. "She spoke calmly, despite her inner tumult. "Let's forget the letter. I'll manage."

His lips twisted. "Come to the house tomorrow." He pressed a kiss to her hands. "You'll have the letter. Come at two o'clock…"

It was toward dawn that Henriette suddenly awoke to a loud knocking on her door. Two gendarmes stood there. Then everything took on a nightmarish quality. They were saying that the Duchess de Praslin had been murdered. She, herself, was under arrest. There was talk of an intrigue with the Duke…something about a scandal. All Paris had known, it seemed. . .

For days she paced her cell at the Convent, with only terror for a companion. She was not permitted to see anyone, not even allowed to read a newspaper. The jailer had told her that the Duke was being questioned. But he had not been arrested and from the bottom of her heart she thanked God for that.

Her trial started a few weeks later and day after day they pounded questions at her. What was her influence in the Duke’s household? When had she last seen him? She had wronged the Duchess, had she not? With all her strength, she cried out the denial. No, it was not true. She had loved the children, been a friend of the Duke's, but an intrigue? No. Never!

Then, that day, back in her cell, a visitor was announced. She started in surprise as she had not expected any. When she was permitted to enter she was greeted with a surprise. He was the young American minister, Henry Field, whom she had met on the boat. His face was infinitely compassionate as he approached her. "Please," he said, "I came with just a word of faith that might be some comfort to you."

She smiled bleakly. "Comfort in faith?"

He nodded. "I don't know whether I can tell you about sounding soday—but I believe that no matter what our despair, there is a heaven on this earth for each of us if we can only find it."

"In your eyes," she softly asked. "A woman is dead—the children I loved are orphaned. I am afraid I cannot believe in your heaven on earth, Mr. Field."

"You mustn't." Her cheeks were aflame. "Don't you know that you can't help me but only harm yourself? Haven't you heard
what everyone is saying about me?" He was silent. "Suppose I tell you it's true."
"It will make no difference," he asked. "Have you good legal counsel for your ques-
tioning before the House of Peers tomorrow?"
"No, I don't want a lawyer. I can an-
swer their questions myself." Questions?
What was there to say to them? That the
only happiness she had ever known had been
a few stolen minutes with the Duke in the
moonlight? That he had given her some
tender words that would remain in her heart
forever?
"But you have no knowledge of the law," he
protested. "And some blunder on your part—
or some clever scheme of theirs—
might do you great harm."
"I'll risk it." She was taut as she stood
before him. "I'll tell them anything they
want to know. The truth is all I have to
rely on and I prefer to give it to them in my
own way."
She was in the witness stand the next day
and Pasquier began hurling accusations after
accusations at her. "These lofty sentiments
which you express for the children," he
shouted, "did they not extend to the father?"
"We always return to that, don't we, Mon-
sieur?"
"Yes, and we will always return to it."
"Then I will tell you again," she said
quietly. She did not bring into that hearing
—since that is in your mind. But I had a
genuine affection for the Duke. Can you
understand that it is possible to love hon-
eastly?"
Pasquier was exasperated. "Can you
call it an honest love when it results in a
violent crime and death?"
Suddenly, there was an intrusion—a
courier with a message. Then Pasquier
turned to her. "Mademoiselle Deluzy, I
advise you to prepare yourself for a shock.
News of the most startling nature has just
reached me. The Duke de Praslin has
taken poison."
She froze to ice. Then one terrible cry
came from her. "Oh, no!"
"Even now, he is dying. By his own hand
he has left you to face the arched anger of
the French people."
"No. I beg of you—" Then she crumpled
and went intomercy blackness.
Conscious again, she realized that she was
in a fast-moving carriage. From a great
distance, she heard voices. They were tak-
ing her to the Duke, hoping that he would
confess his love for her when she appeared
at his bedside.
Her shoulders were bent in agony as she
passed through the front door. With what
joy and eagerness she had entered this place
for the first time. She could almost bear the
children's laughter, feel again Theo's
warm handclasp when they had met that
day. Now they were in his room, and her
strength almost failed her again as she saw
him lying there, so white and still.
Then the torture began. Pasquier stood
over him and thundered, "Are you guilty?
Answer, yes or no." As the questions were
brought to his ears, the Duke would shake
his head weakly, "Did you love her?"
Over and over, Pasquier flung it at him and
each time received a "No," for an answer.
First Henriette was led out of the room
and there in the dark corridor, the frenzied
tears of grief poured from her eyes in a
great torrent. . .
A few weeks later, she stood before a
leader plate stabbed deep into the earth.
Sad and despairing, she looked at the grave.
"Is this what you have come to, the Duke de
Praslin—a grave in unconsecrated ground?
[Continued on page 65]
EX-LAX MOVIES

Dad saves the Day for Junior!

MOTHER: How I dread giving Junior this laxative! He raises such a fuss!
FATHER: You can't blame the kid. I wouldn't want to take it myself!

MOTHER: Well, what else can I give him? You know he needs a laxative.
FATHER: What about Ex-Lax? It tastes like chocolate and works fine!

During Ex-Lax did wonders for Junior! And he took it without even a whimper.
FATHER: That's what I like about Ex-Lax! It not only tastes good — it's good for you!

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¢

PICTURE PARADE

TOO MANY HUSBANDS

Remember The Awful Truth? Well, Too Many Husbands is also based on a marital mix-up and is every bit as much fun. Claude Binyon does a beautiful job of adapting this W. Somerset Maugham play to the screen and Wesley Ruggles does some top-notch directing. Together, they give us a delightful musical score and the superb talents of Jean Arthur, Fred MacMurray, Harry Davenport, Dorothy Peterson and Melvyn Douglas. It adds up to one of the most charming comedies of the season. It is as light and frothy as a champagne cocktail. And the idea is precious. Jean Arthur believing herself widowed by her husband. The Fred MacMurray married his best friend and partner, Melvyn Douglas. The honeymoon is barely over when Mrs. MacMurray turns up ALIVE after being rescued from a castaway island. Which makes Jean a fugitive in something. Anyway, she likes it and so will you. Jean wants them both, but neither the movie nor the stage will allow it. But see for yourself how Jean handles "too many husbands." It's one of her best performances and she's at her most beautiful.

The story is based on a true story. In the real life, the couple had their honeymoon in a hotel in California. The honeymoon was cut short when the wife was arrested for bigamy.

If you're shopping for a spy, Western or romantic melodrama go to the nearest motion picture theatre exhibiting Virginia City, for this latest Warner epic is a combination of all three and is rife with thrills, heroines and romantics. It takes you back to Virginia City, Nevada, a Union stronghold, during the Civil War. There you meet Capt. Terry Bradford (Errol Flynn) a Union intelligence officer who learns of a Confederate sympathizer's plan to remove $5,000,000 in gold to Richmond, Va., for the Confederacy. Heading the enemy's party are Julia Haynes (Miriam Hopkins) and Capt. Vance Wylly (Randolph Scott). Capt. Bradford is determined to block the passage of this gold and succeeds but his romantic inclinations towards the beautiful Miss Haynes interferes with his duty and he is court-martialed, convicted and doomed to death for refusing to advise his superiors where the bullion has been cached. But we're not going to tell you what happens next. Errol Flynn, Miriam Hopkins and Randolph Scott are swell in the top spots and leading grand support are Humphrey Bogart, Frank McHugh, Alan Hale, Gillian Williams, John Litel and others. — Variety Brae

[Continued on page 14]
A number on your tombstone such as convicts wear in life?" 
Her mind touched on many things. It was Pierre who had told her the truth. The Duchess had refused Theo the letter of recommendation that night and so he had destroyed her. And when he had died, he had sent Henriette a message. "Tell her," he had said to Pierre, "that I worship her. She is my heart and my lost soul. But if I confessed that, they would have sent her to her death. They can never harm her now." 
"Sleep well, my dear," she sobbed. "Rest well. I waited too long." 
Henri Field stood at her elbow. Gently, he took her arm. "Please, you only torment yourself."
She turned for one last look. "Yes, goodbye, my dear," she whispered. "You will not be lonely for I am lying at your side," Henri said her away and outside he said, "We must begin to think of the future. You are not safe in France. The anger of the people is still high."
She shook her head. "This is where I was born. I will stay here. Only—it feels odd to be dead so young." 
He looked at her. "Well, we shall see. I agree with you that Henriette Delnuz is dead—but who can tell about the future of Henriette Desportes?"
"Who indeed?" Henriette thought some months later as she looked at the class of girls before her. She had finished her story. A while before they had all been giggling together. Yes, the "crime" of Mademoiselle Delnuz had even travelled here to America where Henry had brought her. It was to him she owed this position in Miss Haines girls' school. It was for him now that she must try to hold it.
"Well," she said to them all, "it is for you to tell me the end of my story. Do you think that this 'Mademoiselle D' deserves to suffer the rest of her life, or do you think she has earned the right to continue her work in this country where so many before her have taken refuge?" 
She waited. Then suddenly there came a heartrending cheer from all of them.
She addressed one of the girls—the boldest of the lot who had drawn a caricature of her on the blackboard. "You, Emily Schuyler, you haven't said anything. That surprises me. I thought you'd be the first to ask me a question."
The girl rose and said falteringly, "I haven't any question, Mademoiselle. Then she gestured to the others. "No. You needn't tell us any more. I guess you know how we feel. We're just—just plain skunks."
The laughter and tears of the others broke up the decorum of the class. Then Henriette glanced at her watch. Her lips were quivering as she smiled. "All right, Mademoiselles—tomorrow we will resume our lessons. You have learned precious little French today but I think you have learned some kindness and tolerance. So perhaps the hour has not been entirely wasted."

Henry had been standing outside and when they were gone, he came in. "It was a real victory," he said. "You've won their love for all their lives."
"Then—I am content with the future."
"But if you could only see into your future—see that there is someone who could love and cherish you—who needs you?"

FROM a great distance she heard Theo's voice, "...and then, if you looked closely enough, the whole rest of the world seemed to be obliterated and shut out."
The utter loudness in her heart welled into her eyes. "I am afraid of love, Henry," she said. "I always will be."
"And yet you were born for love," he said gently, "and to rule as queen in your own home—and there before your fireplace to gather about you your children—"
Her misty eyes lifted to his. "He said that—that it would make him happy."
"Yes. And I promised you once that you will find a Heaven on this earth—and I am going to keep that promise."
She looked at him in wonderment. Could this ever be for her? Was it right? And then, suddenly, the weight of sadness and tragedy began, in some incomprehensible way, to lift from her shoulders. Almost, she could see ahead, could see the light of that fireside—as it might someday shine on the heads of a group of laughing youngsters. And Henry—Henry Field would be at her side.

They never thought she'd land him!

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don't want audiences thinking about me except in terms of that character," he says. "I don't want them thinking of me in terms of publicity hooey."

There is also another reason why he is wary of press-agents. Actors don't start going Hollywood until they start eating up their publicity. He has a horror of going Hollywood in any form.

He sounds like a would-be hermit. He isn't. He doesn't avoid anybody except press-agents and reporters. He is as gregarious as any Irishman. The price of a three-cent beer. He knows everybody in town. And everybody knows him, by sight and by reputation. But not by virtue of his tooting his own horn.

In a weak moment early in his Hollywood sojourn, he was high-pressured into giving "a few biographical facts" about Thomas Mitchell. He gave only a few. He hasn't elaborated on them publicly since. After four years, they are all that Hollywood knows of his background, his long stock companies, to get where he is today. He just won't dramatize himself.

He was born in Elizabeth, New Jersey. According to studio statistics, the date was July 11, 1869. According to a recent story in his home-town paper, the date was July 11, 1892. Whichever is correct, he still is this side of fifty.

Someone once asked Tom haughtily if he had any famous ancestors. Tom haughtily replied, "Dion Boucicault, the famous Irish actor-playwright." He was only giving vent to his Irish mistrustfulness. The only actors in the family before Tom were 'way back on his mother's side, and they set no Irish rivers afire.

Both his father and mother were straight from Ireland. All Tom has to do today to acquire a brogue (see Gone With the Wind and Three Cheers for the Irish) is to remember how they used to talk. His father was a furniture dealer, who knew an investment when he saw one. When the old Elizabeth Opera House went on the auction block, he bought it, converted half of it into living quarters for two adults and seven children. (Tom was the youngest of five boys) and still had room in the other half to store furniture stock.

Tom says, "I got stage-struck as a kid, and I'm not over it yet." How it happened to him, and didn't happen to anyone else in the family, he can't explain. As he remembers, he was the least bashful of the Mitchell offspring. When a teacher asked him to recite something in front of a class, he was up there reciting before she could change her mind and ask somebody else. Any time there was a school play, he was always the bondy in it. As long as he was in short pants, his family didn't pay much attention to this. But when he began nearing his present height of five feet nine, and was driving everybody mad, always rehearsing around the house, there was a family council. What was going to become of Tom, if they didn't get a way to put that energy of his under control? His brother, John, who worked on a newspaper in nearby Newark, took him in hand, pulled wires, got him a job as a cub reporter.

Cubs are invariably sent in pursuit of the duller stories. Even then, Tom had no liking for things dull. To make the stories interesting, he injected imaginative touches. After printing a certain number of retractions, the paper told him that he "would be happier elsewhere." The paper left no doubt that it would be happier if he were elsewhere.

His pugnaciousness cropped out then as a determination to "make good as a newspaperman. But his heart wasn't in it. He went from paper to paper, not lasting long at any of them. He couldn't obey the journalistic injunction to "keep his mouth shut," he had an unsuppressible urge to dramatize. To get some of it out of his system, he wrote a dramatic vaudeville skit, suggested by something he had run across while reporting, and had been able to imagine. A booking agency was interested in it. When he heard that particular bit of news, Tom started talking fast. Why couldn't he play the central character?

He was only 17, but he kept the booking agency from suspecting it. He was hired to tour in his own skit. It wasn't a colossal flop. Neither was it a colossal success. The principal thing that it did for him—when he ran out of bookings —was to get him a job in a stock company. That led to jobs. There he was. It's the old familiar story of an actor who learned his trade in the toughest, best school of them all—stock companies.

His first New York appearance in 1913, was Madison Square Garden, of all places. The famous Ben Greet Players took over the arena for a Shakespearean festival, and he played Trinculo in The Tempest. He did all right. He got an offer to join Charles A. Coburn's Shakespeare Company, spent the next two years touring the country, presenting Shakespeare at colleges. That was the news he ever got to acquire a college education.

Then the Ben Greet Players returned to America and he rejoined them for their New York engagement. When they left, he stayed on Broadway. He was still there in 1936 when the movies got him.

Counting the roles he did in stock, he has played more than one thousand roles on the stage. He ought to know how to act. But acting isn't his only theatrical talent. He has written plays. He has directed plays. He has produced plays. When the movies signed him, it was on a three-way contract—act, write and direct. He has been kept so busy acting that he hasn't had a chance to do anything else. But he'll get the chance, one of these days. Right now, he's writing a new play.

It wasn't all beer and skittles for him on Broadway, however. There was one time when he was flat broke. He went around to a theatre to borrow a few dollars from an actor playing there. The actor "wasn't around." As Tom was trying to find out from the stage doorman when his pal would be around, a stranger standing near-by came over, and said, "What did you want to see him about? Did you want to borrow some money?" Tom, taken aback, said, "Why, yes, I did."

The stranger took a roll of bills from his pocket, peeled off a hundred-dollar note, handed it to the doorman, and went out. He then took to catch up with him. "What's your name?" he was asked. "Jules Wolheim," the man said. Thus began a friendship that lasted until Wolheim's death. He went out to Hollywood once to visit Wolheim. He couldn't be tempted by the movies then. Stage-directing at that time was still new to him.
"I FIRST met him when he was making one of his first pictures. It was a blistering day, and he was on location at the typical small-town railroad station in Ar- cadia, for scenes in *Theodore Goes Wild*. Arcadia is not exactly a hot day. Perspiration was pouring off Tom, glistening on his ruddy face. "I never suspected," he said, grinning, "that actors had to sweat like this to get that movie money. I'm thinking of going back to writing."

He's still working hard for what he gets. But what he gets, nowadays, would make you whistle. Every time he has stolen a picture, his salary has gone up another notch. And he hasn't been in a picture yet that he hasn't stolen any scene he has adorned. Here's the list, since *Lost Horizon*, for you to mull over for yourself: *Make Way for Tomorrow*, *The Hurricane*, *Love, Honor and Behave*, *Stagecoach*, *Only Angels Have Wings*, Mr. Smith Goes to Washington, *Gone With the Wind*, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, *Swiss Family Robinson*, *Three Cheers for the Irish*. He reached stardom in *Swiss Family Robinson*. "We might as well star him," cracked Producer Gene Towne. "He'll steal the picture, anyway."

Tom is constantly amazed at the amount of money the movies pay actors. "They probably rate what they get, bringing people into theatres," he says. "But there's something screwy somewhere. Nobody is worth that much salary."

He's salting his way. Not going Hollywood. Not spending on display. He resents the fact that in Hollywood he needs what he calls "an ensemble": an agent, a stand-in, a secretary, a chauffeur, a gardener. In New York, he didn't need even a chauffeur. There he could walk if he didn't taxi. (He doesn't drive, himself.) On his days off, he still walks. It's the only form of exercise he likes. He covers ten to twelve miles a day, walking along the roads around Pacific Palisades, where he lives in an inconspicuous French Provincial house.

He pays no attention to his clothes. He rivals Bing Crosby as Hollywood's slickest dresser—except that Bing's wardrobe is a bit on the loud side. Snappy sport jackets aren't in Tom's line. He sticks to business suits, which usually look rumpled, and ties, which are usually askew. No one can ever say, looking at him, that he's going Hollywood.

He doesn't look like the type, and even denies that he is the type—but he collects rare books. He also collects paintings, by the modernists. He will argue anything, just for the fun of arguing. Conversation is his idea of relaxation. His favorite form of conversation is reminiscences about the good old days in the theatre. His favorite rendezvous is Dave Chasen's eatery, where the Broadway crowd collects.

When he's working, the boys don't see much of him. He stays home, studying his lines. He will rehearse until 2 or 3 a.m. if he isn't satisfied with the way the lines are going.

He may take his acting seriously, but he has a lively sense of humor. He isn't the professional Irishman, given to Irish jokes. Neither is he a wise-cracker. But when he wants to make a point, he can usually think of some funny reminiscence to illustrate what he means.

Other players don't resent him, as they resent other notorious scene-stealers. He hasn't any hokey tricks up his sleeve, gestures to distract the audience's attention from other players. He steals his scenes the honest way, by being conversingly natural, by extracting every last drop of emotion from a character. And there are pictures with Tom, other players know they have to work, and work hard.

He has been married twice. He was married twice. He was married twice. (For twenty years), Anne Stuart Brown, is the mother of his grown- and married daughter, Anne, who is the apple of his eye. His second wife was Rachel Hart of former stage actress. They were so quietly divorced last fall that few people in Hollywood know that they have even separated.

He has one phobia while acting. He can't stand still photographers who grab quick shots during "takes." He blows up every time. The last time it happened, the crew framed a gag on him: hung a huge sign on the trailer he uses as a portable dressing-room, "Welcome, Candid Camera Club of America!" He took it—with a grin.

He has a new story that he is telling now, when anybody tries to tell him he is a great actor. He describes the scene in *Swiss Family Robinson* in which, after falling off the raft unconscious, he is rescued by Freddie Bartholomew. He and Freddie are in a gondola scene in person, not with benefit of doubles. As Freddie, a strong swimmer, hooked one arm around his neck and started towing him through the water, Tom began flailing the water erratically with his arms. When the "rescue" was completed, Freddie said to him, "You certainly gave a great performance as a drowning man, Mr. Mitchell."

"That wasn't a performance," protested Tom. "You were choking me to death!"

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How Boyer’s Private Life Changed Him

[Continued from page 24]

have!” cried the pollux, as they played valet to the horses for the cannons, “It is the Little Napoleon, isn’t it? My, my, how he has changed!...”

He had not been seen in Hollywood, that is, as far as anyone had been able to make him out to be, before the year’s end. That, too, was a change, for the new commission, which the French had awarded him, was to be a kind of image of him. But there then came to the surface the fact that quality that makes Boyer one of the finer men in pictures—that ability to see beyond his own time, beyond the narrow, back of the ranks, to do what he does in Hollywood, a younger man—and an even more impressive one.

THERE is about him a new seriousness, a new strength that wasn’t plain before. And a new realization of the fact that his own individual self isn’t so important. He is glad of that experience in France.

“I am happy it happened to me. It was not pleasant; it is not pleasant to us to have our ego slapped down, is it?” he says, frankly. “It is doubly hard to keep one’s balance in Hollywood and after what Hollywood has done to one who makes a success in pictures,...

Well, it took a war to save me from what might have been a touch of too much Hollywood. I have recovered my own balance. A short time in the army was enough to wipe out, for me, any false ideas Hollywood might have planted in my mind, of my own importance.”

Boyer speaks more words, when he says that. True, he is out of the army now—out of the French army. But he is a soldier of France. Today, in his every spare moment, he is working fiercely for France’s cause. Yet do not ever insinuate to him, or in his hearing, that he was excused from army service by France, so that he might come here as a sort of unofficial ambassador, or propaganda agent.

That’s hokey, he fiercely tells you. He was mustered out of service not to go back to America and propagandize. He was mustered out because he is, after all, forty-two years old—and France has found that she will not have to call her men of the forties to the colors—not, that is, unless the threat grows far worse than it seems likely to now.

Boyer’s faded gray-blue pillow uniform, however, is still ready. And so is Boyer. If France calls, he’ll go back again, like THAT!” he exclaimed. “Never mind horses, if so ordered—or to digging front-line trenches—or to stopping a Nazi bullet, if that’s what fate has in store for him. Because, in the final analysis, Boyer is first of all a Frenchman. And with his France in peril, he knows that his old “line” of wanting to be what he called “international,” back in the peaceful interlude, was just so much publicity twaddle....

That was when, skyrocketing to stardom, he gave out interviews about the stultifying effect of staying too long in any place. He felt that a half year in Hollywood, then a half year in Paris, says, was what he wanted. He was to have been the best American or the Allies or their people or their cause....

MEANTIME, back with that new seriousness and that new earnestness, Boyer is devoting himself fiercely to retrieving whatever he may have lost of his screen and radio prestige during those months of army service in France.

He feels he has lost something. He knows, for example, that by that concentrated intensity of being French lost him much of his facility with the English tongue. He found himself tripping over words and phrases with painful inaccuracy. So, since he’s back, he has spent hours a day, re-learning his English so he can put over to you American gals the same appeal—from the screen or your home radio.

He works at it. He took six weeks off and did nothing but practice English. Even now, he has recordings made of his rehearsals for his radio programs—the very first rehearsal of each broadcast goes on wax, and Boyer carries them home and plays them to himself—over and over and over. Then painstakingly and painfully, he repeats and reads and corrects. For every Boyer broadcast you hear, you can depend on it that Boyer, himself, has done it a hundred times—just to satisfy himself that you’ll be able to understand.

Yes—debonair, casual, off-handed as he is on the screen and on his programs, just so painstakingly precise and hard-working he is, in the actual production of what he puts out for your entertainment. In the studio—screen or radio—he is a strict boss. Here, he becomes Napoleon again.

If you want to work with him, you’ve got to be eager or else to be cut out of his job. He doesn’t care if you’re his hair or rent or insult his co-workers, but unless they can come through, all they get from him is a polite thank you and good-bye. He is not nasty, but he is deadly cold with incompetence, when he encounters it.

If France ever does call him back to the colors—and gives him a commission, as would be most likely—then his men can depend on it: they’ll have to step lively when Boyer commands—or there’ll be hell to pay. They won’t kid him then about being Napoleon, He’ll BE Napoleon!

But let’s get back to Hollywood—

He and his wife, British Pat Paterson (there’s a Franco-British alliance for you!), are back in Beverly Hills home. The exterior is a Mexican farmhouse type—the kind you find by the dozen about Hollywood. Boyer couldn’t do much about his house for his absence. But inside, he’s done his bit by France.

Inside, the Mexican farmhouse does a complete national flip-flop, and becomes the essence of France—French furniture, both period and modern, French fittings, French
books by the score—including Boyer's favorite, many-times-read-and-re-read volume, *Two Wagons* which is rich with the psychology of friendship.

And above all, a French cellar—one of the grandest cellars in all Hollywood, stacked from floor to ceiling with the finest of French wines, especially champagne. For Boyer loves his wines, and there is no more popular dinner-host in all Hollywood than Monsieur Boyer.

Pat Paterson is becoming Mrs. Charles Boyer more and more, every day. When he married her, she was on the fair road to becoming a rather big star herself, as Pat Paterson. And then she met Boyer, and poof ... ! That was while they were both at 20th-Fox. Three weeks after they met, they were at a party at Wallace Sheehan's home. That was in February of 1934. Boyer had made up his mind that he'd never marry. Pat had done pretty much the same. So what?—so, as they left the Sheehan party, Boyer suddenly changed his mind. That's the privilege of a Frenchman. And so did Pat, because everybody knows that it's a woman's privilege, too. And they eloped and got married—and they've never regretted it for a single moment, since.

Not even though M. Boyer follows the French precept in his attitude toward marriage. A Frenchman still holds that a wife is pretty much a chattel. Certainly. Pat Paterson has faded from her own effulgence as a coming star into the pale relative unimportantness of being merely Monsieur Boyer's wife and helpmeet. She loves it. And as long as Boyer insists (as he does) on going shopping with her, to help pick out her clothes—her hats, her gowns, her shoes, her more intimate things—why Pat's satisfied.

And if her friends wonder why she's becoming such a mousy, subdued little wife, she doesn't care. Let them not forget that Mrs. Charles Boyer is happy—even after well over six years of married life. And in Hollywood, there are dam' few wives who can say that!

Of his private life, Boyer will say nothing to interviewers. He will not discuss Pat, nor his home, nor any of his intimate doings. As a matter of fact, Boyer is one of the publicity-shiers of Hollywood, on the surface. He keeps people away from his rehearsals, and keeps his stages closed to visitors. He dodges interviewers. And yet, he does it all with such charm and such ineffable courtesy that the very people he rebuffs praise for it.

And therein lies something of the secret of Boyer's success, Boyer is one of those heaven-gifted individuals who'll never have to read Dale Carnegie's hints on How to Win Friends and Influence People. As a matter of fact, Mr. Carnegie could learn a bookful himself, from M. Boyer. . .

Boyer has, to a greater degree than any other actor now in circulation, the same indescribable quality that made Rudolph Valentino what he was. Women unashamedly admit that they go into dithers at either the sight of him on the screen or the sound of his voice on the radio. They practically swoon when he starts to make love. Psychologists will prate learnedly of the reasons—they'll tell you that Boyer is the "dream man" of every woman—the man whom, to younger girls, is not like their boy friends or their brothers but somehow "different"; the man who, to older women, is everything they wish their husbands were.

Boyer is the hero of every woman's hidden dream romance. And the psychologists will bet that he'll still be that, even if the women DO know that he wears a hair-piece when he appears before the camera. After all, a man may lose a few hairs at forty-two, but if he's a Boyer, he'll lose no tiny bit of charm along with them ... !

Himself—he's a moody chap. If you have the entire to the inside circles and meeting places, you'll see him, often enough, sitting at his lunch table, all alone, for hours after he's finished his coffee. He'll just sit there, silently and practically unmoving. His eyes are fixed on nothing you can see—but the intensity of them tells you plainer than words that Boyer sees much with them, as he stares. He lights one cigarette from another—chain-smoking. But he tells no one—not even Pat—what thoughts pass through his mind in those long, silent periods.

Those who know him and his moods and his habits don't approach him, during these introspective interludes. They know that at such times, if ever, Boyer MAY be momentarily rude. And they know that if he's let alone, to gloom it out to the end, he'll suddenly snap out of it, and with all the concentrated charm and magnetism of personality that you know as Boyer, he will suddenly bubble back to life.

Maybe that silent, moody, depressed, heavy-faced, chain-smoking, surly-looking Boyer is the real Boyer. Maybe the charming, or even the lady-killer Boyer is just an act. If it is, it's the best one Hollywood has ever seen. He doesn't miss a trick—

He even sends an orchid, every broadcast night, to his leading lady. . . .

What a man!—what a French man!!
also. Their starlet was attracting more attention than their stars. And they didn't know exactly what to do about it.

While they waited warily to see if the furor might last, they cast Ann in the same sort of roles as usual. Walter Wanger had more faith in the drawing power of "oomph." He wanted to borrow Ann, feature her in a college picture called "Hail, called college. Warners were happy to have someone else take the gamble; particularly someone like Wanger, who had done right well by Hedy Lamarr.

People weren't sure what to look for, but, after so much clamor, they looked for something more than they found in Winter Carnival. (Which was no Aligia.) And they were baffled to find Ann still in small roles in other pictures. Unimportant pictures.

Ballyhooed out of all proportion to her screen accomplishments, she was ballyhooed.

People expected her to be sensational. When she wasn't, they resented it. They felt cheated. They said; "We'd like to see her do something to deserve the attention she has been getting." That put Ann on a spot. And it put her studio, which had started all the excitement, on a spot.

The public wanted Ann. But Ann Sheridan play star-sized roles in important pictures? Isn't she equal to them? Ann didn't know. Her studio didn't know.

But the public wanted that last question answered "Yes" or "No."

The answer is supposed to be in It All Came True, just completed. Ann's whole future hinges on this one picture. If it confutes the skeptics, they said, "If it creates more skeptics, it may be Good-bye, Ann Sheridan."

SHE isn't the first player who has been publicized to the point where the public gets tough and says: "All right, we know all about you. Now, show us what you can do!"

Hedy Lamarr has been ballyhooed.

When Hedy made her big hit in Algiers, in a small role ideally suited to her exotic beauty, her own studio was caught by surprise. It had nothing to give her in the way of an immediate follow-up picture; only tons of publicity. And the longer it took to prepare a picture for her, the more frantically the press-agents toiled to keep the world Lamarr-conscious.

They analyzed her appeal as Glamor with a Capital G. So they ballyhooed her as Glamor Girl No. 1. They took hundreds of photographs of her, taking care that each one suggested that Hedy was breathtakingly beautiful—that she had something no one else on the screen had. They took scads of fashion photos, insinuating that no one wore clothes quite so well as Hedy. They defied newspapers and magazines with their artistic photography. They gave hints of her past, each hint conveying the impression that she had lived more colorfully than any other player. They sold the idea that Hedy had everything that anyone could want a dream-girl to have.

This went on till near the end of her first picture on her home lot. After $750,000 had been spent on it, the picture was shelved. The official reason was "story trouble." The principal trouble with the story was that it had too much dialogue. Hedy tried hard, but she wasn't equal to the nuances of vocal expression that so much dialogue called for.

She had everything but varied acting experience.

While debating how to salvage the $750,000, studio heads had to do something about amusing the public during a Lamarr picture. They rushed her into some Adrian gowns, a romantic foreign setting, the arms of Robert Taylor, and Lady of the Tules. It looked as if she would be left to do little except look exquisitely beautiful. The publicity hullabaloo died away to a whisper. There were prayers that, after the great build-up, the public wouldn't expect too much—would be satisfied with just looking at her. Millions of people found looking at her an undeniable pleasure. Even the critics.

"But," the critics added querulously, "when are we going to find out if she can act?"

The remake of I Take This Woman proves that Hedy has been spending long and profitable hours with a voice coach. But she still is on a spot.

Robert Taylor was ballyhooed. The press-agents, who didn't notice Bob until the public did, took another look and saw a boy so good-looking that, with a little pushing, he could be star-sized. And they wanted Ann to do something as hand-some as every girl would like her boy-friend to be. So they set about ballyhooing him as The Perfect Lover, the Beau Ideal.

They had him in the portrait gallery constantly, so that they could constantly flood periodicals with proofs of the perfection of his features. Not so much as a hair was ever out of place. Glamor—Camera art was created. If it created more skeptics, it may be Good-bye, Walter Yvanger. While he went on shining, the studio couldn't help listening, began wondering if their idol was a little short on masculinity. Bob finally had to prove that he was a he-man, or else. His whole career depended on A Look at Oxford. He showed that he could take physical punishment, man-style. Since then, men have liked him better. And, if you've noticed, his principal publicity since has been about his dancing. His outdoor life is a rehash of his photographs have been the candid kind. But he had a narrow escape from oblivion.

Simone Simon was ballyhooed. Her American debut was preceded by a billboard campaign, of the "teaser" variety. On every main thoroughfare in America, big white letters on a background of solid black asked, "Who's Simone Simon?" People went to see her in the hope that she was something dazzlingly different, and discovered a stub-nosed little French girl with a provocative pout, whose English was difficult to understand.

She was different, but not dazzling. Why all the excitement—when there were
American actresses who were prettier, who could act just as well, and who could be understood? Simone, who had a developed her English, and she played the Wistful heroine of that perennial heart-warmer, *Seventh Heaven*. But when an audience has a show-us attitude, it's difficult to impress an audience—just a star. Press-agents built up great expectations of Arleen Whelan. She was the first real, live Hollywood Cinderella. A beautiful girl who hadn't even dreamed of a movie career, she had been working as a manicurist in a Boulevard barber shop when a director discovered her. For a year the studio had been grooming her for her screen debut—as a star. During that year Selznick had offered $50,000 for her contract, because he thought she could play *Scarlett O'Hara*, and the offer had been turned down.

Impressed by her publicity, people expected to be impressed by Arleen in *Kidnapped*. But her drab costume dimmed her beauty, and her role let her be nothing but an ingénue, and her inexperience was plain to see. People refused to think of her as a star... If she hadn't been ballyhooed, they would have welcomed her to the screen, asked to see more of her. She would have been kept busy.

When Marlene Dietrich and her studio parted company, the studio didn't go into mourning; it had another Viva Miranda—who, according to the press-agents, was an inspiration for poetry by D'Annunzio. She had everything Dietrich had, and more. That was the gist of the ballyhoo preceding her appearance in *Hotel Imperial*, once intended for Marlene. After such a build-up, the let-down was terrific. She was attractive, and able. But people had been led to expect more.

Her studio was positive that it had a great hind in Iona Massey. So positive that the press-agents, not trusting the public to appreciate her without being prodded into it, turned on the ballyhoo full force. Here was a great beauty, a great singer, a great actress. They quoted her director as saying that in two years' time she would put both Garbo and Dietrich in the shade. People went to *Rouge* with a show-us attitude. They quoted her to dominate the picture—which she didn't. They felt misled. And they didn't like straining to understand her English,...

Her studio didn't dare present her again for a year. And then the publicity was all about her heart-breaking struggle to make good in Hollywood. The effort wasn't to awe audiences, but to ask them to give the girl a chance. As it turned out, that was all she needed to make a great hit.

BEFORE The Hurricane was released, press-agents did most of their shouting about new-discovery Jon Hall. He was, from all accounts, a young bronze god. People went to the picture expecting to come out raving about Jon Hall. Instead, Dorothy Lamour and a storm got the raves... And Jon, through no fault of his own, has been a species of forgotten man ever since, because he was ballyhooed in his first picture. But now that the ballyhoo has died down Jon is being given a second chance (after three years) in *South of Pago-Pago* and may prove himself a man to remember.

Ballyhoo that he was a replica of James Cagney gave people the wrong expectations about William Cagney. He's still in Hollywood, but not on the screen; he's Jimmy's business manager.... Joan Fontaine knew what she was doing when she objected to any publicity that she was Olivia de Havilland's sister.

Newcomers aren't the only ones who run the danger of being ballyhooed. Stars are also susceptible.

Martha Raye clamored to be given glamer, but the ballyhoo continued to be about the size of her mouth, climaxing in her appearing with Joe E. Brown. Joan Crawford was ballyhooed as Hollywood's outstanding example of rags-to-riches success until she was called "box-office poison." Now she's fighting to prove that she can play something besides Cabaret. Kay Francis was labeled "Hollywood's best-dressed woman" so long that people thought of her as chiefly a clothes-horse, and she, too, became "box-office poison." Now she's busily building back her reputation as an actress.

Dick Powell was publicized so long as a singing juvenile that it has taken him a year to find a non-singing, non-juvenile starring job. It has taken Edward G. Robinson years to shake the nickname, "Little Caesar," and to persuade audiences to expect to see him in something besides gangster pictures. Garbo's whole life has been affected by the legend that she is a woman of mystery. The first time Laurence Olivier came to Hollywood, he was ballyhooed as "another Colman." It took Doulas Fairbanks, Jr., years to be thought of as a personality in his own right, not as his famous father's son. Carole Lombard has had a time shaking her build-up as the unapproachable Shirley. Anne Shirley devoutly hopes that when she has a baby, come July, people will finally believe she is grown up.

It isn't all a bed of roses, this being famous. Not when you're ballyhooed.

---

**FREE! Thrilling trips to Hollywood All expenses paid**

**AND 50 AUTHENTIC PERC WESTMORE STUDIO MAKE-UP KITS...identical with those used by Hollywood's Leading Stars **

Kits of rich, soft, fine leather, exquisitely fitted; awarded to next 50 successful contestants.

In a search for America's most beautiful feminine figures, Catalina offers 60 of the most exciting prizes imaginable! First 10 winners will come to Hollywood, all expenses paid, for a week of unforgettable fun—living at the world-famed Ambassador Hotel, with thrilling trips through motion picture studios, etc.

Earl Carroll, internationally-known stage, screen and night club producer, and Dan Kelley, Universal Pictures' Casting Director, will judge the 60 winners solely on the basis of figure-beauty. And since every contestant will submit her photograph in a Catalina Swim Suit, every girl has a chance to win. For these captivating new suits, styled in California for the stars of Hollywood, will definitely highlight your figure-charms as well. Especially when they're made with CONTROLASTIC...marvelous elastic yarn that glamorizes any figure almost magically. Catalina alone are color-coordinated by Perc Westmore, studio make-up man for the Hollywood stars.

See these suits now at your nearest department or specialty store. For contest entry blank and all details, send coupon today.

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**SWIM SUITS AND SWIM TRUNKS**

**LOOK FOR THE FLYING FISH**

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Exquisite princess lines in this suit of satin CONTROLASTIC...flared skirt...fitted bra...Gelusan jersey trunks. Priced at $5.00.

WORN BY RITA HAYWORTH, STAR OF COLUMBIA PICTURES

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**Pacific Knitting Mills, Inc.**

443 S. Pedro St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me an official contest entry blank, and full details on how I can win a free trip to Hollywood, etc.—and your swag suit "Stylish for the Stars of Hollywood."...

Name: ____________________________

City: ____________________________ State: ________
Great Scott!!

[Continued from page 40]

Scott who had played the female lead in the opus, the above-mentioned demise was the luckiest thing that ever happened to her. It's also the way things that have happened to her in Hollywood for a long time—because it brought Martha flying to the west coast to test for the role of Emily in Sol Lesser's screen production of the Pulitzer Prize play, Our Town. When these tests proved successful she was coaxed to write her name to a long-term Lesser contract and, thus, one of the most talented actresses you ever laid a critical eye upon comes to our town. Lordy knows this mug is in dire need of her, there being no more than ten women in the celluloid business worthy of the name of "actress," aside from the few who play character roles. This isn't our biased opinion, by the way. Catch any critic, director or producer hereabouts and when he's relaxed and his ulcers don't bother him, he'll tell you the same thing.

When Lesser (he loved the play so much he flew back to New York seven times to see it!) bought the screen rights to Our Town about the first production job he handled over to himself was a search for someone to play the role of Emily.

He had Martha Scott in mind from the very first because Martha had created the role and in those tests proved successful in superlative performances. But as much to his surprise as to Sam Wood's, his director, he announced that Martha wouldn't do for the picture. He'd seen the tests she had made for Melanie in Gone With the Wind.

If Lesser had known what was to happen seven months later he would have eaten his words because he spent that length of time in a frantic and futile search for an Emily—only to find one, finally, in none other than Martha Scott, the girl he had turned down at the beginning of his hunt.

Well, he's got Martha where he wants her, in Our Town, and to a long-term contract which is just where Martha wants to be because she's confident, now, that her second try in filmland has been successful enough to permit her to stay awhile.

At that, Lesser came within an hour or two of losing her. Flying from New York her ship ran into rain, fog, high winds and blizzards and landed at Salt Lake City she was about the sickest girl one could find in the air or on land or sea. So sick, in fact, that she called up Lesser and told him that he'd better start searching for another Emily.

Lesser was very patient about it all. If the tests proved okay, and he was sure they would, production would start within a day or two after Martha's arrival. If she kept to her resolve and returned to Broadway he'd be forced to start anew on another Emily hunt and become a fit candidate for the bloody hussah.

But Martha finally listened to reason when he talked to her. And Lesser added ten years to his life and a better than twenty-five per cent to the entertainment value of his picture.

After making the tests and signing her contract, the very first thing Martha did was to come out, cold turkey, and ask her boss for a raise. She had read that in one of his autographed letters to her husband, and she had read in her weekly that it had advanced her $10,000 and thought nothing of it, but this one hundred buck business was peanuts and he became curious about it.

"Why the hundred?" he asked. "Why not two hundred, or five, or a thousand?"

"I want to finish paying a debt," Martha told him, "It's the last installment on a $1,500 loan and I want the thrill of being able to clean it up. It's taken me five years, but—never mind if you give me the hundred—I've done it!"

Well, Lesser gave her the money and she wired it out of Hollywood before the day was over. Wired it to Miss Ida Lilly, a sister of her brother-in-law, Dicken Scoll. We'll come to Ida Lilly later. But before we do, let's examine the case history of the girl from Our Town.

MARTHA will be twenty-four years old come September 22nd of this year. She was born in Jamesport, Missouri, to Walter Scott (one of whose ancestors is the famous novelist, Sir Walter Scott), a Detroit engineer, and Letha McKinley Scott, a second cousin of the martyred President McKinley. Martha's introduction to an education was made in a Sunday schoolhouse in Jamesport. It was when she attended high-school in Kansas City that she was bitten by the teaching bug and so severely that the stage came within an eyelash of losing her. The party responsible for this ambition was Ida Lilly, one of the high-school instructors.

"She was more than a teacher," Martha says. "She was also a friend and I adored her and thought teaching was the greatest profession in the world. So I decided that was what I was going to be."

That apparently, was what Ida Lilly decided, too, because when she learned that her protege would be unable to finish out her course at the University of Michigan, due to a pronounced lack of family funds, she wrote to her to say she would send in a letter that stated she was sending the money of her own free will so that Martha could complete her last two university years without financial worries.

Furthermore, she—Ida Lilly—wanted it understood that there was more where the enclosed came from and, furthermore, she wanted it distinctly understood that either Martha nor her family was to bother her heads about paying off the debt. She—Ida Lilly, again—could wait and she—Martha, this time—could take as long as five to ten years to repay it. She—Ida, one and all—had enough in her savings account to take care of her in case something happened and she lost her job. All she wanted Martha to do was to become a teacher—and a good one.

"It's arrived one morning during the summer of my sophomore year," Martha reveals, "I arrived, I remember, just as I was going down into the basement to help Mother with the ironing, so I took it with me and Mother and I began reading it together. It was a cheery letter and we needed cheering up because it had been decided only the day before that I would be compelled to give up my university work.

"We sat side by side and read page after page, laughing our way through the whole thing. Ida Lilly wrote so delightfully about and then, without so much as a faint forewarning we came to page five and with it the check glued to it. I saw my name on it, the figures, $1,500, and then as though to bring away came Mother's voice reading on and on in a chocking sort of voice . . . well—perhaps you can imagine what a celebration we had when Dad brought 'the money.'"

Martha graduated from the university and, true to her promise to become a
teacher, taught school for—just six months! I was convinced," she says, "that I wasn’t cut out for the work." Which is an honest, although far from logical reason for her unexpected retreat from the teaching profession.

By this time you see, Martha had decided to become an actress. During her university years she had been active in the play production department at Michigan. Not only active but deeply interested. So, she says: "I went to Chicago determined to get an acting job, no matter how small, but all I could get was a job in a department store for the first month and a job in a candy store for the second month. Board and room money and not much of that. It was while working behind the candy counter that I learned that the Bonnette Theatre in Detroit was going to have a winter company. So I said good-bye to the candy counter, took a bus the next day to Detroit and the day after I arrived I was an honest-to-goodness actress hired by the management to do walk-ons and bit parts!"

Martha walked on and off and did her bit parts in what must have been a capable manner because she stayed with the company until the last week when she returned to Ann Arbor and became head of the properties department in the college repertory company. "They paid me twenty-five dollars a week," she says, "but I didn’t mind about the salary. I learned enough about the stage during that period to offset the salary a thousand times over."

Thomas Wood Stevens, head of the company at Ann Arbor, liked Martha’s work and when he took over the Bonnette Theatre the following season she went with him. After that she hooked up with the Aimée Loomis stock company and went on tour. It was Stevens, by the way, who made it possible for Martha to become the fine actress that she is now. He said Eileen Payne, now director of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, organized the Globe theatre in Chicago and she became a member of the company.

"For five months we played abbreviated versions of Shakespearean plays in Chicago," she recalls, "We put on seven shows on week-ends and eight on Saturdays and Sundays. No days off. It was hard work but I loved it. Rehearsals began at eleven in the morning. The first show went on at one-thirty. The final curtain dropped at ten-thirty. Then rehearsals until midnight. Wages? Never more than $25 a week. When the Chicago run ended we went on the road making one night stands."

Eventually the company got as far west as San Diego, played there a season, then moved up to Seattle and back again to San Diego. That’s where Martha deserted.

"I had two years in Shakespeare," she explains, "and that was enough. New York was my goal and I had made up my mind that as soon as I had $150 saved up I would go there. I had that amount when I returned to San Diego and so I kept right on traveling until I reached Broadway. I hit town with forty dollars, a lot of enthusiasm, and within two weeks got myself a job in summer stock.

"Unfortunately, the job lasted but two weeks and for the remainder of the summer I walked in and out of agents’ offices. It was all very discouraging and perhaps I would have quit and gone back home only I was lucky enough to win a bit in a radio show doing a nightly presentation of ghost stories with a young man who, since then, has blossomed out into the most talked about theatrical figure in the country. His name is Orson Welles."

"I thought I was set when this radio job came along, but it was gone with the wind and after that no one appeared to want me in the theatre. But eventually some one did. I got a part in the Dennis summer theatre and played with such stars as Phillips Holmes, Margaret Anglin and Julie Haydon and Evelyn Warden. About this time Jed Harris was casting for the Thornton Wilder play, Our Town. Miss Warden was selected for the role of Mother Gibbs and when it came time to find Emily, Miss Warden suggested my name, and when I was offered the role I said yes ten times rapid-fire just so Mr. Harris wouldn’t miss what I was aiming at."

Martha played Emily for seven months on Broadway. When Selznick began casting for GIWWI, Martha was flown out to the coast to test for Melanie but the tests didn’t jell and she returned to New York for radio assignments. Later she came west to play with the coast company of Our Town. Last summer she returned to the Dennis theatre as guest star in Our Town and then played with Edward Everett Horton in Springtime for Henry. Last December she got the lead in the Louisdale floppo, The Foreigners, and when that one bit the dust she came to Hollywood to win one of the coveted roles of the year—Emily of Our Town."

She’s here for good, now, and take our word for it, she’s some pumpkins before the cameras. As Director Sam Wood said the other day as he put a few finishing touches to a scene in Our Town—"Great Scott, how Martha can act!"

---

**I Was on the "Outs" with my Husband**

**...BUT THE DIME STORE SETTLED OUR PROBLEM**

**JOE SAID "NO MONEY FOR NEW SHADES"**

**Then One Day at the Dime Store**

**WHAT! A FINE SHADE DEPARTMENT!**

**THANKS TO CLOPAY, WE WON'T QUARREL OVER WINDOW SHADE COSTS AGAIN!**

"When I told Joe you could get attractive CLOPAY window shades for as little as 10c, he said: "That’s the greatest news I’ve heard in years!" But the biggest surprise was when I showed him the lovely, washable CLOPAY I bought...for our sunroom that gets so much dust...for only 35c. How I bless the day I discovered that complete CLOPAY window shade department at the dime* store. It saved me dollars!"

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Keep Kissable

USE FLAME-GLO GLAMOUR LIPSTICK

Men adore enchantingly fragrant, Youthfully soft lips.
FLAME-GLO LIPSTICK will instantly give your lips a magic glow of temptation—as a seductive, alluring glow
that men can't resist. An exclusive, water-repellent
film gives skin-smooth protection and seals the vibrant
color to your lips. You will never know how lovely you
can be until you try this remarkable lipstick...in special
shades that blend with all the new costume colors!

- RED RUST — ROYAL WINE — ORCHID
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- MEDIUM — RASPBERRY — LIGHT — FLAME

Sensational Offer FREE!

It's our treat! Let us send you
3 full trial size lipsticks, each
in a different charming new
shade, together with a pack
of handy lipstick tissues. Just
send 10¢ for mailing cause.

REJUVIA BEAUTY LAB., Inc., 116 W. 14th St., N.Y. Dept
Send me 3 small size FLAME-GLO Lipsticks, and
3 handy pack of Lipstick Tissues, enclosed find 10c
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Also ask for FLAME-GLO ROUGE in harmonizing colors!

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN
Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.
The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help meet people's needs 24 hours a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. This waste may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, loss of pep and energy.

If you're one of the millions who stay in Sunday night, glued to the radio, you're going to feel very much at home in Buc Benney Rides Again. You're in for an evening you won't forget—live with Jack Benny as he performs live on the radio, right in your own home.

BUCK BENNY RIDES AGAIN

If you're one of the millions who stay in Sunday nights, glued to the radio, you're in for an evening you won't forget—live with Jack Benny as he performs live on the radio, right in your own home. Don't miss it!
The Talk of Hollywood
[Continued from page 49]

is TEN TO ONE that Orson'll NEVER make a movie, despite all those fav'ncy contracts!!

Meow!

- Eddie Albert hates cats. So what—so the other day, he came out of the stage where he was working, stepped into his car—and there was the studio cat with a litter of six kittens!

Melted In Time

- One of the features of the Brown Derby is the weekly caricature of some film celebrity, carved out of a great block of ice, and set up for the customers to marvel at. It's done by one Tom Sherblom, sculptor in ice.

Tom insists that his best subject to date, from all of Hollywood's famous folk, has been Greta Garbo—

"Of course, like all the others," he said, "she melted, in time. BUT—HER face remained frozen longer than any of the others!"

Terse Verse

- Girls who sigh for Davey Niven Can't have really done much living!

Great Profile Chatter

- Everybody seems to think John Barrymore's antics are so. SO, sooo funny!—everybody, that is, except his family, . . .

In Hollywood, all the Barrymore friends are scared to death that Lion'll have a relapse, for one. And for another example of how the Barrymore clan regards John's Barrymoral, your snooper learns just now that Dolores Costello's two children by Barrymore—John, 9, and little Dolores, 7 have stopped using the name of Barrymore and have taken on the real family name—in school, they've changed their registrations from John and Dolores Barrymore to John Blythe and Dolores Blythe.

"My children," explains Dolores, "are entitled to live normal, happy lives. I decided it'd be better to drop the Barrymore—ah—trademark!"

Dilly From Billy

- Leave it to W. C. Fields to take the lustiest of all cracks at himself. Heading for Sun Valley the other week, he cracked:

"I'm going skiing. NOT whisking!

Terse Verse

- Girls who'd like to be Mississ Nible First should consider are they able?

Helping Old Ladies In Distress

- You don't HAVE to believe it, but it really did happen. It was on Sunset Boulevard. Three little old ladies were stalled in an ancient automobile, with a flat tire, out near Jane Withers' home, where garages and service stations are few and far between.

"Maybe," hopefully hoped one of them, "a good Samaritan will come along."

"Humphed," humphed the cync of the trio: "this is Hollywood, where good Samaritans just AREN'T!"

DON'T COVER UP A POOR COMPLEXION

LETS THE FAMOUS MEDICATED CREAM THAT'S AIDED THOUSANDS HELP CLEAR UP YOUR COMPLEXION

- Don't let a Poor Complexion cheat you of a lot of life's fun!...Don't cover up a skin that's rough-looking or marred by externally caused blenniost! You may be making those very flaws worse!

Let Medicated Noxzema Skin Cream help restore your normal skin beauty. It's the cream so many nurses rely on for natural complexion loveliness.

How it Works... Noxzema helps reduce enlarged pores with its mildly astringent action...softens rough skin...soothes irritated skin...helps promote quicker healing of externally caused blenniosts. Apply Noxzema as a Night Cream—it's greaseless! Use it as a protective Powder Base.

See if Noxzema can't help you at it has so many thousands. Get a jar today at any drug or department store.

EXCLUSIVE!

A beautiful color portrait of RICHARD GREENE, free of printed matter front and back, will be found on page 35 of this issue. Next month, MOTION PICTURE will offer another of these exclusive, color portraits and it will be of Hollywood's most popular star—MICKEY ROONEY.

NO UNDERARM ODOR AFTER!

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

YODORA DEODORANT CREAM

TORRID TEST IN THE TROPICS

TEMPERATURE 98°
The Hedy Lamarr No One Knows
[Continued from page 22]

some interior decorator's taste. You look around you.

You don't have the uncomfortable feeling that you are in a movie star’s house. There is no display of wealth. The room isn't the size of a salon. It is the size of a living room. Moreover, it looks lived in.

For one thing, there is no period furniture. Every chair in the room is comfortable. On each side of the fireplace—which is stacked with logs ready to be lighted—there is an inviting, deep-cushioned easy chair. Across the opposite corners of the room are deep-cushioned divans, on one of which Don- ner, the great Dane, sleeps at night. The win-
dows are hung with hand-blocked linen drapes, not tapestries. The walls are paneled from ceiling to floor in some dark wood, with large book-shelves built into the end walls, crammed with colorfully jacketed books. There is a large radio phonograph in one corner. On this, unframed, stands a new fashion portrait of Hedy in a dark, gauzy gown, with a solitaire diamond in her hair in the center of her forehead.

Today's interview is her first in months—her first since long before her ill-fated salary strike. You wonder how she will approach it.

As if in answer, a station wagon wheels into the drive. Out steps Hedy, hatless, in slacks and a bulky camel's-hair coat. A moment later, she is in the house, shaking hands with you, and apologizing for the coldness of her hands ("I can never wear gloves when I live") and her tardiness ("I was having lunch at Ida Koverman's.")

There have been rumors that Hedy, since her strike, has not been in good standing with her studio. The perfect answer to such rumors is that players not in good standing don't get asked to lunch by Ida Koverman, who is executive secretary to Head Man Louis B. Mayer.

Hedy touches a match to the wood in the fireplace, then straightens up to examine the collar of her yellow sport shirt in the mirror over the mantel. "This is a man’s shirt," she explains, "and I’m about to let something else push me into it."

Triumphant, she extracts a stays designed to keep the collar stiff. "Now I can relax," she says. Only she doesn't relax. She stands with her back to the fireplace, stretching one hand behind her, while she gestures with the other, telling about an encounter with a traffic cop—"she couldn’t talk out of giving her a ticket. "I drive too fast," she says, grimacing. "I am always in a hurry."

Standing in front of the fireplace, she isn’t the wistfully sophisticated, super-feminine Hedy of the fashion photo. She is a pert tomboy. Her gray slack suit—with a jacket to match the trousers—is tailored like a man's. Her shoes are glorified sandals, with soles and heels all one, the heels built up no more than an inch.

Conscious of inspection, she says, "How do you like my hair?—" and turns for a quick glance into the mirror. For four years, I wore my hair down to my shoulder. The other night, I got tired of it. I took Gene’s paper scissors and cut it, and curled up the ends... Gene says I look about eighteen."

Gene—Producer-Husband Gene Markey—is exaggerating about two years. She looks like a sixteen-year-old. You ask her if she is trying to steal Shirley Temple's thunder. You warn her that her fans may not recognize her.

She shrugs her shoulders with a wide smile, and decides to perch on the arm of the nearest chair. "For better or worse, it will have to stay this way now for Boom Town. I think it will fit the character.

"YOU have heard about the picture?" she asks. "It is a Grand Hotel of the oil fields. It has Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Robert Young, and Colleen Moore—well, almost a few hundred other M-G-M stars in it. I have a teeny-weeny part. But a part, at least." Her gray-green eyes are mischievously eloquent as she says this. "A lot of Algerian-ish part, you know. I'm on the screen only the last ten minutes. Well, perhaps fifteen. I have about six scenes. But—they are good scenes... I didn’t have to play the part. I wanted to play it.

She says that she has a bet on with Spencer—that he won't get in a travel vacation before he has to report for work. She adds, "Poor Spencer! The only traveling he gets to do is in travel folders! Though he did get abroad last year before the War. He claims I helped talk him into that, telling him about Monte Carlo and the Riviera and Capri and Naples and Venice... How do you say here, Vesuvius? And Taormina—the most delightful place I have ever seen. The hotel is an old Gothic convent, with lemon trees and drawing in your room, and flowers, millions of flowers. Then there is Mt. Etna, the top of full of snow, and flowers where you are, and the blue sea behind. It is very romantic..."

You take the position that Hedy, herself, is “very romantic.”

"But I am glad to be here, in America. Only a year and a half more, I have to wait for my citizenship. It makes me so angry to hear people say, ‘Oh, if we could only be there now.’ They could never be happy there. Even after this War, I think no one can be happy there—for a long, long time. I do not like to think about it. I get too sad.

She smiles apologetically, a b r u p t l y changes the subject. "I was listening in the car to the radio. There was a marvelous symphony on. You know, I have made a discovery. There are six hours of symphony every day on the radio. Most people don't know that. All the time, I listen. I never appreciated music so before. In Europe, there was so much music, I took it for granted. When I first came here, I drove people crazy, playing swing all the time. It was new to me. Now I feel a need for real music.

"I used to play the piano. I used to ski, too. Now I probably couldn't do either. But I would like a piano again. Only where would I put it? Behind that divan, perhaps

Most of us work on our face forgetting that our hair frames the picture—but forgetting too that when we look in the mirror we can’t see much of our hair, but be can— and does. If you want your hair to look soft and lovely, to gleam with lustrous highlights—use Nestle Colorisine. It rinses away that dull soap film that robs your hair of its natural lustre—adds a beautiful rich tone—helps to make your hair gloriously feminine. And Nestle Colorisine is so easy to use—and so inexpensive. Easy to re-
to remove too—washes out completely with a single shampoo. Start using Nestle Colorisine tonight.
— and climb over the diwan to play. Perhaps there will be space in the playroom we are going to add some day, there where the windows arc.

Half-believing the Hollywood tales that the Markey-Lammarr marriage isn't doing too well, you are faintly surprised to hear Hedy speaking confidently of the future. And to hear her say: "When we first moved here, we rented. We liked it, so we bought. Then, room by room, we changed things, to make it our home. We added one room when we got the baby. Now we have more plans. Do you say it?" Installment plans, The sign over the gate—did you notice as you drove in? That is the newest thing.

SHE slides down into the chair on whose arm she has been perching. She smiles. "I have changed much since I first came to Hollywood. That was two and a half years ago. I felt like a stranger then. Now I feel like an American. Then, my home was behind me. Now, my home is ahead of me. I am happier, more at peace. Then I was much too hurt by every little nonsense, much too excited by every little promise.

"The more I am here, the more I appreciate this freedom of America. The Academy dinner—that made a great impression on me. No matter what you are, if you are what you are, you stand a chance in America to win recognition for what you do."

And what would she like to do?

"I was a very colorful picture, in which I could go from very young to very old. Hedy Lamar with gray hair? People cannot imagine it. But I could do it, I think..." A picture of ups and downs, both gay and sad. I would like to do somewhere in it. I would love to do the story of Lola Montez, the dancer of the early California days, during the gold rush. I used to dance, in Europe, I am going to take it up again.

"But—she shakes her head, smiling—"I am not planning to do Lola Montez. I am superstitious about planning. All through my childhood, I had a feeling that I had all the children's diseases. Whenever I planned a thing, I would come down with a new sickness. So I stopped planning. Now I am lucky..."

"I am the adventure type. I have ideas of doing this, and that—exciting things. But I never seem to do them. I was born impulsive, and I have grown cautious. I used to ram my head against stone walls, right through stone walls—and get hurt. But it was good for me. I learned. It is better to get such bumps young. That way you build character," Again that smile. "So I'm told.

"But I am not yet a serene person. Calm. Completely balanced. I am still unpredictable, even to myself. I am not sure which way I want to go. At parties, sometimes, I meet philosophers. I amaze myself, talking to them, as if I have learned their language."

ONE language that she has learned is English. They can't keep roles from her any more, on the grounds that the dialogue may be too difficult for her. "I have learned from conversation, and from the movies even more. On the screen, if you do not understand what the characters are saying, you see what they mean by their expressions, the way they act. There are very few words I can't pronounce now. Also, I am lucky: I have a good memory. I have reached the point where I think in English. Now I have passed that point. I even dream in English.

You have heard that between Lady of the Tropics and I Take This Woman, Hedy went in intensively for dramatic lessons. "The tale

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Quivering nerves can make you old, haggard and crumby—can make your life a nightmare of jangled, self pity and "the blues."

Often such nervousness is due to female functional disorders. So take famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to help calm unstrung nerves and lessen functional "irregularities." For over 60 years Pinkham's Compound has helped thousands of grandmothers, mothers and daughters "in time of need." Pinkham's Compound positively contains no opium or habit forming ingredients—it is made from nature's own wholesome roots and herbs each with its own special work to do. Try it! Pinkham's Compound comes in liquid or handy to carry tablet form (similar formula).
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phrases, who said that Verree stole I Take This Woman.

Frankness is one of Hedy's virtues—a virtue that Hollywood finds disconcerting in a woman. "It is act, Hedy says, "but I would be a bad liar. Sometimes during the conversation I would be bound to say what I really thought. I am a poor politician. When I am acting with someone who is unfriendly, I cannot bring myself, I that is too like talking, I have to say what I think. But that is the way I am.

That is why I am happy in a small house. I cannot entertain many people at a time. I know all my guests, be natural with them, frank."

She isn't extravagant. That is proved by her house. And pardon me if I consider this "Gene and I had a shee-shotting outfit on trial. We gave it back, because we wanted a fence more. The girl who took the most famous in film history—in Exotica—has no swimming-pool.

She and Gene celebrated their first wedding anniversary last March 4th—by themselves. "We were said to be alone. I never drink. That night I had my first glass of champagne. And sitting there by the fire afterward—she smiles in recollection—felt my head going round and round. I didn't feel the least bit, like an old married woman."

They both love children. They proved that, when disappointed about the stork's return, they adopted a baby boy last October. "Soon he will be talking. Then he will be even more fun."

HEDY likes conversation. "I get restless, just sitting by myself. I do not like to be alone. And if I am alone, I talk to myself. I even sing to myself."

"I have to be active to be happy. I go for long walks in the hills with the three dogs. I play backgammon with anyone who will play with me. I knit—I do petty point—anything to keep busy. You should see me sometimes. I am the very cozy wife, sitting by with knitting, while Papa reads the paper... I am always looking for something new to do. Once I know how to do something, I lose interest in it. That is restlessness, no."

She has no idea how long she will be active on the screen. "That is not in my power to decide. The public will decide. I would like to know—I might arrange my life differently. As it is, no one knows what I am going to do next. Least of all, I know. I live on the spur of the moment."

For all her two and a half years in Hollywood, Hedy prefers to sniff out untruths printed about her. "Is there something wrong with me? They still upset me, those things that are not true."

To understand her, one can try. "I know stars who cut out only the barbed things said about them. That would keep me too busy, so I cut out everything."

You can't help liking a person like that.
a studious, hard-working, God-fearing young man of the movies who doesn't believe in luck. He hopes that, given time, he'll eventually get into a full-fair-to-middlin' character player. He doesn't care for this leading man stuff although he's not turning down any "fat" parts like the one he has now in *Turnabout*.

Well, we could go on piling up the complimentary score on the subject of this essay until our readers might rightly conclude that he was our candidate for the role of Hollywood Babbitt No. 1—which he isn't by any measure we can think of. He's all the nice, normal things we've written about him so far, make no mistake about it, but—

We still insist, waiving all parliamentary rights to free speech if necessary, that Hubbard is the "craziest" sensible guy we ever came across.

John Hubbard, the ex-M-G-Mer, the ex-Paramounter, and at present the Hal Roach, wants to be a bullfighter! He not only wants to be, but he's going to be if practicing the obscure art of papa-cock stickin' means anything.

For more than six months, now, our future matador has been taking lessons in teasing and shalting ze bull from Oscar (Bud) Boetticher, Jr.

"John's about ready to tackle a live bull," Oscar says proudly, "and we may journey down to Caliente some Sunday afternoon and see what happens."

We hate to put a damper on Oscar's enthusiasm in his pupil but we might as well do it now as three pages later.

There's going to be no raidin' down Caliente way some Sunday to see what happens. A certain party by the name of Mrs. John Hubbard is going to take care of that. And definitely!

"I don't object to John throwing the bull in Hollywood," says, calmly but firmly, voicing her wife's solicitude and objections, "but believe me, he's not going to travel to Mexico to kill it!"

Dodging the bulls for the moment and for good, we hope, we take our statisti-cal spin on the following facts about Hubbard. He was born in East Chicago, Indiana. He attended grammar and high-school and then moved on to Indiana University where he majored in chemistry and mathematics. His spare time, when it wasn't given over to tennis, basketball and baseball, was devoted to dramatics. Long before his college days he had been violently bitten by the acting bug and he nursed along this hankering for the stage by appearing in college plays whenever he got the chance.

John's urge for the footlights became so pronounced and out of control that he finally decided to quit college and enroll in the Goodman Theatre of the Chicago Art Institute. The dream discovered, was much easier said than done. Voicing his decision at the family breakfast table one morning he found himself in the midst of a verbal cyclone of objections hurled at him by his father.

No son of his, so declared Pere Hubbard with appropriate gestures, was going to "ham" his way through life as an actor!

"I tell the whole world into the steel industry if it learned that a son of mine was making a fool of himself by daubing himself up with greasepaint!"

"He said a lot of other things," admits John, "and he wasn't particularly modest in his phrasing, either. He'd arrived at his executive job in steel the hard way and when he got hot under the collar his choice of expletives could make a mule Skinner feel like a sissy.

"Sitting there, listening to him, I could see his side of it well enough. For years he had looked forward to the time when I'd be in steel, too, and here I was, giving it up for the stage. It just didn't make sense to him and he wasn't going to permit it."

"Well, fortunately for me, I have a generous portion of his stubborn streak and I kept right on presenting my side of the argument and I must have tired him out because he finally consented."

"But he made it mighty tough on me. I got an allowance of ten bucks a week, six of which went for room rent and the balance for food. Whatever extra money I needed I had to earn outside of school hours. I can see now, of course, that father's tightening of the purse strings was merely his way of finding out whether or not I was really serious enough about the stage to make sacrifices because he is an unusually generous man."

"He not only refused to give me extra money occasionally, but for two years he even refused to come to the theatre to see me act, and perhaps he wouldn't have then, only he was urged to do so by some of his steel friends who had seen me act in a play called Dark Echo. It was my performance in that play that won him over."

"I'll never forget that night! After the show he came to the dressing-room and to my complete amazement he began to praise me for my work. He went completely overboard in tossing me verbal bouquets and from then on there was nothing he wouldn't do to help me. He increased my allowance, added to it occasionally with envelopes containing $25 to $50 dollars, saw to it that I had a bigger and better wardrobe and came to the theatre two and three times a week to see that I tended to my acting chores in the proper spirit."

It was while engaged in his role in *Dark Echo* that Hubbard was discovered by Oliver Hinsdall, Paramount talent coach, who insisted that John come to Hollywood for testing.

"I was with Paramount for several months," Hubbard says, "and managed to appear in a few pictures. Bit parts mostly. Then I went over to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer under the sponsorship of Menil LeRoy, who at that time was busy with *Anthony Adverse*. It was LeRoy who renamed me Anthony Allan. And it was under this name that I got screen credit for my work in *Dramatic School* with Louise Rainer and in *Maigret* with Anna Sothern."

It was at this juncture that Hal Roach got busy. Enthused by Hubbard's work in the *Maigret* picture, Roach felt that the young man was slatted for more important things and he persuaded Metro to allow him to assume the rest of Hubbard's contact. When this was accomplished Roach's first act was to restore the young star's own name.

Hubbard's first picture under the Hal Roach banner was *The Housekeeper's Daughter* in which he played the romantic lead opposite Joan Bennett. His current effort is in *Turnabout* in which he plays opposite Carole Landis.

**Crazy With Sense**

[Continued from page 44]

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79
Frosting Flatters the Cake

[Continued from page 59]

can be varied in many ways, and should be a basic recipe in every household where "chocolate" is the preferred flavor. Here it is:

**MAGIC CHOCOLATE FROSTING**

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1/2 cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk
1 tablespoon water

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add condensed milk, and stir over rapidly boiling water for 5 minutes, or until thick. Remove from heat and add water. Cool. Spread on cold cake. Use 3 squares of chocolate for a strong-flavored frosting, or 4 squares if a bittersweet frosting is desired.

Variations:

1. Add 3 tablespoons of milk.
2. Omit water, and add 2 tablespoons orange juice with 1 tablespoon grated orange rind. Garnish with strips of candied orange peel.
3. Omit water; add 3 marshmallows and few drops oil of peppermint.

That Richer Cooked Frosting: The boiled or cooked frosting is richer because its sugar changes during the cooking process. This type is always made from white granulated (or brown) sugar cooked to a syrup. To prevent such syrup from cracking too readily, and contrariwise to make it "stand up" in a firm frothing, we may add any one of the following ingredients: white corn syrup, marshmallows, egg whites, cream-of-tartar or gelatine. Just as in making a good ice-cream mix, these ingredients are needed to stabilize the sugar syrup during cooking and thus prevent it from graining or sugaring. Here's a very simple recipe utilizing marshmallows:

**SNOW CAP MARSHMALLOW FROSTING**

1 cup sugar
1 egg white, unbeaten
3 tablespoons cold water
6 tablespoons marshmallows
1 teaspoon lemon extract

Combine and beat together sugar, egg white and water in top of double boiler. Have water in bottom just below boiling point. Beat with rotary beater constantly until it begins to thicken. Then add marshmallows and continue beating until mixture is quite thick. Add lemon flavoring and beat again for a few seconds.

Another recipe of the same type is familiar to most homemakers and in this particular one, chopped nuts are added for flavor. It's that good old 7-minute frosting:

**BRAZIL NUT 7-MINUTE FROSTING**

2 egg whites, unbeaten
1/2 cup granulated sugar
1/2 cup water
2 tablespoons white corn syrup
1 teaspoon vanilla
1/4 cup minced Brazil nuts

Combine and beat together egg whites, sugar, salt, water and corn syrup in top of double boiler. Place over boiling water, and continue beating with rotary beater 7 minutes, or until frosting thickens and holds its shape when dropped from beater. Remove from heat. Add vanilla, and continue beating until stiff enough to spread. Spread frosting on each layer and sprinkle with minced nuts. Decorate top layer with whole nuts. (Sufficient for tops and sides of two 9-inch layers.) You may substitute minced walnuts or omit nuts entirely.

How Do You Give a Cake Facial? Like all beauty treatments, there's an accepted technique for applying the facial. To frost a layer cake: always frost cake when it is cold. Spread bottom layer with frosting, lay on top layer, hold together with big toothpicks, and let frosting set in cool place. (Not in the refrigerator which makes it runny.) To frost top layer, heap frosting around edges of cake, and work back toward the center, using a spatula in a swirling motion. Once the frosting tends to set, don't touch it, as it never again can be worked so smooth and glistening. In making an ornamental frosting, first cover entire top of cake, then frost around edges, and let it get very hard. Then the more delicate work of ornamenting with roses, names, etc., can proceed more safely. Most dime stores as well as housefurnishing shops sell cake decorating tubes with assortments of "tips" or metal cones which permit making different shapes, flowers, letters, and other trills in frosting.

What's What in Cake Decorations: Shredded coconut is always a happy finale and should be sprinkled on while the frosting is moist. Chocolate and colored "shot" sprinkled over cake gives similar effect. Lozenges and colored gum drops are in high favor with the youngest set and a birthday cake garnished with red hot cinnamon drops is sure to please popular. Whole nut meats set in a simple pattern is a neat, easy topping. But whatever the decoration—don't let it be fussy—it's the cake and its facial which count most!

What flavor frosting? Cocoa, bittersweet, butterscotch—there's a frosting for every taste in the special leaflet which will be sent free to all readers. Be sure to send for it promptly. Use the coupon below.

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Please send me your free leaflet, "Favorite Frostings," including recipes for "Inch-High Wedding Cake Frosting," "Ever-ready Cocoa Frosting" and "Strawberry Cream Frosting."

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(Please Print)

(This offer expires July 15, 1940)
The Talkie Town Tattler
[Continued from page 81]

Lana. The other night, Greg and a gal friend walked right by the nite-
dub table where Mr. and Mrs. Artie Shaw were parked—and neither two-
some recognized the other! In fact, the patrons roundabout complained
that the place was cold!

No less torchy than Greg is Betty
Grable, who’s reported doing a burn
in the East.

HOLLY-WOULD like to know—if
Virginia Langdon is the secret bride
of Magician Russell Swan?

CUPID’S COUPLER:
Hal Roach, Junior and Mary Beth
Hughes—
Newest entry in the town’s romantic
two’s.

LONGEST-TIME anniversary of
the month was the Harold Lloyd celebra-
tion of their seventeenth wedding anniver-
sary! And, true to the un-Hollywood tradi-
tion of the Lloyds, the celebration was NOT
a whooped-up nite-club shindig, but a quiet
little home dinner with three children.

How kuh-taint!

Other anniversaries of the month included
the first anniversary of the Walter Kane-
Lynn Bari wedding, for which he gave her a
ruby-diamond-and-aquamarine ring, and the
sixth anniversary for the Bob Hopes.

WONDER if Joan Valerie talks
with Charlie McCarthy’s voice
when she sits on Edgar Bergen’s knee?

Free! Color Portrait of Famous
Screen Lovers

HERE’s a big bonus for all readers of
TRUE CONFESSIONS—an added feature
that doubles the value of this great magazine
without adding one cent to the cost!

The June issue, now on sale, offers you a
beautiful portrait in full color of Hedy
Lamarr and Charles Bover in a very romantic
pose. This picture is printed on special,
heavy paper, and is free of type on both sides.

The Lamarr-Bover picture is the first of a
series of colored portraits of Famous Screen
Lovers that will appear in TRUE CONFESSIONS
every month.

The same issue of TRUE CONFESSIONS
contains further details of the big Song- Poem
Contest which gives you your chance at fame
and financial reward. If you can write a
simple verse, your chances of winning are as
good as anybody else’s. The winning poem
will be set to music, broadcast by Glenn
Miller and his band, and the author will
receive royalties and a free trip to New York.

For news about other prizes and entry
requirements, see the new TRUE CON-
FESSIONS.

In addition to many heart-stirring confes-
sions from life, the June TRUE CON-
FESSIONS presents another chapter in the
frank, revealing story of Thelma
Spear Lewisohn, "Was I His Wife
or MISTRESS?"

The new TRUE CONFESSIONS, now on sale, is one of the
greatest issues ever published.

Get your copy today!”

Free! Color Portrait of Famous
Screen Lovers

Newest romantic twosome, possibly alter-
bound, finds Linda Darnell and Bob Shaw
at premiere of The Grapes of Wrath
I had been away from the studio and the movies for a long time when I returned. The reaction was quite different. I was greeted with a sense of nostalgia and a longing to return to the glamour of Hollywood. The world had changed, but my love for the movies remained.

The records show that since her nineteenth birthday she's earned her own way in the world.

"But unvarnished truth is all that's worth repeating," admonished Ann, her mobile mouth curving, but her practical manner belying her frothy appearance. "I'm honest with myself these days, so I might as well be honest with you. I was almost ticked, you know. Both professionally and personally.

"I was off the screen for a full year and the local weather-varies mumbled, 'Poor Ann.' That is, whenever they remembered me at all. I'd had long-term contracts at five major studios—I began at Warners, then was here at Metro, went on to Columbia, Paramount, and RKO. I'd even had my heroic moments on the 20th Century-Fox sound stages, if we're going to be particular. I lasted more than five years, the theoretical lifetime of a star.

"But from my own viewpoint, everything assumed the other angle. I'd only gotten my teeth in at each studio; then I'd been stymied by bad pictures. I didn't feel even a trifle safe; after all, I was still in my twenties. I'd ended my last contract of my own free will. I thought that if I didn't stop doing such trite pictures I would be rung; I wanted more interesting stories.

"I think any girl who walks out on a regular weekly check will understand my gamble. You reach that explosive point where you've got to locate a new boss to keep from slipping into the rut backwards. It's a nice stand, if you can win out. I received offers, once it was known I was 'available,' but to my chagrin they weren't any better than what I'd left. I couldn't have gone East for Broadway shows. But I like Hollywood too well.

No big boss in Hollywood believed I could be anything but Ann, the glamour girl, so I didn't get any work. I maintained it was wiser to hold out until I could somehow maneuver a part with some point to it rather than take one of the glamour crowd. Staying off the screen, when I worked to act, did to me what being out of a job does to any woman with a profession anywhere. It gave me a whole lot of spare hours in which to consider what was happening. Finally, I got around to debating why I was a flop.

"I'd never had any trouble attracting friends; be generous to people and they'll be generous to you along with your family. But both my sisters, one a writer, the other a composer, were advancing in their work, and they were real wives, besides. And as for me, I'd spent ten years"
crazy, insisting on riding over all the country. When I advised her not to drive a car, she must drive a car. In England, after taking one lesson, she drove 20 miles to meet me one night at Croydon Airport. You may imagine my sensations when I beheld a car zigzagging toward a wall. I was coming closer discovered that it was Irina at the wheel!"

"It goes far back, this contrariness of mine," Irina took up the thread. "I can re- member her doing this years ago, and a big icing rose upon it. My mother told me, 'Don't eat that rose.' I had not thought of eating it but now, at once, I tore it off and ate it. I got quite a turn. Yes, of course, I was in love. But also, my parents said to me, 'You must not marry, Irina, you are too young.' So one day, we were on tour and this play was being performed. I took a box of mascara and some hair-curlers and we flew to Cincinnati and were married."

"I simply had to have more authority over her," Jerry explained. "Being managing director of the Ballet did not appear to suffice. As when I told her NOT to play snowball fights in the streets and she did, and broke her ankle, her ankle, mind you, a battering. I knew that something had to be done."

"... and when we got married," smiled Baranova, sweetly, too sweetly to be true, I thought, "and the minister said, 'Will you love, honor, and obey?' I looked at Jerry and I said 'I do,' ... the minister was indulgent about that, a slip of the tongue, he thought, because I did not understand the English pronouns."

"Well, she isn't driving a car in Hollywood," said M. Sevastianov. And Irina pouted at him. She pouts deliciously, I thought. "So, then we escaped from Russia," she took up her story, "and went to Bucharest. After a time of many jobs, my father was quite well off. He became a designer of theatrical scenery. When I was seven my mother got the idea that she wanted me to be a dancer. She thought that ballet lessons might improve my health, which was frail. She thought they might cure my meanness, which was not."

"I said, of course, that I didn't want to be a dancer, I thought dancers looked silly. My father didn't like the idea, either. But my mother was strongly opposed and so I went to school and worked there six months. And then my teacher told my mother that I should have better teachers, that I stayed longer with her. That was honest. By this time my father liked the idea, too. He said that I must have a good education in the dance and that we must move to Paris."

"There, again, my father became quite well off and there, for five years, I attended regular school in the mornings and in the afternoons I studied under Olga Preobra- jenska, a famous prima ballerina in the Russian capital before the Revolution."

Baranova was twelve years old when she made her first appearance on the stage, in an operetta put on by Balanchine, husband of Zorina, who is Baranova's close friend. She was only a few months older when Colonel W. de Basil, producer of the Russian Ballet, who had been a famous prima ballerina, late Diaghilev, selected her for the Russian Ballet company at Monte Carlo.

When the managing director at Monte Carlo first saw the little Baranova he felt, I imagine, much and more as I felt when she first ran down the stairs to greet me. He was, she relates now, "so infuriated when he saw me. I was smaller than all the others. I had such long arms I could scratch my ankles in back of me, and did. He said I was like a little monkey-thing."

But then the managing director had not seen Baranova dance, as she was to dance the lead in the ballet based on Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony—as she was to dance the immortal parts she herself created in Le Bleu Danube, the queen in Rimsy-Korsakov's Coq d'Or.

It was just about to begin, then, the career which was to take her all over the world, to the United States and to the Orient—and the Orient... it was just about to begin, that path when she became the friend of kings and queens, when King Christian of Denmark requested her to dance for him when she surprised King Carol of Rumania, who addressed her in perfect English, by answering him in perfect Rumanian. When, other times, Elizabeth of the United Kingdom darkened, empty theatre to watch Baranova rehearse and it became familiar procedure for Buckingham Palace to telephone the theatre where Baranova was dancing to say that Their Majesties would be there. The Royal Box that night that M. Sevastianov kept a bouquet for the Queen constantly on hand and was, occasionally, embarrassed by a Duke and a Duke "Are they long, too," and there was only one bouquet! When to the final night in London, not many months ago, in Covent Garden, with the war forcing the close of her season, when she arrived crowned and uncrowned gave her an ovation lasting thirty-five minutes..."

"It was then she was rushed to America on the Cunard Lines because she was to be signed, tested, signed. And when she signed, a sigh of thanks went up, of thanks to Winfield Sheehan, producer of Florio, who may be the one to have "discovered" Baranova for pictures. In Los Angeles, the four times she appeared with the Ballet here, Mr. Sheehan watched her. He has watched her dance in Europe, and has long considered her one of the most flamboyant and unusual of all screen queens. And immediately Florio was decided upon—Florio with the beautiful Lipizzan horses which were a gift to Mme. Jeritza, now Mrs. Sheehan, its tale of archdukes and of the dynasties and old, imperial dreams—he knew that he must have Baranova for this picture.

"I always wanted to act," Baranova was saying now, "but I never thought it would be so soon. At first, as I told you, I was frightened of everything so that I cried and cried. My first day on the screen when they said to me 'This is not a test, this is the real thing,' I got nearly seasick. When they told me that the first take was a print and that it does not occur often with a beginner, and is good, I felt better because they seemed so gay with happiness—Mr. Marin, who is directing, and Bob Young, who is acting, and all the others."

"I am very dramatic in the picture, I scream all the time. This is the first time I have ever opened my mouth, you see, so I like it. I have a scene where I turn a table over and break things without cutting—without throwing anything. I think the money is nice, too, though I am not extravagant. I adore to go shopping but I like much more window shopping than really shopping."

"I do love furs and have many. I hate evening dresses. I step on them and other people step on them. I like the idea of having a home where all the people can be here, too, my mother is here now. I have trunks in every country in the world and would like to collect them together."

"Yes, I like it here ... if I am also liked, if, as Jerry says, I am 'the top,' if I keep excited enough, if I have enough of nervous tension then ... then Florio will not be my only picture..."
would be down presently. As he explained to the French maid that we would have tea, I thought he was looking only amused about something. Later, I was to understand that look...

And then, presently, a little girl ran down the stairs and into the room. A child of about five, red-headed, and curly, I thought: does she fit into the life of a Beautiful Ballerina? She wore a woolen frock of bright blue checks, a short, flared skirt. She had a curled, a young rather pouting mouth, vividly lip-sticked, widest-set gray eyes and bright, tan hair.

M. Stevanianov introduced us... and I don't remember ever feeling sillier in my life. Or, to be perfectly frank, more disgusted.

I thought: Gad, the "friend of kings and queens," the Beautiful Ballerina is a child, looking not much older and certainly not much larger than Shirley Temple! For those who like reminiscences noted, something about her curly, still-forming face made me think of Ann Sothern...

WELL, anyway, Baranova curled like a kitten into the chair across from mine and the tea things were brought in and she poured... Jerry passed the cups and cakes and there was a little desultory conversation about how Baranova doesn't need to eat, since the strenuous regimen of the Ballet, takes care of that. There was the inevitable talk of how-do-you-like-Hollywood. And Baranova told me how she had met Clark Gable, it was when she was making Parnell, she said, and she was here with the Russian Ballet and she said: "Oh, I was so excited that I was sweating all over!"

And Lionel Barrymore is another favorite of hers, and Charles Boyer... and as I sat there, I couldn't help thinking I had been tricked. My enigma of the Ballet with the kohl-darkened eyes and royal-purple Past is... a kid! Not only a kid, but a fan, another little girl who gets that Way about Gable—and all...

But wait! "Working in the movies is the easiest work," Baranova was saying... she cannot get over having a stand-in, she said, in the ballet when you have to stand, you have to stand. And then she and Jerry both said that they think one has to be very disciplined not to stumble in Hollywood... Actors, they explained, artists, must live "all the time, in excitement." Here in Hollywood, there are long lapses between pictures, long intervals during which actors play and relax. Baranova said the word "relax." One uses a frightening, incredible word...

"They don't keep themselves in complete nervous strain," she said, "for actors, I think that is bad. For me, it would be impossible..." After the preview of Florencia, Jerry told me, they will know better what they will do... if Baranova is "what you call tops in pictures, I think she should remain in pictures," her husband said, "but if not... no."

In any case, there will be no lapses and no intervals for Baranova. For another picture is currently scheduled. Jerry Jerry is forming a ballet company and they will go at once on tour.

As Baranova talked, my hopes slowly lifted, I became aware of things I had missed because of the child business. I received me... the fingers handling the tea things, for instance, had long, fantastically filamentous nails, as scarlet as sensation—the voice telling me about the spartan schedule of ballet, how brief it is to a less than 9. next time off, another lesson from 10 to 1 (and this is even when they are on tour), rehearsal from 3 to 5, make-up on at 7.30 for the evening performance—this voice was familiar with discipline certainly not of our world...

Yes, though Baranova is only twenty-one, and looks younger—though she did have on a little wool frock such as Priscilla Lane might wear, it was being impressed on me that right there all resemblance to our little starlets had ceased.

And though she is only five-feet-four, this little Baranova can become, incredibly, five-feet-six or seven when she is on her winged toes. Her eyes hold secrets. I now noticed the intricate arranging of her hair parted in the middle, deviely coiled and folded at the nape of her neck. No American girl wears her hair like that. And the accent, not purely Russian, perhaps, because Baranova speaks Russian like a native, and a beautiful French, and German and Italian and Spanish, is not so much an accent as a tincture of many tongues...

She finally said, "We arrived in Petrograd, now Leningrad, on March 13, 1919, during the Revolution, that was. Her father, Captain Michel Baranova, was of the Russian Imperial Army... so that we had to disappear quietly from Russia, you understand... I was then one year old, I know of our escape from what my parents have told me. My father disguised himself, my mother and me, and we crossed the border..." and then, that night, worse than dragons were after us. And the boatman had a wicked knife between his teeth and he gretted at my parents and said that if I cried just once more he would throw us all overboard. I shut up," smiled Irina, "but my mother tells me it is the last time I minded anybody..."

"IRINA," contributed Jerry, "suffers from excess vitality and contrariness... the latter probably comes from the fact that her body is so sternly disciplined by the study of ballet that..."

"This is agreed," Irina, "that is it. My body is disciplined to the last possibility so that my thoughts and emotions must fly about. I am like your American nursery rhyme, Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary. Whenever I tell my parents something, they think it is the last thing I do not want to do, when I am told I must NOT do a thing, that is the thing I must do..."

Then they told me that this Florina is a picture with horses, I said, at once, "Oh, I will not play in a horse picture!" And when they told me about the rare and beautiful Lipizzan horses of Mr. Sheehan, with their rare and beautiful history and said, 'Of course, if you do not want to do this.,' then, at once, I did want it..."

"When she is advised not to ride horseback..." continued her husband, "it is horseback she must ride. In England, she and Zorina had Balanchine and myself half-
Hollywood's most beautiful women realize that clean skins are healthy skins and have an important bearing on beauty. Because of the beneficial effects you will see, I would like to have the young women of America try SEM-PRAJ JO-Ve-NAY.

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1. Orson Welles
2. Charlie McCarthy
3. James Roosevelt
4. Greta Garbo
5. John Steinbeck
6. Elsa Maxwell
7. Aimee Semple McPherson
8. Cecil B. DeMille
9a. Mickey Rooney
9b. Louella Parsons
10a. Heddy Lamarr
10b. Vivien Leigh

And that completes the list of The Ten (or rather twelve) Most Interesting People in Hollywood. But now, as formerly, we find it necessary to catalogue a second team in order to recognize those who have received many votes.

1. Gracie Allen
2. Mischa Auer
3. Howard Hughes
4. Louis Bromfield
5. Dr. R. A. Milliken
6. Samuel Goldwyn
7. Clark Gable
8. Bette Davis
9. Frank Capra
10. Deanna Durbin

At 5¢ & 10¢ Stores

The most interesting experiences Hollywood can afford.

Position No. 9 is shared by two people as different as humans can be. But that's the way the voting has it. So we'll have to adopt Notre Dame's and Southern California's prerogative and play two first-string quarterbacks, so to speak.

With our heads down and our guard up, we present Mickey Rooney, movie star, and Louella Parsons, movie columnist.

Mickey Rooney is Hollywood's favorite son—and the fieldie jade has done right well by him. From a husky, devilish youngster with a football team, a gang of his own and some odd jobs in the movies, Mickey has become a rising young song writer of nine-teen, a radio star, and perhaps the best all around "box-office" in pictures. Mickey is everybody's pal, and at the sight of his ready grin filmgoers open his heart and loosens its purse strings.

Hollywood has also been generous to Louella. The town and all its environs read her column and reviews in the Examiner religiously. She knows everyone from the lowest extra to the highest-ranking star—and everyone knows her too. She is tops in her profession, and though Hollywood is an ever-changing town, Louella is as permanent a personality, newsgatherer and star-builder as its sunshine.
IT IS Elsa Maxwell's astounding capacity for being exactly the opposite of John Steinbeck decides her one of the most interesting people of our day. For sociability is Elsa's stock in trade and has won her the title of America's No. 1 partythrower. In fact, considering that she first won social success and then the heart of a great star-chaser in London during that period of mental depression following the World War, she might well be called the World's No. 1 partythrower.

Back home from Europe, Elsa introduced such weird, scruffy and original parties to the social sets of New York and other American cities it is said that she succeeded in breaking down the distinction between the stiff shirts and the common people, and made both act like human beings.

As a result she is credited with creating what is known as America's cafe society—a sort of blend of shirt sleeves and high hats.

Naturally, the unpredictable sort of things she has done has blinded the snowier beard of her kind of people. Soon she was pitching filmland's most ambitious parties. But the rest of the country refused to relinquish its one only affection and she returned East. There she discovered that her remarkable knowledge of human nature, her keen sense of humor and her wide experience in mixing all nationalities and types into agreeable social cocktails had a decided market value. So she started writing on how to throw parties, how to have a good time and how to make the landlord hate you, for magazines and book publishers.

Now she divides her time between writing, touring the country on lecture jaunts, making movies (she's writing and acting in a series of films by a New York producer, under the title How To Get Fun Out of Life) and periodically returning to her social acrobatics to keep our various classes from snapping at each other.

Which makes us feel that as surely as John Steinbeck deserves a place among the most interesting people of our land for opening our eyes to the suffering resulting from the pitiless struggle between the classes, so surely does Elsa Maxwell deserve a spot for showing us what a whale of a good time all sorts of people can have together, if they only can get along.

In filling spot No. 6, Elsa Maxwell replaces Al Jolson who once was regarded as the world's greatest entertainer—and later known as "the Midas of Hollywood" because everything showed a golden profit. But time has faded Al's name from the roll of the ultra-interesting.

Time doesn't appear to have slowed the swelling of legend. or a great man who kept his alive. Slowman extraordinary that he is, DeMille realizes this, and the visitor fortunate to see him directing stars or supervising the shooting of some great outdoor sequence witnesses a show that he will never forget. Others may produce epics, but never with the flourish and color Cecil B. DeMille exhibits when he works.

Seeing DeMille in action is truly one of the great thrills of the under-privileged, John Steinbeck came as a celebrity burning with a mission.

He had no time or patience to waste on motion picture producers or stars. To him Hollywood was merely another workshop. In fact, he declares himself a writer, refusing to become involved in any of its social life or glamour. He tolerates its glitter and tinsel just so long, then dashes off to his home in Los Gatos, about fifty miles south of San Francisco.

IT IS because Cecil B. DeMille personifies motion pictures—as the public at large likes to think of them—that he is eighth on our list. His being one of the veteran directors in pictures, the producer of some of the most gigantic of Hollywood's colossal epics and the originator of several of the industry's most practical production methods is not responsible for the terrific thrill that visitors to his set get at the sight of him. Instead, the cause of this can be found in the fact that he is everyone's idea of how motion picture producer and director should look and act.

The public has had so many illusions shattered that it is gratifying to know who keep them alive. Slowman extraordinary that he is, DeMille realizes this, and the visitor fortunate to see him directing stars or supervising the shooting of some great outdoor sequence witnesses a show that he will never forget. Others may produce epics, but never with the flourish and color Cecil B. DeMille exhibits when he works.

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Little stitched "petals" under the breasts give that extra-measure of firm support so many bustlines need. In this conservatively styled brassiere series, Bandeau style or with bands of varying width for diaphragm control — $1.00 to $2.00.

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NEW Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

8. Josef von Sternberg
9. Tom Mix
10. Bill Robinson

It is interesting to note that of all those listed death has removed only one name, Irving Thalberg But public interest has not been as kindly. Naturally, those of us who contacted the public to compile the list expected a high casualty rate. But we were not anticipating a massacre.

Yet of the ten most interesting people in Hollywood of four years ago, only one "rates" today. That one is Greta Garbo. All the others have gone with the wind—or something.

S O LET'S see how the hundreds of people of all classes in Hollywood, including stars, producers, directors, writers, gas station attendants, housewives, car-hoppers, cops, clerks and taxi-drivers plus visitors of all types, disposed of our original ten, who replaced them, and why.

No. 1 was Shirley Temple. There are many reasons why the public is no longer so eager to see Shirley. First, because she has outgrown her fashion; second, because the things she does on the screen are not amazing for her present age; third, because of competition, and fourth, because there is a new crop of child wonders on the screen.

Her No. 1 spot is taken by the man who replaces John Barrymore. Barrymore won his place among the ten by being the most interesting of himself to talk to, to associate with and to watch—in Hollywood. He has been replaced by one equally interesting as himself, with equally keen a sense of humor and showmanship, PLUS a wide background of accomplishment.

Because of his amazing performance while still in his teens and the reputation of being the only one that ever frightened entire American communities into hysteria (his radio broadcast of "The Battle of the Worlds" did just that) Orson Welles has surprised all comers in arousing the envy, jealousy and antagonism of Hollywood. A no mean feat in itself.

By a large majority this twenty-four year old is voted the most discussed and interesting person in Hollywood. And it might be well to point out here that for the purpose of preparing this list "Hollywood" refers not only to the motion picture colony, but to the entire district.

Every type of individual was considered, from scientists such as Einstein and Dr. Millikan and international authorities such as Polyzoides at the U. S. C to exhibitionists such as Aimee Semple McPherson and professional native sons such as Leo Carrillo. Only one yardstick was used to measure a candidate's qualifications—the ability to attract public attention, and to create in the average person a desire to see or meet that candidate.

Jack Barrymore no longer qualifies, not merely because he is not now in Hollywood, but because his antics are becoming a bit monotonous to the public at large.

The second on the annual "list" book isn't the temperament of Jack nor the brains of Orson—but he gets there just the same. For No. 2 spot is filled by one Charles McCarthy. Like it or not, Charlie is the second most talked of character in Hollywood—and everybody who comes here craves to see the real McCarthy.

Charlie is among the ten most interesting because it is a myth that exists. Hundreds of thousands of twins of him have been sold to the doting American public—and abroad—for everything from five cents to ten dollars each. For a guy that lives in a suitcase, that list certainly gets around.

This on years list is James Roosevelt. Not because of anything he has done, but because of his background. He shines like a star. Even the deepest red heads Republicans (including Louis B. Mayer) admit that one of the first questions asked by the millions of visitors to sunny, southern California is: "What's Jimmy Roosevelt doing?" or "Do you think I'll see Jimmy Roosevelt on Hollywood Boulevard?"

To date Jimmy has separated from Samuel Goldwyn, the man who brought him into the industry, organized a movie company of his own and announced his intention of personally presenting his pictures, when they are made, to his audiences in the theatres, with the request that they tell him just what they think of them. Sort of bringing the fireside chat to Mahomet, so to speak.

And so Jimmy Roosevelt rates a place among Hollywood's most interesting people, while position number three's former occupant, Grace Moore, fails to qualify because she is no longer in pictures or the public eye.

Greta Garbo, the only veteran on our list, is fourth now instead of seventh, as of four years ago. To the average person nothing is more interesting or fascinating than a mystery—and Garbo is the great unknown. Intentionally or unintentionally, her aloofness and the mystery that surrounds her is her master stroke. Curiosity has made millions eager to see her and has driven thousands of fans to frantic efforts to catch her off guard—to see her face and to photograph her.

Everybody wants to see Garbo because she can't be seen. It is an excellent example of wanting what we can't have.

Today Garbo is more interesting than ever because she is a four year older mystery than when this poll was previously taken and because she has won thousands of new fans by her recent picture success, Ninotchka.

In the exact center of the film magnetic personalities is the Tartan, the disturbing element or the spice of the pudding. Around him centers national controversy and many believe he will turn Hollywood into a battleground. There are those who say he is the Pied Piper of the movies, leading motion pictures headlong into calamity. And there are those who say he is bringing new blood and a new purpose to films.

But whether they believe him a great crusader or a plain radical, practically all those queried agreed that John Steinbeck is one of the outstanding characters of the country today.

Whether the nitroglycerin Steinbeck wrote into Grapes of Wrath will eventually prove a potent or a poisonous in the industry, the virial power of the man's personality cannot be denied.

His six feet of coiled springs are on a hair-trigger. He resents fanfare, refers to salervation and is impatient of anything that interferes with his work. He did not bring the customary background of theatre or dramatic school to Hollywood. A poor raconteur if there ever was one, he finds his audience in his books, a straw boss in a sugar refinery, an occasional student at Stanford University, a hod-carrier and a soul restless to fight for
THOSE who know, from 'way back, know that the Alice Faye divorce suit against Tony Martin is not something sudden—but something she finally gathered the courage to do.

Among Alice's intimates, there's never been any doubt but that the Faye has been unhappy for a long, long time over being Mrs. Martin. Despite her denials, despite her actually pathetic attempts to put on an outside front of love and devotion, her closest friends have known that Alice has been living for the day when she could undo the marriage, with as little fuss and unpleasantness as possible. She's an emotional kid—a highly volatile woman, who is different from the usual Hollywood gal in that divorce is not to be taken lightly, with a shoulder-shrug and a wise-crack. That's why she took so long getting up nerve to do it; that's why she had her stage closed to all visitors, the day after the suit was filed. Ten-to-one, her divorce will boost her box-office. Twentieth-Fox thinks so, too; they've just signed her to a new contract.

AFTERMATH of the Lana Turner-Arkie Shaw marital act still jitters Hollywood. Most gigglesome item in the wake that followed the elopement was the appearance of Jackie Coogan and Greg Bautzer, lunching together, and discussing the vagaries of women. Greg is the lawyer guy Lana threw overboard to marry Arkie; and Coogan is the guy who used to be married to Betty Grable, whom Arkie threw overboard to marry Lana.

Strach a nize pless, Hollywood; huh, momma?

Since then, Greg's been torching with consolers Margaret Roach, Wendy Barrie and lovely Carole Gallagher, who's the same age as

[Continued on page 88]

New is synthetic costume designed by Max Factor, Jr. Of rubberized material, it's flesh-colored, paper-thin and introduced by dancer Miss Palmera. It can be applied over tights and brassiere

CUPID'S UN-couplet:
Rudy Vallee and Patricia Dane—
Cupid's sunshine has turned to rain.

AINT-Love-SUH-weet? item—
that bracelet Bill Powell just gave Bridie-Widie Diana Lewis is made up of lots of little lockets, each of which, when opened, spells: "I love you."
Oh, guizzie-wuzzie-woooooo!

Dan Topping, wealthy socialite recently divorced by Arline Judge, had Sonja Henie at big fight. She denies romance

The time has come for Beech-Nut Gum

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Beech-Nut Gum

One of America's GOOD habits
She Dared To Be a Human Being

[Continued from page 87]

band was playing and attempt to make it seem homelike. Between his engagements, Roger would fly to California and try to reassure himself that our rented house was what we thought it was.

"For both of us," vowed Ann, "are rarely sentimental about a home. We don't put too much on the place. It's Roger who gets the hiccups at the first whiff of a new house." But she grinned happily whenever she talked about the house. It was just fine.

"My life was once built around my singing," Ann continued, "at fourteen I reeled off symphony scores at the drop of a hat. My mother coached me, and I had to be a respectable model for her pupils, of course." Recently the Minneapolis Symphony sent Ann, a Minneapolis girl, a formal invitation to sing classical numbers on one of its biggest nights. Which gives you an idea of her potentialities.

"I haven't even taken a lesson in the past two years. But someday I'll begin to study again.

"A woman with any zip to her doesn't have to prop up a fancy 'front.' When I called a halt on my glamorous stunt, and dared to be a human being who wanted only to be a down-to-earth hard worker, I rented a less expensive house. After living in it a few months, I felt it was right for Roger and me. So we bought it." Roger was the one for ourselves that a happy marriage is no cinch. You have to be unselfish; careers are apt to make one too self-centered. You have to be as considerate as a trier, and it seems to me that, happily, neither of us fell down on that one.

But don't envy that airplane business! A happy marriage demands that you be together. We couldn't share our everyday experiences, which makes up living.

Roger, than heaven, wanted to settle down as much as I did. He got tired of traipsing around the country with his travelling man's schedule. The more we talked about ourselves, the more we knew we wanted to put down roots. He tried pictures again. But on a different tack, also. He didn't mention any more heroines; he believed he'd be a more convincing villain. And, as a movie villain, Roger's been working steadily. I think it's wonderful, he doesn't pretend to be an artist, and he enjoys, and has the nerve to stick to his own convictions!

"But," added Ann radiantly, "I haven't given you the 'story behind the story.' I wasn't made until the full taught me to live in the present, and not for the future! The way to try to be a successful wife is to begin behaving like one right off. I recognized that we'd never have a home unless I made a home appropriate to our needs and income. The place we bought wasn't brand-new. But it's been such an enormous help to Roger. It's like a relief to him to fit us! I began on my bedroom. Today we're Georgian but comfortable, and as soon as I drive off this lot am I the proud homebody. You bet!" Roger didn't make his decision to return to Hollywood permanently until I climbed off the glamour-wagon and paid attention to our situation as man and wife. I had to do my bit to get us balanced. I had to make a stable home for him. Roger is moody: it's up to me to fit in with his moods, cleverly. He'll calmly analyze, where I'm inclined to be too impulsive. I'm stubborn. I have to keep tab on this trait, or I might be sorry.

She doesn't claim to be perfectly happy.

"I'm not at peace with myself. Our future isn't stretching clearly before us, I know I have to make up my mind. I think I've just scratched the surface of what I can be, as a real wife and as a real actress.

Today, as never before, beauty has become the idem of all. This is why, even though you wear a wispy girdle, you'll choose a Bali Bow Bra. The PATENTED bow-knot feature achieves more pronounced uplift and separation.

Just to introduce our genuine White, for over 79 years, countless thousands of women who suffered functional necessity pains have taken Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription over a period of time—and have been overjoyed to find that this famous remedy has helped them ward-off such monthly discomforts which may actually destroy your beauty.

Most amazing, this scientific remedy, formulated by a practicing physician, is guaranteed to contain no harmful drugs—no narcotics. In a truly scientific way, it improves nutritional assimilation; helps build you up and so increases your resistance and fortifies you against functional pain. Lessens menstrual congestion during this trying period.

Don't allow yourself to become old-looking and haggard long before your time because of such monthly discomforts. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription from your druggist, or write Dr. Pierce, Dept. 1290, Buffalo, N. Y., for free sample. Discover how wonderfully it helps to relieve you of beauty robbing "regular" pains.
YOU'LL ALWAYS BE CONSTIPATED UNLESS—

You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely every day and is not allowed 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 liveliness. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 30c, 306 and 50c.

Peggy, the Patient Plugger
[Continued from page 37]

Peggy’s in Hollywood, now, and has been for a couple of years. At present she’s out at Universal Studios where she is regarded as the prize “find” in this, or any year’s crop of budding starlets. In fact, the front office executives liked her so well in her first picture, First Love, starring Deanna Durbin, that they gave her the feminine leads in five other productions, all of which were finished before the Deanna Durbin film was released! Each role she had in those five pictures was different enough to show her bosses what she really could do, given the opportunity, but it wasn’t until they showed how she could handle a snappy comedy role in Oh, Johnny, How You Love Her, her most recent picture, that the front office arose en masse, to speak, and gave her four of Jimmy Flaher’s bells and six of their own!

Now the production chiefs at the studio have locked up their staff of writers in their tiny cells and have commanded them to remain “in solitary” until they’ve manufactured a half dozen “A” production scripts for their pride and joy. Yes, indeed, Universal has rolled out the red carpet for this young lady whom we still insist is better looking from every angle (we should say curve) than nine-tenths of the models her pappy employs for his calendars. Moraniere does his work back in New York, now, and bearing about the progress of his young daughter he’s been smart enough to get on the band wagon. He says his favorite model is a young lady by the name of Peggy who has never done anything for herself professionally! Well, it’s too late now. His paintbrush will die of old age before he ever has a chance to catch her likeness on canvas.

PEGGY was born in Clinton, Iowa, on October 23, 1918. She came to Hollywood from St. Louis, Missouri, when she was five and escaped the tall corn that grew right up to her bedroom window. Or so she says.

“I didn’t think much about a theatrical career,” she says, without cracking her best Sunday smile, “until almost a year after I arrived in Hollywood with Mother. She took me downtown one day and into an office building somewhere on the Boulevard. She had taken me up on a hunch about me in the waiting room of some office and told me to be a nice girl and wait for her. Well, I waited and waited and finally climbed down off my high perch and sneaked out into the corridor to play. About ten minutes later mother came out of an office down the hall and when he reached me he stopped, placed his hand under my chin, and said, very quietly: ‘I am Darios. They call me the Hollywood Prophet. Some day you will be a movie actress.’ Then he smiled and was gone. I didn’t know it then, of course, but Darios was a fortune teller quite popular with the movie colony. The pronouncement made a deep impression on my mind and although I was sidetracked many times by the usual adolescent ambitions that all girls have, I always turned back to the idea of one day being an honest-to-goodness actress.”

After Peggy was old enough to attend public school, her mother argued her mother into letting her take private dramatic and singing lessons. Her mother, having been one of the Denishawn dancers with Ruth St. Denis before her marriage, agreed to Peggy’s demands, but only if she’d take dancing lessons too. A happy compromise was effected and the art of terpsichore was included in her extra-curricular studies.
"I must have inherited my love for dancing," Peggy says, "from Mother, because more I studied it to the exclusion of dramatics. But this ambition got sidetracked when I entered Junior College and got an opportunity to be active in school dramatic productions. Believe it or not I was so good that I was chosen as the school's representative in one of the Annual Shakespearean Festivals."

But that isn't the whole story. She was so good in dramatics that she was recommended to Radio Station KFI for small parts and she did radio acting for a year. 

"And I was mighty fine experience," she says, "We wrote scripts half an hour before the program went on the air and I got so I could handle sight reading in a fairly capable manner."

After graduating from Junior College Peggy, probably thinking she might follow in her pappy's footsteps, worked for a few months "inking in" for a commercial artist.

"I had a vague hunch that maybe I had inherited some of Father's talent," she explains the sudden switch in ambitions, "and during my inking-in apprenticeship I began to study Bette Davis. Before long I studied the worse I got, and no one had to tell me that as an artist I was hopeless. I knew. So back I went to the study of dramatics. It was time that acting would interfere with my building a good foundation for a career on the stage."

But you know how it is with women. Their minds are on things like the wind. Or we've heard. At any rate, the subject of our thesis took another detour from the straight and narrow and difficult road that leads to acting school. I reasoned that I had found impossible to explain to my father that I had decided to become a teacher of Spanish, having acquired, she says, considerable fluency in this language. But before she got as far as settling down behind a school's grammar desk to teach cute kiddies to say Yo hablo Español muy buena, she exercised her woman's prerogative, tossed her Spanish grammar into the corner and resumed her dramatic studies.

On the basis of her radio work Peggy was given a screen test at Warner Bros., but the test was shelved for several months at the insistence of the studio and finally remembered, it jutted off, and gave it her expert once-over with the pleasing result that Peggy was called in for an interview that went off so well she was given a contract.

About the only thing she got after that was the cold shoulder.

"It was pretty disheartening," she admits, "I didn't know a blessed soul on the lot and nobody knew me which may have made it even Stephen for all hands around, but it was very depressing nevertheless. For me, at least."

"And I was getting paid for it—I placed myself in the hands of the studio's dramatic coach and worked like the proverbial little nailer to improve myself. Work. I've found, never hurt anyone, particularly a girl who has screen ambitions and I put in long hours, sometimes as many as twelve a day, learning things that eventually helped me along in my career."

Peggy is one girl in Hollywood who emphatically doesn't believe in lucky breaks, or just plain luck. Maybe this belief helps her along. Maybe it's because the latter grew up on the Army and Navy side, but she claims you can't get anywhere in business unless you use plenty of the well-known elbow grease. The Army and Navy call it preparedness. But whatever the nomenclature, Peggy, the Patlugg-Plugger, proved conclusively that being ready, willing, and able, when opportunity came a Knocking at her door, was equal to a dozen steps up the cinematic ladder she was so eager to climb.

Universal Studios got her on the first bounce when Warners declined the time she had come to throw her out on her shell-like cars, and she was plopped into those five pictures one right after another. And you can bet six reds of film from any production you can care to name, she never had to go through these roles unless she had been able to deliver her acting chores P.D.Q. and expertly.

Up through the years—that is, from the time Dario, the Hollywood prophet, told her that she'd become a movie actress some day, until she arrived at Universal, she had kept this prophecy to herself. Not even her mother knew about it. And all other ambitions and longings she likewise kept hidden in her heart. The reason? Well—"

"I was always afraid," she says, "that if I told anyone of anything what I had mapped out for myself they'd try to switch me to something else. Well-meaning friends sometimes have the bad habit of doing that and so they throw the road and plans for a career to my self. That doesn't mean I refused advice or that I thought I never needed it. I'm not that dumb! Any girl in the movies needs advice—and plenty of it!"

Peggy's ideas of movie making took a sudden turn for the worse, when she was assigned the signature role in Oh, Johnny, Here You Can Love.

After reading the script she discovered that she had to do a nifty rhumba on roller skates, make a running dive through a port-hole solely large enough to provide an exit for a month-old kitten, stand still while Tom Brown put a zestful tackle on her and, lastly, as a sort of film filigree, get herself mixed up with a lot of exploding freckles and Roman candles. Some fun, eh, kid!

"It was the roller skating sequences that got me down," she confesses. "I'd never had a pair of skates in my life and when I told the producer, he merely said something about 'think nothing of it, Peggy, you've got three weeks to learn,' and with that the studio engaged an instructor, fitted me up with a pair of skates, aired a tinkle, and from then on I spent six hours every day until actual shooting started learning how to roll along. Brusies! Golly, I had millions of these scrawny little red marks! Not even the pillows I had tied onto me, helped. But finally, I got so I could make my legs behave and, believe it or not, I got expert enough start to going. I really had to. Universal should have given me a stunt check along with my regular salary. But I guess it all comes under the heading of good, clean Hollywood fun. Anyway, just as soon as my black-and-blue marks fade out I'm going to learn how to ice skate, ski, ride a bucking bronco, wrestle with a bear, and shoot from a high limb. All just in case!"

"Well, maybe so. Maybe she'd better get busy on these athletic stunts. And maybe not, but the warning is exceedingly loud and enthusiastically about her dramatic ability and plan on proving it to motion picture goers with nothing but Grade 'A' productions."

But for all that, we still insist her father, Earl Moran, the calendar drawing man, overlooked the prettiest looking model of them all when he drew the line and refused to let her move up in the studio's Fletcher people.

But what's one man's loss is another man's gain, and if the calendars lost the prettiest girl the movies have gained a fast-come star who's going to soar in the movie heavens with dazzling brilliance.
BETWEEN OURSELVES

HOLLYWOOD IMPRESSIONS

By LARRY REID

Close-Ups of a Fabulous Town

H O L L Y W O O D B L V D. and Vine—the Times Square of Movietown... Newboys hawking papers at midnight, dodging cars and trolleys at busy intersection... Eastern steaks (New York cuts) featured at the better restaurants... the semi-circular table booths giving semi-privacy for six in these spots... absence of hat-check girls in most spots (the town's honest—your coat, hat are safe)... Don Ameche going for Eastern oysters at Vine St. Derby... they serve salad first in Hollywood... Eat those vitamins, be bong and strong... movie crowd favoring the Derby spots on fight night (Friday)... "Don't let him crowd you, Garcia!" "Look out for his left, Armstrong!... Sunset Blvd.—and where it bends into the Strip... agents, agents and AGENTS in white, artsy one and two-story buildings... Ditto interior decorators... including Mary Miles Minter. Remember her?... No crowds on Strip. Must phone business... Some swank, chauffeured cars... Must do carriage trade... Immensity of 20th-Fox lot... immensity and landscaping of Warner lot... Immensity of M-G-M lot. Magnificent Irving Thalberg Building on same lot... Armed cops at all M-G-M gates to keep crashers out... Don't sass'em, they're Culver City cops... Auto trans., like World's Fair buses carrying sightseers, tourists and workers over M-G-M streets. You need a car... Some workers ride bikes... Commisary Cafe de Paris (next decorative job) at 20th-Fox... Roomy and crowded commissary at M-G-M... Gable, Tracy, big money players at same table. Low man at dice pays for lunch... Luna Turner talking about her Artie... Kliegs, searchlights opening new market. Ditto drug-store... "Give 'em a come-on like the movie crowd... Circus seats up for big openings like Grapes of Wrath—adjoining theatre entrance to take care of fans (some with babes in arms). "Oh lookit, there's Dietrich! Oh, ma, there's Raft and Shearer!!"... All chatter ceases as Orson Welles enters Ciro's, booms at "Sir Cedric Hardwicke: 'I'm so glad to see you." Orson Welles in long English tails, with walking-stick and limping. No beard now—only moustache... Peter the Hermit gone Hollywood in slacks and coat... Helen Ferguson's Grecian temple for publicity office on Strip... Wilshire Blvd.'s. Miracle Mile—swank shops, hotels, apartments—and landscaping... Job of getting from here to there in car with blvd. stops or stop-and-go signs gangung up on you... the pedestrian's always right... car reaching crossing first has right of way. Mexicans don't care much. They TAKE right of way... Ann Sheridan driving car like expert bus-driver on turn-up Ventura Blvd... Workers pause for look at Oomph, resuming put extra hump into work... Sympathetic understanding of Director Irving Cummings in handling Lillian Russell scenes at 20th-Fox... patience of Mervyn LeRoy in making scene click for Waterloo Bridge... Bob Taylor setting off English officer's uniform well... Vivien Leigh coquetishly perfect in use of fan in scene... Taylor and Leigh relaying 'tween scenes with Chinese checkers... Bette Davis fascinating Director Litvak as if he were visiting tourist in staircase entry scene of All This, And Heaven Too... Wisecracks at Bing Crosby's table at Universal commissary... Deanna Durbin with mommy. Deanna as pretty off as on... Helen Parrish, pretty too, with mommy around town she's with Forrest Tucker... Paramount contrast—raven-black hair, blue-gray eyes of Patricia Morison and Titan long bob and brown eyes of Susan Hayward who has look of constant surprise... THE gentle ribbing and streamline humor of Bob Hope at Academy Dinner (No "I'm good, I am" technique here)... Laurence Olivier munching olive or he had tongue in cheek while making belated entrance with Vivien Leigh at Academy Dinner... Howard Strickling bringing in last year's winner Spencer Tracy to much handclapping at Dinner... H. M. Warner trying to dance on dune at Dinner... All stars, producers, directors trying to dance on dune at Dinner... Orson Welles most discussed man in Hollywood... Hitler? Who's he?... Andrea Leeds shutting eyes in ecstasy as father-in-law's hoss, Seabiscuit captures Handicap... Mervyn LeRoy in paddock looking over his hoss—10 to 1 shot—exercising before Handicap. Hoss let him down... Brenda Joyce and Owen Ward... Tall stories of Bob Cobb, Brown Derby boss... No one can tell 'em like Bob... Elsa Maxwell can tell 'em too... Marion Davies making other stars feel self-conscious. That poise... Stars in jodhpurs and cowboy togs at Palm Springs... The into-a-dying-sun-set drive from Palm Springs to L. A., the miles of Guastati vineyards on this drive... The Colonial Drive-in boss on Sunset who knows all the stars' secrets... his cheddarburger, nuthburger, hamburger creations... Aimee's Temple, still packing 'em... soft words and eyes-meanings in Beachcomber cozy corners... Singapore and Shanghai in Hollywood. What boat you on, sailor?... Greetings to Louella Parsons from stars at premieres... Greetings from Louella to stars at premieres... Starlet Ann Rutherford delayed twenty minutes signing autographs at Strange Cargo preview. Girls in slacks on Sunset... Fat women in slacks in glamorous markets... Even markets have S. A. 8:30 a.m. line-up at Grauman's Chinese... Studio car drivers—polite and homesick. Engage you in chatter—"You from the East? Me, too. Like to see Gloucester again."

A fisherman in Hollywood... M-G-M driver says: "With all this traffic streets should be wide like back home in Salt Lake City..."... Like New York, Hollywood people come from back home... Modernistic eye-catching broadcasting studios... Santa Anita track... makes most tracks look like game you play on parlor floor... it's those mountains, those flowers, those stable—plenty of breathing space... Great open spaces everywhere except on mountain top real-estate signs and dance floors of night clubs... Drive-In theatre on Pico... Cowboy bit player kills cowboy bit player. No play actin—he meant it. (To be continued).
DRAMA FROM LIFE

THERE is no reading thrill that can equal the pleasure to be derived from a story which rings true because it was taken from life. On such stories the whole policy of REAL LIFE STORY is based. On such stories rest the amazing success and increasing popularity of this vital and inspiring magazine.

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THEY SATISFY
WHY GABLE IS STILL TOPS

Alice Faye
Starred in
"Lillian Russell"

THIS MONTH'S COLOR PORTRAIT
MICKEY ROONEY
A NORTH WOODS VACATION

Treat yourself to a delightful, economical vacation among the lakes and fragrant pines of northern Minnesota at "America's most complete summer resort." Make new friends and become one of the thousands who call Breezy Point Lodge their "vacation home."

Breezy Point Lodge is on the shores of Big Pelican Lake, 120 miles from Duluth, 150 miles north of Minneapolis. Golf on emerald green and watered fairways. Sun yourself on a white sand beach. Ride horseback through stands of pine. Fish for bass, pike, or trout. Dance each evening at dinner. Play billiards, tennis or bowl on Breezy Point's bowling alleys. There is every sport at Breezy, including trap shooting, archery, etc.

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Breezy Point is delightfully cool. Official average temperatures are lower than those of any other summer resort in the United States.

Easily accessible by motor car, train or bus. Rates start at $2 per day, $5 per day with meals. Golf $1 per week days. Other prices in proportion. Season from June 20 to Sept. 1. Write for reservations. Address Breezy Point Lodge, Pequot Lakes, Minn.

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CAN WOMEN BE FRIENDS IN HOLLYWOOD?

The intriguing question above is answered by Bette Davis in next month's MOTION PICTURE. Bette gets down to fundamentals of the question—in a town rife with ambition and jealousy. This issue will also feature scintillating stories about Merle Oberon, Joan Fontaine, Paulette Goddard and a host of others. There will be a beautiful colored insert of Vivien Leigh, plus exclusive portraits of leading favorites. Look for the fiction version of a new film—and the BEST News and Gossip coming out of Hollywood. Order the August MOTION PICTURE from your regular newsgame NOW. It gives the most for your money of any movie magazine on the stands.

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Here are the latest inside answers to Hollywood's romances, weddings, spats, divorces and blessed events

By Harry Lang

What Holly-Would really like to know: Is it true what they're saying about Gene Markey and Hedy Lamarr? The town's abuzz with undownloadable rumors that Hedy and Gene are on the outs, and that they're headed for the divorce courts—and everybody's feeling very sorry about it—not for Gene and Hedy so much, as for the little boy baby they've been adopting. On account of if the rumors are true, and the Lamarr-Markey wedding is all washed up, then the kid'll have to go back to the orphanage...

Meantime, Hedy and Gene, with a fine outward show of high fury, deny all the reports and say that what they'd like to know is: Who started the blankety-blank rumor anyway? Never in all the world or in Hollywood either, they swear, are there two people more in love than themselves!!

But—that's just exactly what Dolores Del Rio and Cedric Gibbons kept chirping to the world and the columnists—and all the gossipeers. And look at Dolores and Cedric now!—The Hollywood washup-of-the-moment.

Nine years they've been married—Del Rio and her Cedric. And every time somebody burped about what an unhealthy place for marriage Hollywood is, the loyal legion of defenders of Hollywood would come back with "look at Del Rio!"

Yet for months, their lovey-dovey exterior's been hiding a couple bursting hearts, unless Dolores doesn't know what she's talking about. Take it from the languardous

(Continued on page 8)
George White's Scandals lures ... no-
boby'd be surprised if Tommy Glennan (Tex's
brother) and Arlene Judge (Dan Topping's
ex) practice saying "I do" to a preacher ... 
Mrs. Dick Foran and Gilbert Roland quite
a duet ... Mary Anderson, than whom
there's no cutie cuter out at Warners, is
consolation plenty for Eddie Albert, who
used to feel blue about Jane Bryan ... 
Actor Eddie Norris, who ought to know
oomph when he meets it on account of he's
Ann Sheridan's ex, is finding oomph aplenty
in Judith Allen ... ex-footballer at U. C.
L. A., Mike Frankovitch and Binnie Barnes
say they'll be married after September 27
... Is it true that Janice Logan is going to
throw that Paramount contract overhead
and marry French newspaperman Jacques
Choller? ... former London agent Fred
Brisson is the lad who's got the inside track
in Roz Russell's life ... Bob Stack and Judy
Garland, dating four nights in a row and
missing not one dance together when they
step out ... Steffi Duna can't decide be-
tween Big Boy Williams and Dennis O'Keefe ... reminiscent of the old days is
the current twosoming of old flames Ivan
Lebedeff and Wera Engels, remember? ...

DON'T BE SURPRISED—if there's
a reconciliation soon (maybe by
the time this sees print) between
Weldon Heyburn and Greta Nissen,
who used to be his first wife, and may
be his next.

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Junior Laemmle and Mary Rogers—
There's a couple rumor-dodgers:
Mary Rogers and Junior Laemmle—
Wonder how soon she'll join the famumle?

DIVORCES OF THE SEASON:
Ginger Rogers has her divorce at
last, but it's a California one after all—
which means she can't marry again for
a year at least. And Ginger isn't saying
whether it'll be Howard Hughes then,
or not. To get her divorce, Ginger told
the judge that Lew Ayres had told her
to get out and go home to mama—and
mama added that Lew had said he
didn't want Ginger any more, and
mama could have her for keeps.

Alice Faye, jittering out loud that
she was "as nervous as a cat" and
saying she hopes she'll never have to
get another divorce, took the witness
stand and explained that Tony Martin
was away from Hollywood too much
and, anyway, when she went East to
be with him, he left her home while he
stepped out. So the judge gave her a
divorce, and now she's stepping out
with a few of the boys while Tony's big
moment in New York is showgal Ann
Graham.

ALL-IS-CONFUSION Dept; Rosalie
Graybar, one of the town's toppest
nite-club singers, is being rushed by Cesar
Romero, Bunny Bacon and Bruce Cabot,
(Continued on page 18)
Cook and serve spaghetti in glass baking-ware for that grand hot dish for summer.

Stuffed peppers prove spaghetti and macaroni to be thrifty cooking ingredients.

For a hearty but cooling hot weather dish, macaroni salad mold is the tops.

"WEW—is it hot! No, never mind getting me supper, I don't feel like eating anything much tonight—just bring me a pitcher of something cold to drink until I cool off—" 

How often do we hear a remark of this kind, and alas, how mistaken is such a viewpoint! Granted that midsummer with its soaring thermometer is hot or even scorching, nevertheless nothing is more detrimental to health than the practice of downing a quantity of chill liquids without accompanying them with sufficient amounts of substantial warm food.

"SAY IT WITH SPAGHETTI!!" 

Yes, not only tubular spaghetti and macaroni, but their cousins and their aunts in the large food paste family which take the form of elbow or "cut" macaroni, interesting shell shapes, large and small, bow-knots, and even the intriguing letters of the alphabet. There's a pattern, shape and size of these delicious, nourishing foods to suit every course in the meal from soups, through salads, to the dessert.

Spaghetti to the homemaker immediately projects a realization of a good hot meal—ready in a jiffy. For all these high value (but most easily digestible) semolina grain or wheat foods require only to be dropped into rapidly boiling salted water and cooked nine minutes, flat.

Most time-saving, indeed, is the complete or "packaged" spaghetti dinner including 8-oz. of spaghetti, an 8-oz. can of meat or other tasty sauce (wonderfully seasoned with Sherry, by the way) and a generous sprinkling of cheese in a convenient sprinkler top shaker. It will certainly pay to keep a couple of such handy, inexpensive and ready-to-eat packaged dinners right on the pantry shelf all summer long. Never "unexpected guests" with a complete dinner thus on hand at any hour.

Then, of course, the many excellent varieties of spaghetti and macaroni in canned form should likewise fill a goodly shelf in the summer stockroom. Canned macaroni with a rich, hearty, cream sauce lends itself to many appetizing, but never taxing, hot

[Continued on page 79]
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.

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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
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Terry moss, brightened with daisies... $5.95

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Remember what we said in this department last month about this year's best pictures being last year's best novels? Well, here we possibly be wrong when David O. Selznick had the same idea—and long ago. He's the producer who scored such a sensational success with Gone With the Wind, also David Copperfield. Being a perfectionist Mr. Selznick isn't content with just good pictures; he must have the best and it not only is apparent that Mr. S. knows what he wants but how to get it. He gave Rebecca a splendid cast, a beautiful screenplay by Robert Sherwood and Joan Harrison and an ace director—Alfred Hitchcock. The result? Rebecca is the most literal translation of a fascinating book and is not only this year's but any year's best picture. Joan Fontaine as the second Mrs. Du Maurier is magnificent. She doesn't play a part—she is the girl Miss du Maurier wrote about—the young, naive, plain, sensitive girl that Marion de Winter took to Manderley as his second wife. As to Marion, Laurence Olivier plays him splendidly, but then we expected it. The rest of the cast in this exciting mystery-romance is above the average.—Selznick-U. A.

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'TIL WE MEET AGAIN

**AAA½**

It looks as if we aren't going to be able to keep our health and our job, too, for in the past few weeks we have suffered from: tumor of the brain (Dutch Picture), a dreaded social disease (Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet), acute appendicitis (O'Anne Tom Edition) and cancer (Rebecca). And although we enjoyed all these films—they were all four star pictures—the pain (even if imaginary) was becoming unbearable. So to the dic we went for a check-up, and just as we were beginning to feel: "Til We Meet Again" and here we are struck with amnesia which by now probably know is a serious heart ailment. Our beautiful heroine, Merle Oberon, is a victim of the disease and only has a few months to live. Our hero, George Brent, has enough money to return to San Quentin by Pat O'Brien to fulfill a death sentence for murder. They meet at a bar in Hong Kong and then again aboard a steamer homeward bound and fall desperately in love. It's a beautifully romantic story and really touches the heart. Merle Oberon is fine.—Warner.

[Continued on page 14]
LAST CALL FOR HOLLYWOOD!

ALL ABOARD! HERE'S THE LAST CALL TO JOIN THE 1940 MOVIELAND TOUR—AND SEE THE STARS!

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PICTURE PARADE

IRENE

AAA½

Delightful to the eyes and the ears is this Herbert Wilcox elaborate part-
Technicolor production of Irene, the musical comedy that set New York on its
ear some years ago—with such tunes as Alice Blue Gown, Irene, Out on a
Limb, etc. But it isn't Mr. Wilcox's directing-gifting talents alone that
make Irene so stimulating to our senses, there's Anna Neagle—the star who's
been associated with Queen Victoria and more recently Nurse Cavell—and
her vocalizing and acting and dancing are not what one would call exactly
hard on the eyes or ears. In fact, you'd have to go far to find anyone who
could match Miss Neagle's talents—dramatic, sentimental, tonal—and beauty.
The rest of the cast is impressive, too, particularly Ray Milland, Alan
Marshall, Roland Young, May Robson and Rillie Burke, to mention only a few.
Irene has all the qualities that spell entertainment—it's gay and romanitic. A
young girl in an up-country shop is sent to do some straightening-out at the home
of a wealthy client, meets a friend of the son of the house—and she's on her
way to fame and fortune and the altar—Radio.

SAFARI

AAA-

More than a year ago they dressed Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. in khaki shorts,
high boots and a ruff helmet and he been wearing them since—in India for
Gunga Din, in the South American Jungle for Green Hell and now in Africa
for Safari. We don't know how Doug Jr. feels about it but we are beginning
to feel about Doug's shorts as we do about Dorothy Lamour's sarongs. But it's
just like Hollywood to do that—They probably couldn't find another man in the
cinema city who could wear white tie and tails better than young Fairbanks or
who could be more comfortable in Park Avenue or Pall Mall dressing-rooms
or business suits as they do for some guy but no, they wouldn't give those parts to Doug. They say those for some guy
who thinks that only undertakers and head-waiters wear dress suits. But that's
enough of Hollywood, let's get on to Safari and penetrate deepest Africa with
Doug, Madeleine Carroll and Tullio Carminati and catch some game. Jim Lopez
(Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.), an idealist, is in it for the money while Baron de
Courten (Tullio Carminati) is for the sport. Linda (Madeleine Carroll) the
Baron's fiancée is in it because she lost a bet. —Parsonage.

[Contined on page 661]
LANA'S eloping herself to wifehood with unexpected ease. OF JANE AND EDDIE: The lad who accompanied Eddie Albert on his highly publicized jaunt to Mexico returned with word of Jane Bryan. Jane thus far has made good her decision to give up all screen areas. But she will return to the stage in the East as soon as she locates a suitable role for her services. That first sight of the moment Jane looked into the eyes of handsome Justin Dart. That was some months before their marriage. Eddie and Jane had been playing at romance before then. Eddie was in on the Bryan-Dart marriage plans all along. He's not carrying any torch. He was never lost in Mexico. It was his companion, a young actress, appearing in I Married an Angel, who was lost at sea for seven days, after drowning Eddie off at Ensenada. Eddie's leg was stuck in dark in Los Angeles for the evening of the musical. While the adventurous Eddie was strumming his guitar under the balconies of dark-eyed senoritas, the unworthy craft carrying his best friend and a sea captain, sailed out to sea. Fortunately, the boat drifted back to Ensenada while the studio and Eddie's mama thought Eddie lost. And whereas Eddie got some swell publicity out of all the affair the young actor lost his job.

SPRING ON BROADWAY: World's Fair visitors will see more movie names in these parts than on a trip to Hollywood. Broadway raids on studio talent continues while Paramount does as well by Broadway's young hopefuls. Lella Ernst returned from Lie With Heresy, the second Henry Aldrich comedy, denying that the Jackie Cooper coupling was anything but a particular unsigned studio romance. Aren't these trumped-up publicity romances getting silly? Alexander D'Arcy, known to moviegoers as the man who runs the shop with Annabella, romanced Arleen Whelan to the altar, joined the cast of Ring of the Lure, that it was love at first sight, and clever dancer, was stoked right from the arm of George Jean Nathan for a Hollywood debut. Gladys George opened in Lady in Waiting with husband, Leonard Penn, also in the cast without credit. She is among the greatest anger of her talent. Lupe Velez, who continues to be a breath of an earlier, less inhibited Hallywood, wood, is "so insane over her comeback in povertune... and is featuring her devastating atitations at the Paramount Theatre. So she can buy herself another diamond bracelet. Gene Raymond had a success trying to play several new songs he had written... and was called back to RKO for another picture with Wendy Barrie... Gene is doing just the sort of light comedy he did with Ann Sothern, after a long hold-out against that type of picture... But the fans will be pleased... Sylvia Sidney was pacted by Warner for the lead opposite Jimmy Cagney in a part Bette Davis turned down. There's not a chance Hollywood will quite that old junked air she once struck a Snafy and has John Garfield was all for a fast return when Heavenly Express opened to discouraging returns on the road... But an enthusiastic Pittsburgh reception encouraged the lads to bring it in... Harry Carey is also in the cast... It's not an ultimate experience in thirty-five years of acting.

You SHOULD have seen all the girls rushing to Tony Martin's opening at the Versailles. Producer Harry Cohn took one look and sent Tony back to Hollywood... He completed a sexual encounter after an equally successful season in a Miami club... If Tony could act the way he sings... and looks... he'd just about the best thing on the screen... Desi Arnaz, of Too Many Girls, and who has a devoted following at his own club, at the La Salle, had a shocking accented Tony of muscling in on his territory... But peace reigned... Tony still prefers rhodod and Broadway's Glamor Boy Number One likes brunettes... Particularly Renee DeMarch... They both have touch command from Frances Tinsley who moved right up there in the telephone numbers with The Fifth Column... Between them they've left that other model's prayer, Burgess Meredith, slim pickings... Desi will appear in the film version of Too Many Girls... He has a no-marriage clause in his contract... Which isn't bothering the twenty-two-year-old Cuban personality boy just yet... Cary Grant looked the town over after a week's vacation with Pudgy... He did El Morocco with lovely Marcy Westcott... and he's got a new squeeze, Miss George Abbott... She'll join Arnaz in the Rodgers and Hart musical at RKO this summer... At Starch's Photo show is the autograph hunters... Ty told Renee, the famed hat-check, it's his last only place where he could eat in comfort... Ty and Annabella entertained friends at the popular restaurant after attending the opening of Higher and Higher... Annabella and Martha Eggert of the cast are old friends... Suzanne Simon, Carl Ray Milland, and Tony Martin Fondu were other first nights... Hank was grounded by bad weather several days later and the printed opening day of the circus... He's a circus fan from way back... At Ralph's: Josh Logan who directed Higher and Higher tried to get Ralph to remember when he, Hank Fonda and Jimmy Stewart ate dinner in the little spaghetti place "on the out"... But the boys were no different from dozens of struggling lads Ralph extends credit to environment... He didn't remember... But Josh did... Hank never could get a job that paid more than seven or eight dollars at some small dimestore... Of the trio, only Logau prefers Broadway success to the Hollywood variety.

AT "21" CLUB: Lana and Arlis Shaw saying Barbra Streisand a well-liked girl, was the bewhiskered little girl Arlis left behind when he sought to get away from it all. Betty is going very steadily with Alexs Thompoen, a wealthy Canadian, recently out of Yale... Charles Laugha, even more unrestricted than usual, in jolly mood... The Actor: The Press Photographer's Ball was as much fun as usual, to those excepted for the stars held nary a flashbulb... No soldidity, pictures on this night... Did I notice a few disappointing looks? John Barrymore and his dark-eyed Elaine are the pots of the lens lads... John has dropped years in appearance since Elaine Ni in hand again... He appeared sober and subdued... Slightly, it must be said, since he has been darning a new nightly after the show and admitting his wife to that society cafes she so dearly loves... Barrymore thinks brother, Lionel, will be along for a show if his health permits... Michael Whalen and Marlo... Lyke Talbot... Edward Arnold remarking to someone who recalled seeing him as a romantic juvenile thirty years ago, that he always had trouble getting jobs until he got fat... Success never caught up with him until he was middle-aged and corpulent... Ray Milland excited about a motor boat he had purchased that day... Ellen Drew, her husband being sent to New York... His entire visit in town was spent in a hotel room... The RKO Girls... The Henry Fonda... Harold Lloyd, still seeking a youthful comedian to remake his old comedies and gain star-dom overnight... Eddie Foy, following her performance in Alan Dinehart's Separate Rooms... I'll be Betty Grable... What, you remember?... They are even now younger than many present day stars... yet Sally is playing a very small part in a current show. A tall, thin and full of Irish charm... and Molly, the wife of actor J... It is just as true about the three children... Sally is full of pride and won't be cast except under certain conditions... She was doing an engineer of the television set who had invested in a home in those fabulous Hollywood days, instead of a ten thousand dollar car.

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Camay has a new, long-lasting fragrance. Almost 2 out of every 3 women we asked voted it more pleasing than that of those other soaps!
BABY TALK IN HOLLYWOOD: The Rex Leases have a date with O'Doc Stork for mid-fall... And the Kent Taylors (who have two already) expect a third in early summer (and don't be surprised if it's here by the time you read this). Constance Moore and hubby Johnny Maschio have to buy a new home, on account of their honeymoon cottage was just a two-sawd, not, and now they're going to need a nursery. Mrs. and Mr. Oscar Levant (she's June Gale to you!) say there'll be a little Levant along pretty soon. The Ray Millands have named their baby, which came ahead of time but is doing fine, thank you, David Daniel. And the Doug Fairbanks, Juniors have chosen Daphne as their lil' gal's name.

HOLLYWOOD, incurably romantic and sentimental, insists on believing that it's gonna be a retake with Cary and Phylis Brooks. And neither Cary nor Phyl are 'tain't so. But they don't say, either, 'tis...! Nothing was ever colder than the bust-up of these two. Hotter than paprika while they were Hollywood's threesome-of-the-season, only a few scant months ago, they suddenly broke-up and loved each other like Hitler and a rabbit! Outstepped Cary with a row of honeys, notably Lucile Fairbanks, not to mention Joan Castle (who was Georgie Jessel's light-o-love until he decided she was superannuated or something). Phyl, on the contrary, carried the torch high and flaming—and was notable for her non-stepping-out in Hollywood. And now, as this is written, Cary and Phyl have made up—they're having dinner together, and they're dancing cheek-to-cheek. Lucile Fairbanks is out in the cold, save when Owen Crump helps her forget. And Hollywood's betting two-to-one that Cary just couldn't find anybody who agreed with him as whole heartedly about Cary's perfection as does Phylis. And THAT'LL get ANY man, even if he were NOT a movie actor.

MEAN-TIME, are Dolores and Orson Welles even BETTER friends?

ELopeMEnt of the season was the one which wound up with June Lang (the gal Victor Orsatti couldn't stay married to) becoming the bride of John Roselli, ex-New Yorker and former bodyguard to Producer Harry Cohn, whom practically NObody in Hollywood had EVER heard of until he became Mister June Lang. Their elopement was a surprise to all Hollywood, including even June's friends. When Orsatti heard of it, he wished bridegroom Roselli a lot of luck. Meantime, Victor, who stayed married to June only two months, is getting ready to take another fling at marriage, himself. He and Helen Gilbert, not long divorced, are alib-bound.

TIME-MARCH-E-SON note: Freddie Bartholomew, bounding merrily along into deep-voiced adulthood, is also getting to be THE stepp-outer of the town's teen-ages. Freddie plays a four-gal field: June Lockhart, Judy Garland, Gloria Lloyd and Peggy Lloyd. The latter are Harold Lloyd's daughters. Wonder when Shirley Temple's going to have her first beau. Well Georgie Jessel is out.

BRIEF NOTE to JOAN CRAWFORD: That so-gorgeous compact you got for your birthday from ex-hubby Franchot Tone doesn't mean anything more than that Franchot Tone is a thoughtful ex-husband.

Former model Ann Roberts who is an eyeeful as well as amniful, appears as one of the lovelies in Hal Roach's Turnabout. On account of Franchot's HEART wasn't packed up in the compact. Because Harriet Bennett is keeping it for him. She used to be an Earl Carroll beauty-cutie. Now she's Franchot's ditto.

MAYBE Lana Turner is still happy about being Mrs. Artie Shaw, but M-G-M certainly wasn't till the other day when they lifted her suspension. Lana was hotter at M-G-M than Annie Sheridan is at Warners, just before she set Hollywood on its ears by eloping with Artie. But since that—well, Lana's just another of the gals on the lot, and so what? Lana isn't perturbed. Between Artie

[Continued on page 77]
Ann Sothern

Ann puts her best foot forward, and togged out in a tropical swim-suit begs the sun to go easy on the tan. Between dips in the pool she's making *Brother Orchid*.
“I’ve never told, in detail, the part that Laurence Olivier has played in my life,” said Greer Garson, smiling as if she hoped for a reaction of lifted eyebrows. Then having achieved that reaction, she feigned surprise. “My life as an actress, I mean,” she added.

It was 4 p.m. on the set of *Pride and Prejudice*, co-starring Greer Garson and Laurence Olivier. The entire company—predominantly English, with the notable exception of the jovial German cameraman, Karl Freund—had taken time out for tea. Greer was also taking time out for an interview.

With one eye on her interviewer, and the other on the small kettle simmering on the electric grill on her dressing-table, she said significantly, “If it hadn’t been for our good friend, Mr. Olivier, I might not be acting today.

“I’ll tell you how he saved my career” —she rolled her r’s, with mock dignity—“five years and six thousand miles ago.

“Five years ago, almost to the month, I was in London, in an abyss of discouragement. I had been trying to get a lead in a West End show—any West End show. And I had reached the hopeless conclusion that the feat was impossible. The West End—which is to London what Broadway is to New York—had no use for unknowns.

“As far as the West End was concerned, I was an unknown. The leads I had played in Birmingham and on tour didn’t count.

“Doing those plays in the provinces, I had been looking constantly toward London, confident that, in time, London would look toward me. What happened instead was that, in time, I had lost my belief in Cinderella. I hadn’t seen any producers trampling each other, anxious to sign me. In fact, it had become horrifyingly apparent that if I were ever to amount to anything as an actress, I’d have to force the issue, myself. If I were ever to get to London, I’d have to buy a ticket, myself. So, one day, I had done just that.

“Then, month after dreary month, I had made the rounds of the London theatrical offices. Most of the managers wouldn’t see me. Those who did see me invariably said, ‘You’re a leading-actress type in everything except name—you’re one of those hit-or-miss people.’ They didn’t feel they could afford to gamble on my being a [Continued on page 72]
Lillian Russell, the belle of the gay Nineties—and toast of New York—had a way with men. And Alice Faye who brings her to life on screen has Don Ameche as husband No. 3
THIS won't last, so I'm going to make my pile quick and get out!" Clark Gable told me, nearly eight years ago. The other day he smilingly admitted he had been a pretty poor prophet. Instead of getting out quickly, he has broken all records for year-after-year leadership at the box-office. Throw in his Academy Award, his Rhett Butler triumph, his new contract at $7,500 weekly, and you have what makes Gable the most successful movie actor of all time.

"But if I had it to do over again, I'd still make the same prophecy," he declared. "I know more about pictures now, but not enough to understand my good luck."

Clark had no intention of inferring, here, that his success was due to luck rather than ability. He is modest by nature, but too honest to be that modest! Actually, he has had his full share of unlucky breaks. Weak pictures, miscasting, divorce, unwelcome headlines in the press, occasional ill-advised bally-hoo such as that "mobbed by women" stuff.

Those run-of-the-mill misfortunes, which might have ruined another star's career, failed to retard Clark's. His great hold on the public, a product of magnetic personality plus acting ability, saw him through.

His good luck lay in escaping a graver danger. That escape, too, may be the secret of his tremendous success, for it enabled him to go through the Hollywood mill without being forced to "conform," as it is politely called.

Conforming, in that group of closely allied, paternalistic monarchies called the movie industry, does things to a man like Gable. Far more to his rugged, independent sort than to most actors, who take the "yessing" involved as a matter of course, as part of the game.

So when Clark uttered his skeptical prophecy, eight years ago, he knew that the movies might demand of him more humility than he was prepared to offer. [Continued on page 63]
Nancy Kelly

Sailors have sweethearts in every port but there's one he prefers as mate. Which is why Nancy Kelly wistfully wonders if—he's true in Sailor's Lady
YOU CAN

SAT on the side-lines on a sound stage of *Edison, the Man*. Spencer Tracy, as the Wizard of Menlo Park, was at work in the exact reproduction of the laboratory which M-G-M has built, faithful to the last gadget.

Spence was inventing the electric light bulb before my very eyes. He polished off in an hour the invention it took Edison nine years to perfect. Then, with the usual Tracy lack of pomp and show-offiness, he strolled off the set and greeted me with a cordial, "Hello, what do you want this time?"

I greeted him with a poised pencil which he regarded as one might regard a fixed bayonet. Spencer, you know, goes through tortures when he's asked to talk about himself. He's one of the most inarticulate (concerning himself) individuals who ever numbed for a living. It's something congenital. Even at home he doesn't talk about himself. His children are very vague about the pictures he's made. Mrs. Tracy keeps up with his
activities mostly by reading the trade papers and magazines. He's no Great, Big Movie Star at home, or anywhere else.

Spence is “better with men,” they say, when he can swap stories and all. Mantalk, you know. I’ve often seen him on a set with Gable and Victor Fleming and the guffaws that go on then are thunderous.

I’ve often seen him lunching at the Writers and Directors Table in the M-G-M commissary, where only three actors are ever allowed to park—Gable, Taylor and Tracy being the three—and it’s a table For Men Only. With these men, I’ve noticed, Spence is just a chatter-box.

But with the ladies his eyes seem to condemn them to the guillotine. Not that he isn’t agreeable and cordial and friendly as anything. He is. He orders tea in his portable dressing-room (he’s a tea-drinking fool) and cakes and things. When I complimented him on his tea and the pouring of it he said he’s had a lot of practice... being an insomniac. Spence keeps a small electric percolator and coffee on his bedside table and “perks” himself a pot every now and again during his always wakeful nights.

Yes, he’s very hospitable, very pleased to see you, even if you do carry a poised pencil. “Stay around,” he told me when he had to go back to the set to make a scene, “stay around, I won’t be long.”

So, when Tracy, the Man, who looks enough like Edison, the Man, to be his twin brother, returned and had another pot of tea, I gave him an encouraging smile and said, “I’ve thought of a subject for our interview, Spence... The Code of an Actor, let’s talk about that...”

Spence blinked at me. Sort of a patient blink, such as a dumb animal might band you if you asked it to conjugate a Latin verb.

“You know,” I went on, avoiding his eyes, “a doctor has his code—the Oath of Hippocrates—and a lawyer has his. There are regimental codes and even honor among thieves. Now, then, the Code of an Actor, you know...”

“I don’t, though,” said Spence with the stark simplicity that makes him cinematically great but conversationally helpless.

“I don’t,” he repeated, “has he got one? Look,” he added, brightening, “you’d better run along and talk to Muni if you want anything like this to write about. This is the kind of thing that suits his book fine. I don’t know anything about the Code of an Actor. I haven’t got one anywhere around...”

I said grimly, “I am a glutton for punishment.”

“Sure are, sister,” Spence laughed, but sympathetically. Then, “Aw, just write anything about me, you know me, make up something, anything, it’s all right with me...”
Cary Grant

Cary has now caught up with Colonial life as lived by Patrick Henry and other patriots in *The Howards of Virginia*. Naturally the setting is Williamsburg at its Colonial best.
OORAY! Ann Sheridan has consented. She'll be shipwrecked with me on a tropical island.

Just think of it. With Ann under the cocoanut palms, when the sun blazes down and the world drowses. Or on the coral beach, when the trade wind whips up white banners of foam on the blue ocean, and makes Ann's red hair stream out behind her head. (Ah, for a color camera! But who'd develop the film?)

And with Ann at night, under the great yellow disc of the pagan moon!

Of course, as the star herself points out, it's up to me to arrange the details. The storm, the wreck, the island, and so on.

"That wreck will have to be carefully managed," I told her. "For instance, other survivors mustn't land on the same island. We want to be alone. Except, possibly, for a few cannibals, to fish and pick cocoanuts and bananas for us."

"Wouldn't it be a pity if the U. S. C. football team just happened to be marooned with us?" Ann suggested.

"Horrible thought!" I protested. "I don't like football players anyway, except from a seat on the fifty-yard line."

"Well, don't shipwreck us with the Earl Carroll chorus, either, darling!"

As though I'd do a thing like that!

Before choosing Ann, I had carefully considered all my other favorites among the glamor girls. The ones [Continued on page 76]
Ellen Drew

After three in a row, namely French Without Tears, Women Without Names, Buck Benny Rides Again, Ellen has now proved she's talented and popular, ready for real stardom.
ON THE screen it's Ray Milland's boyish grin that does the trick. Women love it. And men don't resent him. He isn't the type men resent. But offscreen, he is moody, gay, perverse, amiable, explosive, easy-going, bored and attentive by turns. You miss, generally, his ingratiating smile. He is habitually reticent, often morose and brooding. But when you think he's lost in mournful meditation on the ills and mystery of life, he'll all of a sudden look up and wink at you. There's nothing like that wink on movie sets.

A strange and singular lad, this Milland. In appearance he's not at all disappointing when you meet him for the first time. Quite the contrary. He's more impressive than you'd imagine him to be. Black-haired, blue-eyed, tall, 6 ft. 2, this romantic and a bit scornful ex-hussar from the King's own personal bodyguard was born to stride along in spurred boots.

However, the other day, while carrying on a love-behind-hate scene in Columbia's The Doctor Takes a Wife with Loretta Young, he was limping. "I got a Charley horse," he muttered to us. His speech, at times racy, is never of the Mayfair tone and accent. He talks like an American. Good English is equally good on both sides of the Atlantic. An accent—Oxford or otherwise—only mars it.

Like a bad boy who knows he's bad, Mr. M. proceeded to declare his faults and shortcomings. That tendency of his, unusual in Hollywood, is partly responsible for his peculiar brand of off-screen charm. It isn't a pose. We held before him our figurative mirror. And here's how he saw himself in it—after flaring up at the word mirror and insisting he never looks into a mirror except to comb his hair or brush his teeth, that he hates mirrors, and hates men who like them. Why, he has watched a certain potently star preen and admire himself every time he sees a mirror, and it's disgusting! After this outburst against mirrors (we were in his portable dressing-room), he quieted down, and admitted: "I'm very intolerant. I'm not polite and I don't give a damn what people think of me. I won't sit up all night with people who bore me. I won't put up with them." [Continued on page 56]
The Sea Hawk

English actress Flora Robson portrays Queen Elizabeth and captures her spirit and character. In circle opposite is Claude Rains as the Spanish ambassador.
When Errol Flynn's not up to derring-do, giving his all for Mother England, he's making love to Brenda Marshall.

Those of you who go back to the silent days will recall that *The Sea Hawk* made film history in 1924—starring the late Milton Sills, with Enid Bennett, Lloyd Hughes and Wally Beery as supporting players. Warners who owned the rights, have now remade it as a super-super spectacle starring Errol Flynn in another up-and-at-em swashbuckling role, and supported by Flora Robson, Claude Rains, Brenda Marshall and a large cast of prominent, and some not so prominent, players. It goes back to the England of Queen Elizabeth and birth of English sea power, is packed with adventure, action, thrills and atmosphere—not forgetting the romance.

Flynn's as handy with a sword in *Sea Hawk* as he was with bow and arrow in *Robin Hood*.
HELEN GILBERT WAS FOUND MAKING SWEET MUSIC ON A 'CELLO IN STUDIO BAND. NOW SHE'S FOUND MAKING SWEET PASSES AT A FELLOW IN MOVIE ROMANCES. 'CELLOS OR FELLOWS—SHE'S GOOD

YOU could have combed all the sound stages in Hollywood and it's extremly doubtful if you could have found a more surprised and jittery man than Director Woody (One Take) Van Dyke who was on the M-G-M set prepared to begin shooting on his second week of shooting an Andy Hardy picture.

A week's shooting was in the cans and, in case you don't know it, a week's shooting by Van Dyke means that he's pretty deep into the script.

At the precise moment of which we speak he was champing at the bit, but he found himself—or was going to shortly—completely stymied. That is, unless he wished to complete the picture without all members of the cast being duly accounted for.

With scarcely any urging at all this is what he most likely would have done and, being one of Hollywood's cleverest directors, the chances are distinctly in his favor that he would have delivered a Grade A job without recourse to the Bureau of Missing Actors.

It's substantiated by a rumor that once upon a time he shot a script so quickly that he came in seven days under the shooting schedule, minus any shots of either his leading man or leading lady and that the film came within three votes of winning an Academy Oscar!

Well, anyway, here he was with a full week's shooting in the cans, fretting as to whether or not he should go ahead and shoot, regardless of the absence of a very important member of the cast.

He thought a bit about writing this very important member out of the script. He thought a bit more about re-arranging his shooting schedule and tackling other sequences. [Continued on page 86]
PENNY SINGLETON HAS LED SUCH AN EXCITING LIFE IN SHOW BUSINESS THAT IT RIVALS A DOZEN OF HER BLONDIE PLOTS. IN SUCH A ROLE SHE HAS FOUND A REAL CAREER AND A CHANCE TO BE HERSELF

ROOM 532 in the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital is something to add to your collection of This-Is-Hollywood. Room 532 is reserved for patients with radio broadcasts to do, their physical condition permitting. It's wired for sound.

That's where they took Penny Singleton after that head-on automobile collision. She had a broadcast to do the next night, her injuries permitting.

The accident happened on a Sunday night, right after rehearsal for the program. Robert Sparks, producer of the Blondie pictures, was taking her to the Beverly Brown Derby for a late dinner. They were driving along Santa Monica Boulevard when, a half-block away, a car shot out of the oncoming line of traffic onto their side of the street. They couldn't get out of the way. Sparks slammed on his brakes, hoping frantically that the other driver would do likewise. The other driver didn't. In the second before the impact, Sparks threw himself in front of Penny, saved her from striking the dashboard or the windshield.

But when it was all over, Penny couldn't move. A stabbing pain in her chest paralyzed her. She had visions of internal injuries, of The End.

A big crowd collected. Somebody put in a call for an ambulance. Somebody else recognized her. A murmur went through the crowd: "It's Blondie! She's hurt internally!" She had both arms wrapped around herself. Tears were streaming down her face. She was babbling hysterically to Sparks. Onlookers wondered what she was saying. She was saying, over and over, "You'll see that Dee-Geo—her little girl—is well taken care of, won't you?"

The ambulance finally arrived. Penny was put on a stretcher. As she was about to be lifted into the ambulance, some child in the crowd screamed, "Oh, don't let Blondie die!" Penny heard the child, the fear in the child's voice. She was practically positive, herself, that This Was The Finish. But she raised her head from the stretcher to look for the child, summon a wan smile, and say, "Don't worry, honey. Blondie's going to be all right."

That was typical of her. So was her comment, a few days later, when she was convalescing nicely from a wrenched back and the loss of a cartilage from several ribs. "I'm afraid that in that ambulance scene," she said, wryly, "the whole ham came out in Penny."

She was propped up in one of those high hospital beds, which was made to look as little like a hospital bed as possible by the addition of a candlewick spread. She was wearing a blue marabou bed-jacket. Her blond hair was neatly arranged. And she was having a manicure.

Temporarily, circumstances might have cast her as [Continued on page 82]
Five little mermaids at a swimming party given by Ellen Drew. Here's Universal's Helen Parish in her maroon Catalina suit topped with blue and white polka dots.

The classic lines of Marie Wilson's Gantner & Maturn suit are feminized by an edge of lace. Elaine Shepard, RKO's bet, wears "Hollywood" satin lastex "midriff" suit in bright floral design.

Hostess Ellen Drew, Paramount star, suns in Matierex twin print ballerina suit, while chatting with Rita Hayworth. Columbia player, whose B. V. D. suit is perfect for lounging or for swimming.

Ellen changes to her white Kleinert suit featuring colorful rubber corn flower shoulder straps and bracelet. Her smart beach shoes and that nautical beach bag are also by Kleinert.
Be a Beauty at the Beach or a Peach at the Pool in one of these smart 1940 bathing suits. Look for them in your department stores or specialty shops, or write Candida. Ask for her free booklet of advice on controlling those curves, "Figures Can Lie," so your figure will do justice to your suit. Address Candida, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York, and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

By CANDIDA

Marjorie Weaver, of 20th Century Fox, enjoying herself in her snug Jantzen. It's made of velva-lure in Brittany blue and has figure-flattering gathers at the square neckline.
While Mr. Willoughby was thanking Gene, Frog and Joyce, Michael was telling Patsy that he was coming back some day to marry her.

Two pistol shots rang out. Carter and Blake were taking one last gamble to get Willoughby who'd been spoiling their plans.

Well, it was tough, Gene Autry told himself, but it looked like the only way he and Frog could get back to the S. O. Ranch in California was on Beulah's very doubtful sparkplugs.

Frog was pretty hopeless about it. "Gee, I don't think she'll make it. Her brakes ain't so good either." It wouldn't be so bad if they were alone but what with carrying the horses back in the trailer, it was quite a load. Too bad they hadn't been able to get those jobs on a homebound freighter.

"Boy," he sighed, "if I ever get the manager of that rodeo I'll twist his neck for him. Nice business, skippin' out and leavin' us holdin' the bag."

Gene nodded and turned from the waterfront street onto the highway. "Yep. And we're still holdin' it." No use worrying about it though, he decided, and promptly dispensed with gloom. Then, softly, he began to sing an old favorite and Frog joined in.

But from the back of the car, there came some applause. "Bravo," said an English-sounding voice, "that was topping."

"Frog's Adam's apple worked. "Huh?"

"I like the way you chaps sing," said the small boy in the back seat.

"Looks like we got a stowaway," Gene observed and jerked the car to
a stop. He turned to the boy. “Now, how did you get back there?”

The answer was simple and to the point. “I merely climbed in. You see, I’m Michael Willoughby.” But as they stared at him, his confidence ebbed. “Aren’t you Mr. Blake and Mr. Carter?”

Gene shook his head. Say, what was this? “Blake and Carter? Never heard of them.”

“B-but,” Michael stammered, “they were supposed to meet me at the boat and take me to San Quentin.”

Frog was thunderstruck. “San Quentin?” This kid going to the penitentiary?

Now as the boy spoke up again, Gene began to make some sense out of it. It was clear that someone had told the kid that San Quentin was a Rancho—as a joke or for some other reason. The boy had thought that the S. Q. on their car stood for his destination. His ignorance was quite understandable though, since he had just gotten off a boat from England.
But you must have heard of Rancho San Quentin," the boy insisted tearfully. "That's my father's place. And he's Alfred Wil- lowby."

It all came back to Gene. Quietly he conferred with Frog. Why, Loughby was the Englishman who used to be general manager of Western Packing. He'd been sent up for stealing company funds. There had been something funny about the whole trial. Gene couldn't remem- ber what. It was peculiar though, for Loughby to have had the kid sent from school in England while he, himself, was still in prison.

Frog didn't like the sound of it either. He was all for turning the boy over to the police and letting them take the responsibility.

Gene sighed. "Guess you're right," he said in an undertone. "Poor little fellow. It's gonna be tough on him to find out his father's a crook."

Michael said charmingly, "Sorry to be such a bother. He was trying to be brave in the face of the mix-up. "But if you gentlemen will drive me to the next town I'll send word to my father."

"Sure," Gene said gently, "Be glad to." But his brow was wrinkled with thought. He just couldn't understand the whole business.

They drove along for a while but as they were chugging down the lake road Gene suddenly had to swerve to avoid collision with a speeding coupe. The coupe, out of control, skidded across the road, broke through a fence and zoomed into the edge of the lake.

Gene was furious. They might all have been killed. He jumped out and rushed to the partly submerged vehicle. "What maniac's driving this car?"

A twelve-year-old girl slowly came to view. Her eyes were wide and apprehensive. Then another girl appeared. She was carrying a bridal wreath and her head was entangled in a foaming tulle.

"A female driver," Frog said contemptuously.

Gene echoed him with scorn. "Weren't you know it?"

The older girl's eyes flashed. "Well, what do you gentlemen ex- pect us to do—swim back?"

There was a lot of sarcasm back and forth as Frog and Gene got the girls back on dry land. The elder—Gene had learned that she was Joyce and little sister was Patsy—glared at Gene. "There ought to be a law against you road hogs."

He spoke evenly. "You had plenty of room to pass."

Joyce's voice throbbed as she said, "You know, Gene, I'll also need- ing a new fiance. Want the job?"

"Oh, of course—if I'd been equipped with wings."

She was a fiery little minx, too much so for her own good. Probably used to having her own way all her life. And probably got it, because that yellow hair and those sky-blue eyes all added up to a lot of beauty.

"You will have wings," he retorted, "if you don't stop tearin' along at seventy miles an hour." He turned around. "All right, come on, let's get to the car." They trudged along and he glanced down at her. "Well, looks like you're on your way to get married."

"Oh, no," she said quite snotily, "I always dress like this so inquisitive cowboys can ask me a lot of silly questions."

But Patsy obligingly explained. "We're running away from a wed- ding. She was to be the bride. Then she decided she didn't really love the bridegroom. That's his car we bor- rowed to get away in."

Gene shook his head. So she was the jilting kind too. Didn't seem to know her own mind. Well, that was the sort of girl to stay away from—seven days a week.

Michael beamed at them as they came up. "I'm glad to see you ladies weren't injured."

Instantly, Patsy showed her inter- est in this new male and Joyce ob- served, "Well, at least there's one gentleman in the party. How did a nice boy like you happen to get mixed up with this outfit?"

"Oh," Michael replied, "Frog and Gene are just giving me a lift. I'm on my way out West to my father's ranch—" [Continued on page 58]
WHY DICK (A GENT) PREFERS BLONDELL

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

JOAN'S A BLONDE . . . BUT THERE ARE OTHER QUALITIES—HUMOR, COMMON SENSE, DEVOTION—THAT ENDEAR HER TO MR. POWELL

THIS is strictly a story of Momma Loves Poppa, and vice versa, and it's got to be kept "light and humorous." That's the way it is, says Joan Blondell, and that's the way it must be. "I did enough talking before," she says. "I thought I had everything in a nutshell, and knew it all, so I babbled and babbled for publication. It doesn't sound so good now, reading it over."

Joan—since September 1936 she has been Mrs. Richard Powell—reached for a cigarette, tapped it, lighted it, all with the sureness of movement and lightness that makes her one of the screen's genuine comedienes. All right, you may prefer Lombard or Joan Davis or Martha Raye, but Blondell's exceptional understanding of a humorous situation, her fine sense of timing, her roguish grin (inherited by Son Norman Scott Powell), cannot be under-rated. Along with the others named, Blondell is that rare thing, a woman with a real sense of humor.

Sometimes the humor gets mixed up with a hefty maternal instinct, in a seaweed-like embrace, and then there's heck-to-pay. That's the way it was for a goodly part of last year, eight months of 1939 to be exact, when Husband Dick Powell was staging a one-man stand-out for more recognition of his dramatic abilities and less recognition of the fact that as a song-plugging, singing star he is one of the best in the business. He had an idea, because ideas come fast to his crinkly-thatched head, that audiences were tired of hearing him sing, and sing again. He wanted to act. To Joan this made sense, but his idleness, while the producers got used to the idea, didn't.

Her sense of realism, plus humor and maternalism popped up: "You get your [Continued on page 64] —
The Wages of Sin Are

By Gene Schrott

Fed Up with Trodding the Straight and Narrow Path in Screen Roles, the Luscious Ladies of the Screen Are Flinging Their Glamor to the Winds and Tasting Life. Those Who Played an-
Gellic Heroines Are Determined to Be Spitfires, Hell-Cats, Vixens

A world that insists upon clinging to hoary, outdated, old truths and where goodness and virtue is supposed to yield the most profitable rewards, it may sound a bit startling to learn that wickedness brings in an even bigger return.

It may seem surprising to discover that last year's crop of most promising and successful screen actresses were not of the goody-good type. Instead, first, Angelie Madden came in second best. Instead, first, place went to the vixen, the hoyden and the wired woman. And then, also goes the credit for helping pull the movies out of the doldrums, and out of the red into which they had settled since those drab and dreary depression years.

Where a few short years ago, an actress would sooner tear up a gilt-edged contract or forfeit her right arm rather than accept a role that painted her the slightest bit off color, today we find the luminous ladies of the screen vying tooth and nail for parts that will highlight their most gracious and least desirable attributes.

All the sweet and honeyed roles are being ignored and even brushed aside with an impatient gesture. Save them for Shirley, it seems to be Hollywood's unanimous answer. "Keep all the sugar-plum parts on tea for her. When she grows old enough to take her place alongside the glamour girls, let her have all of them. As for us, give us roles with meat in them."

Let them be tough. Let them be raw. But let them be arthritic and real and alive!" Hearing this, you cannot help being sympathetic toward this appeal. After all, stars are men and women—"even as you and I. Too much of the same thing—even if it is a good thing—can become tiring. The feeling of surfet can apply to their work as well as to their appetites. It's no wonder then that the speaker-outer for the group are making new demands, that the model men and women on the screen. They are fed up being breathing, flesh-and-blood human-beings. And want a return to realism: a closer bond to living, without being allowed a single stray misstep by the ever-vigilant Hays office. They want to commit a colorful indiscreet or two and are perfectly willing to pay for their synthetic sins.

They want to rip off their golden halos and get a taste of life from the gutter. They want to be people who have grace to the winds. They want to be people who have touching, throbbing stories to tell—men and women who have tasted life and not merely watched it pass them by from behind heavily-draped drawing-room windows.

So from Hollywood comes the latest dictate of the detectable dandies. They want to be bad. They want to be spitfires, hell-cats, [Continued on page 67]
High — — IN HOLLYWOOD

Vivien Leigh made Scarlett live

Helen Parrish enjoys playing a meanie.
WHEN Universal Studios made the timely announcement that Deanna Durbin was to have love interest—and her first kiss—in First Love, it sent her fans gaga. At last, Deanna in love! But who would be the lucky man to kiss her?

On the heels of the statement, Universal promptly signed not one but two young men—Robert Stack and Lewis Howard. And because the time had come for Deanna to fall in love, these two chaps who had had ambitions but who looked upon Hollywood as a remote place with no particular connection with them, found themselves cast in their first picture, a new life and a new career blossoming.

Everyone remembers the fair-haired, good-looking fellow who planted on Deanna’s lips her first screen kiss. His name was Robert Stack, son of a wealthy and socially prominent family of Pasadena. And because of his work in First Love, he was chosen by Jimmie Fidler as the most promising discovery of 1939, the most likely to succeed in 1940. With such a great future lying in wait for him, Hollywood sat up and began to take notice.

I found Robert—or Bob as he pointedly asks you to call him—away from his home lot and on a loan-out to M-G-M playing with Margaret Sullavan, Jimmy Stewart, and Bob Young in The Mortal Storm. He’s an energetic fellow, excited by his life, jovial, and tremendously youthful. And he’s just turned twenty-one, which may or may not account for his somewhat idealistic enthusiasm for all that is happening to him.

As a child, Bob was probably Paris’ most outstanding young gentleman. Given his early training abroad and sent to all of the best schools, he came home to America finally [Continued on page 70]
Deanna Durbin

After *First Love* and *It's a Date* Deanna turns to *Spring Parade* for further experiences in amours—with more kisses, more dates, and yes, more songs.
Please Pass the Horse Dovers

■ No half-way measures for Bette Davis. Now, she's learning French the hard way—she has an instructor in for dinner two nights a week—and the table rule is that all conversation must be in French. And if Bette can't ask for what she wants in perfect French, no eats! Now Bette, don't be calling pommes, potatoes!

After strenuous workout as honky-tonk babe in Destry Rides Again, can you blame Marlene for wearing best finery, being herself?

Mona Barrie of Australia, who appeared in Universal's No Exit, likes to relax at solitaire. Mona's now rehearsing for a singing role—her first

THE TALK OF
GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND

Gag

■ Gag-of-the-month—was pulled by Ken Murray, when he gave a screening of some of his own 16-mm movies at a little party the other night. After the screening, he gave away toy sets of dishes to his guests!

Thousands of girls envying Ann Rutherford would like to rumple Mickey Rooney's hair. If you don't think he likes it then see Andy Hardy Meets Debutante. What a spot for Mickey!

It's All Yours, Norma

■ In Hollywood, it's always the Grand Gesture that is called for. Like the other night, in a cafe, when Marlene Dietrich appeared with a costly, spectacular new handbag. A few moments later, Norma Shearer passed by, and extravagantly admired the bag.

"So, you like it?" remarked Marlene. "Then here—TAKE IT!"

And Norma had to accept the bag from her. Wonder what Norma will be giving Marlene?
Latest evidence of Ann Sheridan's oomph fame is that her portrait—life-size and with a hardly-noticeable swim-suit on (if ANY)—has been painted on the bottom of a Beverly Hills swimming-pool! And THAT'LL make it hard for the boys to keep their minds on their swimming.

[Continued on page 81]

From candy-striped beach coat Zorina puts forth one of her pretties. Both pretties are summern to see in I Was an Adventuress.

**Terse Verse**

Now where are you going, my little girllie?
I wish I knew, kind sir, said Shirley.

**Cinemadrigal**

Oh, Cary, Cary, quite contrary,
How do your romances grow?
With this one, and that one, and quite a few others,
They're doing fine, sir; all in a row!

Sullavan and Stewart, aces at the art of "give and take" in romantic by-play, are stalked by tragedy in their forthcoming picture, The Mortal Storm, a story of Nazi-Gestapo rule.
What looks like the makings of a new romantic team has John Hubbard and Carole Landis deep in throes of love for *Turnabout*, new Hal Roach comedy based on Thorne Smith's novel. Gilbert and Garbo in old days never did better.
"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!

Make my famous "Bite Test"! Put a pinch of your present powder between your teeth. Make sure your teeth are even, then grind them slowly. If your powder contains grit, your teeth instantly detect it. But how easily Lady Esther Powder passes the same test! Your teeth will find no grit!

Get your lucky shade in my GRIT-FREE Powder!

You can't judge powder shades by the appearance of the powder in the box. To find the most flattering shade for the new, warmer tones of your complexion... try each shade of my powder on your own skin... at my expense!

Mail me the coupon, and there will come to you ten new shades of my grit-free powder—brunette shades, rachels, rose tones. Try each shade on your own face. Find the one that is just right for you! And as you try on these lovely shades... notice how smooth my powder is. Don't mistakenly believe a high price means a grit-free face powder.

Impartial laboratory tests showed that many expensive powders—costing $1.00, $2.00, $3.00 and even more—contained up to 20.4% 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!

Lady Esther Face Powder is so smooth it clings for 4 long hours! Put it on after dinner—say at eight—and at midnight it will still flatter your skin. No coarse particles ruin its perfect blending... or give you a harsh, "powdery" look!

*10 shades free!*

(You can pass this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER,
7130 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.
AND some like it cold. But most of us have to take pretty much what we can get—and make the most of it. The trick is in knowing how to look lovely in July or January,

In this article I'm going to pass on some Hollywood secrets—how to keep your make-up looking fresh through a furious game of tennis or a swimming party; what make-up to wear and how to apply it for hot weather beauty; how to acquire a golden tan without burning, drying out or coarsening a delicate, sensitive skin; and how to keep your hair neat and lovely through all your summer fun.

Pretty Brenda Joyce, playing in 20th Century-Fox's film Maryland is a good example of Hollywood's summer beauties. Certainly she looked as cool and prettily as could be the day I chatted with her—even though the temperature was soaring. And that doesn't mean that Brenda had avoided the outdoors that day or any day! Her golden tan told of hours in the sun, playing tennis and badminton (her favorite games) or sailing in her own boat. She's a sports enthusiast, and spends any spare time in the open!

You know, don't you, that Brenda is one of those gorgeous honey blondes with fair, fine textured skin and big brown eyes? Probably if you have the same coloring, or fair skin and red hair, you know just how difficult it may be to acquire a tan without painful burning. But here was Brenda, all biscuit beige—without a sign of a peeling nose or forehead. That, she claims, is because she takes the sun gradually, a little each day, working up to perhaps an hour after her skin has acquired that first delicate gold.

Perhaps Brenda has her job to thank for her moderation—it would never do for her to appear on the set Monday morning with blistered shoulders. And then, too, no movie star who's working on a picture can take much time to sunbathe. Perhaps a half hour after the day's shooting is done—or an hour on Sunday! The rest of us would be a lot better off if we'd learn a lesson from Hollywood and take our sun a little at a time—instead of trying to crowd a whole summer's tan into a week-end, or the first day of vacation. Any sun rays that are hot enough to darken the skin, no matter how slightly, can be drying, too. So Brenda is always careful to double up on the use of creams when she's in the sun much. She uses cold cream to remove her make-up, scrubs her skin with a mild soap, warm water and a soft bristled complexion brush, and then, after thorough rinsing and drying, puts on a rich lubricating cream. Usually she wipes this off with tissues after about twenty minutes, but if she's been in the sun particularly long that day, she'll leave a fine film of it on overnight to counteract the drying effects.

Brenda's

Although Brenda Joyce looks like a Georgia peach you'll find her in Maryland

MOTION PICTURE PASSES ON SOME HOLLYWOOD SECRETS ON HOT WEATHER BEAUTY. LEARN HOW TO KEEP YOUR MAKE-UP FRESH, YOUR HAIR NEAT AND LOVELY THROUGH ALL YOUR SUMMER FUN

HOW'S YOUR COOLING SYSTEM?

Would you like a comfortable yet becoming hairstyle for hot weather? Or help in choosing lasting summer make-up? Write Denise Caine for help with your special beauty problems. She'll advise you free by return mail. Simply send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply to Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.
Mile after mile, that train hummed along—and you'd think my heart would be singing, too! Off for a week end at the Academy and yet I was sunk! Why, oh why, would this super-swell invitation come at a time like this! I curled up on my berth and cried!

And that's when Judy popped through the curtains. "Oh, you ninny," she laughed, "what if it is the wrong time of the month? It's plain old-fashioned to let chafing get you down nowadays. Bring your box of napkins into the dressing room while I fetch my kind and I'll show you a thing or two!"

And two minutes later, Judy was cutting up one of my napkins and then she cut a Modess pad. "There—just feel the difference!" she cried. "Modess is softer because it's made of fluff, instead of papery folds. And Modess stays softer, darling, because it now has 'moisture zoning.'" Well...

I borrowed Judy's Modess and what a glorious week end! I danced, I played tennis, I went sailing—so comfortable and carefree—I practically forgot the time of the month. Take it from me, now that I know what a difference fluff makes, I don't wonder Modess is winning more new users than any other napkin!

Cut a napkin made of papery folds—then cut a Modess pad—and feel the difference! No close-packed layers in Modess—but gentle, downy-soft fluff! So absorbent, this fluff is a miracle of protection. So soft, it's a miracle of comfort! And that isn't all...

Fluff is softer! Modess is made of fluff instead of papery folds

Press that fluff and notice how it yields. That's why Modess moulds to the body so comfortably without bulk or bunching—why it stays smooth and flat where you want flatness. Thanks to "moisture zoning," Modess stays softer, too! And its moisture-resistant backing guards against striking through!

Get Curious! Get Comfortable! Get the New Miracle Modess!
Ray Milland hit Hollywood ten years ago—won a contract and a wife. But eventually his troubles began. Once he conquered him won back his wife and a high spot in pictures. Women like his boyish grin. They also like the way he makes love. Here he makes love to Eileen Drew in the Paramount-British picture, French Without Tears just to be a charming host. I’ll say good-night and go to bed, leaving the job of entertaining them to my wife. People who come to our house expect that.

“Some actors try to be so CHARMING,” he continued, “He is so BRILLIANT, my DEAR, people say about them. Well, they don’t say that about ME. I’m myself. I never try to be something I’m not. I’ve always been willful, stubborn, impulsive.” Only with those, truth compels us to add, can’t really hurt. He indulges in the luxury of being his rude self with people who can or should take it, who are more or less as fortunate as he is, now. It’s an altogether different matter when he deals with the less fortunate.

“I'M THE biggest sucker for a sob story,” he said, without any promptings on our part. “If I hear a sob story, it ruins my whole day. I keep on thinking about it, I can’t rest until I do something to help. And I’ve no sales resistance at all. My wife can tell you about that. People can sell me anything, and I’ll buy something absent-mindedly without knowing I bought it. One day I found myself the purchaser of a horse, and it was a great surprise to me when the horse was delivered to me. I didn’t know I had bought it.”

He loves horses—he definitely prefers them to a lot of people he has known. And he’s rather proud of his horsemanship. In Britain, he won several medals for his equestrian skill. As a long-legged boy he spent some of the most exciting months of his life on the ranch of a relative who bred race horses. Ray had the time of his life.

“I know horses,” he asserted, “It’s the only thing I do know.”

His other hobbies are aviation and building model machinery. He is a licensed pilot. “I got a kid brother who builds planes, and I build the engines for them.”

His strong point, he declared in his low voice, is his ability to judge people. “I see right through them. They can’t fool me.”

And he also has a good sense of humor. “I really do,” he insisted. He has. There’s no doubt about it. He’s one of those men who may look glum and depressed, but they are fully aware of the humor of their own situation and of everything that goes on about them. But he’s a cynic, Hollywood made him so.

“The greatest lesson I’ve learned in this town is this: Never believe a word they tell you. Nobody tells the truth. You can’t tell the truth in this town. Now that I’m successful I’ve found that out only too well. The reason for this sad state of affairs is that nobody is interested in this business.”

We doff our battered reportorial hat to him. No man ever spoke truer words in Hollywood.

He’s very definite in his likes and dislikes. Especially in the latter. We began, quite inevitably, to speak of women. Did he, by any chance, hate red fingernails in women? Those blood-red nails that look like the claws of predatory animals.

“I love them,” he said. “I love flamboyant women, those who have color, dash. I love to see women wear their clothes with a certain flair. I don’t like, though, false eyelashes.”

Very good. But what kind of women he doesn’t like? “I can’t stand affected, fawning, fluttery women. They kill me. I don’t like women who are loud and lack a sense of humor. The thing that I notice in a woman first of all is her voice. I like low voices. They indicate good-breeding, warmth, human kindness.”

The voice is a dead give-away in the case of women. And it expresses a true character better than the eyes do. When you have a woman who has a pleasing, low voice and a sense of humor you have an unbeatable combination in feminine charm.”

We need we say that his wife, the former Muriel Webber, meets these qualifications? She is tall—5 ft. 9—an arresting personality—poised and charming. She doesn’t have to give ground in any gathering of local blue-bloods. Mr. M’s inanimate British reserve makes it difficult for him to speak about his wife for publication. Though you feel he wants to shout her virtues from the horse-top.

There was a stern tenderness on his expressive face, and an affectionate awe crept into his voice as he exclaimed under his breath, speaking of Mal, his wife, who recently presented him with an heir.

“I thank heaven, there are still a few good women left in this world.” They have been married— and re-married—now several years. He is 32, married very young for a playboy who knocked around Europe and had his fill of the night life in Paris, Vienna, Budapest, the Riviera, Istanbul, before he came and settled down in Hollywood, or tried, at any rate. It was very tough going for a while, after an initial period of sudden success and prosperity.

“Mal is different from me.” He calls her Mal and she calls him Jack. “She has a wonderful character. I get mad easily; she never loses her temper. I won’t do things to further myself; she is wise and prudent, makes me do the right thing. I’m moody, often terribly depressed; she is always serene, beautifully serene. She has a marvellous sense of humor and always sees the brighter side of life.”

Such was the spontaneous tribute Mr. M. paid his wife in a few deeply-felt words.

WHICH brought this writer to the question of how can a man win back a wife after they have been separated and even divorced, as it happened in the now-celebrated case of the Ray Millands. It’s one of the most unusual stories in Hollywood, and reveals his character better than anything else he may say or do.

Incidentally, this winning back of a wife is a pressing national problem. Few men succeed in doing it. Mr. M’s advice on this subject has the authority of personal experience and achievement behind it.

Naturally he is very reluctant to speak about this painful phase of his life in Hollywood. His attitude is: It’s all over now. Thank God. Why talk about it? Mr. M. definitely objects to any prying into his private life.

“But you can help thousands of couples who have separated and even divorced though they still love each other with your advice,” we pleaded. “Why not give them the benefit of your experience?”

We had touched on a soft spot—helping

(Continued on page 91)
MAKE YOURSELF GLAMOROUS

IRRESISTIBLE AND ALLURING AS HOLLYWOOD'S GREATEST STARS, APPLY YOUR POWDER AND ROUGE THE HOLLYWOOD WAY!

12 WINNERS

OF THIS EASY JUVA-TEX CONTEST WILL BE INVITED TO HOLLYWOOD AND A PARTY GIVEN BY LOLA LANE. ALL EXPENSES PAID—5-DAY DE LUXE TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD. 500 EXTRA PRIZES—SPECIAL DE LUXE JUVA-TEX GIFT SETS—FOR THE NEXT BEST LETTERS. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TELL US WHY YOU LIKE JUVA-TEX.

READ THE RULES BELOW

This contest was devised to acquaint every woman in America with the world's most modern beauty discovery, JUVA-TEX. Science has created something brand new—an "automatic compact" that is marvelous to the skin and bewitching to use.

Thousands of women tell us that their complexion was greatly enhanced after they started to use JUVA-TEX. The soft touch of this new JUVA-TEX puff makes you know your skin is lovely. The millions of tiny pores through which the powder passes assure an even distribution—no dabs left on moist spots. JUVA-TEX pays for itself because the powder is never wasted or spilled. It will give you a smoother distribution of powder than you can get any other way, improving your complexion immediately, and this improvement increases with its continued use.

If you are not satisfied that JUVA-TEX will do all these things and feel that it is not worth its cost after you have used it for 10 days, return the compact to us and your money will be refunded. We want you to use a JUVA-TEX compact or puff and tell us why you like it.

Enter this contest now—and win a five-day de luxe round trip to Hollywood from any part of the country. Just this simple thing to do—finish the sentence with not more than 25 words: "I Like My JUVA-TEX Automatic Compact Because..." The rules are simple. Any one except employees of the manufacturer and their advertising agency may enter...all have a chance to win:

1. Just complete the sentence: "I Like My JUVA-TEX Automatic Compact Because..." in 25 words or less.
2. Enclose a JUVA-TEX folder (a reasonable facsimile thereof) that is in each package.
3. Letters with the enclosed folder or facsimile should be mailed before August 15, 1940, to Charles E. Zimmerman, 412-420 Orleans Street, Chicago, Illinois.
4. Entries will be judged solely on the answers submitted, and their sincerity. In case of tie, duplicate awards will be given.
5. The writers of the best 12 letters will be given a five-day, all-expense trip to Hollywood, and will receive an invitation to a gala party given by Luis Lask 500 EXTRA PRIZES—Special De Lave JUVA-TEX Gift Sets—for the next best letters. No cash prizes will be awarded.
6. The judges are D. M. Stieff, Author, Chicago; F. L. Eason, L. W. Bailey, Company, Chicago; J. G. Baur, Look Magazine, Chicago; their decision will be final. No letters will be returned. Rights reserved to use letters submitted in advertising.

If your local drug, department or variety store cannot supply you, use the coupon below, enclosing cash or money order (NO STAMPS).

JUST FILL—End powder spilling and wastage—just fill the porous JUVA-TEX compact with your favorite face powder. Samplest, caused you ever used?

TAP—Tap the compact gently on the back of your hand and like magic your favorite shade of powder fills the millions of tiny JUVA-TEX pores—readily for use.

AND APPLY—In a miraculous fashion the powder sifts through the millions of tiny pores into your skin just the right amount. When not in use these pores close automatically. No powder is wasted.

Charles E. Zimmerman, M.D. 412-420 Orleans St., Chicago, Illinois

Declared phone and address to cover the entire list of contestants below.

JUVA-TEX screen test: Award of $5,000

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Abruptly, Gene stepped forward. That kid would have to be protected until they got to the bottom of this "San Quentin" business. And it was right then Joyce and Patsy were about to ask too many questions. "Well, goodbye," he said to the girls abruptly. He pushed Frog into the car and jumped in behind the wheel. "As soon as I get to town, I'll send back a tow car for you."

The car started off with a roar and the two girls were left standing there, open-mouthed.

**THEY** were just a few hours on the highway again when they saw two familiar figures—Joyce and Patsy. Gene slowed up and Frog called, "Well, if it ain't the runaway bride. What's the matter? Couldn't you find another car to borrow?"

Gene smiled as he looked them over. They'd made a good job of their transformation. Those innocent-looking gingham dresses had probably gotten them a hitch this far.

"I don't make a habit of borrowing cars," Joyce retorted angrily. She addressed Gene. "But if you think that jollypoly will hold out, I'd be glad to have you take us to the next town."

Frog yelled, "I resent that. This wreck ain't no jollypoly."

Gene considered the matter. If they just wouldn't ask Michael any questions it would be all right. But suddenly he noticed that Patsy and the boy were smiling together. They were obviously smitten with each other. Nope, it wouldn't do. "Sorry, lady," he said to Joyce, "we're not running a bus line."

They were off again in a cloud of dust with Patsy screeching after them. "You big lugs, I hope you get a flat tire."

Nightfall came and with it a crashing thunderstorm. There was an old barn just off the road and Gene stopped the car near by, then got out to lead the way.

But Frog began to shaker. "Gene, we don't wanna go in there. If I ever saw a haunted barn, this is it."

"Keep quiet," Gene warned. "Do you want to scare the kids?"

Michael giggled and whispered, "I'm not frightened. I've always wanted to spend a night in a haunted house."

Gene closed the door and lighted a match. Then there was a sudden whir and Frog yelled, "Gene. They got me."

"Aw, it was only a bat." "Don't tell me," Frog quavered. "It was an eagle w h it s a f o o t long."

They all started slowly around the place to reconnoiter. Once, a board creaked and there was an eerie chill in the air. Then, even Gene's hair straightened out. Way in the back, a misty white figure was swaying. It disappeared.

"Don't worry, Gene," Frog said through chattering teeth, "I'm right behind you."

They tiptoed toward the back but all at once Gene tripped. *Something* grabbed his legs and he was brought to the floor. In silence, he struggled with his assailant. Then a muffled scream and he fell back and stared. "Joyce." She was all wound up in an old curtain from the window. And right behind her was Patsy. "Well," he rasped, "you certainly pop up everywhere," Gee, she looked a little banged up. "Are you all right?"

"I'm just ducky. Except for a broken neck."

"Aw, gee, I'm sorry." But he was gone and her eyes blazed. "You sound heartbroken." She looked so cute and mad, though, that he couldn't help laughing. "Well, it was funny ... Frog thinkin' he was seen spiked. . . ."

Suddenly, they got settled for the night and pretty soon all was quiet and peaceful. Gene's last wakening thought was of Joyce. Too bad she hated him so much. Well, she was probably too innocent a type of person. It was sure a shame that he hadn't ever found the time to put on a little more polish.

The sun was strong and bright the next morning and Gene and Frog took the horses out of the trailer to exercise them across the meadow. Then Patsy and Michael wanted a ride and Gene snatched them both up. He wheeled them till that, jumped some hurdles and then brought the two thrilled youngsters back to the barn.

The car had been parked near the road and the three males got into it, leaving the girls standing there. Michael looked at them wistfully, "If you're ever out our way I hope you'll pay us a visit. My dad's place is Rancho, . . ."

Frog boomed loudly, "Reckon the bus'll be along pretty soon." But he swallowed hard as a motorcycle officer drove up. "Oh, oh," he moaned, "I knew you gals would get us into trouble."

The cop dismounted and Gene said calmly, "Good morning, officer." Say, this was bad—but maybe it was the kid.

The cop said the car had run out of gas and they were looking for a couple of girls—Senator Halloway's daughters. They ran away from home yesterday.

"Senator Halloway?" Gene looked his surprise. "From out West?" So that's who they were. No wonder they acted so important—at least Joyce did.

"Yep," the officer nodded, "Big shot society. Thought you might've run into the girls along the road. The older one's fair, the kid sister's dark—A dangling suspicion came to him as he looked at Joyce and Patsy. "In fact, I'm thinkin you two girls answer their description mighty close."

But suddenly Joyce turned to Gene. Her voice was thick with Southern molasses. "Did you all hea' that, Sugah? This nice officer says ah look a heap like one of them society ladies. Offish, why'd you run away?"

He shrugged, a little uncertain of himself now. "Didn't want to get married I guess. Left the bridgroom waitin at the church."

"Aw, the pore man." She cuddled up to Gene. "Ah wouldn't a done that to you, Sugah, would I?"

Gene shook his head dazedly. Things sure happened around here fast. "Well, no, I reckon not."

They were goggled. "You two married?"

"Yes, indeedly," Joyce told him. "Fact is, we're on our honeymoon." The cop was eyeing the others and she went on rapidly, "Couldn't leave Mehitable an' Jason all alone an' Uncle Lester—he figured he'd better come along—jes' to make sure we didn't do anything we shouldn't."

The children immediately played up to the situation by throwing themselves at Frog. "Thought you liked Uncle Lex," Patsy squealed and Michael immediately echoed the sentiment.

Joyce smiled winsomely. "Ah reckon we bettah get started. We got a long ways to go. Sugah heah's promised to show me the ocean.

The officer smiled expansively. Nothing like young love to gladden the day for a man. "Well now, I think you folks ought to have a real bang-up send-off. How'd you like a police escort as far as the state line?"

Joyce cried out with delight. "Why that would be just thrilled!"

Gene was just behind her. He took her arm and then he said, between his teeth, "Get in—Miss Holloway."

Their motorcycle escort had really been a wonderful experience—if you liked that sort of thing. Gene didn't, though. It was too darned noisy for one thing—and for another it meant they couldn't ditch the girls so easily now. Those cops might come along any place on the road and wonder how come the bride had flown.

They stopped at the lake shore that night and built a campfire. Gene and Patsy sang to the stars while Joyce busied herself with some cooking.

Then Gene looked down at her, as she stirred the stew and he couldn't resist teasing. "Tsk. Tsk. Hope that wasn't a dash of arsenic you put in there just now. Very bad for the heart."

"Then you're safe, Mr. Actry," she returned, "Can't hurt something that doesn't exist."

He regarded her for a moment. Then he said emphatically, "And you're still going to take the bus when we reach the next town."

**ALL** at once, Michael and Patsy came rac ing up, "Gene," Michael called breathlessly, "why can't these two ladies ride all the way to California with us? And when we reach the West you can all be my guests at my father's ranch—"

"I think," Gene began, trying to cut him off but he was too late.

"It's a wonderful place," Michael went on, "Rancho San Quentin." Everyone froze. Patsy and Joyce stood there with eyes as big as saucers, "Father loves it there.

Can we come? Patsy had found her voice. "Why, that's the name of the State pen."

"State pen?" Michael asked.

But Joyce interposed, "Yes." She shot Patsy a warning look. "The pen where they keep cattle—that's sold to the State."

"Well," Gene drawled and now he was grinning a bit, "the ladies are riding with us."

"Why not?" Cat was out of the bag. "You folks go ahead and eat. I'll go down to the lake and help Joyce with the water for the dishes."

When they were out of earshot she turned to him, "The poor kid. What's it all about?" He told her as much as he knew, himself, then added, "It's a mighty peculiar setup. I have a hunch there's something behind it. I'm going to keep the kid with me till I find out."

Her mouth was soft and curved. "Gene, please consider all past insults null and void. You're doing a grand thing for that boy. And—and you can depend on me to help in every way possible."

"Oh—thanks," he said hesitantly, "Glad you joined up with us. Michael needs friends—He floundered, then he went on, "Anyway, I kinda hate to think of you dodgin' policemen an'-an' maybe
They were on their way back to the campfire hand in hand when Joyce remembered:

"Hey, the water."

"What water?" He smiled sheepishly and colored. "Oh—that's right. We did come for water.

Trouble hit them early the next night as they were proceeding along the road at a merry pace. One of the tires went flat and since their total capital was about fifty cents it looked pretty tragic for them.

But a few minutes later, a lucky break bounced right out of the radio. There was a singing contest going on at the fiesta at El Gaucho Cantina near by. Every one within the vicinity was invited. Without hesitation, Gene started for the place. And when they reached there he promptly declared himself a ready and willing contestant. He was the third one to sing and a while later it was being announced that he had won the grand prize of $25.

Young Michael's face was shining with such joy that Gene nudged him. "You go up an' get the prize, son."

Michael promptly marched forward. "Ah," the announcer beamed, "the good friend of Senor Autry will accept his prize. Are you, too, a cowboy, senor?"

"Oh, no, sir," Michael said into the microphone. "I'm an Englishman. My name's Michael Willoughby. But I love America and I certainly want to stay here."

They started off again, shortly after that, and this time Joyce sat in the front seat with Gene. They didn't say much but there was a feeling of blissful content between them.

Then all at once, it sounded as if the earth had torn in part. Gene looked behind him. The trailer was gone. It had gotten loose and was hurrying down the road. Michael and Patsy would be killed.

Gene swung the car around and stepped on the gas. Then he breathed a sigh of relief. Fortunately, the ground had leveled off and the trailer had come to a dead stop, right beside another car in the road. Two men were standing there, talking to Michael and Patsy.

Gene rushed up. "Are you kids all right?"

"Yes, quite," Michael said with dignity: but Patsy and Joyce began to blubber all over the place. When they had been quieted down, Michael explained to Gene, "This is Mr. Carter and Mr. Blake—the gentlemen who were going to take us to my father's ranch. They heard me on the radio and were trying to catch up with us."

Gene turned to them. "I suppose—you've been to Rancho San Quintin?"

Carter nodded curtly. "Sure. Much obliged to you for looking after the boy."

He took Michael's arm. "You'd better come along with us now. Your dad's mighty anxious to see you."

But Gene didn't like the look of things. Who did they think they were kidding with that "San Quintin" stuff. He pulled Michael away.

"Just a minute, son. I think you'd better stay with me 'til we can get in touch with your dad."

Now Blake got tough. "You're coming with us, kid—" He reached out for the boy but Gene stepped between them.

Immediately Blake swung and the battle was on. Now Carter jumped into it and Gene had all he could do to hold them both off. He was panting heavily as he hit out with hard rights and lefts. Then Carter pushed him. His finger was on the trigger—when Frog rushed into the melee. But now the going was too tough for Blake and Carter. Simultaneously, they sprinted for

You may work like a beaver on your washings and still have tattle-tale gray!
To get rid of that drab, dingy look, you need a soap that washes out deep-down dirt as well as the surface kind. You need Fels-Naptha Soap—golden bar or golden chips. And here's the reason why . . .

You get two willing workers in Fels-Naptha—richer golden soap teamed with gentle dirt-loosening naptha. Two busy hustlers that speed out every last speck of dirt and make clothes dazzling white, sweetly fragrant. Enjoy this extra help both ways. Use Fels-Naptha Soap for all bar-soap jobs. Use Fels-Naptha Soap Chips for all box-soap jobs. These golden flakes pep up washing machines like magic—because they're HUSKIER—not puffed up with air like flimsy powders! No sneezy dust to bother you. And you get the grandest suds ever because they now hold a marvelous new suds-builder. Ask your grocer today for Fels-Naptha Soap—golden bar or golden chips—and put an end to tattle-tale gray in your house!

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their car and with a loud roar their car sped off in the distance.

When they were on their way again, Michael said puzzledly, "I wonder who these men really are. They can't be friends of my father."

Gene nodded. "We'd better find out, boy." He turned to Joyce and said quietly, "I've got to get in touch with my friends. If there was only some place where I could leave the kid."

Her eyes lighted up with inspiration. "Why not take him to my ranch? He'd be safe there."

Gene gloved. "That's a great idea. Lady, you're a life-saver." His hand closed over hers and a near-eyed Gene held. Then Joyce sighed pleasurably and came back to earth. "Stop at the next town. I want to send a telegram. They pulled in at Hilltown and when the wire had been sent, Joyce took her seat beside Gene again with a confident smile. "Everything's fine. My friend at the ranch has arranged it all."

"Say," Gene said heartily, "that friend of yours must be right clever. Think I'll like her?"

She fumbled a little for words. "It—it isn't a her—it's a him."

"Oh," Fanny, the night didn't seem so pretty now.

She plunged on embarrassedly, "Suppose I've got to tell you the truth. I'm coming out here to—to marry the man I—really love. He's the foreman of my ranch."

Gene finally found his voice. It hurt to say the word. "Congratulations."

"What a big lummox he'd been, thinking she'd be like a guy like him. "He's a lucky fella." He added with forceful lightness, "Almost fell for you myself—but I'm not much of a guy for the ladies, I guess."

They got to Joyce's place sometime the next afternoon. She found them frantically at the wheel of the car with astonishment when he saw the sign that had been tacked onto the driveway entrance.

"Rancho San Quintia."

"You're wonderful," he said to Joyce softly. So that's what the telegram had been about. Then he saw somebody standing there waiting for them. He hopped down and went inside the ranch. By Buck, how are you, boy? Left the dude ranch, huh?"


Joyce interrupted coldly. "Remember me, Buck. I'm your fiancée."

A little overThird, Buck bent down and peeked at her cheek. "Hey, honey. Sure tickled pink to see you. Sure am." Then he turned to Gene. "Where you been all this time? West ain't the same without you... ."

A ND that's the way it was the whole live-long day. Michael and Patsy went off to explore while Buck and Gene and Frog swapped tales. Joyce simply talked about the place in a resentful silence and Gene could hardly blame her. Buck wasn't exactly acting like a romantic sweetheart.

They were all sitting on the back porch that night, singing with the radio when suddenly, an announcement cut through.

"We interrupt this program to bring you an important bulletin. Residents of neighboring counties turn to channel two for a lookout for three escaped convicts. They are Red Wilkins, a convicted murderer, Jim Hines, a forger, and Alfred Willoughby, convicted recently on a charge of embezzlement... ."

Gene jumped up, Willoughby! Thank God, Michael was in bed. A few moments later, the sheriff's posse arrived. All of the men had been captured except Willoughby. They were drafing all the people in the neighborhood to go out on a manhunt for Willoughby. Orders were "shoot to kill" and maybe if he could get to Willoughby first he could save him from death—for the kid's sake. An hour after, Willoughby and Frog returned. Failure was written all over them. "Not a sign of Willoughby," he told Joyce. "How's Michael?"

"All right. I had a job keeping him out of the way with all those guards around the place."

Gene shook his head. "I'll be too bad for Willoughby if he tries to get to the kid."

A last effort from the others, "I may not get out of here alive but you won't either."

Gene spun around. A man, ragged and mudstained, was standing there. It was Alfred Willoughby. There was a gun in his hand.

He advanced into the room. "Stay where you are. So Blake and Carter got you to kidnap my boy, eh? Bring him here immediately."

Frog said nervously. "Sure. Honest, he's the controller."

Gene shoved him aside then turned to Willoughby. "We didn't kidnap Michael. We've been taking care of him."

Willoughby laughed shortly. "I'll be an awful shock to you, boy. You've got to make sure you're out on the range, rounding up cattle... ."

"Bring him here."

But then the door opened and there was Michael in pajamas, rubbing his eyes sleepily. "Gee, what's happening... ." He let out a cry, "Hi there, Dad." He threw himself at his father, Michael, Dad, it's great to see you." He began to babble excitedly. Then he noticed that no one else was talking. "Gene—what is the matter—I don't—"

"Nothing's the matter, Mike," Gene said quickly. "You see, your dad's been out with the posse after those convicts."

"Gosh." Michael was truly impressed with his father's valor. He began to laugh and talk at once. "Say, Dad, I've had the most exciting time. Some chaps tried to—snatch me and Gene and Frog made 'em—make a scene. It was war. We tried to—strip off. We noticed how good I talk—like a real American—"

"I—I don't understand," Willoughby said uncertainly, but his face had begun to soften. Then when Michael had been sent off to bed again he turned to Gene and handed him his gun. "I guess you can have this now."

Now Gene began to question him about the whole matter. What was behind this business—the kidnapping?

"You see," Willoughby explained warily, "Blake and Carter would go to any lengths to keep me from telling about the crooked methods they used to get up on the Western Packing. They had me railroaded on a false charge of embezzlement because I knew too much. And they're afraid of their trial that's coming up this month."

But a few hours after words he added now that I know Michael is all right I'll give some testimony that will put Carter and Blake and all their associates behind bars."

Gene nodded, and with Willoughby's consent, went on.

The best thing for Willoughby to do now was to go back to the prison peacefully and quietly. His chance would soon come to wipe the slate clean. Then he and his son could be together again.

Gene and Frog accompanied him to the station on their horses. Then they stood there and watched the train as it slowly pulled out.

Frog sighed mournfully. "Kinda makes me blue to think of Willoughby goin' back to jail." He walked off.

Gene nodded. "But it won't be long before they move him out and put Carter and Blake in there. And it'll be a big day for the ranch and for you."

"It's all set," he told Joyce. "Stop the train, he was shouting. 'We're takin' over the place."

Now the train began to gather speed. While Frog opened fire at the enemy, Gene made a flying leap for the engine caboose. He landed, with not a sixteenth of an inch to spare. Wildly, he struck out at the attacking men. Then Frog, too, got aboard and Gene grabbed for the air brakes. The train began to slow up and Gene turned to survey the damage.

THE engineer was conscious but pretty battered up, but there, on the floor was as pretty a sight as a man could hope to see. Blake and Carter were both stretched out cold.

Willoughby's testimony brought the trial to a dramatically swift conclusion. The thoroughly cleared himself, he convicted Blake and Carter on criminal charges and completely smashed the Western Packing monopoly.

Gene went over to Willoughby and Michael prepared to set sail for England where the boy was going to finish his schooling. There were tearful farewells all around.

"Maybe you'll come back to America some day," Patsy said to him warmly and the boy nodded.

"We certainly will—cause—well, I'm coming back here to marry you."

"Indeed I am," she cried. "But just married me." Gene was dumfoundered. "He's going to be a movie star. He has a Holly-

wood contract. Again her laughter came. Gingerly, Gene touched her shoulder. "Sure you feel all right? He's had a broken heart makes women hysterical."

"I'll recover." Her eyes were soft and tender as she came to him. "But, Gene, now that Buck's going, I'll be needing a new fiancé."

"Yes, Ma'am." Gee, that music sounded beautiful now. The stars were bright too.

"Want the job?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"You're lusted, Gene," she said and her voice was throbbing husky, "I'll also be needing a new fiancé. Want that job?"

"Yes, Ma'am—uh, what's that?"

But he didn't bother to ask any more questions. He had gone in his arms and that was enough to keep any man busy for the entire evening.
Mlle. Chic's
HOLLYWOOD
FASHION TIPS

Darlin'—
For the best good darned "wearable" clothes that have come out of Hollywood in a long time, you'll better take yourself to the neighborhood theatre and get a good look at Irene... Don't worry, I haven't turned press-agent, and this isn't a publicity build-up for the picture, but after seeing it the other night, I made a visit to RKO to see Eddie Stevenson, who designed the clothes, and asked him how he made so many of them look like things you and I could copy... Eddie has very definite ideas on how clothes should be designed, and one thing he never loses sight of is that a gal should wear clothes because they just fit and not because they are "in style"... He has some very definite low-down words to say about gals with limited budgets going for momentary fads... If you can afford to buy a trick fashion, wear it a couple of times, throw it away—swell! But if you're not quite sure where next month's clothes are coming from, it's far better to buy things you won't need wearing a while... There's one evening frock Marsha Hunt wears that I know you'll want to copy. It's the good old classic dance dress of tight bodice and bouffant skirt... Marsha's gown looks grey... Actually the skirt is of three thicknesses of net, two black with a white one in between... There's no end to the possibilities of color combinations with this type of gown... I get positively romantic-feeling, just sitting here thinking about a skirt of two shades of blue worn on a moonlight summer night!

And speaking of blue—it's a clinch you're going to have at least one outfit of the "Alice blue" color which is popularized in this picture, Irene... Anna Neagle, who wears the famous "Alice blue" gown in the picture, liked it so well that she has had several dresses of that color added to her personal wardrobe... Anna's favorite is a casual two-piece dress of wasple-weave blue cotton... The shirtdress blouse is worn with a skirt which is deeply shirred in the center front... With it Anna wears wooden heels in the same shade of blue... There are two other colors you can't overlook, however, if you want to be up-to-the-minute on your Hollywood style... Those colors are navy blue and grey... I guess I've seen more navy blue outfits in my wanderings this month than I have at any other time... But always there is the refreshing touch of white in some kind of trim... Pat Morison was lunching at a Boulevard cafe the other month wearing a chic little suit of light weight navy wool... The jacket was cut hipline style and was worn over a tailored blouse of white pique... Little Anna Shirley, who loves to design her own clothes, was lunching at the same place wearing a navy blue ensemble and a wide brimmed sailor hat of blue felt... The brim of the hat was ruffled with white pique and tiny bows of the white were tucked under the brim on one side.

Pique seems to be the most popular material to use for your accent of white... I talked to Lucille Ball the other day and she told me she uses wide pieces of that material around the V-瓶颈 of both her jacket and coat that belong to a three-piece suit of seamed grey... The secret in using pique is to have the trim detachable so it can be removed and laundered to retain its fresh, crisp look... Blue and grey are the first colors of the season are used in sports clothes, too... The best-dressed gal at Palm Springs last week was looking Lamerican wearing tailored slacks of grey flannel... The slacks worn with a madras shirt of grey and yellow stripes, and a yellow Rep covered the Lamerad head of hair... Try this combination of grey with yellow—if you want something cool-looking with a touch of color... And here's a clever handkerchief trick Dotie taught me... Dotie buys two large colorful linen handkerchiefs—about twenty inches square—puts a corner of each handkerchief together then stitches it about half way along each side, and she has a hood to wear with her sports clothes... White pique is smart in playclothes, too... At least Lina Veletz was getting her share of looks when I saw her taking a sunbath dressed in a strawless sunhat of that material trimmed with bright red grosgrain ribbon paving.

So I'll leave you for this month and try to chase down the rumor that says someone is designing a Venetian hat for Gloria Swanson... It is to have a concealed smoke-pot inside which will send tiny clouds of perfumed vapor from the crown.

FEEL its new softness
PROVE its new safety
COMPARE its new, flatter ends

"You steadfastly know you're wearing it!"

Kotex® comes in three sizes, too! Unlike most napkins, Kotex comes in three different sizes—Super—Regular—Junior. (So you may vary the size pad to suit different days' needs.)

All 3 sizes of Kotex have soft, folded centers...flat, tapered ends...and moisture-resistant "safety panels". And all 3 sizes sell for the same low price!

A Wad of Money—DOESN'T MAKE YOU RICH

A sure way to fatten your pocketbook is to wash money up in bunches. But folded bills buy just as much—and are lots less bulky!

Elementary? Certainly! And for just that same reason Kotex sanitary napkins are made with a soft folded center! This naturally makes Kotex less bulky than napkins made with loose, wadded fillers!
blond hair bleaches a shade or two lighter in the summertime, because she is in the sun so much. She likes that—but she doesn't like the fact that her hair, in lightening it, also makes it a touch dryer. She offsets that tendency by having an oil type of shampoo once or twice a week at the studio—and by brushing it herself right after she's washed it. Brushing stimulates the oil glands of the scalp, and helps them to help themselves—and equalize their output of oil. Brushing will help distribute what oil there is more evenly on the hair, so that she won't end up with an oily scalp and brittle, dry ends.

Brushing helps keep Brenda's curls in place, too. And this in spite of the fact that she has a permanent. Which all goes to show you what a crazy superstition it is that you shouldn't brush your hair if you have a permanent wave! All the best hairdressers will tell you that brushing will make your wave deeper and lovelier and more natural looking! Brenda brushes her hair five minutes every day, first all over to one side of her head and then to the other, then all forward over her face—and finally back into those soft curls off her forehead and around her face.

It's a smart idea to have a fresh permanent at the beginning of summer, Hollywood glamour girls find. Then there'll be no stringy locks after the badminton game or morning dip. And if you have a permanent to give your curls "backbone," you won't have to do them up on curlers so often. That is a blessing these hot summer nights!

Getting a permanent needn't be an ordeal, something to be put off till a cooler day. I had one just the other day that was about the most comfortable thing I ever felt. In the first place, it's a machineless type of wave. The curlers are hot (just the right temperature for your type of hair) when they're put on your head—and they cool off in a minute or so. That means your curls can never be overcoiled till frizzy.

I was particularly pleased when I saw the bright red sealed box the waving supplies came in, because that meant they were sanitary. They couldn't possibly have been used on anyone else's perhaps-not-so-healthy scalp. First there were the waving pads or sachets, and a sealed bottle of the special waving solution for my hair, then the box of individual scalp protectors meant for use on my hair, and mine only! These protectors, by the way, are specially designed to allow the operator to get closer to your scalp in winding the hair. At the rate that means your permanent will last longer! Then arranged around the box were cinnamal cheering little vials of special shampoo, brilliantine and wave-set, for use after the waves were put. I want to tell you that my curls were glossy, soft, and naturally sheenful—and that they're holding their spring, too! The wave isn't any two-for-a-dollar bargain, of course—I believe that most cheap permanent setups are dangerously apt to harm your hair. But it is a bargain in the sense that you get good value for your money, and that your wave will last beautifully for several months. Do be sure to write me for the name.

Do you have difficulty keeping your makeup smoothly in place in the summertime? Do you find that your skin just will not get oily and shiny? Picture are several remedies for that. First, use plenty of soap and water to remove excess facial oils, then rinse several times with cool water, and gently pat your skin dry. Now saturate a square of cotton with skin freshener or mild astringent, and slap it lightly and gently to your face. This helps to counteract any oiliness. Give that about ten minutes in which to dry—and to tighten the pores somewhat. Then apply your make-up, using the lightest film of powder you can. This has a chance to breathe freely on hot days.

Out Hollywood way they're enthusiastic about liquid make-up for use in warm weather. And I've been told by them, because it does give the smoothest finish! It's easy to apply: just pour a bit into the palm of your hand, and smooth it over your face, or blend it with cotton. You can use it as a base for powder (it's non-oily, and will not shine through) or alone—didn't I say it makes your skin look velvety soft? If you'd like to give the effect of a light tan without actually acquiring one, this liquid powder is your dish. Choose the suntan shade, and smooth it evenly over your arms, throat and legs as well as your face. It's removable with water, or cream, but otherwise is so waterproof you can wear it in swimming without its streaking... You'd think that with all these fine qualities, the lotion could be expensive—but you're wrong! A generous bottle costs only a dime. Want the name, and information about the five shades? I'll be glad to tell you all.

Why not try the special dry skin cream put out by one of our finest manufacturers? It abounds with all the rich oils that lubricate an excessively dry and sensitive skin, and softens it, but has been slightly course and leathery from too much sunning. Don't use it for cleansing, because that's not what it was made for! Use it instead after washing your face, to soothe any irritation. And use it regularly, leaving it on for about twenty minutes during the day, or overnight in severe cases, to replace some of those essential oils you've burned out of your skin. There's always danger that suntanning, by removing the oils that keep your skin supple and smooth, will hasten the appearance of fine lines around your mouth and more forehead. Use a rich cream like this one to prevent that tragedy! There's a ten cent size you can try—and larger, more economical ones priced to a dollar. Interested?

There's one summertime worry that practically everyone can avoid—perspiration odor. Bathing twice a day will take care of the invisible perspiration (we all exude a full quart a day, you know) that collects on the body and makes you feel moist and sticky. But it cannot completely remove underarm odor, simply because there are more sweat glands in that area, and they seem to work overtime! You need a reliable perspiration control that will neutralize and deodorize the perspiration before it has a chance to decompose and decay in the confined space of the armpit—that is what causes the odor!

I'll be glad to send you the name of a grand deodorant in cream form. Simply put it on under your arms after your morning shower, and forget about the whole matter. Because the cream will be Johnny-on-the-spot all day long to protect your reputation. It's harmless to use, of course, and it will not irritate your skin or soil your summer sheers. Why not try carrying the ten cent size in your purse, for quick re-application before step-
ping out in the evening? There are larger sizes of this good friend at thirty-five and sixty cents for your vanity table or bathroom shelf. Want the name?

Nothing makes you feel more tired and uncomfortable in hot weather than weary, burning, aching feet—and nothing makes you look it more, either. Sore feet show up in a painted expression on your face—an unhappy look that completely detracts from your careful make-up or lovely tan. But you don't have to develop a poker face to hide your foot troubles—get at the trouble itself. . . . The other day I found a grand new liquid foot balm that is simply wonderful for soothing tender, aching feet. Bathe the feet first in warm water, dry them thoroughly, then smooth on some of the liquid. It vanishes almost immediately, but leaves the feet with a delightful tingling coolness that is mighty refreshing after a day's shopping or tour of the Fair. And it contains special ingredients that soothe the tender spot where a new pair of shoes has chafed the skin. The thirty-five cent bottle holds quite a generous amount (a little will go a long way) and is handy-sized for slipping into your handbag or travelling case.

Write me before July 15th, please, if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for my reply, and send your letter to Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

How Does Gable Do It?

Continued from page 24

More than he dared offer, in fact, for as his friend, Lionel Barrymore, pointed out, Clark's unique screen appeal was a fearless virility, which no cowed actor could simulate by plummy strutting.

"These big salary checks they hand out every Wednesday aren't going to make me kiss anybody's feet," he announced. "I can make a living anywhere, and I'll soon have a stake big enough to let me travel, which is what I want to do most of all, anyway."

HAVING made this decision and boldly declared it, so all listening stookeepers and hidden microphones might hear, he stuck to it. He has kowtowed to none, kissed no feet. And in all these passing years, no movie monarch has cried, "I don't care if Gable is a gold mine—off with his head!"

In fact, few controversial issues with movie royalty ever confronted Clark, either in the various studios where he worked, or in the dangerous atmosphere of Hollywood social intrigue. When those rare occasions did arise the star, friendly, reasonable but determined, never lost "face."

His one important rebellion, instead of proving costly, led to his luckiest break. That was some years ago, when he realized that in playing meaningless roles opposite certain female stars, his own box-office strength was being sapped in a futile endeavor to increase theirs. He called a halt.

As punishment he was "loaned out" to Columbia to do a "little" picture. The picture was It Happened One Night, and Clark's

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Why Dick (A Gent) Prefers Blondell

[Continued from page 43]

fanny right out of this house, Dick Powell," she told her husband, for she knew that soft words and sentimentation had never been in a moment like this. "There's a perfectly wonderful personal appearance offer waiting for you. Take it and it will give you something to do while waiting for a non-musical film." And she of course put the Hollywood Reporter, Variety, and the other trade papers began to record the sensational business that Dick Powell's personal appearance tour, eight weeks of it, in New York, Philadelphia and other key cities, was doing. "I'm not exaggerating," says Joan, "when I say that the biggest thrill of my life came when we looked out of the dressing-room window in the New York theatre and saw crowds of people, a whole city square full of them, swirling around, and yelling like mad; 'We want Dick Powell! We want Powell!' I turned to Dick and looked at him. . . . 'There,' I said. And he thought they 'hated' him."

It was just after this that Hollywood producers, being a docile crew of leader-followers and always keen about what the public wants, realized that they had better get the Powell face on film, even if he refused to sing. Universal Pictures, I thought, he'd be swell for the twins (both of 'em!) in The Boys from Syracuse and Paramount Pictures got Mrs. and Mrs. Powell's signatures down for a sprightly little comedy called I Want a Divorce. It was this title that brought us to Joan.

That's the way it is in Hollywood. So conciliatory are we of divorce, and it has been so associated with him. He is also a fine busi- ness man. During that 'holding out' period of last year he was idle only as far as his singing career was concerned. "He bought a 192-foot business block in East Long Beach, built a string of new stores, then he personally saw to it that they were rented, two on long-term leases—one runs for twenty years—to big chain stores. He'll never need a benefit staged for him . . . I hope! Why, the rents alone would keep this going—" and she waved at the extensive property with its tennis courts, patio, fine old rooms—"and he wouldn't have to work in films or radio.

"As for me . . . I'm no business woman. Have you seen the salary check since I was two, and my dad, Eddie Blondell, had us all out on tour in vaudeville. Nowadays I turn the salary check over to Dick and he takes care of it. I like it that way. It gives me freedom to run the house, and he pays the bills. It seems to me that's the way marriage should be—it's the husband signing the checks, footing the bills. We have, then, separate identities, as master and mistress of the manse. Not everybody sees us that way. Our agent doesn't, I'm sure. He looks at us as a lump sum . . . so much per cent to be made from our professional appearances," she said, with a laugh.

To those who knew the carelessly gay Joan in the old days, when she was writing letters to her complementary ¢hanging all the time, there has been a great change. Sure—in those early 30 days, she was charitably inclined, good-natured, happy-go-lucky, but she didn't have the steadiness, the evidence of planned happiness, that she has as Mrs. Powell. Maybe it was because she was not then the mistress of the old Vidor home, once the home of Fay Wray, and she had a more complete change of life to the Richard Ewing Powell establishment. Not was she (incidentally) Mrs. Powell. The
Norman wanted really a got lately have Columbia, have so to drop off

“... to drop off...”

In All Joan thinks about Lanis sister. I don’t say its the best thing I’ve ever done, for it isn’t. As a matter of fact, I don’t think that I have ever given my best work. Sounds kind of zany, at that, for an actress who has been nine years in films to say that she hasn’t had her chance yet. But that’s what I feel about myself. I think there’s something artistic, in me that hasn’t been expressed, and I don’t think I’m too old, too typed, too hide-bound, to show it sometime.

“My real reason for going to Metro in a secondary part was to remind the producers that I am still alive. They have a property over there that I’d like to do, May Flavin. Maybe you know the novel. It’s about a girl who loves a guy and stands by him, bearing him six children. It’s a story with a real wallap, and I’d like to be the one to do it. So, too, I understand, would Joan Crawford. Well... it doesn’t do any harm to give the folks a sample of your acting. I’m waiting.”

While she waits her thoughts are on those she loves... Norman’s health, Ellen’s ostrich-like appetite (first it was for asparagus; lately she was discovered drinking eye-wash), Dick... Dick has reached a turning-point in his career; she says. “He’s no longer the musical upset that he was in all those early films. I discovered that last year. He rehearsed the famous Hal Skelly role in Bullesque and I did Bonnie. If things hadn’t broken as they did we might have tried a summer of ‘straw hat’ theatre. It would have been good for both of us.

“I saw the change in Dick immediately when he started to read lines. ‘Jeepers’, I said to myself, ‘Dick mustn’t do boy’s stuff any more. He’s adult.”’ After all, Dick is thirty-five. That was what was wrong in his other contract. He had to play ridiculous youngsters, and he wasn’t a kid any more. He was a man. But what’s to be done about it when you’re shoved into roles that don’t fit? I used to get so furious with a magazine critic. He went out of his way to be nasty about Dick and his ‘rah rah’ roles. Used him as an editorial whipping-post merely to stimulate his own ego.

“Finally I got so furious I sat down and wrote him a ten-page letter and told him to lay off of Dick, and I didn’t mince words. I got his answer. I told him I thought I was a fine wife and mother, and could he print my letter? ‘This’, I answered him, ‘is strictly between ourselves, and of course you can’t publish my letter.”’ Later, the same critic wrote a book, and he sent me an autographed copy. The inscription read: ‘To Joan Powell, a fine wife and mother.’ And so it goes.

If mothering everyone is second-nature to Joan, it’s not a hard hobby. It fills every nook and cranny of her life as richly as custard sauce over pudding.
The Trouble that is Borne by Millions

... but Mentioned by Few!

Pity the person who suffers from Piles—even simple Piles! He or she really knows what suffering is!

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shrews and vixens. They want to let themselves go. They want to give their fine manners and pretty poses a holiday. They want to bring the warmth and drama of human life to the screen and they want to do this by portraying characters who are possessed of the same human frailties, the same shortcomings and faults as the average human being. In short, Hollywood wants to get off its pedestal and taste life in the raw.

Psychologists will point out that there is nothing odd or unusual about this. They will tell you that we all like to step out of our everyday roles occasionally and be someone else for a week, or a day or even an hour. They will tell you it is merely the sign of the healthy, normal being to want to be different—to want to do strange and startling things for a change.

And what's more, they actually advise a person to step out of character and let off steam every now and then. They say it is absolutely essential for the well-being of the individual; otherwise something inside is apt to become stifled and stifled and then all expression and interest may die. Psychologists may call it the purging of the emotions—the catharsis of the soul. But whatever terms they may use, it is exactly what is happening to most of the actors and actresses in Hollywood today.

However, it's nothing new. If you thumb back through the musty pages of your text books, you'll find that the early Greeks were the first to discover the need of this change. And because they discovered it, you can thank them for having motion pictures to entertain you today. For it was in their early drama—the forerunner of our present stage and screen—that they first introduced the necessity for entertainment through the medium of acting. But the world has made much progress since those days and now we find that the very players who entertain us are the ones who want to step out of character.

On the screen, the only way an actress can accomplish this is by changing her roles completely—by reverting from one definite type to another. So when you were accustomed to seeing Bette Davis playing the sweet, innocent girl in picture after picture, you seldom got excited. It was nothing new either to you or to Bette herself. She was merely another little lamb of a girl—tender, docile and innocuous. But when you saw her as Mildred in Of Human Bondage, you sat bolt upright in your seat!

Your eyes popped with interest. Your pulse beat a trifle faster. It was difficult to believe that this girl, who until now wasn't guilty of a single screen transgression, was the same one who was making life miserable for the easy-going, trustworthy Leslie Howard. You scarcely believed that anyone could be so cruel and hard and cynical. You didn't think this bitter, back-biting, wrathful creature could be the same Bette Davis. You sat enthralled at her portrayal of a girl who had tasted the very dregs of life, who was disillusioned with everything in life and trusted no one—not even herself. You watched a human being hurting the very last ditch—unsuccessfully. And even when a helping hand tried to pull her out of the mire, she turned on it and bit it.

Though you may have sat in the theater hating Bette Davis with the temporary ye-hemence that such a characterization involves, when the picture was over you couldn't help respecting the girl's ability as an actress. You couldn't help feeling that you had been in on her rebirth—and on the beginning of a truly great career. Most people who felt that way at the time have long since discovered they were right in their assertions.

From that moment on Bette Davis became an entirely new and different personality. She hurriedly discarded all the saccharine traits she had previously regarded as "musts" for an up-and-coming actress. She no longer concentrated on being a sweet and pretty girl on the screen. She had found something inside of her that every actor and actress hopes some day to discover!

Whatever Bette Davis did up until that time doesn't matter. Hardly a handful of her fans remember even a single one of her films before she appeared in Of Human Bondage.
Boucanade. And she herself, wouldn't give two cents for that period prior to her interpretation of the vicious, snarling, selfish Mildred. Everything of hers that deserves any credit has been done since that time. . . Marked Woman, Dark Victory, Jezabel, Kid Gala-had, and The Old Maid.

In most of these films, the roles she undertook were anything but the sweet, fresh, wholesome ones that are generally ascribed to the actress. She was an underworld moll in one; a spoiled, hard-drinking social butterfly in another; an outrageous and heartless flirt in the third; a hard, cynical woman in the fourth and a frigid, straight-faced spinster in the last. In Elizabeth and Essie, she was the vicious, power-mad woman, in taken, other stars and you a picture of her love for him, had him beheaded.

According to a quaint Hollywood belief, audiences should hiss and hate Betty Davis. There should be a single shred of admiration or affection left for her. But strangely enough, she manages to reign as one of the finest and most popular players of the present decade. She has convinced the public that what she is not, she's very good at. She has proven that, contrary to all outmoded opinions, it pays to be bad—and it pays very well (in films, at least). She has shown that for instance, if you hate you in your parts, you are proving ability as an actress. And once that fact is firmly fixed, there is no need to worry about any harm or injury to one's reputation because of distasteful roles.

Because she never worried about the personal opinions of the public, Betty Field stepped from a sweet, schoolgirl role in What a Life to a part that made most Hollywood glamour girls shudder at the mere thought of considering it. But when Of mice and men unfolded its tragic and touching story on the screen and yielded forth Betty as the cheap, little wench, it was the recognition that usually comes after years of playing goody-good roles which have nothing the least bit tangible about them. Most people can't believe that Betty's break came without her knowing it, but she paid for it. But few people have any explanation other than that she must have been born to the part. That isn't so, Betty Field comes from the heart of a New England city and was raised in the atmosphere of the grand drawing-rooms of that aristocratic city.

Yet when the chance to play the part of Mildred offered itself, she literally jumped at it! It was a part that she had always wanted to do. It was the sort of thing she thought all actresses would want to do. But poor, naive little Betty. She didn't know Hollywood. She didn't know that the players guard their reputations—both offscreen and on.

But she went right ahead. She sank her pretty teeth deep into it. She chewed. She bought the hat and purchased an eleven dollar wardrobe and would have none of the carefully planned costumes that the studio prepared. It was her part. It was her interpretation. And she was determined to do it her way. She knew what should be done. She knew all about girls like Mac—and what she didn't know, she soon found out. And during the time she was playing Mildred Betty Field lived and breathed, ate and drank that role.

Still there were plenty of Hollywood harsch who carried water for the studio through so difficult an assignment. After all, she had only appeared in a single picture before then. And it was no easy job for a comparative newcomer to put over the role of a cheap, little tart effectively. Yet that would have been the least.

The difficulty was to make the audiences feel sorry for her—to overlook her love of insinuated pleasures and to sympathize with her in her loneliness and misery. As you watched her in Mildred at the end, you couldn't help feeling a peculiar pang in the region of your heart and you actually felt sorry for this hoydenish little youngster who started her career on the wrong foot.

But at the same time there was a new respect and admiration for Betty Field the actress. Few players in films today would have staked their reputations on so unsavory a role as Mildred. However, she had held up her box-office appeal and accomplished it as expertly as Betty has done. By handling her one big opportunity with skillful dexterity, she achieved in a single film more than most stars have in years and years to acquire. Wisely, she realized that wickedness does have its own reward, even though it may bar the gates to heaven it does promise a bank account and can aid in getting her feet firmly fixed on the ladder of success.

Yet Betty Field was not the only newcomer to Hollywood who was willing to risk her career on a less conventional role. Vivien Leigh, whom the American public first saw in A Yank at Oxford, had a similar debut in films. But hers was against the grain, of course, with Vivien undertaking a dual role for the sake of a relatively unknown institution instead of a ranch and there was no dearth of handsome young men on whom she could exercise her alluring charms. In spite of her excellent performance and a new appreciation of sympathy aroused, she was never forgiven for her unladylike behavior. Still, she managed to imbued herself unfailingly in the minds of the thousands who saw her in the role.

When the entire country had been fine-tuned to find a girl who could play the vivacious, bombshell role of this or any other year, Vivien Leigh astounded and amazed the world by walking off with the plum part. Overriding actresses of tried ability and unquestioned skill, this pert and provocative girl who was comparatively unknown in this country, became the most widely-discussed personality overnight. And with a multitude of handicaps against her film career, she actually shone in a flawless rendition of Scarlett, but stepped into the Garbo, Davis and Sullivan ranks in a single bound.

A tall, fair, statuesque, luscious Scarlett, Vivien Leigh has contributed one of the most fascinating screen characterizations of the year. People who have seen her in the part are often haunted by the green eyes, golden tresses and perpetually by the tiny mouth screwed and twisted in the agonized whirling of her jealousy. But in spite of the fact that she was a convincing, seductive vivacious, not a native of this country, she managed to overcome all prejudices against her.

Vivien Leigh made Scarlett live and breathe her in her own image, and the picture version all the shrewdness and cunning, all the selfishness and meanness and all of her strange, inexplicable beauty. And on this screen we have seen someone even more than that has been accorded her. Hereafter, if she is referred to as Scarlett O'Hara, it will merely be further proof of her excellent interpretation of a part that was more intimate to her than to its producer's head than anything he has as yet undertaken.

Perhaps the attitude of the American people towards Scarlett is not entirely free from blemish. For at any other time, an actress who dared commit even a single one of the many offenses indulged in by the temperance Scarlett would not have been permitted to get off scot-free. If not God, then
surely the Hays office would have taken care of that.

In spite of the few redeeming qualities that the character possessed, practically every actress in Hollywood would gladly have forfeited ten years of her life for the chance to do the role. Just what there was about it that intrigued most women would require several volumes to tell. But the fundamental attraction about her was that she was a woman's woman.

She broke moral laws to left and right of her and got away with it. But she got away because she was luck enough to commit them in the two spheres where they are excusable—in love and war. She proved that even a wicked woman can make her vices profitable and at the same time find life colorful and interesting.

Perhaps the trend toward the opposite extreme of goodness is due to the reaction of the fans themselves. And because of this, Ida Lupino covered herself with unexpected glory when she accepted the role of a common street-walker in The Light That Failed. Until then, she was looked upon as being the very epitome of sweetness and light. All the pent-up fire and vitality that had lain dormant inside of Ida for years and years was given the chance for expression. But when the opportunity finally presented itself, she made the most of it.

Today, Ida Lupino is looked upon as if she were a new discovery. Hollywood didn't realize that she was merely going to waste all the years she had been playing the good-girt girls. But Ida, herself, may not have suspected that her forte lay in roles that savored slightly of the gutter. But no longer matters. For a good actress interprets the role rather than dissect the morals of a character. If in the next few years Ida Lupino should rise to the glittering heights to which all stars aspire, it might be worth while remembering that a bit of badness helped put her on the right track.

WHEN Rosalind Russell accepted her assignment in The Women, half of Hollywood thought she was committing suicide as far as her career was concerned. They couldn't understand why she ever did it nor could they see the reasons that prompted her to appear in so unfavorable a light. But Roz wasn't as impulsive as most people thought. She realized beforehand that it was a chance to show what she had on the ball. She knew that if she could put her part over as effectively as it was done on the New York stage, her reputation would be strengthened rather than weakened.

Until she walked on the screen as the catty, gossip-monger most people thought there was an unapproachable barrier about her. Some even thought she was inclined to be a bit of a snob. Perhaps Rosalind thought the role might give the public a justifiable reason for hating her. But instead it proved to be a lucky boomerang. For all the excellent acting that The Women afforded, Rosalind Russell's delineation of a Park Avenue gossip was something that will long be remembered in film annals. But even more than that, it has given Rosalind the stepping stone to bigger and better things. Instead of harming her, it has boosted her stage to new heights and established her more dearly in the hearts of the fans.

Most actresses in Helen Parrish's place would have wrathfully resented being cast in the succession of meanie roles that seem to be her lot in films. But this young star hasn't raised the slightest objection. By the trial and error method, she discovered for herself that audiences remembered her more vividly when she appeared in unsympathetic parts. And since this was so, she put all her efforts into making those roles as realistic as they are in real life. When last seen as Deanna Durbin's arrogant and conceited cousin in First Love, she did something unprecedented in Durbin pictures. She stole most of the scenes from Deanna.

OTHERS may have refused to be consistently seen in a series of uncomplimentary characterizations, but Helen Parrish realizes that someone has to play them. And as long as the choice fell to her, she made the best of them. At present, she is taking everything in her stride and is merely hiding her time for something big to come along and make the public aware that everything until now was merely a preparation for it.

If she had been content with the sweet type of roles the chances are that she merely would have been lost in the crowd who are still going along without touching the more sordid side of life in their work. But young as she is, Helen knows that being a meanie has brought in money for her. And she's not the one to bite the hand that feeds her.

During the past year Osa Masson and Claire Trevor have both raised themselves from the possibility of oblivion by turning in unforgettable performances as so-called evil women. But so convincingly and sympathetically did they render these parts, that instead of making them disliked, it greatly increased the demand for their services on the screen.

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**FOR PERFECT PARTIES**

Pepsi-Cola makes every party perfect. It's the bigger drink with the finer flavor. 12-ounce bottle, $5—or in handy 6-bottle home cartons.
with impeccable manners but somewhat possessed of a warped conception of ways and means of living in the hectic United States. "When I got back to America," he told me in an off-moment between scenes, "I knew all the qualities of a gentleman. I was thoroughly instilled with European training and was so much of a young French lad that I had to have an interpreter to speak to my brother. But after a while, especially after I had attended several public schools here, I was the biggest roughneck and rowdy you ever saw! So they give you might call it that—training has suddenly disappeared."

It's difficult to connect the very ambitious fellow of today with the roughneck he claims he was. Of course, he's not the type who hides in a corner with his head buried in a book now. Far from that. He gets a big kick out of living, but, nevertheless, he has his ideals.

All the ambition and ideals Bob has today are directly inherited from his father and mother. His father is dead now, but Bob has never forgotten the example he left. From his dad, he received the impetus that has driven him steadily onwards toward success. And from him he learned the value of succeeding on his own.

As he told me, "If my dad could start as an office boy in an advertising agency and end his life as the owner of one of the biggest advertising firms in the world, there is no reason why I can't be a success, too. I can't let him down, and he wouldn't want me to let myself down!"

And then there's his mother, the idol of Bob's whole life, and whom Bob calls a "honey." When she was young, she was interested in the stage. She even had a Broadway show written entirely around her. But her family looked down upon the theatre, considered it a sinful life and forbade her going on with her dreams. She married, but always she has cherished the hopes, the dreams that were shattered by prestige and social position. So she lavished on her son all the encouragement and help that were never given her. She wanted him to act because she could never have the chance.

Bob's life has been moulded, then, by two remarkable people, moulded carefully and thoughtfully—and successfully. "I always wanted to act," Bob said to me, dressed in his ski outfit for the picture. "I used to give shows in high school and grammar school. But I never had thought of acting as a career until I went to college. Suddenly, I realized I had nothing in mind for my future. I didn't want to sit back and live on the money Dad left us. I wanted a job for myself, independent of everyone. So I decided to become an actor."

Some members of the family disapproved of the idea entirely. Mother was the one person, naturally, who understood and tried to help me. To the doubting Thomases, I said, "I'm going to try acting anyway, and if I find that I have no talent, okay. At least, I'll have found out for myself!"

He divided his early acting experiences between the Henry Duffy stock company and the Pennsylvania Constable. It was nothing for him to work twenty-two hours a day, and most of the time he lived at the theatre. But it all paid. He began to make an impression on Hollywood scouts. He was asked to test for Walter Wanger's Winter Carnival before long.

Bob might have been youthful and easily impressed, but a test meant nothing to him. "I refused to test for Winter Carnival, because I knew what tests mean. You're put in a car, rested on a shelf, and brought down months later for exhibition when somebody wants to see what Stack looks like. I was determined to make a test only when there's a definite part in a producer's mind for me."

"When I was called for First Love, I felt I could hardly refuse to do a test, especially when it was such a big break and when a real part was the goal."

The rest of his story is another chapter in Hollywood history, but a chapter whose first pages only have been written so far. It may seem funny that a chap with as much money as Bob has should want to work in pictures—or in anything else, for that matter. He really doesn't need the dough. But there is the central quality in Bob's code of living, the driving force that has brought him to the peak he has attained. He is inherently a restless person. He can never sit still. His temperament demands constant activity. And on top of it all, pictures, to him, are not only a means of letting out this energy, but they are very real to him. They are his first love, to paraphrase it.

When he's not working on a picture, he is engaged in any one of twenty different sports. He boxes, swims, hikes, plays golf, or goes to the duck-hunting club in Sacramento. Or his dad left him another else? he's fooling with mechanics, building racing automobiles, boats, and tinkering with machinery on his yacht. Yes, he has one of those, too. He has also won many championship awards for marksmanship, the chief prize being the All-American classification he won while at college.

With all of this to his credit and because of his romantic appeal, it might be a general assumption that he'd be a marvelous catch for some young girl. But Bob's not interested.

"If you go out with a girl twice in Hollywood, you're supposed to be engaged to her. So I'm taking no chances. I'll take a different girl out each time. But I'm not interested in romance now. I'm as free as the breeze and I intend to stay that way."

Nothing, therefore, is as important to him as his career. He's thoroughly captivated by the meaty but unsympathetic part he plays in Mortal Storm, because it's his big chance. And he's so intrigued because he's playing in the same picture with his two favorites, Margaret Sullivan and Jimmy Stewart.

Of all the memories, however, that Bob can tell his grandchildren, First Love will take first billing. He can't forget certain phases of that picture and that part he had. When he read the script and noticed how the lines built his character up so terrifically, he was thrown for a loop. Nobody could be that good, he said to himself. Besides, he was the guy who had to kiss Deanna for the first time! He was sure people would say when they saw him, "Gosh! Why did they pick him?"

And he felt rather foolish when he had to smile constantly at Deanna while she was singing. Usually, those scenes were shot when Deanna was off the set, and he had to smile at a black sheet on the wall and imagine her there. When he saw the preview, he took one look at himself and said, "That can't be me!"
He hid his head and that was about all he saw of the picture.

Bob appreciates Fidler's nomination, but it frightens him in a way because it automatically places a handicap on him, in that it makes people expect too much from him.

But fear has no place in Bob's life. Any discouragements that may come won't throw him. He's too sincere in what he's doing, and, above all, he knows how to get what he wants and how to keep it.

LEWIS HOWARD, while he played no romantic role in First Love and was a "diabolically lazy" person, as he describes the part, has much in common with Bob. Both come from very wealthy families, both left money to succeed on their own, and both were born in January, only three days apart.

Lewis appears a bit older than Bob. At least he did to me when I had lunch with him at Universal where he was making It's a Date, the new Durbin picture. But perhaps that semblance of increased years is due to his endless trek around managers' offices in New York.

Now, of course, Lewis had no business being an actor. It was entirely against all plans. His father was a lawyer, and he was supposed to be a lawyer, too. But Lewis was never a logician. He dreamt in fields too highly imaginative for a lawyer. So, one day, he casually informed his shocked parents that he was going to be an actor. Protestos followed! But he wasn't swayed, and soon after he started out full of bright hopes and visions of a glorious future.

A year-and-a-half later, he had covered every manager's office in New York and had made a perfect score—no managers seen, no parts, no bright outlook.

"For some strange reason, known only to myself," Lewis explained, "I wrote Alfred Lunt and said I would like to see him. For a while, I didn't get any reply. But I continued to wait blissfully, entirely unconcerned over the fact that the usual thing was happening to me.

"One night, after an evening's bit of pleasure, I came home and found a message from Lunt, asking me to come to the theatre at eleven-thirty that night for an audition. Of course, I was too late. The same thing happened on two more occasions, and both evenings I was out. I should have stayed in and waited, I guess, but I couldn't conquer my social impulses.

"When I heard that Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontaine were leaving on May 4, 1938—I remember the date because it was a week after my birthday, with an amazing bit of cockiness, I wrote Lunt a letter and told him I hoped I would be able to see them off. I hadn't been invited, of course, to attend the farewell party, but that didn't stop me. I did see them. They were very nice to me, and, as a result, they were influential in helping me to get a part in a summer stock presentation of The Petrified Forest, in which I played a walk-on, that of a leering gangster. As I look back on it now, I was certainly a disgustingly aggressive person."

Playing in summer stock is nice, but its returns are rather insignificant, to say the least. The only thing he remembers about the experience is studying his lines in an attic while the thermometer outside soared to 104.

Some time later, George Kaufman was preparing to produce his play, The Fabulous Invalid, the glorified epic of the theatre that did a none too glorified pratt fall in New York. It was artistic, yes, but people weren't sure what it all was about, whether it dealt with a wealthy but cranky invalid—or what. Anyway, it did with its artistic prestige flowing in the wind.

When Lewis heard about the production, he sat down at his desk and wrote another letter. It read something like this:

"Dear Mr. Kaufman:

I have gone from manager's office to manager's office for some time now. I have seen none of them. I have suffered ignominiously when I was asked, 'What experience have you had?' Suffered, because I've always had to reply to such a question with a vague and hesitant 'None.' Considering the fact that I have a vast storage of ambition encased within me, I would like to receive your permission to send my resume to carry some sort of speech of any size in your play, The Fabulous Invalid, providing you're using spears.

Yours sincerely,

Lew Howard."

THERE was no answer at first. But, finally, a letter arrived a month later from the casting directors, asking him to bring the ambition and report to the theatre via the stage door to present himself for approval.

He was accepted. He did eight parts altogether, two of which called for an impersonation of Alfred Lunt, and the crowning glory, of Orson Welles as the 'savior' of the theatre.

'Mr. Pasternak, who was in the East at

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hit. So, for months, I was a total miss. There were some offers of small roles. But small roles—bit parts—would be a step backward. I had made up my mind to go forward or give up the stage. It had to be leader, or nothing. And it looked as if Nothing it was going to be.

"Failure is hard to take. It has a bitter taste. I had taken it day after day, for months on end. But I couldn't go on taking it anymore. The pride would stand only so much battering. And my purse could stand even less. My funds, small to start with, shrank to the point where I had to find employment of some kind. Before I had turned to acting, I had done advertising work—rather successfully. I supposed that offered more now than anything else I might do.

"I was in complete despair, and completely convinced that I should start making the rounds of the advertising agencies the next day, when I had dinner alone this particular evening at the University Club. A less theatrical atmosphere, you couldn't imagine."

GREER interrupted her narrative to accept a cup of tea from her colored maid.

"A table across the room I noticed a woman—whom I didn't know—studying me. The consciousness that she was studying me made me vaguely uncomfortable all through the meal. Finally she rose and walked over to my table. 'I am Sylvia Thompson, the novelist,' she said, 'May I have coffee with you?'

"The thought flashed through my mind that she saw me as a possible type for a story, that she must be in search of 'local color.' I smiled warily, told her my name, suggested that she take the chair opposite.

"'I have been studying you,' she said, 'Are you, by any chance, an actress?'

"Surprised to be asked such a question at the University Club, of all places, I said, 'Why, yes, I am.'

"'I knew you were!' she exclaimed. 'I have written a play, which is about to be produced. We have been looking high and low for a young actress to play the feminine lead. You are the exact girl for the part. Could you finish the script?'

"I suppressed an involuntary gulp. I patted my back hair, pursed my lips with proper dubiousness—Greer illustrated—and said, 'Well, perhaps I could manage.'

"'The next morning, she sent round the script. I devoured it. The part was everything I had dreamed of—getting a piano concerto in which I could touch every note on the piano. The girl was supposed to be American. That didn't dismays me. To the contrary, it intrigued me. Being Irish, I had an ear for—and a love for—dialects. Some months before, I had spent considerable time with a charming young American couple, and I had picked up their way of talking. I was sure I could do it."

"'When I enquired about the part to Miss Thompson, she enthused right back. 'It should make you a young Gertie Lawrence.' Without ever having seen me act, she was completely convinced that I was the girl to do it. That led to interviews with the producer, who returned right back. Reluctantly, because he had wanted a 'name' for the part. And then I met the director. Who was none other than Laurence Olivier.'

"Greer, smiling reminiscently, paused to sip her tea.

"He was also the male lead. I learned later that he had consented to do the play, ony condition that he could direct it. He had wanted the experience of directing. I also learned later that when I turned to acting, I had been the provinces was playing the feminine lead, he thought. 'So it's to be one of those things? Well, we should be able to get rid of her in about five days.'"

"Many, many years after we started work, the producer came down to watch a rehearsal. He looked, listened—and doubted. 'Can we dare to put an absolutely unknown actress?' he asked. The author and Laurence Olivier both said firmly. 'The girl stays. She is what we want in the part. If you don't like her, we'll get another producer.' And—they did get another producer.

"'If they hadn't—if Mr. Olivier hadn't been as insistent as the author that I play the part—I probably wouldn't be acting today. If I had lost that part, I think I might have been cured of my footlight fever forever. I might have scurried, headlong, back into advertising."

"Mr. Olivier's insistence was the director coming out in him—after all. He wanted the fun of putting over an unknown person.'"

That sounded rather as if she might have been 'lucky to his convict.'

Greer laughed gaily. "Oh, no, nothing like that. He helped me immeasurably—but without benefit of hypnotism. A director doesn't teach you how to act, any more than an orchestra conductor teaches the First Violinist how to play the fiddle. That analogy is very exact. A director 'orchestrates' a play—blends individual performances together to tell a connected story, decides the tempo, the changes from crescendo to diminuendo. . . ."

"His help didn't end with his acting and his directing and his advice about make-up. On opening night, he brought me forward after the first curtain and said, 'It is a pleasure to introduce you Miss Greer Garson, who is—I won't say promising—but already a very polished young actress, who, tonight is making her London debut. You will, I am sure, be seeing a great deal of her."

"'The play was a flop, but there was a bit of hubbub about 'the new American actress, Greer Garson.' (How I fooled them into thinking I was actually American, I'll never know.) My name went up in lights. When the play closed, I was able to step into a starring spot in another, a whole succession of others, with only two weeks' vacation in three years."

"I WAS what the newspapers called 'an overnight success.' Actually, no success is ever achieved overnight. Behind every success are long, dreary years of preparation, struggle. I had my dreary years. I don't like to talk about them. There are pleasanter things to talk about. Such as how I finally got my big break."

"GREER cut me off. She ended right back. 'It ended up, you see, on a near-by stand, took up a pile of dark blue knitting lying on the divan beside her; a scarf in the making for some unknown British sailor. Answered the phone with an amazing speed, as if to keep up with her rush of words—she talks both fast and animatedly—she continued:'

"I am becoming superstitious about luck, and especially about its traveling in cycles.
Three times in my life, I have reached the point where I have lost all faith in my immediate future, and each time I have had an incredible break.

"That was the first time. The second time was when I met Mr. Mayer—of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

"He was in London two years ago, and he didn't know that I existed. One night the members of his party had thought of going to a certain play, rather on the heavy side. He wasn't in the mood for it. He decided, instead, to see Old Music. And I happened to be in Old Music, playing a good-bad girl, against the background of the Crimean War. (I rather went in for colorful good-bad girls on the London stage.) He sent an emissary backstage, asking if I would join his party at the Savoy Grill after the play.

"I ACCEPTED on condition that I could come just as I was, wearing, among other things, a scarlet sport jacket—which, by the way, I still have. (I never give things to the moths.) In my outfit, I wasn't exactly a Glamor Girl. In fact, I must have looked a bit on the haggard side, after three years of work without rest. But the incredible happened: an offer to be a Hollywood star.

"The third time was after I had been here eleven months. I arrived in Hollywood all keyed up—a mustang, pawing the ground, and the girls on the stage. And nothing absolutely nothing happened. Month after month went by, and I had nothing to do. It was a shock to my whole system, after the pace I had been going all my life. I had a breakdown. Not a nervous breakdown—but a physical breakdown.

"It was a great lesson to me, learning how to rest and relax. Now look at me, I can even knit...I didn't know how to have fun, when I arrived in Hollywood. I had never had time for fun before. Since about the age of 11, I had worked. My mother had been a widow since I was three months old, and had never remarried. And I lived, all through my childhood and adolescence, in a half-gothic, genteel economy.

"Learning how to have fun was all right. But I was in Hollywood to work. They kept putting me off with: 'We're waiting to find just the right part for you, Miss Garson.' Finally, after eleven months, they said they had the part for me—Mrs. Chips—and shipped me back to England to play her. At the time, it looked like exile to Siberia. And I didn't share their enthusiasm about the part. I didn't think anybody would know Mrs. Chips was even in the picture, she was so mild and placid, such a contrast to the flamboyant redheads I had played on the stage.

"Strangely enough, my mother shared the studio's enthusiasm. It was the first time we had ever disagreed about a part for me. She said, 'I'm very pleased you are playing it. It will bring out a side of your nature that no other part has ever shown.' Whether it did or not, I'm not qualified to judge. I'd like to think—now—that Kathie and I had something in common.

"But whether or not I am like Kathie is unimportant. The important thing is that, just when I had lost all faith in the immediate future, the role of Kathie came along; an incredible break, as it turned out."

Hollywood regards with awe the girl who played Kathie; a girl so natural, her first picture, that her performance was nominated for the Academy Award. I asked her how she explained her ease in front of the camera and the microphones.

"I was almost the first actress to do Television in England, and I did it fairly regularly. Television is good training for movies, though some day I suppose that movies will be good training for Television."

Learning lines is no hardship for Greer. She has always been a great bookworm. "Studious, Ambitious, And, as a child, not very strong. But here's an amazing thing probably indicative of something about human nature. Once I got in the theatre, I became as strong as a horse—to keep from being shoved out of it again. So far on this picture, I've had one day off in ten weeks, and I've averaged fourteen hours a day."

She didn't look haggard. She looked alarmingly hale, indeed.

She isn't marriage-minded—like witty Elizabeth Bennet in Pride and Prejudice, a tale of an era when the chief object in life of every girl was to marry advantageously. "Men should be glad that this is a totally different era. Nowadays, if a man woos a lady fair, and she accepts him, he can be reasonably sure that she loves him—as a man couldn't be in those days, when girls had no careers of their own, and their only ambition was to have husbands to provide for them. Life is much more interesting for women today, and women are more interesting. Men don't have to talk down to them, as to children, or as to cabbages."

Mrs. Chips did something else for Greer, besides giving her a hauntingly memorable setting about human emotion. She spared Greer the business of having to go in for blatant sex appeal, such as bathing suit or leg art. She can be a little more subtle—and, you will notice, is.

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NOT GOOD IN CANADA
“You Can Only Defeat Yourself”— Says Spencer Tracy

(Continued from page 27)

gussed he hadn’t heard that come last January I’d made a resolution, just one, and unbreakable. It was, I’d never put a word in a man’s act, not even, one syllable. I had resolved, I said, that if an actor said nothing during an interview, I would report by just sending my editor a sheet of blank pages. On the other hand, whatever the actor said I would report, faithfully, without any additions or trills whatsoever.

“Like now,” I concluded, “like spending this afternoon with you, Spence. I’m going to tell the truth about it, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.”

Spence said, “That’s fine. I don’t blame you.”

Now what can you do with a man like that?

But somehow I wasn’t stopped. I know Spence can’t dramatize himself, off the screen or on it. I know that if you depend on a voluble flow of Tracy words with which to ornament your note book, you go home with a split headache.

But somehow or other, more by what he doesn’t say than by what he does say, more by that look in his eyes than by the words from his mouth, you begin to understand of his gives you a wallop in the solar plexus such as no other actor can give you, so he manages to kindle the imagination, to give you a reaction, emotional perhaps, call it what you will.

L
IKE when I talked with him, months ago, about his characterization of Uncle Cap in Captains Courageous. Did he give me the business about going down to the water-front to study the psychology of the common sailor? Not Spence. He brushed me off with a—“how d’ya like the Shirley Temple curls?” He grinned, “Say, here’s a hot one. One day I was late on the set and I heard someone yelling, ‘Hold it for Tracy, he’s having trouble with his hair,’ and I thought how my father, who paid salaries to dozens of truck-drivers with sweat for their make-up, would have turned over in his grave if he could have heard that.... Yeah, he brushed me off, as right. I did get what I went after. But he didn’t fool me, not for one minute.

It’s his eyes that give Spencer away. And in his eyes was the tenderness of Hawley and for Michael, plain as the pipe-stem he was hitting on....

And later, when I talked with him about Boys Town, what did he do? Did he give me a masterly analysis of the humanitarian soul of the good and great priest he was playing? He did not. He told me about a little kid who had hiked from Connecticut to Boys Town, in Omaha, a mangy cat clutched to his breast—and how the kid told Father Flanagan he’d stolen two quarts of milk on the way out—for the cat. And Spence appraises you upon your vittles, a thing like that, doesn’t it?” And I remember thinking, why, that’s how Father Flanagan would feel—and then I thought, it’s because Father Flanagan feels these things this way that he’s Father Flanagan. And it’s because Spencer, too.... Well, there I had it, see what I mean?

When I talked with him on the set of Stanley and Livingstone, just after he’d made his stirring speech to the Society of Geographers, I thought he might really tuck his chin in this time, beetle his eyebrows and go “Harrumph!” and give me the business. I had visions of doing a piece titled Tracy, The Silver-Tongued Orator At Last, a sort of.

What he said was, “Ever hear the one about the drunk who enters a saloon, sees another old soak, leaning against the bar, wobbling over to him through herds of pink elephants and little green devils, holds out a palsied hand and says, with great dignity, ‘Dr. Livingstone, I presume?’ The only time in my life I ever had to do a scene several times.” Spence laughed, “as the scene where I had to say, ‘Dr. Livingstone, I presume?’ I’d remember stories like that one and I’d spoil the take by laughing.”

W
HEN he came back from location for Northwest Passage, and he wasn’t any beaut’, either, bearded and bronzed and bunged up like he was, he didn’t have to tell anyone that there hadn’t been any cheating done about the hardships of Major Robert Rogers. But all he said was, “Young, Brennan and I wore out our Rangers uniforms in two days—pine branches, binders, underbrush, swamp, mud, river rocks and things....

You’ll appreciate the brushing-off as hard-shelled, you now that you’ve seen Tracy in Northwest Passage....

So when he talks about Edition, the Man, about his visit to Mrs. Edison, he says: “She was great to me.” And when you ask him, as I did, whether he believes he and Thomas Edison are in any way similar, he grins, reddens and says, “He didn’t sleep much, was well and neither do I. And we liked the same songs, Oh, That We Two Were Mating, Genevieve and I’ll Take You Home Again, Kathleen....

And then he talks for a full hour about the inventions of Edison and how he loves to hear about Great Men, likes to find out what they eat and what their hobbies are and their personal habits and all about them.

It was at this point that I thought how useless to suggest that other people have the same, complimentary curiosity about him. For that would be to imply to Tracy that he, too, is great.

For even when you ask him how he works out some part he plays, how he achieves this or that, you have to press him, press him, and he’ll say, “Funny thing, but whenever people compliment me on some scene I’ve done, some special bit of business, I don’t know what they’re talking about because—I didn’t know I was doing it!”

That’s just what he did say. And I snatched at it like a famine victim at a lamb chop and suggested that there are two schools of acting, the Conscious and the Instinctive and that... “You belong to the Instinctive, Spence, wouldn’t you say?” And he reddened again, to the very roots of his rough-brushed, reddish-brown hair, rubbed the back of his hand with two fingers of the other hand, a habitual Tracy mannerism and said, “Sure, sure, I guess so....”

WHEN, last year, and for the second time, Spencer received the Academy Award for Boys Town, what did he do? He said something about how the spirit of Father Flanagan was strong enough to shine “even through me.” And did he take his Oscar and mount it on a postcard in the best room at the Tracy ranch? You know he didn’t. He sent it to Father Flanagan “to whom it belongs.”
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You can always have a little quiet fun with Spence, if you go about it the right way. Like a quickie questionnaire I pulled on him...

"What was the first job at which you earned money? And what did you buy with it?" I asked.

"Selling newspapers in Milwaukee—a ham sandwich," he answered.

"What was the outstanding incident of your childhood?"

"When I tipped the ice-box over on my brother!"

"When do you want to retire from the screen? And what would you do then?" I riddled him.

"Tonight," he said, "that answers the first half of your question. Sleep and eat, eat and sleep, that answers the second half."

"Have you any special fears?" I gave him that one.

"Yes. I'm afraid of Garbo. Put that down," he said.

"Have you ever been so discouraged that you contemplated abandoning your career? If so, when?"

"Yes. About fifteen minutes ago. Just after the last scene."

"What do you consider the most useless sport or pastime?"

"Staying awake."

"What is your favorite book?"

"Steinbeck's Red Pony."

"Your favorite flower?"

"A rose... ay, I don't care, put down anything, what the hell's the difference?"

so, you see—words of one syllable and very few of those—and I couldn't help thinking what Bob Montgomery or Basil Rathbone would have done with these questions—that their nimble tongues would have given me.

But not Spence. And so how had I expected to get anywhere with my Code of An Actor? Yet, over the tea and cigarettes, between Edison inventions and words sort of dropped here and there which, surprisingly, form a pattern, something whole began to emerge.

there'd be a word here and there and about how very little "killing in the back" there is among actors; how little jealousy there is among actors. I was reminded how, when people said Bob Taylor would be "a second Gable, would take Gable's place," that "didn't prevent Gable from being a damn good friend of Taylor's." And how Cagney, O'Brien and Brent run neck and neck for parts and neck and neck as pals, too.

Then something was said about "the loyalty of actors" and their "generosity." And I learned how, when Spence was ill one time, Mutt went on the air for him—on the Guild Show program, too, for which he didn't get a penny. I'm sure I heard him say, as he bit into a cookie, that "if loyalty and lack of jealousy and no lack of generosity don't make a code, what the hell does..."

And then there was something about how the public is loyal, too, how no other fat man can "push Beery off the screen," how Gable, in spite of all contenders, "is still king, the big moose."

There was more to the effect that nothing can push an actor off the screen, nothing and nobody except bad stories or himself. "You can only defeat yourself," Spence was saying, just as I came to with the realization that, though Spence hadn't said three connected sentences in as many hours, I had a pretty good idea of what he meant by what he hadn't said. That, once again, Spence had "under-acted" and had come through with a "performance" and that I had come through with a story though I'll never know exactly how I got it.

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Suppose, pried Extraordinary got kindergarten groaned. man's Free. SenAfor 试题 了 Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping, too, and advertised them. Holly-Pax, Holly-Pax! I’ll tell you. Dorothy’s hobnobbing with cannibals and coconuts on the screen may stamp her as the ideal island type. But give me Ann, to awe and subdue real-life savages. The redheaded Texas gal’s ancestral mixture is fighting Cherokee Indian, fighting Irish, and fighting Highland Scotch. That’s a brew I’ll back against any brand of fuzzy-wuzzies.

Speaking of cannibals makes me think of stew, and the fact that some of the most intoxicating glamour lassies can’t really cook. I’ll have to admit that Marlene is a swell cook. La Dietrich wouldn’t be at her best, however, away from electric roasters and mechanized onion-peelers.

But Ann—? Suppose, choking with admiration. I've seen the girl in real life, and the spell of her allure, you manage to whisper that old bromide, “Darling, if you could only cook!”

Ann sits straight up, a startled yet eager look in her eyes. “But I can cook!”

Then she rattles off forty or forty-five things in her repertoire, that she can do with a minimum of effort. I mean, good. She is not the sort that calls skating, say, one of her accomplishments, before she can do any more than round the rink without falling.

When she first arrived in Hollywood, for example, she put in no claim with the casting department that she could ride horseback. Most newcomers claim they ride, whether they can or not.

Yet, one afternoon at Malibu, after we'd been riding a pair of mules into the surf—backwash, of course, in our bathing-suits—Ann suddenly turned cayuse up the beach. She rode away, hell-bent, along the hard-packed sand.

“How come you didn't list riding as an accomplishment?” I asked, some miles and many minutes up the beach.

“Because this Indian-style backwash stuff I learned as a little girl is all I know,” she said. “I’m learning to ride, though, just in case somebody needs me to do it for a picture.”

Yeah—learning!

Speaking of learning, she's practicing surf-fishing and archery now. In preparation for island life, no doubt.

With all Ann's physical prowess, so desirable in the mate of a lazy man on a tropical isle, she is one of the most feminine girls I know. Robust but curvy; that’s Ann. Not this mannequin, woman-athlete build or manner about her.

So you see, I trust her implicitly to do her full share of chores, around our palm-thatched cottage.
Just to prove that Clark Gable and Carole Lombard are as madly in love with each other as when they were tied, they celebrate first anniversary with wedding cake and her career, she says, she'll take Artie any time. And if she hops off to New York or other places, just to be with hubby (unless he stays in Hollywood), the chances are pretty good that she'll HAVE to take Artie, on account of there won't be any career left. It takes more than a Lana Turner to make a career; it takes a Lana Turner PLUS a studio's build-up.

**DON'T BE SURPRISED**—if, by the time you read this, Anne Nagel is Mrs. Tom Brown, on account of his divorce.

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How Does Gable Do It?

[Continued from page 63]

got the Academy Award for his work in it, besides tremendous added prestige and popularity.

While his uncompromising refusal to "conform" the Hollywood way has been a mighty factor in his success and durability, Clark's whole temperament and philosophy suit him for his job. In his nature are none of those jangling complexes that prey upon so many actors.

"Nerves? Some people seem to have 'em, but what in the world are they doing here?" he quipped one day. He wouldn't know, for his never trouble him.

He has too much aggressive courage to worry, too much healthy self-confidence to feel the mean pangs of professional jealousy. And he is a living contradiction to the old-fashioned belief that a fine actor must be high-strung, fragile in sensibility, full of "temperament." Or that a good trouper "on" must be a four-ring circus of exhibitionism, "off." 

WITh all his solid qualities, Clark has quick intelligence, a keen sense of logic and reason, excellent judgment. You can't slip anything over on him. But his humor is double-action: if the joke is on him, it's just as funny to him as though it were on someone else.

The humanity and unspoiled "realness" of Clark is revealed increasingly, the longer and better you know him. It is not too much to say that his earthiness, in the Hollywood glamour whirl, remains as unaffected as was Lincoln's in the White House.

Many a time, his huge and lusty enjoyment of simple things has annoyed the film town show-offs, just as Lincoln's simple tastes annoyed the pretenders at Washington.

"You're the oddest chap, Clark!" one noted actor exclaimed in my hearing as he watched Gable blissfully peeling and eating bananas, and gulping down milk directly from the quart bottle.

"How come?" the star asked.

"Instead of that stuff, you could lunch on champagne and caviar—"

"Sure, if I liked 'em," replied Gable. Then he added with a chuckle, "Maybe it's wrong to eat what I like instead of what's expensive, but I can't help it—I'm so nuts about bananas!"

His zest for farm life is another enigma to many, including even some stars who pose as "gentlemen farmers."

"What's the good of having a farm if you don't work on it?" Clark asks them. "I'll admit I didn't like farm work when I was a kid, because I had to do it then. Now I get fun out of it. The exercise, change and quiet seem to recharge my batteries. I come back to the studio, after a spell out at my place, with a lot more pep.

That may be true, but I have never seen Clark when he seemed to need battery recharging, or more abundant energy. His vitality and interest in life are revealed during those deadly daze in jitty periods between scenes, on some movie sets.

Every time I see Clark on a set, except when he is working or in rehearsal, he's in the middle of a lively group—a group of husky studio electricians, "grips," and so on. He is not a famous star among them, but by his unaffected geniality and enjoyment, becomes literally one of them. His hand smacks resoundingly on the shoulder of a burly stage carpenter. His guttural, at someone else's quip, rings out loud and unrestrained. He gets up out of his canvas chair with a spring that is almost feline; sits down again to flow back into easy, tensionless relaxation.

Another famous male star I know spends the between-scene periods plying hectic activity, keeping up his eternal off-stage act of pretended enjoyment, good-fellowship, pep. It rings as false as Gable's rings true, and one can see that it has worn the actor, himself, down to raw nerves.

A third male star I have often watched is dull, taciturn, glum. Between scenes, he mutters something about "taking a nap" or "studying dialogue," and disappears into his portable dressing-room. There he quaffs a quick one.

While both of the other actors are famous, neither is as successful as Gable. If other things were equal, Clark would win this superiority by his between-scenes manner.

I AM told by directors that Gable's acting style gives him another natural advantage over rivals, in that it is so easy, natural, and unaffected. The studious underplaying of Spencer Tracy, the highly technical work of Paul Muni both take more from their exponents. Yet Gable's work, at its best, is preferred by many in Hollywood to that of either of his fellow Academy Award winners.

If he can accomplish as much as many think he does, or less, he can do that through his energy, that is one more "edge" Clark holds over his competitors. Just another factor in his unbelievable—but true record of eight years in the first ten, three of them as leader, two as runner-up.

Gable calls himself a "ham," says his acting isn't art, and admires the Tracy style, but feels it is not for him.

The only way I can get my acting in my own funny way," he remarked on one occasion.

Once I sat in on a casting conference at a certain studio. They wanted a skilled "name" actor to play the part of a typical, successful movie star. Freddie March, Leslie Howard and several others were mentioned favorably. Then someone said, "I think we might even get Gable, if you want to lay out the dough for him."

"Not at all the type!" cried the producer, "That was one occasion when I could 'yes' a producer and mean it. Gable is one of the greatest movie actors of all time, certainly isn't the type I'd choose to play a typical movie actor."

The fact that he isn't the type has contributed to Gable's enduring greatness. Too many screen heroes fall into the typical Hollywood mould, or are made to fit it.
weather dishes, and is good for lunch, for supper or for dinner.

Time and again during the vacation period, the family arrives home very tired, late, and not in the spirit of preparing any fussy or time-taking meal. Instead of hastily bolting a few cold cuts or making an inadequate sandwich, open a can of either macaroni in cream sauce with cheese, or spaghetti in savory tomato sauce. Two minutes to go for dinner—and yet there it is, hot, stimulating, with lots of carbohydrate energy value, and good appetite appeal—spaghetti, the one grand hot dish for summer!

AND by the way, this kind of "hot meal" need not be exclusively an emergency type of meal—not at all—the practical homemaker and hostess will see in all these foods adaptable materials out of which to build up delicious menus, simple or fancy as she prefers. These foods must be considered as cooking ingredients, when combined with inexpensive meats, vegetables and other familiar materials of the kitchen. Here are several suggestions:

**SPAGHETTI-STUFFED PEPPERS**

4 large green peppers
1 can spaghetti in tomato sauce
1 cup chopped cooked left-over meat* 
1/2 teaspoon salt 
1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire
4 tablespoons buttered crumbs

Cut tops from stem ends of peppers, remove seeds, parboil 5 minutes, and drain. Combine spaghetti with meat and seasonings and stuff into pepper cups. Sprinkle with buttered crumbs. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) for 25 minutes. (Serves 4)

*Ham is particularly tasty as the meat; or use bacon drippings in the buttered crumbs; or use canned tuna fish to replace meat; or use macaroni in cream sauce as stuffing for large whole tomatoes, baked as above.

**SPAGHETTI WITH KIDNEYS**

6 lamb kidneys
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons butter
1 onion, finely minced
1 can condensed vegetable soup
1/2 can water
2 teaspoons celery salt
2 cans spaghetti in tomato sauce

Split kidneys, remove membrane and fat, and slice 1/4 inch thick. Blend with lemon juice. Melt butter and saute onion until lightly browned. Add kidneys and stock, low heat, 5 minutes. Add soup, hot water, and celery salt, and blend. Add spaghetti and cook about 2 minutes or until thoroughly heated. (Serves 6)

AND here's an idea for a hearty salad mold for that just too—too melting evening—make the salad right after breakfast, store in the refrigerator to chill and develop hidden flavors, add a bit of melon or other fruit for a top-off, and there's your dinner!

**SAVORY MACARONI SALAD**

2 cans macaroni in cheese sauce 
4 tablespoons chopped sweet pickle
1 cup finely minced cooked ham 
1/2 cup minced celery 
1 small onion, minced 
Dash of salt and pepper 
lettuce or Romaine

Combine all ingredients tightly together. Chill. Serve on lettuce. No dressing required. (Serves 6)

Here's another appetizing dish which the children especially will like because it includes their old pal—peanut butter! It's a good example of the quick "on gravis or snack" dish to which all these good food pastes lend themselves admirably:

**MACARONI PEANUT BUTTER AU GRATIN**

2 cups elbow macaroni 
2 cups medium white sauce 
1 cup cubed soft Cheddar cheese 
1/2 cup peanut butter 
1/4 teaspoon salt 
1/4 teaspoon pepper 
1 teaspoon onion juice 
1/4 cup fine dry bread crumbs

Cook macaroni in boiling salted water 9 to 12 minutes, drain, and rinse in cold water. In double boiler combine white sauce with cheese, peanut butter and seasonings, and stir to melt and blend thoroughly. Arrange in buttered glass caserole. Sprinkle with crumbs. Bake in moderate hot oven (375° F.) for 20 minutes. (Serves 6)

Then my family begs for a Macaroni-Pimento-Picnic Loaf that makes a real picnic everytime it is served. Too bad that space won't allow me to include it here today. But you may secure not only this unusual novelty recipe, but a half dozen more featured dishes if you write for the new leaflet called "Short-Order Spaghetti Specials."

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**CUPID'S COUPLETT:**

Donald Briggs and Marjorie Weaver—It's all the fellar can do to leav'er!

And meantime, Natalie is still sooooooo that way about Randy Scott, and vice-versa. So don't be surprised if THAT ends in the wedding march, too.

That there may be a wedding soon between Olivia de Havilland and Jimmy Stewart (even Winchell says so), take a gander at the love-glow in their eyes at Grove from Natalie Draper's gonna be final, and that's all they're waiting for.

Chummy foursome Myrna Loy and hubby Arthur Hornblow, Jr., Hedy Lamarr and hubby Gene Markey are captured by MOTION PICTURE's candid cameraman, Charlie Rhodes, just as they enter Ciro's—popular nite-spot for supper, dancing
She's Not A Bird

- FASTEST crack of the month—came from Starlet Kay Linaker's lips, the other night at Caro's... Seems she was dining there. At the next table, Ken Murray was having himself a gargantuan steak dinner. So engrossed in the steak was Ken that in attacking it, he knocked over a salt cell. Superstitions like all actors, he immediately picked up a pinch of salt between two fingers, and slipped it over his left shoulder. It landed on Kay. In fact, it landed on her back, and slid down. When it reached its logical resting-place, Kay gave out with the crack: "Oh, no, Mister Murray—you can't catch ME that way!"

Nitty

- Bob Hope's got a new word for maternity hospitals. He calls'em: HERIports!!!

Flynn nuggets

- As this is written, all is so-smooth in the turbulent Errol Flynn-Lili Damita menage that they're even giving each other gag presents. Lili started it. She went to the Farmers' Market to do some shopping the other day, and saw a live baby goat. She bought it and had it sent to Errol. Errol came back two days later, Lili answered the door—and there was a man, delivering six live white turkeys.

And all Hollywood wonders whether this is a sign that the Flynns have really settled down—or whether they've found a new refinement of ways to annoy each other.

Incidentally, Errol is now preparing for a three-month's leave of absence, which he plans to spend in South America, Europe being what it is. While he's gone, Lili will live on their yacht, over at Catalina Island, spending most of her time denying rumors that they've split for keeps again.

From the proprietor of a big gambling establishment in South America, Flynn has already received an offer: $1,500 cash, just to sit in the place one night, and draw all the ladies... !

Crush

- What Madeleine Carroll wants most to know: THE NAME of the anonymous admirer who, for the past seven weeks, has been sending her a gardenia each day!

Windfall

- Talk of Hollywood is the big inheritance John Payne is going to get. Most people, when the word spread that Payne really was the son of a wealthy family, labelled it just a lot of press-agent balloon-juice. But the fact is that John and his two brothers, George and Ralph, will share the estate of their late father, George W. Payne, big real estate operator in the East. The property consists of real estate in New York City, plus a house in Hollywood. The property is valued at $300,000, and will be divided equally among the three brothers.

John gets his share when he's 16—which is a bit over eight years from now. And meantime, gals, there's no use of going on the make for Payne and his inheritance. He's still married, and HAPPILY, to Anne Shirley.

Coogan Can Still Laugh

- There's one thing Jackie Coogan has NOT—lost—and that's his sense of humor.

The other night, he was dining at Sardi's. In came Charlie Chaplin, taking another table. In a little while, the waiter came to Chaplin with a message from Coogan—in his hand was the watch Chaplin had presented to Jackie 'way back in 1919, when they made The Kid together. It's engraved "To Jackie, My Partner."

With it, Jackie had sent this note: "The watch is still working. I WISH I WERE!"

More Eggostric Now

- Talk of Hollywood is: What's Come Over Garbo?—is it her diet, or Dr. Gaylord Hauser, who's done all this to her?

For, as a matter of fact, the Garbo has gone social in an unprecedented way. Not alone does she all but haunt the night spots (and usually with the Doc), but she even plays tennis in PUBLIC. Those who know her of old can reconcile the new, sparkling, smiling, chattering, gracious Greta with the "I want to be alone" Greta of only a few months ago. Today, she actually flutters!!! And when she was seen playing a foursome at tennis with Hauser as her partner, versus Spencer Tracy and man-about-town Tim Durant, Hollywood's astonishment knew no bounds. . .

Reasons given are (1)—Hauser's diet, and (2)—Hanser himself. Certain it is that the doc has been and is her constant companion.

One of the diet secrets for which Hauser is believed responsible, and which is believed to have puffed Greta up is this: daily she takes one raw egg—either mixed up in raw hamburger, or beaten up in a glass of milk.

And THAT ought to boom the egg market!

Would Take Two More Like Them

- The other night, after the preview of Rebecca (which does for Joan Fontaine what Gone With The Wind did for sister Olivia de Havilland), producer David O. Selznick (referred to in Hollywood simply as "DOS") was stopped by Mrs. George Fontaine, mother of Olivia and Joan—

"Mr. Selznick," she cooed, "I want to thank you. You've been so kind to both my daughters."

"Not at all, not at all," shrugged DOS—"I only wish, madame, you had two MORE!"

Doesn't Spare Relatives

- Most caustic of all John Barrymore's recent much repeated ad-libs during his stage plays was the one he pulled the other night—

In the middle of his role, he suddenly called for a wheel chair, and yelled: "Tonight, I think I'll do Lionel!"

The crack went over big, of course. By now, everybody knows that while Lionel has spent much of his life looking after John during John's vagaries, the only thanks he's ever gotten has been John's wisecracking. As a result, even Lionel expects John's acidulous cracks.

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an invalid. But she was plainly in rebellion against the role. "I know I have my nerve, sitting up and taking notice so soon," she said, stretching to the limit a bit like a human Mary MacNulty to the endowment of the manicurist's elbow. "The more I think of that car coming toward us, and our helplessness, the more I realize how lucky we are to be alive." "I've been doing a lot of thinking, lying here. Especially about luck. You know, lucky accidents have dotted my whole life. I'm beginning to wonder if there isn't something in the superstitious charm of a cauld."

She was born with a cauld. And superstition has it that anyone born with a cauld will have a charmed life—so far as accidents are concerned. Some time ago, a publicity man with a deceptively honest face told a columnist that Penny was from Heaven, Ga. The columnist told it to the world. The world may have staggered to learn the truth. Penny was born—on a September 15th—in South Philadelphia, Pa., which is to Philadelphia what Brooklyn is to New York, Another, and strangest, story, was the christening of Mary Ann Dorothy McNulty. Her father, Bernard McNulty, worked on a succession of Philadelphia newspapers—such as the Ledger and the Record. Penny, in one of her early imaginative flights, told the neighborhood moppets that her father owned the North American. Some of the time he was a reporter, but usually he was a lay typographer. Her mother, née Mary Hassan, was head usher for the Shuberts. That was the closest Penny came to having a theatrical background—except for her grandmother's sister, Fanny Durant, who was one of the original orphans in Orphans of the Storm. And her mother's cousin, "Uncle Johnny." He was in vaudeville. He tried out his acts on the family first, and Penny would imitate him. Once he brought home a funny little Englishman with whom he was working up an act, and Penny imitated both of them whenever she got the chance. The name of the funny little Englishman was Charlie Chaplin.

Penny's first appearance in front of an audience was planned even by herself. It was strictly an accident. She was 8, and she wanted some money to buy a birthday present for her mother. Simultaneously, the Plaza Theatre in South Philadelphia announced an Amateur Night, with money prizes for the winners. With the impulsive nature and the nerve of the Irish, Penny asked to sing.

The number she chose to render was, "They Called Her Frivolous Sam." She had barely opened her mouth when a wave of laughter from out front washed up on the stage and inundated her. She stopped singing. She bawled out the audience. Then she started over again... And at the end of the show, when the contestants had to step forward in turn for the audience to register its rating of them, she was the lowest of the sumptuous Irish kids. "I was homely-looking, and funny-looking," Penny explains, "a comedienne without knowing it.

Mrs. McNulty, overwhelmed by the present she received, but more overwhelmed by the way it had been purchased, was convinced that her daughter was destined for the stage. Shure, and anyone born with a cauld was bound to be gifted. So Penny was sent to dancing school—the same dancing school attended (at the same time) by Jeannette MacDonald.

There she soon learned enough tap and ballet to make her able to sing, to get in a succession of "kid acts" in Philadelphia and environs. A Mr. Greenberg, a local film distributor, happened to see her and—what was more important—received her. Along came a man entitled A Child for Sale, a tear-jerker starring Creighton Hale and Baby Peggy. Mr. Greenberg got hold of "the little McNulty kid" to play "the widowed mother, singing 'Who Wants a Baby?'" She would sing before the picture and again during it, in the saddest part. She scored her greatest triumph in near-by Burlington, N. J. A farmer in the back of the theatre choked up over the pitiable appeal of her plea for parents to love her, "Stop!" he shouted, standing up in his seat, "I'll buy her!" They had quite a time with him. He was cold sober, too.

Young as she was, she haunted the Philadelphia booking agencies. That was how she got an act called "The Coll Kids" and went on the road—like "Uncle Johnny."

She loved vaudeville. She still loves it, and she claps with delight. There was a camaraderie among vaudeville people that other people in show business now had," Penny says. "Even as kids, we were taught to share everything—especially good laughs. We started out as a team, like Mrs. Farrow, who ran a theatrical boarding-house in Baltimore. When Mrs. Farrow's luck at the races wasn't so good, the meals weren't so good; but we didn't grumble because we knew that anybody who was sick, we would all cover up for whoever was ill... And I learned so much, watching other performers..."

"I was smart enough to see that that was the only way I could get experience—and get ahead. For example, Charlie Mosconi, who was on the same bill one time, had a wonderful dance-step that stopped the show every time he used it. I watched him until I could do the same step—and it became a show-stopper for me, too... We copied from each other, yes. But we had our ethics. If we were ever on the same bill again with someone who originated a dance-step or a song arrangement, we wouldn't use that step or that arrangement that week—even if we thought we could do it better."

After the tour with "The Coll Kids," Penny thought she was ready to conquer larger worlds. She persuaded her father to take her over to New York, make the Star of the West of her; and her native air. She landed in an act called "The Kiddies Kabaret," doing imitations of Joe Friesco and Eddie Leonard. She was still in it when it started in Newburgh, N. Y. She stayed just 12. Her mother had recently sent her a gold ring with a sapphire. It was her first and only piece of jewelry. She hooked it to get back to the family when they needed money.

Back in Philadelphia, she decided—or her parents decided—that she had had

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HOGS"
enough of "the road" for a while. She con-
formed her talents to Philadelphia. Then
Anatole Friedland came to town and ad-
vertised having a new kid act, with
auditions to be held at the Keith The-
atre. Penny showed up. Friedland asked
what she could do. Her answer was: "What
do you want me to do?" He watched her
dancing and hired her as a solo number.

The Friedland act was Big Time. It was
good enough for New York, for the River-
side Theatre, one night out of the Ca-
thedral of Vaudeville, the Palace Theatre.
Penny had visions of George Jean Nathan,
Alan Dale and all the other first-string
drama critics catching the act. In honor of
the occasion, she bought some new dancing
shoes. Nervous, intent on outdoing herself,
she made one high kick extra-high. At the
same moment, the other foot slipped—and
over the footlights she went, landing with a
terrible explosion on the bass drum in the
orchestra, in what Penny calls "the most
beautiful prat fall you ever saw." The
entire audience was startled to its feet, to
see what had happened.

The audience saw a crimson-faced young-
ster who, after being pried out of the drum,
said to the orchestra leader, "I'm all right.
It's just a new act. Let's start over again.
"She was helped back up on the stage. And
to the accompaniment of almost continuous
applause, she went on with her dance.

It's difficult to write a more cabarety
New York stage debut. But it was the
turning point for Penny. If the accident
had never happened, she would have been
just another doing some fancy kicks and steps.
The accident proved that she was a trouper. An exceptional trouper.
The drama critics weren't out front, but a
scout for the Shuberts was. The next day,
she was offered a contract via which her
parents had to sign for her, since she was
under age. And she became the sous-
brette, the leader of the chorus girls, in the
road company of the Broadway hit, Innocent
Eyes. In Boston, the Geery Society caught
with her. They wanted to know how old she
was. Where was her birth certificate? "I— I left it home," she
said. They told her to send for it. When it
arrived, it proved that she was only fourteen.
Forbidding fathers had to have schooling while
working. (It was painful then, but she's
grateful now.)

TINE months after starting on the road,
the company played Toronto. J. J. Shub-
bert, in person, went up to Toronto to look it
over, change some things for the run in
Buffalo the next week. A blizzard arrived
simultaneously with J. J. About ten people
comprised the audience that night. The
prima donna chose that particular night to
go temperamental. She was sulking in her
dressing-room, waiting to be begged to go
on with the show, and J. J. wasn't in a
belligerent mood. Penny pleaded to be al-
lowed to go on in her place. She had understudied
the role (and every other role in the show).

J. J. consented.

So Penny put on the prima donna's long
velvet gown, which had to be pinned up in
a way that some of the prima donna's high-heeled shoes, and armed herself
with the huge green fan studded with rhin-
estones that the prima donna carried. As
she stepped on the stage, at the beginning of the fan,
and stepped it turned. "She
help me," says Penny, "I fell flat on my
face."

She picked herself up, went on with the
number, She was the fan understudy. She
took the fan upright over her head. The weight of the
rhinestones made her wrist limp. Every few
moments, the fan would flop forward, down
over her face. All of which was bad enough.
But the wind-up of the number had the
prima donna completely surrounded by stat-
uesque curtains, and, through you could hear
little Penny, you couldn't see her.

She was in tears. So was J. J., out front. He
was in hysterics. He practically had to be
carried backstage after the number. And, his
eye still moist from laughter, he said,
"Dorothy, you're a natural-born comedienne.
I'm going to take you back to Broadway, star
you opposite Willie Howard in a Winter
Garden show."

So she became the youngest dancing star
on Broadway, and the first girl to acro-
batic tumbling in a Broadway show. She
had a Dutch heel, and gave a little "Whoa"
after every tumble, and audiences found her
cute and comical, pert and different. After
Sky High, she was in Great Temptations.

She went on to Broadway and starred in the
opposite Jack Benny for two years, then with
Eddie Foy and Irene Dumme in another
hit, Sweetheart Time. Other hits followed
those.

And all because she was lucky enough to
fall on her face on a stage in Toronto.

M-G-M brought her to Hollywood in
1930 under long-term contract. She
made her movie bow in Good News, the screen version of the musical comedy in
which she had starred. She was still oper-
ating under the name of Dorothy McNulty.
She still had chestnut-brown hair.

She didn't like it then. She didn't understand picture-making. And she
didn't like herself on the screen. She went
to Irving Thalberg and asked for her release
from her contract. "I don't think I'm right
for pictures," she told him. Thalberg, after
vainly trying to persuade her to change her
mind, gave her a release—on the under-
standing that M-G-M had first call on her future
screen services.

She went back to Broadway musical
comedy. But now, in her free time, she went
in for appearances in drama in Little
Theatres on the outskirts of New York.
She couldn't go on dancing and singing
forever, the way a dramatic actress could
begin on acting. So she was going to become a

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"Outfit" as well as "spill" is fashion's latest dictum — and Maiden Form's "Allegro" blouse combines them, superbly. You'll like the "spill" effect accomplished by its adjustable back and adjustable shoulder straps. The wide inset of "Thro-O-Listic" keeps "Allegro" from binding or coming. Vartage lengths $1.00 to $2.50.

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chance
John Payne and wifey Anne Shirley join the stepper-outers at Ciro's. The happy couple expect Stork to pay them a visit.

lease George have the same effect on the Raft-Norma Shearer romance that it did on [Continued on page 89]

At recent Warner Club party Bette Davis and Anatole Litvak were twosome. He directs her All This, and Heaven Too.

HMMMMMM— is it true that Gloria Swanson is going to try marriage once again — as Mrs. Gus Schirmer? Count that month lost that doesn't see at least one columnist, more likely a half-dozen, publish the "exclusive" news that at long last, Mrs. George Raft is going to give him his long-wanted divorce. . . . And count that month lost that doesn't see the rumor promptly negated by Mrs. George Raft's failure to do anything of the kind.

And what Hollywood wants to know is: Will Mrs. Raft's continued refusal to re-

Noah Beery, Jr., and Maxine Jones (Buck's daughter) cut wedding cake after marriage at Jones ranch. He's 26, she's 22.

At the Warner Club party, Bette Davis and Anatole Litvak were twosome. He directs her All This, and Heaven Too.

At the Warner Club party, Bette Davis and Anatole Litvak were twosome. He directs her All This, and Heaven Too.

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There are no sharp-edged hair stubs to snag your stockings, no razor-scraped skin, and no danger of cuts—when you use Neet! Get Neet at drug, dept. stores, generous trial size at ten-cent stores.

RINSE OFF UNSIGHTLY HAIR THIS EASY WAY

NOW PLEASANTLY SCENTED GET NEET TODAY!
schedule and tackling other sequences. And then his plans were knocked into the well-known cocked hat by the soft, throaty voice of a girl standing just off the set.

"I'm...I'm sorry I'm late, Mr. Van Dyke," this girl said calmly enough. "The casting director just sent me over. I'm...I'm the girl who is to play the school-teacher part."

Director Van Dyke's eyes began to burn brighter and hotter than the tip of his cigarette. He was very hot under his choker, so to speak, and he wasted little, if any, time in "telling off" this young, soft-voiced—and beautiful—upstart still standing there cool, calm, and collected, no less than two paces away from the edge of the set.

"Oh, yeah!" he barked. "Well, let me tell you, young lady, I'm in no mood this morning for gags! And it's more than likely I won't be tomorrow morning or the morning after that! But don't mistake me. I like fun and I like gags, but I like 'em both at the proper place which isn't, believe me, on this here sound stage. So you go back to that smartie who put you up to this and tell him for me, mind you..."

During this impassioned speech the director had been walking toward the girl and by the time he had reached her "mind you" he was standing right in front of her with his voice trailing off to end in an astonished gap.

"Well," he went on, slightly flabbergasted, "if it isn't Helen Gilbert! The last time I saw you were with the studio symphony orchestra. Remember? And here you are a party of the first part in a Hollywood gag. Now tell me, what's it all about?"

AND so, Helen, in that soft voice of hers, told him.

Told him how, a few months back, she'd been asked to leave her 'bello long enough to make a test screen test. "A sequence or two from something called Florian, she said, "I never knew what disposition had been made of it until you started Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever and then I was notified that I had been selected to play the school-teacher role. And so here I am. It's no gag, Mr. Van Dyke. And please don't blame me. I'd much rather be in the studio orchestra. I didn't ask for the test in the first place and in the second place I had nothing to do with this. Perhaps you'd better call up the casting director and find out what's what. Frankly, I'd be glad if you could get someone else."

Director Van Dyke gave the girl a good long look, smiled, and opined that he had the situation well in hand. He'd do no such thing as call up the casting director. "Besides," he told her, "I haven't got the time and moreover, if I'm any judge of acting talent, I think you'll do. And very nicely, indeed. I betcha we're going to surprise a lot of people, maybe including myself, before we're through, Helen.

And so it was, and with no more preparation than that, that Helen Gilbert laid aside her over-sized fiddle and broke into the movies! It would be a waste of words to tell you how well she acquitted herself in her screen debut because you've seen Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever and you've judged for yourself.

Personally, we thought her portrayal of the school-teacher was exceptional, everything considered, and like everybody else who attended the preview of the picture we won-
pered she was, where she came from and so on and we said: "ha, ha, now we'll tell one!" when the Metro publicity department tried to tell us she was a musician— and she stuck that.

Well, to settle the argument we accepted the department's challenge that we see the young lady and so obtain the low-down on the affairs. Which was what we did a few days later, and what you read from now on is authenticated and sworn to by the ex-cellist herself.

"Conductor Van Dyke," Helen told us right off the bat, "for thinking that my appearance on the sound stage that morning was a gag, because I half-way thought that I knew that had I been a singer I would have been much happier if he had shoed me out of there. I'd been studying music since I was five years old and here I was, scared to turn my hand at something I knew absolutely nothing about."

"I CAN'T explain how I happened to do as well as I did that first day and all the others that followed except on the grounds that I was so completely dazed by it all that I couldn't have become self-conscious if I had tried. All the success I had in that picture is due to Van Dyke who had that patience personified. He deserves a long string of gold medals for the help he gave me and some day I'm going to see that he gets them.

"What was more amazing still, now that I've had time to think back to my fantastic experience, is the number of "once takes" he eliminated out of which I appeared. Credit for that should be by all means go to his excellent coaching of which he gave me plenty. Lewis Stone, Mickey Rooney and all of the Hardy cast deserve special mention for their continual aid during the shooting and I give it to them gratefully."

"Well, that's you are. That's the kind of a girl Helen is. For the life of her she can't understand why so many nice words have been written and said about her since her screen debut. She's not an actress, but a musician who has a music degree and she hopes she will always be one.

She still dreams of the day to come when she'll be featured in a concert all her own in New York's Carnegie Hall and that dream may be fulfilled some day because she's rated as one of the very finest celloists in the country. Her fame as a concert artist has been well widened to win her appearances with most of the great symphony orchestras in the United States. But whatever plans she has in mind for a continuation of her music has been sidetracked by the studio which has her under a long-term contract. Metro's front office knew she was so good, even before Andy Hardy had his picture out of the way that she was selected to play the leading feminine role in Florian. She did so well in that picture that a special story was written for her. As a picture," she says, "it isn't going to be a banner in Hollywood, but it is going to give me an opportunity to prove to screen audiences that I really am a musician—which is another reason why I have been trying to understand movie-making."

"Here I am, for instance, playing the 'cello in the studio symphony orchestra a year ago and musical in the accepted style, and presto, somebody urges me to take a screen test and I find myself in a picture trying to prove that I'm an actress."

"Well, I don't know of any thing certain about this role. I can prove to musicians, at least, that I'm not a phony when it comes to music. There'll be no looking around, no smiling and snickering at the audience when I'm playing the 'cello, I can assure you of that. Not unless I want to be the laughing-stock of the musical world! Those little tricks belong only to members of swing bands."

While we're on the subject of music, while Helen is, rather, we might mention here that she's nothing if not frank about her fellow-artists.

"'Musicians,'" she admits, "are more temperamental than actors. There's no explaining it other than that they live in a world apart. They're much less steady, too, than actors and are more difficult to get along with.

"It may be, as Helen says, that musicians go on about the mental and nervous toss we doubt very much if she can be accused of doing so despite the fact that she was born on the Fourth of July, a day that surely precipitates explosions of one kind or another. Looking at her, listening to her, you feel sure that she's always in control of herself and that it would take some unusual provocation to stir her up enough so that she'll drop her air of placidity and really go to it. She just isn't the type."

Helen was born in Warren, Ohio, and is the daughter of Vaughn Gilbert, a successful musician. Due, no doubt, to her musical environment, she took up the art from earliest childhood and displayed a natural aptitude toward its study.

"Because of intensive travel on the part of my family," she says, "I took trips all over the United States and lost so much time from school doing so that I had to study under private tutors. I specialized in music and finally adopted the 'cello as my favorite instrument, being inspired to this switch from piano and violin by a concert given by Pablo Casals."

"Shortly after beginning the study of the 'cello seriously my family moved to Philadelphia and by then I had made such progress that I was awarded a scholarship at the Curtis Institute where I studied under the English master, Felix Salmon."

Helen's "by then" needs a word or two of elaboration. She was twelve years of age when she won the Curtis award which may give you an inkling of just how good she was at this 'cello business.

After graduating from the school—with honors—Helen appeared on concerts in New York, Boston, Chicago, Minneapolis and the Hollywood Bowl. Her fame as a concert artist spread to radio where she was featured as a guest soloist on many coast-to-coast broadcasts. Her chief objection to radio is that it's too impersonal, "I play better when I can see my audience," she says.

HELEN is five feet one-half inches in height, has blond hair, blue eyes, extremely fair skin and, so far as this writer's big ears are concerned, the most melodious speaking-voice of any girl in pictures. When not engaged in a film production she practices for hours on her 'cello and then tapers off by playing for friends on the piano.

If her movie career fails to jell, as she thinks it should, she'll forget it and go back to her music.

Only recently she developed a new source of income that promises to become important. Following the announcement that she had won the lead in Florian she received bids from three phonograph record firms asking that she play the 'cello for them and the platters she has made thus far have been big money-makers.

And that, ladies and gentlemen, concludes our scoring of Metro's Musical Maid, the only girl in Hollywood who has built herself two substantial careers in two different arts.
Hollywood's Trick Parties

BIGGEST party-surprise of the YEAR—was supplied by the party-hosting champions of Hollywood, Basil Rathbone and wife Ouida... The Rathbones, whose parties are given on the slightest pretext and are the fanciest parties in town, had their 14th wedding anniversary the other day... and celebrated it WITHOUT a party. They had a twosome dinner together!! ... Swellest exploitation party of the month—was Regal Studios' shindig to honor the studio's new star, Judy Canova... The nobilities started with the invitations, to each of which was attached a tiny brown jug, filled with "corn-syrup" and labelled "One hundred percent explosive. Good for wife bein' and dandurif!"... The stage at the studio, where the party was held, was made up like an old-fashioned "ginn mill" with mountain trimmings... It was signed: The Mountain Dew Inn... Judy made her grand entrance on the arm of Gene Autry while the orchestra played Scatter-beaz... Rudy Vallee famously christened her "The Jenny Lind of the Ozarks," and then danced cheek-to-cheek with her for the major part of the evening's dances... For Claire Trevor, there with her ma and a party of friends, it was a double celebration—for this was Claire's birthday, too... The Arturo Godoy's (he's the bale who fought Joe Louis) gave an exhibition thumb... Duncan Renaldo, Russ and Lucille, Gleason, Smiley Burnett, Elsie Janis, John Wayne, June Storey and a couple hundred others, all dolled up in bandanas, overalls, big farm-type straw hats, and calico angus and sandshirts for the girls, helped Judy celebrate her Hollywood debut.

BHOY, was a two-egg pal of Hollywood, came to life again when Mary Pickford threw a typical old-time Pickfair party, in honor of her guests, the Frederick Feleghuyens... It was like a reale, in memory of the grand affairs that were thrown at old Pickfair when Douglas Fairbanks was Mary's husband, and they entertained royalty there.... Once again, there was Mary, queen-like and regal as ever—and the only discordant note was the absence of Doug (for the old-timers) or Rudy Rogers (for the younger set who don't quite remember Doug), but it was not... Rudely is the new Miss Mary Pickford, lord of Pickfair... Rudely, away on a world tour, left the old girl hanging... The party was formal.... Cocktails at eight... Dinner at nine... Cocktails were in the days of '40 playroom, in front of that actually came around the Horn in the old pioneer days... Master of ceremonies was Mary's son, John Chalif... After dinner, they put on the program—volunteer male choruses, dance numbers, including the hoops—daisy, of all things... and done by such boopseps as Lili Damita, Lucille Bremer, Dana Andrews, Danny Duran, Virginia Bruce!... Break of the evening came when Pickfair was still Pickford, and Elsa Maxwell arrived with a bus-load of her own guests, whom she was driving around on one of the progressive parties that Elsa goes for... The bus was equipped with a bar, too!

JOAN CRAWFORD's birthday party was an on-the-set affair at M.G.M. on the Spawn and Shindig, and Joan was so taken aback in the midst of the party department rolled onto the set a great table, with a gargantuan birthday cake, and heaped of gifts... Gifters included the Freuds, Marches, Rita, the entire cast, and crew of the picture... Gifts from Director Colak, a beautiful coquille-and-pottery chafing-dish, from sister-in-law Kushi Lowbeer, a hat from Kushi's own shop, from the Marches, imported perfumes, from the crew of the picture, an electric-lighted mirror... Most novel party-gift of the month—was the screen feature that topped off the big surprise party at Cioe's, to celebrate the release of Deanna Durbin's newest success, It's a Date... Shown was a specially-complited film, consisting of clips from every picture and test Deanna has ever made, showing her progress and development from her very first Hollywood efforts to today's top stardom... Christening party of the month—was thrown by Dagwood (Arthur Lake, to you) and his wife... To christen their new station-wagon—Not to be outdone by the Navy, the Lakes boke a hightech charmage over the front bumper of the ridy new vehicle—and then picked up a party of friends up for a picnic whose-to-doo on a hilltop overlooking the ocean... There, to the sides of the new station-wagon, were a row of those drive-in-easy shady, and out of huge thermos jugs the Lakes dished up a hot canine dinner... Celebrated foolishly the Hill Henleys, the Jimmy Ellisons, Ken Murray, Gwen Kaye, and, of course, Penny Singleton, Dagwood's Blanche.

LD-TIMERS' Party of the Month—was the brawl thrown by Mrs. Edward Lowe in honor of Marguerite Clark, ace film star of bygone days.

I WAS KIDNAPPED FOR LOVE

ERE is the courageous story of a girl who dared to claim her love in the face of scandalous headlines that rocked the whole country. Once you read the gripping confession of this girl who was caught up in a maze of events too swift for her to combat, you will never forget it. Don't miss her dramatic story in the new issue of ROMANTIC STORY, now on sale.

The same issue of this exciting magazine is packed with stories that will tug at your heart. Every married woman should read the revealing confession of a girl who almost wrecked her life when she let herself be plunged into divorce, "AFTER MY MARRIAGE—WHAT?" has a vitally important message for you. You owe it to yourself not to miss it.

Other gripping confessions include "WOMAN WITHOUT HONOR," "I BETRAYED HER FAITH," "NO RIGHT TO MY OWN CHILD," and "CONFESSION OF A COWARDLY WIFE." Get your ROMANTIC STORY today!
Mr. and Mrs. Doug, Jr., are celebrating Blessed Event in becoming proud parents of Daphne Fairbanks, seven-pounder

the Raft-Virginia Peine romance? That affair is now as dead as Hitler’s promises. In New York, Virginia is consoling herself with Broker Walter Hirshon, and the most heartstuck one in the picture is Virginia’s little girl Joan, who loved George Raft even more than her ma did, if that’s possible.

Meantime, George and Norma are Hollywood’s inseparable pair of the season, and Hollywood says of COURSE they’ll get married—when and IF George ever gets the divorce.

Which is exactly what they said about George and Virginia, to be sure...}

H O, HO, hummmmmmmmm, Eleanor Powell says she’s engaged again... This time, it’s a fellow named Merrill Pye, studio art director. Hollywood advices you not to get too excited about it, because...

Patricia Morison, rapidly reaching stardom, has longer tresses than any other actress—more than a yard in length
the time and had already discovered Gloria Jean, caught a matinee of the show," Lewis said slightly, "he asked me to come to Hollywood for a test. But since the play hadn’t closed yet, I decided to remain. When it did close, I had another call to go to Hollywood. However, I had the good fortune to acquire pneumonia and spent the next nine weeks in bed. When I was well, I had another call. Twenty-four hours later, I was approaching the prospect of my first play, with a written part and no hands. How I ever lasted until I reached Hollywood, I’ll never know.

Most reporters always ask a newcomer what he thinks of Hollywood and how it compares to the stage. I was no exception. "Hollywood intrigues me mainly because when I came here I expected to find morons running around in Hollywood. However, I had the good fortune to acquire pneumonia and spent the next nine weeks in bed. When I was well, I had another call. Twenty-four hours later, I was approaching the prospect of my first play, with a written part and no hands. How I ever lasted until I reached Hollywood, I’ll never know.

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"As for Broadway and Hollywood, there are advantages to both. An actor misses the feeling in Hollywood that an audience gives him on the stage, but if you’re a talkingaternon the sheet, you can walk down the street and see yourself playing in two theatres at once.

However, I do want to go back to Broadway some day. At the moment, I’m peacefully content with my life as it is."
others. His British reserve was broken down, and he consented to give us the following words of wisdom. So let’s listen to him.

But first a few words of introduction for those unfamiliar with the background of this story:

Ray hit Hollywood ten years ago, at the age of 22, a brash, British sophisticate with the right looks and a dash of masculine charm, who could outdrift and outdoors any actor in the business, and was also a dangerous foe in fencing and boxing. He worked for no time. Met and married a lovely American girl.

Then, as it happens quite often, his option wasn’t renewed. This was the beginning of a series of economic and emotional difficulties. He returned to England, worked in a few British pictures, and as soon as he had saved some money, hastened back to Hollywood, where he found himself still unable to get a job.

We can imagine the hell he went through. The girl he still loved was here. He was dying to see her, but wouldn’t, or she would hit him and knock him out. He sold or pawned everything of value he had, and was reduced to eating at a drugstore on credit, swallowing his pride with his food.

“It was awful!” he recalled, running his fingers through his black hair, a painful expression in his eyes.

“I was trying so hard that something would happen, a miracle, and I would get a job, any kind of a job, as long as it was honest work. On my way to the drugstore I would stretch out all the cracks on the pavement, hoping in that way to change my luck for the better. When that didn’t happen, I would just as carefully avoid them.” He shook his head, thinking back on this unhappy phase of his life. “I had applied for a job at a gas-station. On the day they finally gave me the job, Paramount also offered me the second lead in Bolerio with George Raft and Carole Lombard.” It was a double stroke of miraculous good luck that broke the jinx.

He LOST no time in going after his ex-wife, now that he had a studio contract, wooed her back, and they were re-married. Summing up, he said: “It was a case of stubborn willfulness and pride on my part. I was young, volatile, and couldn’t see the other person’s side. She didn’t blame me at all. She said, ‘you shouldn’t have done it.’ That’s all. She was hurt, of course, but not a word of bitterness. That’s the kind of girl she is.”

His advice: “The man who wants to win his wife or fiancée back should figure out, honestly, why they quarreled and separated. They shouldn’t have quarreled in the first place, but if they still mean anything to each other they should get together and talk it over. It happens quite often that a couple realizes how much they love each other after a separation and divorce. Of course the man should be big enough to admit his mistakes and take the initiative irrespectively of whether he was right or wrong.

“People should solve a serious problem like this in a mature, civilized way. And, most of all, they must have the sense of humor. You can laugh your way back to love. We did—it once I could laugh again. And when I laugh, I laugh like hell. They should put away childish notions and ideas, stop, definitely once and for all, blaming each other, going back to the old arguments and recriminations.

“The man must have self-respect and confidence, and respect the woman he wants to win back. Sincere respect, based on friendship. He is lost if he tries to assert himself at her expense, humiliate her by considering himself superior to her simply because he is a man. That’s nothing but an inferiority complex.

“He should be big and manly enough to cooperate with her, reason things out with her, make concessions, see her side of the problem. That’s what I didn’t do when I was 24 or 25.”

THE woman must do her share, too, if she wants him back. Too many women, I think, never get over their girlhood dreams of being a princess constantly courted by a prince charming, who is always ready to flatter her and satisfy her every whim, even at the risk of his life. That’s all very beautiful, but it happens only in fairy tales.

“So many girls who marry are emotionally still children, and remain children year after year, with the result that they don’t give their husbands a chance to make them happy. Nobody could make them happy. I was very fortunate not to marry such a girl. She forgave me because she understood. There is a French proverb which says—to understand is to forgive.”

Ray sucked at his cigarette, then crushed it out, and continued:

“I was too willful and proud because I didn’t know any better. Money is important, sure, but it isn’t everything. Some of the happiest marriages I know started with nothing but love. Poverty and struggles bring wife and husband closer together if they have the right attitude. But I was too young to realize that fact.

“When I went back to Mal, I had already learned by losing two years of our separation I had lived pretty nearly a lifetime. I was humble now, and more sensible. Of course, sending her flowers, taking her places, and all those little attentions which men often begin help when a man wants to win his wife back.

“But the important thing, the thing that will do the trick, is this inner growth and reformation I’m speaking about. In a way, I’m glad all this happened to me. It made me a better man. It made me stronger. I’m happier now than I could have been otherwise.”

THE Millands live in their own small but elegant house in Beverly Hills. They have two servants. He drives a Ford; she drives a Cadillac. He wouldn’t have it otherwise. He has learned the value of the dollar and is saving for a rainy day.

He likes acting. And with emphasis says: “It’s a damn good profession.” Pfeifer’s light comedy. When his acting days are over he hopes to direct. He doesn’t care for night clubs any more. He has had his fill of them. He likes to get up early in the morning and you can’t tell if you’re night clubbing.

Such is Ray Milland, the only guy in Hollywood who won his wife back. And a most likeable guy, too, you can’t help but like because of his “intolerance,” stubbornness, willfulness, pride, perversion, moodiness, etc. etc.
BETWEEN OURSELVES

Hollywood Impressions
By Larry Reid

The winding crooked S of Laurel Canyon Blvd.—like a Coney scenic ride. The cross-country trucks on open highways which called their engines through skyward stacks in front of radiators to save roads... At a distance they loom up like freight engines which you think have jumped a track... Don't be caught swiping oranges off a tree anywhere, anytime. You'll be fined plenty... Kids don't swipe fruit from markets and run, and cops don't swipe and say—"Charge it"—if caught... The eucalyptus trees which serve as windbreakers to save citrus and walnut groves, and vineyards... The mudpots to save them from—tut, tut—an Eastern frost... Pomona in heat of citrus belt where Bob Taylor went to college... Chasen's restaurant on Sunset Strip, hang-out for New Yorkers sighing for Astor and Shubert Alley... Lacey's restaurant, meeting-place of Columbia, RKO and Paramount crowd... "Sorry, gentlemen, this is Mr. DeMille's table..." Vine Street Derby Bamboo Room—Greek hour. Nervous chickens revolving before fires in windows of outlying eateries... Lupe Velez' huge star sapphire as big as mushroom on plate in the Derby... Cowboy extras waitin' for picture round-up at favorite corral on Gover... With egos at right of them and egos to left of them, stars not much interested in World War II... This doesn't apply to British colony or France's Boyer, Denmark's Hersholt, Norway's Henie, Sweden's Garbo and Bergman, Czechoslovakia's Lederer, who are all much perturbed... Ditto Germany's Albert Basserman fighting to stay here... Sam Goldwyn, no assassin of English. On contrary he knows the answers and can give them pitifully and pointedly... Looks to me as if jokesters have been imposing on his good humor... The town guessing over new man in Ginger Rogers' life... Those in know say he's in the profession... Whole town talking about Joan Fontaine's magnificent performance in Rebecca—and Hitchcock's perfect handling of great story, faultless to last detail... whole town giving David O. Selznick plums for best entertainment in years—Rebecca and Gone with the Wind... But it's Fontaine who's causing most comment... The verdict up and down Vine and the Boulevards is "she had it all the time, it took 'Hitch' to bring it out." The amazing Elsa Maxwell (how she does get around) adding to gaiety wherever she is a guest—taffeta tales and nervous doves in the trees... No writer can give you this Hollywood like Miss Parsons. So look for her inside story of yesterday and today in the studio city in our September issue. It will carry the title of: My Hollywood—and Yours.

SCOOP! Motion Picture Brings You Louella Parsons!!

The best-known newspaperwoman in the world and greatest authority on Hollywood—Louella Parsons, whose column of Hollywood activities is read by millions every day—will make her debut in Motion Picture Magazine beginning with the September issue.

In a series of six monthly articles she will TELL ALL. She will tell all about the Hollywood that has been her life for twenty years—and tell about it in her own intimate, all-revealing style.
HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN LOVE?

THOSE who answer "Yes" to that question know how far short of truth and reality the average fiction story falls when dealing with the lives and emotions of real men and women. That is why LIFE STORY avoids mere fiction, and goes to life itself for stories of love, drama and heartbreak.

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YOU MAY BE as familiar with the phrase "It's Toasted" as you are with your own name.

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