MOTION PICTURE

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10¢

AUGUST

Brenda Marshall
Featured with Errol Flynn in
"The Sea Hawk"

DON'T WANT TO BE A CAREER GIRL -- JOAN FONTAINE
A NEW, TRIUMPHANT, YOUTHFUL MAKE-UP

For Sure, Social Success

If you desire to dazzle, demand an introduction to the new April Showers Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick—harmonized to give you the radiant freshness of youth.

MEET THE NEW FACE POWDER * It's a powder with "come-hither"... So "smooth" and light... Won't cake... Brings out the best in your complexion... Will stay on and on—even after the last dance! Thrilling skin-tones.

GREET THE NEW ROUGE * Grin at its youthful audacity... Praise its charming chic! Goes on evenly. Remains till removed. Impetuous shades.

CHEER THE NEW LIPSTICK * Applaud its permanent-finish! Lips stay young, bright, lustrous—just the way you make them—come what may! Vivacious colors.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

$1.29 Value for 79¢

Regular 50¢ Flacon of April Showers Perfume given FREE with each purchase of Large-size Face Powder.

CHERAMY PERFUMER
Her “Ballerina” Beach Suit held His Glance—but Her Smile ran away with His Heart!

Never, never neglect your precious smile!
Help guard its charm with Ipana and massage!

If men beg for an introduction, but never ask you for a date, it may be your smile that’s turning love away!
For, alluring and smart as your clothes may be, if you let your smile become dull and dingy...if you ignore the warning of “pink tooth brush”...you lose one of the most precious charms a girl can possess!

“Pink Tooth Brush” a warning signal

If ever you see “pink” on your tooth brush...see your dentist! It may mean nothing serious...but let him decide! Very likely, his opinion will be that your gums need more exercise...need stimulation they don’t get from today’s soft, creamy foods! Then, like so many dentists these days, he may suggest “the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage!”

For Ipana Tooth Paste is specially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the gums to health. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Feel that refreshing “tang”—exclusive with Ipana and massage. It tells you that circulation is awakening in the gum tissues...helping to make the gums firmer and healthier—more resistant to trouble.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist’s today. And start now to let Ipana and massage help you to have brighter, more sparkling teeth...a lovelier, more charming smile!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
One of the most famous novels...

One of the most famous plays...

You'll fall in love all over again with the romantic heroine of 'Goodbye Mr. Chips'

And now, it will be one of the most famous pictures ever filmed!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Presents

Pride and Prejudice

Starring

Greer GARSON • Laurence OLIVIER

with

MARY BOLAND • EDNA MAY OLIVER • MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN • ANN RUTHERFORD • FRIEDA INESCORT

Screen Play by Aldous Huxley and Jane Murfin • Directed by Robert Z. Leonard • Produced by Hunt Stromberg
BRINGING YOU
LOUELLA PARSONS

Louella Parsons, the greatest authority on the movies and Hollywood, comes to you in next month's MOTION PICTURE. The first article of a series of six will feature the Great Loves of Hollywood. In it Miss Parsons reveals not only the loves of Valentino and John Gilbert, but will also bring you the present day loves. These articles under the heading of Your Hollywood—and Mine make the most entertaining, exclusive feature ever presented in MOTION PICTURE. Order your September copy now from your dealer. Get acquainted with the Hollywood that Louella Parsons knows better than any living person. The issue will be crammed with headline articles of your favorite stars, plus features that make MOTION PICTURE the best ten cent buy in the movie field.

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If I ever DO get married, I'll not elope. Why in heck go out of town to get married? So it's a cinch they'll elope.

Talking about elopements, did you see what Mary Martin up and did?
When she sang: "My heart Belongs to Daddy," Hollywood wondered:
Who IS the laddie?
She answered with
A marital quickie—
And now her heart
Bel-o-o-o-ongs to Dickie!
And the "Dickie" who's standing in

You who have missed Helen Vinson will be pleased to know she's back in screen circulation, having one of supporting roles to Cagney and Ann Sheridan in Torrid Zone

If a fortune-teller can guess right twice in the same family, then Olivia de Havilland will be somebody's Mrs. by about the time you read this . . . ! But the fortune-teller won't say WHOSE Mrs. . . . !
You see, weeks before Olivia's sister, Joan Fontaine, had ever even met Brian Aherne, a certain Hollywood seeress looked at the stars and the crystal ball and whatever else movieland's prognosticators look at, and came up with the startling prophecy that some day Joan and Brian would be married. And darn-if-they weren't . . . !!!!
And so now, the self-same fortune-teller wants the world to know that she's peeped into the future again, and that by the middle of this year, Olivia will be married, too.
Meantime, as this is written, Olivia and Jimmy Stewart are still stepping out together—but neither of them will even admit they're engaged, much less headed for mid-summer matrimony. Only thing Jimmy'll say definitely is:

Displaying fine form in the follow-thru, Jane Wyman strikes a pose worthy of Sam Snead at his professional best. Jane, wife of Ronald Reagan, is in Flight Angels
More Women prefer Mum—
Saves Time...Clothes...Charm!

Mum is the first choice with nurses. Quick to use, on duty or off. Safe, sure, dependable!

Leading favorite with business girls, gentle Mum won't harm fabrics or irritate skin.

Wives, girls in love, make Mum a daily habit. Mum guards charm—popularity!

Mum Every Day Guards Against Underarm Odor!

TODAY, when there are so many deodorants—how significant to every girl that more women choose Mum! In homes, in offices, in hospitals, in schools...Mum is used by millions of women. For nowadays, it isn't enough to be pretty and smart. A girl must be dainty, too...nice to be around at any minute of the day or evening!

Don't expect your bath alone to give you that lasting charm! A bath may remove past perspiration, but Mum after your bath prevents risk of future odor.

Thousands of men, too, are using Mum...it's speedy, safe, dependable!

QUICK! Mum takes only 30 seconds—can be used before or after you're dressed.

SAFE! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to any kind of fabric. So safe that it can be used even after underarm shaving!

SURE! If you want to be popular—make a daily habit of Mum. Get Mum at your druggist's today. Long after your bath has ceased to be effective, Mum will go right on guarding your charm!

* * *

MUM FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—
More women use Mum for Sanitary Napkins than any other deodorant. Mum is safe, gentle...guards against unpleasantness.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

MOTION PICTURE FASHION SPOTLIGHT

Candida, MOTION PICTURE's Fashion Editor, calls your attention to the important fashion trends in the clothes worn by the stars in this issue. Use this column as an index—turn the pages of the magazine with her, study the clothes and accessories that Hollywood, U. S. style setter, is promoting, and adopt them for your own.

Junky jewelry is smart, beach jewelry is new. And Rosemary Lane (page 19) is all up in the air over her "peppermint drop" bracelet and necklace in contrasting colors. Wear some yourself, in white, or shades to match or harmonize with your swim suit for femininity at the beach.

For an added note of security and smartness—try the buttoned-up-the-side effect of Pat Morison's checked gingham frock (page 21). The more buttons the merrier this season, so haunt your notion counter for new and different ones to dress up a plain dress...!

It may be the effect of naval battles, or just because they look so neat and youthful that sailor suits are all the rage this summer. Joan Fontaine (page 22) joins the Navy with her fresh sailor suit blouse, you might too... Smart Girl, Joan, she knows that pearls are "in" again, wears them to dress up a simple cardigan-necked jersey dress (page 23). They're good with sweaters, too!

Hoods still look new (remember Hedy Lamarr started them with her role in Lady of the Tropics?), and so do the shirred sleeves and bosom of Paulette Goddard's dinner dress (page 27). You can copy them—even though her "wheat sheaf" jewelled clip is beyond most purses!

For that crisply feminine look, pick lingerie collars. Bette Davis (page 29) chooses notched rique revers (and lotsa buttons) in a simple sports dress. And adds dash with a smart, chunky link bracelet.

Turbans this year are backside-to, with fullness low in back, bow accent. Rita Hayworth's polka dotted number (page 30) picks up the spots of her blouse—a honey of an idea!

Prints aren't just garden flower variety this year—they must have a background, Persian, Mexican—anything out of the ordinary! This puff-sleeved dinner dress is fit for a Persian princess as well as Annie Sheridan (page 31)... If you prefer simple things, check Ilonga Massey's jumbo-plaid dinner dress (same page) with demure, girlish collar, for summer evenings.

Cavorting at the beach? Tie a square of material (to match your play clothes) turban fashion as Sonja Henie does (page 32). And have at least one plaid lumberjack blouse like Connie Moore's to wear with plain shorts or slacks. Plaid, checks, stripes and polka dots look smarter, newer than floral prints for play and sports...!

A stripe tee, sure enough, Lynn Bari's jersey frock (page 40). The low, wide neckline is new and flattering, too—look for it in sheer summer daytime and evening dresses.

We hope you like these inside notes on "stared" fashions. Look for MOTION PICTURE Fashion Spotlight next month—we'll be back with more chat about new styles pictured in the magazine.
I LOVED A PLAYBOY!

HERE is the poignant confession of a girl who longed to be a part of the society set around her. All her life she had envied the glamorous rich, with their magnificent estates, their wealth, their gay times—until she learned, through bitter heartbreak, how cruel and hard and unhappy these people can be.

"I LOVED A PLAYBOY" is only one of the many thrilling true stories in the August issue of this big magazine. In addition, TRUE CONFESSIONS presents another exciting chapter in the "LIFE AND LOVES OF A WOMAN SET" by the beautiful Dorothy Waring, Secret Agent 89.

FREE! The August issue includes, absolutely free, an exquisite color portrait of Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald in a romantic pose. This portrait is printed on heavy paper, entirely free of type. Get your copy today!
MEANEST party-trick of the month—was played on Carl (Don Juan) Laemmle, Junior, when his friends got together for a surprise birthday party when he became 32 ... The dirty trick was this: They invited to the party EVERY GIRL Carl had dated in the last six months ... And they all came ... And what could a poor guy do in a spot like that? You should have seen Junior trying NOT to play favorites!!! ... Here's how they give a party for a western host-opera star ... For no particular reason, a group of friends gave a dinner for the Gene Autry's ... But NOT at a wild-west barbecue joint, as you might expect ... Nay, nay—this was at Perino's, one of the swankest, chrome-and-erystallest, snooty-walzitest places in all Hollywood ... However, to keep the party Autryish, these things were done—Each guest got a "genuine Gene Autry bandanna" ... And the guests all played Calabette—a Mexican ranch dice game ... And for the grand dessert piece of the dinner, the waiters carried in a huge model of Gene's horse, Champion—made in vanilla sherrbet!

COLORFUL party was the benefit tennis party for the British War Relief Fund, given at the Ambassador Hotel courts. ... Features: Swaggering onto the court after an announcement that the world's champion placement-serve artists would now demonstrate, came Mickey Rooney, with a strut of strut—and promptly served six perfect shots into THE NET ... It wowed the gallery. But to prove he CAN play, Mickey then teamed up with Bill Tilden—and defeated Les Stoffen, teamed with Rudy Vallee. Vallee's chair was starring Fairbanks, Jr. ... Other players were Judy Garland and Paulette Goddard. ... Laugh highlight came when Miss Stoffen's shot was deflected by some fan at the Shovelshot played a furious contest ... In wigs, outfitland tennis costumes, and violent Westmore make-up, Sophia and Wilhelmina turned out to be Stoffen and Tilden! ... Most colorful feature of all was the gallery: Charlie Chaplin and his two sons, rooting for stemmings Paulette; Alan Mowbray, C. Aubrey Smith, Paul Lukas, Ronnie and Benita Colman, Boris Karloff and the British con sul general.

Hollywood's Trick Parties

GREATEST surprise birthday party of the year came to Wally Beery, just turned 55—count 'em, 55! Now a registered social lion, Wally has never gotten used to being wined, dined and feted ... The social whoopla of Hollywood has passed Beery by ... He's never been a jolly fellow, and there hasn't been many who'd go their way in past years, to make a social gesture at Wally ... But something has changed about Wally lately and Hollywood is finding out that with advancing years, Wally's being less taciturn and more of a regular guy—and, Hollywood-like, they want to show the appreciation change ... So Wally got a call to hurry up at noon sharp to Louis B. Mayer's office, the other day ... Now, when LB calls for a sharp appointment, even Wally Beery has to be there ... So he was—but imagine his chagrin when for minute after minute, he was kept cooling his heels ... A half hour passed, and Wally was furious ... When LB finally strutted out of his sanctum, Beery was almost ready to rip up his M-G-M contract ... Not appearing to notice the rage, Mayer said: —"It's too near luncheon to talk business now, so let's go over and grab a bite of lunch." Fuming, Beery trudged after the big shot, to the studio restaurant ... And there, he got the surprise of his life—for lined up on the long, decorated tables, screaming Happy Birthday, were all the male big shots of the M-G-M lot ... Beery wasn't told yet how he felt when he saw the whole thing was just a rip by men who like him—instead of just LB trying to upstage him ... Gift of the luncheon was a naval sword—because Beery is a lieutenant commander in the U.S. Navy's air force reserve. It was engraved: "To Wally From His Pals at M-G-M." ... But even that studio birthday luncheon wasn't the day's highlight to Wally ... The real celebration came when he got home that evening and found that little Carol Ann, with her own hands, had decorated the Beery dining-room, set the table with the best crystal and china and silver, and placed a gigantic birthday cake in the center—and had a handful of the Beery intimates in for the party.

WHAT hot dance Eleanor Powell does when she gives a dance party at her home—she teaches her guests how to do, of ALL things, the old-fashioned SCHOTTSCHISCH! ... That's what happened when she had a bunch of friends in, the other night. ... With Merrill Pyle, she gave a schottdance and polka exhibition—and then all the guests joined in ... "I think America should turn back to those good old dances," vows Eleanor. ... Off-with-the-old-and-on-with-the-new—was the theme of the housewarming party given by Cameraman Pev Marley. ... The guests—including Linda Darnell, Bob Shaw, Ray Sebastian, the Hector Doods—were invited to the Marley home which they've always known ... They arrived—and found the house dismantled, save for some suitcases and stuff on the bare floors. ... "Pack," commanded Pev. The guests turned to, packed the junk into the bags. ... Then Pev pried them in cars—and drove them to Pacific Palisades—where he led them into the brand new Marley house, for a real housewarming. ... Most outstanding was the Japanese sushi-yaki dinner given by Bette Davis and her ma ... The guests were invited to the Davis house, but no sooner arrived than they were ordered into waiting limousines, and driven without a hint of destination, down into Los Angeles' Japanese section. ... There, in a real Japanese restaurant, Mrs. Davis had rented an entire floor. ... Japanese style, all the guests had to leave their shoes at the door, sit cross-legged on the floor before little tables from which they ate sushi-yaki and other Japanese dishes. ... They wore kimonos and sandals, which were given out by pretty Japanese girls ... Geisha girls twanged Japanese harps, sang Japanese songs, danced Japanese steps.

Thrilling say Lovely Women of New Camay!

"New Camay is so mild," writes Mrs. G. D. Lawrence, Bronxville, N. Y. "A perfect beauty soap to help keep my skin soft and radiant."

A beauty soap so different, so wonderful that women everywhere are thrilled ... so wonderful that thousands are switching to new Camay! Again and again they speak of new Camay's mildness—its unusual lathering quality ... and the refreshing new power ...

Let new Camay help you, as it is helping other women, to look your loveliest. Put its gentle cleansing to work for you ... helping you in your search for a lovelier skin!

The Beauty News of 1940 is the New Camay!
BE YOURSELF
BE NATURAL!

In make-up, as in all things, it is best to “Be Yourself... Be Natural”. Use Tangie for a glorious lip color which is yours and yours alone. Tangie changes magically from orange in the stick to the one shade of red your skin-coloring demands. That’s the Tangie way to—

Be yourself... Be Natural

Your Tangie lips will be smoother...evenly and beautifully made-up because there is no grease-paint in Tangie...its pure cream base ends that “painted look” and helps you—

Be yourself... Be Natural

For complete make-up harmony use Tangie Face Powder and Tangie Rouge, compact or creme, as well. Then you’ll

Be yourself... Be Natural

TANGIEE

Natural

“WORLD’S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK”

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City. E. Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangie Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades, also Face Powder. I enclose 50c (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:
☐ Peach
☐ Lach Rachel
☐ Dark Rachel
☐ Flesh
☐ Tan

Name ____________________________

City______________________________ State __________

[Continued on page 72]
Darlin'-

Do you know the Honolulu Islands the other week carrying a wardrope that fairly blossomed with costumes of native floral prints, and an after-dark gown designed by herself along sarong lines? I'll tell you about that evening gown— but I warn you, it takes a Lamour to wear it... So don't be disappointed if you copy it and then find you look like less than nothing when you get it on... Made with a separate bodice and skirt— with nothing but skin in between—the gown is of flame-colored crepe, printed with huge white magnolia blossoms... The bodice, draped in the true South Seas style, is strapless... The floor-length skirt is caught up on one hip, the material falling in a modified train at that side... Hardly a style for the average gal, would you say? But here is one idea you can copy, and I say it's the neatest-trick-of-the-month for those of us who like to make our clothes do double duty... The play suit is made of turquoise blue silk jersey, about the only unprinted outfit Dorothy took with her... The full-cut blouse is worn with a 'deck skirt' (knee-length, to you) for sunning and active sports... After dark—and here's the trick—the deck skirt is replaced by a full dinner skirt, a soft girdle is twisted around her waist, Dorothy slips on one of her Typhoon turbans around her head, and with a minimum of effort, she is ready to go... These Typhoon turbans are scarves which Dorothy has designed for her in New York and which can be draped around her head in a hundred ways... Next thing along, these, is that they really can be worn as scarves to pep up a plain-colored sport dress.

PEAKING of sports dresses, coolest looking one I've seen for a long time was worn by Anna Neagle this other weekend-up at Arrowhead Springs... Anna's dress was just a very simple white linen shiftmaker trimmed with enormous patch pockets on the skirt... The pockets were embroidered in vivid blue, gold and red... And it just struck me that it would be the easiest thing in the world to take that old pair of yours, whatever you have, some pockets, and you'd be definitely up to the minute... Or you might take another tip from Anna and embroider some vivid Tyrolean suspenders to wear with your play suit... Anna wears hers, gaily embroidered with red and white hearts and flowers, with a full skirt of light blue percale... Her blouse is white batiste trimmed with white eyelash embroidery, which gives the little-girl look that Hollywood is going for this season... I don't know what causes it—spring, I guess—but every time hot weather and vacations come around the movietown gals start designing play outfits along grammar school lines... Remember the pinafores I told you about last month?... Elaine Shepard has now adapted them to active sports clothes... Over shorts-and-blouse of blue and white print gingham, Elaine wears a pink gingham pinafore, tied in the back with a big bow and trimmed with a ruffled edging.

BUT it isn't only the play clothes that the Youth movement has invaded—Lunching at the Brown Derby the other midday, I saw Barbara Read wearing a brown linen dress with a Buster Brown collar of stiffly starched white linen... A typical Buster Brown hat of brown straw completed the juvenile mode... That night at Ciro's Gal Patrick was dancing in a white organza dinner frock, made with a very full skirt, round childish neckline and long, full sleeves... Thro' the eyelash lace which trimmed the waist, neck and sleeves was run a narrow black velvet ribbon... Yes, just the way your mother used to run pastel-colored baby ribbon thro' the ruffle on your petticoat!... But the gown that really attracted all eyes that night was far from childish and was worn by Carmel Myers... If you remember Carmel as a star of the silent days you will remember that she didn't need tailors to put the idea on... As lovely as ever, Carmel was wearing a beautifully draped gown of moss-green silk jersey... And I'm not kiddin' when I say that more than one pair of feminine eyes turned the same color when they saw her... But after listening to a round of compliments, Carmel finally broke down and told us it was a night outfit!!... Someone sent it to her as a gift. She thought it so smart that she put it on, added a few choice pieces of costume jewelry and went forth to astound the fashion wise of Hollywood!! Dorothy Dandridge was another one getting a lot of attention that night... I meant to tell you last month that Binnie had her phone number on her fingernail, but I was so busy trying to figure out why, that I forgot... But now Binnie has gone public and instead of the phone number her nail is adorned with a replica of the British flag... This fingernail painting isn't just an idea of the Barnes gal alone, tho... A lot of Movietown girls are having their nail polish put on so it leaves white plates in the form of their initials... A bunch of us were talking to Zorina at Ciro's and she told us that she always puts a few drops of rubber cement in the heel of her slipper before she puts them on for one of her difficult ballet routines... I don't see why it wouldn't be a swell idea to do the same thing to the heel of some of your sport shoes which are so hard to keep on... Before I sign off for another month of snooping, here's a couple of ideas you might try: Rita Montan has a new white linen pill-box hat which has an open place in the crown... Rita brushes her bangs up, pokes them thro' this opening and lets them fall in soft curls over the top of the hat... And if you still drop your gloves every time you get up from a chair, take a tip from the phone O'Hara and have a large spring clip put on one side of your hand bag... It will hold your gloves or hanky securely—and be a big relief to the boy friend to know there'll be no more hands and knees crawling in dark theatres to retrieve the things you've dropped.

It's So Good... So Long

Because in the Beech-Nut kitchens the finest flavors are mixed through and through so that you may enjoy each piece of Beech-Nut Gum for a longer time. There are 7 delicious varieties:

- Peppermint, Spearmint, Origanum
- 4 Flavors of BEECHES (Candy Coated)
- Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin, Cinnamon

Beech-Nut

Gone to the N.Y. World's Fair?

Be sure to visit the Beech-Nut Building. If you drive near the lovely Mohawk Valley of N.Y., stop at Canajoharie and see how Beech-Nut products are made.
KEEP UNDERARMS SWEET

BATH-FRESH

NEW NONSPI CREAM FOR COOL DRY UNDERARMS

SAFE TO APPLY as often as desired. Nonspi Cream is harmless to skin or clothing.

CHECKS BOTH perspiration and odor safely...effectively.

SOOTHING and cool when applied. Doesn't sting or irritate—even after shaving.

DRIES ALMOST INSTANTLY. Not sticky...a greaseless, stainless cream.

SEND 10¢ for trial size of Nonspi Cream. The Nonspi Co., 116 West 18th Street, New York City.

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

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[Continued from page 10]

The candid cameraman finally catches up with the Auer family. Here are papa Mischa, son Tony and mama Norma on their way to the beach at Catalina during recent vacation

Seems that in the middle of a celebration of the Kentucky Derby, or something, Arline and Bryant announced to reporters that they'd just been married. Next day they said it was all a "gag" and that they weren't married at all. And then they posed for press pictures at the home bar where the whole thing seems to have been born. And even

Mrs. Buck Jones in striped blouse and upturned sailor, joins her son-in-law and daughter, Noah Beery, Jr., and Maxine Jones (newlyweds) at Newhall-Saugus rodeo
Hollywood reported a few cases of nausea at the performance.

MEANWHILE Arline’s ex-hubby, who paid her $200,000 when he and she were divorced, doesn’t seem to be doing so well with Sonja Henie . . . Sonja’s been stepping out with Pat Di Cicco, and when Pat goes to work on a gal, it’s gonna take more than $200,000 to give him a race!

CUPID’S COUPLET: With ‘Rhette Young and Tommy Lewis, Young Danny Cupid is raising the dewis!

QUINTESSENTIAL love-arrangement in Hollywood is the set-up that John Howard and Kay Griffith are trying to work out.

Seems that although they’re oo-and-uh-hub about each other, neither of them feels the time’s right to get married. So here’s what they’re doing: Each time they have a date together, they each have to go out TWICE with somebody else before they date each other again. Anyway, that’s what they say. Try THAT on your boy friend, and see what happens.

LOOKS like Jackie Coogan’s ex-wife, Betty Grable, has herself a real matrimonial prospect now. All Hollywood is watching her progress with Alexis Thompson, young Canadian socialite with bags of shekels, who’s been stepping out with curvacious Grable plenty lately.

Meantime, Thompson’s wife is in Reno, as this is written, getting a divorce to clear the way for Alexis to become the second Mrs. Betty Grable, succeeding young Coogan—IF.

HOLLYWOOD BABY-TALK—Lynn Bari and Hubby Walter Kane are having a nursery built onto their house.—For the third time in a year, Virginia Bruce is a godmother, this time for M-G-M Script Clerk Stan Briggs’ new baby.—La Bruce also godmothered their first child, born less than a full year ago; second godmothering venture for Virginia was for Virginia Fujii—yeah, the Jap-doll baby born to her Japanese housekeeper.—Don Ameche is certainly working at building up the population.—Joan Blondell’s ex-hubby, Cameraman George Barnes, is a daddy again.—William Henry and Grace Durkin have picked “Duke Michael Henry” as the name for their seven-pounder.—Not clicking with a girl baby of their own, the Bing Crosbys are now thinking about adopting one on account of they figure their troop of boy scouts ought to have a sister.—The Lloyd Nolan’s have made a November date with Ol’ Doc Stork.—By the time you read this, Kent Taylor’s to be a pappy.—And talk-of-town is the rumor that Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow, who haven’t any of their own after several years of man-miss-ing, are going to adopt a youngster . . .

HOLLYWOOD’S two Brendas—Joyce and Marshall—are still altar-headed.

. . . Brenda Marshall, readying her divorce from Richard Gaines, of the New York stage, insists that she’ll become Mrs. Bill Holden just as soon as he’s free.

Brenda Joyce, whom Hollywood hasn’t swerved one iota from her devotion to Accountant Owen Ward, has promised 20th-Fox that she won’t get married right away—UNLESS! The “unless” hinges on whether or not America gets tangled up in the war. Ward is a reserve lieutenant, and if this country went to war, he’d be called into service at once—and then I’d marry him immediately, studio or no studio,” says Brenda.

CUPID’S COUPLET: Hal Roach Junior and Dolly Hunt are now all set for that altar stunt!

NOW let’s see if we can get this straight—seems that Pat Dane and Rudy Valle are definitely NOT a twosome any more, on account of Pat Dane is that way about Ken Murray now, and even says she may marry him, and while she and Ken sit at a Be-Tropics table, in pops Rudy with Priscilla Lawson, but that doesn’t seem to

[Continued on page 80]
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boyer (Pat Patterson) visited NYC recently to meet his mother just over from France. The Boyers are partying with Mme. Eve Curie and Reginald Gardiner at Monte Carlo.

TOO BAD: The Band put the brakes on that too, in love Olivier-Leigh pair. Lunt and Fontanne's throne isn't threatened and Maurice Evans was the actor who wasn't there but should have been... Romeo and Juliet isn't anything to be tossed off on a rainy night... The huzzahs that have greeted the cinematic chores of Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier and their own great love may have intoxicated the talented pair somewhat... Olivier took delight in being producer, director, star and even "angel" of the Shakespearean production... Vivien is slant, adorable, charming and altogether lovely as Juliet. Small wonder that they were blind to the glaring defects in their acting technique... They seemed to have been playing to and for each other rather than their audience... The critics unanimously recalled the more mature Jullets of Ethel Barrymore, Julia Marlowe, Jane Cowl and Katharine Cornell... Less appealing optically, but possessing a greatness that the inexperienced little Leigh girl has not achieved... This ambitious effort, while an artistic failure, will in no way affect the future plans of the couple... They'll do more Shakespeare they say, until the critics cease to regard them as just another movie couple trying to be arty... They adore the theatre... They find fun even in failure...

Opening night they took fourteen curtain calls, which just goes to show you... The town's Olivier-Leigh mad... Rebecca broke box-office records at the Music Hall after a six-week stay... Gone With the Wind... Waterloo Bridge and Twenty-one Days Together are currently playing on Broadway... The latter film has Larry and Vivien sizzling... It wasn't considered good enough for American release prior to their Hollywood successes... It is the picture that brought them together... You can imagine the exploitation angles! Merle Oberon, Norma Shearer, the Fredric Marches, Noel Coward and Gertie Lawrence were some of the first nighters... Another Juliet: Beverly Bayne's reappearance in the public eye at this time, at a benefit sponsored by Mary Pickford and Gloria Swanson, brings to mind the thought that the Olivier-Leigh romance almost parallels that of Bushman and Bayne (or don't you remember?)... Beverly is the wife of a business man now, and son Richard Bushman is a great big lad... But she enjoyed recalling that she, too, had played Juliet... Olive Borden and Viola Dana are also looking the town over... Viola is happily married to Jimmy Thompson, the long-hitting golf pro... Olive was the Dorothy Lamour of the pre-talkie era... Temperament and wrong advice wrecked a promising career.

GOTHAM GADDERS: Maureen O'Sullivan will summer in Canada where husband director Johnny Farrow is in the service... Melvyn Douglas had Washington waitresses, accustomed to famous names, all fluttery... He was a guest at the White House and flew into town with Mrs. Roosevelt... His work for the betterment of social conditions in California has the active support of Mrs. Roosevelt and the President... Gaylord Hauser is around, minus Gabbo, talking a book he will publish... ZaSu Pitts flew down to Louisville for the Derby with Arline Judge... Her marriage seems to have come to an end... Charles Boyer spent a week in town waiting nervously for the arrival of his mother on the Washington... Though he and Paterson attended all the shows and gayer spots, Boyer has visibly saddened since his last visit... The grave turn the European war has taken leaves him subject to recall in the army at any moment... Norma Shearer plans in with the Alexander Kordas and [Continued on page 69]
PATRICIA MORISON

Patricia Morison has Judy her pet dachshund in arms now, but in next picture, Rangers of Fortune, she's in arms of Fred MacMurray.
ACCLAIMED ON ALL SIDES FOR HER MAGNIFICENT PERFORMANCE IN "REBECCA"—WHICH MADE HER FAMOUS OVERNIGHT, JOAN FONTAINE WOULDN'T CARE IF SHE NEVER MADE ANOTHER PICTURE.

IF THIS SOUNDS INCREDIBLE IT'S BECAUSE JOAN IS AMAZINGLY FRANK AND HONEST WITH HERSELF.

WOULDN'T care, really, if I never made another picture. Really I wouldn't!" Joan Fontaine had a twisted little you-probably-can't-believe-it smile on her face as she said it. Her hazel eyes had a mischievous glint. But the tone of her voice was emphatically serious.

This was her answer to the question: What now?

She was up and about, safely convalescent from her dangerous operation of last March, even though she still had the careful walk and the hunched shoulders of a person with a recent incision in the mid-section. She had missed the night of her greatest triumph; lying in a hospital bed, only half-alive, she had missed the premiere of Rebecca; she hadn't yet seen the finished picture herself.

But she couldn't help knowing—just by reading the papers—that, as wistful Mrs. de Winter, she had made one of the hits of the year. She was famous now, acclaimed on all sides. She was, suddenly, a star. The future offered everything that star-

dom could bring to a 22-year-old girl.

And she was saying: "I'm not sure I want any of it."

This was incredible. This sort of attitude just didn't happen in Hollywood—not seriously. But Joan wasn't jokin-

ing. Indeed, she wasn't. Neither was she talking airily, trying to create an effect. Mrs. Brian Aherne was in earnest.

She gestured toward the sunny back lawn, bordered with flowers, beyond the

By
JAMES
REID

Joan and hubby Brian Aherne are madly in love. They have just bought new cabin plane in which Joan will be navigator. Her next? Jane Eyre
brick terrace. “All this seems so good to me. It seems so good just to be alive. I want to live. I don’t want to be a career girl and work. I don’t want to be separated from Brian a moment I don’t have to be.

“The money is no attraction. Brian earns enough to supply us with everything we’ll ever need. And anything I make only shoots us up into a higher income bracket, where taxes gobble up whatever I make. So the money doesn’t tempt me.

“The glory of stardom? It’s such a shallow, transitory glory. I can’t think of it as important. There are other things so much more important to me—to any woman in her right senses.

“Do you know a single woman in Hollywood who has been made happy—genuinely, permanently happy—by a career? I don’t.

“The first rush of success may be exciting. Climbing the Olympian heights may be a very heady experience. But, as some old Roman said, ‘easy is the descent into Hell.’ There always comes a day when the descent has to be made. One by one, those on the heights are pushed off, to make room for others coming up. And being pushed into oblivion, if you’ve developed a taste for Olympian heights, must be a ghastly, unbearable experience.

“I’m not kidding myself for one moment about why I happen to be the recipient of critics’ acclaim in Rebecca. It’s the first time they have seen me carrying a big role. I am young and new, playing opposite an established star. There is something about critics that makes them ever willing to look for a beginner to take attention away from an old hand. They’re always on the side of the underdog. Today I am a ‘find.’ Tomorrow, other people will be newer—and they’ll get the acclaim. It always happens that way.”

Joan smiled [Continued on page 70]
BEAUTY—sex appeal—glamor! Anybody will tell you that's what it takes to get there in pictures—that without it you haven't a chance, not a look in. Consider Elsa Maxwell, for instance. And you'll have to consider her if you're in Hollywood. Because she's all over the place; and there's something about the bouncing Elsa that catches the eye. To use her own expression, she carries a lot of weight.

But without glamor, beauty and dainty grace, what could she do?

She could get a contract to write and star in her own pictures at two different studios; be the most sought after female in Flickerville: blossom out with her own radio program; have the biggest magazine editors in the country pursue her for interviews and series of articles of her own writing; publish a book of memoirs; rate as an international authority on clothes and on society—and see the funny side of the whole thing.

Seeing the funny side of anything and everything—especially herself—is this woman's specialty. In fact, "many, many years ago," as she puts it, a sense of humor and the ability to play the piano was every "stitch" she had to her back.

And where would that get a girl? Into vaudeville, of course. Into vaudeville, into the hearts of her fellowmen, into all sorts of mischief, into society and, finally, into the Hollywood studios for a fancy salary. Which is some accomplishment.

"Give a girl a real sense of humor and an understanding of human..." [Continued on page 68]
In Foreign Correspondent, directed by Alfred Hitchcock of Rebecca fame, Herbert Marshall plays peace leader, with Joel McCrea, Laraine Day as romantic leads.
Paulette has a neat figure. She's off well in strong sweaters and swim-suits. Her next is The Ghost Breakers.
HERSELF TO PIECES

WHEN A WOMAN FACES HER MIRROR SHE DROPS ALL PRETENSES AND TELLS THE TRUTH ABOUT HERSELF. SO IT IS WITH PAULETTE GODDARD IN THIS INTERVIEW. FACE TO FACE WITH HERSELF SHE TELLS EVERYTHING BUT WON'T AFFIRM OR DENY THAT SHE'S MRS. CHAPLIN

By GLADYS HALL

PAULETTE was sitting in front of the pier-glass in her dressing-room on the Paramount lot, between scenes for The Ghost Breakers. Now, when a woman is facing her mirror, and no matter how innately secretive she may be, pretenses drop away and she usually tells the truth about herself.

For there she is, face to face with herself, as she sees herself... and if she is an analytical woman, as Paulette is, she usually goes deeper than a skin-deep appraisal of herself. So it was that before mid-afternoon dimmed to twilight which brought out the rich russet of the Goddard hair, the sapphire blue of the Goddard eyes, that dressing-room of hers became a confessional wherein more than the secrets of the dressing-table were revealed....

It all began with a skin-deep appraisal, so to speak—with Paulette telling me how tired she gets of her face. Then, as one word led to another, the complex character and temperament, the faults and virtues, the hates and tenderesses of Paulette tumbled out, in somewhat confusing profusion....

"Great Heavens," she said, after we'd got through the preliminary how-are-yous and were settled down to coffee and cigarettes (couldn't help noticing all the smart gadgets... nail-studded huarachas on her feet, trick knitting-bag, portable radio, things like that)

"Great Heavens, I get so tired of seeing this same face all the time. I look at myself and think, do I have to look at that again? It's very true in me, it's a very deep reaction, this feeling of boredom I have at the monotony of always seeing the same face.

"I'd have arranged things differently if I'd been doing it," laughed Paulette. "I'd have allowed for seasonal changes of face or exchangeable noses or chameleon eyes or something various. A sort of a lending library of faces! (Never-A-Dull-Moment Goddard, her friends call her.)"

"I abhor monotony... things happen to me. My life has been so hectic and so varied that I never had to linger long over any one phase of it. Even as a child, you know, I never stayed long in any one place. My mother's business necessitated constant traveling and until I went to Mt. St. Dominican, the convent school in [Continued on page 90]

Paulette has always been unconventional, is not the type to follow customary, obvious routines. Here she goes barefooted while boating with Charlie Chaplin.
LAURENCE OLIVIER

The future husband of Vivien Leigh now plays Romeo to her Juliet on stage after completing new film Pride and Prejudice
CAN WOMEN BE FRIENDS IN HOLLYWOOD?


By LEON SURMELIAN

The greatest concentration point of the modern Scheherazades and hours in the world is Bagdad-on-the-Pacific. Here, in what is surely Allah's sunny paradise for contemporary women, the elemental sweethearts of the race are congregated in great potent numbers. The rest of toiling, war-ring, repressed mankind hang cockeyed from the honeyed lips of our cinematic charmers as they tell one thousand and one variations of the same old siren song—a song that Hollywood sings lustily.

"The best thing I have seen in America is the American girl," said Count Keyserling in a long lament on the decline of the male sex in the New World. The bearded old philosopher was fascinated by our flappers. Europeans are struck by the all-around superiority of American women as compared to the males. Women rule America, they say. Danielle Darrieux, Isa Miranda, Miliza Korjus, and other imported glamour girls have told me of their amazement in discovering the roles of the sexes entirely reversed in America.

And the extraordinary phenomenon that is the American woman has reached her highest development and independence in Hollywood. If women rule the rest of America more or less, here they enjoy dictatorial powers. Hollywood is a women's town any way you look at it, and the real fight here is among women.

Our screen is a feminine monopoly, in every way. Women make or break the stars of both sexes. Your average woman star is a stronger personality than your average man star. She has more dash and individuality, is better informed, reads more, talks better, has a more inquisitive and tolerant mind, and in physical vitality is more than a match with men.

If it weren't [Continued on page 88]
Forrest Tucker and Helen Parish are town's heaviest dates. She wears diamond, may elope.

Rita Hayworth, Basil Rathbone, Phyllis Brooks wait on Ralph Daigh, Fawcett managing editor, at Derby party.


Flanked by John Hubbard, Rand Brooks, Ann Rutherford pins carnation to editor Ralph Daigh's lapel at Roach party.

Sonja Henie and new love Dan Topping have her brother Leif and his wife as guests at Roach Turnabout party.

SOME HOLLYWOOD PARTIES
Ann Sheridan is dated these days by George Brent. Gossip says it's nothing serious but who can tell?

... AND SOME HEAVY DATES

It's a job keeping up with Edgar Bergen's dates. He was sort of partial to Margaret Roach at her Dad's party.

If you're looking for Marlene these nights you'll usually find her at Ciro's where she's dated by tycoon Tim Durant.

Hot and heavy is romance between Bill Lundigan and Margaret Lindsay. They may be making wedding date at Ciro's.

One romance to come out into the open finds Eleanor Powell and Merrill Pye at Ciro's—plotting their big wedding day?

Carrying heavy torch for each other, Alan Curtis and Ilona Massey keep a heavy date at Ciro's. Love vs. food.
The sun is all set to give Peggy Moran some Vitamin D—even unto a mean mite of the midriff.

Listing to port, Constance Moore grabs pier-head, keeps even keel.

How do you like Sonja’s trimness in two-piece?

Odd this Hollywood. No beachcombers to pick up beachcombelles. So Nell O’Day, Marie Wrixon turn on a smile for candid camera.

BEACHCOMBELLES
Phyllis Brooks makes news. She really goes in the water.

Ann Rutherford enjoys contrasts. Is in white suit, the rest is—or nut-brown mahogany.

Dress lightly and don't think about the heat is summer advice lived up to by Judith Barrett, who goes down to the sea in stripes—and mahogany tanned from down here to up there.
DURING the fall of 1936 and early months of 1937, there were frequently groups of amused people loitering in front of the Embassy, a newsreel theatre, in New York's Duffy Square—the theatrical heart of Broadway. Attracted by the strange Oxford accent of the doorman out front, the crowds remained to chuckle at the appearance of the tall, self-conscious young man so earnestly crying the highlights of the show inside.

"I was so funny that I think the crowds preferred to stay outside and listen to me than to go inside and see the pictures," Jeffrey Lynn told me. Yes, difficult as it is to believe, that busy young doorman was the smooth actor who has been cornering compliments in Warner pictures.

It is quite a step from the job of doorman to the status [Continued on page 62]
KEN HOWELL looks naive but he isn't. He has had to establish his spot in Hollywood the hard way. He had no money, no encouragement, no contacts.

He is more than young, blond, and the eldest son of the movies' popular Jones Family. He isn't the boy next door; he's the boy who should be there. He is incredible! For if there's anything exciting he hasn't done yet, if there is a girl in his vicinity he hasn't dated with a surprisingly successful technique, you can swear to this—it will soon happen.

Young as he is, he has already lived a lot. He is far removed from the everyday rut. We have a mob of juveniles in Hollywood, and all of them but Ken react according to a routine formula. They are obviously immature and inexperienced, and thus none too interesting off-screen. Ken, though, can't be dismissed as average.

Up against the usual obstacles that block most young people, he's found his way over the hurdles. Today he's the romantic member of a film family which theatre managers rate in the same box-office class as Hedy Lamarr, Ronald Colman, and Charles Laughton. Today Ken has a beautiful home. Plus chances for glamorous fun. You can top off his record with the revelation that he even has a past that's taught him plenty!

He is blue-eyed, smart-looking. He has a life-guard build for his height. There's a great deal of charm in his wide smile, but it's his enormous enthusiasm and vitality that put him over. A quick thinker, he's never let a complex cramp him. He avoids the trite by concentrating on whatever promises to be fascinating and different.

He began to experiment early in life. The son of a Los Angeles ear specialist, Ken became aware of adult difficulties when his parents divorced. Both remarried and he tried living with both new families. Avid for knowledge and thrills, he made the most of each episodic change in his formative years.

Ken con-[Continued on page 74]
Cotton up to cottons, and you'll be smart and cool this summer. Crochet these frocks or sweater of Spool Cotton from our easy to follow directions. Top off your evening sweater with a red daisy necklace, your Crown Zippered shirtwaist dress with plastic jewelry in crochet pattern, both from Charlotte of Paris, and at Bloomingdale's, New York; Carson, Pirie, Scott, Chicago; and The May Co., Los Angeles. Go dancing with the pearl trimmed Leading Lady evening bag, shopping with the homespun envelope. At G. Fox & Co., Hartford; L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis; H. C. Capwell Co., Oakland, Calif. Or vary your costume with the white washable leather Mam'selle Bag—at Bloomingdale's; Marshall Field's, Chicago; or the Broadway Dept. Store, Los Angeles.

Maureen O'Hara, star of Dance Girl, Dance, picks cotton for a cool, evening sweater. Note daisy necklace.

It's an old Southern Costume, this hand crocheted gown. Maureen's bags are for Leading Ladies.
Maureen zips into a handmade dress for market. Charlotte of Paris thought up "crochet" jewelry.

To top off—Venus Swagger hat, new bell's Harrounder, Gim. H. Block, NYC; Flips, J. May Co., L.A. Mam'zelle Boy of white or colored calf, Paris Inspiration, Pug Stires, H. B. Block, Wm. H. Block, M. H. Block; Candy Shop, Candy Shop, Summertime, Hys. and fabric of mesh stores, Kimball's, Your lucky stars read Creepy's, NYC; Strawbridge & Co., His, Phila.; Mar-shall Field Chicago.

FREE DIRECTIONS for crocheting these summer fashions are yours for a stamped return-addressed envelope sent to Candida. Enclose a 3-cent stamp for each pattern. Look for the accessories in your department stores, or write for further information on price, color. The address: Candida, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.
"Hey, you. You're under arrest." "What for?" Sally asked coyly. Danny laughed. "For being irresistible to an officer."
THERE was a smell about the New York water front that Danny Dolan liked. For one thing it meant he was back home because he'd been raised in this section. For another thing, it was a swell place for an Irish cop—especially one new in the ranks.

Yep, right here on Pier 13 you could pick up practically anything—from a strain of Pagliacci, warbled soulfully by a tattered tramp to a couple of bananas off Tony's fruit stand. Only thing was, at least five people this morning had commented on his being "new around there." Well, what of it? A fellow could be new and still have good sense and an eagle eye, couldn't he?

He was strolling along the pier, thinking of such matters with just a shade of resentment when all at once there was a crushing sound. A baseball had broken a warehouse window. Danny looked around. Well, begorry, if it wasn't those kids over there, causin' a disturbance with their baseball game.

He was after them on the run. They scattered in all directions and Danny concentrated on one of them. The lad was a marathon runner in the making, for he gained yards on Danny, then disappeared into Kelly's waterfront coffee shop.

Danny burst into the place, then stopped short. At the counter was a girl who would make any man's heart beat faster. She had sunlight in her hair and her eyes were a fine navy blue. "I'm lookin' for a little, short, black-haired kid."

Her small nose twitched. "We're all out of those today."

"Fresh, huh?" He looked around the place. "I saw him come in here. He busted a window in the warehouse."

"Tsk, tsk," she mourned. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself, playing tag with a little boy? You ought to get smart and go after the big shots."

He blinked and flushed. "So I'm a dumb cop, eh?"

"I didn't say that but you're getting warm."

"I'll remember that crack."

"You're new here, aren't you?"

That was all Danny needed. He burned. "Brand new," he snarped. "And for your information, I was raised in Brooklyn, vaccinated below the Mason-Dixon line and shellac is my favorite color." She grinned and he warned her to it again. "You know, things look pretty good to me around here."

He leaned over the counter. "Duchess, nature did all right for you. You're the best example of streamlined construction I've seen around in a long time."

She said, soulfully, "You carry me away but not far enough. And my name isn't Duchess. It's Sally."

Danny made a mental note of it. Sally, eh? Pretty cute.

His coffee arrived and he reached over and took two cigars to go with it. "That'll be twenty-five cents."

He handed her the quarter. "Better try it. Maybe it's lead."

She banged it down. " Doesn't ring so good at that."
His shoulders lifted in a shrug. "What do you want for a quarter? Christmas chimes?" What a dame, he thought. Always trying to make an issue out of something. She should've been at least a lawyer.

He finished his coffee and sauntered back to the pier again. Then he spied Al Higgins outside. Al was a plain-clothes man, and Danny often wondered how he'd do it. The guy had enough to do figurin' out his left foot from his right, let alone a crime if it should ever come up. But he was a nice fella. "Hello, Al, what're you doing here?"

"The Captain got a tip. Johnnie Hale's supposed to be on that boat that's dockin' now," Al explained.

"Johnnie Hale? Who's he?"

Al looked around furtively. "The guy that blew out of Denver two years ago with fifty thousand bucks' worth of jewels. Used a police car to make his get-away."

Danny was shocked. Police car. Gosh, that was a sacrilege. "Know what he looks like?"

Al brought out a picture. "Sure will be a feather in my cap if I pick him up."

Now the ship was in and the gangplank lowered. Passengers began disembarking and Danny stood there as Al scrutinized each one.

Well, seemed like Al wasn't going to get his man. There wasn't anybody there looked like Hale. "So long," Danny said commiseratingly and walked away. Suddenly his eyes focused on a figure. It was a steward carrying a couple of bags. And he was getting into a roadster. Another fellow was at the wheel.

Then it clicked in Danny's mind. Say, that steward was Hale. "Hey, you. . ."

He sprinted for Hale's roadster and jumped on the running-board. Then his hand shot inside and he tried to turn off the ignition.

But a neat clip on the jaw suddenly sent him to the ground right in a puddle of mud. A little dazed, he looked around. Wait, he'd commandeered that auto at the curb. "Hey. . ." he yelled to the occupant, "follow that car."

The man cupped his hand to his ear. "Eh?"

Danny yelled, "I said follow that car."

"What's that? I'm a little hard of hearing." But, as Danny glared at him, the man said angrily, "I'll report you to headquarters for this. . . jumping all over my car and everything."

Danny gave up in disgust. Well, there was nothing to do but report to headquarters, and a little while later he and Al stood in front of the captain's desk.

Captain Blake had a pretty sour puss on him as he spoke into the telephone. Evidently, the Commissioner was giving him plenty, and when he hung up he turned to Al in a nasty temper.

"Mr. Higgins," he snorted, "what do you suppose you were sent to Pier 13 for?"

Al looked at his feet. "To get Johnnie Hale. But how would I know he was comin' off the boat as a hanky?"

Danny stepped in to defend him. "Al wasn't entirely to blame, Captain. Hale had his cap pulled down over his eyes."

The Captain barked, "But you were smart enough to recognize him."

"Yeah," Danny grinned and fingered his mudstained trousers. "But look at my uniform."

"Don't worry about that. The Captain rose. "You won't be needing it any more. I'm going to promote you. From now on you're a detective."


H E HAD just finished buying a new derby to go with his plain clothes the next morning when he ran into Sally. He smiled, tentatively. "Hello, Duchess." "Oh, it's you." Two dimples came and went. "I didn't recognize you, disguised as a gentleman."

He patted his suit. "Pretty nifty, eh?"

"Where's your [Continued on page 58]"
BY ROGER CARROLL

WITHOUT ENCOURAGEMENT FROM FRED MACMURRAY THE GIRLS DO GO FOR HIM, ON OR OFF THE SCREEN. MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE HE'S "JAKE" WITH THEM

WHILE back, when Fred MacMurray was trying to make up his mind whether he should or should not put in a swimming-pool, a friend backed him into a corner and said to him, "Don't do it. Don't spend all that money for something you can enjoy only a few months a year. You can join a beach club—an exclusive one—and have the whole ocean to swim in, for what it would cost you to keep fresh water in a pool. Come on down to my club next Sunday and look the place over. I can't be there myself, but you'll see people you know. I'll get you a guest card."

Now, Fred couldn't have a name like MacMurray without having a few globules of Scotch blood. He's open to suggestion about how to save his hard-earned money. So, come Sunday, he and Lillian (Mrs. M.) piled in the roadster and drove down to Santa Monica for a close-up of a beach club.

Come Monday, his friend buttonholed him and wanted to know, "Well, when are you joining?"

"Uh," said Fred, "uh, I haven't made up my mind yet."

"Why the hesitation? Didn't you go in swimming?"

"Yeah," said Fred. "Sure."

"Didn't you have lunch in the club dining-room?"

"Good food," said Fred.

"You met people you knew, didn't you?"

Fred nodded.

"Well, what are you waiting for?"

"I've got to think it over," said Fred.

"I can't understand. [Continued on page 57]"
UP IN THE

BY FAITH SERVICE

Fay Wray is a pioneer at traveling the skyways. She even models a slack suit designed expressly for flying.

Training stewardesses for cross-country hops is not very different from training young players to watch Spencer Tracy (a skyway commuter) act.
WE HAVE to start out prepared for everything,” said Mary Lou Williamson, Frances Kyser, Ruth Davis, Thelma Fuller, Dorothy Travis, the American Airlines stewardesses with whom I flew, luxurious round-trip, across the country and back. And every one of the girls as photogenic as a movie star.

As I talked with them I was impressed, but forcibly, with the similarity between their work, training, talents, figures and looks they must have in order to hold down their jobs, and the training, talent and looks the picture stars must have in order to hold down their jobs. For these girls are the stars who work close to the planetary stars while servicing the picture stars.

There is a stellar cast on these planes—the captain, the first officer and the three stewardesses per flight. To the captain and the first officer fall the mechanics of operation; the grave responsibility of making the “happy landings”; to the stewardesses falls, not one role, but innumerable roles.

They have to start out “prepared for everything,” as they said. They must be prepared for all kinds of moods. And moods, temperaments, personalities are heightened and emphasized in the air, they told me.

They must be prepared for people on death calls, in which cases they must play the role of sympathizer; they must be prepared for people who want to talk, be amused, be gay.

They must also be prepared for people who don’t want to talk at all, so that in one section of the stewardess must be genial and talkative and in the next section, silent and unobtrusive.

They have to be prepared for major emergencies and for high-carnival spirits who must be diplomatically quieted lest they disturb other passengers. They must be prepared for the illness of all kinds. They must be prepared to talk on the radio at any moment, without any preparation whatsoever, no script, no rehearsal. They also have to pose for pictures, with all kinds of people, from Mrs. Roosevelt to a Hollywood extra girl.

Yes, the roles these girls play, with courage, tact, sympathy, firmness, humor—the knowledge they must have, first of human nature and then of anything human nature may demand, need or want, from a scientific discourse on the terror rain over which they fly to the brewing of a cup of tea, would strain the capacities of Shearer, Garbo, Davis and Leigh combined.

Registered nurses, every one of them, they must also be diplomats, pillow-patters, play-fellows, psychologists, waitresses, raconteurs, detectives, partners at bridge, sisters, mothers, friends. They must meet major emergencies and whims alike imperturbably. [Continued on page 33]

Most stars, like Ray Milland, take things in stride on air flights. On occasions they are given special permission to carry their pets.
Doris Davenport, who had left Hollywood to be “discovered” in New York, and who fooled movietown into giving her a chance, gets it opposite Gary Cooper in The Westerner. Warner’s Irish importation, Geraldine Fitzgerald, who has delivered fine performances with Bette Davis and others, has delivered an heir, Michael E., to hubby Edward Lindsay-Hogg.

The Talk of Hollywood

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

Do They Slay You?
- Hollywood Repartee, as exemplified in a colloquy between Harry (Vitriol) Ritz and Groucho (Dynamite) Marx:
  - To Groucho says Harry: “I hear you guys are gonna make personal appearances at the San Francisco Fair—and they’re gonna charge ten cents to let the freaks look at you guys!”
  - To Harry back-cracks Groucho: “Well, a dime isn’t going to break you, Charlie. For a Nickel?”

Charlie For a Nickel?
- Talk of Hollywood is the rumored plan of Edgar Bergen to go into producing for himself and Charlie McCarthy. It’s not Bergen’s idea to make feature pictures, though—instead, he plans to run off 16-mm films, to be used either in the much-ballyhooed nickel-in-the-slot talkie machines that are going to flood the nation, or in home talkie machines. Imagine hopping into your favorite beer-joint for a beaker of brew and some ... It’ll raise hell, Charley!...

Hamburger Jane
- Jane Withers has gone into her fifteenth year and business, at the same time...
  - Her ma gave her, for her fourteenth birthday, a check for $1,000—to invest in a business enterprise of her own choosing. Jane had the choice already made: in partnership with Johnny Pirrone, 17 year old actor, she is opening a hot-dog and hamburger joint in the San Fernando Valley, back of Hollywood. Pirrone will do the actual job of running the place: Jane [Continued on page 66]

Here’s plenty of horsey action for Jean Arthur and Bill Holden in Arizona, laid around the desert and cactus country of that state. Jean, who rides well, strikes a pose on pinto hoss.
Alfred Hitchcock, who directed the memorable Rebecca, is now directing Walter Wanger's production, Foreign Correspondent. With Joel McCrea and Laraine Day as leads.

Osa Johnson, who's in I Married Adventure, and acclaimed as one of best-dressed women in the world, styles summer slack suit.

Ann Sothern's idea of something nifty to wear this summer is a ruffled dress cut short to give pretty legs plenty of freedom to get tanned, to show off or to climb the stairs.
1. Day dreams are charming but night dreams are more exciting. Particularly, Laraine Day's green and black print with its graceful sweeping skirt

2. Instead of the traditional skirt and blouse Laraine selects a beige wool dress, pleated front and back, as a complement for her tweed jacket

3. A navy blue “Princess” faille dress with a beige oatmeal tweed topcoat is Laraine's favorite day costume. Its smartness lies in its charming simplicity

4. What a lovely Day dream is this two piece navy and white reversible crepe print. The fitted bodice and flared skirt are definite “Day” trademarks
5. The sweetest Day
dream of them all is
this grey and white
dotted crepe with
white lace collar,
cuffs and border

6. This long-
waisted bodice
that fits down into
a V on the gored
skirt makes La-
raine’s waist dis-
appear. It is made
of soft green crepe
GEORGE SANDERS, WHOSE TEUTONIC TIDBITS WOULD EVEN MAKE HITLER CRY "COMMAND FUEHRER, WE FOLLOW!" IS AS GOOD IN SAINTLY ROLES AS WHEN HE'S PLAYING SINNERS

SINCE George Sanders' name was added to the roster of the slowly-fading "Hollywood Eligible Bachelor" list, and this being Leap Year, I thought it high time to find out more about this reputed recluse, and pass the information on to his fans.

As my poor old Chevy coughed and pushed its way up the hills to the "Saint's" home, I faltered for a moment. It is common gossip here that George loves nothing more than his sleep, spending eighteen or twenty hours, on non-working days, in the arms of Morpheus. Though the publicity director of RKO had assured me that two o'clock in the afternoon would be okay, I wondered if it would not be wiser for me to turn around and take my car into the service station close by, to find out what they would allow me on a "trade-in." A little more thought brought the realization that with "no story" there could be "no-trade-in."

With a final spurt the Chevy stopped before the last house on the hill. There, at the foot of a large mountain, was Sanders' home, which, but for his man-servant, he occupies alone.

The first impression, on meeting the "Saint," is that he is much larger and taller than he appears on the screen. There he stood completely framed in the doorway. For the moment his strictly British "hello" startled me. Perhaps I had, subconsciously, expected to be greeted in that German accent that is so well known to those who have seen him on the screen. There have been so many rumors that Sanders is part German because of his perfect interpretation when playing a Teuton. On questioning George on this hearsay, I found that he was half-Russian and half-English, having been born in St. Petersburg, Russia, in 1906. However, he was born under the protection of the English Embassy, making him an English citizen.

His earliest and sharpest memory is the horror of the Russian Revolution. With his father, then a hated capitalist, he made a thrilling and never-to-be-forgotten escape across the ice-covered rivers, fleeing madly from the anarchists who threatened to behead his father.

George's sister, married to [Continued on page 76]
Up in the Air With the Stars

[Continued from page 45]

taking everything in stride, from finding the right shade of lipstick for a movie star’s lips to handling a man gone berserk.

They know that Miriam Hopkins always has her berth made up before she boards the plane, that she takes a sedative and seldom likes to be disturbed from coast to coast, that she doesn’t like lamb chops so that, if she does call for dinner en route, she—well, she doesn’t get lamb chops!

They know that Jock Whitney, clubman, horseman and financier, always buys one whole section on a plane so that he can use both berth mattresses and all four pillows. They know that Lawrence Tibbett’s friends usually send him a dinner from the Brown Derby or Sardi’s, before he takes off from Glendale. They know that Norma Shearer is nervous in the air and are prepared to distract her with scientific explanations of flying, together with geographical and topographical facts, knowing that there is something soothing about cold, unhistorical facts.

They know that men who pilot their own planes, such as Brian Aherne, Paul Lukas, Wally Beery, are apt to be nervous in flight where laymen, who don’t know a wing from a propeller, are not. They know that Victor McLaglen usually sits up all night because he’s too long for a berth. And they are prepared to handle all of these demands, idiosyncrasies and special requests—as well as any major emergencies.

“A man got on at Glendale Airport one day,” stewardess Ruth Davis told me, “and the instant we took off I felt strange about him. I thought he acted queerly. But I couldn’t put my finger on why I thought so. He wasn’t noisy. He was obviously NOT drunk. I didn’t know what was the matter with him but had a feeling in my bones that something was wrong.

“We hadn’t been off the ground half an hour before he called to me and said, ‘stewardess, I’m going to pilot this plane!’ I told him that that was impossible, that passengers are not even allowed to enter the control room. He repeated, still quietly and very matter-of-factly, ‘nevertheless, I am going to pilot this plane!’ I again told him that it was out of the question, that he could not enter the control room. And then he said, ‘but I can shoot my way in!’

“I knew then, that I was up against something. Not wishing to alarm the other passengers I suggested to him that we go into the sky room, which happened to be vacant, and talk it over. He followed me very quietly. On the way I rang for the first officer. The first officer joined us in the sky room, took charge of the situation, telling our passenger that he would have to restrain him forcibly if he even said anything further along this line. The man kept quiet until we came down at the next stop. There an ambulance met the plane. Two white-coated attendants removed our passenger. The ambulance was from the neighboring insane asylum: The man was insane!”

On another occasion, Dorothy Travis told me of a little woman flight at Newark Airport. She went directly to bed and in the general activity of the takeoff, getting the passengers settled in their respective seats, supplying them with evening papers, removing their wraps, etc., the stewardess did not pay any particular attention to the little woman beyond seeing that she was comfortable in her berth.

By the time the second stewardess of the flight came aboard the woman was very ill. She spoke very broken English and so it was difficult to diagnose what was wrong with her. She sobbed so constantly that she was even more incoherent than she normally might have been. Midway across the country she did manage to blurt out to Miss Travis, “Me, I sick with the child.” “When?” asked the stewardess. “At any instant it will be,” moaned the little woman.

So that there, nine thousand feet above the earth, Miss Travis was faced with the imminent possibility of a broken baby. And that she was delivered from the delivery, that they reached Glendale Airport in time, though only just in time, still gives Miss Travisause for thanksgiving.

Not that she couldn’t have handled it. That’s why only registered nurses can become stewardesses. Not only must they be registered nurses with a year or two of practical nursing behind them, but they must also be girls of proven stability of character, resourcefulness, gameness under any kind of fire.

Most of their memories must be prodigious. One flies with a stewardess and she has you down, a butterfly impaled on a pin, forevermore. She knows what you eat and don’t eat, whether you are nervous or phlegmatic, just a complete plot of your background and character!

TheIR versatility would more than do justice to any virtuoso of stage, screen, opera or circus... for they can turn from a most entertaining piece of “busking” above mentioned above to humorous Frank Morgan who spends his time in flight in bed, and that every hour or so during the entire trip he sticks his head out of the curtains and asks, “When do we eat?”

They know that the Hollywood producers when they travel by air—and most of them do—usually play bridge—and bridge with high stakes and heated stakes.

They can turn from “putting down at Dallas” a gentleman who had a phobia for ringing door-bells and, his phobia widely awakened by the altitude, no doubt, proceeded to run from section to section ringing all of the passengers’ bells for the stewardess, to taking care of Joan Bennett’s dog which, against all precedent, Joan once brought with her aboard the flagship Mercury. She had bought the “little friend” in Europe and when she boarded the plane at Newark Airport, the small Spaniel accompanied her.

Catering to a canine was just another little chore for the stewardesses on that flight. They can turn from the problem of wrestling with a Heretic gentleman who took a fancy to “bail out without a parachute” to considering such facets of human nature as that Don Ameche “bubbles all the time he is in the air.”

“First thing you know,” said Miss Fuller, “that’s all the people in the plane talking together and friendly.” Miss Fuller also told me that one morning some months and flights ago, she went into the men’s wash room one morning and discovered a gentleman, shirtless and shaving. He greeted her cordially, saying: “Could I come back and help you wash the dishes?” Miss Fuller explained that she didn’t wash the dishes and although she appreciated the offer, she had never had to wash dishes, either male or female, it wouldn’t be necessary, thanks very much. A few minutes

[Continued on page 78]
THERE can be something pretty witching about a girl on a sunny beach, as these pictures of Ann Rutherford, M-G-M starlet soon to be seen in Pride and Prejudice, should tell you if you've half an eye! That big hat of Ann's looks mighty fetching, doesn't it? But it's just as useful as it is becoming.

You see, Ann doesn't believe in letting a sun-day at the beach spoil her good looks—either then or the next day. She starts out without the hat, then, when she's taken the sun for about a half hour, she slips it on—to protect her shoulders! You should know by this time that they burn much more easily, and twice as painfully as your legs or arms. You can sun those extremities for another half hour before slipping on a voluminous beach coat, as Ann always does, or retreating to the shade of your umbrella. The hat protects her hair, too, keeps it from drying out or becoming over-oily. All this besides being flattering!

I hope you're not the type that thinks a day on the beach means going completely natural, without lipstick or powder! You'll surely disillusion that lifeguard! Ann knows that powder patted lightly over the nose won't prevent her acquiring a light tan—and it should cut down on the burning somewhat. She uses a protective powder base, first, though, one that keeps her make-up on evenly while she's swimming, and helps keep her pert nose from freckling or peeling. Lipstick is a big help, too, because it keeps lips smoothly soft, prevents their burning (yes, they can be sunburned to the blister stage) or chapping. And a clear red or bright pink is attractive as all outdoors with a sun tan.

DO GO NEAR THE WATER

In your new beach make-up, Denise Caine can tell you what make-up to use, and how to apply it so it will stay on smoothly through your swim. Ask her about it, and about any other special beauty problems that may bother you. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply, and send your letter to Denise Caine, Beauty Editor, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.
And please don't think that you've got to go without eye make-up just because you're sunning and swimming. A bit of creamy eyeshadow spread lightly over your lids will give you a waft of coolness and help protect the skin from drying out or burning. Or if you think that's too artificial in the sunlight (but I wish you'd try it before you write me up in the air) try spreading a bit of lubricating or cold cream around your eyes. That does the trick and is more natural looking.

You needn't be afraid of mascara, even for beach wear, if you take it easy. And by that I mean sparingly. Don't fill your brush to overflowing with mascara, and slather it over the lashes. How can it help you look more natural if you overload your cheeks in a great streak? Instead, use the least bit, then brush up on the lashes, lightly pushing on them to make them curl win-
ningly, until every tiny hair is coated—but thinkingly. Not too much, but just enough to separate the lashes with short upward strokes.

That leaves just enough of the mascara on the lashes to darken them—but not enough to give a beaded, artificial look. And mascara applied by this method stays on much longer, because it doesn't make your eyes feel so heavy that you'll always be rubbing them! I always apply mascara in this way—and my eyes look pretty nice, even after a briny bath!

Please notice that little Miss Rutherford isn't hiding her pretty legs under a beach towel or the sand. She doesn't have to, because she takes good care that no superficial hair spoils their shapeliness—or dis-
figuring corns mar those cute toesities. She's smart enough to choose shoes the right size—there's nothing worse than a shoe that pinches in the summertime!—So when she gets out on the beach she can keep her limbs out in the open where everyone can see them. And she calls further attention to their prettiness with a pink nail polish matching that she's wearing on her fingers.

You can bet your last cent, too, that her nail polish will harmonize with her lipstick—even though it's not precisely the same shade!

AWFUL lot of you bathing beauties seem to think that, because you're in and out of the water all summer long, you won't need to bathe so often at home. We've all ever swum in salt water you probably know just how sticky your face, body and even your hair feel after coming out! A mere cold water shower won't remove all that brine! And it's the same, to a lesser degree, with perspiration. There's the same salty deposit on your body, combined with other chemicals not half so harmless—and it takes soap and plenty of warm water to remove them!

If one of your vacation beauty problems is finding a soap that will lather quickly even in the hard water you suddenly find yourself up against—and still be kind to your skin—'I've the solution. It's a pure white soap that fairly froths into creamy bubbles the minute it touches lukewarm or even cool water. And how those bubbles go to work to remove every smidgin of dirt and perspiration and all the waste matter that collects on your body—or face! You'll feel as clean and fresh as one of these devotees, cool summer mornings—and you'll smell fresh, too. Because this soap is exquisitely scented with one of the nicest bouquet frag-
rances—I don't know from where, but it's among my undies, so they'll smell sweet, too. The soap is a favorite of many of the high-salaried girls in Hollywood, but so inexpensive that you can buy three cakes for a quarter; take it into your cooking evening tub, use it in your morning shower to refresh yourself completely—and always lather up with it three or four times a day to keep your summer skin as clean and clear as any movie star's! Do be sure to write me for the name.

Fresh on the market, and looking as sum-
merly as can be in their pretty green and cream packages, are a fine powder, rouge and even a make-up tube. All together, with one of your favorite perfumes—but not so heavily that they'll conflict with any other fragrance you may be wearing. The powder is gossamer fine from its silk sifting process; it gives your skin the flatter-
ingly smooth finish you admire on movie stars. And it comes in six beauteous shades, one of which will surely he just right for you. I liked the suntan shade particularly for this time of year, but there are others that will be equally nice in the fall. And putting anything harmful to your precious eyes into it, or its companion eyeshadow. You can get it in either cream or cake form, whichever you prefer. I'll take the cream, because it's faster to apply, and doesn't need to be mixed with water. I just squat a little from the tube onto my brush—and I'm practically done! The mascara is equally improved impossible to get that thick beaded look you dislike. It coats your lashes so discreetly that they look naturally darker—and longer and fuller as well, because every bit of each hair stands up straight and sure. You can use it, too; it's made for the natural. Available in black, brown and blue, in those ten cent sizes, and larger ones at 75 cents. Do try it—and invest another dime for one of the creamy smooth-spreading eyeshadows.

I'll be glad to tell you which shade will "glam-" eyes you best!

This article wouldn't be half complete unless I told you about a fine powder base that will keep your make-up looking fresh even after you've been swimming! It's a tinted cream, smooth to apply, and thick enough to hide and prevent any pesky freckles or other minor skin discolorations.

Dab it lightly from the wedge-shaped stick over your face, then blend to an even film with your fingertips. A little will go a long way; you'll find you've used up its loveliest, without caking, for hours. The newest shade is a warm tone that makes your skin look blushingly tanned—it should be grand on the beach as well as under electric lights when your skin needs a bit more color anyway! A quarter buys a good-sized stick. I know you are interested in making your skin look finer textured, so I'm sure you'll want to ask me more about this grand foundation!

Just room to tell you about two summer daintiness hints you'll want to be with-
out. The first is a fine depilatory cream to keep your legs as hair-free as Ann Ruther-
ford's. It won't remove hair permanently of course, because only the expensive elec-

drolysis process can do that—but it will make the weekly job of getting rid of superfluous hair easier and less painful. Smooth the snowy white cream over the skin you want "cleared," leave it on for a few minutes, then rinse it off. Lo! the hair has gone with the cream! And the skin will be soft and smooth. I like this "Waxing Away" cream. If you can get a trial size of the hair remover for 10 cents! Name?

My last product this month is a perspira-
tion cream that came into my office in greatly improved form the other day. Creamy smooth, it melts into the skin and disapp-
ears completely, leaving nothing behind but a slight coolness, soothing and refreshing in the summer. And even more refreshing is the knowledge that the cream will stop persis-

A fine depilatory cream to keep your legs as hair-free as Ann Rutherford's. It won't remove hair permanently of course, because only the expensive elec-
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W A N T to know more about the mascara I use even when I'm going swimming? It's one of the best made, even though you can get goeddy sizes of it for as little as ten cents. The mascara you buy should be of its own good, so try to select it carefully. To buy one too cheap is to compromise its fine quality, and would never think of

**Write me before August 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 C. Beauty Editor, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.**
Deviled Crabmeat served in natural shells is a colorful quick-cooking novelty. Grand for lunch or dinner.

IF YOUR FAMILY IS "UNFAIR," IF THEY DEMAND THAT YOU STAY IN THE HOT KITCHEN THIS SUMMER, DON'T STRIKE, STUDY THESE TEN-MINUTE MEAT TREATS. THEY PACK LOTS OF NOURISHMENT.

"UNFAIR TO THE HOMEMAKER!"  
"STRIKE!"  
"DOWN WITH HOT WEATHER COOKING!"  
"OUT OF THE KITCHEN!"

Many a woman would gladly march under any of the above banners if her family proves "unfair" and demands that she stay in the kitchen cooking heavy meals in midsummer. Of course every family must have its eats, no matter what the weather. But why have "this family unfair to its cook" when a little more attention to menu-planning will prevent such disasters as roasting the cook while she cooks the roast!

Doing a bit of heavy figuring, it would appear that the whole crux of the cooking-in-summer problem resolves itself on the MEATS. It's not the vegetables—they cook in a quarter-hour; it's not the salads which require no cooking whatever; nor of course is it the dessert which so rightfully takes the shape of fresh fruits, melons or their combinations with light cake or cookies. It's the MEAT which usually requires time to cook, which heats the whole kitchen, and which demands the attention and pot-watching of the homemaker. "Ten-Minute Meat Treats" should be the slogan of every woman this summer and here's how to achieve these "Cook's Rights."

First, select a condensed meat. Now a condensed meat is one in which is packed a whole lot of nourishment with the least percentage of bone, fat, gristle or other waste. Sausage, especially the "summer sausage" or cold cut, is an ideal example of this condensed, non-cooking, or quick-meat. And speaking of sausage, just how well do you know your sausages? Let's take liver, or liver-sausage, not only because it's packed chock-a-block full of vitamins, but because it tastes so good and is SO adaptable in summer menus. Here's only a few varieties: 

(Continued on page 82)
They Forget He's Married

(Continued from page 43)

stand it," said his pal, shaking his head, "I want you to come down again next Sunday. I'll be there. And I want you to know that you're really sold on the place." "Oh," said Fred hastily, "I can't make it next Sunday. Lillian's got something planned." Well, then, they'd make it the week after, his pal assured him. "Yeah," said Fred. But the week after, he had something else to do. And the week after that. And about that time the news came that the MacMurrays were putting in a swimming-pool. His pal hot-footed it to Fred, "I want to know something," he said. "You've been ducking my invitations to the club, and I want to know why." He made a point of being sore. Fred had to tell him. It pained Fred, but he had to tell, "That Sunday Lillian and I did go down, we got involved in a little party in the lounge," he said. He named the members of the party. He named a certain feminine star last. "I always thought she was a lady. But she turned out to be a B Brazen lady. I acted as if I wasn't married and Lillian didn't exist. . . . I wasn't going to let Lillian in for anything like that again. Or myself, either."

Which is one reason why the Fred MacMurrays have a private swimming-pool.

T HIS is an extreme example of how the girls go for Fred, but—they do go for him. To the point where they can forget he's married. And they do so without any conscious encouragement from Fred. His blue eyes aren't the roving kind. They stay focused on Lillian, even when she is nowhere around. The only time he ever looks aware of another woman is when a script demands it, and then it's an ordeal for him. Even after five years, he still dreads kissing scenes. He is anything but a Great Lover. He isn't a male beauty. He isn't anything but just Fred. There isn't another actor on the screen who can equal his record for romantic appeal. When Paramount signed him, he was not only unknown; he was untried. Yet his first role was the romantic lead opposite one of their biggest stars, Jean Arthur. Jean is married—Claudette Colbert—in The Gilded Lily. Claudette didn't have to take an untried unknown as a leading man. But she was willing, in Fred's case.

No other actor ever wooed and won the star of an A picture, the first time he ever acted. Clark Gable, Robert Taylor, Tyrone Power, all of them, had to work up to those romantic leads, even William (What Luck) Holden was in one play before he was in Golden Boy.

Fred leaped from a dance band, with which he played the sax and sang, straight into the arms of Claudette Colbert. No other color actor has been asked to make screen love to as wide a variety of charmers. Run your eye over the list: the aforementioned Miss Colbert, Carole Lombard, Madeleine Carroll, Katharine Hepburn, Sylvia Sidney, Joan Bennett, Glady's Swarthout, Harriet Hilliard, Frances Farmer, Barbara Stanwyck, Jean Parker, Louise Campbell, Ellen Drew, Irene Dunne, Alice Faye, Jean Arthur, and Claudette Colbert—of Fortune—Patricia Morison. There isn't one of them who wouldn't be willing to play opposite him again. Carole Lombard, who's particular about her leading men, has been willing to make four (4) pictures with him.

And Fred has done all right as far as the girls in the audience are concerned, too. His fan mail keeps going higher than the cost of living, and you know how high that's been of late. The numerous girls who want his picture on their dressers would stagger you. The clinching proof of his romantic appeal is this: From the pre-Hollywood to the post-Hollywood, the girl he fell in love with couldn't give him up. She was (and is) a beauty. She could have had a career of her own, or she could have held her pick of suitors. But she was interested only in Fred, whose future didn't look as if it would ever include fame or wealth.

The girl Robert Taylor loved in college married the other fellow. When Tyrone Power had a struggle supporting himself, the Santa Barbara girl to whom he was engaged called the whole thing off. The little co-ed Gary Cooper was going to marry, as soon as she could get the money. But that was a long time. She eloped with someone else in the meantime. And only a couple of years ago an Oregon girl testified in court that she had rejected a proposal of marriage from Clark Gable, and she doubted that he could support a wife.

But Lillian Lamont couldn't give up Fred MacMurray.

What is there about this man MacMurray that keeps women interested—without alienating men?

Men don't groan when their mothers, wives, daughters, sweethearts or maiden aunts ask to be taken to a MacMurray picture. They reach for their hats and say, "What time does the show start?" Watching Fred for an hour and a half is a pleasure, even for men.

And right there you have one of the principal secrets of his appeal to the female of the species. Most women don't for a man whom they don't like. They don't sigh for a ladies' man as they do for a man's man. This is probably an instinctive hang-over from prehistoric days, when the human race lived in caves and the strong men were the only ones that the women of the tribe could depend on to bring home the dinosaur bacon.

Fred is the tallest male star. (He's a half-inch taller than Gary Cooper.) He stands 6 feet, 3⅛ inches in his oversize socks, is built in proportion. He doesn't go around beating his chest or flexing his muscles, belittling how strong he is. But he's big—big just because he is so big, he represents strength.

Women can't respect a man who is a glorified lap-dog, over-eager to attract their attention, eager to submit to their slightest whims. They can respect a man who is big, brassy, brusque and independent—which Fred is. His interests aren't the things women are interested in. His interests include fishing, skeet-shooting and more skeet shooting.

Clark Gable makes cracks about his ears. Fred makes cracks about his whole face. Men can't resent a good-looking guy who doesn't think he's one. And women certainly can't. Good-looking men without playboy impulses are too few and far between.

The instinct of self-preservation has every woman on the alert for a man who would overpower her and make her think she can think of an actor as such a man. When it does happen, it's such a rare and pleasant experience that they hate to think he has already found The One Woman. So they try to forget it. And, quite often, succeed.

Fred is unassuming. He has no conquering-hero outlook on life. He's at ease with men, has no trouble talking their language. But with women, he's shy. Women like that quality in him on the screen. And his leading ladies like it in person. Shyness in a man does something for a woman's ego.

Women have a double standard. They say they like to be treated as equals. What they really mean is that they like to treat men as equals, but they like men to look up to them a little, he just a little in awe of them. Fred's own originality makes his respect for women very easy to take.

Also, the world is so full of forward men, that when a man isn't forward, he stands out by contrast. He presents a challenge. A woman wonders how he is going to get him to hold her hand. She wonders if he is shy or just disinterested.

Nothing arouses an attractive woman as possible disinterest.

Complete unconsciousness, Fred has the charm of being hard-to-get. The hard-to-get always seems a little more worth having than the easy-to-get.

Also, he is completely sincere. He plays the game the honest way. He has none of the subterfuges of sophistication. He is the epitome of the little boy grown up—the small-town boy who has made good in the big city but still is a small-town boy. And he is... a certain unknown, intangible, instinct. What if he should fall into the clutches of some designing female who didn't deserve him? They'd like to protect him from the fall.

Despite the number and variety of his leading ladies, women have never thought of him as an expert at crushing the heroine in his arms. There have been scenes when they have helped him hold a little more passionately. But actually, if he did, they wouldn't go for him as they do. They have the uncomfortable feeling that he was too expert, had been around too many girls.

He's quiet. Women like a quiet man—if only because he's a good listener. He has an even disposition. That enhances his dependability. Women feel instinctively that they could rely on Fred not to fly into towering rages over trivialities. Something that props up this instinct is his sense of humor. He has one, even off the screen, where his dialogue is completely written.

Ever since the days when William S. Hart shot chills up and down the nation's spines, the strong, silent type has had an irresistible appeal. And there is no one on the screen today who looks stronger, or can be more interestingly silent, than Fred MacMurray. A writer (male) recently asked him how he explained his screen success. The answer was the old Carnegie formula, a formula that would be a possible guide to others. Fred squirmed uncomfortably, "I don't know," he said, finally, "It's just a gift."

But mixed in with the luck, whether Fred realizes it or not, has been the ability of women to forget that he's married.
uniform?" she countered. "Somebody hijack it?"

His face fell. Why couldn't this girl learn to appreciate him? After all, with a little encouragement, he could certainly learn to like her. "Aw, you dames are all alike—uniform bait. I'm a detective now. Got promotions."

The light-filled, chintz-covered room was bare of any furniture. She looked him up and down. "Hm. A detective. Guess they were ashamed of you in the uniform."

He was still smarting from the crack that even the small audience past the Kelly Coffee Shop. He could hear piano music and singing. Then all at once, a bottle came sailing out, just missing him. That took him into the house and up the stairs two at a time. He banged on the door and Sally, herself, answered it. She looked as pretty as a picture in a flowered dress. He thought a second. Now what was it he wanted to say? Oh, yes, "Who threw that bottle out the window?" he roared.

"You're asking me," Sally mocked him. "I thought you were the detective."

He noticed that Danny noticed the grizzled old man with twinking blue eyes in a wheelchair. He was Skipper Kelly he explained and, "You see, young fella, we're just celebrating my daughter's engagement."

The whole world was rosy again. "Say, that's great," Danny said exuberantly. "I mean—it's great she's engaged."

Well, after that, nothing would do but that he stay for a drink. The invitation came from the Skipper but Sally seemed to be seconding the motion with her eyes so Danny said, "Sure," and there he was, a guest at the party.

After Danny showed off merrier and Danny was having a wonderful time when all a sudden he looked out of the window and saw a face.

Why, the guy looked like Hale. Danny passed his hands across his eyes. Say, Hale wouldn't be screwy enough to hang around Pier 13. Or would he? He looked again and the man was gone. Nope. He must have imagined it. It was probably that third drink.

"Say, Master Mind, just what are you thinking?"

He looked at Sally adoringly. "I think you're a menace to society... and that includes me. Say, are you married or anything?"

Her lashes tangled. "Not anything that counts."

"I dunno."

He was having a little trouble catching his breath. "That hair and the way you handle those eyes. Well, I was just thinkin'..."

"You're too hard," she warned. "You'll blow out a fuse."

Danny shook his head sadly. "There's the promise of heaven in your smile but you've got a heart of pure cement."

She said softly, "That one to tell Helen." She looked around vaguely. "I wonder where she is. I guess she'll be back in a minute."

"Aw, gee," Danny wailed. "Don't tell her everything I say. Isn't anything sacred to you?"

She smiled mischievously. "Yes, Love, for instance. But you wouldn't know about things like that." He started to protest but she propelled him firmly to the door. "Go on, copper, it's time you were back on duty. Party's over about the sixth day."

For the next two days Danny eugedile his brains about a couple of matters. One was, how to catch Hale. The other, was how to get in Sally's good graces. Then, he got an idea. He went to Helen. Heck, there were more ways of skinning a cat than one. And the answer in this case was a dog.

On the heels of the thought, came action. One of the fellows on the wharf owned a nice little brown and white specimen, Bromo, and Danny made a prompt purchase. That day, he met Sally, accidentally on purpose, as she was coming from the Market and presented her with the animal. He had just won it, he explained. And just as he expected, it made a big hit.

For the first time, she really gave him the eye and almost bit him if he was halfway human. In fact, her smile kind of went to his head and just as they reached her door, he bent down quickly and kissed her honey-sweet lips.

She pulled away. "What's the big idea?"

Danny grimmed. Aw, she wouldn't be mad at him for that—not after the dog and their such good friends and all. "I was a little nervous but I can do better the second time."

He bent to kiss her again. "I'll do it once more, but all at once she gave him a stinging slap across the face. He winced and closed his eyes.

"There," she raged, "when you open your eyes your head'll feel twice as big."

He rubbed his cheek. "Say, what do I have to give you for a kiss?"

"Chloroform!" she opened the door.

"Come on, Bromo."

Now Danny was really sore. "Hey, Gimme back my dog."

But for answer, the door slammed in his face.

A few days later though, Danny got up his nerve to go back and when Sally opened the door to him, he quickly stepped into the living room.

"Look," he said, "I just came to see the dog."

She tossed her head and whisked for Bromo. "Here's Casanova, Bromo," she said sweetly. "Are you in?"

Evidently Bromo was, for he jumped all over Danny and growled and barked in a most affectuate manner. A few minutes later the Skipper joined them and began to tell one of his tall tales. Finally though, he wheeled himself out saying something very pointed about "leaving the young folks together."

A bit shamefacedly, Danny brought to view a box of chocolates. "I—I won them," he said hastily, fearful she might refuse his peace offering. He looked full at her. "You know, I'm trying to get used to this." She wasn't helping a bit. "Are you?"

"Yeah." He added bewildered. "But a guy don't know what to do any more nowadays. If he doesn't try and kiss a girl she thinks he's slow and if he does, she thinks he's fast."

"We-ell, I didn't mind the kiss." Her voice quavered a bit. "It was just the way you took it for granted..."

Danny almost jumped some hoops. "You mean you liked it?"

"Sure—I didn't mind it."

He was squelched. "Oh, I get it." Then he came close to her. "You know, I was reading in a magazine the other day about the science of two people getting together..."

She laughed softly. "You mean you really read?"

"Yeah." He glovered. "And this magazine said that people are like electricity... that positives and negatives attract each other and..."

It was Sally's sister, Helen, who broke that up by walking into the room at that moment. "Oh," she said, nodding to Danny. "I didn't think anyone was home. Hello, Mr. Dolan."

"What are you doing home so early?"

Sally asked. "Thought you were going to Mary's for dinner and then to a movie."

Sally's fingers were twisting nervously. "I haven't had any dinner. They kept everybody at the shop. It was robbed this afternoon."

"Robbed!" Sally cried and the blood drained from her face.

Danny jumped up, on the alert. Here was news up his own alley. "Any clues, Helen?"

"I don't know."

He started for the door. "Say, I better beat it down to Headquarters." He blew Sally a kiss. "So long, Duchess. Hold everything!"

At Headquarters, Danny found that Nickie, Hale's right-hand man was already in custody and under the grill. Danny recognized him instantly. Yep, he was the fellow he'd seen at the wheel of Hale's car. But Nickie was denying everything and especially any connection with Hale.

Carefully, Danny went over the stuff that had been found on the man. Then he came to a card and studied it. Oh it was printed "Pier 13 Garage." The date was June tenth, and it advertised a free car wash with every ten gallons of gas.

Did it give it to the Captain. "June 10th," he pointed out. "That's the day Johnnie Hale gave us the slip at the dock." He turned the card over. There were some penciled notations of clothes sizes, shoes, and underwear. Those sizes would fit Hale to a T and clearly showed Nickie's connection with the gangster.

Nickie's notebook yielded still another clue—the license number of the car. Immediately, an order was put over the police radio to pick up the wanted auto. But a while later, they had some grim results. A policeman, trying to stop the speeding car had been shot down and killed by Hale. Within the next hour The Gazette was offering a thousand dollar reward for the gangster's capture.

Danny was told to drop everything else and concentrate on getting Hale. Elated, he saluted. "Thanks, Captain." His eyes narrowed. "By the way, I noticed in Hale's record that he was raised around Pier 13. That helped me."

His first stop was at Sally's. Wow! He'd combine business with pleasure. He burst into the coffee shop at a moment when it was empty, and shouted, "Hey, you. Widow and—I don't know."

She spun around and her eyes dilated. "What for?"

"For being irresistible to an officer."

[Continued on page 60]
“Some Girls look Older in Summer - & GRIT in Face Powder is one of the Reasons!”

says Lady Esther

1. Day by day the summer sun is changing the tones of your skin! You should look younger in summer, yet it is tragically true, says Lady Esther, that many girls look older. The reason may be a shade of powder that was all right for March but all wrong for July—or it may be a face powder that is wrong in texture—a face powder that contains GRIT.

2. Yes, grit in your powder can give your skin a “granny” look, a “powdery” look... often mistaken for an aged look and much more noticeable in summer! So beware of gritty powder—test the powder you are using, and do it right now!

3. Make my famous “Bite Test!” Put a pinch of your present powder between your teeth—now bite hard and grind slowly. Don’t be surprised if your teeth find grit—for impartial laboratory tests show GRIT even in many expensive face powders—powders that cost $1.00, $2.00, $3.00.

4. But you’ll detect no grit in Lady Esther Face Powder. My powder is so smooth it clings 4 long hours. Put it on say at eight—and at midnight it will still flatter you, never giving you a “powdery” look that makes you seem older.

Are you using the WRONG SHADE for Summer?

Thousands of women unknowingly wear the wrong shade of face powder in the summer—a powder shade that was all right for March, perhaps, but is all wrong for July!

For in summer, the sun has changed your skin tones—and you need a new shade that will glorify your skin as it is today.

So Lady Esther says: Mail me the coupon and I will send you ten glorious shades of my grit-free powder. Try them all!—every one. That is the way—and the only way to discover which is most glamorous for you this summer! Perhaps it will be Champagne Rachel, perhaps Peach Rachel, perhaps Rose Brunette.

So find the right shade of my grit-free powder—the lucky shade for you, out of this glorious collection of ten, and you will look younger, lovelier—you will be really in tune with life.

LADY ESTHER FACE POWDER

*10 shades free!*

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER,
710 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.
Quite visibly, her face relaxed. "That's not bad, coming from you."

Now he leaned over the counter and took hold of her hands. On the level, honey, didn't you think it was time we got married?"

"Tell me!" she ejaculated, but her eyes were shining. "You didn't even ask me."

"Well," Danny pointed out, "we're two-thirds married now. I'm with you and the preacher's willin'." He kissed her fingertips. "No kidding, will you marry me, Sally?"

She took a deep breath. "Some girls might want to hear a guy say he loves her. But I haven't been too fished-out ideas like that.

All right, you big lug."

He just couldn't believe his ears, so he did a handspring and came back to her. "Then you will marry me?" The look in her face satisfied his heart's desire. Then he leaned over and kissed her.

Finally, flushed and laughing, Sally drew away. Whew. After a kiss like that you gotta marry me!"

He winked. "That's just a sample." Then he spoke earnestly. "Sally, I can tell you this, you won't have to make over last year's dress clothes."

"Oh, Danny, that's wonderful. When?"

"Well, I'm out to nab the guy behind that Zigler store robbery, Johnnie Hale. Her eyes shadowed over and Danny chucked to himself. Damn! It seemed that always scared of everything. "You see," he went on, "he was raised down here. Didn't happen to know him, did you?"

"No, everybody around here knew Johnnie Hale."

"I got it figured out," he said confidentially. "Ever hear of 'chercles la femme?' Find the dame and you got the man. Maybe you can chase her down song to get a protection."

"Well, try to think, I gotti find that dame." He streaked to the door. "Gotta get back now. So long, Mrs. Danny Dolan."

H e was walking on air when he got back to Sally's. A little of his elusiveness vanished when he heard the latest. Nickie hadn't spilled a thing and none of the telephone numbers in his book made any sense either. One was a pet shop, another beauty parlors.

But suddenly Danny got an idea. Say, maybe those numbers were all in code. Best way to try first, was to dial 'em backwards. Four numbers yielded no results. Then, on the fifth, Danny knew he had won. In answer to his call, the Moderne Apartments answered.

And Danny remembered that was a favorite of some of the underworld characters. "Come on," he said to Al, "let's go."

The Clerk at the Moderne immediately identified Hale's photograph, referring to him, however, as a Mr. Graham who had an apartment. He identified Al's entrance in the elevator and were then shown into a lavishly-decorated suite, knee-deep in Turkish rugs.

Danny and Al began going over the room. But there wasn't a clue in a carload. Danny couldn't understand it. There was excitement pumping through his veins and it seemed to be telling him to look—he'd sure find something—and yet, there wasn't a single bit of evidence there.

Al spoke to him from the next room. "Hey," he chuckled, "here's a newspaper clipping. They're havin' a big sale of arch supports down at Lady's. Maybe if we went down there we could get a lead on Hale."

Dan turned the newspaper clipping. "Let me look at that," Shane said. He plucked it out of the ad. "Nope. Nothing there. Then he turned it over and his pulse almost stopped. The clipping was a large photograph of Sally's sister, Helen. She was holding the green jade bowl that had been stolen from Zigler's where she worked. Danny remembered now. That bowl was genuine Chinese Ts'ai Tui, the newspapers had said, and worth $25,000. He called the elevator man in. "Ever seen this girl?"

"Yah, suh," was the reply. "She was up here to visit Mr. Graham."

Danny's heart sunk. Helen in this—the sister of the girl he loved! How would he ever be able to work through this?

He was at Sally's door just a half hour later, a big box of ice cream in his hand. "I won it," he explained and Sally laughed especially although her mirth did seem to be a little forced. He was about to step into the room when he noticed Bromo dashing up the attic stairs. He started to the top, he stopped and barked like mad, Danny's face tightened. "What's up there?"

Sally's whistle brought Bromo bounding down. "The storeroom," she said. Her color went down, and when Danny took you, you mice around lately. Bromo's been raising the roof."

Danny let it ride but he began to think hard about the Skipper's life in the living room. and Helen was waiting for him. For a while everybody sat around and talked and ate ice cream.

Then Danny said very casually, "You know, I was reading a magazine story today. It was one of those teaser stories where they leave the ending off and offer a hundred dollars for the best ending. All about a cop torn between love and duty.

"A new short story, sarcastically, Danny looked past her. "No foolin'. This cop was in a spot. He was in love with a dame and her sister was working with a crook. If he could get the crook he'd get a promotion.

Sally put in, "That's the way those stories always are. If I were writing it he wouldn't catch the crook and he wouldn't get the promotion. But the girl would marry him anyway."

There was a tension in the room and Danny felt it prickling at his spine. "That would be swell of the girl," he said thoughtfully, "but what about those scales of justice? They ought to be balanced."

He turned to Helen. "Don't you think so?"

She started nervously. Then, "Isn't it possible that the sister might be the innocent victim of circumstances?"

"I don't think so," Danny said accusingly. "Maybe you could put in your story that this sister had been going around with the crook when she was just a kid. And when she found out he was a criminal she went to the police to back up her brother against the crook."

"I didn't say that. "Danny felt that everything was suddenly clear as crystal. But he didn't dare look at Sally. He was afraid. "Maybe you got something there. Still, that doesn't help him capture the crook."

It was getting sort of late and Sally left to put the Skipper to bed. When the door closed, Danny turned to Helen like a shot. "Listen, kid, I've got to talk to you. If you're in a mess about some-thing with Hale, I believe he dragged you into it."

She jumped up. "Wh-what do you mean?"

"I spoke rapidly. "I got your point in the store and I'm going to help you through it."

He looked at her squarely, "Do you know where Hale is?"

There was a pause. She said quietly, "No." Suddenly it seemed to click, and the sound of Bromo's barking again.

In two seconds he was out of the door and up the stairs. He tried the door but it refused to budge. From below, Sally screamed, "Danny, Danny, don't go in there. Johnnie Hale's in there. He's got a gun."

He sent a fleeting glance down at her. Then he lunged with his shoulder. The door gave just as he heard the smashing of glass. He was inside in time to see Hale disappearing onto the roof through the skylight.

Quickly, Danny went up after him but out on the roof no one was in sight. A sixth sense told Danny to drop down behind the chimney. And a second later, a bullet whizzed past him, and ricocheted against the wall. Now, getting drawn, Danny lunged to create the same sound he could hear faint cracking sound. Hale had dropped down and was walking along the coping in front of the window below.

He turned, leaped to the edge of the roof and onto the ledge. Inside the living room, Hale was facing the Skipper with a drawn gun. Now, the gangster saw Danny. He lifted his revolver and there was a spur of flame. The next instant though he was through the door and Danny after him.

The men raced down the hall. On the landing, Danny looked into Hale's face, for one brief second. The gangster's eyes bulged and his teeth were bared. Then the guns of both men spoke. Jimmy saw Hale crumple, roll down the stairs and fall into a heap, a dead man. He felt a stinging pain in his arm.

Everybody was in the Kelly living room the next day and Danny was telling a story to Captain Blake. One arm was in a sling and the other was around Sally's waist. But he was sure tight in his pockets, and every card in the neighborhood..."

Everybody laughed at that and then Captain Blake told Danny he was getting the thousand dollar reward for Hale's capture and a promotion besides.

"Oh, Danny," Sally breathed when they were alone. "That's wonderful." She frowned. "And to think the first time I met you I thought you were just a dumb cop."

"I decided to let that pass. He reached in his pocket and brought out something that glittered. "Here's the ring," he said proudly, "I--er--"

"I know," she cut in, "You won it."

"I don't," he yelled.

But Sally knew that the moment had arrived to play the little woman. "All right," she soothed, "don't get excited." She put out her hand and Danny slipped the ring on. "Do you like it?"

"Love it," she whispered and gave him one of her finest kisses to prove it.

Gosh, Danny thought to himself. And they said women were hard to please. Why, right here on Pier 13 he'd found all kinds of luck—fame, fortune and Sally.
The lady in blue was a mystery...

She was a dream of loveliness in clouds of blue chiffon. Music below—the captain's ball—and yet she stood alone at the rail. Then she sighed—and because I'm the cruise nurse, I asked her what was wrong. The poor thing was having one of her "difficult days." She felt so chafed she didn't dare dance, So...

I sped her to the ship's hospital and reached for my box of Miracle Modess. "Feel this, and stop your sighing," I told her as I snipped into a pad and showed her the soft, downy filler. "Modess is made of fluff—not papery folds. Fluff so wonderfully soft it brings glorious new comfort!" Well...

The lady in blue went to the ball—and danced every dance till the last "good night" waltz. This morning I got a tiny gift package and a note: "This perfume is a gift from the lady in blue, to thank you for a very happy evening! I'll never forget this cruise—thanks to you and Miracle Modess."

Cut a "layer-type" napkin—then cut a Modess pad. Feel the difference! Modess is made of fluff—not close-packed papery folds. Soft, gentle fluff...a miracle of comfort! And thanks to "moisture-zoning," Modess stays softer!

Press the fluff in a Modess pad—see how it yields. That's why Modess moulds to the body so smoothly without bulk or bunching...why it stays flat where you want flatness! Modess' moisture-resistant backing makes it safer, too!

Get curious! Get comfortable! Get the New Miracle Modess!
of stardom and Jeffrey is the first to admit he didn't make it through the jump. One of the first steps in playing golf is to "follow through." I don't know that Jeffrey plays golf, but all through his career he has followed that advice. He is a good example of the saying that he got what he wanted, and who never forgot to follow through.

He has recently become, so they tell me, the problem child of the publicity department. Not that he thinks he doesn't need publicity since he has become one of the most popular young actors on the screen. Good heavens, not! It is simply that his sensations when contemplating an interview are similar to yours that last five minutes before you jump into a cold shower, and he postpones the ordeal as long as possible. A trifle late for our appointment, he hadn't the excuse of being delayed on the set of 

"All This, and Heaven Too." He just wasn't working this day but had been out house hunting and was flushed with success.

"I found an ideal house," he enthused with as much enthusiasm as he ever displays. "It's high on a hill and far enough off the beaten track to be almost isolated. It has fresh air, sunshine—everything I want."

Jeffrey is tall and straight and there were evidences of the sunshine he enjoys so much on his tanned face and even in his light brown hair, which falls back in a wave that should please any girl with straight locks want to kill him. He is quite serious with a normally pleasant expression on his face. When he laughs, it doesn't change for he holds his movements as though it were his own private joke, and chuckles softly. In his quiet way he enjoys life a lot but is reserved to a point of shyness and he's as New England as a pot of baked beans.

Intelligent and a good student, he talks well on a great many subjects and tries hard to cooperate with reporters on the topic of his work. Presumably, it is the hardest part of being an actor. They have to exert a little pressure to get him near the publicity department.

"WELL," he protests, "I no more have typhus through the front door than someone yells at me and wants to know the name of the girl I was out with the night before. I don't think it is nice to mention the name of a young lady just to get publicity. Think how embarrassing it must be for her."

Which is becoming modesty on his part for I doubt if there is a young lady in town who wouldn't be delighted to read in her morning paper that she'd been out dancing with Jeffrey or even that they were the "hottest couple in town." After two years in Hollywood Jeffrey hasn't learned to put his inhibitions in the bottom drawer and take it as a compliment that the whole world wants to mind his business for him.

He is a stickler for accuracy. "No," he will say; in discussing the least important matter; "It is the fourth month. It is not the third month. It is the fourth month."

So if he tells you of his former hardships, it isn't to inspire sympathy but, rather, in the interests of keeping the record straight and true. An actor's name. However, however, that things that sound pretty funny now weren't to be taken lightly at the time they happened.

Jeffrey wasn't working his way through college when he had the job of doorman; he'd already got his degree. He was earning a meager livelihood while he attended the Theodora Irvine Studio for the Theatre which, in plain English, was and is a dramatic school where he won a scholarship.

"I WAS being taught a modified Oxford accent," he said in explaining why people laughed, and I practiced it on the people going to the first trial of a new five-cent laugh, for I must have sounded funny. I looked funny, too, with my baby face sticking out of a uniform several sizes too large. But if the suit didn't fit, the job did. It suited my needs perfectly.

He didn't earn much money and he thinks his social status wasn't improved but his working hours dovetailed with his classes at the dramatic school every day off, which was Tuesday. That was the day his drama class put on its plays.

"I couldn't have much," he told me, "because I paid four dollars a week for my room and trunks, and there was carfare and incidentals and I had to furnish my own make-up and costumes for the school plays."

Saving a little was one of Jeffrey's troubles and there was one of the things taught him at home by his Swedish parents; in a home where there was always enough but where luxuries were unknown. What he was able to put back was small, but it made him take the next step toward the top and become a member of a stock company where he received no salary but a lot of practical experience.

Recently Warner Brothers, to whom he is under contract, and are co-starring him with Olivia de Havilland in Episode, sent word down the line to various studio departments that from now on Jeffrey is to be "given the works." They mean he is to be given an all-round build-up in good roles, publicity and cooperation of every sort.

For several months he has been working up to his present part. It was not just one bitter complaint. He did wish people would stop referring to him as "that nice boy." Not that he minded being thought nice, although he has been here long enough to know that no actor ever got any place in pictures by having a reputation for being the chap a girl could trust, but he did wish that once in a while someone would say, "Oh, you mean that good actor."

At last he has his wish. Now people say, "He's such a good actor—and the nicest chap." In fact, a succession of consistently good performances have aroused so much favorable critical comment that he has become overnight the object of that little Hollywood game known as "I saw him first." A mention of his name now will often call forth an enthusiastic, "I told you to watch him this year."

The amazing thing is not that Jeffrey is a good actor but that he ever became an actor at all. He thinks he never would have become an actor if he hadn't started on the faint whiff of grease-paint wafted over the amateur productions of his drama classes was enough to bolster a half-formed determination to go on the stage.

"I heard stories of professions for a man to which my father had serious objections," Jeffrey said. "He didn't want any of his children to be lawyers, actors or traveling salesmen. He didn't think those endeavors had much to offer the world. And so far as acting is concerned, he didn't see how anyone could make a decent living at it."

Jeffrey laughed over that and added, "My experiences in trying to get on the stage did give him the opportunity to change his mind. My mother knew I wasn't very flush. She would write and beg me to come home and take up some sensible profession. When I signed a movie contract it meant that I was in a situation which meant I was gradually getting more famous, and then the change of heart really set in."

The showing of his first picture in his home town brought mingled feelings to his family but when neighbors, having seen it, called to congratulate his parents on having such a famous son, they were more confused than ever. "How wonderful," the friends told his family, "that your son is in a position to bring happiness to the world."

That put an entirely different light on things and the Lind's in a body visited the theatre to see for themselves.

The audience that day, in addition to seeing Four Dangerous, was treated to a first hand view of the reactions of Jeffrey's young nephew. He couldn't understand why Uncle Jeff, apparently among those present, didn't mention his first communion of the Lane sisters and he finally registered his disapproval by shouting at the top of his baby voice, "Why doesn't he talk to us?"

It is likely that the baby is by now an old movie fan, one that he himself never heard of a motion picture until he was eleven years old.

BORN Ragnar Geoffrey Lid on a thirty-acre farm near Amherst, Massachusetts, a suburb of Worcester, one of the lad's earliest ambitions was to change his name because his playmates nicknamed him "Rags." So he made no protest when Hollywood renamed him Jeffrey. He remembers when he was a little boy, watching people drive by his home in automobiles and his second determination was some day to wear a white collar and drive a big car. A relative who lived on an adjoining farm, did the field work for the Linds while Jeffrey's father went into the city every day to work. But they had cows and horses and chickens. Jeffrey did his share by feeding the chickens, looking after baby animals and hunting for eggs in the barn.

The Linds were working people, thrifty, honest, industrious, God-fearing. "Puritans in every sense of the word," Jeffrey said simply. They enjoyed simple pleasures. Mr. Lind, fond of music, thought his family numerous enough to make up its own orchestra and gave the children music lessons. Jeffrey had piano and violin lessons.

"I don't know how my father could afford it," he said thoughtfully. "It must have been a great sacrifice because he earned a very small salary and there were so many children. Sometimes when I think about it now I don't know how we lived on so little, but we never wanted for any necessities."

Accompanied by the usual childhood adventures, life went along in a placid manner for Jeffrey until he graduated from the friendly little district-school and enrolled in high school in Worcester. There being no later train, he went to the city each morning.

[Continued from page 41]
it's really a treat for a baby's relatives to hear his mother say, "Dear—dear! I just can't get him to eat his vegetables!"

At this signal, they're off, each with a screamingly good trick, guaranteed to charm a baby into eating. Usual upshot: a tantrum.

And it's so unnecessary—you don't need tricks if he likes the taste! Try him on the flavors and textures that have made a hit with so many babies—try him on Clapp's! Watch him eat when he gets food that he likes!

Dodge those family pow-wows . . .

BABIES TAKE TO CLAPP'S!

Get your baby's advisory council to make a taste test—they'll soon find out why babies like Clapp's so well. Vegetables are more pleasant to anybody's taste when they're canned at the peak of freshness and lightly salted according to doctors' directions.

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Yes, and it's the feel as well as the taste! Clapp's Strained Foods feel smooth—though not liquid. Clapp's Chopped Foods are uniformly cut.

For 19 years, Clapp's have been getting tips from doctors and mothers...you learn a lot in 19 years! Clapp's were first to make both Strained and Chopped Foods commercially, and they make nothing but baby foods.

Clapp's Baby Foods

OKAYED BY DOCTORS AND BABIES

17 Strained Foods for Babies
Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup • Vegetables with Beef • Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens • Fruits—Apricots • Prunes
Applesauce • Pears-and-Peaches • Cereal—Baby Cereal.

12 Chopped Foods for Toddlers
Soup—Vegetable Soup • Combination 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.
Still Pulling Them In

Continued from page 62

with his father at six o’clock and from then until school time he spent in the basement with the school janitor. “I believe his name was Pat Cooney,” Jeffrey remembers, “and between sweeping up and shoveling coal into the furnace, he taught me the basis of economics. He told me over and over that the ultimate wealth is in the soil. Some of what he told me must have soaked in still.”

This Irish janitor was one of Jeffrey’s few friends the first terms in high school. Everything was new to him—the city, the high school’s classical regimen. The conversation was almost like a foreign language for they talked of things about which he had never heard. He doesn’t make friends too quickly or push himself forward ever, characteristics that make him look skeptical on any immediate startling smash hit in pictures.

“Haven’t I always been about four years to get doing, no matter what I try,” he explained. “I was a senior before I got into the dramatic club.” He was also editor of the college weekly paper. It was during his junior year that he saw his first professional play. Eve Le Gallienne was the star. Jeffrey was deeply impressed. The pre-law course he was taking began to seem less important, although he thinks he definitely decided not to continue his law studies “partly because I couldn’t see how I could afford to go to college another year after I graduated from college and partly because I was stage-struck.”

HAVING decided on the stage, it took him about four years to get a foothold in the theatre. He worked at anything, at nearly everything. No job was too hard if it earned a dollar and no labor too tiring to keep him from working with some little theatre group at night. He taught English and drama in high school and the experience of teaching others what he knew about acting gave him more confidence to go on. There is a rumor that he quit teaching school because his feminine pupils all fell in love with him, but he says, “I quit because there didn’t seem to be much money in it.”

However, as usual, Jeffrey saved some of his earnings and, with his tiny bankroll, went to New York to try Broadway. Many “casting directors” turned them down. He got a contract with a minor company where he worked a long time. This was with the Barter Theatre in Abingdon, Virginia, where he worked as assistant stage manager, understudied the leading man and occasionally played a role. Each week a new play was presented at the Barter for two weeks, then one was sent on tour, driving in trucks with the scenery and props sometime for eighty miles and putting on the play in towns in three different states. It was a complete business.

They charged seventy-five cents admission but accepted vegetables and groceries in lieu of cash. I played only three or four roles that summer but it was grand experience.”

ASKED about fun and summer romances, he replied that he had no time for romance. “I had to work pretty hard,” he explained.

It was his earnestness, his diligence that always won him a recommendation for the next job. If they couldn’t use him themselves, his employers always managed to find work for someone else. “I like to work hard,” he said, “and I always found more work to do.”

Of course he is dissatisfied with his work. What good actor isn’t? “When I think I’m good, I usually look out,” he laughed, but he meant it. He is continually working to improve himself; to learn new tricks for his trade.

If I’m Typecast in Microphone Laziness,” he said critically. “When I worked in the theatre I had to use my voice. It grew in volume. In pictures they tune the ‘mike’ down so you barely have to whisper and I find I haven’t nearly so much voice as I had. So I stalk up and down the room at home and work with my voice.” He manages to practice a little on the piano every day, too.

He never sees the rushes of his pictures, he said, “I like to live in the present and be sure I would be so discouraged that I wouldn’t be able to finish the picture if I saw every night the mistakes I had made the day before.”

Which means that all through the making of a picture he saves his fears and hopes for preview night when he indulges in a fine case of jitters. That is the natural reaction of even more experienced actors, but to Jeffrey it means more than the success of one picture. It means making good for his family. It means, symbolically, that he can wear a white tie and drive a big car, although, of course, he wears colored shirts as do all the Hollywood men, and drives a medium-priced coupe.

The only picture he carries in his wallet is a snapshot of himself holding his sister’s baby. Not that he isn’t interested in girls. He is, definitely, although the girls at the studio complain that they have tried with out success to “break him down” as they express it. Jeffrey is not critical, he is pleasant and friendly in a detached way.

“I didn’t learn to dance until I was in college,” he recalls. “When I was a junior in high school I didn’t dance at all because I didn’t know how to dance.”

Missing a school party was a serious matter to him and that memory sharpens his appreciation of the good times he can have now. His friends think of him as lonely because he lives alone and doesn’t mix wholeheartedly with the Hollywood social life, but he denies that. “I haven’t anyone to cook for me so I go out to dinner every night. I see everyone. I don’t have much time to be lonesome.”

For months his name was linked with that of Doris Carson, a pretty actress, but he says their friendship was based on a mutual love of dancing and having a good time. Nothing so serious as love existed on either side, he insists. It is in a New York show and his evenings are spent with Pat Stillman, another pretty actress.

In resorted Ann Sheridan to the preview of their latest co-starring picture, It All Came True. As they were leaving the theatre a young college lad pushed his way to Ann, deftly slipped a handkerchief over her wrist and snatched it shut. Friends rushed to the rescue but the boy declared he had thrown the key away and not until a squad of police officers arrived with a master key could Ann be separated from her impulsive admirer. Jeffrey was shocked and said, “Ann took it awfully well.”

He can’t accustom himself to fake publicity stunts, although he didn’t say that was one thing he admires about him to be asked to take a certain actress out socially because it would be good publicity. And when he read in his paper one morning that he had crashed on Ginger Rogers and wanted to meet her, he was overcome with embarrassment. “Of course I admire her,” he declared, “and anyone would want to meet her. But why put THAT in the paper?”

He thinks he would not marry any of these actresses but reserves the right to change his mind. He has observed that often it doesn’t work out satisfactorily to have two careers in one family. “But an actress could retire and then get married,” he suggested.

Girls don’t occupy all of his spare time. Many evenings are spent with a book—biographies and plays mostly. The mention of books produces enthusiasm rather than the names of any glamorous girls could stir up. “She looks like a Viking, tall with ash blond hair,” he said proudly. “She visited me last summer and had an awful good time.”

Before he came to California he had visions of the streets lined with orange trees and thought it would be nice to own an orange grove. After his first option was taken up it seemed the day was near when that dream might come true. Imagine his disgust when, after a long series of tests made to discover the cause of his hay-fever, he was told that he is allergic to oranges.

While the average Hollywood actor is continually playing the local audience; trying to be seen at the right places and to impress the right people, no one matters much to Jeffrey but his family. His parents come first in everything. It is more important to him to make good for the sake of his parents than to satisfy his own ambition. “Every morning, before I go to work, my father always gave me his blessing.”

Now he has won their approval; his career is going along nicely. He is moving into the house that he thinks is suitable in which to entertain his friends. Those who come to visit him soon. First will come a younger sister, on her honeymoon. Then, later his parents will make their first trip to California. They will see for themselves that an actor can make a decent living.”
Enjoy a 27-mile-an-hour breeze all summer! You can—by turning on Duo-Therm’s Power-Air*—with the heat off. It will flood the room with cooling, circulating air.

The new Duo-Therm Power-Air gives you a cooler summer—and a new kind of heating comfort for winter!

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The Talk of Hollywood

[Continued from page 48]

...will be the bookkeeper and financial manager.

It's all Mama Withers' idea. She figures that some day, Jane won't be a picture bet—and then it'll be nice for the gal to have something else to fall back on—even if it's only a hamburger-on-a-bun. With onions.

Wonder if Shirley Temple doesn't wish she'd had a hot-dog emporium, too?

Landslide

■ Most Obvious Election-Result of the year came when the University of Pennsylvania's freshman class voted on the question: "With whom would you prefer to be shipwrecked?"

The vote, but UNANIMOUS, was for Ann Sheridan—and it was the whole class, not just the biology section....

Cinemagiral

■ A gal who looks like Hedy Lamarr Needs'nt keep books To know she'll go farrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr
Wouldn't We All!

Fan-Letter of the Month—came to Eddie Albert, from a life-termer in a midwestern penitentiary. Wrote the convict:

"I've asked Greta Garbo in a number of letters to do something for me, but I haven't had any answer, so I wonder if you'd be kind enough to get and send to me a photograph of Miss Garbo—in a bathing suit..."

Hell's bells, says Eddie, he'd like to have one for himself!

Moving the Mountain to Mahomet

Hollywood note:

When Walter Brennan found that the Oriental rug he'd bought was too big to fit the room he meant it for, he merely tossed the ends of the room torn out and rebuilt—to fix the rug!

Round Pool

Hollywood Note No. 2:

Because she wants to be different, Binnie Barnes is having a ROUND swimming-pool built at her new home—it'll be the only ROUND one in Hollywood.

Who'll Be Daniel?

Hollywood Note No. 3:

Because somebody sent her a five-months-old lion cub as a gift, Madeleine Carroll is having an additional room built at her house, which she'll call the lion room. It'll be barred like a circus cage, and that's where her pet lion will live.

To The Land of Leis?

Years ago, George Brent announced in a personal interview with Your Ol' Snooper that in 1942, when his Hollywood contract finally expires, he'll quit movies forever.

That's one story that George has stuck to—even though he hasn't stuck equally faithfully to his vows that he'd never marry. So now, with 1942 and contract's-end only a short distance away, George is already making ready: He has sold his desert hideaway, to which he retreated every time the Hollywood smells got too heavy for him. He's sold his big home in the Valley back of Hollywood, too. And little by little, he's disposing of other possessions which would be impossible to take with him when he runs screaming from movieland. There's a big produce market and two auto filling-stations which George owns in Los Angeles, and which are on the market, too.

Meantime, in Hawaii, George has bought a 75-acre pineapple plantation. And he's closing a deal for an 80-foot sailboat.

You can add it up for yourself. And your nearest travel agency can tell you the fares to Hawaii, girls.

New England Calls Bette

As this is written, Bette Davis is all set for her summer trek back to her 90-acre estate at Sugar Hill, New Hampshire. And there's no mansion there in which she'll live. Instead, there's the big barn which she's converted into living quarters—because she prefers the view from the hill top where the barn stands, rather than the view from the house that's in the dell on the property.

Do this for Your Eyes

ONE—Just as Betty Grable does, blend eye shadow lightly over your eyelids, keeping it subdued above and slightly darker toward the lashline. Choose a shade to accent the color of your eyes.

TWO—Taper your brows with Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Use black or brown to suit your type and note the soft, natural effect.

THREE—Darken your lashes with Maybelline Mascara—black, brown or blue. It goes on perfectly—no tear-proof, non-smearing. Solid-form in this stunning gold-colored vanity or cream-form in smart holder case is 75c.

Cind SEE WHAT THEY'LL DO FOR YOU

Just as Betty Grable's does here, your expression takes on new meaning. Your face has perfect color-balance. And your eyes are glorious! For they look larger, more luminous. The long, sweeping loveliness of your lashes is enchanting. Your eyebrows are graceful and expressive. Try these famous Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids today and see what they'll do for you. Attractive purse sizes at all 10c stores.
narrow," says Elsa Maxwell, "and she can knit herself a wonderful time out of life. With a sense of humor, a sense of proportion and the courage of your convictions, you can go a long way."

And she proves it by her own experience. Starting as a piano player in her home town of Koeck, Iowa, graduated from the "twinkle-fing's," to writing music. Then followed a devious trail that twisted into South Africa. There she blossomed into a tonic to jaded society. She taught the wealthy and the elite to forget their money and their stiff necks and stuffed shirts—and enjoy life.

Always over-weight (she tips the scales at two hundred now) far from beautiful, without benefit of a bank account and strictly on her own, she knew from the start that hers was no "come hither" look, and that people had to know her to succumb to her many charms.

Even as a girl she realized she had to know people to make them want to know her. Then she discovered that her sense of humor was the key that could unlock the old girls' society— and confidence. As a sense of humor comes about three-fourths of Elsa's bulk, she began to do all right. Not only in South Africa, where her popularity is national, but in Australia, South America, Europe and America.

Soon she became known as the great international Mixer; the outstanding exponent of concocting human cocktails.

BREAKING down social barriers fascinates Elsa Maxwell. And as social lines are considered unbreakable in Europe, that's where Mixwell Maxwell delighted to stir up a human mulligan stew.

How Elsa Maxwell rated invitations to the most exclusive social events of the continent and England and how she became a person of social significance not only abroad but in New York and other American cities as well, no one seems to know. Her work as a vaudeville pianist, then as a composer and finally as a writer never could have won such a following.

It was not because of family or fortune, as her people were just good Americans, unknown outside their own intimate circle— and she had no money. Nor was it because she was one of those pleasing, inconspicuous people who blended with any background and was at everyone's service, any more than it was because she possessed great personal beauty that shed lustre on any function she attended.

Elsa Maxwell does not blend physically, mentally or personally. She stands out like a sore thumb. She could no more be inconspicuous than a signal flare. There is utterly nothing neutral or negative about her. Instead she is strongly positive. She has decided opinions on many topics, an aggressive philosophy and sufficient courage of her convictions to "yes" nobody.

Not the glitter and pomp of France and Italy's most exclusive social events nor the dignity of English aristocracy and nobility could change her. In social and personal intimacy, she'd like to trim the frills off some of their shindigs and throw a party where people could have fun. And she did. A barnyard party in Mayfair, a 'loss' in Paris, a hard-tines parade lace and a cowboy jamboree there.

One after another, Elsa threw them, and one after another, dignitaries, grand dames, lords and ladies and young glades and famous beauties entered into the spirit of the affair. How. Maxwell's diplomats and English squires rolled up their trousers, donned false mustaches and "stooged" for the bubbling American with the insatiable desire to torpedo convention.

So when she was fun she was after, Elsa Maxwell's three-ring circus parties became an international topic. She and her entertainment made people forget their troubles, their importance and their complications.

ELSA MAXWELL is as proud of what she has done without beauty or special advantages of any kind as any glamorous girl is of her conquests. Doors that the most famous international beauties can't peep through, open wide to her, and, she claims, will open to any girl or woman who has a sense of humor, a little common sense, a mite of originality and the courage to be herself.

As for beauty; this woman, who is said to have more friends on both sides of the Atlantic than any other person in this country, "has a girl without a body." She can write:

"A fourth the time, money and effort spent on any one of a dozen different qualities," says Elsa Maxwell, "will produce twice the result. Prove it to yourself by developing your sense of humor, your individuality and your understanding of human nature—and then see how easy it is to write your own ticket."

"When you set your heart on making yourself beautiful you simply must keep yourself uppermost in your mind. You take yourself seriously, worry about yourself and center your thoughts on your own face and body. "That doesn't give you time or put you in the mood to think about others. And the way to be popular and successful is to get your mind off yourself and apply it to understanding people."

"I've been asked a thousand times: 'how can I become popular?' or 'how can I attract men?' or 'how can I be a success in my work?' or 'how can I have fun in life—like you have?'

"There's one little secret that will give you an easy answer to all these questions. Just You notice I don't say learn to like them. Because when you really understand them you'll like them. That's inevitable. As inevitable as it is that they will like you when you like them."

"The best way to understand people is to give your sense of humor a chance. When you can laugh at yourself you have become human enough to overlook the faults in others. When you understand their faults you understand them. And here's another secret: we love people for their faults, not for their virtues. A sense of humor helps us understand these faults and actually enjoy them.

"When we no longer take ourselves seriously self-consciously becomes a thing of the past. We're no longer worrying about others. We can mix and meet and enjoy all sorts of other humans. And mixing is the secret to popularity."

"Everybody loves the unassuming, natural, friendly girl with a sense of humor. They don't care how plain she is. In fact, the plainer she is, the better. She doesn't make them conscious of their own faults. They can be comfortable around her. She doesn't put on airs, and she isn't nervous from worrying about how she looks. Frankly, she is my favorite human."

BECAUSE of her feeling for the common garden variety type of girl, Elsa Maxwell delights to give two- spoon parties. She is a hundred per cent against the society girl who takes over other girls' work for the thrill of it. Nothing burns her up like having people ask if she threw a party, and asking those private parties to sponsor such and such a deb.

She was sitting back in the front seat of her car, her eyes closed, exhausterd from a strenuous day. It was a tremendous day, giving interviews, attending social affairs and making a picture at Warners' studio, when the writer asked her if she sponsored a certain widely publicized New York debutante.

"I'd like to make very clear," she announced, "that I have never sponsored any debut. And when I mean one who would take work from girls who need it. In fact I've never given a party to sponsor anybody. My parties are my own, paid for with my own money and given for my own entertainment.

"And if I did give a party for someone else it wouldn't be to sponsor a deb who spends thousand a year on publicity and crowds models and others. You have a chance to make a living. In fact my next picture is devoting to debunking the American debutante. I'm making it at 20th Century Fox, and it's called Public Deb. No. 1. It's going to be a farce, a farce, a farce, a farce, a farce.

"And for that reason you'd better not do it."
enthusiastic about the decor ... Hope this doesn’t mean any trouble in the Balanche marriage ... Joan Crawford had her usual wild-eyed reception from her fan club when she trained in ... Joan never flies ... She and Franchot weren’t very chummy this trip, what with Tone being at the proposal stage with Adele Jurgens (yes, a model) currently adorning Dubarry Was A Lady ... It’s the steadiest dating Franchot has done since he courted Joan ... Franchot’s tensile trouble forced an earlier closing of his show than expected ... He’ll rest his voice before returning to Hollywood ... Joan was seen about with her press-agent and studio officials ... She is still keeping that “secret” romance very secret ... She’s off for Honolulu shortly ... which probably means her mystery man will follow ... Irene Dunne returned to Louisville for the opening of My Favorite Wife and got herself a home town reception that made her cry right out in public ... It was so touching ... The exciting part of the week, though, was the running of the Derby ... Irene sang at the track ... and Randolph Scott, in the cast of Garson Kanin’s newest comedy hit, picked the wrong horse just as everyone else did ... Dr. Griffin, Irene’s husband, was another Bimelitch rooter ...

THE NIGHT SHIFT: The Hurricane, the club George Raft financed as a rival to the popular Beachcomber and La Conga, opened with a lot of sarong gals and tropical atmosphere ... The Beachcomber remains the stars’ favorite spot, however, with La Conga a runner-up ... the Jack Benny were at both places in one evening ... later winding up at the Eighteen Club for laughs ... They’re having trouble adopting that little boy they wanted as a companion to daughter Joan ... Gladys George and Leonard Penn ... At La Conga: Joan Crawford with a party of friends ... Franchot and Adele at a near-by table ... Joan was planning to watch the Derby run the next day ... Franchot was saying goodbye to Desi Arnaz who was planning out to film Too Many Girls for RKO ...

Desi’s afraid he’ll be lonesome after studio hours ... Hollywood girls please note ... Algonquin Supper Club: Adrienne Morrison, mother of the Bennett girls, after her return to the stage in Grey Fawn ... she’s giving to Connie and Joan competition ... A play agent for many years, Connie asked her to find a play good enough to bring into town ... Easy Virtue wasn’t it ... Mrs. Morrison is proudest, perhaps, of Joan’s success ... Connie was expected to make her mark ... But Joan was so timid and shy and plain ... Fredric March and Florence ... Greta Kellar, the Viennese singer who has made this room such a success, happy because Hedy Lamarr, an old friend, made the first reservation for her debut in a Hollywood club.
I Don’t Want To Be a Career Girl!”

[Continued from page 23]

quizzically, as if to ask, “How can a girl get sudden stardom go to her head, if she faces a few simple facts?”

“It’s ironic that I should have this outlook,” she said, “because I have a contract that ties me up for practically the rest of my life.”

“aratum” wasn’t the temporary aberration of a convalescent, who would think different thoughts when she recovered?

She shook her attractively tousled blond head. “No—because I’m almost recovered now. These thoughts have been growing on me through four years in Hollywood, and sixteen pictures. You wouldn’t believe that I had made sixteen pictures, would you? The impression is around that I had done only a half-dozen hits” before Rebecca.

She rested her head on the back of the terrace divan.

People wonder how little Joan Fontaine happened to get such a big role,” she said. “It’s odd, the way it happened.”

“I read the book when it first came out, and loved it. One night shortly afterward, I was at a dinner party, where I sat next to David Selznick. I said to him, ‘I’ve just read the most marvelous book—which should make a fascinating, unusual movie, if it could be made into a movie. Rebecca, by Daphne du Maurier.’ He said, ‘I hope it can. I’ve just bought the movie rights.’ We talked at great length about the story. He suggested that I make a test for the role of Mrs. de Winter.”

“A few days later, I did make a test. For a year, I made tests for—it at the rate of one a month. Literally. I re-read the book innumerable times. Finally, my agent said, ‘It’s no use, making any more tests. It doesn’t look as if there’s any hope of your getting the role.’ I agreed with him.

“In the meantime, I had fallen in love with Brian, and we were planning to marry. Brian said, ‘I rather hope you won’t be a career wife.’ I said, ‘I don’t want a career any more. It’s not important any more. I have you.’

“Three days before our wedding, David Selznick, himself, called up and said, ‘I’d like you to make one more test. The role is practically yours, and it will mean stardom and a seven-year contract. I just want to see a few more close-ups,’ I said, ‘I’m sorry, but I’m afraid I can’t make it. In just three days, I’m getting married. I’m very much in love with Brian. And I’m not going on with my career. There was this blank silence at the other end of the line, for a moment. No one had ever pulled such a thing on him before. Then he urged me to reconsider. Politely but firmly, I said I had made up my mind.

“So Brian and I were married and went on our honeymoon. We went to Benbo first, then to Rancho San Ysidro. And every day of our honeymoon—every day, literally —Selznick International called up, with a new argument for why I should take the role. Agents descended on us, honeymoon or no honeymoon, and this kept up after we got back. Finally Brian said, ‘Why don’t you take the role, darling? I know how terribly you wanted it once. And doing it should give you tremendous satisfaction. But you’d better be good.’

“I thought, too, that it would be tremendously satisfying. I understood Mrs. de Winter—who had only the very best of intentions, and tried so hard to please, and encountered so many stone walls. I knew exactly how she felt. I had a crystal-clear idea of how to portray her... People wonder how I managed to improve so, overnight, as an actress.” The answer is that I had a role at last that I could feel.

“And Alfred Hitchcock, the director, was marvelous. I can’t say enough for him. He was practically a Svengali to me. I could read his mind, know instantly what he wanted in a scene, just watching his face. Hitch has one of the most mobile faces in the world. Every reaction he wants from a character is unconsciously registered there.”

Jean smiled, sighed.

“But something was missing from the satisfaction. It wasn’t pure delight, getting up at 6:15 to go to work and not getting home from work until 8 at night; sometimes midnight. I had married Brian because I wanted to spend my life with him, and we just weren’t having any life together. That, in itself, was bad enough. On top of that, I was ill without realizing it. Half-way through the picture, I collapsed and had to go to a hospital for a ‘complete rest.’ They fed me things to make me sleep. Then I went on again. And then, when the picture finished, I collapsed again, and they found all these terrible things wrong with me, and I had to have this operation.

“There’s a little more to the story of how I happened to do Rebecca. Ironically, it goes back to the very first thing I did in Hollywood, aged seventeen.

“When I first came here to be with Mother and Olivia—her sister, Olivia de Havilland—‘it seemed to me that Olivia was leading an exciting life. She was in the throes of doing Captain Blood and Anthony Adverse; things like that. I shared in it to the extent of getting up at 6 to drive her to the studio (after she’d been back to bed) and picking her up after work. I was a sort of glorified chauffeur and second maid. Suddenly I was offered a movie test, myself—at 18—Mother had confidence in me that I can have a movie career, too, why not? It ought to be fun, a sort of continuation of what I’ve been doing all my life: making believe. So I made the test. I was seventeen, and I played a woman of thirty-five—The Other Woman, who lost Robert Montgomery to Joan Crawford in No More Ladies.

“George Cukor remembered me. When he was testing for Scarlett O’Hara he sent
for me, and I made a test, which he thought had possibilities. But David Selznick shook his head. "Her chin is too pointed, her whole face is too English," he said. 'Scarlett has to look Irish, and not so wistful. But Joan might do for Melanie.' When George told me, I said, 'I couldn't do justice to Melanie; I don't feel any kinship with her. But Olivia could.' He said, 'I've been trying to get her over here for a test, but Warners won't let her come.' I asked him to let me take a script home. Olivia read it-devoured it, went to Warners and begged for the chance to test for Melanie, and did. And got the role.

"George stepped out of the directorship of Gone With The Wind. A few months later, he did The Women, and sent for me to play in it. It was a small part, but it did more for me than all the other parts, all the leads, I had done. Then Rebecca came up. If George Cukor had never tested me for Scarlett, and if David Selznick hadn't seen that test, David would never have considered me for Rebecca.

"I owe a great deal to George Cukor and his belief in me."

If she could make a lasting impression on a director of the calibre of Cukor, why shouldn't she be excited by the chance she had now to make herself remembered by everybody—with Rebecca giving her a long start in that direction? Joan smiled brightly. "That's what people can't understand. They can't understand why I don't feel the need of it. That takes a lot of knowing, I guess, to understand me. I just wasn't made for Hollywood.

"When I was a child, I was almost chronically ill. I would no sooner get over one thing than I'd have something else. I had double pneumonia. I had rheumatic fever—with a temperature of 104 for two months straight. I had a streptococcus infection of the throat, at the same time I had German measles. Doctors used to shake their heads and say they didn't know how I managed to stay alive. That was my secret.

"LYING in that darkened room, too ill to do anything else, I used to day-dream. I kept myself alive, dreaming. In my imagination, I was well, having all kinds of adventures, leading a fantastically crowded life. Sometimes I lived in another century, but mostly I was a modern. I toured the world, I met kings and queens, I fell in love with international heroes and they fell in love with me, I did daring, dangerous, romantic, exciting things. Fascinating things happened to me constantly, I couldn't die, you see, when I had so many things to live for.

"When I was up, between sicknesses, there wasn't much I could do, physically. So I read, which fed my imagination still more. By the time I was eleven, I had read all of Scott's novels, all of Dickens. By the time I was thirteen, I had read all of Shakespeare. All of which didn't give me much in common with other children. Especially since I couldn't play as they could. And they thought dreams were silly things. I grew up, not knowing how to get along with anybody my own age, or how to talk to them.

"There were other contributing factors. I grew up in a little town named Saratoga, in northern California, where cultured people—artists, writers and such—had homes. Those were the only people I knew. I had a wonderful stepfather, but he was very strict. He thought that little girls should be taught self-reliance young. After school, Olivia and I had to come home and help with the dishes and preparations for dinner, things like that.

"Then, when I was fifteen, the doctor said I needed a complete change of climate. I went to Japan to live with my own father for a year or so. He moved in a cultured circle, among people with fine minds and gracious manners. I stepped from that right into Hollywood, where people slapped me on the back at first meeting and called me 'Honey.' I didn't know how to take it. And when I looked startled—I couldn't help myself—they didn't know how to take me. They got an awful bite of my English accent, something else I couldn't help, and decided I was a snob. Which, I insist, I wasn't. I was just a bewildered stranger. I wanted to get along with people, wanted them to like me. I just didn't know how to go about it."

She smiled wryly, remembering.

"Always before, I had been a person in my own right. Now, suddenly, I was nobody but 'Olivia de Havilland's younger sister.' I was dismissed as such—which was why I changed my name from Joan de Havilland to Joan Fontaine. People would come to the house, pass me by with an 'Oh, hello, Joan' and rush over to Olivia and gush, 'We want to tell you how marvelous you are.' I haven't changed a bit as a person. But now, since Rebecca, they're rushing up to me and saying, 'We want to tell you how marvelous you are.' How can I be too impressed?

"Then, so many dismaying things happened to me. I had been brought up to believe that willingness-to-work was the prime requisite of success. But my willingness-to-work didn't seem to get me very

[Continued on page 73]
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**PICTURE PARADE**

*TORRID ZONE—AAA-*

While the title of this Warner Bros. epic doesn’t sound very inviting during this midsummer heat, the swell performances of Jimmy Cagney, Pat O’Brien, and Edward G. Robinson, will help you enjoy this picture of “hot tampons and fiery love in the tropical country around Puerto Rico.”

**Hunt man around Puerto Rico is Steve Case (Pat O’Brien),** the hot-tempered, hand-heated manager of the Baldwin Fruit Company. Steve is also responsible for the departure of his estranged wife, Lee Donley (Ann Sheridan), as he doesn’t want any American entertainers around. Lee and Nick meet on the boat and again later when Nick is talked into remaining—just to fill one order—by Steve, and Lee escapes from the boat. Things really get warm when Nick returns to the plantation where Grace Anderson (Helen Vinson), wife of another manager (Jerome Cowan), welcomes him back—Warner Bros.

**UNTAMED—AA 1/2—**

For the second time this month we are called upon to witnessed Ray Milland in the role of a doctor and while we don’t object to Mr. Milland playing the part of a medic we think there must be something ominous about it. For while Ray’s interpretation of an M.D. doesn’t need de-toring, we believe the picture, itself, would have benefited if the story and some of its characters had avoided the services of the tampons supplied by the anti-climatic story based on Sinclair Lewis’ best-seller, Dr. William Crawford (Ray Milland), a prominent surgeon, is packed off to the wilds of Canada to recover from a case of alcoholism. While on a hunting trip in the northwoods with Lee Woodbury (William Frawley), his pal, and Joe Evans (Akin Tamiroff), his guide, the doctor unfortunately encounters a bear, necessitating his return to the post for treatment of a broken leg. Joe’s beautiful wife, Iola (Patricia Morison), has the responsibility of tending the doctor back to health—a responsibility which both apparently enjoy—as do the gossiping neighbors who have recently the intrusion of this glamorous city girl in their dull surroundings.

In addition to the bears and the blizzards you’ll find the beautiful Technicolor thoroughly exciting—Paramount.
far. I signed with RKO, and my first picture there was a little number called The Man Who Found Himself. I worked terribly hard in it. Several critics discovered me, said I was ‘a future star.’ The Front Office called me in, showed me the reviews, and said, ‘We have great plans for you. First, we’re giving you the leads in six B pictures, to get experience.

‘I couldn’t understand why, if I shaved starring possibilities, I should have to play six stereotyped ingenues. Why wouldn’t I be more valuable to them, getting my experience in A pictures, in second leads, working up to first leads? But they couldn’t see it that way. So I did the six Bs, and after six of them, because they hadn’t seen me play anything but an ingenue, they couldn’t think of me except as an ingenue. No matter how hard I worked.

‘There was a chance, for a while, that I’d play a small, but important role in Stage Door. Then they said, ‘No, the ingenue lead of Music for Madame will do more for you.’
They borrowed Andrea Leeds for the Stage Door role—and it made her a star. They gave me the feminine lead opposite Fred Auster in A Damned in Distress, but it was another ingenue role in disguise. They told me that Gunga Din would do great things for me—the feminine lead opposite two of the screen’s most romantic stars. I went on location with the company, worked a week, then came home. Six weeks later, the company came home.

“I kept reporting once every week, to find out if they wanted me. Finally I said, ‘May I see the rest of the script? I’d rather like to find out what else I have to do.’ I was greeted by a colossal guffaw. Had I said something funny, or what? They told me, ‘You’ve finished your part in the picture already.’ I walked out of RKO with that, and I haven’t been back since. They were quite willing to let me out of my contract.’

Joan shook her head. “I’m sorry, but I haven’t been able to convince myself that I need a career to be happy, I know that most girls in Hollywood don’t feel this way. Olivia doesn’t, for one. But I do.”

She and Brian live in a small, two-story, modified English house on shady Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills. They own it. The house is filled with beautiful old English furniture—with the stamp of Chippendale and Sheraton and Hepplewhite upon it. It is a house that mirrors Joan’s own English charm. Though the room that she particularly likes to show people is Brian’s study, with three walls covered by an immense colored aerial-route map of the entire United States.

“We just went back East to pick up our new plane,” she said. “The old one Brian had was an open plane, in which the passenger, sitting up front, broiled in the summertime and froze in the wintertime. The new one is a cabin job. We flew it back from Washington in easy stages; took four days for the trip, and I played navigator. I sat up front, poring over maps, trying to decide where we were and where we ought to be, and keeping a sharp lookout ahead for a possible place to land—something you have to do when you have a single-motored plane. The motor, sometime, might stall.”

“After we left Nashville, I was deathly sick, but I gritted my teeth and said, ‘Old girl, if you’re going to play Mrs. Lindbergh you’re jolly well going to be Mrs. Lindbergh.’ And I managed to cope with the unsuspecting citizens of Tennessee.”

With Brian a Briton and an aviator, there is always the dread possibility that he may be called for war duty. That possibility also has its share in making Joan want to spend every moment with him that she can. She really wasn’t strong enough to make the trip East with him, but she insisted on going.

Because she has a seven-year contract, she has to face a return to work sooner or later, “I was supposed to do The Howard of Virginia, but I wasn’t up to it physically, so soon after the operation. Now they tell me my next will be Jane Eyre. When I don’t know. Not too soon, I hope.

“I haven’t an urge to make another picture. I’m sure I’d be completely happy if Brian and I could have about six children, all freckled like me, and I could sit here watching them, with a basketful of socks beside me that needed mending. Can you understand that? And don’t you think I’m right?”

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NOT GOOD IN CANADA

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SHE OFTEN FELT "LEFT OUT OF THINGS"... HER GLASS SAID

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**AMEND'S Good Candy FOR ALL THE FAMILY...**

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W when he entered junior high he suddenly no longer hated school. It wasn't because he stumbled onto more understanding teachers, but because he met a very human girl in one of his classes who understood him. Says Ken: "She made life bearable. Not that I was ever badly treated in either of my homes; they just didn't know quite what to do with so much energy."

He doesn't pretend to have been a model child. Recently a doctor pointed to Ken as an example of super-health, complimenting him in particular for his extraordinary lung power! Ken doesn't hit the liquor. He's never gotten tight since a certain New Year's Eve when he and three drinks, became sick and the girl friend had to lead him out to the front porch and hold his head.

Looking back, Ken is glad he went to work instead of college. It was his mother who gave him credit for having sense. He recalls what she once told him: "Don't think of me as someone to whom you are bound by duty, but as a woman you like." He liked that. It gave him a grown-up feeling as well as courage. "She put up with my crazy notions and didn't squeal on me," he remembers gratefully.

When he wanted to try living in the foot hills she let him buy an old Model T for fifteen dollars to get him back and forth to their respective jobs in Los Angeles. One morning, when he was coasting to save gas, a rear wheel rolled off into a wayside field. "I stopped the car, and a woman came and asked what?"

So he took the telephone directory, put his finger on an agent's name at random, and phoned in an impressive voice for an appointment. When he got in the sacred portals he made such an impact his plea for representation that he was told to come back again, in three months. He did.

In the long run he secured the juvenile lead in a professional play on Vine Street. Having acted in night-school courses, in a dozen amateur shows where they'd paid off in lemonade, and having made the grade as an extra and then as a bit player, he was able to click before the critical eyes of the studio talent scouts in the audiences. He was ready to be signed for the *Loners* series.

He was beyond puppy-love when he fell for a girl in the insurance office. They had a date every single evening, for a year running. So today, when he declares he doesn't believe in long-term love stories, he isn't speculating idly. He's gone through the torture of wanting to get married. He continually shocked the conservative aunts with whom he lived. Gradually he convinced them it was all a lot easier to buy a car.

When the engagement was official he brought down a blast of disapproval by planning a joint vacation at Catalina Island. Still, he talked the aunts in to consenting, winning them over with his logic that opportunity is everywhere, and respect is solely in a man's mind.

Eventually Ken picked out the church, spoke to a minister, and had an apartment picked out. But he didn't march to the altar. He walked into the disappointment of not earning enough to support a wife. He sympathizes with every fellow in that spot because he knew her. That complicated break-up was the dramatic prelude to his tackling Hollywood.

He figured Hollywood could give him the glamorous life he wanted. He didn't know a soul at first. He had his mother's help when he'd finally gone with his mother. And his mother had no faith in this acting bug, it representing to her the toughest kind of sledding.

Ken had no pull, so he couldn't step into real parts. He made his start as a lowly extra. That was no snap, of course, since Central Casting emphatically assured him that they were over-registered, had nothing for him. So what? So he talked on and on until they made an exception in his case. Next, he progressed to bit roles. He roomed in Hollywood boarding-houses, and lived on vegetable juice. Even now when he's in the money he prefers it to a juicy steak.

When Ken found out that he'd have to get an agent to climb any further, he got one. Now agents don't waste their time with green bananas. Ken knew that. So what? So he took the telephone directory, put his finger on an agent's name at random, and phoned in an impressive voice for an appointment. When he got in the sacred portals he made such an impact his plea for representation that he was told to come back again, in three months. He did.

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**Would Live, Love and Learn**

[Continued from page 37]
shrewdly crossed just before the war mummed things up.
"I didn't want to be held down by any set tour, so I booked my passage and they rounded around on my own." He went second class. "That's where the amusing young people are!"

When he arrived in London he didn't head for a de-luxe hotel. Instead he approached a policeman in Piccadilly and inquired about a good lodging-house. Budgeteers may study Ken's European expenditures with profit. He got a nice room, with his breakfast in bed, for six dollars a week. His total expenses in London—for everything—averaged but four dollars a day. On this he saw all the sights, from the crown jewels to Madame Tussaud's waxworks.

IN PARIS he found a room in a Montparnasse hotel operated by a typically French family; it cost him but sixty cents a day. The pretty seventeen-year-old daughter, who attended to the chamber chores, practiced her piano lessons in the lobby. Ken was surprised to learn that a genuine nice girl in Paris doesn't wear extreme fashions, drip in fox furs; that's how you tell a girl is no homebody at heart! There is a difference in the two countries. The British are so leisurely. The French are so unconcerned about a front.

Ken was carried away by his visit to Italy. Among his unforgettable memories are the great times he had in Florence, with its wonderful art treasures; Venice, which is still glamorous, though the taxis are now motorboats instead of gondolas; and Rome. The day after he examined Pompeii's ruins Vesuvius erupted just enough. The Amalfi Driveingers in Ken's memory. He lay flat on his back in the rowboat that takes you into the Blue Grotto at Capri. Thus the highlights of his European trip.

Today Ken owns a hilltop site in Manhattan Beach, a quiet residential beach town on the edge of the Pacific. He's never wished to be tied down by possessions, so cannot decide whether or not to build on it. Meanwhile, he leases a bachelor house near by.

Expert with movie cameras, he has two projection machines and sound equipment to show movies in his own living-room. Creators of the best cars, he's tried five of the best make in bewildering succession during this past year.

Today Ken dates a string of girls varying from high school to college age. He gets along with the naive and the sophisticated, understanding both. He abhors planned dates, prefers to dash off somewhere spontaneously. He's not attracted by beauty, but by responsiveness. He notices a girl's mouth first. He avoids artificial women, likes a girl to be perfectly frank with him about everything. He vows a girl tips a fellow off as to her potential conduct by the way she looks when they're introduced.

He's never tired of doing the concessions at the piers, and a girl who can take a roller-coaster, shoot for a ham, and wind up doing the rumba at La Conga is a hony to him. He's acquired a workable philosophy of life and an emotional control which, for his age, is amazing. He dares to do and see what he wants and his fearlessness is paying rewards. Stay put? Miss anything? Not Ken! He's absorbed with the idea of living, loving, and learning in a big way!

Twice a week you can track him down at the Rendevous, the Birthday House's luncheon dancing room. He meets a certain girl there for tete-a-tetes. You see, he always has kept her miniature and she, too, has lived and learned. In fact, she's divorced the other, "staidest" fellow now—Well, where Ken is concerned the one sure thing is that something is going to happen!

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By

LOUELLA O. PARSONS

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Sanders — Saint and Sinner

[Continued from page 52]

a German, now lives in Berlin and he believes that his occasional visits to her have done much to help him master the German way of speaking English. Or to be taken for a German.

Sander studied some German at private schools and attended college at Brighton. By this time, he was certain that he wanted to be a scientist. Because of his mechanical bent, he switched from Manchester Technical school, where he studied textiles. Later he went into the textile business.

He was an outstanding athlete during his school days. Because of his extreme height (he stands six feet three inches and weighs 215 pounds) Sanders took up boxing and became interscholastic champion. He was also an expert swimmer and saved a man from drowning in the Thames, for which he was awarded a medal by the British Humane Society.

After his school-days, Sanders went to work in technical textile research, but gave this up when an opportunity appealed to him in South America. With a friend he went to Argentina and Brazil where he experimented in a tobacco venture.

Sanders claims that he "has skillfully avoided matrimony." From this you may gather that he is somewhat of a woman-hater, which is not at all true. His favorite type of woman is the demure sort, and such a person might prove victorious against his objections to marriage, inasmuch as George is strongly opposed to parties and would be easy to handle when in the company of one such lone woman.

GEORGE is something of a fatalist and makes no definite plans for the future. His ambition is not to become a great star but rather to be known as a scientist. He has already patented three inventions, which he does not however intend to leave theatres, but if he had to he believes he could make a living in radio. He has done more than forty-five broadcasts in England, and is one of the few people to see television.

Oh, yes, George sings! That is how he started his theatrical career.

About the time depression came along, Sanders found himself in England with nothing but time on his hands. An uncle suggested that he become a singer, and six months of rigorous coaching produced a rich baritone.

One night, while singing at a party, Sanders was heard by a producer who gave him a spot in the review Ballyhoo. Here his musical background came in handy. Besides playing the piano, he is adept with the guitar and saxophone and during his school-days he had a dance orchestra of his own. Besides singing in Ballyhoo, he was given part of a three-piece piano act.

Sander forged rapidly ahead from there. He appeared on the stage with Edna Best and then with Dennis King. He understudied Noel Coward in Conversation Piece and took a role in the play.

He played the brother in his first picture, Strange Cargo...the part now played by Clark Gable in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer remake of this film.

George also played one of the gods, prologue and epilogue characters in H. G. Wells's The Man Who Could Work Miracles. "I came to Hollywood strictly on a hunch," George told me in answer to my query. "You know, I believe strongly in hunches. I had several special assignments awaiting me in England, but had a 'feeling' that there would be something for me in the Cinema Center."

That this feeling was correct was proven when Darryl F. Zanuck offered him the "heavy" role in Lloyds Of London, and the part of the eldest brother in Four Men and a Prayer. Though under contract to 20th Century-Fox, Sanders makes most of his portraits in the Pictures, Confessions of a Nazi Spy, Nurse Edith Cavell, Rebecca, and the current Saint series are but a few of those films that seemed to have been "waiting" for Sanders when he arrived in the States.

SANDERS is not a member of the clique of Britishers in the film colony though he has many friends amongst them. Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier are good friends of his. He prefers to spend his spare time alone, working on his experiments or fishing up on his reading. At this time he is working on a thirty-foot cruiser, which he himself designed. Incidentally, George comes by his talent naturally, for both his brother and father are yacht builders in London.

"My idea of a real vacation," he told me, "is to sail the seas. But," he added with that quick humor and engaging manner so unlike his screen portraits, "I am strictly a fair-weather sailor. That is why I am building this cruiser to replace the sailboat I now have. Also, too many boats in sailing to suit me...I don't believe it necessary to take the rough with the calm."

Above all, Sanders' greatest charm is his sense of humor. He has a knack of telling a tale of horror-like circumstances in the wittiest manner. He sees most every occurrence from the brightest side, which is, no doubt, a great asset in these times of strife.

He tells the story of a recent trip to Europe to make a picture for 20th Century-Fox. When he arrived in London, he discovered that the script of the film was being rewritten, and he was invited to visit while with his family. Several versions of the story were done and when he finally arrived on the threshold of work, the director decided that he was not the "type."

George was neither surprised nor annoyed, for these two characteristics are not in his make-up. He simply decided to return to Hollywood and take up where he had left off. Just as he was about to set sail, he was notified to report to the company making The Outsider, in which he was to play the lead opposite Mary Maguire.

From that moment on," he said, "things began to happen fast and furious. Hitler marched into Czechoslovakia, the director's mother was then in Prague, and he stopped between 'shots' trying to reach someone...anyone who might know of her whereabouts. The most important rumors of war, the distribution of gas-masks, numerous instructions and drills on 'How to protect one's-self during an air-raid,' and oh, yes...my brother-in-law is a very busy person. To add to all this, throughout the entire filming of the story, Miss Maguire was dreadfully ill, and we never knew from day to day, whether she could complete the picture."

"Oh, yes, there had been there."

"Then what happened?" I asked breathlessly.

"Oh, then," he went on in the most casual tone, "I came back to Hollywood and became a 'Saint' once more."
JOHN STAHL
Director of "When Tomorrow Comes"

"N"O BODY is interested in a man's secrets, but when you lay bare a woman's secrets, everyone wants to listen," says John Stahl who has directed some of the screen's most successful "woman's" pictures including one of the greatest—Fannie Hurst's Back Street. "Women, particularly," observes Mr. Stahl, "cannot resist the desire to pry into the lives of women—first, because of the normal curiosity which is an attribute of any healthy person, and second, because that ephemeral quality, glamour, is sought by women the world over.

"If women, lacking it in the humdrum existence of everyday life, seek it outside of their own lives, as they do in motion pictures, it should not be scoffed at. I consider that a work of art. Any piece of entertainment that can lift a multitude of people out of its own sphere, may easily be called a contribution to humanity."

The veteran director, who has created stars for the screen as Belasco did for the stage, is making The Life of Daniel Webster for Columbia. When it's completed he moves over to United Artists lot—and this after a record of fifteen years with Metro and ten years with Universal. The announcement that John Stahl was breaking away from long-term contracts brought forth prayers from young starlets seeking that "break" that would catapult them to the top. They hoped theirs would be the studio he chose, for John Stahl is a star-maker if there ever was one. Irene Dunne and John Boles were only moderately-known players until he co-starred them in Back Street. Margaret Sullivan was practically an unknown until he gave her the starring role in Only Yesterday. Both Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer owed their start to him. Not only young aspirants but seasoned stars consider it a break to work under the guidance of John Stahl.

"Personally," he says, "I still fight shy of anything that smacks of acting, though I approach the matter from a slightly different angle. I became gray-haired through many years of the double duty of watching actors act and at the same time making practically superhuman efforts to change the lines and business of each actor, so that everything he said and did came to him with the utmost naturalness. That is the reason a director cannot decide, beforehand, exactly how to have a certain scene played. The actor must never seem to be acting."

STAHl became an actor at fifteen when he was doing his childish best to support Mrs. Leslie Carter in Belasco's Du Barry—for twelve dollars a week. During the following ten years he played in Broadway productions with occasional movie ventures. To reach New York from his home in Brooklyn—where he was born—Stahl had to pass the old Vitagraph Studios. Movie acting was considered disreputable by legitimate players in those days, but the $15 a day pay was a great temptation, and he was glad to take it. However, he would play only belligerent parts, so his face would not be recognized.

Today, considered one of the six ranking megaphoners in Hollywood, John Stahl is not afraid to admit that he has a formula for success. Utterly frank, he calls a spade a spade—instead of by some hifalutin' name. To him the eternal triangle is still a surefire entertainment ingredient. By this he does not mean the romantic triangle exclusively. Two persons contesting for any third thing create an eternal triangle. Another tenet in Stahl's directorial credo is that stories based on real life have the best chance for success. There is, of course, more than a formula to explain his success as a director. For one thing, he takes more pains in making a picture than any other director in Hollywood. When he was casting Initiation of Life, he personally interviewed two hundred little girls before finally selecting three-year-old Baby Jane.

Philosophically summing up his twenty years service in the film industry, the director says: "Two decades as a director have given me an intimate and thrilling view of the swift progress of an industry which has taken its place in the front rank of American business. Ten years ago no one could predict such artistic triumphs as Gone With the Wind, yet it is safe to say that ten years from now the progress made in this industry will be greater than that made in the past decade."

The talents of Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer were finely brought forth by John Stahl in When Tomorrow Comes.
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Up in the Air With the Stars

(Continued from page 53)

later the “gentleman” emerged, shaven and clothed and Miss Fuller recognized him as—
Don Ameche!

Tyros Toddler and Annabella are too absorbed to notice another when in flight to need more than the routine attention. Kay Francis makes herself more comfortable on a plane than anyone the girls could think of. She has, they told me, “a great adaptability.” She naps, reads, enjoys her meals and cooperates in every way possible... “we need cooperation in the air,” Miss Williamson remarked, “and we always will.”

Sonja Henie is intensely interested in the terrain over which they fly, wants to know just where they are at all times, wants every point of interest pointed out to her.

The stewardesses all like Dorothy Lamour. She is very much “like a little child,” they agreed, asking questions, asking to have things done for her... “Stewardesses, where are we going to?”

The stewardess in the silver jet booted, is 100 per cent cooperative in the air. “He has,” Miss Fuller told me, “a very deep sense of humanity. He treats people as they want to be treated. He doesn’t try to make people go his way, he adapts himself to their ways.

SO, YOU see, the girls must shade their “performances” with the speed of a kaleidoscope. Not only must they be tactful and charming when talking to the audience to Lape Velez, caterers to Frank Morgan, whilers-away of the night hours with Victor McLaglen, an occasional fourth at bridge with the producers, quiet with Jimmy Stewart, informative with Sonja Henie, mothering with Dorothy Lamour, folksy with Don Ameche, just themselves with Gable, but they must meet such emergencies as the ones I have recounted... They must be diplomatic and first class. Recently word came out of Tucson that no passengers were to be allowed to leave the plane at Phoenix, because, the message stated, the stewardess was a little asleep when they came aboard.

When the plane came down at Phoenix, the stewardess managed to restrain the puzzled passengers from leaving the plane. Almost immediately, I was told, about a dozen plain-clothes men came aboard and focused their attention on a quiet, pleasant-faced young man. They went through his baggage in the cockpit. They made him show his credentials. They couldn’t hold him, must have evidence. But after the gang had taken off again the young suspect called the stewardess to him and said, his smile as guileless as the Innocent he may have been (or maybe he did not)—“they showed me a picture of the fellow they wanted, stewardess, and do you know, it really did look like me!”

No repertoire ever given by a screen star has the versatility, variety and scope of the parts these girls play up there in the skies. The training they must have to hold down their jobs, the talents they must trot out for the benefit of their “public” is similar to the training, talents, even the photographic requirements of the screen stars.

There was a time when the stewardesses were not permitted to talk with the captain or the first officer either on the ground or in the air. That order has since been rescinded with the result that we hear, occasionally, of romance and marriage between a stewardess and an officer.

Their ages when they start work must be somewhere between sixteen and twenty-seven. A bit older than the Linda Darnells of Hollywood but then, a Darnell doesn’t have to restrain a gentleman from jumping into a plane without a parachute,” nor is she apt to be called upon to deliver a baby on the Milky Way!

They can continue on their jobs (Stewardess Frances Kyser gave me most of the following information) if their work is well done, irrespective of age, until they lose their youthful appearance. Which, when you think of May Robson, is rather stiff. The first six months they are flying their salary is $110.00 a month and expenses when they are away from the base station. For the next six months they get $120.00 and a five dollar increase per year after that until they reach the top figure of $140.00 a month.

I’m stopped here dead in my tracks, in my attempt at a comparative analysis. The Hollywood stars wouldn’t get Dorothy Lamour a jar of cold cream or swap lines with her in a social breath after a couple of months! During their six weeks school the stewardesses must study meteorology, history, geography, psychology, passenger handling, engineering, ticketing, planning of itineraries, time tables. They are required to “get material” regarding every mile of the route they travel so that they can tell you at a glance. The peak on the right is El Capitan 11,000 feet, the Guelph Range, highest elevation in the State of Texas. They must be able to talk on a wide range of subjects.

After the six weeks training is concluded, with an examination which takes the girls two days to write and thoroughly covers all the necessary points, they must make two observation trips in order to watch experienced stewardesses at work. They must have at least 1000 hours in the air before they are sent on transcontinental flights. On these trip flights they watch procedure of berth assignments, preparing of berths, serving of meals. They must spend several days watching the stewardesses in the same shoes, familiarizing themselves with the ships.

THIS is a training which, when broken down, is not very different from the training of young tyros in the various studio stock companies. For they make “observation trips,” too, visiting the sets, watching such trouper as Bette Davis, Spencer Tracy, Paul Muni at work. They must make their “trial flights” in small, bit parts before they are really up there among the stars...

The stewardesses must weigh in at not over 124 pounds—though stewardesses on the air have not been known to weigh anywhere near the pounds more because night work requires more stamina than the day flights. They must not be over five-feet-five in height—the same weight and height limits apply to the girls, too. They must be particular about their make-up, their hair, their nails. In fact, during their training a make-up artist instructs the girls on how to put on but make-up on and how to arrange their hair.

Yes, they are “prepared for everything,” these practical-pictorial stewardesses. In servicing the stars and “players” from every walk of life they play such various roles and every one of them is a superb performance!
When you see The Howards of Virginia you will witness a picture that has Williamsburg, Virginia, as its background—Williamsburg as it is today, a reproduction of Colonial days, with Cary Grant and Martha Scott. The scene is in front of Capitol

BUST-OUT-LAFFIN'EST off-the-script crack of the month came on Republic's Wagons West— Budapest. It was the scene where Chester Morris, as the outlaw Tom Cook, has the equable with his dancehall sweetie—the sweetie being played by Anita Louise. The bandit is accusing her of two-timing him—of having played him false. But the gal pleads that she's just a one-man honey . . .

"Tom," cries Anita Louise, "I've been true to you. I've never, never loved another man . . .!" Without batting an eyelash, Chester Morris departs from the script, and snarls: "———?—How About Buddy Adler I?" And it's fully five minutes before there's any semblance of sanity on the set, for even Inspector Llewellyn Landers is in stitches and can't call order. Thrice it all, the camera has been going—and they say that Anita has gotten the strip of film, along with the sound track of course, to give to Adler as a wedding present! Strangest production-stopping accident on the month's records comes from Tucson, Arizona, where Columbus's been shooting Arizona . . . It happens to Jean Arthur. Riding into the scene, Jean's horse gallops too close to a clump of cactus . . . There's a scream from Jean as a sharp spine of the cactus pierces her leg, but she coolly rides down into the call of her leg . . . In ten seconds, the leg is so swollen that they have to cut the boot away—and she shoots around Jean for several days, until she can walk and ride again . . . And now she steers her horse far, far, from cactus. The desert-worn on the set inform her that the cactus is the variety called sabino—semi-poisonous.

REMEMBER those queer contraptions Rube Goldberg used to devise, in his cartoons?—those sequential devices where A leads to B which leads to C and so on and on and on . . . Well, here's what happened, in the best Goldberg fashion, on the Girl in 313 set at Twentieth-Fox . . . Kent Taylor was lacking an automobile . . . He got away from him and knocked over one of those big side-line lamps . . . The hose fell over, hitting a step-ladder . . . On the step-ladder was electrician Bill Nugent . . . Nugent fell off the ladder . . . He landed on a canvass chair—one of the line up on the sidelines in which the actors sit between takes . . . It was Kent Taylor's chair . . . In it was Kent Taylor's brand new high silk hat, which he was to wear in the next scene . . . When Bill Nugent fell off the hat, it was too bad for the hat . . . It was also too bad for production—because they couldn't shoot the scene until they'd sent all the way downtown to get the hat back, and since the wardrobe department didn't have a spare one to fit Taylor . . . Not one to take chances with such a precious, and will be hard to replace . . . Gene Raymond . . . Those hats are too, too expensive to lose even more set, than is his trade-mark hair of

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**THE TALKIE TOWN TITTLE**

[Continued from page 17]

Anna Neagle, freed of the make-up she wore as the aging Victoria The Great and the grimly tragic Nurse Edith Cavell, emerges as her gay young self in Irene, and the other night Rudy was out, nevertheless, with Millicent Bachelor—and how'd YOU like to be a Hollywood columnist? [Continued on page 84]

In cast of The Boys From Syracuse are Eric Blore, Alan Mowbray, Joe Penner, Chas. Butterworth, Sam S. Hinds, Rosemary Lane, Irene Hervey, Martha Raye, Allan Jones.
seemed to stop for a moment. So many of my relatives and friends are there,” said Sonja, her eyes filling. “Ever since I came back I’ve been trying to contact them. Even the United States Government tried to get word through for me. It’s impossible. . . .

“We don’t know what has happened to our house near Oslo. I never expect to see it again. And last night . . . I went to the movies and they showed a new reel of Elvirum burning . . . I won my first championship as a kid in Elvirum. It was about the proudest day of my life. And there were all the buildings in flames and the little homes, and men being sprayed with machine-gun bullets from the planes.”

She had to wet her lips before she could go on. “Thank God my family are here with me.”

The story behind that throws a pretty revealing light on Sonja. (And goes to prove an old suspicion of mine that the Henie Luck should always be spelled with a P in front of it.)

When war broke out in Europe last September Sonja telephoned her brother Leif across the Atlantic. “Sell the business, Leif. . . Please sell it at once and come to America!”

Now the “business” was no ordinary kind that you can casually toss on the market. Henie Puss, Ltd. has been the family occupation for generations. They have been furriers to the crowned heads of Europe.

It was, for example, Sonja’s great-grandfather who furnished ermines for Queen Victoria’s magnificent robe when she was crowned Empress of India. And her father who supplied the pieces for George VI’s coronation costume.

So it was a startled Leif who told his sister, the Norwegian equivalent of “You’re nuts!” But Sonja persisted. War seemed a long way from Norway’s door at the time and she had to call three successive nights before he agreed to look for a buyer. In three weeks the whole business was signed, sealed and delivered.

Leif is blond, slim, and handsome. His wife is little and cuddly and very pretty. They thought it would be fun to visit Sonja for a few weeks. They’ll probably never be able to go back.

Mrs. Henie, who looks almost as young as her famous daughter, is arranging the new home for all four of them. A bright, sunny place with wide windows giving onto a swimming-pool and tennis court, out in Brentwood near the ocean. “We’ve always loved the ocean. Our house in Norway was on an island in the middle of a fjord and only about a twenty minute run by motor or boat from Oslo,” she explains. “When we were there last summer we started building a trophy-room. . . .”

It is a big room. It took five months to build and it cost thousands of dollars because it’s panelled in the finest northern pine. But the trophies will never stand in it.

Today they are in the six huge packing-cases that have been carefully trundled into the hall of the new home. Symbolic, somehow, of the uprooting of the old and the beginning of the new life for Sonja. King Haakon VII of Norway presented her with the first cup. . . . He used to send her a cheering telegram before every public appearance. Now he is an exile in his own country, having hidden himself from the ruthless Nazis.

During the invasion of Finland Sonja sent for the trophies. (Some twenty-three in all, including the one her father won as bicycle champion of northern Europe.) Then she decided it was a pretty silly idea and tried to stop them from being shipped. They were already on the boat. It proved to be the last boat from Norway that got through before the German invasion.

“I want now only to work, to make a good picture, to have fun,” said Sonja. “I have worked very hard most of my life, you know—and loved it.”

I nodded. I was thinking that that very fact may stand in the way of her happiness with Dan Topping. Dan is one of America’s first-string playboys. Sonja will never be a playgirl.

She hadn’t been back a week before she began going in for those three-hours-a-day skating sessions of hers at the largest local ice rink. It’s as much a part of her as

[Continued from page 46]
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Hugh Herbert has gone Spanish dancer on us. Does torrid dance with comic effects edged on by Armida who knows her rhumba, conga. Picture is La Conga Nights

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Ten-Minute Meat Treats

(Continued from page 56)

(1) Braunschweiger—perfectly smoked and seasoned, moist enough to spread, firm enough to slice.
(2) Liver Cheese—handy oblong loaf of liver sausage which slices for sandwiches, entrees and fying specials.
(3) Strausburg—mild but subtle flavor enhanced by pistachio nuts in its mixture.
(4) Salami & Cervelat—highly flavored with spices and garlic, these "dry" sausages lend seasoning to eggs, spaghetti and many vegetable dishes.
(5) Liver and Bacon—bits of bacon in a fine sausage mixture gives extra tasty appetizers and sandwich spreads.

Other excellent types of condensed meats is the moist-pack sausage of which the jolly little torpedo-shaped Vienna Sausage is a first choice. Add it to your menu platter, hot or cold, use as filling for tomato cups or tie in bundles or insert it on top of a portion of good old-fashioned potato salad. Then of course, don't omit the pressed meat loaf in its many convenient and economical forms—cauliflower or baked ham is a good example and so is pressed pork loaf, dandy for sandwiches, and tops when fried, baked as a whole loaf right from the can, and so on. And be sure to include ham, especially the tenderized ham which require only a short cooking; beef or lamb tongues. Dried chipped beef is also another fine condensed meat, long used by scouts and sportsmen. And, of course, be sure to consider bacon as a genuine meat with much food and fat value, and capable of much more glamor than when held down to the frying pan! Add bacon strips to your vegetable dishes, to beans and lima beans, combine it with flour or dough mixtures in muffins and biscuits, use it to hold soft vegetable mixtures as a "bacon cup."

SECOND trick of the summer is to make the utmost use of ready-to-use accessory products in planning meat dishes. Avail yourself of the ease and quickness of ready-to-bake mixed biscuit flour; use cereal biscuits as a simple but very tasty light starch background for your meat; don't hesitate to use a can of prepared mushroom or other flavorful sauce which may be designed for use with spaghetti, but which tastes like a million on hamburgers and lots of other light
meat snacks; have a packaged dinner once a
week—there's a grand packaged spaghetti
dinner in which the above-mentioned savory
Sherry mushroom sauce is included.

Third trick of the season is the shaving.

The less expensive your meat, the better it
must be seasoned! And here enters that old
reliable No. 1 boy, King Mustard himself,
indispensable for good flavor and taste every-
where! Mustard is a wonderful flavoring agent
and a surprise to guests. Spread it gener-
cously on franks before grilling them, add
to the basting butter with which you swab
your steak or hamburgers, and give a splash
of it around any cold cut meat platter.

Another fine type of flavoring or seasoning
is that which every hostess understands by
the term "deviled." The deviled mixture is
hot, pungent, and stimulating to the appe-
tite—especially in the older folks. There are
many deviled dishes, but one of the most popular is deviled crabmeat. And
now, for the first time the hostess can serve
her guests a deviled crabmeat direct from
American waters, for this new crabmeat
comes from the Atlantic, and is packed and
sterilized by American workers. The newest
idea is to quickly toss up a deviled crab mix-
ture and pack it into its own shell which
can be purchased separately for a few
cents. A treat-meal indeed, with that high,
wide and dandy taste that only a deviled dish
provides. (Make the recipe which follows
on a page 8 as soon as you lay down this magazine, it's so simple, easy and delicious!)

Still another example of a rich deviled meat
is the popular deviled ham, familiar to
all in its convenient can. This deviled ham
goes a long way because of its especially
pungent taste, and in many dishes or recipes
it is only necessary to add a small quantity
to give a full deviled zestful flavor. But let's
stop talking and begin to cook! Here are
some treats which every hostess will love to
prepare for they taste good, are highly nu-
tritious, and can be fixed in a jiffy!

DEVILED AMERICAN CRABMEAT
IN SHELLS

3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon paprika
1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire
1 teaspoon onion juice
1/2 teaspoon prepared mustard
1 cup milk or chicken stock
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 egg, slightly beaten
(8 oz.) can American crabmeat
1 cup fine dry bread crumbs

Make a sauce of butter, flour and season-
ings and slowly add liquid. Cook over mod-
erate heat until mixture thickens, stirring
constantly. Add lemon juice, egg and crab-
meat and heat thoroughly, stirring constant-
ly. Turn into crab shells. Sprinkle with crum-blinders. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) for 10
minutes. (Serves 4.)

There is also a special canned Deviled Crabmeat which requires only to be placed
in the shells, covered with buttered crumbs, and baked 10 minutes.

VEAL A LA KING

2 cups medium white sauce
3 tablespoons butter
1 pimiento, cut in strips
1 green pepper, minced
2 cups diced canned veal loaf

Salt and pepper
2 egg yolks, slightly beaten
1 teaspoon mustard
Toasted shredded cereal biscuits

Heat sauce in double boiler. Saute
pimiento strips and green pepper 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Add to sauce
together with diced veal and season. Stir in egg
yolks and mustard, and cook one minute,
stirring constantly. Serve immediately
poured over toast, toasted and buttered cereal
biscuits. (Serves 4-6.)

If you like veal loaf cold, then simply slice
it rather thinly, wrap around a couple of
asparagus spears, and use mayonnaise as
a ribbon garnish. Or, heat the asparagus, toast
the veal slices in the oven, use the same way,
but pour over a rich cream sauce. Some
like it cold, some like it hot!

HERE'S a quick meat-treat which will
fill up hungry boys or men any hour
of the day. It's a hot sandwich meal, but
see how good it will taste:

TOASTED CHEESE-MEAT
SANDWICHES

6 slices white bread
3 slices pressed meat loaf
3 slices American cheese
Prepared mustard
2 eggs, slightly beaten
Salt and pepper
1 cup milk
3 tablespoons butter
Dill pickle "fans"

Take 3 slices of bread and on each lay 1
slice of pressed meat loaf. Top with 1 slice
of cheese and spread cheese generously with
mustard. Cover with second slice of bread
and smear with mustard and toothpicks.
Combine eggs, seasonings and milk in bowl.
Dip each sandwich quickly in mixture and
saute in butter in heavy frying pan, turning
to brown both sides (add more butter to
prevent sticking). Serve immediately with
dill pickles cut thinly lengthwise into "fans."

Then there's that Ham Ring Shortcake,
but it just won't squeeze into the page!
However, it is included along with all the
other dandy quick-meat-treats in the special
leaflet prepared and sent free to all readers
who write me. The supply won't last long
so you better write in at once. Use the
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Ronald Reagan as Notre Dame's greatest football player, George Gipp, discusses forthcoming film, Life of Knute Rockne, with Pat O'Brien—who plays title role with weird romantics like THAT going on . . . ?

Cupid's Un-couple:
Natalie Draper and Randy Scott
There's a twosome that's now quite NOT!

And Randy, who will soon be entirely divorced from that rich dupontish wife (if he isn't already, by this time), is likely to marry Eleanor Thompson, another richie, thanks to the intake of the Thompson restaurant chain to which she's heiress. And meantime, Natalie Draper, ex-heartbeat to Randy, has switched to Reggie Gardiner, who's no mean stepper-arounder, himself!

Whittling's from the Hollywood—It's summer temperature for Peggy Moran and Director Joe Pasternak . . . Cesar Romero, the gay caballero, is twosoming it

Not all Hollywood girls with neat stems are in movies. June Deering, Ciro's cigarette girl, tucks flower in John Payne's buttonhole. Or didn't you look that high?
Luli Deste, who gave up her native Vienna for Hollywood and who has patiently bided her time waiting for right story, finally emerges in Universal's Ski Patrol with Bobbie Molyneaux these evenings ... funny how often Tony Martin just happens to drop in, staggish, at the nite-spots where Alice Faye and new boy friends have a corner table ... Judith Allen and Bill Davey have con-grauleled ... June Preisser's wearing a diamond-and-sapphire ring but she

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Olympe Bradna and Jon Hall cast as native Samoans, go into dance celebrating island feast in one of the scenes of Edward Small's, South of Pago-Pago

says it's NOT an engagement ring from young Eastern Millionaire Jack Hopkins ... the Johnny Weissmullers say it isn't so ... do the Edward G. Robisonss ... and the Wayne Morrises ... but don't be surprised! ... Actor Robert Paige isn't ringing Margaret Roach's phone any more, because he's busy on Betty Peacock's ... Betty's not an actress, just a secretary ... and have you heard Hollywood's latest pronunciation?— "Sextary" ... the Richard Barthelmesses celebrated their eleventh wedding anniversary ... Director Al Hall sent Lucille Ball ten dozen American Beauties the day she started work on her new picture ... that conflagration is only Margot Stevenson and Director Garson Kanin ... for his first wedding anniversary gift to Annabella, Ty Power chose a print of Suez—on account of that's the picture he first met her in ... don't be surprised if Nancy Kelly and Director Irving Cummings do the mandrins any day now! ... and Mary Healy wouldn't surprise anybody in Hollywood by marrying Actor Peter Lind Hayes right away ... Pat Stillman and Jeffrey Lynn should turn in a third alarm ... Connie Bennett and English Actor Richard Ainley still giving Hollywood tongue-waggers reason to wag tongues, while Gilbert Roland and

[Continued on page 87]
"I Don't Want a Hollywood Marriage"

(Continued from page 81)

breathing. In a recent newspaper interview Mr. Topping said, "Naturally I won't object if Sonja goes on working in pictures after we're married. That is her business and I have no intention of interfering with anything she enjoys."

Mr. Topping did not know whereof he spoke. He has never seen Sonja really at work!

They met last January in a New York night club. Dan had been separated from Arline Judge for six months when he persuaded a friend to introduce him to the little Ice Queen. Sonja, so the story goes, neglected him woefully for a dish of steaming clams because she got pretty hungry when she hasn't eaten for seven hours. (She never eats until her skating performance is over.) But with Mr. Topping it was a case of love-at-first-sight.

For a week she packed Madison Square Garden for a gross of $200,000. "The greatest flesh attraction in the sports world," said the writers. There were some who cracked, "She gave a Topping performance!"

In any event Dan was on hand each night to take her back to the hotel.

In Boston he turned up in a blizzard. In Palm Beach she walked out on the silver strand — and there she was.

In Montreal they went for a sleigh-ride with the bells jingling and Sonja's cheeks like roses. Now other gentlemen have trekked after the luscious little Henic but none so persistently as Dan. He was right there on the boat when she went to Holland.

All Hawaii turned out to give her an ovation. Schools closed so the children could go to the dock to greet their favorite. There were special bands and singing and a shower of flowers. A line of stars and he was at the head of it. (Not the ordinary ones but the delicate feather variety that cost $200 apiece.)

They chartered a plane and flew over the volcanic island. But I forgot to make a wish.

"Girls are supposed to drop something of value to them into the crater and whatever they wish comes true."

THERE is no doubt about Sonja being in love. Her face sparkles when she speaks of Topping. But she has been in love before. . . .

As Sonja says, "My marriage plans have been in the papers for quite some time now. And it's all great news to me! Once they had her marrying a Norwegian skater whom she had never even met. Another time it was a circus man. Just before she left on this last tour it was a ten-to-one bet in Hollywood that she would become the bride of Alan Curtis.

"The truth is I've never had a chance to meet a lot of people here because I've been so busy," she said. Five hours daily skating practice when she's preparing for her Ice Revue . . . Long intense days in front of the camera . . . Diction lessons, more study . . . Dan Topping didn't know about that routine when he said he didn't mind if Sonja worked!"

"Marriage has always been terribly important—and sacred to me," Sonja confessed. "I want it to be built on complete understanding and faith and friendship as well as love."

It may or may not be significant that the title of her new picture is, "Passport To Love!"

IT SEEMED such a little thing at the time—to let her husband believe that her father was independently wealthy! How was she to know that this one small deception would imperil her marriage—even her whole life—until she was forced to stake everything on a desperate chance?

Don't fail to read the poignant confession of this young woman under the title "WHEN A WOMAN IS DESPERATE."

In the same absorbing issue, you will find "I WAS IN LOVE WITH MY BOSS," a story so universal it might have happened to you. It is the tragedy of an office wife who wanted her life because she looked for love where she had no right to find it.

Other gripping confessions from life include "CHAINED BY HER KISSES," told by a man who almost threw away his own happiness because of a girl he couldn't forget, and "SCARRED LIVES," the tragic story of a woman whose life was wrecked in the aftermath of the last war, and who now desperately pleads, "DON'T LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN!"

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NOW, Dear Ones, if you'll just keep your ears tuned in on Ol' Man Tattler, you'll get the lowdown on these highly-col-umnized romances. Remember how Tattler's been telling you that this George Brent-Ann Sheridan "Romance" is just a lot of balloon-juice? Well—here's what George himself just said about it: "I'll put up $1,000—cash—at odds of ten-to-one that I don't step to the altar for three years! And that's no reflection against Ann, either. She's a swell gal—But...!"

And even Ann echoes him by saying that she isn't even thinking of getting married.

(So if they do marry, they'll make an awful trio of liars out of (1) Ann, (2) George, and (3) Ol' Man Tattler; won't they?)

THE Dolores Del Rio (she's Cedric Gibbons, you recall?) may be separated—but, the minute Gibbons' boat from Hawaii docked, he rushed to the phone to talk to Dolores. And so what?

ANITA LOUISE says that her marriage to Buddy Adler is going to be the exception that'll make alfalfa out of the old Hollywood adage that careers and conjugal bliss just don't mix.

Says Anita: "We're both too busy with our careers to find time to quarrel!"

HMMMMMMMMM....

Chas. Rhodes

Rudy Vallee, famous for playing the field, has favored Priscilla Lawson of late. She was former wife of Alan Curtis who is now carrying torch for Ilona Massey. At Ciro's

Ruth Foran ditto... Bill Lundi- gan and Margaret Lindsay don't need furs... Agent Wynn Rocamora, one of the Lamour alumni, nite-spotting with Gertrude Niesen... Louise Stanley and Actor Ad Randall have decided to call it quits—or are you tired of that?

IS THAT tycoon Howard Hughes' ring on Ginger Rogers' finger?

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Ilona Massey and Alan Curtis—They've got it so bad it really hurts!

Portrait of pent-up anger releasing itself finds Olivia de Havilland about to hurl a book. Olivia, who is usually under control, shows different emotional flair in Episode
Can Women Be Friends in Hollywood?

**[Continued from page 29]**

for a few British actors, guys like Colman, Flynn, Grant, Milland, this town would be an absolute matriarchate, which system of society is reported to prevail in certain savage tribes. The British male belongs to a particularly virile, headstrong and indomitable species.

Are women stars, these lustrous dictators of Hollywood, mortal enemies?

What’s the truth about those famous feminine feuds of Hollywood that crop up periodically in our public prints? Can two or three women stars work harmoniously in the same picture?

Is it true that Hollywood actresses are so busy that they have no time for friendships?

Do women stars have any real friends among their equals, or are they much closer with hairdressers, stand-ins, and others dependent on them in one way or another?

With such questions in my mind I went to Bette Davis, who has been my favorite authority on the inner workings of the Hollywood jamboree. Bette tells the truth, no matter how unpleasant it might be, or how contrary to the general opinion.

“I HAVEN’T any women friends,” she declared, speaking in that explosive, volcanic, and utterly feminine manner of hers. “I don’t believe I’ll have many women friends as long as I live. I happen to be a girl who definitely prefers the company of men—purely an individual preference. All my friends are men.”

“I’ve always got along better with men. But I don’t agree at all with the popular conception that women can’t be friends in Hollywood, that they are ‘mortal enemies,’ as you said.”

“But—”

“Oh, yes, I’ll agree with you that there’s an enormous amount of jealously in Hollywood. Every woman in this business is in terrific competition with other women, and we’re all actual or potential rivals, but if you analyze it you’ll find that it’s professional jealousy. And it’s a very good and healthy thing too.”

“I contend that two women stars can be horribly jealous of each other and still be good friends. It’s only when you are smugly self-satisfied about your work that you don’t envy others.”

“So much has been written about the quarrels and catfights of Hollywood women. In the public’s mind have been created intriguing pictures of one woman star snubbing another, of women indulging in temperamental outbursts at each other’s expense, of a lot of hair-pulling on the sets and behind the scenes, but so far as my own observations go it isn’t true.”

“It’s so much more interesting to read about quarrels than how perfectly charming Hollywood women are to one another—and publicity writers have capitalized on the fact. Women stars are more likely to have admiration than personal hatred in their hearts for each other.”

“If you could enter the minds of two women stars working on the same set I’m sure you will find each thinking of the other: ‘She is better than I am.’ They copy each other unconsciously, and imitation, after all, is the sincerest flattery. I’ve seen that happen time and again. As a matter of fact,
women fight more often with men," she giggled. She giggles frequently while talking.

The waitress brought her a plate of cold lamb, with sliced tomatoes and string beans. "Um, this looks delicious," she mused with wide-eyed enthusiasm. After a pause in this free-flowing conversation, she declared, "I think a majority of Hollywood women would sincerely admit the merits of their rivals. Personally, I find some good acting by a girl, I say to myself, 'If I could do that, I would never have to find a few vicious characters in any circle. I'm not saying that all Hollywood women behave as perfect ladies, but this town deserves far more credit for its good manners and friendships than it has received so far.

"But actresses are supposed to be very temperamental and child-like in their reactions, and silly, nasty things make better copy. And so, writers will either invent them or greatly exaggerate some disagreement or quarrel."

THIS reminded me of Marlene Dietrich's celebrated feud with Mae West when both were at Paramount and the latter's curves and swinging hips and come-up-and-see-me-some-time threatened to detract the blonde from any consideration of women's dreams and Hollywood's most noted exponent of sex appeal. I remembered Marlene telling me how, when she had married her New York theatre after seeing a Mae West picture, she was accused of walking out on it.

We all have read so much about the stars not having any time for intimate friendships. We know that all order, care and kindness from the friend in the traditional meaning of that word, you must devote time and attention to it. Many stars have explained this general lack of friendly neighboring relations in Hollywood do help to lack. They simply are too busy, they have no time to relax, to live as human beings, to see their friends, etc. But Bette exploded this popular myth.

"We have an enormous amount of time. True, when we work, we work hard, but we've plenty of time between pictures and over-week-ends to do what we please."

"The directors," she asserted, "are much busier and more particular. The stars spend more time on the preparation and editing of a picture than on actual shooting. But the players can bask in the sun to their hearts' content for days and weeks on end. Certainly they have far more leisure than the average stenographer who must work eight or ten hours six days a week."

"There are," Bette said, "sincere and fine friendships among Hollywood women." She was emphatic on that point.

"Hollywood women aren't different from professional and business women in general. They have the same instincts, longings, and food and comfort. They take care of each other and have children and lead a normal home life—which is rather difficult for us because of the demands made by our profession. But the desire is still there deep down in our hearts.

"Of course, success gives us a tremendous feeling of self-assurance and independence, which many men resent. But underneath that shell of brittle self-sufficiency average Hollywood actress is definitely more feminine than other women. I don't think there are more friendships among women authors or reporters than among actresses."

"I'm sorry," Bette giggled. As for hairdressers or stand-ins being on the closer terms with the stars they work for than other actresses, Bette doesn't think that's true.

"Such associations," she said, "are limited to booking hours and you certainly don't see these women employees in a studio socializing with the stars. Friendship in its real meaning is an alliance between two people who entertain for each other's sentiments of esteem and affection without being dependent on each other for their bread and butter."

DURING my first interview with Bette Davis about four years ago, shortly after she had won her first Academy Award for her performance in *Human Bondage*, she tossed several verbal grenades at Hollywood's established actresses. During in-Hollywood's gossip columns and the town, she declared that Hollywood can be the most selfish, cruel and indifferent place in the world for the newcomer, that nobody can ever tell you anything, and you have to find your way around by the old method of trial and error.

Bette, with her characteristic honesty which has endeared her to all who have had the pleasure of knowing her, said apropos of that first interview:

"I would be an extremely ungrateful girl if I spoke about Hollywood's lack of friendliness. It was my experience to have to go through a certain evolution to really discover this town and set things right for yourself. That takes time.

"Today I couldn't give out the kind of stories I was giving to writers then," she added.

"Much of what was written about Hollywood four or five years ago is no longer true. If friendships were impossible among women here when I first came to Hollywood, it would be impossible for you and your fellow actresses. You are now perfectly happy about my work and life in Hollywood, I've no complaints."

"Hollywood has become a very normal community. If women can be friends elsewhere, I don't see why they can't here. I know this is not what you expected me to say, this is not what the public has been led to believe about Hollywood women, but it's my sincere, and I may add, mature, opinion. When you come to think of it, friendship is the most precious and rarest thing in the world anyway, and we can't expect to be more than one or two friends no matter where we live. I mean real friendship.

"On the surface, Hollywood women are considered shallow and charming to one another. They act like ladies, as members of a civilized and urbane community, but of course I wouldn't know how they feel about other women deep down in their hearts. They lack that professional simper of theirs, which as I said is a very good and healthy thing, affect their personal relations."

"As for me," she continued, "I prefer the company of men—at most women don't. But let's not jump to hasty conclusions. Women can't be friends in Hollywood, because I don't think it's true. There's nothing in Hollywood to prevent sincere friendships among women, and it's purely an individual matter whether or not an actress has women friends."

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**NEW ENGLAND ART PUBLISHERS**

DEPT. 491

NORTH ABBINGTON, MASS.

**PAULETTE PICKS HERSELF TO PIECES**

(Continued from page 27)

Caldwell, New Jersey, I traveled with her.

"But if things don't happen to me, I make them happen. I love change. I feed on excitement. I am temperamentally a vaudeville woman, with a lot of quick turns and lightening changes. Shifting moods and fittin' fancies suit my book. I don't want roots."

"Right now, for instance, I'm wishing I could trade my boat for a plane, turn in the captain for a pilot! Then I could take off and cover the country, then I'd really have wings."

"So, of course, I have a feeling of boredom at the monoton of always having the same face. Suppose we had to go through life wearing the same dress, same cut, same color, same accessories, horrible idea. Yet we do have to go through life wearing always the same facial makeup."

I'm more than resentful, I reject it, she added, "people ask me when I want to retire I say, 'at about 90. Then I'll go on a health regime and try to live another 90 years.' Death is the only bad thing. I'm not afraid of it, I'm just afraid of it. So long as I am alive and healthy, it's all fun and I'm happy."

"But I was talking about the sameness of the Goddard face, wasn't I? Well, I look at it and I don't see the Goddard face. I think: Great Heavens, that eye-lash, that mole on my nose... no, it doesn't show on the screen... there they are, I think, changeless and unchanging. That's one reason, I suppose, for my success. I wanted to escape from myself. Not once or twice but many times."

My forehead, for instance, I sighed Paulette. I'm looking at it but I'm not seeing it and I think: Half-wits go around with a forehead freezing to the winds like this..." (She has the most magnificent teeth I've ever seen. And her face has evolved into almost a thousand smiles.) "They make wavy shadows on her smooth, tan cheeks. But I didn't mention these pleasant facts. Paulette, you feel, would chuck that compliment."

And yet I really am a bit of a sybarite, I realize, and yet I want to be pleased with some feature of her person and she said:

"My best feature is the line from here to here," and she rose and turned to me in profile and indicated the line a few inches above her redder-lentier waist to the line a few inches below her bee's hips... "above the waist to what-not," she said, "that's every girl's best feature. It's certainly mine. I love to wear the new, strong dresses because they show off that line to the best advantage."

**CLOTHES**

Paulette admitted, are important to her, but especially clothes for pictures. When she was planning her wardrobe for Chaplin's The Dictator, in which she had finished a couple of weeks before, she had, at first, visions of some charming little American peasant frock. Simple but effective. She ended by wearing a department store basement garment, price $1.45.

For when she got into the ghetto scenes the charming little peasant frocks looked glaringly out of place, out of key, too charming to be suitable. Paulette admits that she just sat down and cried when she had to discard them. Until she wore the base-ment gingham and realized that she looked right in it, right for what she was doing, where she was doing it.

"But off the screen," she was saying, "I usually wear sweaters. I have stock of sweaters. I knit myself. I give stocksp of them away, too. It's a common sight to see half-a-dozen girls on the lot, hairdressers, waitresses, script girls, coming upon me, all wearing Goddard knits!"

But the sweater-simplicity of Paulette's off-screen wardrobe doesn't mean that she is a bucolic maid who likes cotton frocks and buttermilk. Not Paulette. She does like daffodils, not orchids. But mostly because, she told me, they mean that Spring is coming.

She has a healthy appetite, likes everything to eat, "but particularly caviar." Caviar blinis (a la Russe) are, definitely, her favorite food. And the anecdote went the rounds that when, recently, Lady Castlereux was visiting Paulette, she went away saying of the Goddard food, "I have never touched anything ever passed my lips but caviar blinis!"

Paulette does like luxurious limousines, mostly because she hates to ride on streetcars. She said, "they make me sick to my stomach. I have driven and I have been driven in her, as a model for Hattie Carnegie, she spent on clothes. She told me:

"I bought myself a huge, black velvet hat, a black satin dress and a magnificent red rose which Ella and Charles Goddard then went home looking like Peg O' My Heart. My mother swooned."

"I'M EXTRAVAGANT, yes. About everything. I think a girl should be extravagant. I think girls should be spoiled. Because then they are kind to others. Spoiling really means loving, anyway. What else? And if loving people doesn't bring out nice qualities in them it's because they haven't got any and so, no matter how you treat them, it doesn't matter."

"I think women should be independent. I'm not, but that doesn't alter my point of view. I know that women's greatest strength is her weakness or dependence. Her greatest fault is her."

Paulette isn't domestic. She can't cook. She doesn't do anything around the house except garden. She doesn't even plan menus. Her mother does all that for her. She said, "I like to be able to ring a bell and be surprised! I'd really like to be able to ring and say—'Room Service, please!' I suppose this comes from being 'conditioned' to hotels at an early age."

Most of her tastes are on the sybaritic side... when she isn't wearing sweaters, for instance, or even when she is, she likes absence of color in her clothes. She likes to wear black and skin color. In her home, however, particularly in her bedroom, she uses bright colors—bright yellow with one big red piece, or purple. "Color gives me a thrill," she told me.

The books she uses to read depend on the mood she is in. Her favorite short story is James Joyce's Clay. Her favorite poem is Thompson's Hound of Heaven. She adores Cuban or Spanish music and her favorite radio program is Orson Welles.

But Paulette is complex. A sybarite, she is something of a Spartan. She isn't the lazy, luxury-loving, breakfast-tray-in-bed type. She gets up with the birds. She is athletic and her favorite sport is, she told me, "any
When she has an evening off, she likes to go dancing. "Because," she said, "I go so seldom, I guess. Now it is an Event."

Her worst fault, she confessed, is romancing, telling stories, dreaming things up...

"I get so carried away with something I'm saying, that I can believe it myself. I have, also, the volatile habit of being able to believe something one day and something quite opposite the next day. Very confusing for the people who live with me. They never know which side of the fence I am on."

Paulette doesn't belong to any clique here in Hollywood. She said, "my friends are of different kinds." She isn't the kind of a girl to have any close girl friends. Perhaps because she's had too much of herself, too many confidences. It isn't her way to discuss herself, even with those closest to her. If ever she is asked, "where are you going? What are you going to do?" the attack direct sends Paulette into her cool shell and the answer is—"I don't know."

People in Hollywood know far less about Goddard than do they about Garbo. Garbo's "Won't Talk" stance is said to be publicity tactics. Paulette's is personal prejudice. She says, "it bores me to talk about myself, it must bore other people." It is, also, advice from Chaplin who, after she made Modern Times and there was no other picture planned for her, advised her not to give interviews, not to be in the public eye or ear lest people tire of her before ever she had done enough to justify publicity.

Disliking then to talk about herself, Paulette loves to listen to other people talk. She's inordinately curious about other people. And enormously sympathetic. She makes no confidences herself but many a girl with a problem, in trouble, goes to Paulette and gets the help that heals. She would, she told me, make a crack interviewer because she would probe and question with such honest interest and avidity. She studied psychology at U. C. L. A. for two-and-a-half years during a time she wasn't working, just because she wanted to know what makes people tick.

HER favorite way of taking a holiday is to go on a trip. Her very favorite holiday is to go to Singapore and the Dutch East Indies.

"They're a complete change," she said, "like being dropped into different worlds..."

She added, "different worlds are my idea of heaven."

She has only one fear but it rides her... "fear about my work," she said. "I get nervous, I worry so. It's the only thing that's got me licked. It's such a fear that I freeze and I have to break it and thaw myself out. It's because I have such a respect for acting. Little, tiny mishaps throw me into dungeons of discouragement..."

"When my hair broke off, for instance after a permanent... I was Calling All Cars. I was going to Tahiti... And when Sam Goldwyn fired me four times after I made Kid From Spain I went around looking like the ghost of a Zombie!"

"But that's only fear," said the girl Charles Chaplin discovered, "and I'm beginning, now, to get the best of it. When I did the fight scene in The Women, for instance, I didn't have an inhibition to my name. I bit Rox Russell with the most divine unself-consciousness! I'm breaking the ice that congealed me and while I'll never be satisfied with my "that's all right," it is better for me because it means changing and moving and striving and unrest. It means being forever in flight and that's what I want..."

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**FAWCETT'S BREEZY POINT LODGE**

**PEQUOT LAKES • MINNESOTA**
WORLD WAR II has certainly put a large crimp into the American movie market in Europe . . . Germany has been out of this picture for some time, ditto Russia, ditto the Balkans . . . France hasn't been taking many Hollywood imports . . . Neither have the Scandinavian countries . . . and the same applies to Italy and the United Kingdom . . . Belgium is more or less a shambles, and while much of Holland remains, you can't expect refugees to flock to movie theatres in any of the devastated regions when the first thing to interest them is self-preservation . . . But we should concentrate on a bigger Hollywood drive on South America and other Pan-American countries . . . We should start immediately on a bigger and better sitzkrieg—get the Pan-Americans in our hemisphere (including the U.S.A.) into the theatres where they can sit and watch American movies . . . To those not immediately affected by the war (such as the European countries) our movies offer a means of escape . . . Particularly does this apply to America at this time . . . We are getting such heaping gob of gloom and misery in the headlines that one way to preserve some semblance of sanity and balance is to find escape in the movie theatres . . . The newsreels from the theatre of war are not showing much actual combat . . . it's too dangerous—and would be against military orders to attempt to shoot it except for the archives of the nations engaged . . . The press makes it vivid enough without searching for actual battle shots, though scenes of confusion, desolation and devastation among the refugees—the hapless victims of the war—are coming through . . . Which reminds me there are features coming through that take us far away from the war . . . Of course Hollywood producers are conscious of news and headlines . . . and many will naturally vary their policy of "sweetness and light" with "realism and shadow" . . . but at this particular crisis wouldn't you rather see *Eden*, the *Man*, *Rebecca*, *Bramwell Young*, *The Westerner*, *All This, and Heaven Too*, *Brooklyn Bridge*, *How Green Was My Valley*, *Topper Returns, They Knew What They Wanted, Niagara Falls*, *Our Town*, *The Biscuit Eater, Buck Benny Rides Again*, *I Married Adventure, My Favorite Wife*, *Spring Parade, No Time For Comedy*, *The Life of Knute Rockne, Lilian Russell, Susan and God, Strike Up the Band*, *Andy Hardy Meets Debutante and Pride and Prejudice?*. . . . Still can't get over the magnetic "pull" of *Rebecca*, which I saw three times . . . Here is a perfect story, told perfectly in cinematic form, with a place for everything and everything in place—from settings to photography—from dialogue to detail—from direction to interpretation—from accumulating interest to rich climactic suspense . . . I've never seen better direction, especially in the thorough grasp of the story, its motivation and the manner in which the players are guided . . . Joan Fontaine is inspired here and Director Hitchcock certainly brought forth her genius for capturing moods of characterization . . . Joan, herself, in this very issue of *Motion Picture* tells a complete, all-revealing account of how she strove to win the part of *Mrs. de Winter*—and having won it, giving credit to Hitchcock for the heights she attained . . . Joan is no longer a queen of B's . . . she's in the A class . . . Yet she doesn't care whether she's A or B or even Z—considering the nervous tension which accompanies ambition . . . Striking such a human attitude, it's no wonder she was able to humanize *Mrs. de Winter* so capably.

YOU forget time and environment from the moment Joan's rich voice read offscreen, "Last night I dreamt I was back in Manderley again," to the last cry, "Max, Max!" and leaps into his arms . . . another unforgettable picture is *Our Town*—which is as human and tender as a sympathetic approach can make it . . . To make such good pictures as these, indicates that all concerned, from the technical director and players, loved their job, knew instinctively it was something worthy of their supreme effort . . . Somehow one's mind goes back to the war . . . and you wonder about Scandinavians Garbo and Henie tasting bitter fruit—particularly Sonja, who has no inkling of what has become of her house, recently completed, in Oslo . . . But life goes on and Sonja finds compensation in having her family with her—and perhaps a husband soon . . . Some day the tempest of wrath will blow away and it'll be a better world to live in . . . It'll certainly be a much better world over here for those Europeans who have found sanctuary in Hollywood . . .

A large European colony thrives there now, and when the war ceases many more will break old world ties to join it . . . Meanwhile, Britisher Vivien Leigh has taken New York like Hitler took Holland . . . Within a radius of seven Broadway blocks her name is in lights on four theatre marquees—with three of these theatres starring her on the screen, and the fourth in the Bard's *Romeo and Juliet*. . . . Such is the onward march of fame, popularity and talent . . . She has.compered Broadway with *Gone With the Wind*, *Waterloo Bridge*, *21 Days Together* and *Romeo and Juliet* . . . Any New Yorker or visiting fireman can catch her in the crinolines of *Scarlett* or the flowing robes of that Capulet girl from *Verona*. . . . or even wearing modern apparel . . . No star has ever made such a record, appearing simultaneously on three movie screens—and once actually in the flesh.

**COMMENTS ON THIS HERE PICTURE BUSINESS**

**By LARRY REID**

The world's foremost newspaper woman, Louella Parsons, is writing for *MOTION PICTURE*. She makes her debut next month in the September issue with a series of six articles under the general heading of YOUR HOLLYWOOD—AND MINE.

The first article will present THE GREAT LOVES OF HOLLYWOOD—of Yesterday and Today.

No writer can reveal Hollywood like Louella Parsons. In this series of six articles, beginning with September and continuing through February 1941, she will give you the complete, intimate, romantic, glamorous Hollywood.

She will bring to you its Great Loves, its Great Glamor Girls, its Great Social Queens, its Famous Families from out of the Past and Present.

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YOUR HOLLYWOOD—AND MINE BY LOUELLA PARSONS

FIRST OF A SERIES WRITTEN EXCLUSIVELY FOR MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

THIS MONTH’S COLOR PORTRAIT: CARY GRANT
Salute TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF AMERICA

“Buddy” Brown, Gloria Jean and “Betch” Lenhart, appearing in Universal Pictures

FROM cover to cover and coast to coast, America’s boys and girls—and their parents, too—are reading WHIZ COMICS, the comics magazine that has everything: Clean, wholesome adventure stories illustrated in exciting, full-color drawings and told in giant type that’s easy to read.

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MOTION PICTURE'S FASHION SPOTLIGHT

By CANDIDA

CANDIDA, Motion Picture's Fashion Editor, again invites you window shopping to note the fashions worn in Hollywood, the nation’s style center. Using this column as index, turn the pages with her, and adapt these starworn clothes to your own wardrobe.

An evening fashion that’s not too old for Judy Garland, nor too young for you—her flowered, ribbed silk dress with flattering round neck, cape sleeves, basque waist and shirred full skirt. (page 19)

Norma Shearer (page 24) picked stripes for a smart dinner dress. You can’t go wrong with them, summer or fall, so start thinking now about striped or plaid wools for your first football game.

Barbara Stanwyck always looks well in sporty things. This time she chose the short pleated sleeves for her hand-tailored waist. Note the open cuff of her ever-right pigskin gloves. (page 25)

Carole Lombard, same page, matches a scarf with the polka dots of her dress, showing a little hair in front. Fall hats are built for back of the head wearing, so wave your pompadour outside yours!

Pearls and more pearls! Laraine Day, page 28, wears several strands—good with evening or day clothes, to dress up a plain neckline. Try a string of huge colored pearls with your classic pull-over sweaters, for class or home.

That off-the-face bonnet of Katie Hepburn’s is just as good in felt for fall as it was in straw for summer (page 31). For dressier clothes, try pleating a band of ribbon around the edge—it gives a flattering new look!

Rita Hayworth’s lame dinner gown (page 34) has shirring from under the bust to hips—a style note fall day and evening dresses follow.

The feminine touch in neck details perks up Paulette Goddard’s classic cashmere sweater (page 48). Her sporty leather belt looks neat on the huge checkerboard plaid of her skirt. Try wearing two link bracelets, or a double one as she does, for added dash!

What if it is a costume picture?—Linda Darnell’s bonnet, the basque bodice and peplum of her dress, the shawl collar of her cloak (page 48) are all worth noting for their influences on today’s clothes.

Candy is dandy, and candy stripes in a soft blouse are ever better! Gail Patrick likes hers running both horizontally and vertically. Like the tie neck, shirred bosom and new-looking bishop sleeves (page 49).

If you do wear slacks, be sure that they are as faultlessly tailored as Maggie Sullivan’s; that their press is always in! Gabardine and corduroy are fabrics to watch for in slacks, fall sports clothes.

Look for MOTION PICTURE’S Fashion Spotlights again next month! We’ll be back for more star-gazing at styles!
HERE ARE THE LATEST INSIDE ANSWERS TO HOLLYWOOD'S ROMANCES, WEDDINGS, SPATS, DIVORCES AND BLESSED EVENTS

By HARRY LANG

things and into a marital set-up with Brian Aherne. At that, Olivia decided that with all the attention Sis was getting, maybe she'd better come down off her lily-white and go human herself. That's about the time she and Stewart started palpitating.

Said palpitations have worked up to a spot where, now, something's GOT to be done! The principals themselves—Jimmy and Olivia—won't answer any leading (or misleading) questions. They do deny they're "engaged"—but they don't deny they may get married (and ain't THAT silly, mah-mah?!)

And they're taking it seriously. So seriously that they've served notice on their studio that they DON'T want to make gooey stills together, and they DON'T want to be cast in the leads of any romantic picture together, either.

Olivia says since she feels the way she does about Ji-jim-m-meeeee in real life, she'd be awf 'ly terr'bly embarrassed at making love with him in front of a camera and everybody.

[Continued on page 77]

Warner's new English star, Elizabeth Earl, debuts in River's End. Was dramatic schoolmate of Vivien Leigh. Is 5 ft. 5 in. tall, weighs 117 lbs. Unmarried

Cupid's Couplet:
Richard Ainley and Connie Bennett
Acting still as if they mennett!

Prime izzit-or-aintit romance of the season in Hollywood is still the Jimmy Stewart-Olivia de Havilland going-on! Not that there's any doubt but what there IZZ a romance—but the doubt is: will it jell into matrimony? And-or when?

Far back are the days when Olivia, soulfully abnegating all earthly things and thoughts, swore that she'd never be wedded to anything but her ART— and she didn't mean Art Shaw, either. Art was okeh for Olivia, until sister Joan hopped right out of ethereal

The Doug Juniors present daughter Daphne in first photo. Pop says if baby behaves as well before camera in future she'll sure carry on family tradition.
EVEN IF I'M "ALL IN" AT BEDTIME I NEVER NEGLECT MY ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL WITH LUX SOAP

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HAVE YOU FOUND the right care for your skin? Claudette Colbert tells you how to take an ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL with Lux Toilet Soap. Here's a gentle, thorough care that will give your skin protection it needs to stay lovely. Lux Toilet Soap has ACTIVE lather that removes dust, dirt and stale cosmetics thoroughly from the skin—does a perfect job. Try Hollywood's ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS for 30 days. You'll find they really work—help keep skin smooth, attractive.

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9 out of 10 Hollywood Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
RECENT EUROPEAN developments have had a dampening effect on Broadway... Madeleine Carroll made a brave attempt to be gay before taking the Clipper for Paris... Friends attempted to dissuade Glenda Farrell, who has proved herself a capable comedienne in comedy Separate Rooms on Broadway, parties with socialite Baron Wrangel at Fefe's Monte Carlo her from leaving at this time... Madeleine had her fears... She booked passage and cancelled... She almost returned to Hollywood... Then decided she couldn't let down those who loved her... Everything she values in life has been caught up in the maestros of the war... Her family, her former husband, Captain Ashley, fighting for Britain and her fiancé, a French aviator... Her beautiful estates in England and France... Madeleine had little difficulty losing those extra pounds that brought so much criticism in My Son, My Son... The suffering evident in her face has given her a warmth hitherto lacking... She plans to bring back with her a French orphan that Hollywood friends want to adopt... It was more than an adventurous mood that prompted Bob Montgomery to join the American Field Service in France during his contract lay off... Screen audiences who know him only in light-hearted roles were more surprised than intimates... Bob is essentially serious-minded and idealistic... Elizabeth Montgomery, returning from England to join her two children in Hollywood, said she had encouraged her husband in his eagerness to "do something."... When France realized she couldn't continue the war, Bob resigned from the service and flew back to the U.S.A.... The same sort of patriotism that finally sent David Niven home as a volunteer promises to return Laurence Olivier to England for war service... Britain prefers her husbians on this side... An ill-timed publicity and announced that Olivier and Vivien Leigh had been summoned to the British Isles... Immediately after, it was announced that a later message requested them to remain in America... As a result of British, eligible for war service, had received any such communication, there were those who said it all sounded like nice going for Romeo and Juliet... Which puts the handsome actor in a spot... The romantic pair have been week-ending with friends in the country... They don't like city life... Despite the English girl's sensational movie successes, Olivier continued to be the special object of fan attention during their appearances together... Never have I witnessed such a demonstration as occurred at the final performance of the Shakespearian tragedy... Hysterical women rushed the doors of the theatre, heading toward the footlights... The balcony worshippers emptied into the orchestra aisles for the curtain calls... Only after it looked as though the audience would never leave the theatre, did the actor make a stumbling, halting speech... Tears streamed down the lovely cheeks of Juliet, who received only polite applause... Everyone seemed to be sentimentalizing over what well may be the last professional appearance of the pair for the duration of the war... Another fan mob gathered outside the stage door crying, "Wherefore art thou, Romeo?"--while the cast enjoyed a backstage farewell party... A mother and daughter who had motored in from Maine to see the show for the sixteenth time managed to get past the doorman...

THE LIFE and death of Jimmy Hall follows an all too-familiar Hollywood pattern... It was ten years ago that James Hall was starred in Hell's Angels... Handsome, happy-go-lucky... So much money... So many sympolants to spend it for him... Broadway pales drifting in, broke... Staying with him "temporarily"... Taking advantage of his easy nature... Jimmy drinking too much... I remember Jimmy complaining with that ready smile of his... He couldn't say no... But he didn't really mind... Spending money was fun... After a lifetime of cheap hotels and cheap clothes and never enough to eat... There were women too... All kinds... One he really cared for... They were in love for a while... Swell girl, too... An up-and-coming actress called From Crawford... That ended, and then everything seemed to go wrong... The talksies arrived... No one remembered that Jimmy had been a musical comedy juvenile... Maybe it was because he was getting thick in the waist-line by now... He got into debt... He knew he was through... Back to Broadway... Another silent picture actor... Nobody cared that Jimmy had been in the theatre all his life... Crooning was the craze... Jimmy took engagements in night clubs... Cheap ones, after a while... Dives, years later... Much too heavy for a man not yet forty... But he always smiled... Jimmy never complained, just so he could work a little... I saw him the night before he was taken to the hospital... He'd lost lots of weight... He hadn't been well... There wasn't money for medical care... He was married—lived in a cheap, furnished room... I wondered if he knew Joan... [Continued on page 82]
Lovely Brides Thrilled by this Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps!

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Mrs. A. H. Sherin, Jr., Schenectady, N. Y.

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Mrs. C. Anderton Burke, Alexandria, Va. "To women who take extra care with their skin as I do its amazing mildness is a tremendous help," writes Mrs. Burke. "And that enchanting new fragrance is so wonderful, too."

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Screen Life

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Adapted from stage hit, a musical that convulsed Broadway last season and which was based on The Comedy of Errors, The Boys From Syracuse has all-star cast including Irene Hervey, Allan Jones, Joe Penner, Alan Mowbray, Martha Raye, Eric Blore

IT WAS while "Comin' Round the Mountain" that Bob Burns, et al, discovered the true use for his hozakoo. . . Or should we say RE-discovered it? . . . It was at the Lake Arrowhead location, where the company was shooting, that it all happened. Part of the props was a regular moonshiner's still . . . But we struck when the camera discovered that part of the still was missing—the part that sets up there on top of the much kettles and feeds the steam to the coils. . . . "Help, who'll we do," howled Director George Archainbaud. . . And the props men, nearly a hundred miles from the studio, didn't know what to do either. . . Then up popped Bob Burns, with his hozakoo. . . He took the hozakoo apart, and by hook and by jolly, the missing part of the still was supplied as Bob grinned. "Stick it right on there. . . . It fits perfectly, much to Archainbaud's amazement. . . . "I don't think it was made for the purpose," he gawked. . . Then it was that Bob grinned wider and said, "It's a shame if you're not a hooch producer, old boy. . . ."

LOCATION—It seems that the trick accident that hurt Pat O'Malley's wife, on location at Big Bear Lake with the Brighton Young cast, was an INDIAN TEPEE COLLAPSED ON HER!! The injuries were not serious however, and Mrs. Pat is glad that she's the only woman in Hollywood who has a house fall on her and live to tell it. . . . Most joy-inducing demonstration that ever happened on any set was the one which Bill Powell, thanks to the script, gave during shooting of I Love You Again, in which he proved that at last he is fully recovered from all his disabilities, and back in perfect health—so the extent that whatever it is, he can TAKE IT all. . . . Proof came during that day shooting in which these things were called for in the script, to happen to Powell. 1—Frank McHugh knocked him down . . . 2—Then Bill had to run into an open door hard enough to make it at least appear that a black eye was inevitable . . . 3—Then Myrna Loy hit him on the head with a plate of fixed eggs. . . . 4—And finally, Myrna bopped him over the same spot with a vase . . . McHugh apologized to him when he knocked him down . . . Powell apologized to the door when he ran into it . . . Myrna apologized to him when she hit him with the dish of eggs—but when she smashed the breakfast vase on his chest, she crowed, "Hooray, now I know Bill is recovered. He feels plenty good, or he'll collapse now!"

NOTHING is Wendy Barrie if not thorough. In Cross Country Romance, the script called for her to be overcome by smoke. . . Any ordinary actress would have had one or two take according to the best film formula, regardless of the cause . . . But not Wendy. . . Instead, when it came time to do the scene, Wendy amazed the director, et al, with the reality of her performance and got pointers on how people act when smoke gets them . . . I actually studied correct coughing, choking, gasping and the right way to collapse . . . Out near Phoenix, Arizona, where they shot Arizona, the weather was plenty hot . . . Which led to this one—Jean Arthur appeared for one sequence with her bonnet perched strangely high on her head. . . . Director Wes Ruggles gave one look and a scream . . . What's the matter with her hat, he wanted to know? . . . Nothing, nothing at all, insisted Jean. . . . Wes tapped at the brim, but it wouldn't go any lower on her head . . . Jean merely stood and grinned. . . . Finally, Wes got suspicious and yanked it off. . . And hung it. Jean wasn't wearing an ice bag under the hat, to keep her head cool.

SOME sort of record was set when, in Strike Up the Band, Mickey Rooney had to use make-up doubly helpful event with a bowl. Running the take never, under ordinary circumstances, use grease-paint or other kind of make-up. . . . Only once in his career, up to now, has he had to use it—and that was for the minstrel show sequence in Babes in Arms, for which he had to don blackface. . . . But Strike Up the Band proved his second take. . . . In the sequence where he and Judy Garland and the other youngsters put on an Old Gay Nineties show, Mickey had to put on make-up for the second time in his career—because he was supposed to look like a high-school boy would look after inexpertly applying make-up for an amateur show. . . . On the set rescue of the month—saved Linda Darnell from what might have been serious injury. . . . It was during takes of Brighton Young . . . Linda was in her chirp, applying make-up. . . A gust of wind whirled across the set, and next to Linda's chair, a huge electric ar-lamp toppled. Linda didn't see it, even though she was directly in its path. . . . But Bob Haftland, script girl, with the same quick eyes which catch errors in filming, saw the impending accident. . . Like a flash, she flung herself between the toppling lamp and the actress—and at the cost of a bruised shoulder, silenced the falling weight to one side.

SNICKER-OF-THE-MONTH—On the North Street Mounted Police set, Madeleine Carroll is in the midst of the toughing scene where she sticks down on her heels to feed soup to the dying man. . . . All was going soft and sweet when Madeleine suddenly gave a piercing shriek. . . . "What's the matter?" roared Director Cecil De Mille . . . "Madeleine, I say on my script!"
Darlin'—

HOLLYWOOD has gone completely trick jewelry and gadget crazy! If the fad doesn't stop pretty soon, some of the actors are going to have to put padlocks on their trunks so they'll find them hanging from their best gal's charm bracelets...

Take the case of Otto Kruger... I talked to him the other lunch-time and he told me a sad story of spending three days fashioning a brilliant brown-red-and-yellow-daisy, or whatever you call those things you use to catch trout with... The day before he went fishing, Mrs. Kruger met him downtown for dinner, looking very chic in a tailored suit with his precious trout bait fastened to her lap!... Otto left me muttering something about losing bent pins after this... I stayed on in the café just to watch the gals as they came in and see what other "jewelry" ideas I could pick up.... The first person I saw was Anna Neagle looking cool and summery in a simple cotton dress of brown and pink cotton print... (And I'll be telling you more about cotton later...) Anna's only jewelry was a pair of bracelets fashioned of gold links and child beads!... The beads were of painted wood, but unless you get a close look, you couldn't tell they weren't the real thing... Anna told me she has a particular liking for wooden jewelry, especially with her informal street and sport clothes... Her favorite is a necklace of buttons... And this is one you can make yourself... Just get a whole mess of various colored wooden buttons—Anna's necklace is natural, fuchsia and purple—then string them on rubber thread which you can buy at any notion counter... You can get a charm necklace like the one Ann Rutherford was wearing that day, too... You've seen these miniature are license plates which you put on key rings, haven't you?... Well, Ann has made a charm necklace of the license plates of Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Lewis Stone...

NOW for those cottons I promised to tell you about!—Just everybody in Hollywood has gone for cotton from dawn till midnite this season... Everyone from glamour gal Dorothy Lamour to sixteen-year-old Gale Storm... I talked to Gale about her vacation wardrobe the other day, and for a teenage gal, Gale knows what. Gale realizes that being a "movie gal," she is in the public eye and must be smartly dressed. But at the same time she doesn't want to be overdressed or dressed beyond her years... So she has chosen cotton for all her clothes... You might show this letter to that kid sister of yours who is just Gale's age, then you might ask her what her ideas are and get her to wear the black-satin-backless-gown... I would have to do it if I saw myself in a smarter-looking outfit than the two-piece gingham outfit Gale wore the day I talked with her... As trimly tailored as a suit, the flared skirt was of blue and gingham striped with white... The single-breasted jacket was of white trimmed with the skirt material... For evening, Gale has chosen a gaily printed skirt, gathered at the waist—gypsy style—which she wears with a sheer yellow cotton blouse cut with long, full sleeves... But Gale isn't the only Hollywood fashion-conscious gal who gives for cotton material for evening... Quite the smartest-looking person at a dance-and-dance spot the other night was Constance Moore wearing a candy-striped evening gown of red and white pique...

NOW, in spite of all the talk you hear about shawls, that is the first one I've actually seen being worn... They're tricky things to handle, you know, and unless you can wear the best-looking clothes in town with the nonchalance of a Lamour, you'd better skip them... The most romantic-looking gown of the evening was a dream of crisp white organza printed with dainty colored field flowers... It was worn by Maureen O'Hara and with it she carried handkerchiefs... Yeah, I know you're shaking your head and thinking Chloe is unbalanced because "all God's chillen got handkerchiefs!"... But this is different... Maureen was carrying three large chiffon handkerchiefs!... A white, a gold and a brown one, all tied together at one corner... And I guess your real friend is getting old or something, but I like these large handkerchiefs... They're a sort of feminine touch that little coquetteish touch a man's apt to go for.

Mlle. Chic
WELL one thing is certain, Bob Montgomery did see action as an ambulance driver... and David Niven is doing his bit in protecting the "tight little isle"... and Maureen O'Sullivan's husband, John Farrow, is serving with the Canadian navy... and Charles Boyer did his military bit for France... There's a handful of others who joined up for the duration... But the proportion is very meagre considering all the loud chatter that emanated from the "derring-do" boys to get on a real battleground instead of make-believe terrain where, single-handed, they give their all in routing the charging extras.

The blitzkrieg way of fighting has taken romance—even grim humor—out of war anyway... The old method of trench warfare, where one could go over the top at the zero hour and find drama, or take an AWOL and discover a girl whose eyes talked the same language brought the joiner-upper into the realm of adventure... But who wants to make love to a charging tank? This reminds me that Hollywood will have to throw out its old methods of making war in its battle pictures... If the patron was given excitement through the confusion of intense battle action in the old technique, just imagine the confused state of mind he'll be in under the new war technique.

Meanwhile it strikes me that Hollywood is a bit late with its excursions into the way the Nazis do things... these should have been shown three and four years ago. Yeah, they're locking the barn door after the horse has been stolen.

No Box-Office Poison Here

BUT Hollywood isn't late in recognizing that Hepburn isn't through after all... Remember a year or so ago when she was labeled box-office poison? She all but took a nose-dive right into oblivion, after jumping into *The Lake*. Giving that to Broadway added fuel to the Hollywood fire... And then came *The Philadelphia Story*—and Hepburn took Broadway like Hitler took Holland... And now she's back in Hollywood—anything but box-office poison... In fact she's kicking Hollywood in the shins and making it like it. Hollywood has ceased firing and is now suing for peace. Yes, Katie won the war.

Motion Picture will soon present how she accomplished her comeback. It will get inside the mind of this Connecticut Yankee and show how she gave the old heave-ho to the tearerdowers.

Hollywood "ain't just done right" by Joan Crawford either, although her last picture, *Susan and God*, offers compensa-
tion for some of the works that had labeled her box-office poison... With the spiritual uplift that this film gave her, she has also come on to New York. She'd like to do a play, too—not just a vehicle for a Hollywood star.

Perhaps before the year is out some dramatist will be stimulated to fashion a play for this actress who, in *Susan and God*, proved she could probe deeply into character. She has left the Dancing Daughters plane far behind her... and has shown that she, too, has found an antidote for box-office poison... Next month this magazine will give you new observations about Joan Crawford.

There was never any idea of appeasement among the so-called box-office poisoners. Not one of them carried an umbrella and cried: "peace in our time." Each one of them prepared to re-arm with everything they had... They fortified themselves with good stories and good roles... Take Kay Francis for example... Slapped down as "sac
d death" at the box-office, she started a blitzkrieg of her own—and did it by concentrating on character roles... Realizing that she couldn't conquer with romance she decided to become a mother in her pictures. And we all know that mother love is much more powerful in its heart-tugs than the love registered with signs between a fellow and a girl... I bet you remember the maternal-call in *It's a Date* (with Kay and Deanna Durbin) more readily than you do the love-call (with Deanna and her boy friend).

So for one, Kay won her war with the weapon of character acting... And it saved her from the box-office blitzkrieg... My idea of box-office poison is not found among the stars at all—it's found among the double-features, the Queen B's—and the never-ceasing re-makes of former triumphs... There should be no dearth of imagination in Hollywood, what with its Brain Trust of recognized authors, playwrights and scenario writers... But what Hollywood has done with its Big Minds is as much of a puzzle as what the French have done with its fleet... Maybe The Brain-Trusters have been going bareheaded too long.

And don't you agree after reading about Shirley Temple on pages 44-45 that she deserves something of a rest, a vacation, a little fun? Her life has been as circumscribed as that of a royal heiress or even a king... Why even the Duke of Windsor when he ruled the British empire had nothing on Shirley and her sheltered life... He got away from it all, and Shirley is getting away from it all for a while.

Looking Backward and Forward

AND don't you agree after reading Louella O. Parsons' Great Loves of Hollywood that the romances of today sort of fade into the background after the big heartbeats of yesterday manifested by Valentino, Bushman and Bayne, Mary and Doug, Garbo and Gilbert? Or is it because we push these romances back into our mellowing memories that we give them a glamorous value that was missing when they were headlines in the press? However you take them, you must admit that Louella Parsons has given them their proper niche in her Hollywood and yours.

I wonder if it isn't the great loves of Hollywood, its glamorous girls of yesterday and today (they are featured next month) and the intangible qualities of love, character, personality, progress, success, even failure—that really makes Hollywood the thing it is in our minds. These are the spiritual values that stay in the memory long after we've forgotten the materialistic pictures.

In coming back to earth I wonder if Chaplin will ever release his satirical take-off on those axis babes... Somehow I can't imagine people going in for belly-laughs over men who are changing the map of the world and the destinies of nations... But then you must remember it's Chaplin—the greatest genius of our time in making people laugh... In his realm of make-believe he can make us forget realities... And Morrion Picture tells you something different about Chaplin (and his partner Jack Oakie—who's in the take-off with him) in a forthcoming issue.
Virginia's beauty is really something to talk about and if *The Man Who Talked Too Much* (George Brent) concentrated on her you're sure to find it sympathetic.
As I start this series of articles on Your Hollywood and Mine for Motion Picture Magazine, two movie romances have my hometown on tip-toe. Everywhere I go—to Ciro’s to the Brown Derby, to dinner parties at private homes, to previews and to all the places where film folk congregate, I am asked: “Do you think Norma Shearer will really marry George Raft?” “In your opinion, are Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh the all-time greatest love story of Hollywood?”

I smile at that last question and remember the many romances that have come to my attention in the twenty-five years I have been writing movie news and the many that have been labeled “the greatest love story of the screen.”

My mind goes back to Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks—the love idyll of a generation; to the one and only Rudolph Valentino, whose romance with the strange Natacha Rambova and later with vivid Pola Negri, was America’s favorite reading eighteen years ago; to the fiery John Gilbert and the aloof Garbo, whose tempestuous love story was the hottest of its day.

I can go back even farther to the pioneering days of the movies when the names of Beverly Bayne and Francis X. Bushman were synonymous with Romeo and Juliet. And yet, it seems that history has curiously repeated itself in all these romances between two great screen lovers.

Right now people are wondering if the fact that Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh were previously married, and obtained divorces so they could marry each other, will have any effect on their careers?

Twenty years ago, gossips were asking themselves the same question about Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne.

Let me tell you something about this first sensational divorce that rocked the movie world. Bush-
man, a married man with five children, left his wife to marry the lovely Beverly, his leading lady, and I can assure you it was a situation filled with dynamite.

Today, I believe the attitude of the fans has changed about divorced stars. Clark Gable was twice divorced before he married Carole Lombard. Annabella was married before she became Mrs. Tyrone Power. Barbara Stanwyck was the former Mrs. Frank Fay before she married Robert Taylor. And can you imagine Clark, Bob or Tyrone denying their marriages or pretending that they aren’t happy Benedicts?

Bushman, you see, made the fatal mistake of pretending to be a dashing bachelor. So it was a double voltage shock to his fans when it was revealed that he was leaving a wife and five children to marry Beverly.

It was so many years ago that the tempestuous love story of the fiery John Gilbert and the aloof Garbo captured the interest of the world literally poured out their hearts at his feet and letters poured in by the hundreds of thousands.

I’ll never forget being called to the office of George K. Spoor, president of Essanay, who asked me to give him an idea of how Bushman’s overwhelming sex popularity could be maintained. And I shall have to confess right here I was responsible for the start of the first fanmail club. It was my bright idea to hire
brown-eyed leading lady, Beverly Bayne!

If you think Olivier and Vivien Leigh are causing a romantic furore today—you should have heard the riot ignited by the Bushman-Bayne romance.

On one side were the defenders—those who thought that this was one of the great love stories of the day—that the famous star and his lovely bride should be commended for their courage in defying the world for their love. On the other hand—there were the disillusioned fans who thought Bushman should be boiled in oil.

That Beverly and Frank were deeply in love no one doubted. They weathered the storm of public indignation courageously, and at one time I think they would have let the world go hang for the sake of their love. But their marriage was strangely short-lived—probably because at this time, after so much fuss over his charms—Francis X. Bushman had begun to believe his own publicity.

I AM not saying that Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh and that other romantic duet of today, Norma Shearer and George Raft, will meet a similar disastrous fate in their lives. But looking back over the years it is amazing to realize how many great love stories between two great stars have gone on the rocks, or have had tragic consequences.

Impossible to even write the name of Rudolph Valentino without remembering a staff of secretaries to answer all the correspondence, sign Bushman's name to the letters and thus keep the fires of feminine adulation blazing for our hero.

In justice to Frank, I must say he didn't like the idea. He didn't see why she should deny his wife and five beautiful children. But the secretaries did their job of forgery so well we were nearly bowled over one day when a woman showed up at the studio in a bridal veil all set to marry our handsome Francis X. I can see him yet, running like mad down the back lot. Then came the great expose!

It was a body blow to the feminine hearts of America when the news broke that Bushman was married and had five children! But this was nothing compared to the commotion that sprang up later over what I believe was the first sensational divorce of screen history. Bushman left his wife to marry his lovely,
vividly this sloe-eyed young Lat—
without a doubt, was the greatest screen ever produced. You have
young, indeed, to have forgotten
Great Lover for whose smiles fainted. They would stand for him
to see him come out of a hotel—his
car drive by. To this day, mid
women who seem far past the hen
shipping days, write to me to
a crumb of information about
idol.

Yet out of the millions of women
loved him—the only two women he
ever loved broke his heart.

Once, I remember, at his hun-
con’s Lair—he was standing at a
looking down over the valley at his
“It is funny, Louella,” he said, “the
women I love—never love me!”

I thought those were the strange
words coming from the screen idol of
world—but how prophetically true
they were!

Rudy worshiped the ground
strange, exotic wife, Natacha Ram- 
walked on. He was so deeply involved
with her that in contrast she seemed
stronger personality of the two. Certainly
she bossed him and ran his affairs. There
is no one quite like her on the Hollywood
scene today. She was the first of the con-
spicuous exotics—and wore strange tur-
bans wrapped around her head with no
hair showing. Her eyes were Oriental

laughs (and it’s such robust, ringing
laughter) you know darn well that Jean-
ette’s heart is in the right place.

We were talking about an article pub-
lished in Motion Picture some months
ago. An article which posed the question,
“Is Jeanette MacDonald Outgrowing
Hollywood?”

I brought the question up because
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer’s publicity de-
partment had handed me a bale of clippings,
some billions and trillions of words
running amok in the newspapers of the
country and all devoted to Jeanette, in
spite of Hitler and invasions and presi-
dential elections and Shirley Temple re-

ting from the...
LARAIN E DAY

Discovering that Laraine could act and be charming too, in *My Son, My Son.*, she was given leading role in *Foreign Correspondent* with Joel McCrea.
PAT O'BRIEN couldn't understand, at first, why people laughed when they saw him made up as Knute Rockne.

It didn't seem to matter whether they were strangers or people he had known for years. They would come on the set, and somebody would bring them over to him. They wouldn't seem to recognize him until they were practically face to face. Then they would stop in their tracks—and laugh, surprised.

That hurt. He had never been so serious about any role in his life. And, at first sight of him in the part, people laughed.

He began to think that people weren't willing to accept him as Rockne—that the make-up wasn't believable—that, somehow, he looked comical.

Then Rockne's widow arrived in Hollywood, to act as technical adviser on The Life of Knute Rockne. Anxiously, Pat awaited their meeting. Smiling through tears, she told him that he had startled her with his resemblance to her husband. The next day, she brought some photos of "Dad" to the studio, to illustrate why she had been startled.

That persuaded Pat that the make-up was right. Which only made the laughter all the more baffling.

Then Warners started taking publicity [Continued on page 55]
Broadway which used to scoff at Hollywood has been taken over by its stars. Many were such hits that Hollywood, showing new interest, called them back. But Broadway continues to be invaded by Hollywood. Many were such hits that Hollywood, showing new interest, called them back. But Broadway continues to be invaded by Hollywood.

Most spirited rivalry in America's amusement world today is that of Broadway theatres vying for public favor under the palpitating names of Hollywood. The largest division in the parade past the footlights the past season was that of motion picture stars. When the curtain rings up this Fall still more of the cinema great will take up stage assignments of saying "I love you," convincingly, impersonating all kinds of characters persuasively, getting off a wisecrack without too much effort.

Here and there will be a few who will shake a leg or a torso in the South American way. There are some pretty clever persons in Hollywood, says Broadway, getting down off its condescending perch.

More than a score of screen stars have had their names neonied across the Broadway front in the past year. In practically every case they had something definite to offer those who go down to see—and hear—in plush seats. Not always was it a good play, but invariably it was an arresting personality.

If Broadway—the new Broadway of fruit juice stands, chain stores and barkers—has been more exciting, more colorful in recent months it has been due largely to their efforts.

A large number of the movie stars can point to a Broadway background, for it was discovered some years back that a Broadway background, with its knowledge of pace and tempo, its development of poise and self-confidence, was useful to the screen. Many of them were troupers on and off Broadway before the movies were anything but flickers that hurried the wearing of spectacles in the young.

Only this last season Harry Carey, perennial cowboy of the films, came back to the stage after an absence of decades, renewed his theatre youth in a thing called Heavenly Express. The express came to a quick stop, but Carey was not discouraged. He is traveling on to Skowhegan, Maine's summer haven of Thespians, there to advise his stage-struck son and perhaps do a chore or two himself on the boards.
The Hollywood invasion of Broadway began in earnest early last autumn, after Katharine Hepburn had shown how easily it could be taken in The Philadelphia Story the preceding spring. Incidentally, she is now back in Hollywood making a movie version of it. Sensing a momentary lack of celluloid opportunity, what with the war and the confusion, and desiring to try their luck or retest their skill in what Broadway still fondly calls "the flesh," the film stars let the water out of their swimming pools, put out the fires in their barbecue pits, boarded up or rented their haciendas, cried "Eastward Ho," and were off to new fame, if not new fortune.

The Great White Way (more red now than white) was the ultimate goal—the Great White Way was holding out new hopes for artistic prestige and, maybe, if everything went well with play and performance and the stage hands' union and the advertising and the publicity and that oh! deblil death watch of critics, a good slice of the box-office take as well. Not that the revenue mattered a great deal. Broadway, it was conceded from the start, could not hope to compete with Hollywood in mazuma. The big thing, the irresistible lure, was the chance to hold a mirror up to moonlight and honeysuckle, and, perhaps, by the lord Harry, to life, itself.

If the producers lacked the cash to finance the plays, they would themselves dig down into the old black bag for the necessary backing and thus own a good part of the show. Who could tell, maybe there was a fortune to be made, after all? And, of course, there was always the chance that the Brothers Warner or M-G-M or 20th Century-Fox would swoop down, with pens poised and contracts ready, to purchase the film rights. Perhaps they could duplicate their stage success on the screen. Anything was possible. Lordy! Wasn't Tobacco Road in its fifth year?

Most of the stars, shrewd and experienced in showmanship, wisely adopted the policy that the most vivid art for audiences laid in being themselves, in being natural, in impressing... [Continued on page 62]
OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND used to be the little girl for whom everybody in her vicinity felt a personal responsibility. She was so young, so pretty, so naive, so inexperienced—so appealingly helpless. She needed protection.

She made a picture once with an actor notorious as a Big Bad Wolf. Electricians, high on parallels above the set, kept an unceasing watch on him, prepared to drop lamps on his head—"accidentally"—if he so much as leered at Olivia.

Older actresses felt it a duty to take her to one side and tell her—not the facts of life (never that!) but the facts of skin care, hair care and general maintenance of allure.

Older actors felt it a duty, a very pleasant duty, to sit beside her between scenes, telling her what they had learned about acting in their time, and, incidentally, guarding her against brash young upstarts.

Girls of her own approximate age, pitying Olivia as a shy little recluse who didn't know how to have fun, felt nobly instructive, telling her what they thought of this boy and that, this party and that night club.

Young men, who found it easy enough to approach other girls, were awed by Olivia. She was so armored with good manners, so intellectual. They got a virtuous "lift" out of being politely intellectual—with her.

Interviewers felt embarrassed, asking her if she had given any thought to love. They spared her questions that they automatically asked other Hollywood eye-fuls.

Her bosses regarded her as one actress who could always be persuaded to do any role, if the studio thought it would be good for her.

And Olivia reacted so sweetly to all the protection and advice that everybody who knew her felt personally appointed to be one of her guardian angels.

Now, suddenly, people are asking: "What has happened to Olivia de Havilland?" They are saying, resentfully, that she has changed.

What they mean is that they have had to change. They haven't been able to keep on feeling sorry for her. And they resent it.

They advised her not to play Melanie in Gone With the Wind. They said that no one—and they meant Olivia, particularly—could stand out in the role, against the competition of the vivid Scarlett. She still wanted to play it. She gave such a performance that she was nominated for the Academy Award. The girl they had catalogued as The Sweetest Young Thing in Pictures [Continued on page 76]
AS FOR JIMMY STEWART he must have marriage on his mind in the way he analyzes himself as a prospective husband. He says he won't continue to be lonely. Who's the tip-off?

FAITH SERVICE

As you read this story Olivia de Havilland and Jimmy Stewart may have seen the preacher. Just the other day a member of Olivia's immediate family told me that Livvy and Jimmy are serious, are in love, will be married. And as their marriage will not be an elopement, we may make the grade, at that.

How do I know it won't be an elopement? Well, I may be a trusting soul but Olivia told me, not long ago, that she would never elope; that she wants to have a wedding just like her sister Joan had, with wedding gown and rice, old shoes and all. And I believe her. And Jimmy said that his folks "always get married in churches, it's an old Stewart custom," and one he isn't going to break.

Even now, as I write, the Hollywood reporters are taking box-lunches and spending their days at airports, railroad stations and motor highways lest Olivia and Jimmy do unto them what Bill Powell and his Diana did, Lana Turner and her Artie Shaw. The reporters are going to throw a few old shoes and a few old paragraphs at Livvy and Jimmy if they sneak a marriage.

And, of course, you never can tell. No one can safely be predictable about matters emotional. Lives there a Hollywood reporter who hasn't pulled out all his amorous adjectives to describe some current Romeo and Juliet only to have them build a spite fence between their hearts just as his passionate piece is published?

Or who among us has not given his typewriter a stroke announcing a drama-charged divorce only to have the parties of the first and second partings, go into a clinic the day the story breaks.

Nevertheless, I can only repeat that a very immediate member of Olivia's family assured me that Livvy and Jimmy are in love and will be married, and don't say we didn't tell you!

Oh, and another tip—Warners wanted to team Olivia and Jimmy in a picture and they would none of it. On account of how, they said, they would be "too embarrassed to make love—in public," Now, you know as well as I do they wouldn't be embarrassed unless it was real. Jimmy wasn't too embarrassed to make screen love to Marlene Dietrich or Maggie Sullivan or any of the others. Livvy has managed to restrain her blushes with George Brent and Errol Flynn.

When I heard Livvy and Jimmy wouldn't work together because they'd be embarrassed, I could only stammer that corny wheeze—oh, yeah?

Did you know that the Iron Butterfly is the pet name [Continued on page 60]
DESIGN FOR LOVING

By
DOROTHY SPENSLY

IN HOLLYWOOD WHERE THE UNUSUAL IS COMMONPLACE, RITA HAYWORTH'S COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE ARE TRULY UNIQUE

If you are a student of such things, you will recall that Rita Hayworth, tall, dark, with the classic chassis, is the wearer of two titles. One was tossed at her by a filmland picture magazine and makes her "Hollywood's Fascinating Woman No. 1," and the other was a little thing run up by a group of fashion designers which broadens the scope. It labels her "America's Ideal Tall Girl."

Miss Hayworth, who is five feet six inches, and doesn't seem very tall when met in the privacy of slacks, silken blouse, and in her own wood-paneled library, thinks it's all very well to be so flatteringly designated. She thinks that it's very nice to be touted as Columbia Studios' "glamor girl." But other things are more important, like acting. She wants, very much, to become a fine actress.

These titles of Miss Hayworth's, by the way, are a little dated, already, as the people who check up on such things know. Since their bestowal Lana Turner has been notified that, by unanimous vote, she is now "Miss Wunky-Woo of 1940." This is the result of heavy polling by the M. A. C. Club of Columbia University, who really should have something better to do.

That Lana Turner is "Miss Wunky-Woo" bothers Rita not one bit. Such things she bears with fortitude because she has higher goals. Besides, jealousy seems to be entirely lacking in her makeup. If someone had supplanted her in a film role, that would be cause for emotional tremors, but the emotion would not have been as wracking as it was five years ago when she was seventeen and learned that she was not to play Ramona in the second film version, after all.

At seventeen, Rita, who was then known as Rita Cansino, for that's her real surname, sat on the front steps of the 20th Century- [Continued on page 56]
WILL GARB0 MARRY HAUSER?

By GORDON BARRINGTON

THE GRETA GARBO-GAYLORD HAUSER ROMANCE IS STILL GOING STRONG AFTER SIX MONTHS. SHE MAY TAKE THE PLUNGE, BUT DON'T MAKE ANY BETS ON IT AS HER RECORD SHOWS FIVE BEAUTIFUL ROMANCES AND NO MARRIAGES

As I sit here writing this, Greta Garbo and Dietician Gaylord Hauser have lately finished basking in the Bermuda Sunshine on a pink coral beach, taking an occasional dip in the turquoise gulf stream, and, in brief, living a most beautiful romance in the most ideal surroundings. As I sit here, I also say the soulful Greta and her rather handsome, successful and most sincere admirer will never culminate their romance at the altar.

And, conscious of my audacity, propose to show just why. With hints of an early marriage carried on every breeze that blows, it's a cinch I'm sticking my neck out. But, I've done it before. So, why stop now? Perhaps, by the time this reaches the presses, Greta will be Mrs. Gaylord Hauser. But I doubt it.

Of course, Greta, for the first time since she's been in Hollywood, has had a phone installed in her dressing-room at M-G-M. Presumably with which to call Mr. Hauser and receive calls from him. And she's learning how to dance! And she admits Gaylord to the sets where she's working. Which is really something, since the Garbo sets have been notoriously "closed" to all comers ever since she started in pictures. These things indicate she's getting pretty serious about Hauser, I'll admit.

And there are the Garbo-Hauser siestas on top of [Continued on page 59]
June zips her boxy reversible covert coat over a plaid sports dress for her walk. Note double pocket! She’s in Republic’s Carolina Moon, with Gene Autry.

Here’s June’s coat inside out, and ready for a venture in the rain. It was styled by Jane Alden, may be ordered from the Chicago Mail Order Co., Chicago, Ill.

June’s plaid hooded dress is smart—with or without the bright red flannel jacket. It may be worn separately, with other frocks. From Chicago Mail Order Co.
Write Candida, MOTION PICTURE's Fashion Editor if you can't find these inexpensive, sporty fashions in your local stores. She will be glad to give you further information about prices, colors, and assist you in planning your fall wardrobe as well. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply to Candida, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Muriel Angelus hits the mark with her Utility Dress. Order it from your Real Silk Representative. She's in The Great McGinty.

For nippy days, June likes a corduroy slack suit designed by Nelly Don. The new long jacket has free-action, belted back, is good with fall dresses.
T'S by hanging around the un-bally-hooed spots of movieland, at queer hours, that you sometimes get the real lowdown on these glamor-guys (a-HEM!) of Hollywood...!

It's not at pre-arranged interviews that they let their hair down, and act their age! Nor at the crowded night spots, nor on the sets, nor in their dressing-rooms, nor at the races. All they do there is put on an act, and hand out the twaddle the publicity boys plant in their mouths. But catch them when they think nobody's looking—and you've GOT something, pal; you've GOT something!

Like the other morning, sometime between 2 a.m. (when the California law says you gotta stop buying hard stuff) and dawn. There was I, or what was left of me, in one of the leather-padded booths in Armstrong-and-Schroeder's "little-thin-hotcakes" spot out on Wilshire Boulevard, trying to coffee-down the tail end of a horrible Hollywood evening.

All I wanted was quiet and coffee and a lot of both. I got the coffee, but I couldn't get the quiet. On account of in the booth right next to mine, a couple of the darndest old fudgie-duddies were talking, talking, talking—discussing, of ALL things in Hollywood and at that hour of the morning, what they were planning for their sons, ...

Like a couple of good Rotarians in Kankakee. One of the old so-and-so's was mumbling about the trust fund he was setting up so his kids would be sure to go to college, no matter what might hit poppa. And the other prattled back about how he was safeguarding his own sons' spiritual training!—SPIRITUAL training, mind you, [Continued on page 70]
Having done her bit in *Pride and Prejudice*, Maureen has joined hubby Johnny Farrow, who is doing his bit for His Majesty's Navy, somewhere in Canada.
MAKE YOURSELF

AT Home--AT Jane's

This is the house that Jane's "jack" built. The upper deck—a new addition—is Jane's very own. Left, the gallery, one side covered with photos of her favorite stars, the other, a picture history of Jane Withers' career. Right, the living-room which Jane uses for formal entertaining. It's all done in pink and blue—Jane's favorite colors.

Below, Jane's rumpus room in crash and gingham. Built-in Dutch cupboards line one entire wall.

Raspberry, strawberry, chocolate or vanilla? Jane will fix it for you at her soft-drink soda fountain.

Or maybe you'd rather have something to eat. Jane can cook, too, in her modern electric kitchen.
The color scheme—pink and blue—in Jane's bedroom is girlish but the decor is sophisticated elegance. Jane collects rare perfumes and bottles. The collection looks twice as large due to mirrored shelves. Isn't she neat? Hats, shoes and gowns in place—in dressing-room wardrobe. It looks like Sunday.

For Jane's—and the studio hairdresser's—convenience, a completely-equipped beauty shop, left. Right, Jane's bathroom—pink and blue again—has two of everything as Jane frequently has a friend stay overnight or for a week-end. And now let's go outdoors—and have a swim. The guesthouse in the background has every possible convenience for your comfort.
Shirley, now at first crossroads of her career, will make no pictures for rest of 1940. In last picture, Young People, she dances in white tie, tails, topper
WITHIN the next six months Shirley Temple is going to make that “dynamo of energy” we’ve seen in figures of speech for so long look unquestionably anemic—if we are to accept rumors spoken and written about her. An inventory of them shows the following entries: Shirley will spark Billy Rose’s New York World’s Fair show with a song-and-tap act late this summer. She will don a white sailor suit and embark on a pleasure cruise with her parents. She will fill in above the dotted lines with Producer Pasternak at Universal and headline a celluloid story with Deanna Durbin and Gloria Jean before 1940 becomes ‘41. She will appear personally above the footlights in 13 of the U. S.’ largest theatres once this year and for the next six years for $500,000. She will throw the Temple charm over the ether waves on her own radio program for $20,000 per week. Intertwined with this macaronic mixture of fact and fiction, we find that she will go operatic—begin taking voice lessons for a possible career with the Metropolitan. And, last, she will fill her old desk at the Westlake School for Girls this fall—to continue advanced reading’, wratin’, and ‘rithmatic and develop into as normal a little lassie as her friends across Rockingham Road.

Shirley’s mom, Mrs. George Temple, has a different conception of her daughter’s future. She told me frankly—“Shirley is not tired, but we are—her father and I. We are going to rest for a few months. It’s a relief to have time to breathe again. Up to now I have hesitated to talk about Shirley’s future, but some of the stories about her are as fantastic as Baron Munchausen’s. I want Motion Picture readers to know the truth.

“Our plans have not jelled completely yet, but I know this much. Shirley is going back to school—Westlake School for Girls in Beverly Hills—this fall. She will be in the eighth grade, you know. She is going to make one picture a year or at the most three every two years. We will not sign any long-term contracts without feeling that the right kind of stories are going to be chosen for Shirley. Right now we favor one picture deals.

“This fall or winter Shirley may appear on a sponsored radio program. Salary has not been discussed yet. It is too early to give out details. It will probably be a program of children’s plays. She may sing a little in her own unique manner. The microphone intrigues her. She enjoyed herself no end singing Silent Night with Nelson Eddy last Christmas Eve during the Screen Actor’s Guild’s charity broadcast.

“As for dancing and singing with Billy Rose’s show at the New York Fair, this is entirely out. Mr. Rose has not even contacted our agent, Frank Orsatti or me. And even if he would, we would not sign. The personal appearance tours are out, too. They are very hard on a little girl and take too much of her time. It is not that we have anything against Rose or the others. We just want Shirley to confine herself to [Continued on page 58]

Shirley’s still the cute li’l kid you’ve loved for six years or more—ever since making Little Miss Marker Shirley will probably do more radio work from now on. She did first broadcast last Christmas Eve (charity) Papa and Mama Temple are going to give their Shirley and themselves a nice long rest after years of work
THOSE YOUNG IDEAS

By Jesse Rucker

IF YOU WANT THE ANSWER FOR LORETTA YOUNG'S SUCCESS IT'S DUE TO PERFECT TEAMWORK OF THE FAMILY. THE BIG IDEA IS TO HAVE EACH SISTER SURPASS THE ONE WHO PRECEDED HER. "ONE FOR ALL AND ALL FOR ONE"

KIDDINGLY, I asked Loretta Young to tell me her success secret. Turning those big, blue, provocative eyes of hers full on me, she replied: "It isn't my success secret. It's the family's. You should know that." She was right. I certainly should know, by this time, the way her clan operates, the perfect teamwork represented by the film careers of Mrs. George Belzer's four beautiful daughters. Know, for example, the reason why each sister scores a greater success than the sister who preceded her.

Polly Ann Young was only a leading lady. Sally Blane became a star. Loretta became not only a star, but a $200,000-a-year glamor girl. And now, movie moguls who have taken an interest in the youngest of the Youngs, fifteen-year-old Georgiana, confidently predict that her success will top even Loretta's.

This isn't the story of the family, nor yet of Georgiana. It's the story behind Loretta's success, and the explanation of what is happening to her now.

Yet, as Loretta pointed out, her mother and sisters must be included. An article that failed to reveal their "one for all and all for one" system would be leaving out the most vital factor behind any of the sisters' success stories.

Mervyn LeRoy, now a director-producer, used my desk telephone to summon Loretta into the movies. But as everyone who has heard the story will recall, he was trying to reach her sister, Polly Ann. "Polly Ann's in Salt Lake City. Wouldn't I do for the part you have in mind?" asked Loretta.

"Oh, you must be the baby sister," said LeRoy. "Well, this part is for a grown girl, honey. I'm afraid you wouldn't do."

Loretta's reply that she was a grown girl got her an interview, and she was given the part.

But when, two days later, LeRoy brought her into [Continued on page 75]
TYRONE POWER

Ty takes off the homespun toggery that identified him with the pioneer era of Brigham Young, and greets you as his everyday self in a modern sweater. His next picture is The Great Commandment.
THE TALK OF

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND

Protection

Addison Randall must be the living exemplification of that old crack that goes: "Well, be good!—and if you can't be good, be careful!" On account of the other night, Ad took two—yes, TWO!—gorgeous, lovely, superheated redhead's to dinner at the House of Murphy.

AND—he also took his LAWYER!!

Terse Verse

Gals who go for Henry Fonda
Sure must make their boy-friends wonda!

It' Sarong Thing To Do, Dot!

Dorothy Lamour has made Paramount so-o-o-ooo mad at her!—because she let herself be photographed wearing (1) a wide, wide smile, and (2) her teeth-braces!

Coupla Other Fellows?

It's Jimmy Stewart's story—the one about the time he ran into another fellow's automobile, and they both came out of it with scratched fenders and a chip on their shoulder. Each hopped out of his respective car. The driver of the other machine bustled up to Jimmy:

"What's your name?" he demanded.

"My name is James Stewart," responded our Ji-himmie;

"what's yours?"

"H'm," h'mmed the other fellow, "that's funny. MY name is James Stewart, too. And people are ALways asking me if I'm the movie guy. Do you get that sort of thing, too?"

"Yeah," said Jimmy. "Every now and then."

Terse Verse

By going in for bowl-
ing Paulette Goddard helps to maintain her perfect figure. Next is The Ghost Breakers

Guys with a yen for Bette Davis
At least have good excuse for their ravis!

Marian Martin plays a boom town girl in Boom Town, story of 1919 oil town. To please the boys such a girl must have gorgeous figure

Joan Blondell and Dick Powell demonstrate how to be happy though married. They co-star in marital mix-up I Want a Divorce

Tyrone Power, Linda Darnell, Dean Jagger take a stroll on street scene in Brigham Young, story of the Mormons. Jagger plays title role while Ty and Linda take care of romantic interest
Just A Dunkin' Brawl!

It's Charlie Ruggles' newest convenience for the guests he invites to his house for lunch or coffee-and-cakes. He supplies them each with a big stack of doughnuts—AND his own patented "doughnut dunker."

(P. S.—You can do it yourself. Ruggles' "patent doughnut dunker" is just one of those trick forks you can buy in the five-and-ten, to lift hot potatoes and things with. Try it on your next party.)

Gene Autry's Said That!

Biggest fan-mail receiver in Hollywood is Gene Autry—but he isn't kidding himself any about his audiences. He knows that his pictures NEVER play the big theatres or towns—and that most of the "sophisticates" of filmland have never even seen him on the screen. So the other day, when a party at Victor Hugo's called on him for a speech, he cracked:

"Seems kinda funny to me to be up here talking to you folks, when you've probably never seen a picture of mine. In fact, my pictures play in SUCH small towns that Mrs. Roosevelt hasn't even been there!"

Tarse Verse

Gals who dream of William Holden
For hands have other uses than folden!

Spell It "Mique" Rooney?

Of ALL people to go continental—our own Mickey Rooney!!! It happened in Ciro's the other night:

In came Rooney, but to the utter astonishment of the Hollywood crowd, he was NOT wearing his usual strike-up-the-band sort of outfit. No big checks, no eye-smashing plaid, no violent colors. Instead, he wore a plain blue, conservatively-cut worsted suit.

There's nothing sarong with this picture that a trick bathing suit can't remedy as worn by Dottie Lamour

The patrician features of Gail Patrick are seen detailed in this portrait of the star. Gail, who's the wife of Bob Cobb, boss of Brown Derby, played in My Favorite Wife, Doctor Takes a Wife

Clark Gable and Hedy Lamarr appear for first time together in Boom Town. She steals Gable's love from Colbert . . . Latter wins him back

Margaret Sullivan, whose last picture is The Mortal Storm, relaxes on her ranch in the valley . . . Shares lounge chair with Boxer pet
While They Drive By Night, Ann Sheridan has done her wool gathering for Fall. Item 1, a skirt and sweater set. The skirt, beige gabardine; twin sweaters, matching cashmere. Cardigan has ribbon bands down front.
For dress-up afternoons and dress-down evenings, Ann's sheerest black wool with fitted waist and four gored skirt shirred into rounded, embroidered pockets is tops.

Excellent for early fall and good all year round is this blue handknit dress with shallow, square collar, scalloped front closing. Scalloping repeated on pocket flaps, brief sleeves.

Black being both flattering and chic around the clock, Ann makes it the backbone of her wardrobe. Evidence: a fine ribbed wool suit with new longer jacket, white revers.

Black is evident again—in a spongy wool casual dress accented with copper buttons, hood, pocket flap and narrow panel at front closing. Hoods are practical and becoming.
KOLMA FLAKE

EDDIE ALBERT SAYS NO GIRL WOULD GIVE HIM A SERIOUS TUMBLE, AND THAT HE'D MAKE A LOUSY HUSBAND. BUT EDDIE CAN BE HAD. IT ALL DEPENDS ON RIGHT GIRL

This definitely is a story of questionable success on my part. I went cherchez la femme in connection with one Eddie Albert, Warner's little pride and joy. Perhaps that's taking liberties with French, but nevertheless a detective never says "look for the woman" in English. And I didn't do too well because I ran into too many women who might be the one.

Jimmy Stewart, Cesar Romero, Cary Grant and other young bachelors are seen hither and yon, dining and dancing with winsome lassies with sufficient regularity to give a detective something in which to sink his teeth. But not Eddie. Well, not since Janey Bryan up and married, anyway. Usually, Eddie is seen dining alone at the Hollywood Brown Derby or in a party at Dave Chasen's or else he's aboard his sailing boat.

Since it's unusual to find an eligible young bachelor so free and unattached in Hollywood, I decided to investigate this
state of affairs. First, I trailed out to the old Vitagraph Studios where Warners were shooting the lad’s latest picture, _My Love Came Back_. I gazed happily upon Olivia de Havilland, Jeffrey Lynn, Jane Wyman, Albert Basserman and other fascinating personalities while Eddie finished a scene.

When I opened the door, I said, nicely, "Look, you’ve told me about your treasure hunting and all of that, but I want to know about your romances nowadays!"

"Romance! Me? Say you’d give a woman money away so a gal would have to worry about the rainy days. I know that’s all that sort of thing happens to wives as well as husbands in Hollywood.

"But maybe someday," he objected, "I’ll get so I want to be alone for a year or more. Then what?

"Mrs. Richard E. Byrd—she’d be swell then," I suggested.

"Oh, sure," Eddie laughed. "Let me have a harem! Include Lana Turner in a sweater."

Undaunted, I continued, "Well, how about Loretta Young? I see by the papers—"

"There’s another reason a girl shouldn’t marry me," Eddie interrupted. "I like good-looking girls. And I say so. Here I was standing at Ciro’s bar when Loretta Young walks by. Just like I always do, I said, ‘Oh, oh, could I go for that!’ A columnist is standing right beside me. The next day he writes that I’d like a date with Loretta Young. Now, how would a wife like that?"

"Oh, she’d get used to it," I said nonchalantly because after all that’s the sort of thing that happens to wives as well as husbands in Hollywood.

Eddie looked like wild man when lost in Mexico. That head is enough to scare away any girl. A wife would sure rebel.

"I like strange foods, too," Eddie laughed. "I’ll eat anything... roasted grasshoppers, crow stew, rattlesnakes, grizzly bears. I’d even eat human flesh if I ever got a chance."

"Well, maybe some woman can talk you out of that," I answered. "Some clever woman.

"Yeah. Say, one night not very long ago, I ordered French snails, I’ve always enjoyed them. When the girl with me said—"

"Who was the girl?" I pounced.

"Oh, she was just someone at the table," he evaded. Then went on, ‘She said, ‘Snails!?’ I said, ‘Oh, yes, they’re pretty good here. Haven’t you tried them?’ She said, ‘You mean those things in the garden that go _squishingalong_ leaving little silver trails?’"

BEFORE I could savor the moment which scored for the woman’s side, he glibly exclaimed, "I like to play my phonograph full-blast at all hours of the night. I had to put my house-boy in a little house clear at the back of the lot so he could get some sleep. I couldn’t put a wife off like that!"

Out of bitter experience, I assured, "Your neighbors will soon cure you of that!"

"Oh, no, they won’t," Eddie chortled. "I’ve had another try, but they didn’t like. I live way up on top of a hill. The house is so isolated you almost have to have a breeches-buoy to get there. My nearest neighbors are three miles away.

I tried to change the subject another way to see if perhaps this would give me a clue to _la femme_. "What do you expect of a wife?"

"I don’t know. Just that she’ll put up with me."

"Well, would you want her to be the perfect hostess at a formal dinner as well? wurden to open avenues of thought for him.

"Oh, Lord, no!" Eddie exclaimed. "You should see the way I eat! Half the time I get myself talking that I forget where my mouth is and the first thing I know my dinner is going down my shirt-front! Golly, I couldn’t eat at a dinner like that. No, definitely, she can’t give dinners like that! And women like to, too, don’t they?"

"Oh, well," I gave up, "a woman likes interesting people and you’ve said you are always bringing home people of that kind."

"Yeah, like the guitarist I brought home one night. He’d ridden the roads all over the North American continent and you don’t get many Raikes living like that. A few nights later he came back and brought some friends with him. He was a swell guitarist and his friends could really sing. Besides wonderful stories, they’d picked up the most marvelous folksongs to throw up to me."

"Imagine bringing those fellows in just when your wife had invited some guests. Why, I’d have to go off on my boat for months to live down that!"

THAT boat! Eddie took a couple of men with him and went off to Mexico for a few months back. Eddie disembarked on a strange island and didn’t come back. Finally his crew decided he’d caught another boat and headed for home. In Los Angeles, they found he was still missing. There was a great search. Eventually word came that Eddie was being organized when Eddie suddenly appeared safe and sound.

Not only safe and sound but gripping because "I had my hair turned out from under my sea-cap just right. With a pipe in my mouth and wearing a dirty worn pea-jacket, I walked onto that deck feeling just like John Barrymore looked in _Moby Dick_."

Whew! There’s still Captain Marvel, Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers running around doing marvelous things on paper! What if Eddie were thoroughly exposed to them? They never get injured so a wife could get over her anger in the bustle of nursing a sadder but wiser husband.

This is the story of what is called Eddie for some more scenes. After an hour, it began to look as though Eddie would never be through. So, Eddie suggested I have lunch with him on his first day off. It wasn’t just about the beautiful you’d forget the woman yet that I accepted. Sure enough, two days later came the call.

Upon my arrival, I was caught up in a whirlwind. I didn’t get any lunch. Instead, I was rushed along with the preparation for a screen test for a particular role. We talked while Perc Westmore gave instructions for a special make-up."

In two days, I’ve done a lot of snooping. I had discovered that Eddie had been seen with Marie Angelus, now under contract to Paramount. Eddie had known her back in New York in _The Boys From_ [Continued on page 88]
By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

LEMONS NOT ONLY ADD FLAVOR AND LOVELINESS TO APPETIZERS, ENTREES AND DESSERTS, BUT AID THE HOUSE-KEEPER IN HER VARIOUS DAILY TASKS

In these days when it's not only smart to be thrifty but also the popular thing to make every nickel turn into a dime, it's no culinary secret that lemons lend flavor without the need of more expensive special flavoring extracts. But it is often a difficult task to convince hostess or homemaker that the simplest ingredients are always best!

When we say flavor, that goes for lemon juice, lemon pulp, and every last grating of the lemon rind! In the juice we find refreshing fruit acids which are so tonic and wholesome that lemon juice alone is prescribed as an antidote for many intestinal and digestive disorders; in the pulp we get cool, fresh, crystal consistency with which to garnish appetizer, meat, or fish; while in the rind and in its perfumed oils we secure genuine flavor or fragrant odor with which to season everything from soup, through salads, and dessert; last, from the viewpoint of color, lemons provide that clean, fresh, cheerful note which adds charm to foods or to the menu as a whole.

"A" is for Appetizer in the culinary alphabet. So here's the place to begin with lemons—as garnish for the seafood cocktail; as a sharp tonic slice dropped on top of soup or bouillon cup; as thin section with which to decorate canapes or other hospitality assortments. If the cocktail is one of tomato juice, don't fail to add a few drops of lemon, too, to delight the palate.

"B" is for the Buffet, both winter and summer. Here also lemon lends [Continued on page 81]
Transformation of a Mugg

(Continued from page 20)

Photos of him by the gross. Before they released the picture, they said, they wanted to flood the country with photos of him in his Rockne make-up—to prepare people for what he would look like. They started talking about a special preface to the picture itself, to prepare audiences.

“What’s the harm of surprising them?” asked Pat, puzzled.

“We don’t want them laughing when they first see you,” ‘I will if you’d tell me something,’ said Pat, removing his ever-present cigar from his mouth to make sure he would be understood. “Why do people laugh at first sight of me as Rockne?”

“It isn’t because you’re funny. It’s because they’re startled.”

In other words, the laughter was a nervous reaction, a manifestation of astonishment. They just couldn’t believe their eyes. For years they had been seeing his Irish pan, undisguised. Now, suddenly, all the facial characteristics that made him Pat O’Brien had disappeared. He had the facial characteristics of another man, completely different. They weren’t prepared for such a total transformation.

Now Pat, grinning, says, “I guess they thought I’d never change. I was beginning to think that, myself. Any time a script came for a fast-talking, hard-boiled so-and-so, O’Brien was automatically cast as the so-and-so. With never a chance of make-up.”

That was his reward for making himself memorable, soon after he arrived from Broadway, as the hard-boiled reporter in The Front Page. He was typed as a mugg. The wonder is—Hollywood being Hollywood—how he ever got the chance to be something else. How did he?

“Ask me why I didn’t get a chance years ago,” says Pat. “I couldn’t tell you. But it’s a good question.”

“Five years ago, I thought I was on my way to something else. I played the hero of a picture called Oil for the Lamps of China. Maybe you remember the opus. The hero was a crusader, a man with ideals, fighting to make the world a better place to live in. The critics gave it a performance. And the picture did all right at the box-office. But up came a script that called for a breezy promoter, and they couldn’t think of anybody but Pat O’Brien for the part. And there I was. Back in the rut—for several more years.

“You might like to know how I happened to get that part in Oil for the Lamps of China. I’ll tell you.

“They wanted Tracy for it. His studio wouldn’t loan him. When that happened, they were up a tree; they couldn’t think of anybody else in the role. Spencer said, ‘You’ve got a guy right in your own backyard who could play the part. If I could do it, he could.’ They said, ‘Who?’ He said, ‘Pat O’Brien.’ They listened to Tracy—and took a chance on O’Brien.

“And then, until the next time they thought of Tracy for a part, they didn’t think of O’Brien as a possibility for that kind of part.

“In the meantime—and it was a long stretch—I played one hard-crusted citizen after another. I couldn’t kick; the pay was too good. And I was kept busy. But I got so that I could play the parts in my sleep. If I wasn’t a cop, I was a detective; if I wasn’t an Army officer, I was a Naval of-
Design for Loving

[Continued from page 34]

Fox Studios, those towering steps that sweep up to the administration offices, and wept for three solid hours. "It was the most dramatic moment of my life," says Rita, seriously, for great seriousness, along with dignity and shyness, are a part of her. The tears were not so dramatic as the emotions that prompted them.

For weeks Rita had been rehearsing the part of Ramona, Spanish-Indian maiden loved by Alessandro whose romance is a pattern in the heavily embroidered California legend. Her costumes had been fitted; everything was ready for her to step into the role. Then came a switch in the plans. To Loretta Young went the part, with Don Ameche as her Indian lover. It might have been that producers thought the little Cansino girl too dramatically inexperienced.

"And I was too inexperienced," agrees Rita. "I was without the dramatic training that the part needed. About all I had done before the cameras was a dance sequence—Dance Inferno—in Dante’s Inferno. The first speaking lines I ever had were in Under the Pampas Moon and I danced in that, too. But I couldn’t understand it that way at the moment Ramona was taken from me. It took me three months to get over the shock and disappointment.

"To many a stout heart, beating under a chassé as incomparable as the Hayworth’s, this would have been the signal to shrug a curving shoulder at films and step back into the bright dancing world where, for three generations, starting with Grand-father Antonio of Seville, the name Cansino was a magnet for all who applauded the merry seguidilla, the prancing jota and the many forms of Spanish dancing. But not for Hayworth.

She had made up her mind that all her forces were to be directed toward acting. Dancing was fine but to excel in it no longer was her goal. At the age of six she had made her chubby debut on a Baltimore stage and she had grown up with the glitter and excitement of the dance. To her there was no longer allure in it. This may explain why the business of being projected as a potential glamour girl of films today is so utterly unimportant to her. She was weened on glamour and manufactured enchantment for the masses.

Even an engagement at a pre-Repeat Agua Caliente, the Mexican spa below California’s border, an engagement that stretched out to a solid two-year booking, did not make her change her mind about dancing once a chance to act was offered her. "There is no field for me in dancing," she says today. "A few engagements at night clubs, yes. A few engagements with a civic organization, or a tour. No, that’s not for me. It was different with the late Argentino, the great Spanish dancer. She had a following built up through the years. I would rather work hard to get that following through acting."

It was a plan for harder work, more self-development, that came from those tears—"three hours of them," Rita declares—on the studio steps. The first thing Rita did was to go to a dramatic teacher and arrange for lessons. After that she looked up a direction. Then a singing teacher. She has a sweet mezzo-soprano voice. "It isn’t worth anything, my voice," she explains, "but I thought knowing how to breathe properly, knowing diaphragmatic control, would help in acting."

To break the news to the dancing Cansinos that their Margarita Carmen, for that is the name the good saints knew her by, was to do no more, was a special chore in itself. But, Rita, energized by her convictions, took it on. Not only that, she went to her wardrobe hun with sequined costumes, lacy mantillas, great head-handed skirts, sheer blouses with puffy sleeves carrying quaint needlework, and swept them into her arms. "These," she proclaimed to her family, "are going to Father’s dancing students. I won’t need them any more."

Rita’s married to Ed Judson who’s in the oil business. He courted her for eighteen months, but according to an old Spanish custom, she wasn’t allowed to go out dancing alone with him until he had dined with her family several times. A year and a half later she married Judson who was her first beau. They get along fine.

The only piece of apparel that she did save was a white-brimmed felt sombrero, a great hat that was brilliant with lacy satin stitchings of carnations and roses. Sentiment dictated that she keep it. It was the sombrero that she had used so many times in that Mexican folk-dance where, after the floors had minned about it on her toes, hands on hips, partner stomping, guitars and marimbas playing merrily, the hat hung over the fireplace shelf of her library, perhaps the only souvenir of a career that she has chosen to abandon.

If Rita were any less honest she could declare that the sombrero was one given her by ex-King Alphonso or another noble name. According to biographic data Rita has "appealed all over America and Europe, often before royalty." This Rita disclaims with a seriousness which seems to mark her personality. She has never been abroad. All that king stuff is so much bosh. Her nearest touch with a foreign land was Mexico and that long-time appearance, where it was in evidence that she and Eduardo could see her. He did. His name was Winfield R. Sheehan, once head of Fox Films. So much for her entrance into pictures.

Rita made one more family-rocking change as she traded the dancer to potential dramatic ball of fire. She dropped her surname and took her mother’s Irish-English name, Hayworth. She took it and then added a "y" after the second letter, giving it a good old American ring, which is completely orthodox, for Rita is a New Yorker, born October 17, 1918. Rita’s mother, before her marriage to Senior Cansino, had met Eduardo and Vernon, had been a stock company actress.

It would be nice to record that immediately with the name change and the announcement of Rita’s skyrocketed to film success. Rita’s conquering of the dramatic world still goes on, slowly, surely. First there was Only Angels Have Wings to project her in a Class A picture. Susan and God, for which Metro loaned her from Columbia studios, will show her again. And now she is at work for her home studio with Brian Aherne in the French piece It Happened in Paris. But before that there were some twenty-five B-films which were, as she points out, a "school" for her. A clinic wherein she could try out what she had learned from her constant tutoring with dramatic coaches.

As far as her career life was concerned, Rita was completely emancipated. But her personal life never deviated from the Spanish plan of complete chaperonage for unmarried girls, a system which calls for a damas or female escort until the marriage hour. Although the idea may sound impractical in application to the Hollywood way of life, Rita got along all right. She didn’t date much, but it wasn’t because she was not asked. Her leading men were always over-worked, and when they heard her say that she’d "ask her mother and father if she could dine with them." This was something new.

About four and one-half years ago something very wonderful came into Rita’s personal life. His name is Edward Judson and he was born in San Jose, California, and he is of Swedish descent. He is older than Rita, suave, loves to dance, and is in

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has grown right out into the hearts of her countrymen (and women) from coast to coast. She could step out of Hollywood and queen it over any hamlet or metropolis in her path or dethrone any queen by reason of the fact that we Hollywood reporters are old suitors about our stars, you come right along with me while I quote you some quotes from the Press of the C. S. A.

And if you're one of the believing you will convince you that if Jeanette hasn't outgrown Hollywood it's because she's a homebody at heart and likes to come home to mother (and Gene) and spend time with men. "FILM DIVA SINGS TO PACKED HALL!" headlined the Birmingham Age-Herald. The News of that city proclaimed: "Commissioner Eugene Connor Presents Kev of the City to the Singer: She already has her eyes."

Skipping clear over and up to Springfield, Mass., the morning Union said: "MISS MACDONALD GAVE CONCERT TO FULL HOUSE: Four thousand people, perhaps more, from all parts of New England thronged to the auditorium late last night to hear and see a gracious lovely lady. For the first time in this area there were standees at an auditorium concert."

Back in El Paso, Texas, the Times headlined: "GENE FLOES TO JEANETTE HERE."

THAT'S the touch that gets 'em. The El Paso Times also banner-lined: "An admiring audience. The answer of Jeanette MacDonald, beautiful singing star, to solicitous police who urged her to avoid the crowds of more than 1,000 persons, when she arrived in El Paso Sunday morning. "If they come here to see me, they have a right to see me," the gracious soprano said."

In Raleigh, North Carolina, the natives platted themselves as hicks because Jeanette lost her hat, had her stockings torn and bruises on her person as a result of their fast and furious embraces. "The audience yesterday minus a private car, orchids and all the hubbub one would expect from such a famous person," commented the Mobile Times. The Richmond Times-Dispatch patted her silk shoulders proclaiming: "CRITIC FINDS MISS MACDONALD MORE CHARMING THAN IN FILMS."

There followed paragraphs in praiseful vein on account of how when Jeanette was asked whether she planned to make a picture with her actor-husband she was quoted as saying, "If you could only persuade the studio to do it. It's what I want more than anything."

Jeanette attended a private party of something in a picture in which husband and wife play together. I can't see that viewpoint, though. It seems to me that the public would be more interested in seeing people make love to each other when they really are in love. (How about it, Public?)"

For Jeanette stood right back of Gene in her eyes but then the idea of making a picture until he could get the kind of role he believed in. She not only stood back of him, she encouraged him in his stand, admired him for his courage and commended him for the good use he made of his time.

Now Gene is co-starring with Wendy Barrie in RKO's Cross-Country Romance, his first picture in more than two years. But although his hands were tied by thumbs. He worked hard at his part. He learned to play the piano, not just adequately but professionally well. He studied theory and harmony. He practiced for hours each day. He wrote songs. He was in the state many actors go through when they are trying to get out of a groove but he didn't stagnate.

It was difficult for him, not making pictures. The actor in him was unsatisfied. And this Jeanette understood. She believe in people doing what they want. Too few people, nowadays," she said, "can fight for what they believe in."

It was Gene's particular battle and he fought it out himself and there is no doubt that one of his best weapons was that he got no criticism from Jeanette. And what was more, those individuals who made it their business to criticize him, to make dismal prophecies about the future of his marriage, to go so far as to say that it would be better not risk meeting MacDonald in the dark!

But to get back to our quoting again. "Meeting Her Was Like Getting Champage When You Expected a Cocktail," exulted the Mobile Keyight ... "Dowagers stood atop baggage-trucks, jittebergs danced on top of benches, old men and children jostled each other ... when she actually ar-rived in the state," explained the spring-feld, Illinois State Journal.

"FILM STAR CAPTIVATES AUDIEN-CENCE. MRS. WILLEBRANDT'S FOR JEANETTE. MACDONALD," caroled the Washington Times-Herald, adding, just to pick an en-ronium at random, "Jeanette now holds Washington in the hollow of her slim, white hand."

The Toledo Times noted: "Frederick Schumann-Heink, aware of the high regard in which his mother held the golden-voiced MacDonald, recently presented her with the rosary the beloved contralto always carried when she sang."

"JEANETTE MACDONALD HOME TO GET SOME REAL ICE CREAM," anything, the Philadelphia Inquirer, lovingly reporting the news of a picture in which husband and wife play together. I can't see that viewpoint, though. It seems to me that the public would be more interested in seeing people make love to each other when they really are in love. (How about it, Public?)"

Jeanette's of a Thursday night when she cooks dinner for Gene and herself and the piece of resistance is always homemade, Jeanette-made ice cream. She does a nifty job with pork and beans, too. They usually persuade the audience to give her a standing ovation.

The Greensboro Daily News positively went panegyric in its editorial columns, concluding one rave with, "Miss MacDonald is more than a colorful celebrity, she is tremen-dously and beautifully like folks."

The Philadelphia Ledger wrote approvingly: "... when one of the girl interviewers asked her if her red hair isn't really Titian, Jeanette said, "I don't know, I integuessed it was sort of carottny." The Harrisburg Telegraph marveled: "Jeanette MacDonald sang in the O'Pry House (Forum) Monday night and charmed 2,113."

WELL, I could go on quoting paper after paper. Mayors, commissioners, policemen, critics, dowagers, schoolgirls, brewers, banjo-men, musicians, every amateur who can claim the fact that if Jeanette wants to outgrow Hollywood the deed is as good as done. And every time she go-naturally let herself be mobbed by milling, MacDonald-mad crowd. Then she returned to her home town that had called her crown in glory "sort of carottny" she showed the world a true heart. She certainly showed Hollywood that she could outgrow any place she had ever loved. Because she isn't that kind of a person.

As I came out of the quagmire of quotes, Jeanette said, "I plan to stay in pictures as long as the fans like me. I have seen too many careers come and go to let success go to my head."

"I don't believe anyone in Hollywood ever leaves pictures. Instead pictures leave them. I shall continue to make pictures just as long as the fans want me, and for just as long as I can get stories I believe in. I don't say that if the studio should give me a series of bad pictures I wouldn't get up and walk out, I would. I did it once, that was WHY I did it and I would do it again, if necessary. But only if they make a picture that I don't want it so, it's because the studio figures that if they keep on giving the public the same combination all the time they'll tire of it and that it's wise to give them a change."

"Serious and upstaged were, as I remember, two of the adjectives attributed to me in the article I'm answering. Well, I should like to challenge both of them! Perhaps the inference was that by going on concert tour, I was being upstage. But there's no reason why I should confine myself to nothing but making pictures. Concert tour is a very fine way of finding out what people like, what people are like, too."

"It's not outgrowing Hollywood or taking myself seriously to do concert work. For, after all, singing is my first love. I became interested in pictures because of why I shouldn't stick to it. I believe," Jeanette smiled, "in sticking to first loves. They have a way of sticking to you. And my singing—well, after you've been doing it for so long, after we cease to be photo-genic—a voice remains.

"As I recall it, too, there was some men-

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school, lots of play, an occasional picture, and probably radio.

"The world cruise Shirley is to take will be nothing other than an auto trip up North—perhaps to the Canadian Rockies. We'll be back in time for school."

**MRS. TEMPLE** spoke earnestly in quick-paced words:

"I wonder who started all this talk! I mean about her going to Hollywood. It was news to us when we learned the so-called 'facts' that she was going to star with Deanna Durbin and Gloria Jean in a picture. Do you know that we have talked with Mr. Pasternak only through our agent—and that we don't know him personally at all?

"These 'facts' are lopsided facts at best. So far every major studio in town has put in enticing bids for Shirley, but we have not committed ourselves to any of them. And we won't put pen to any contract—no matter at what salary—that doesn't assure Shirley of the best stories, the best casts, and few enough pictures to allow her life to gain the normalcy of social contacts with girls of her own age in school and outside."

Which means that Shirley will definitely join her class of twelve when the sun begins to go South for the Winter. Every weekday morning she will jump into the Temple station-wagon, and her pal, George, the chauffeur, will whisk her off in time for chapel service at Westville School for Girls.

In addition to taking the traditional studies—English, math, geography, history, art, and physical culture—she will be conjugating French verbs again—she "parley-voos" quite well already—improving her tap and ballet dancing, and singing the do-re-mis with the other little girls, who, being of wealthy families in and around movieland, make Shirley feel at home.

They don't pedestalize her, they argue with her, they laugh with her, they treat her to ice-cream—or she treats them—and Shirley is fast becoming socialized to the outer-world kids. And don't be surprised if she is sent up to Miss de Laguna, the kindly principal, who is cooperating with Mom Temple by acting toward Shirley as if she were "just another girl."

**SHIRLEY'S happiness comes first.**

Mrs. Temple told me. There was a look of intense pride in her eyes as she glanced across the high-ceilinged living room at the oil painting of her own "Little Princes" and her pet black Scotty dog on the wall. It was the kind of look every mother who loves her children more than herself radiates.

Do you know what Shirley said to me the night I told her she was going to leave 20th Century-Fox? We were having candlelight supper when I explained what George and I had been planning for her for almost two years. Her eyes widened like saucers. She was solemn for a minute and said half-wistfully, "I hope it won't be too long before I make another picture!" George and I are not forgetting that. We know it won't be long if she can't work at all. Motion pictures are as much a part of her as she is of them.

"She's so sincere," continued Mrs. Temple. "It hurts a little to take her out of school, but we have to. She was solemn for the rest of 1940. But that's what I am doing. It will give us a chance to get a better perspective on her career."

"Shirley goes into every picture, good or bad, with all her pep and enthusiasm—all her heart and soul. That is why there should be more discrimination in choice of story material. If she were old enough to judge, to discriminate for herself, I would let her judge what is best. She isn't. So I must help her."

"I want her to play in real, hard-hitting, modern stories. Not in syrupy sweet stories such as she's been having. Her last picture, Young People, was more on the order of what she should have."

"**THERE were many articles printed in newspapers and national magazines about how Shirley had been paid $300,000 for her release. If the writers did not say this, they implied it. I think readers of MOTION PICTURE should see the other side of the story—because there is one! Actually we paid for the release ourselves.**

For almost two years I have pleaded for more original stories for Shirley's pictures. In fact, George and I have felt our daughter wasn't getting fresh stories or stories suited to her personality. Shirley herself has commented, 'Momma, how many times have we done this picture before?'

"I felt that she was being typed as a goody-goody in namby-pamby parts. Suggestions I made for adaptations from famous novels—I won't mention their names, because we're still bidding for them and it may spoil our chances of getting them reasonably—were shunted aside. Circus stories were suggested, but for some reason they were rejected."

"Before Shirley looks another camera in the face, she is going to get first-rate material. A story that would deal with the change of a girl's character, preferably in a modern setting, that would grapple with today's problems, rather than be copied down by obvious Boy-Meets-Girl subplots."

"Many of Shirley's scripts have been reasonably exact facsimiles of her past ones. Instead of impressing Shirley to catch the flavor of her personality, writers sat in dark projection-rooms seeing her old pictures. How could there be any improvement in quality of stories when they copied the formula of a few reporters who have always been so fair to her and her daughter have given an erroneous impression to world-wides.

She feels it has not been done maliciously. In fact, unintentionally. The inexorable march of minutes—the bustle to meet deadlines, and the lack of time to investigate thoroughly the truth about Shirley are probably the causes.

"The impression that Shirley was given $300,000 to release her has been spread abroad," Mrs. Temple explains. "This is not so. The money was Shirley's earnings. It was not a gift! It was part of a bonus she received on each picture until the sum of $300,000 was reached. It had been placed in two different trusts to be held until the fulfillment of her contract."

"Of that $300,000 practically eighty percent went in taxes. Regardless, we did not wait until Shirley's contract expired, we were forced to forfeit almost $100,000 to her ex-employers. Between taxes and this forfeiture we derived little or nothing from the $300,000."

Statisticians tell us that Shirley earned 20th Century-Fox a net profit of $20,000,000 in sixteen successful films and that she her- self earned paycheques totalling $3,000,000, plus another sum from Temple dollies, dresses, clothing, and baby merchandise. Thanks to taxes, agents, lawyers, and the upkeep of a star and her properties, she is just a few cents above the millionaire class today."

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Misty Mountain, too. When Greta isn’t facing the cameras she’s usually to be found at Mr. Hauser’s Misty Mountain estate. Here, they bask in the sun together, in beach-chairs set up on long, green sweeps of neatly-trimmed lawn, take occasional dips in his swimming pool, or amuse themselves with his dogs and fowls. Sometimes they simply gaze out over the rugged hills, or study the Yucca blooms on the sides of them, or peer down at the changing scenes in the commonplace world below.

Oh, yes, I have a festival of cocktails, and carrot cocktails, and cabbage cocktails. All that diet business, Greta’s terribly interested in dietetics, and it was this mutual interest that first brought them together. Greta had read all of Gaylord’s books on diet before she met him. Which, of course, was a wonderful beginning. Offhand, you’d have to call Greta one of the most well-readed romances Hollywood has seen in years. Off to a swell start with a mutual interest, and going strong after six months of almost constant companionship.

But there’s another record. And here’s where my case begins getting under way. Greta’s romance record, in cold outline, reads like this: Five romances and no marriages. And according to Maugham’s La Ronces, La Ronces’s, La Ronces’s, La Ronces’s, La Ronces’s, La Ronces’s romances seem to reach the wind-up stage in these lotus-eating sojourns.

First, there was the Swedish motion picture director, Mauritz Stiller.

IT WAS Stiller who launched Greta on her film career, in Europe. Having directed her in The Atonement of Gosta Berling, in Berlin, he influenced her to sail with him to the U. S. A. and try Hollywood. We have left an impression of the ocean voyage, nor just how romantic or un-romantic was their trip together. The records show that a strong friendship, bordering on serious affection, yet only a friendship, yet also a friendship that was Borderline, a friendship together in the German film, that Stiller demonstrated a more than passing interest in the deep and emotional Greta, and vice-versa.

Certainly, burning his own European bridges in order to gamble on a Hollywood career for Greta was indicative of Stiller’s feelings. As it turned out, the voyage from Berlin to New York was the closest the two ever came to a honeymoon. Greta got a foothold in Hollywood, while the over-artistic and rather impractical Stiller was lost in the Hollywood shuffle, returned to Sweden, where he died a few years later.

Next, it was John Gilbert. During the filming of Flesh and the Devil a mutual heart-interest took root. La Garbo and the good-looking, impecunious and extremely likable Gilbert became a movie team, and, with each succeeding picture, the flame grew warmer. Suddenly, though, before a love affair could be arranged, the unpredictable Gilbert fired himself off and married Ina Claire.

From then on, Greta was member to a series of brief romantic interludes. Talking place, usual place, usual place. With Stiller, Gilbert, Mamoulian and Brent it was Motion Pictures. With Stokowski it was music.

The mutual interest eventually brings Garbo and her men into such close association that love is destined to be the result. The next step would be the altar. But this step is never taken. And why? The reason is chiefly Garbo. Garbo must be frank—

is afraid of marriage. And so, she chooses the closest alternative. Namely, a romantic sojourn in an Eden-like setting. And then it’s back to New York.

Having gone this far, it’s only fair to look into the reasons for Greta’s reticence in regard to the final and concluding step in her relationships. The truth is, she’s never taken. And, perhaps, never will.

Any concept one might have of a spider-like Garbo, leading her fles into some sort of a seductive web, is something not to entertain. Garbo is not material—seriously, incredibly sincere, and guards precisely the slightest affection shown her. It’s simply that she’s not the most robust lady in the world. Being sincere, and most conscientious, she hesitates to cultivate people, depending for any contacts on a few intimate friends. Remaining single, she’s able to hide away and enjoy her strength without denominating anyone, or upsetting any obligations.

It’s an observed fact that, at the conclusion of a picture, Greta is physically exhausted and needs rest and quiet. These periods rest and quiet are essential to her. When Garbo loves, she loves deeply and with single-heartedness. But, carrying the obligations of love requires, only a small part of the well. Of this fact Greta is aware, and deeply conscious. And therein, no doubt, lies the secret of her hesitancy. The barrier to her complete happiness is, in the last analysis, her utter unselfishness.

ALONG with her lack of physical strength, Greta, unfortunately, is the victim of a psychological handicap. Which means, simply, that she’s afraid of people. The world contains only a select few individuals of this sort. Persons who shy away from meeting, or mixing with, other people. These individuals have a genuine love for their fellow-men, but somehow, cannot bring themselves to remain in constant social contact with them.

Thus, in Greta’s case, her moments of “growing” along with the cast, belong to her as being among other individuals. Her loved ones, being more or less social, cannot quite assimilate these tendencies. Most of them, though, if she only knew it, understand and respect the human desire and need for privacy. I’m sure the men with whom Greta has been associated romantically learned to fathom her reasons for seclusion. Any one of them, I wager, would gladly have allowed her her moments of solitude.

There remains, though, one other barrier. A barrier which seems to have taken on the rigidity of steel. Namely, Greta’s lofty conception of matrimony’s requirements and implications. Greta is not one to go into anything lightly. The marriage vows to her would certainly be the most sacred and honored undertaking. Having taken them, she’d throw herself completely into the task of living up to them, so far as her strength would allow. No doubt, she’s thought of marriage.

We can only conclude that, knowing herself as no one else can possibly know her, she simply has decided that marriage would be a restriction. For the fact she’d not be able to fulfill according to the standards she’s set for it. Maybe, as I say, she’s Mrs. Hauser by now. I’d rather bet, though, that her heart belongs to her art again. Now that Madame Curie has gone into production.

Will Garbo Marry Hauser?  
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In fact, it assumed such glaring proportions that, before the picture was completed, Greta and Mamoulian seemed to find it pertinent to hire themselves off to Arizona together. Rumor had it the trip was an elopement; yet, when the much-publicized sojourn was over, they went back to work on Queen Christina so happily as Greta Garbo and Rouben Mamoulian.

When the picture was completed, Greta, according to form, sought seclusion. She found a ranch hide-out in the desert, near Victorville, California, and went about being alone. Mamoulian, still hopped up over the romantic progress he’d made, trailed her there—to take up where he’d left off.

Suddenly, oh, as we know, was almost, and insisted she’d gone to the desert to get away from Hollywood, and all it contained. So Rouben Mamoulian returned to Hollywood and his picture-making.

In 1934, Greta and George Brent made The Pointed Veil together. A Garbo-Brent romance appeared to be budding, yet insiders labeled it a publicity stunt, designed to build up the picture. When the picture was completed, Greta, in customary fashion, left Hollywood to be by herself. Again, she trekked out into the desert, this time hiding out at the remote La Quinta Inn, near Indio, California. Her favorite retreat.

SCOOP

Next month, Robert Taylor tells MO- TION PICTURE readers

WHAT I’LL FIGHT FOR

Don’t miss this timely exclusive feature in October MOTION PICTURE.
given Jimmy by Olivia and Jean Fontaine. Its meaning is fairly obvious. Casual and flitting and sort of vague though Jimmy appears to be on the surface, he seems to get pretty much exactly what he wants. That limp and lolliing spine of his in other words is a useful and sensitive tool.

So, then, there's nothing like tracing a story to its lair. After hearing the confirmation of all rumors from Olivia's relatives I thought to myself over to Warnes to have lunch with Jimmy, who is making No Time For Comedy with Roz Russell. Jimmy, I hoped, would give himself away without meaning to. He did, guess how? He spent our entire luncheon hour analyzing himself. A most un-Jimmy-like performance.

I'd rather expected to find Jimmy changed a bit. So many things happened to him the past year and a half. He went to Washington—as Mr. Smith. For which an Oscar cast its shadow before him. He rode again in Destry. He had dates and dates with Marlene Dietrich, which must have had some effect in Mr. Smith, had the Corner with Maggie Sullivan. He spent time, too realistic for make-believe, in a concentration camp for Mortal Storm.

"When that door closed you might as well have been buried," Jimmy told me, one day during production. "I'd read the papers, the horridly headlines, go on the set and walk right into the headlines. Same thing. The emotional and nervous strain was terrible.

He bought a new Stinson cabin plane. He made his first solo night flight. He taught Maggie Sullivan to fly. And now, Olivia..." I suppose, it was wonderful to expect some changes in Jimmy. Add love to it and...but your imaginations can fill the gap more graphically than these words.

"I've been analyzing my face," were, actually, the words with which he greeted me.

"Well," I said, "what do you think of it?"

"I don't know," sighed Jimmy, "it's a perplexing problem. I don't know whether I'm pleased or displeased, but what the hell can I do about it?"

I said that it didn't strike me that doing anything about it was really an emergency measure. It was, for instance, a well paid face. It had been well thought of by diverse discriminating dames, Ginger Rogers, Marlene, Roz Russell, lots of others—including Livvy.

"It isn't exactly that I want to understand myself, you understand," Jimmy was saying in that anxious way of his. "A complete understanding of myself, I think that's something I don't have to have and don't want to have. It must be deadly dull and boring to know yourself very well. Matter of fact, a person who starts talking about himself and says, 'Now, I'm the kind of person who reacts so-and-so to such-and-such a situation,'—well, it's time to avoid that person. If he has himself that well figured out it's more interesting to do a jigsaw puzzle.

"No, I don't want to know myself. I want to be a stranger to myself, capable of giving myself little surprises, even shocks now and then. But I..."

Jimmy gazed and flipped his deceptively helpless-looking hands. I said, helpfully, "but you want to be sure whether you won't give shocks to—to someone else?"

Jimmy said, just as if he hadn't heard me (there's great strength, you know, just not hearing what you don't want to hear), "now, take my work. I don't need to know myself for the sake of my work. Why should I? I don't play Stewart, I hope, when I'm working. I play the other guys. It's up to me to know them! Around the Corner, that frenzied fellow in Mortal Storm. It's up to me to understand how they think and react. But Stewart isn't supposed to be around..."

"I DON'T mean that I'm totally ignorant about me. I know things about myself, like how I hate to get up in the mornings. My wife would have to be a husband-getter-upper if she wanted to eat regular" (it was at precisely this point that I got the drift, realized Jimmy was analyzing himself as a prospective husband)—"and how I hate to get home nights and find messages waiting for me, saying 'please call so-and-so.' I hate that worse than anything.

"I know I have habits like forgetfulness, for instance, awful forgetfulness. I forget to answer letters. Of course, if I hope to have a wife, I wouldn't have to answer letters, would I? Wives are congenital corollaries, aren't they? I forget to accept invitations. I forget to thank people for things. I forget birthdays and anniversaries, everything, practically. But always think of what I should have said or should have done—the day after. But wives kick you under the table, don't they, nudge you and all that?

I said a wife who wasn't a born nudger wasn't worth her salt and sables.

"I know I'm a professional worrier, too. I worry about big things. I worry about little things, worry about everything. But I suppose I like to worry. Most worriers do.

"I know that if I wasn't an actor, I'd like to be an aviator."

"Well, thought, that would be all right, because Jimmy and Olivia, Joan Fontaine and Brian Aherne go on picnics together, by plane.

"I know that I'm a little bit tight," said Jimmy. "Married or single, I'd never be a Diamond Jim Brady, putting hundred dollar bills under girls' plates and diamond bracelets in their corsages. Come to that, I never do worry about such things. I mean, I do everything before the little things—until the next night and then it's pretty silly. I've got a lot of Scotch in me. But that doesn't mean I'm a bargain. I'm the laziest business man in the world. Anyone can sell me anything.

"I know I'm not very efficient about things. Like I never plan anything, not from one hour to the next. I don't want to know what's going to happen in an hour from now. I might not like it. Like when I went to New York some months ago and just suddenly thought I'd go to Europe on account of how I'd never been and just suddenly left.

"I don't like to eat. If I had a wife who was a good cook, I wouldn't appreciate her. I think eating is a silly, darn fool waste of time. And now," grimmed Jimmy, "it's your turn, my dear. Of course, if you look it, being stringy, beamish seen sidevise, and then my answer is, 'So I do.'

"But, anyway, other things are more important and a lot more fun than putting things in your mouth and making cock-eyed chewing motions." (I made a mental note of this. For Olivia loves to eat. Why, her hairdresser at Warnes told me that every time Livvy is under the dryer she has to order her trays of food.)

"FLYING, for instance," Jimmy was saying, "that's very important to me. It's fascinating, it's exciting and altogether different from what I do for a living. I've got a room at the house with nothing in it but airplane models and things.

"And certain books are important to me, Anne Lindbergh's Listen, the Wind, Galsworthy's Forsyte Saga. And I'm a hero-worshipper of Roosevelt, President Roosevelt, Franklin Capra, Lubitsch... these are some of the men I admire, and envy, too..."

Jimmy's still very young, I thought, indubitably, doesn't think food is important, forgets things, loves adventure, and worships heroes... nice that he's stayed this way, so few have.

"Alloud I said, "It's obvious you are not a materialist, but a bit of a sentimentalist, perhaps?"

Jimmy considered this. Then he said, "I'd like to be one, but I'll live. If you say it's a matter of talent, I'll try different ones. Now me, I connect music with people I've known, things I've done. I'm awful sentimental about music. Music is the immortality of things past..."

"Who?" Jimmy was saying, "I never hear Who that I don't think of a prom at prep school and a pretty girl. I don't remember what she looked like and I don't even remember her name but when I hear that song, I think of a girl.

"And when I hear I'll Get By, I always think of the Country Club at Indiana, Pa., and times I'd be there playing golf, wondering whether I would get by, have any kind of a successful life. I guess that's being sentimental, all right..."

"The song you connect with Olivia..." I said, "isn't that superstitious, too," said James, bland as butter-and especially black cats. If I see a black cat run in front of me when I'm going along in my car, I don't even stop to think. I step on the gas. After a few blocks I say, I guess, in a different way, I don't think I'd get by, have any kind of a successful life. I guess that's being sentimental, all right..."

"I'm not neurotic, though. I don't have an Oedipus complex or queer kinks in my sub-conscious. There's only one thing I've got a complex about and that's being killed in an automobile accident. I dream about it all the time. There's something so hideous to me, so sort of ignominious and forlorn about being all mashed up, left in some ditch or sprawled out on a road. I'm not afraid of death at all, but only of that kind of a death.

"I'm quite really stable," said Jimmy, still with that anxious, expecting-to-be-contracted expression in his eyes. "I mean, I take this business, my business, seriously, you know. I've never been one of those who look upon it as a golden ticket. I never let my work be routine with me. I never do a picture that doesn't mean something to me. I'm fortunate, I guess, I've never had to..."

"I always keep up my interest in the whole industry, not just in myself. I'm interested in the cameraman's job, the sound track man's work, the cutting-room, the..."
ATTABOY, PAL!...NO MORE MEALTIME MONKEY BUSINESS!

Babies take to Clapp’s!

He’s our first baby, so naturally my wife and I got worried when he didn’t seem to care about some of his vegetables. Sometimes we begged and pleaded, and sometimes we’d play games and try to sneak a spoonful in while he wasn’t looking. One night I got annoyed and tried to force it down him. In the scuffle, the whole dish landed upside down on the floor.

Just that minute in comes our neighbor, Mrs. Blake, and her little boy. “I don’t know how it will work with you,” she said, when she heard about our troubles, “but I always had very good luck with Clapp’s. Richard seemed to take to Clapp’s, right away, and just see how well he’s grown and thrived. And when he outgrew Strained, he went on Clapp’s Junior Foods as slick as a whistle.”

“It’s Clapp’s textures that babies like, as well as flavors. They’re not too coarse or thick, nor so thin a child doesn’t learn to eat. You see, Clapp’s don’t make anything but baby foods. And my land! They’ve been making them most 20 years, lots longer than anyone else, and getting tips from doctors and mothers all the time—no wonder they know what will make a hit with babies!”

17 Strained Foods for Young Babies
Soups—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 • Apple Sauce • Pears-and-Peaches • Cereal—Baby Cereal.

12 Junior Foods for Toddlers
Soups—Vegetable Soup • Liver Soup • Combination Dishes—Vegetables with Beef • Vegetables with Lamb Vegetables—Carrots • Spinach • Beets • Green Beans Mixed Greens • Fruits—Apple Sauce • Prunes • Dessert—Pineapple Rice with Raisins.
played and ardent, and their roles suffered accordingly. Shakespeare was present as the "most gifted actor of our time," dividing his way with skill and charm through a part far beneath his talents that was responsible for the rush to the box-office.

So insistent has been Barrymore's appeal that Hollywood, with its customary unpredictability, beckoned anew to the actor, sought his early return to the screen. It took Broadway to convince Hollywood that there's life in the Great Profile yet. If he can make a smash hit out of a shoddy comedy, what might he not do, if he put his mind to it, with a first class film play, they are sure this evening are proving in the Great Profile, they are giving him The Great Profile. But will he put his mind to it? Aye! That's the question. Is he fed up with Hollywood and the Good-Living glamour?

It is, after all, difficult to recall a John Barrymore film role. Perhaps, in stage ad-libbing, he has found the road to easy money. Anyway, he's enjoying himself and to the devil with the results. In his prime, he was the product of his age, but he came too. He found headline attention seldom given to an actor because he was enjoying himself in a manner that would not be possible to one moaning about in the sombre habitations of Hamlet.

The wife, the night-clubs, the wisecracks, the Scotch, dizzy Manhattan, that's the life. Why bother with Hollywood and the laborious business of starring around all the plays? He has had a notable stage career in retakes? I have a notion the stage will continue to be the life for John Barrymore.

IF IT is Barrymore who led the Hollywood procession to Broadway, by way of Chicago and other play-hungry centers, it is Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh who have given the theatregoers a taste of the grandeur and the glory of Shakespeare. It has been a year since they were last seen in Hamlet, and they are now at the city's Municipal Auditorium, where they will be seen in Othello. They are the stars of the play, and their presence has given the production a new vitality. Olivier is magnificent as Othello, and Leigh is superb as Desdemona. The production is a masterpiece of Shakespearean acting, and the audience has been captivated by the beauty of the performance.

But the appeal of Barrymore and Leigh is not limited to their acting abilities. They have also been praised for their ability to convey the depth of Shakespeare's text through their performances. Olivier's intense and powerful delivery of the roles of Othello and Iago has earned him critical acclaim, while Leigh's emotional and soulful portrayal of Desdemona has touched the hearts of audiences. The chemistry between the two leads is palpable, and their on-stage presence is electric.

MUSICAL comedy has also tapped the Hollywood fields for talent. It failed to lure W. C. Fields back to his old haunts, but it did get other comics. They marched from the studios, several of them frankly good, to the Broadway stage, and three of the call of the stage. But it is significant that a year or two ago the call would have been unanswered. They would have gone right ahead making a picture and arranging their film schedules conveniently to include a radio program. But six months constitute a long period in pictures, and the comics are expert enough showmen to realize that the abiding principle of their business is to "leave 'em wanting a little bit more."

A temporary silence on the screen may create a demand for an early return to the

ALL of the above acts, as if we needed to tell you, have greatly enhanced their screen reputations with their stage experiences. At the same time, they have demonstrated effectively the growing interdependence of Hollywood and Broadway.

Some of these Hollywood figures are triple-threat stars—they include radio in their activities. Such a one is Burgess Meredith, of Winterset fame. He swaggered for several weeks in a notable revival of Molnar's Lila, which conducted a pretentious dramatic program for the broadcasters. With television we will have quadruple-threat stars.

And off hands, who would be seen especially suited to such distinction? Why, of course Ingrid Bergman. The lovely young Viking who made her first American film last summer when she appeared with Leslie Howard in Intervenno and who is David O. Selznick's favored choice for Joaun of Arc in his forthcoming film drama about the Maid of Orleans, was the particular girl friend who caused Lilian to swagger.

She proved as adaptable, as altogether beguiling on the stage as when she captivated her musical mentor, Master Howard—in what was that subtile of Intervenno—oh, yes; A Love Story. Once she overcomes her English in Hollywood, she will be a great star, as she is "spoke by Joe Doaker," she will have every broadcaster, every telecaster (or should it be televisioner?) knocking on her door. For she is the actress we have long waited for, with her ovalse-facial outline, high cheek bones, slightly-slanling eyebrows, ingenious smile and youthful—you can't avoid the words—glamor.

Already from the beginning, she says, "I have good roles."

But she wants better ones—on the stage. After Joaun of Arc, she'll probably get them. Last season was her first experience on the New York stage. She found in it no end of excitement.

Alan Dinehart, Glenda Farrell and Lyon Talbot formed a Hollywood trio who had the novel assignment of sharing the same public dressing room. They were not in a picture seen on the screen—radio rooms; only on Broadway can you share separate rooms, if you don't mind the pam. They rose above their stage opportunity by their sheer sincerity of their performance. Dinehart is a veteran of Broadway and the vaudeville stage. For more years than he probably would like to recall he banded around the country in a sketch called The Lowest Man in Town. It was like returning to a boyhood home to come back to the theatre and bear the stimulating sound of hands being clapped.

Who Ever Said Hollywood Couldn't Take Broadway? [Continued from page 31]
"I lived in a haunted house..."

It was just like seeing a horrible ghost—everytime I opened that linen closet. There were my clothes all washed and ironed—and there was that dingy shadow of tattletale gray. It simply haunted me. I never dreamed my weak-kneed soap was to blame until...

The lady next door asked me to wash the Fels-Naptha way. "Try the golden bar or the golden chips," she told me. "Either way, Fels-Naptha Soap brings you richer, golden soap teamed with gentle dirt-loosening naphtha. And those two busy cleaners get the grimiest, tattletale gray dirt."

Golden bar or golden chips
FELS-NAPTHA BANISHES
"TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

P. S. Use the Fels-Naptha bar for bar-soap jobs. Use Fels-Naptha Soap Chips for box-soap jobs. The crinkly flakes made of richer, golden soap and naphtha. They're huskier—not puffed up with air like flimsy, sneezy powders. Wonderfully sudsy, too—thanks to a new added suds-builder!

Copyright, 1940. Fels & Co

Well, I was so frantic I rushed to the grocer's for that big, golden bar of Fels-Naptha Soap. And do I thank my lucky stars! My washes now look like a million—so sunny-white and sweet-smelling! I'm so proud of my curtains and clothes and linens, I just love to have folks come into the house. And, Jim...well...if you could see how he hugged me last night, you'd know he's proud of me!
introduced Rudy to the other great passion in his life, Pola Negri. It was at a party at John David's Beverley Hills home, and from the start I think Rudy was attracted to the exotic black-haired Pola. But in Pola's case there was never the whole-hearted passion he gave to Natacha. Rudy had been burned once, and like the proverbial child, he feared the fire.

He never again, to the day of his death, permitted himself to be dominated by a woman although Pola worshiped him—and during the disgraceful days just before his funeral when women broke the windows of the undertaking parlor where Valentine's body lay—she said she would never love anyone like she did Rudy.

T MAKES me smile to hear that Greta Garbo is a cold, indifferent woman when she favors a man. Well can I remember Greta when she was head over heels in love with John Gilbert—and don't let anyone tell you that this was not a real romance. She even tried to make herself over for the good-looking, tempestuous John—just as she is today, though out of the Hollywood parties and going places with Dr. Gaylord Hauser.

John's wit, charm and warm personality completely swept Garbo off her feet. Though not many people know it she even went to football games with him, accompanied usually by Edmund Lowe and Lillian Tashman. Once it started to rain during a Notre Dame-Southern California game and Greta, who was attending, decided to put on a new mink coat, begging her leg to take her home.

"Don't be silly," said John to the not-so-silent (at the time) Swede, "No one walks out on Notre Dame." So he bought her a paper and the funniest sight I ever saw in my life was the great Garbo timidly sitting by Gilbert's side at a football game with the paper draped over her hat.

They were going nowhere—and each time it was Greta who tried to make up first. Once at King Vidor's tennis party when they were on one of their famous feuds, she kept calling up every few minutes to learn if John had arrived. And the kind Boardman not to let him know she was on the phone.

But fate played a funny trick on their love. The other at dinner parties and when for some reason I have never understood John's voice did not register. He went down professionally as Greta became the outstanding feminine star. He was bitter and discouraged. Finally, years later, Greta insisted that he be given the lead opposite her in Queen Christina—but the spark of their passion was over and only a casual friendship remained.

So much has been written about Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks—and there is so much more that must ever be left unwritten. But certainly there can be no challenge that for ten years Mary and Doug were the sweethearts of the world.

They adored each other, the golden-haired Mary and the dark, dashing Fairbanks. They traveled over the face of the globe—and they told us it was very true that all the world loves a lover.

Well can I remember the golden years when Mary and Doug would dance with no one else—when they insisted on sitting next to each other at dinner parties and when they held hands walking across the studio lot like two high school sweethearts. They had foolish nicknames for one another—Mary was "Hipper" and Doug was "Tipper" and to this day no one knows what they mean.

Together they ruled as King and Queen of the Hollywood social world—and later on in a chapter of my reminiscences I want to tell you about the great parties at Pickfair where the great artists and leaders of the world came to pay homage to Mary and Doug.

It was Doug's restlessness that finally parted them. They were a happy couple in love with health and love of life, Doug was always on the go, Mary, a quieter personality, followed him blindly on trips half across the world and back again for years. But in her heart she always missed Pickfair, Hollywood, her work at the studio and her friends. She loved being at Pickfair—and she loved Hollywood and her fellow-workers.

Once when the entire industry paid tribute to Queen Mary at the Philharmonic Auditorium (this was years before anyone ever dreamed of the Academy Award) I shall always remember the thrill of Mary's words as she sat in the audience, looking across the footlights. Every actress, director, producer and cameraman in Hollywood got to his or her feet as the Queen said: "You and I are the same people. Your ways are my ways and my ways are your ways."

And so Mary stayed in Hollywood—while adventure and excitement beckoned Doug away. I was with Mary when she made up her mind that they had eventually come to part. We had no bitterness, no recriminations ever between Mary and Doug. When she gave me the scoop of their parting, a story that rocked the world, she had only the kindest things to say of the man who had held her love for so many years.

It was a tribute to their great love story that years later when Douglas brought the charming Lady Ashley back to Hollywood as his bride, and Mary was married to Buddy Rogers, that they frequently met at Hollywood parties without embarrassment.

So today finds two new movie romances holding the center of the stage. I do not feel I know Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh as well as I have known the principal heroes and heroines of other Hollywood love stories. They are both English and have been in Hollywood only a short time. But I have interviewed Vivien several times—and the world can believe about her devotion to Olivier: If the brilliant star can "alone With the Wind" had to choose between her career and Laurence—she would take her love and forget fame and her work! He feels the same way about her.

No matter how one feels about divorce— the honesty of Olivier and Miss Leigh must be respected. They have tried to spare themselves from the gossip and the spotlight by living quietly within the reserved circle of their British friends in Hollywood. But there are cautious admission that this moment they set eyes on each other while they were making a picture in England, no one else has existed for either of them.

Reporters respect the English stars for their utter discretion. They have told them they will be married as soon as they are legally free—which may be by the time you read this article. In their case—Vivien and Laurence had much to lose and to dare in loving one another—but they were unafraid.

AS FAR as Norma Shearer and George Raft are concerned as a romantic team, I must admit I am puzzled. Perhaps I am wrong—but while they are deeply devoted to one another as I write this—I can't help but believe that they may not be a love story of long duration. Yet they have been helpful to each other, and if George were free at this minute I am sure they would marry.

Norma was an unhappy and restless girl when she met George. Ever since Irving Thalberg first described her, Norma (one of the sincerest love stories of all time) Norma had lived too much by herself. She saw few people and went practically nowhere.

It started as a flirtation when Norma met George at a dinner party at the Jack Warners and immediately liked him. The spark, started in Hollywood, was really ignited on a trip abroad that took them to Europe with the Charles Boys. George was on the same boat. In the beginning I don't think it was serious with either one of them. George had been devotion itself for years to Virginia Peete, and he adored her little daughter, Joanie.

But George, who lives in a man's world of prize fights, races and baseball games, was on a vacation himself. He and Norma may take one night of their week on their way to Europe and generally had the time of their lives both in New York and Paris.

Perhaps this man who grew up on the wrong side of the tracks in New York was deeply flattered by the interest of the "First Lady of the Screen" at first. I doubt if it went much farther than that. Norma, on her part, found George an amusing companion and a grand dancing partner. When she returned to New York she scoffed at rumors that they were romantically inclined.

But when they came back to Hollywood—what had begun as a mere flirtation—gradually developed into a serious romance. These two were everywhere together. Little Irving Thalberg Jr., shadowed George and soon, it was a familiar sight to see them rooting for their favorite team at the baseball park.

George's devotion to children is one of his most delightful characteristics. He plays with the Thalberg children by the hour to which hasn't hurt his suit with Norma, as you can well imagine. Right now they are the question mark love story of Hollywood. Perhaps their romance may lead to the altar. There are so many angles that stand in the way. Recently George has told his friends, that he doubts if Norma would ever consent to marry him. But no one can deny that in the deep friendship between them today— Norma Shearer and George Raft have found great happiness.

NEXT MONTH

THE GREAT GLAMOR GIRLS OF HOLLYWOOD

Louella Parsons continues her exclusive series—YOUR HOLLYWOOD—AND MINE is the October issue with THE GREAT GLAMOR GIRLS OF HOLLYWOOD. This second chapter deals with Hollywood's most thrilling personalities of yesterday and today. Don't miss it!
Lovely, expressive, provocative—every motion of your hands, their creamy loveliness accentuated by the flame-red, exciting brilliance of Dura-Gloss, the new, the different nail polish created specially to make your fingernails the most beautiful fingernails in the world! Dura-Gloss has swept America, has risen to unbelievable heights of popularity—yes, especially among women who willingly spent a dollar for nail polish before! Yet Dura-Gloss awaits you now, in twenty fashion-approved colors at every cosmetic counter, and costs only that tiniest silver coin—a dime! For the sake of new loveliness for your fingernails—change to Dura-Gloss, before sun sets today!

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Look for the life-like fingernail bottle cap—colored with the actual polish! No guess-work: you get the color you want!

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For your smart fall ensembles you’ll need:

True Red Red Wine
Tropical Pink Lady

Lorr Laboratories
Paterson, N. J.
FOUNDED BY E. T. REYNOLDS
Will You, James, Take This Woman?

[Continued from page 60]

script department, every department. I try to learn something new every day. An actor, I figure, plays such a small part in making a movie.

When I asked if there aren't a lot of temptations in Hollywood, Jimmy replied, "Well, now, not the kind most folks think. I mean, it's kind of old-fashioned nowadays, to be a hell-raiser. But there are other temptations out here, like getting lazy, getting self-satisfied, getting self-centered, believing your own publicity. Then there is the temptation to step up your standard of living so it would be impossible to go back to a normal way of living.

"And that's dangerous," said Jimmy, "because this business is in the whole gone-mad world for that matter, drastic changes are apt to happen any time. Like stars do fall, you know. And the fall is easier for them, I should think, if they still remember how to make themselves at home on the good, plain earth."

"But you," I said, "have a special quality to sell, that makes you safe. . . ."

"Everyone has something 'special' to sell," grinned Jimmy, squirming a little, "even the old-clothes man."

"Me? I don't know about me. Lot of people tell me 'naturalness' is my stock in trade. I don't know what they mean but that's what they say. Say, let's not talk about me any more," Jimmy said.

"All right, let's talk about the ladies. Tell me what you find most attractive in . . ."

"Aw, do you have to ask that?" yipped James. "You do? Well, look, I like girls who look at you when they talk to you. I like girls not to be phony. I mean, if a girl is an actress, that's nothing against her, as a wife, I mean, so long as she keeps her acting in the studio.

"And then, there's hats—like the ones with a ball up here," Jimmy raised his long arm and pointed upward, "a ball that's hollow. Or one of those that come out in front, like this, and have a curtain with a border on it and when they walk, it moves like the thing you wear when you take care of bees. A thing I don't understand is the routine that must go on in a hat shop. How do they sell the girls those things?"

I said, "They tell us, 'my dear, it's ravishing, it's so smart, it's so new, it's so chic.'"

"But if they told me to wear a coal-scuttle instead of a fedora, I wouldn't believe them," said Jimmy earnestly, "I wouldn't do it."

"Oh, well," I said hastily, "let's skip it."

"And then," said Jimmy, "I like a sense of humor in women, it's a nice thing to find. I mean a dry wit, though, not the kind that comes up to you and says, 'Have you heard this one?'"

(And if the foregoing isn't a blow-by-blow description of Olivia, it—well, it certainly doesn't describe Marlene.)

"I liked Mr. Smith better than anything I've ever played," Jimmy was saying, taking a mean advantage of me and changing the subject while I was cogitating, and added, "he was kind of a lonely soul. . . ."

"Are you apt to be a little lonely?" I asked, then.

"Yes, a little."

"Are you going to continue to be lonely?"

"No," he said.

Which may be the tip-off that he may be married as you read this story.
GAG party of the month—was the kitchen shower given for bachelor Cesar Romero... The whole thing was the brain child of George and Julie Murphy who thought Cesar should have some help in furnishing the kitchen of his new house he is building for himself (he says!) in Beverly Hills. So the party started off with cocktails and buffet supper at the Murphys' home in Beverly Hills... It almost seemed to be a riot as Cesar started wrapping his gifts and kept up the gayest of the jokes. His gift of the evening was the set of linen tea towels, exquisitely embroidered with Cesar's nickname, "Bat".

Guests included the Frief MacMurray, Ascher, Ann Sothern, the Ray Milland, the Norma Foster, and of course, his only original party-giver in Hollywood... Little 11-year-old Dickie Jones threw a birthday party for his mother the other day that hit a new high in economy and fun... Armed with about a month's savings in pennies and a dollar bill, Miss Jones encased the little town of Lone Pine, where she was on location with Bright Young Things... The net result was a bunny and one cap pistol for each of the guests... And if you think that's silly equipment for a grown-up party you should have seen Miss Jones, Ty Power, Annabella, Mary Astor, and the rest of the location company work out the gags.

"MAY ALL YOUR PAYNES Be Little Ones!"—was the theme option on the pink-ribbon cake which adorned the guest of honor's table when Frankie Robinson entertained at a stock shower for Anne Shirley (Mrs. John Payne)... Impromptu on the set project—took place the other luncheon room on the set of Captain Eo's new Roach production which contains so many of the old-time vaudeville headliners. Approximate company is Leo Carrillo, Fred Sweeney, Rocco Ate, El Brendel, and the Metroettes—each of whom appeared on the same bill at the old Orpheum Theatre in Chicago... "way back in 1919... To commemorate their reunion, the actors put on a vaudeville show for the members of the picture's cast and crew... Chipped Leo Carrillo when they had finished—"No wonder vaudeville's dead. We killed it."—Most hilarious rhumba contest—took place at the Arrowwood Springs Hotel when Charlie Feldman entertained at a dinner dance for Dorothy and Bill Paley... Frank Ross, master of ceremonies announced a contest for the "Feldman trophy!" then proceeded to give the dancers rhumba music and square-dance orders... When the "swinging your lady" and "change your partner" had finished, the prize was awarded to Pat di Carlo and Don Topping, who found they'd been dancing together all the time... The trophy? An enamel dishpan.

WITH total disregard for nite clubs, fancy dinner parties and all the other trimmings, the people who had the most fun this month were Gary and Sandra Cooper who, with a bunch of friends, spent an entire evening at the Ocean's Park amusement park... They took in everything from hot dogs to the shooting gallery and a surprise party of the month was the one given "Pip" Arthur Treacher and his bride Virginia Taylor the night they returned from their Las Vegas honeymoon... Tired of the long drive, the newlyweds had just settled down for a quiet evening at home when the doorbell rang and in walked Charlie Ruggles, Lucile Ball, Al Hart and a dozen or so friends to celebrate their wedding. Come breakfast time, Arthur in pajamas and robe and Virginia in negligees were still entertaining their guests... And on their honeymoon!

MOST riotous farewell party of the decade—took place when a gang of friends gathered at the home of Cliff Henderson to say goodbye to Ruby Valley who was leaving for a three-months vacation at his lodge in the Maine woods... Using the barbecue pit for for a literal fire, Karor Bergen placed an imaginary Ophelia on his knee and carried on a conversation with Shakespeare's express pronouncement that would have burned a hole right through the best mahogany desk in the Hays office... Many Courtland singing Negro spirituals and Johnny Horace singing songs that were never published—they're called "sophisticated" in Hollywood—bored a half-hour into the night with the people at the party... Social faux pas of the month was pulled by Judy Garland and a Blake! Description for the latter was dinner party at Henry Willson's. Judy and Bob drove to the street Henry lives on, parked their car where they saw other cars parked. They entered the house and made a perfectly elegant entrance, announced by the butler to a whole room of people... Then found there wasn't a familiar face in the room... In fact, it was the wrong room... Henry lived two doors down the street... Next time Judy and Bob go partying, they're going to have their friends send a diagonally drawn map so they'll land in the right place.

Hollywood's Trick Parties

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON OPPOSITE PAGE

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<td>1. Beware! That sales talk is used for the soft-to-young looking. Has dry, lined skin stolen your youthful sparkle? Use Pond's Cold Cream regularly to soften skin, help postpone superficial lines.</td>
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<td>3. If &quot;yes,&quot; notice that end-of-date deadline is often the fate of the poor girl who looks &quot;great&quot; as the evening wears on. Warning: Before make-up, remove all cleansing cream and excess oiliness of skin with Pond's Tissues. They're softer, stronger, more absorbent!</td>
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<td>4. You're no smarter than you look! While wielding the racket, protect your face with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Before the dance this cream will &quot;de-rough&quot; your skin in a trice!</td>
<td>Yes: 10 No: 0</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. It shouldn't—and won't if you've used Pond's Vanishing Cream. Gives skin a soft finish that holds make-up for ages. Hates a shiny nose worse than you do!</td>
<td>Yes: 10 No: 0</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. You're a silly girl if you do. That's the worst beauty crime you can commit! Every night: Fat in jogs of Pond's Cold Cream. Mop up with Pond's Tissues. Finish with Vanishing Cream for overnight softening.</td>
<td>Yes: 10 No: 0</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. Only a flawlessly lovely complexion inspires such poetry in the masculine heart. If you'd like to be some man's ever-burning inspiration, hear down hard on your Pond's homework—night and morning—Monday through Sunday!</td>
<td>Yes: 10 No: 0</td>
<td></td>
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WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?

Build up your Score!

If you made 80 or more—congratulations! You're a full-fledged menace to men. If you rated 60 to 80, you have possibilities—get to work and build your rating up. And if your total is under 60—you can't afford to wait another minute! Begin right now to give your skin the care that will spell SUCCESS. Build up your Score!

CLIP THIS COUPON

POND'S Dept. 6-CYJ, Clinton, Conn.

Please send me—quickly—I can begin at once to build up my "love menace" rating—a Pond's Beauty Kit containing a generous sample bottle of Pond's Cold Cream, a special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream and Pond's glamorous Creme Lying Cream (quick-cleansing cream), and 7 shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 8c for postage and packing.

Name:

Street:

City:

State:

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67
he spied Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald at a near-by table.
Well, his usual greeting is "III, TOOTS!" And everybody in the place
nearly swooned when, instead, M'sieu Rooney walked over to the MacDonald-
Raymond table, and, in the very swankiest ivan-ickebiff manner, sedately bowed
from the waist as he lifted Jeanette's hand and kissed it with Parisian formality...

(P.S.—The tip-off is that Mickey's ad-
visors feel that the Rooney ebullience is
gaining wearisome, and they've instructed
him to discard the informality and become
"more dignified"—and Mickey's gagging it.)

Ay Vanl to Singk "Home Sweet Home"?
Fair warning:
In her next picture, Garbo is scheduled to
SING. And everybody in town is wonder-

ing whether it'll be a basso-profundo rendi-
tion of Asleep in the Deep.

Just a Sothern Custom
Not at all surprised was that visiting
group of prim New England spinsters, who
have ALWAYS believed that Holly-
wood people are so vulgah—they got into
that boulevard restaurant one noonday just
in time to see Ann Sothern having lunch.
And she was eating peas with her knife—
smearing a dab of butter all over a whole
slice of bread—and putting pepper on her
pudding!

Eyebrow-raisings were evident all over
the place. And Ann's luncheon-com-
ppanion, Director Eddie Martin, knew that
Ann was only practicing table-manners for
her roles in Gold Rush Daisy, Dulcy and
a new Ethel Tarp film!

Terse Verse
Gals: You've NO chance with Laurence
Olivier;
No husband of Vivien has anything to
give!

Vacation Without Pay
How'd you like to take a vacation that
creates just ten thousand smashers?
That's just what Jane Withers did.
After she finished her role in The Girl
From Avenue A, Jane had an offer to make
a two weeks personal appearance at a New
York theatre, for which she was offered
$10,000. But Jane's advisors—mainly her
ma—reasoned that the two weeks rest
was more important than the money—so the bid
was turned down, and Jane vacationed at
a rate of over $700 a day.

Is the Honeymoon Over?
Allan Jones and Irene Hervey have re-
decorated the family trailer. Instead of
a joint bedroom, Allan has a den and Irene
has a boudoir—and there's a Pullman bed in
each compartment.

Carole Having Swell Time!
Mrs. Clark Gable isn't stepping out,
these days. Instead, she's staying at
home, as this is written, wondering just
where she got into that bed of poison ivy,
or poison oak as they call it out here in
California.

Carole's face is all puffed up like a bowl
of breakfast food—and Clark is trying his
damnest NOT to laugh at her. Meanwhile,
La Lombard, with her unquenchable wit,
wise-cracks that this is the first time she's
ever worn a clown make-up. (That stuff
you put on poison ivy swellings, you know,
is all pink-and-white and leaves a mask that
looks more like a circus clown than anything
else!)

Terse Verse
Gals who prattle about Brian Aherne's
Charm set their boy friends doing slow
bernes!

In Irving's Footprints
Latest venture of George Raft is to pre-
pare himself for a start as a producer,
instead of an actor. Already, George has
bought three stories—and one of them in-
dicates that Raft, in addition to producing
his own films, may also star in them. It's
the story of a Brazilian crook who is a
rumba expert—and while he dances with
the gals, he robs 'em of their baubles.

But it tells friends that as soon as the
remaining five pictures on his Warner contract
are in the can, he'll cut loose, and go into the
production end. .
And George's friends are wondering what
all this has to do with Norma Shearer, whose
late husband, Irving Thalberg, was one of
Hollywood's No. 1 producers.

Now, You Tell One!
Story-telling in Hollywood, as any-
where else, is still the number—one social
pastime. And believe it or not, but some of
the stories they tell can even be PRINTED!

Like this one, which is Edward G. Robin-
son's latest and timeless.

It's about the poor father in Germany, who
wasn't able to buy a baby-carriage for his
new-born. So he went to a friend, who worked
in a baby-carriage factory, and asked him to steal a baby-carriage for him.
The friend demurred—said it was too dif-
ficult to get a whole baby-carriage out of the
store. But he offered to steal parts, and
the poor papa could assemble them himself.
Several weeks later, the friend asked the
father how he was coming along with the
assembling. Answered the Nazi dad:

"Well, I've tried and tried and tried. I've
put together the parts you brought me three
or four different ways—but IT ALWAYS
TURNS OUT TO BE A MACHINE GUN!

Shock of the Month!!!
Hollywood is agash at the report
brought back by one of the first visitors
to John Wayne that he's back in movie-town. The visitor swears it's
true, but even so, Hollywood can hardly
believe him. The visitor says that John made
him comfortable and then asked him what

he'd have to do if something else when Novem-
ber rolls around. Reason: They had sprayed
weeds on their ranch with weed-killing
poison, and then the turkeys came along and
gobbled the weeds. That was when Gable

The Talk of Hollywood
[Continued from page 49]

Terse Verse
Fellows who dream of Loretta Young
Always wake up completely unstrung!

Mighty Nightie!
Maybe they'll blush when they learn it
(if they ever do), but it's a fact that
a lot of war refugees will have to give thanks
for their soup to Paulette Goddard's night-
gown and the fact that a perfect stranger,
and not Charlie Chaplin at all, has the
nightie

You see, when a war charity enterprise
sold solicited gifts and aid from Hollywood's
great, Paulette donated one of her sheerest
nightgowns. It was raffled off at a great big
charity ball—and when the bidders learned
that the nightie was one which had covered
(in a manner of speaking) the gorgeous
Goddard figure, the bidding went sky-high.

Finally, a New York manufacturer bought it,
for $350. And now the manufacturer has actually
written Paulette that he'll give another $350
to the war refugees if she'll let him return
the nightie IN PERSON.

Says Paulette: There're two things you
can see through. One is the nightie; the
other is the man's idea.

A Bit Batty
Joan Bennett's latest silly story is con-


Terse Verse
A gal who raves of Orson Welles
In real life romance never jellies!

Fowl Play
Clark Gable and Robert Young BOTH
have their troubles with fowl-fancying
ventures. Gable had turkey-trouble; Young
didn't care to chicken-grief.

Clark and Wife Carole Lombard had been
raising two dozen turkeys, for Thanksgiving
—both their own Thanksgiving feast and as
gifts to friends. BUT the other day, they
decided to give something else when November
rolled around. Reason: They had sprayed
weeds on their ranch with weed-killing
poison, and then the turkeys came along and
gobbled the weeds. That was when Gable

found that weed-killer is turkey-killer, too.
As for Robert Young—well, he doesn’t like chicken pie any more. This is the weird
reason: To stock his valley ranch, Young
ordered some very rare and expensive Indo-
China chickens. Somewhere, the order got
mixed with a crate of chickens that were
being delivered the same day to the M-G-M
lot, for use in the commissary. Unaware of
what was happening, the chef killed Young’s
chickens, made chicken pie of them—and
didn’t tell him how much chicken pie for lunch
that very day did Bob learn what had hap-
pened to his Indo-China fowl.

Verse Verse
Gals whose hero is just Charlie
McCarthy
Will probably live long and hale and
harmy!
But gals who rave over Gary and Cary
Will likely live quite short—but not
merry!

Making-up to Joan
[Continued from page 8]

skin means that it is drawing fresh supplies
of blood to the surface. And that means all
kinds of impurities are being carried away!
Next, it stimulates the tiny oil glands in
your skin to do their work better, and more
efficiently. Less over-oily, or too-dry skin
is the result! But you must be faithful to
your mask treatments. Use the mask once
a week if your skin is dry and sensitive, but
if it is normal, or especially oily, increase
the treatments to two or three a week. Don’t
expect all these benefits the first time you
use a mask—it’s repetition that does the
trick.

But you can expect your skin to look
temporarily finer, smoother and clearer from
a mask, and that’s just why it’s such a good
beauty trick to have up your sleeve when
you’re meeting the man, or hoping to, at
a party. That’s because the pull of the mask
as it dries tends to tighten the skin, and
refine your pores. As you rinse off the
mask with lukewarm or cool water, you’ll
rinse off some of the dried, dead flakes that
so often mar the surface of your skin at
this time of year—leaving your skin smoother
and softer. And the blood that’s brought
rushing to the surface gives your face the
prettiest blush you ever did see! It’s mighty
flattering to most skins, let me tell you.
These effects are all temporary, you know,
but they will last an evening—and
that is after all what you want!

All this sounds as though a mask must be
some wonder-working miracle costing five
dollars a jar. It’s a miracle worker, all right,
but not an expensive one. Because I know
of a simply fine mask that you can get for
the small sum of ten cents a tube—and two of
the tubes hold more than enough for three
masks, complete from the base of your throat
to the tip-top of your forehead! Simply
press a bit of the strawberry pink cream onto
your fingers, then spread it lightly over a
completely clean (soap and water, please!)
skin. It smells just like strawberry ice
cream—and is just as pleasant. The mask
dries very quickly (though it’s a good idea
to lie down and relax for the few minutes
that it takes) and the first thing you know,
you’ll be pretty as a picture. Be sure not to
apply the mask too close to your eyes, be-
cause the skin there is so tender and sensi-
[Continued on page 74]
in Hollywood! And morals, too—MORALS, after the Hollywood party I'd just come from . . . ! ! ! I reasoned, in my fog, that these must be a couple of tourists from Iowa, fed up on seeing Hollywood and getting down to earth. And I peeped over the white fretting bed between our booths to look at them—and forthwith nearly fell out of my pants . . . Because there in that booth, being nothing at all but a couple of tired fathers, sat Bill Powell and Don Ameche, those lady-killers of the screen! At that hour of night they had no more glamour, sex appeal or sophistication than a pair of tin bathtubs.

It took me a couple more pots of coffee to get over it enough to realize that here was a perfect kick-in-the-pants for the silly legend that Hollywood can take a guy and make him over. Talking particularly about Don Ameche, I am, now. As a helter-skelter writer who's stuck his nose into the affairs of everybody in town, and watched 'em come and go, and written plenty stories about them. I remembered back to the last yarn I'd done on Ameche.

And I realized, with a snort that sprayed coffee all over Armstrong-and-Schroeder's leather settee, that the story was about how they were going to take Don and make him over into a "new Ronald Colman!" They were going to turn him over to the make-up men and the publicity department and the other machinery wherewith Hollywood makes its people over, and they were going to de-wife him and make him into the sexiest sophisticate of the cinema.

They were going to soft-pedal to utter silence all mention of Mrs. Ameche and his children. They were going to turn on the heat and make Don so glamorous that every gal within a radius of three thousand miles would start tearing her clothes at the mere thought of him . . .

What?

So Don went through the works I predicted in that story. He submitted to the mitred gristmills of the costume and make-up men. He accepted the press department's dictum that his wife must never be mentioned, nor his children. He did everything they told him to—and damned if he didn't come out at the end, just DON AMEACHE. Just a nice, big, cozy, good-natured Italian poppa with a nice wife and three bimbos—another one on the way, ha ha ha—and an ineradicable longing for spaghetti and tomato sauce instead of pate de foie gras.

And, unquestionably, the nicest thing about all that, my friends, is this: that it doesn't change in even the slightest degree the fact that Don Ameche, with all his warm domesticity, is still one of the most popular screen and radio players today. It's a lusty kick-in-the-pants for Hollywood's smug dictum that you gotta have sex to be successful.

Not, mind you, that Don "ain't got sex." Good heavens!—when I wrote that other story about him, only a few years ago, he had only two children and was it? He was a splendid, hard-working movie star, I mean, so today he's got three, and by the time you read this, there'll be another. Yeah, Don's got sex, but it differs from Hollywood's idea because it's labeled "for home consumption only.

As a matter of fact, Don is a militant enemy of smut in entertainment. He told me that it's his firm idea that "you don't have to be off-color to be an entertainer." He says he'll never read a line that is suggestive, offensive. He's still hadn't gotten over the horror that it was on his own radio program that Mae West pulled that Adam-and-Eve chatter.

This is no nancy-pamby milk-and-water part of it. He doesn't pose as a Galahad in spotless white. It's just part of Don Ameche, who's been brought up in a big family, a big decent, hard-believing Catholic family, where virtue is something real and desirable, rather than something to be sneered at. And there are 30,000,000 radio fans who seem to feel the same way about it, because they stick to Don.

Don proves, too, that you can be the life of any party without having to tell the one about the traveling salesman and the farmer's daughter. Don is one of Hollywood's most unapproachable, most ebullient, most effervescent hail-fellow-well-met on any party, at any gathering. That laugh of his (that's his radio-trade-mark) booms out at any party he's on. You'll find him in a group of people, telling stories with machine-gun rapidity—and usually in dialect. But none of them are blue.

He loves crowds. He likes to go on personal appearance tours. He'll stand and do everything the fans expect of him. He gets a world of fun out of himself, and he dramatizes himself—as Don Ameche, the Movie Star—at the slightest opportunity.

"An actor should disappear into his audiences," he explains, with a great laugh, when you ask him about this stuff.

And then, when he gets away from his public, Don Ameche will now and then suddenly take a headlong tumble, pile-walk into the blackest, dreariest fit of cheerless mornoseness that you've ever seen!

His wife says there's no half-way spot with Don. Either he's on top of the world—or the world's on top of him, and he's crushed under it. That gay, brittle, merry front of his can be dejected, now and then, by some real or fancied hurt. Don is sensitive, in a way—his name sometimes goes away hours in the agony of what he thinks is some slight.

You fans have never seen Don that way. He's careful to hide it from you—but it's part of him, and to understand the man, you've got to be aware of it. Yet those moods are rare; that must be said. So rare that it's utterly true that the most constant thing about the man—the true index of his character is the gay recklessness that motivates the Don Ameche you have come to know through his public appearances.

For the most part, that gaiety controls his off-stage life, too. He's mercurial to an extreme. Honore (that's the misprint) says she never knows what's coming next. He'll come home from a hard day's work at the studio and instead of being glad she's found a nice home dinner with him and a quiet evening, he'll yell:

"Come on honey, let's step out tonight!"

And he'll yank off his work-clothes and put on his regular clothes. He'll go out to the hottest night club in town, where he'll give away fifteen thousand dollars' worth of Ameche entertainment in a rollicking night of fun.

He's an inveterate gambler. Money, to Don, is just something that he's learned to make easy, and something to be spent just as easily. He'll lay a bet on anything, any time. Right now, he's going in for race
horses in a big way. Tomorrow, it may be prize fighters, and next week maybe leaping toads. About anything at all, he's an optimist, never a defeatist.

“It'll all turn out right,” he tells you, and when he says that, it's the end of any argument or problem as far as Don's concerned—"it'll all turn out right; you wait and see.” Sometimes it does. Certainly, for Don, it has. Maybe he's right. Maybe everything'll turn out right—if you just wait and see.

Don's unwavering, unchangeable, Hollywood-defying domesticity has a lovely setting. It's the old Al Jolson home in Encino—the spot where Al and Ruby couldn't make a go of it, but where Don and Honore are doing what Al and Ruby couldn't. Ameche bought it from Jolson, and right away added a playroom to the 14 rooms already there. And a chapel!—mark that, for that's another index of the true Ameche. Jolson had a swimming pool and a barroom and a lot of guest rooms—but Ameche added a chapel.

Regularly, Don and his family go to the little Catholic Church near their home. He's not anxious to have this side of him too highly publicized, but I don't see why not. Certainly there's nothing to be ashamed of in a spiritual cleanliness and determination that reflects itself in regular church-going, is there? In a world like today's, a lot more of it might save us from utter wreck.

Anyway, there's your Don-at-home. A comfortable country place, with everything for fun, and the chapel for the soul. Plenty of money to do with what he wants—gamble, when he feels like it; give to charity as often as he wishes, and he wishes often; buy the things he wants for his children, now and in the years to come. Don must make plenty these days.

He has, then, the material things of the world. He has a deep spiritual sense. And he has a richness of the things so many others in Hollywood don't seem to think important. He has a wife he loves, and all the propaganda of Hollywood can't destroy that in Don. The greatest flop of Hollywood press-agentry was the complete failure of its campaign to "de-wife" Ameche. It started five years ago, and never clicked.

Today, Don Ameche, to those who know him intimately, is Mrs. Ameche's husband, perhaps even more than before the don't-mention-his-wife campaign was launched. That's due to two things. First, Don Ameche's fundamental nature, his down-to-earth Italian sentimentalism and his basic integrity. As far as Don himself is concerned, the studio drive to keep his family life in the background would only result in an ever increasing devotion to them on his own part.

The other point is this: just now, as this is written, Mrs. Ameche is waiting for the fourth Ameche baby. (They have three sons now; the studio hopes the next one will be a boy, too. Because right now, Don's playing in Four Sons. Studios are like that.)

Anyway, Mrs. Ameche is not one of those overpoweringly healthy beings who can take things hard. Today, with the baby still several months off, Honore is taking it easy, under the watchful care of the doctor. And Don, between the demands of his studio, is breaking his neck and his health to be with her every possible moment of the time. From personal appearances, he flies back without rest to be with his wife. He rushes everything he has to do, so he can spend his spare time with her.

I somehow feel that nothing else in Don's life—his career, his money, his health, his dreams, his friends, anything!—would mean anything to him if anything should ever happen to Honore.

Certainly this is true: Of absolutely LEAST consequence to Don, in all the things in which he finds interest, is Don Ameche.

"I take my work seriously," he once told me, "but I do not take myself seriously!"

"When I was a boy, in school," he goes on, "I learned that each individual must work out his own salvation, even if it has to be in fear and trembling. Whatever happened to me, I learned, was all up to me—the individual. That is how I feel about it today. It is hard to put into words. I may not seem to be such, but I am in reality an observer of my own life—NOT of my own self, but my own LIFE. I know I must not fall below the best that is in me to give. Not so much because of me, but because of those who depend on me: first, my family, and then, in a lesser sense, those who look to me for entertainment."

"I do not believe anyone can be a success unless he has what I choose to call 'the forward look'—the keeping of one's eye and mind on goals beyond those already attained. No matter how far you progress in your chosen field, there is always something more, beyond. Things change; people change. We all change from year to year—more than we realize. We must do so; we cannot remain static."
the oil business. Besides all this, he has a well-developed sense of life and humor. Of all types of men, Judson is the sort who should be linked in marriage to a girl who has been as sheltered as Rita has. In a town where the males are as predatory as Holly-
wood’s, it’s good to be confidently and safely
in love with your husband. And vice-versa.

IF ANYONE were to ask the Judsons for
their blueprint of a happy marriage, they
probably couldn’t hand it out. Yet the sim-
plicity of their lives together probably makes
up their design for loving. They would look
at each other, as they did over our Sunday
lunch in the paneled library of their smallish
bungalow on an unpretentious side street
that lies in the shadow of Bel-Air and its
magnificent estates, and laugh, trying to
figure what makes their happiness. Mutual
trust seems to be the keynote of their mar-
rriage.

Ed is as much interested in my career as
I am, that’s one thing—of course, the
vanishing perspiration.

The beginning of this Hollywood mar-
rriage bears looking at, Rita, with nice for-
mality, says that her husband “courted” her
for eighteen months. It all came about when
an agent friend of Rita’s asked her if she
wouldn’t like to go to dinner in a fivewells
one night. There would be Rita, himself, his
girl friend and a very charming man who
wanted to meet her. Rita said she’d see about
it, and ask her parents.

The dinner date did not materialise fast
enough for impatient Ed Judson so one after-
morn he phoned the Casa Cansino and Rita
answered the call. “I’m the man that your
agent friend talked about,” he said in intro-
duction. “Would you go to dinner with me
some night?”

“But until you have met my mother and
father,” answered Rita. To which her answer
was, “I’ll be right over.”

And so it came about that a year and a
half later, Rita Hayworth married the man
who was her first beau. To this day her
husband has yet to watch her work in the
studio, although his interest in her dra-
kind: blond, always graceful, and ever a
study person—hairdressers, publicists,
wardrobe workers—wouldn’t for it was
at her invitation, last October 17th, that
they convened in Rita’s dressing-room
to celebrate her birthday (the party was a
surprise to her) with sugar-festooned cake
and ice cream. There were roses and a tele-
gram from the host. But that was all. Edward
Judson chose to remain away from the festi-

ities. He doesn’t want to be a “Hollywood
husband.” It’s part of his design for loving.

Transformation of a Mugg

[Continued from page 55]

‘You know, Pat, you’re going to play
Rockey,’ I thought he was kidding me. I
said, jokingly, ‘If you mean it, will you
announce it at that big dinner in New York
tomorrow night?’ He said he would. I still
thought he was kidding. I laughed and for-
got about it. When he actually did get up
and announce it, I was floored. You see be-
fore a man who will never be able to
again when somebody is kidding and when
somebody isn’t.

‘That official announcement seemed to
cinch things. And holding that thought, I
was kidding myself—only I didn’t know it.
I didn’t find out till two weeks ago that I
couldn’t have played Rockee, if Notre Dame
hadn’t okayed me. And if I hadn’t played
Father Duffy, Notre Dame probably would
never even have considered me. That was
what they judged me by.”

After the big announcement, Pat did four
run-of-the-mill O’Brien roles in quick suc-
cession. Then, finally, up came The Life of
Knute Rockne and the acting opportunity of
his particular lifetime. And, with it, make-
up problems.

In The Fighting 69th I didn’t try to look
like Father Duffy, beyond wearing my collar
backward and using his mannerisms as much
as I could. He was Irish, and I was Irish.
That was enough to give us something in
common, factually. And I tried to assume his
way of talking. But everybody knew Rockee
was a Norwegian, and everybody who had
ever read a newspaper remembered what he
looked like. I couldn’t stop with acquiring
his mannerisms, his habits of speech. I had
to make my whole face over, cover up the
O’Brien, look as Rockee looked.

‘And believe you me, that wasn’t easy.
‘I hate it, and it is. It is for the ungodly
hour of 5 a.m.—for the first time in my life—to
be at the studio by six. It took three hours
to put on the make-up. Taking it off was
easier. That’s the line.

‘The first thing Perc Westmore did was to
cover up this”—Pat indicates the cleft in
his chin. “Rockey didn’t have that. We
blocked that out with a plastic patch. I have
an angular nose, and Rockee’s was broad and
flat. We used the bridge of my nose as a base,
and built up on either side, even to wide
nostrils. I have heavy dark eyebrows, and
Rockee’s were the typical Scandinavian
kind: blond, most invisible. And they took
a different line from mine. So we covered
mine with plastic rubber, and on top of that
we put blond eyebrows, hair for hair like
Rockee’s.

‘His eyes were deep-set. We put some
invisible tape on my upper eyelids to keep
me from opening my eyes wide, to give them
the appearance of being deep-set. That would
become painful after a few hours. I’d feel as
if my eyes were halfway back in my head.
Except for that, the make-up didn’t cause
me any particular discomfort. The stuff
they use nowadays is marvelous; it not only
looks like skin, it ‘gives’ like skin...

‘The thickest part of the make-up was
the hair. Mine was dark, and his was light.
That meant covering mine. And I had four
separate wigs during the picture, to cover four separate periods of Rockne's life. "When Perc got through with me, I didn't recognize myself. My own mother wouldn't have recognized me, and Rockne's mother would have wondered if she had had twins, I don't know why I didn't expect other people to be startled when they saw Rockne where only O'Brien had been before. The man was even thinner than O'Brien."

"I weighed 191 a month before the picture was to start. It was to start with Rockne as a young man. That meant I had to haul that weight down. I worked out every day with Mushy Callahan, the trainer. I don't know how much Mushy lost, but I lost twenty pounds. I weighed at 171. And a week later the studio told me frantically that I'd have to start putting on weight for those scenes as an older man. I refused. I felt better than I'd felt in years. I said make-up and posture would have to take care of that."

"Some of the opening scenes show Rockne as a young man, playing for Notre Dame. People won't believe me. I already knew those scenes in person. I didn't believe it, myself, when I discovered I could still run, still share a pass. There's a lot of life in the old boy yet!"

"Pat grins, shakes his head about himself. "I used to laugh at actors who 'lived' their roles. But I ate, talked and thought nothing but Rockne, all through the picture. Eloise—my wife—was saying after a while, 'Let's complete the illusion. Let's put in a training table."

"But, seriously, I never had a role that gave me such a bang. Here was something I could sink my teeth into. Anybody who knows me knows I'm a sports fan. When my own football days ended, it was a tragedy to me. I still followed the game. It was one of those sports stories you read about."

"When he died, I felt a personal loss, though I had seen him only three times in my life. If I could play Rockne in a way to inspire other boys, boys too young to remember him—well, that would be something."

"Don't get the idea that the picture is another football picture. It isn't. There's football in it, because he was a great player, then a great coach. But what the picture sets out to prove is that, above all, he was a great man. It shows his home-life, his life as a classroom teacher. It shows everything about the man that made him an inspiration to everybody who knew him. Not a saint, you understand. But a genuine human being."

"Playing Rockne was an emotional experience for me. I admit it."

"I can't say enough for the help Mrs. Rockne gave me. She came on the set the first time when I was doing a classroom scene. The dialogue had me driving home a point to a student in the second row. She told me, 'Dad would have been more emphatic. When he wanted to make sure somebody would understand what he was talking about, he'd hammer it home. He'd repeat it.' I remembered that all through the picture. And it's one of the things people will remember when they see the picture."

"I knew the part was getting under my skin, but I didn't realize how much till I went back to South Bend on location. While I was there, I was guest of honor at a big banquet on the campus. They asked me to do a couple of scenes from the picture. I did a locker-room scene—without make-up. And afterward Rockne's sister came up to me with tears in her eyes to tell me I had made her brother come alive again. Tears came to my eyes. I never had anything affect me so in my life."

"You wouldn't expect that of Pat O'Brien, the man with the reputation for being hard-boiled. There are numerous other things you wouldn't expect of Pat O'Brien, thinking of him only in terms of those rough-neck roles. His home, for example—a miniature Mount Vernon, white-pillared, green-shuttered. His good taste—reflected in the interior decoration, which he and his wife did without benefit of an interior decorator. His library—an enormous room, which had to be enormous to accommodate all the books he wanted around him. (Jimmy Cagney calls him "the best-read man I know.") His serene home-life. Catch him at home—there's no place where you're more likely to catch him if he isn't working—and you'll find him happy.

"And his bosses don't find him a difficult man to work with. That is proved by the fact that right now he's playing another hard-boiled role—president of the release of THE LIFE OF KNUTE ROCKNE and public reaction thereto. It isn't what he'd like to be doing, right after Rockne. But he's doing it. He's playing the game."

"What would he do, if he could have his choice?"

"The thing I've been campaigning to do for years—without getting anybody to listen to me. The life of General Grant. A man down-and-out, washed up, a failure, at 40—who transformed himself into a great leader."

"There's a story. There's a story in any man's self-transformation, including Pat O'Brien's.

---

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Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick at drug and department stores—only $5.60 each. (65¢ in Canada.)

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Those Young Ideas
[Continued from page 46]

my office to fill out the usual biographical questionnaire, I saw that her claim to maturity was exaggerated. She was tall, but slim and straight. No curves here. No curves there. She had not yet filled out in the feminine mould.

"How old are you, Loretta?" I asked.

She blushed, hesitated, looked at me with those big, soulful eyes. "Don't you think we could fib a little about that, and call me sixteen?" she countered.

"I think we'd better," I agreed, and wrote down in the space provided, "sixteen." I guessed that she was then fourteen. Actually, she was thirteen!

She played a small part in a Colleen Moore picture. Played it so well that Colleen and the director were astonished.

"Where did you learn to act?" Colleen asked her. "You must have had more experience than just kiddie film work."

"Oh, yes," said Loretta. Then she added truthfully, "I have, but not personally. Sally Blane's and Polly Ann Young's experience helped me, you see."

We stared at her, puzzled. "You mean your sisters taught you?" Colleen pursued.

"Well, yes, they did coach me. But what I really mean is, I've — well — sort of profited from being around them."

I paid little attention to that rather vague statement at the time. Later, I began to understand and appreciate what Loretta meant. She had come into pictures well prepared to act before the cameras, to cope wisely with the off-screen problems that confront a young actress, because she had been so close to her acting sisters that she had practically shared their professional lives. And their career experiences — Polly Ann's and Sally's — formed a sort of budget from which Loretta might draw.

There you have the whole secret. It was Polly Ann who began to accumulate the family's budget of movie career experience. She had to start from scratch, with only some acquaintances, cultivated during Baby Gretchen's (Loretta's) brief child-actress days, to help her. Her contributions, however, got Sally off to a better start. Sally then began adding her bit to the budget, Polly Ann continued to contribute. By the time Loretta was ready to start, there was a fine accumulation to draw on.

Mrs. Belzer was the banker of this budget, captain of the family team work, preserver of the exceedingly close relationship which, alone, enabled them to carry out their unusual plan. She told me:

"Each time we launched a daughter's career, I gained new experience in the art of mothering film actresses. So, you see, I was able to give each girl, as she began her screen work, more help and better advice than I gave her older sister."

What a set-up! It meant rapid progress, with the path considerably smoothed. It meant a wholesome gaining of necessary knowledge, which many girls must get through personal experiences that leave their marks.

When Loretta began to grow ravishingly sex-appealing, for example, her obvious, genuine innocence gave her all the more allure. At the same time, she knew how to exact the grande passion for the cameras.

One day, she was playing opposite Doug Fairbanks, Jr, in some very intimate boudoir scenes of young love. She and Doug filmed breathless kisses of a duration no longer allowed. And no current censor would have ocked Loretta's flimsy negligee, or the horizontal postures the youthful players were made to assume.

Joan Crawford, then engaged to Doug, was visiting the set that day. She watched the love-making for awhile, then shook her head as though puzzled.

"Loretta's just a kid, with as sweet and innocent a face as I ever saw— but look at the way she does those scenes!" Joan exclaimed.

You don't often find devastating sex appeal superimposed on such sweet, youthful, wide-eyed innocence. Yet the Young family hasn't stopped displaying it. Today, Jovanna is its eye-filling exponent.

And Loretta, with more sex-appeal than ever, seems to these old eyes to have lost none of her youthful alluring innocence. At 27, she has known marriage, [Continued on page 79]

Here's the way Pepsi-Cola came to town

many long years ago

And today, after more than 35 years, Pepsi-Cola is still "goin' to town". A flavor favorite with millions — and growing all the time — Pepsi-Cola is sweeping the country! Join the swing to Pepsi-Cola today. Enjoy its fresh taste and fine flavor. 12 full ounces of this sure thirst quencher for one nickel. Lots — for little.
turned out to be a mature actress. And they weren't responsible.

Then, on top of that, she turned rebel. Her studio wanted to capitalize on her hit in *Gone With the Wind*, rush her right into another picture. That was all right with Olivia, only she didn't like the picture they had in mind. She refused to make it—Olivia, the girl who had always done whatever her studio had wanted her to do. They said she wasn't grateful, after being allowed to play Melanie.

She said that, simply because she had played Melanie, people expected more of her than this picture offered. She argued that no actress with morals of her own could have played that picture. Rather than make this one, she took a suspension. She didn't work for four and a half months. She didn't work until they handed her a role that gave her a chance to act. For that reason, she could claim any credit. Olivia did her fighting alone.

The people who thought she was the kind of girl who needed all the protection she could get, especially her mother's, had to give up that fancy. The news leaked out that her mother had gone back to the old hometown, Saratoga, to live—leaving Olivia to get along by herself in Hollywood.

**T**

HE further amazement of those who had formerly felt sorry for Olivia, as for someone shut away from life, she started having as many dates, going to as many parties, seeing as many night clubs, as any girl in town. Nor was that all. The Beauty without a Beau began having most of her dates with Hollywood's No. 1 Bachelor—none other than the gentleman from Indiana (Pa.), James Stewart. And the more they went together, the more it looked like love. Jimmy wasn't one to stick around if he wasn't interested, and Olivia, up to now, hadn't seemed interested. So having anyone take her off her career.

Having seen how others had had to change their appraisals of Olivia, we decided to find out, first hand, just how much she had changed, herself.

We found her at the same address she had had for the past four years. A small, inconspicuous, rented English house on a short, inconspicuous street in the Los Feliz district of Hollywood. It was simply Highfield Avenue, Brentwood and the other places where most of the stars live so conspicuously. But it's miles nearer to the studios than those places are. There is method in her modest isolation. She not only saves money, she saves time. She can get to work, or home from work, in ten minutes. Besides, she still likes hiking and horseback-riding. And huge Griffith Park, ideal for either, is only two blocks away.

She looked like someone in her middle teens, in a simple purple-flowered print, with her hair in a sort of Alice-in-Wonderland coiffure. There was nothing about her that didn't look young-girlish. The exotic shade of her lipstick. She said it was cyclamen.

As soon as she sat down on the summer-covered divan in her small, intimate living room, and we sat down on an upholstered period chair nearby, and the first friendly cigarettes were lighted, we took the well-known hit in our teeth. We told her that the editor would kill us if we came back without the story of the romance.

A tremendous, glistening smile appeared in her brown eyes. She laughed—mischievously. She said, "If any other editors have told any other writers that, there's going to be a mass killing, I'm afraid."

She didn't say that there wasn't a romance. She just said that there wasn't going to be a romance story.

This was exactly like old times. Olivia was pulling my leg on a new life as a person. The conversation had to be about her life as an actress. Not that that was a dull topic, in the light of recent events.

We asked her if playing Melanie hadn't given her her new ambition. She smiled that wistful de Havilland smile. "I've always had ambition. We all have it. Only, until Melanie came along, mine never seemed justified. Technically, because of a lucky set of circumstances, I was a star, getting a star's billing and a star's salary. But I never had a chance to play an extraordinary character—individual, highly memorable, the sort that an adolescent, suffering commonly from grownup ideas, or I was the reluctant female who agreed to marry the dashing hero after he performed a series of heroic feats.

"A year ago, I was thinking about ever doing anything subtly memorable, so confused by the difference between my ambitions and my accomplishments, that I could have given up my career at the drop of an option. Now I'm equally positive that I'll never be able to give up my career—voluntarily. I've finally had a taste of acting."

She crushed her cigarette in one of those miniature ashtrays that seem designed for people who smoke only once a day. "I shudder," she said, "to think of how close I came to not playing Melanie. David Selznick asked Joan—my sister Joan—to read the part. She couldn't abide Melanie, had no patience with her. 'But Olivia,' she said to David, 'actually admires her.' I loved Melanie. She didn't seem stupid or saccharine to me. She wasn't to me, a person with a gift of few of us have to the power to seek happiness by the Golden Rule. And with it, no sense of self-righteousness. She warmed to other people instinctively, naturally, because she was just that way. Everybody loved her to except Scarlet—whose only reason for hating her was that Ashley loved her.

"The first time I read the book, I told friends I wished there were some way I could play the part. They said, 'Melanie? That cloying colorless character?' I couldn't understand them.

"After what Joan told him, David asked me to read the part for him. I did. He said, 'Well, that's it.' I never had a camera test for the part. But his saying 'That's it,' didn't exactly cinch things. Warners didn't want to loan me. People wonder why Jimmy Stewart has just been making a picture at Warners: *No Time for Comedy*. I'll let you in on a secret. He has been serving time there on my account. David had lent him to me to see Jimmy for one picture. He used that as a bargaining weapon. He offered to loan them Jimmy, if they would loan me for *Gone With the Wind*. Only because Jimmy was available as a human sacrifice was I able to play Melanie."

At the time that heretofore-unrevealed deal was arranged, she and Jimmie
King Vidor, ace director, with daughters and wife visit New York World’s Fair of 1940. The Vidors returned recently from South of France where girls were in school. They don’t even lunch together on the Warner lot! Nor visit each other’s sets while working. BUT — after the whistle has blown and they’re done working, well . . . !!! And they do such lil’ things like Olivia giving Jimmy a $450 water-cooler for his birthday.

Most “ahem” incident of their re-

[Continued on page 80]

Eager for Social Success?
—TRY THIS NEW MAKE-UP

So you want to be first in “The Hit Parade”! Then get the glow of youth in your complexion — with the new April Showers Make-up. You’ll find yourself a hit overnight.

RIGHT ABOUT FACE — The new Face Powder. It’s so smooth and light . . . chases “shine” away. Won’t cake. Stays on and on—even after the last dance! Thrilling skin-tones.


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Chas. Rhodes

Fred Brisson and Cary Grant have ear trouble while partying Rozzie Russell at Ciro’s
yet met? (We tried to be innocent about asking.)

"Not socially," she said, "though we had met. At least two years ago some magazine wanted a double interview with an actor and actress debating the masculine and feminine viewpoints about something. They asked Jimmy to be the actor, and he suggested me as the actress. I don't know why or how; I think it was after we had dinner together with the interviewer, and we all had a lot of fun. We didn't meet socially until last winter in New York. He was there on vacation, and we met there for the opening of Gone With the Wind. Our mutual agent, Leland Hayward, arranged for us to go to the opening together."

Which reminded her: the conversation just previously had been about Gone With the Wind. So the conversation reverted to that subject. We told her that we liked Ashley less in the picture than in the book, while we liked Melanie more, and we wondered why.

"Many people have said that, and it's so unfair to Leslie Howard, who gave such a beautifully shaded performance. I've been reading the book, and I think I've found it. In the book you saw both Ashley and Melanie with Scarlett's eyes. She loved Ashley, and every impression of her was colored by that hate. In the picture, you see them with your own eyes, as they actually were—Ashley a weakling, Melanie a woman of deep, unswerving sincerity."

Speaking of explanations, how did she explain her having become the Littlest Rebel?

"She smiled at hearing herself called that. "I know the world went around that Melanie had gone to the head, and I was holding out for another Gone with the Wind. That was ridiculous. There may never be another Gone With the Wind. I didn't object to the script they sent me to read: I didn't doubt that it would make an entertaining picture: I just didn't see anything in it for me. I sent it back on those grounds, and they suspended the script. When I sent another script, and sent that back, on the same grounds. Then they sent me the script of My Love Came Back. I saw a glimmer of an acting chance in it. I agreed to do it."

"That was all there was to my so-called rebellion. It took a lot out of me. Disharmony upsets me terribly—physically, as well as mentally. But I had to make the fight. If the same circumstances had arisen before, I would have fought before. I had worked so hard to prove that I could play something besides ingenues. I couldn't see all my effort go to waste and just smile away about it. That isn't human nature."

"There were people who couldn't understand my fighting. The poor child must be ill," they said. So the word went around. I was exhausted—that was the real reason why I didn't make the picture. That was also ridiculous. I never felt better in my life than when I was making Gone With the Wind; no matter how long the hours were, I never felt tired; I was interested in my work, and I worked hard. But when nothing I had to do seemed worth the doing, was when I nearly had a breakdown. Either of the other scripts would have been much easier to do than My Love Came Back—which called on me to play the violin, when the only instrument I had ever played in my life had been the tissue-comb. You can imagine how fiendishly hard I had to practice, in the three weeks before the picture, and between scenes, to look at all real as a violinist. I didn't complain about that. It was something worth doing."

How did she explain her suddenly running rampant in a social way, after years of being so shy?

"That must be a leading question. You can't possibly believe I've ever been a recluse," said Olivia chidingly. "To be a recluse requires a special attitude: a dislike of and disgust with everything. I really dislike nothing, that little Olivia was The Helpless Type."

"I was young when I started in this business," said little Olivia. "Only nineteen, I was shy; I had never met many people. I was naive, fresh out of high school, fresh from a community as different from Hollywood as night from day. I was inexperienced, with only one professional play behind me. I was in need of a morale-building. But I was never helpless. Heaven forbid!"

Did she know that when she played with So-and-So, electricians were prepared to bomb her with lamps, to protect her?

Olivia laughed. "No, I never knew that. All I knew was that he didn't seem to have his mind on his lines. Finally the director said, 'Olivia, take him into your dressing-room, and tell him that he learns his lines.' It was a bit of a tussle. But in fifteen minutes he emerged—knowing his lines."

In other words, there never was a time when she wasn't able to take care of herself. Her mother, Mrs. presenta, had taught her how.

She tilted her chin challengingly—as if to dare anyone to believe that she hadn't always been as she was now, except that now she wasn't shy and self-conscious and naive and inexperienced, as she was when she was very young.

We were willing to believe that. We only wished we knew what to believe about those romance rumors. She still wouldn't tell.

But it is our duty to inform you that the names of a certain couple, who recently celebrated their first anniversary, except to the conversation once. We happened to comment on how cleverly they had managed a secret wedding, even with the whole world watching for them to marry. And Olivia listened attentively. Very attentively.
Those Young Ideas

[Continued from page 75]

separation, a front-page romance or two. Yet her face hasn't altered materially, except to take on an even more beautiful character.

Above all, it has acquired no look of hardiness, no hint of that distrust, wariness, and weary disillusionment that the struggle for film fame etches, in fine lines or coarse, on so many beautiful faces.

If Loretta looks suddenly shrewd and alert, it means just one thing. She has thought of a "nifty" to inject into the conversation, and is waiting to spring it!

Intoxicatingly provocative eyes are a characteristic of Loretta's whole tribe, from Polly Ann to Georgiana. Looking into Loretta's, a mere man can't quickly turn away. Years ago, I nearly smacked my jalopy into a street car, on that account. If I ever drive her anywhere again, I'll wear blinkers and dark glasses! Her justly famous disturbing effect on gentlemen, on screen and off, is most often the work of those huge, deep pools of blue, which can sparkle with mischief one moment, fill with clouds that threaten tears, the next.

Loretta and her sisters also share a lush voluptuousness about the mouth, and a spirited flare of nostrils that makes a supercilious critic of sex appeal say, "My, my!"

Growing up with a famous sister, as she did with Sally Blane, is a future star's best insurance against becoming conceited and temperamental. Anyhow, that's what Loretta thinks. Says she:

"You help rib and ridicule your celebrated sister, when she shows signs of taking herself too seriously. And years later, when your turn comes for a ribbing, meant to bring you back to human proportions, you remember what you did to Big Sister, how silly she looked, and so on. That's usually a cure."

T'S a well understood function of the family to keep its currently reigning member in line. Just by way of a lasting admonition meant for Loretta, a preventive rather than a cure, they call her "Duchess." They admit that she doesn't deserve it, but say they do just "in case."

Even Georgiana assists with such ribbing, as did Loretta when Sally was the family star problem.

The close ties that bind Loretta to her family have been a tower of strength and a worker of success miracles, but they have also caused her to weep buckets of tears. I'll always remember the flood that she (and the others) shed when she left home after that so-youthful marriage to Grant Withers. There were almost as many tears when a Pasadena business man, named Carter Herman, married Polly Ann. Then again, when Sally, whose real name is Betty Jean, married Norman Foster.

Only Loretta, Mother Belzer, Georgiana and tiny blond Judy, the star's adopted baby, remain in the huge and stately mansion on the edge of Bel-Air.

But any time there's a family crisis, such as the recent entry of little Georgiana into pictures, they all gather hastily under Loretta's roof-tree.

The huddle goes on, the budget of experience is placed at the disposal of the newest hopeful. And it's a better budget than ever. now. Loretta has added a lot to its value during her 14 years of substantial Hollywood success.

FOLLOW THROUGH

Read YOUR HOLLYWOOD—AND MINE by Louella O. Parsons, Hollywood's ace newspaperwoman and confidante of the stars—and you'll get to know Hollywood as few outsiders have been privileged to know it. In this issue—pages 22, 23, 24 and 25—MOTION PICTURE started a series of six articles by Louella O. Parsons, It was THE GREAT LOVES OF HOLLYWOOD. Next month—October—follow through with THE GREAT GLAMOR GIRLS OF HOLLYWOOD. This series of articles written in Miss Parsons' intimate and inimitable style is the fan book scoop of the year!

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Fall Style Notes

Yoke Neckline, Pockets and Buttons, Three-quarter Sleeves and Pompadour Hair Style

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[Continued from page 77]

Gene Autry celebrated Gene Autry Day at New York World’s Fair of 1940 by borrowing horse from ensemble of “American Jubilee,” one of hit shows, and eating hot dogs

mance came to them in San Francisco the other day. They visited that city to see a stage play together. In the seats behind theirs, a couple of matrons were talking—and as fate would have it, they talked about the Stewart-de Havilland romance. Said one: “Ain’t they silly about it?” replied the other: “Yes—what I can’t see is why they don’t do it and get it over with and stop boring everybody!”

Were the de Havilland-Stewart faces red?

Well, anyway, by the time you read this, they MAY even BE Mister and Missus. And then they can go away together, as Olivia once said, “and have a great adventure together.”

Oh Jiiiiiiimmmmmmmmmmmeeeee...........

[Continued on page 83]
Lemon Aids  
[Continued from page 54]

flavor and color to snacks hot or cold, to the handsome aspic mold of vegetables or fish; and above all, to the dressings and spreads used in salad and sandwich. Get out your kitchen scissors and begin to cut out, not paper dolls, but decorative lemon patterns—butterflies, crosses, stars, scallops, triangles—the whole fascinating art of kitchen garnishing is yours at your scissors’ point. Dust the lemon with minced parsley or cress, dip it in paprika, festoon it with pimientos if you will, but use it generously.

"C" may stand for Chops, Cold Cuts, or any meats you prefer, but in either case lemon is your side offering. Squeeze a few drops of lemon juice over veal before cooking, and note how tender this meat becomes. Also how lemon juice removes all possible high or meaty odor. Sprinkle any fish with lemon juice before or right after baking and you’ll counteract the excessive fishy taste. Add lemon and grating to lamb curry and many other made meats dishes to give that subtle, sophisticated something which is the mark of a true cooking expert’s skilled hand.

"D" of course stands for Desserts. And here is where Miss Lemon goes to town! What other food flavor can compare with the natural perfume of lemon when used in desserts? Take lemon pie—if it stays long enough on the table—and see how fragrant is its filling with lemon; or lemon frosting, lemon filling; lemon tapioca. In fact, in almost every recipe in the dessert section of the cook-book, lemon lends flavor.

HENCE, for instance, is an old favorite with practically all men. It’s tapioca made delicate and refreshing in tone with lemon, juice and rind:

TROPICAL TAPIOCA

3/4 cup quick-cooking tapioca  
3/4 cup granulated sugar  
3/4 teaspoon salt  
2 cups boiling water  
1/4 cup strained lemon juice  
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind  
1/2 cup heavy cream, whipped  
18 pitted dates  
6 whole Marsachino cherries  

Place tapioca, sugar, salt, and boiling water in a saucepan over double boiler, and bring to a quick boil over direct heat, stirring constantly. Place over boiling water and cook 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Cool. Add lemon juice and grated rind. Chill. Fold in whipped cream. Divide into 6 portions, in tall glasses. Garnish top of each with 3 dates and 1 cherry in center. Add small spoon of whipped cream as additional topping if desired. (Serves 6.)

ANOTHER thing for any hostess to remember is that lemon juice enhances other flavors or "brings them out," as the saying goes. There once was an old gentleman, famous for his coffee, who declared he put lemon juice in it to create such a fine flavor! But truly a few drops of lemon here and there dotes marvels for other foods. Thus, add a few drops to a mix of canned minced meat, already highly seasoned it is true, but which gains "bite" from the lemon; grate some lemon rind into any cake filling or frosting; add grated lemon rind to many simple desserts such as those made with crumbles, like apple Betty, or baked apples or pears, now such popular harvest desserts. Bake prunes too, with syrup to which both lemon juice and grated rind are added, and note the pleasing difference in flavor.

And as a hostess, were you often annoyed at the unsightly lipstick stains on your guest towels? Has the careless guest overturned an ink-bottle? Use lemon juice! Does a recipe call for sour milk, and you are without it? Try souring any sweet milk with 1-2 tablespoons of lemon juice to each 1 cup of sweet milk, and wash it sour! Replace vinegar called for in salad dressings with lemon juice; keep your hands white and dainty by rinsing in a half-lemon kept at the sink.

But, space forbids telling all the clever tricks with lemons. Buy them by the dozen, at least, and do not keep them in the refrigerator, but merely in a cool place. Select a trademarked brand, where the skins have a fine, waxy, smooth texture which provides more juice per fruit. Let lemons add flavor—and loveliness with the aid of the leaflet offered below.

FREE

Mrs. Christine Frederick,  
c/o MOTION PICTURE Magazine,  
1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Please send me your free leaflet, "Add Luscious Lemon," including Never Fail Lemon Pie, Peaches and Cream Rum Cake, Lemon Souces, etc.

Name .........................................................

Street Address ...........................................

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(Please Print)

(This offer expires October 15, 1946)

Batter

1 cup sifted flour  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
2 teaspoons baking powder  
3 tablespoons sugar  
1 tablespoon butter  
1 egg, well beaten  
1/2 cup milk  
1/2 teaspoon vanilla  

Place thinly sliced lemon in bottom of saucepan—preferably a glass top-of-range unit where the dressings can be watched as they rise—add syrup and butter, and simmer 20 minutes or until sauce is clear and transparent. Into this gently boiling syrup drop batter (made as for usual dumplings) in large spoonfuls on top of hot syrup. Cover tightly and cook 15 minutes without removing cover. (Serves 6.)

THE CHAMPION SAID YOU WIN!

The new champion waved me aside.

"A speech? Nothing doing! I’m just a tennis player... " "Wait!" I ask.

"You’ve won the tennis cup, now you’ve got to tell them how you did it. Here—settle yourself with a stick of Beeman’s. The flavor’s great and that tang—"

"You win!" says the champ. "Gotta hand it to Beeman’s—it’s got what it takes. A fresh taste that’s doubly refreshing. A dash and tang. A flavor that’s too good to last—yet does." He laughed. "Sure I’ll make a speech! It’ll be good, too—if you just keep that package of Beeman’s on tap!"

LEMON-MAPLE DUMPLINGS

Since

2 whole lemons, thinly sliced  
2 cups maple syrup  
1 teaspoon butter  

MEN, too, rate Lemon Meringue the tops in all pie choices. A prize “Never Fail” lemon pie is included in the sheaf of recipes which are offered, free, to all readers. Then, see if you don’t think the following a better-than-usual dessert for cold weather (we’re looking ahead): It’s a dumpling and marmalade sort of dish.
NOW WE BOTH HAVE LOVELY BLONDE HAIR!

New Shampoo Method—Specially Made for Blondes—Washes Hair Shades Lighter—Safely!

Method and daughters stay pretty together when sunny, sunny curls and smart, blonde coiffures are both gloriously lovely. Because of its delicate texture, particular care is needed to keep blonde hair from fading, dusting, losing attractiveness. That's why smart blonders throughout the country use BLONDEX, the shampoo made specially for them. It refreshes dull, dingy blonde and brings out every glowing highlight. Costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Nothing worse for children's hair. Get it today at any good store.

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message to women suffering functional FEMALE WEAKNESS

Few women today are free from some sign of functional trouble. Maybe you've noticed YOURSELF getting restless, moody, nervous, depressed lately—your work too much for you—

Then why not try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to help quiet weary, hysterical nerves, relieve monthly pain (cramps, backache, headache) and

weak dizzy spells due to functional disorders.

For over 60 years Pinkham's Compound has helped hundreds of thousands of weak, rundown, nervous "ailing" women and girls to go smiling thru "difficult days." WORTH TRYING!

Chaplin thinks she needs the experience . . . Nedda Harrington, Walter Connely's widow, will make her home in the East with relatives . . . Una Merkle joined hubby Ronnie Burja . . . business keeps him around . . . Helen Mack is twining with Pat Weaver . . . Phyllis Brooks and Herbie Klotz don't look serious . . . but decorate a Conga line . . . The key to Jimmy Cagney's Martha's Vineyard family is circulating among his Broadway friends from way back . . . It's always in use when Jimmy isn't occupying the house . . . And the kitchen is well stocked . . . which is why they say that there aren't many like the little Irishman . . . Betty Grable was called to the Coast to replace Alice Faye who is convalescing from an operation much too slowly . . .

THE GAY SPOTS: The Westchester Bath Club is the cooling off place since El Morocco and Fefe's Monte Carlo shut down for the hot spell . . . Joan Crawford is spending several weeks in Westport . . . Her days at the Fair . . . Her nights were brightness . . . Always a sociable sight, Joan took the spotlight away from Phyllis Brooks, Connie Talmadge, Fay Bainter and the others set at a reception party . . . Joan is taking steps to adopt the child of a friend . . . the baby has been in the East with Joan for some months . . . Phyllis Brooks will return to the stage . . . The Beachcombers: George Raft and Mack Gray . . . ZaSu Pitts . . . Franchot Tone and Adele Jergens . . . this looks like an early wedding . . . perhaps before Franchot takes up leading-man duties opposite Marlene Dietrich . . . Ambassador Gardens: Joan again . . . and does anyone know the name of that persistent escort . . . Tony Martin with a model . . . Madeleine Carroll . . . Glenda Farrell . . . with handsome escort Tommy Farrell . . .

NEXT MONTH

What Every Girl Should "No" at College

Pertinent advice to MOTION PICTURE readers by Hollywood's star graduates. You don't have to go to college to appreciate this entertaining story in October MOTION PICTURE
Lili Damita, wife of Errol Flynn, has something in common with hubby. Shares love of his lion dogs that won prizes at dog show. How do you like specimen?

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Judith Anderson and Orry Kelly—
She thinks he's just the swellest felly!

RIGHT now, Madeleine Carroll is off for France—to bring back her mama, who by now is another war refugee.

But what Holly-WOULD like to know is: will Madeleine also bring back a new husband? Madeleine, you know, goes for military men. Her first hubby was Captain Philip Astley of the British Army. She divorced him, and now there's no secret at all but what she's hell-bent on marrying a certain handsome French air service officer.

Unless Adolf got him first.

JUST to show how Hollywood has gone into the doldrums—
In the "good old days," when no movieland hubby could tell in advance what stranger he'd have to kick out of the boudoir

[Continued from page 80]

Dickie Lyon, who plays Cary Grant’s son in The Howards of Virginia, is adopted son of Ben Lyon-Bebe Daniels, now in London. They sent boy to USA for safety
WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—
WITHOUT CALOMEL

—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated, you feel sour, sulk, and the world looks pink.

It takes a good, cold Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely to make you "up and up." Amazing in making bile flow freely, for a FREE trial supply of Carter's Little Liver Pills, send your name and address on a postcard to Carter's Dept. 5A, 55 Park Place, New York City. Or ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name, 10c and 25c. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

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Never youthful eye springs. Brighten your own eyes. Add snap and glamour! Banish minor eye irritations with soothing, cooling, comforting, and refreshing OCULINE for greater eye appeal

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CUPID'S COUPLET:

Helen Mack and (New Yorker) Pat Weaver

May soon be married, if you can believe it.

THERE'S NO other man," sighed Martha Raye, when she opened her mouth only part way in divorce court, and got rid of second-hubby Dave Rose.

BUT, Martha, how do you explain away Lee Castaldo? Lee is a new dance-band leader, and there's Hollywood talk that he'd still be just a trumpet-tooter in Tommy Dorsey's orchestra if SOMEbody hadn't put up the shekels for him to form a band of his own . . . SOMEBODY, I said.

[Continued on page 83]
Cupid's Couplet: Frances Robinson and Johnny Carroll—
So Cupid's got 'em over a barrel?!

In Eugene O'Neill's The Long Voyage Home, John Wayne is the salty sailor and Carmen Morales the girl he picked up when boat put in at tropical port.

E-MAGine calling her "Binnie Frankovich"...!
P. S.—Or wouldn't it be easier for him to change his name to Mike Barnes?

Cupid's Couplet: Lyle Talbot and Fifi D'Orsay—Amusing the gossips by acting f'orsay!

All those Hollywood wisenheimers who smirked knowingly when Jane Bryan, at the time of her marriage, said that she was done forever with movies, are laughing on the other side of their faces, now. On account of it's been months and months—and Jane Bryan is still "the happiest bride in the world," to take her own word for it.

She and hubby Justin Dart just finished a Hollywood visit after flying in in their own private plane. And Jane took the occasion to re-assure everybody that she has no intention of coming back to pictures—no intention, in short, of ever being anything but just Mrs. Justin Dart, from now on. ...We'll see!

Olympe Bradna goes native and we don't mean Hollywood. She plays Samoan dancing girl in Edw. Small feature, South of Pago-Pago. Jon Hall is Big Moment

Didya know that Mrs. Ardis Atkinson Gaines has just gotten a divorce? And before you say you don't give a toot, either, let me add that Mrs. A. A. Gaines is Brenda
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New Soothing Foot Plaster. Easily Cut To Any Size, Shape

Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX, a new, superior moleskin foot plaster—velvety-soft, cushioning. Quickly relieves pain of corns, callouses on the bottom of the foot, bunions and tender spots on the feet and toes. Prevents shoe friction and pressure; soothes and protects the sore spot. Cut to any size or shape and apply. Economical! At Drug, Shoe, Department and 196 stores.

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Hollywood Stars Are Thrilled By "YOU" The Latest Sensation Make-Up

"YOU"—the miracle discovery in realizing old beauties. Follow the "Stars" by leading your own tal

1. "YOU" is a 3 fold liquid foundation all-absorbing, base lotion and powder base in one.
2. A waterproof liquid powder that quickly dries. The perfect finish for your "YOU". 1 bottle of "YOU" for $1.00.

CUPID'S COUPLE:

A twosome that's got the whole town in a flurry

Is Priscilla Lane with Kenny Murray!

MARriages of the season, since our last bulletins, include—Arthur (Sky-scraper) Treacher and Virginia Taylor, who’s so eminently suited for the role of Missus Treacher that she used to stand-in for Allison Skipworth, if you get the idea?

—Buster (what, again !!) Keaton and Eleanor Norris, and they expressly ordered that the word “obey” be omitted from the marriage ritual, and went to a drugstore where they had a milkshake party after the ceremony. Keaton — milkshakes — omi-gawd !!!

—Eleanor Boardman (don’t you remember?) and Henri D’Abbadie D’Arrast (soch a mout’ful!) got married in a little French village as the culmination of a romance that began “way back in 1933 when Eleanor divorced King Vidor.

—Mrs. Virginia Welles, who recently got matrimonially rid of the man who scared everybody (Orson, you know) married Charles Lederer, ace scenario writer and nephew of Marion Davies.

—Hal Roach Junior and Mrs. Alva Hunt, who stuck to tradition by flying to Yuma to say their I-do’s after setting an August date. But who’s surprised? I mean, WHO?

SIGHT of the month—came when into Little Hungarian restaurant walked Garbo and Hauser (yeah, they’re STILL at it) and bobbed right keepherplunk into Leopold Stokowski (you remember him, doncha, Greta?) who

[Continued from page 85]

[Continued on page 87]
### THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLE

[Continued from page 86]

**JUST** to give the bawdy ol' town a good name, maybe, they've formed a new club in Hollywood. They call it "The Twenty-Years-A-Husband" Club, and the charter members are Joe Cawthorn, who's been married 37 years for heaven's sake, Paul Evorton, who's also done 37 years, Jimmy Gleason who's been a husband for 27 years, Jean Hersholt with 26 years of convivial bliss, and Cyrus Kendall, with a mere 21 years in harness.

'Tis said Lana Turner and Artie Shaw have applied for membership cards, to be sent them in 1960.

Deanna Durbin bobs up in new type of role in *Spring Parade*. Of course she will sing, but she also dances. As native Hungarian she does the czardas was dining so aaloooone ... Greta and Gaylord nodded to Leopold, and Leopold nodded back and then went on with his goulash.

**INTO** divorce court went Luise Rainer, at long last, and wept tearfully as she uttered the testimony which got her a decree from Clifford "Golden Boy" Odets—and then she wiped away her tears and went to LaMaze with Garson Kanin, and, mama, isn't Hollywood just too, too?

Ona Munson, whom you'll be seeing in cowgirl togs in *Wagons Westward* very soon, slips into pinasoe frock off-screen to play with cute Spanish pup

**CUPID'S COUPLE:**
Eddie Norris and Diana Manners—Just a couple holders-huggers!

**BABY Talk In Hollywood:**—it's a boy at the Don Douglas house (she's Charlotte Merriweather), Linda Winters remember when Charlie Chaplin "discovered" her while she was acting at Carmel-by-the-Sea under her former name of Dorothy Cominore?) and hubby Richard Collins, are blessed-evening... wonder if Judith Barrett (MISSUS Lin Howard to you) has picked the cradle yet... Jimmy Stephenson is proud of the seven-pound-six-ounce job he and wife collaborated on... it's a boy... Rex Lease gags the announcement by

[Continued on page 89]
HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

Many of those graying, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colicky strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matters stays in the blood. These poisons may start causing backaches, rheumatic pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up difficulty, weakness of vision, anemia, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smelly stool indicates something is wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills—used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

WATCH YOUR STEP!

Play safe and use QUEST (the Kortex deodorant powder). It positively eliminates all body and sanitary napkin odors.

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Now easy way to earn money taking orders from friends and others for new initial Playing Cards. Also, many other smartly styled decks at popular low prices. Liberal profits. Start earning at once. Thousands of prospects yearly. No experience needed. Men or women, write for sample outfit—FREE.


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Syracuse show, Mary Anderson, Gail Mellott and Ruth Terry, young actresses, had been also been seen with Eddie.

I dig up the fact that there had been great excitement for a few days following the Warner Studio Club party. Eddie appeared with Beverly Holden. And Eddie was very attentive. Turned out, however, that she was supposed to be there with Don Alvarado. At the last moment, Don had to work and asked Eddie to take his girl to the party for him. Eddie, borrowing Don's dress clothes, took Don's girl and had a wonderful time.

Then there's Alicia Warren. A very extra special little bird told me about this girl. But the little bird didn't know anything other than just the name.

Well, imagine getting a fellow cornered under a hair-dryer and trying to find out about la femme. Eddie started telling me again that he was Hollywood's most ineligible bachelor. By the time he got past the second word he was shouting at the top of his voice.

Pretty quickly, Pete Westmore and his aids began to collect with wide grins on their faces. And Eddie, realizing that he had been shouting, became disconcerted.

Maybe that's why he admitted that he liked the girls he had been seen with. Maybe that's why he said, "I'll sure be glad when Gene Tierney gets back here from New York. And maybe that's why he finally told me the Alicia Warren is a Minneapolis debutante who has been a good friend for eight years.

Maybe that's why he told me delightedly that a clarivox recently told him, "Oh, you are going to fall deeply in love soon and marry!"

But Eddie insisted that he's busy now. He eagerly sang the praises of one of Hollywood's most interesting women—Mme. Maria Ouspenskaya, who is a dramatic teacher as well as one of the finest character actresses in Hollywood.

Eddie is eager to play the role of Edgar Allen Poe in Appointment in Lime and is studying with Mme. Ouspenskaya, preparing for the role. He was supposed to spend an hour for his first lesson with her—the time stretched to four hours without Eddie's time-consciousness returning. That, by the way, he insists would find hard to appreciate, too.

But one of these days, Eddie Albert will probably get married—he's still only 31, talented, charming, amusing and good-looking. He'd kind of like to get married. He's the one who insists he's ineligible. And there are still a few months left before leap year is over, so perhaps some girl can make him change his mind soon. I wonder.

A girl recently gave him a ceramic replica of a bury which Eddie prizes. The girl was to commemorate the anniversary of their first meeting. Who is she? Well, maybe Muriel Angelus...maybe Ruth Terry...or Mary Anderson...Gail Mellott...or is it Alicia Warren, the tall, slim, fair and attractive debutante who has been Eddie's good friend for eight years? Eddie won't tell.

Instead, Eddie insists upon arguing that he's Hollywood's most ineligible bachelor. But then he says too, "I'll probably end up suddenly marrying some dizzy little blonde, then we'll both be unhappy."

Cherchez a femme! Huh, figure out which one!
imported from Cuba, with high hopes that maybe he'll turn out to be what Hollywood has been looking for ever since Rudolph Valentino died—that long-sought "second Valentino." He was brought to Hollywood to star in Too Many Girls, and all the manless lovelies in this Hollywood which is overstocked with girls and understocked with available bachelors, got antsy-pants.

BUT—along with Desi came his mother, and mother has issued the announcement that her boy must and will be home and in bed before midnight every night except Saturday.

P. S.—What makes it interesting is that the young Cuban had been hitting the New York late spots quite regularly with Betty Grable, ex-wife of Jackie Coogan.

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Lupe Velez and Rudy Vallee—
Boy! set 'em up on the other alley!

NOT that it makes the slightest difference in the affairs of the world, but don't be surprised if Elaine admits, any day now, that she's had enough of the Barrymore again.

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Darling Day and Wesley Cameron
Are doin' a little bit of glamorin'!

LATEST manifestation on Hollywood's kaleidoscopic romance-scene is a glamor-boy whose mammy says he's gotta come in and stay home, nights. And by "mammy," I don't mean the Hollywood kind of mama, the hot kind—I mean mama.

The lad is Desi Arnaz, 23 years old,
It seems everybody but Shirley knows she's a millionaire. The only high finance that interests her is getting her $250 a week allowance from her dad every Saturday morning. It goes for shows—she sees one or two a week and still likes Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck—ice cream cones, and gifts for Mom, Dad, her brothers, neighborhood kids, and other friends.

Shirley, who is impressed with every one but herself, is unspoiled because she won't think so much about who Shirley Temple is as what Shirley Temple does. She must be up and doing to be happy. She looks forward to school like most youngsters look forward to summer vacation, because she's school-starved. She likes art and can start drawing a horse as quickly as a child—being a horse rather than a house. She hates mathematics as much as Einstein loves it.

School plays thrill and excite her even though she has refused starring parts, saying, "I don't know anything about stage acting. I've just had movie experience; so I'll be an extra till I learn."

Her taste in literature embraces Mark Twain, Connie Tomaine from days when she wanted to be a G-man—and O'Henry, to mention a few. The other day she finished The Yearling, all except the last part in which the deer is shot—and she skipped that part because she had heard about animals or human beings suffering.

Orson Welles' Rebecca was the greatest play she's ever heard on the air. Another indication of her mental maturity. But underneath it all, she's still that cute kid you've been loving for six or more years. Her hair's chestnut—a little darker than when she first broke in with Little Miss Marker. Her face is not quite so full, but it's heart-shaped. And she's a little taller, but despite assertions to the contrary, she's still good for a few more pictures as a youngster.

Sure, Mom Temple is going to let her grow up on the screen in the manner of Deanna Durbin. That is, if Shirley wants to. But for the time being she'll remain a child.

Neither Father Time, rheumatism, failing eyesight, thin voice, crooked feet, nor gray hair have caught up with the ageing Miss Temple. She is not the Baby Shirley of '34, but she is not a beauteous of 40 either. An unbiased tape measure dropped from the Temple top to the Temple tocs gives length over all as 57 inches—a little more inage than your sister Nancy's momma doll.

A couple of scales of indisputable character say her "Honest Weight" is 85—and all this despite the fact that she doesn't bother watching her pounds. Milk, wholesome foods, she says, keep her in such condition that she doesn't have to keep doctors away by eating apples. One bad habit: like most American kids she occasionally starts an internal rebellion by saying, "I don't want to eat that!"

It may sound like unduliting goo, but for a kid who's been pampered by expert packers—directors to electricians who have kicked in compliments, sought out, praised by celebrities: Andy Hardy, H.C. Villa, Orson Welles, Mrs. Roosevelt, Noel Coward, and a "Who's Who" volume of others—she's still a regular gal.

She dabbles in archery and piano-playing. She's no Robin Hood with the bow, but she can stick the bulls-eye now and then. She's no Padreweiski at the keyboard and is as good as go. Child Shirley has come to thinking of reasons for not practising.

She hums and sews clothes for Miss X, the doll without a name. Shirley's needle has kept Miss X far from the Lady Godiva statue. She dresses her wardrobe like everything from a white bathing suit—that's for trips to the Hawaiian beach—to a flowing orchid formal.

Shirley plays with two girls who live a couple of blocks from away from Templedom just across Rockingham Road, which looks like rural England. After school on some afternoons, there's a session of tag or hopscotch, or just a hike.

Recently Shirley has been indoors more for two purposes: to watch the cook prepare meals, bake biscuits, pies, cakes, and bread, and to learn what every young Campfire Girl should know about the culinary art. She has to pass the test of barbecuing steaks over an open grill and baking potatoes in ashes, you see.

Another thing, she's helping arrange the new bungalow built on the Temple estate below the mansion. It will house Shirley's costumes, her dolls, trophies, scrapbooks, and the golden Academy Award statue she received in 1934, and her playthings—gifts from everybody in filmtown—Astaire to Zanuck. It is not exclusively Shirley's domain. It has a bathroom with a smooth floor for parties given by Mr. and Mrs. Temple, Shirley, or the Temple boys.

Yes, the rumors about Shirley have been numerous. They have also been—for the most part—inaccurate—even to the one about Shirley's voice-training for the opera.

"I am not even attempting to cultivate Shirley's voice," explains Mrs. Temple. "That is, except in the general singing lessons at school. The whole class has the same training."

"Shirley already knows breathing—one of the essentials—is developing more volume and is getting away from her 'cute' vocalizing. It has been something so much as thought about an operatic career for Shirley. We're not worrying about Shirley's singing at all, because you can't tell what a voice will do at her age. There's not much you can do to improve it till the early teens," she concluded.

Shirley, who, outside of the Messrs. Santa Claus and President Roosevelt, gets more fan mail than anyone else in the world, has found one ingredient in most of her recent letters. Mothers, fathers, sisters, and brothers in Tokyo, Montreal, Mexico City, New York, and all points North, South, East and West, say this:

"Please don't retire from pictures!"

She is not retiring. Despite recent life stories of Shirley—editorial obituaries—she's out from the screen.

You don't have to rely on astrologers and their complicated charts—even if they agree as one that she hasn't yet nearing her last day.

Just wait and see her in 20th Century-Fox's last Temple picture, Young People, and you'll see for yourself why every major studio in town is ready with contracts and filled fountain pens any time the Temple trio says the word.
“I’ve Not Outgrown Hollywood!”

[Continued from page 57]

tion made of my leaving Gene to go on tours. It’s very good for both of us. Absence stimulates new interest in each other. I never did think I could live without him, and I believe that my fans want me to go on working, trying to progress, trying to bring them good music as nearly perfectly as I can bring that gift to them.

It was said that our house is a ‘music factory.’ It is. Again why not? Factory hands work. And that’s what Gene and I do, work. We have two pianos at home. Gene has a Hammond organ. We have a victrola. We have a home-recording machine. When I was on the air, doing my weekly programs, Gene took them all off the air for me. In that way he could make criticisms and I could make corrections. Both of us, at the same time, could know what songs, read them to the recording-machine.

“But it isn’t all work and no play—not by a long shot. Even the home-recorder becomes a plaything when we have guests. Sometimes we ask a ‘star’ to sit in for an evening and each one has to perform for a recording and then we play back what the people have said, or sung. It’s funny how professional people are more slipshod at home than on the stage.

“That’s the part of the programs I gave on tour were considered ‘upstage’ or the way I deliver the songs I sing. Well, I don’t know what my inquisitor thinks constitutes a concert artist. I couldn’t go out on a concert and stage it because it’s a Golden West. I can’t cavor over all the place. I don’t do hand springs or turn cartwheels. I don’t know how. I don’t go around blowing kisses to everyone because it seems so natural. I just go out on the stage and sing my songs; try to make the evenings fairly informal.

Perhaps the word ‘classical’ should be substituted for ‘upstage’ as applied to my programs. I do sing classical of being dozens of classical songs are familiar songs to everyone. Grieg’s Ich Liebe Dich, Carry Me Back To Ole Virginny, My Old Kentucky Home are some of the classical songs I sing on my programs and I think makes programs serious musicians will enjoy and that people, not musicians at all, will also understand and enjoy.

Another story is posed in that article (and now I’m taking the stand for the (self) defense) was whether I should decide to take the plunge into opera, whether I have the register to make good in this field. I have, as it happens, a particular high range. Nature, aided and abetted by hard work, gave me this. I have two whole tones lower and three whole tones higher than the average lyric soprano role calls for. My volume is considerably bigger than any coloratura’s volume and, besides, the finest pianissimo tone of a violin will carry to the last seat in any auditorium.

I have no immediate plans for opera. I sort of hate to mention it here but the Metropolitan offered me a choice of roles three years ago and I’ve been unable to arrange the time to accept. I’m still unable to arrange the time but if I should find time, if they should still want me, if I should accept, that still wouldn’t mean that I’m outgrowing Hollywood. I’m not. But I do have to grow. And why not?

“Did anyone ever steer a course toward lower and lesser things?” Would anyone advise me to steer my course toward singing in a cabaret? I couldn’t anyway,” laughed Jeanette. “Night-life always did bore me and I can’t sing in a room full of smoke. No, but seriously, it’s so silly to infer that anyone is outgrowing anything because they decided something. I like to believe that my fans want me to go on working, trying to progress, trying to bring them good music as nearly perfectly as I can bring that gift to them.

But confidence it gives, to go through the month without denial of “regular” pain. And what comfort, not having to give-in in trying days come! Midol, a new formula developed for its special purpose, relieves the functional pain of menstruation for millions of women. Why not try it? It contains no opiates. One comforting Midol ingredient is prescribed frequently by thousands of doctors. Another—exclusively in Midol—further fortifies its relief by helping to reduce spasmodic pain peculiar to the menstrual process.

If you have no organic disorder calling for medical or surgical treatment, you should find Midol effective. If it doesn’t help you, see your doctor. All drugstores have Midol. Five tablets—more than enough for a convincing trial—20¢; 12 tablets, 40¢.
for his romance with Bubbles Schinasi is bunk. In an effort to convince Hollywood that they're not faking, Bubbles and Wayne have been nip-squatting together. BUT—Hollywood insists that the only thing that's keeping them from making the break public is their baby.

DENIALS, too, from the Artie Shaw (remember? she used to be Lana Turner!) But Hollywood bettors are still certain that Artie and Lana will never celebrate their first anniversary. Ken Dolan is also among the month's deniers. He says there's NOTHING to the rumors that he and wife Shirley Ross are at the end of the trail.

Virginia Dale, who was blond siren in Buck Benny Rides Again, turns to dancing in Dancing on a Dime. An erstwhile dance band singer, she models swim-suit Jeffrey Lynn and agent Bob Ritchie—Joan Valerie and Harvey Priester and where's Edgar Bergen?—Patricia Morison and Paramount big-shot Freeman's son Frank Junior—is Frances Farmer's latest heart-throb really Monroe (press-agent) Greenthal?—Linda Darnell and Maury Grossman—Claire James and Bill (of Meet the People) Orr—Peggy Moran and Johnny Downs—Margot Stevens and Bob (photographer) Wallace—Henry Willson and Jacqueline Wells, who's gone redhead—Huntz (Dead End) Hall and Elsie Anderson say they're gonna get married—will Isabel Jewell be Mrs. Paul Feldman by the time you read this?—Orson Welles and Dolores Del Rio and she doesn't act scared.

CUPID'S COUPLET: Forrest Tucker and Helen Parish—Any day expect 'em to marrish!

NOT that they seem to give a whoop but Ilona Massey and Ahn Curtis are making M-G-M so pecked by romancing. They're running on a seven-nights-a-week dating schedule, and the studio is all upset about it, because they don't think matrimony will be good for Ilona's career. Hollywood is betting fifty-fifty that the studio will win out.

FURIOUS denials emanate from Wayne Morris, who says all the chatter about an imminent fade-out but it shows what Hollywood is expecting. Bob, incidentally, has just moved into a big new house—MUCH too big for a bachelor, even a Hollywood bachelor.

OL' TATTLER had no sooner got the words out of his mouth, telling you how Hollywood is betting that Artie Shaw and Lana Turner will never celebrate their first anniversary, than they proved Hollywood had a sure-fire tip. From all accounts the five-month-old marriage is definitely on the rocks. The 19-year-old bride has moved from the Shaw menace and taken an apartment in Beverly Hills. M-G-M's shapely glamor girl has confirmed the separation, though Shaw denies it. Hollywood has said right along that they weren't temperamentally suited to live together.

There have been rumors that they've disagreed from the night they eloped to Las Vegas—rumors that the Shaws denied. Meanwhile Lana is continuing, with her picture activities while Artie continues with his band. Lana's former boy friend, Greg Bautzer, has been seen around night-clubs. Some say he still carries the torch for Lana.

JACKIE COOPER's got a new girl friend, whose dad is a Palm Springs businessman. Meantime, Jackie's mama is arranging things so that Jackie won't be married for his money. She's fixed up his affairs so that he won't get all his money in a lump when he hits 21. At 21, he only gets a part of what he's earned. At 25, he gets some more. And until he's 40, he'll get installments every five years.

AND even though Florence Rice says there's no truth to the rumors that she and Bob Wilcox have cracked up, she's stepping out with Broderick Crawford. "You can't expect me to sit at home every night just because Bob's away, can you?" explains Florence.

DON'T Be Surprised—if Lloyd Bacon marries Florence Baker before the judge's signature is dry on his final divorce decree. And Hollywood won't be at all surprised if Bette Davis turns out to be Mrs. Bob Taplinger almost any week-end. Only a few days ago, the town sized up with a rumor that Bette and Press-Agent Bob had married secretly aboard the Pacific liner (Lurline) on which both were returning from Honolulu. That rumor wasn't true—

After Santa Anita comes Hollywood Park. Dan Topping and Sonja Henie arrive at Turf Club to play the hoses
A NORTH WOODS VACATION

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The result — a cigarette of finer tobaccos — mild and mellow, with a naturally lower nicotine content. Have you tried a Lucky lately?

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With men who know tobacco best — it’s LUCKIES 2 TO 1
HOLLYWOOD'S GREAT GLAMOR GIRLS
ANOTHER EXCLUSIVE STORY BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS
HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN LOVE?

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Every issue of LIFE STORY contains **twelve complete** confession stories, including a book-length true novel. There are no serials. Every story is true, gripping and packed with the emotional thrills of life itself.

LIFE STORY is now on sale at all newsstands for ten cents. Get your copy of this big, vital magazine today!
Take no chances with "Pink Tooth Brush"—help protect your own bright smile with Ipana and Massage!

HER HEART TOLD HER the moment had come...the magic moment when she would hear from his lips what she had read in his glance: "You're beautiful—beautiful."

But then, alas, her lips parted in a smile! And with that smile—so dull, so dingy, so lifeless—the spell of her beauty was broken.

HOW TRAGIC A DULL AND DINGY SMILE!
Better by far than beauty is the glamour of a radiant smile! But—what a tragic handicap to any woman if she lets her smile be ruined by dull teeth and dingy gums.

Don't run this needless risk yourself! Give your gums as well as your teeth the constant care they need. And never—never ignore the warning of "pink tooth brush!"

WHAT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" MEANS. That tinge of "pink" may not be a sign of serious trouble. But it's a warning just the same. When you see it, see your dentist! He may simply tell you that today's soft foods have robbed your gums of hard chewing, made them weak, tender. And frequently, like many dentists, he will suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

FOR IPANA, WITH MASSAGE, is designed not only to clean teeth, but to aid the gums. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana onto your gums. You'll notice a delightful "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage. It means that gum circulation is improving...helping gums to become firmer, healthier.

GET A TUBE OF IPANA TODAY! Let the modern dental health routine of Ipana and massage help you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth—a lovelier, more sparkling smile!

And while you're at your druggist's get the new D.D. Tooth Brush, too! It's specially designed with a twisted handle for more thorough cleaning and more effective gum massage.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
Visit Your Neighborhood Drug Store During Nationally Advertised Brands Week—October 4th-12th.
WATCH this column each month. In it your Fashion Editor will point out, page for page, all the items of fashion significance as pictured in photos of your favorite stars. For instance...

Ann Sheridan (see page 25) solves the evening shoe problem for all tall girls. Low heeled wedge sandals flatter the feet and legs, won't add unneeded inches to your height. Choose yours in silver or gold kid, or have white silk ones dyed to match or contrast with your pet gown. Grecian sandals tied with ribbons or heavy silk cord are smart and foot flattering, too.

Joan Crawford (see page 31) wears a ring around a very furry—and what a ring! Huge square cut or emerald cut diamonds (Sonja Henie’s engagement ring is emerald cut) look like money, but you needn’t be a millionaire to have an impressive ring. Clusters of small diamonds, or a small square cut stone surrounded by baguettes, look big and don’t cost much. See your jeweler, when you pick your engagement ring, and see for yourself!

Mary Beth Hughes (see page 37) knows the simple flattery of a laced peasant bodice and rick-rack braid. Try running white rick-rack around hem and sleeves, or collar and cuff of a black dress. Or even a navy one-piece or—Night Flight Blue is smart this Fall—wear it with cinnamon or Indian Summer Brown, or with deep, dark Scarecrow Grey.

Bette Davis and Dana Dale (see page 39) set the style with their new ladylike pampa-dour hair-dos. Dana wears bows in hers—to catch a boa for sure. Plaiting lingerie ruching at the neck of her period type gown makes a smart contrast to bold checks. Reticule evening bag (see page 40 for clever photo) has shape many daytime slades follow.

Bette Davis (see page 43) thinks the bigger the earring, the better. You may not wear half inch diamond clusters like hers, but do go in for mammoth pearls, and for earrings of metal and stone as big as a quarter.

Ann Sothern (see page 51) wears a summer weight pinafore in sunny California—but you can wear one, in light wool or gabardine, as variation to class goingjumpers, on—simply around the house. Cotton pinafores are smart over sweater and skirt combinations.

Jon Hall (see page 50) lets you infringe on his property, to borrow his leather jerkin or the fringe from it! Fringe is smart on dressy dresses, to give that sleeky, slinky slim silhouette we’re hearing about.

Laraine Day (see page 50) teases with stripes that are smarter than ever for Fall. Wear them in skirts, jackets, dresses, and prove you know your lines.

Martha Scott (see page 52) wears a big, big hat for her role in The Howard of Virginia. You can wear just as flattering a "brimmer," trimmed with feathers, fur or lace veil, with dressy cape suits, afternoon frocks.

By CANDIDA

MOTION PICTURE's
FASHION
SPOTLIGHT

INCORPORATING MOVIE CLASSIC

W. H. "BUZZ" FAWCETT, JR., President

LAURENCE REID, Editor

Volume LX, No. 3

OCTOBER, 1940

Twenty-ninth Year

WORLD'S "BUZZ" FAWCETT, JR., President

Making Over Mickey

Your Hollywood—And Mine (No. 2—Great Glamor Girls)

Louella O. Parsons

Is Love Incidental to Ginger?

What I'll Fight For—Robert Taylor

Giving Joan the Works

So Red the Face

We Think You Like the Movies!

She Won't Depend on the Landis Line

What's Ahead for Dorothy Lamour?

A Fugitive from Hard Work (Charlie Ruggles)

The Dean Sounds Off (Dean Jagger)

Life Is Reel—Life Is Ernst

E. J. Smithson

PRISCILLA LANE

GARY COOPER

ERROL FLYNN

MARY BETH HUGHES

It Was a Big Night for Jeffrey Lynn.

BETTE DAVIS

MARtha SCOTT

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CANDIDA

Denise CAINE


MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS
**Question**

1. In what picture does Bing Crosby croon "That's for Me" to a lovely lady who used to admit publicly that her "Heart Belongs to Daddy?"

2. Who are known as "the most happily married couple in Hollywood?" And in what romantic comedy do they play the roles of very quarrelsome but very loving newlyweds?

3. What nationally known screen and radio character has a new girl, not to mention a new pal who is a terrific scene stealer?

4. What girl is fortunate enough in what moving picture version of a Joseph Conrad masterpiece to spend a week alone on a South Sea Island with Fredric March?

5. Who is the lovely English-born beauty who steals Fred MacMurray's heart in the big new outdoors adventure picture directed by Sam ("Goodbye, Mr. Chips," "Our Town") Wood? And what Daughter of the Dust Bowl makes news by playing a terrific kid role in the same picture?

**Answer...**

1. Bing Crosby sings "That's for Me" to Mary Martin in Paramount's "Rhythm on the River," the big streamlined musical which also stars Basil Rathbone, with Oscar Levant.

2. Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, of course, the stars of Paramount's "I Want a Divorce," the picture Hollywood is raving about as setting Joan and Dick firmly on the comeback trail.

3. Henry Aldrich, America's new Peck's Bad Boy, played by Jackie Cooper, has Boston and Broadway's cute little Leila Ernst, success of "Too Many Girls" for a girl friend, and Eddie Bracken, also a star of the same New York hit show, as his pal in "Life With Henry" starring the Aldrich Family.

4. Fredric March in Paramount's all-star production of Joseph Conrad's immortal "Victory" welcomes Betty Field to his private island paradise in the South Seas and starts a thrilling series of romantic adventures in which Sir Cedric Hardwicke and other famous name players play exciting parts.

5. Patricia Morison corrals the hard-boiled heart of Fred MacMurray in Paramount's "Rangers of Fortune," the Sam Wood action adventure drama of three rough, tough sons of the Old Border Country, "Rangers of Fortune." Betty Brewer, the little Okie kid, discovered singing on the Los Angeles streets makes her film bow in this picture.
Dismiss rumor that Bob Taplinger, W-B studio publicity chief, and Bette Davis are serious. She gets kick seeing Bob squirm when asked, "Are you in love? Will you marry?"

Judy Canova takes her pet nanny goat for ride in rowboat, which will drift around (no ears visible) while Judy and pet go into close harmony. She's in Scatterbrain with Greg Bautzer, Lana's ex, the girls haven't been speaking to each other, and all they've been exchanging are glares. Now, anybody knows that unless something was biting Lana about it, she wouldn't get puffed because Dottie was taking her ex-boy-friend out.

And so, when Lana stomped off in tears and high dudgeon the other day, and filed suit for divorce, Hollywood rose as one man and sang: "We TOLD you SO!"

No sillier than their marriage was the parting. Silliest item of all was that moment when, put in an embrace in an effort to prove to news photographers that they were NOT breaking up, Lana lifted her head from Artie's shoulder and snapped to the reporters: "It's not true. I HATE him!"

Meantime, Greg Bautzer, although an attorney, did NOT file Lana's divorce papers. Greg, with an admirable sense of the proprieties, will have no part of the proceedings. He just keeps on going out with Dorothy Lamour.

And Betty Grable, who's supposed to have been eating her heart out because Lana took Artie away from her, continues her palsie-walsee' night-club stepping with Alexis [Continued on page 10]
It's the happiest new-hit news in an age!
...And the happiest WARNER BROS. hit of all!
Just wait till you see it!
NEW CLOTHES
NEW MAKE-UP
NEW
Irresistible You

Get into fall... into new clothes... into exciting new make-up, harmonized for you by IRRESISTIBLE. Exquisitely blended in brilliant new fashion colors. IRRESISTIBLE WHIP-TEXT Lipstick... keeps lips lovelier longer. AIR-WHIFT Face Powder and Rouge... exclusive secret process assures an amazing new softness. Ask for the new fall shades at all 5 and 10c stores.

USE IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

IT'S Whip-Text
TO STAY ON LONGER...
SMOOTHER

10c
AT ALL 5 AND 10 CENT STORES

USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME TONIGHT

NEW CLOTHES
NEW MAKE-UP
NEW
Irresistible You

The Gables really enjoy privacy of home life. So catching them stepping out is our SCOOP of the month. Here is evidence of their first and only appearance at Ciro's just for them: “I'm Getting Sentimental Over YOU.”

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Patricia Morison and Matty Fox—Each has the other's heart in her!
[Continued on page 86]

Although her mommy didn't heartily agree, Carole (Beautiful Curves) Landis finally eloped with boyfriend, Willis Hunt, Jr., broker. He's 28 and she's 21

Hola the Waynes are separated and Bubbles won't have Wayne feeding her itzy-bitsies

Thompson, rich socialite of New York and Canada. BUT—not even for the dance sequences in Down Argentine Way would Betty take off that gold anklet which Artie Shaw gave her three years ago.

P. S.—Greg Bautzer sends Dot Lamour two white orchids daily, and the other night, they asked the ork leader at Ciro’s to play.

Here's some romantic turtle-doving that you won't be seeing anymore. The Wayne Morises have separated and Bubbles won't have Wayne feeding her itzy-bitsies

P. S.—Greg Bautzer sends Dot Lamour two white orchids daily, and the other night, they asked the ork leader at Ciro’s to play.

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Now...she's a dancing ROMANCING DEANNA DURBIN
HER 8TH GREAT HIT
in a parade of perfect pictures... bringing you more happiness than you've ever had!

Music by the king of lilting melody
ROBERT STOLZ
Lyrics by GUS KAHN

UNIVERSAL PICTURES presents
Deanna DURBIN in SPRING PARADE
with ROBERT CUMMINGS MISHKA AUER
Screenplay by Bruce Manning and Felix Jackson
Original story—Ernst Marischka
A HENRY KOSTER PRODUCTION

RELEASED SOON! WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR FAVORITE MOVIE!
Walter, called up to inform him that he was about to become an uncle, come winter in Hollywood... Wall Street broker Henry is very fond of sister-in-law Joan Bennett. The only thing that mars their joy is the news that their uncle, refugee author Lion Feuchtwanger, has been arrested in France and will be returned to Germany to await the fate of all avowed enemies of Hitler... Speaking of Joan, friends report that the Gene Markey-Hedy Lamarr marriage floundered as early as the second month after the nuptials... Because of the I-told-you-soers, who tried to discourage Hedy's interest in Joan's former husband because they knew Gene was still in love with Joan, Hedy hesitated about an open break... Hedy is a glamour girl only in appearance, not in temperament, I understand... She likes the simple life, and adopted a child in the hope that Gene wouldn't miss his little daughter Melinda quite so much...

HAPPY ENDING: Saw Josh Logan and Barbara O'Neill off for a Cuban honeymoon after a wedding at the Long Island home of Barbara's parents... This romance goes back to the Falmouth summer stock days of Josh, Hank Fonda and Jimmy Stewart... Maggie Sullivan and Fonda were the other hand-holders who ended up at the altar... Josh and Barbara are sure that theirs is a happier ending... They waited until each had achieved the success that was so all-important in those youthful days... Wasn't Barbara remarkable in All This, And Heaven Too?... Sonja Henie and Dan Topping having ended their Honolulu trip in an engagement, are spending a quiet summer in the Long Island country after their Chicago wedding... Mama Henie, for the first time in Sonja's

[Continued on page 70]
DAINTINESS IS IMPORTANT! THIS BEAUTY BATH MAKES YOU SURE

IT'S SO EASY TO MAKE SURE OF DAINTINESS. JUST USE LUX SOAP FOR A LUXURIOUS DAILY BEAUTY BATH

YOU'LL LOVE LUX SOAP'S GENTLE ACTIVE LATHER—THE DELICATE CLINGING FRAGRANCE IT LEAVES ON YOUR SKIN!

CAROLE LOMBARD

LOVELY SCREEN STARS, clever women everywhere use Lux Toilet Soap as a daily bath soap, too. Its ACTIVE lather carries away perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt —leaves skin really fresh from top to toe. You'll love this luxurious, sure way of protecting daintiness. You'll find this beauty bath relaxes and refreshes you —leaves your skin delicately perfumed, sweet. Just try it!

The Complexion Soap
9 out of 10 Screen Stars use

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BE NATURAL!

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* For complete make-up harmony use Tangee Face Powder and Tangee Rouge, compact or creme, as well. Then you'll

Be Yourself... Be Natural

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The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City. Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose ten stamps (stamps or coin). (ill in Canada.) Check Shade of Powder Desired:

Light Rachel
Dark Rachel
Tan

Name (Printed)

Street

City State

P R I D E AND PREJUDICE

AAA ½

While novelists have written volumes about the Victorian era—including Jane Austen whose Pride and Prejudice may well be considered the classic of the period—Hollywood has rarely touched upon it. Pride and Prejudice is a comedy of manners and concentrates on the customs—especially romantic—of the Bennets, the Bingleys, and the Darcys. Based on the dramatization by Helen Jerome, this reproduction of the Victorian age is done so well that you could hardly tell it from the original. In fact you can practically smell the lavender and feel the old lace. And Metro has given it an elegant production and cast—

THE MAN I MARRIED

AAA ½

Everyone—including Hollywood—has been slow in their indictment of Nazism but "better late than never," and so we applaud the movies—even if they are made for profit—in at last taking a stand on Hitlerism and presenting to the movie-going public its ideologies, its war aims and its persecution of minorities. You may call it propaganda—but the whole world recognizes that the Nazis' greatest threat is its army of propagandists. So why not give them a dose of their own medicine? The Man I Married is based on I Married a Nazi, and while it's a fictional indictment meant of the material can be recognized— if you read the papers—as the true conditions in Germany today. This is the story of an American girl (Joan Bennett) married to a German (Frankie Lederer) and her experiences in the Fatherland. Joan Bennett and Lloyd Nolan, an American newspaperman, deliver the punch— but all performances are excellent including Anna Sten's, a supporter of Hitlerism and the other woman, Otto Kruger's and Maria Ouspenskaya's. Don't miss this amusing, exciting re-creation of Germany today. —20th Century-Fox.
**S.O.S. — S.O.S.**

**Swell Music—but Wrong Girl**

Darlin'—

DIG 'way back in your closet and pull out those old tailored dresses you're tired of, 'cause Chic has found some perfectly elegant ways to make them over into this season's latest raves... I got my first inspiration from little Ann Rutherford, who spends her spare time thinking up trick things to pep up those clothes she's tired of... The day I talked to Ann, she was wearing a plain black wool dress, made along classic shirtmaker lines... What lifted this dress out of the ordinary was the full-gathered apron of brightly-girdled chintz which she had tied around her waist with a bow in the back... Simple, isn't it? And there's no end to the variety you can get if you put that old imagination to work!

If you have a plain colored cotton dress left from last summer, you can add a strong skirt to it and he right up in the fashion parade... Gale Storm did that very thing with a white pique sport dress... She bought a huge Polynesian print cotton scarf—one of those triangular shawl things... Knotted around her waist with the point of the scarf hanging down the left side, she's right up to the minute with the current rage for native prints and costumes... Even the designers are going for this business of making two costumes in one with tie-on skirts and aprons... I saw Ginger Rogers at luncheon the other day wearing a costume from her latest between-dates tryst... When I first saw Ginger, I thought she was wearing a tricky new coat, with a beige wool toue, and the skirt of horizontally striped beige-to-chocolate wool, ... Of course, I started to ooh and ah about her new coat, but Ginger put me in my place by showing me that it wasn't a coat, but a beige wool skirted coat, that hung on around the waist and gave that appearance.

**IF THIS sort of thing keeps up,** you're going to have to be a cross between a sleight-of-hand artist and a stick teaser to get the most out of these multiple costumes... Using this idea of two-in-one, I saw Constance Bennett pull a fashion trick the other evening that had the rest of the Hollywood girls standing around with their mouths open... It was one of those occasions from early afternoon and cocktail time to evening dinner date at the St. Regis... Constance looked cool and smart all afternoon in a navy blue linen dress with a white pique bolero, topped off with a huge white scarf... Just before dancing started I went to the little girls' room to freshen up with some Ann... Ann wore a scarf buttoned on the back, and I wore a scarf of a white pique floor-length flounce to the hem of her blue linen dress... The buttons were covered by the underskirt of the hem and Ann Connie finished her dressing by taking off her hat and jewels in the center front, ruffled style... In her hair, you would have thought she had just arrived freshly-dressed for the evening.

**SPEAKING of make-up,** Paulette Goddard created quite a sensation at the Victor Hugo the other night, by wearing midnight blue lipstick and powder with a blush tint... But let me warn you that it's a trick you can't copy, and you'd better try it out on the boy friend if you want to keep him hanging around. However, something he will go for is the use of fresh flowers... I don't mean a corsage which he will have to buy himself, but just the casual use of a few blooms you pick from your own garden... At least Anna Neagle didn't lack for admirers the other night when she wore a full skirted organza gown with a single rose pinned in the folds of the skirt, just below the waist... Anna told me that she chooses the flowers to fit her mood. When she feels particularly gay, she uses a mass of field flowers... I talked to a Hollywood florist the other day who told me that Anne Shirley has a tiny straw hat which she has lined with fresh flowers herself.

The day I was there he had just finished making a crown of tiny yellow sunflowers for her to wear to a dinner party... Speaking of Anne Shirley, she told me of a trick she uses with what she calls "foundation hats" that she thought you'd like to know about... These foundation hats are knotted turbans of silk jersey—one white and one navy blue... For wear with a dinner suit, Anne puts a jeweled pin in the center front, ruffled style... She wears a matching jacket, a false collar, and a false lapel on her dress, and this is just the thing to wear with sports clothes.

**IT was such swell music—and such a should-have-been swell girl! But just a hint of underarm odor—even in a pretty girl—and men are quick to notice...**

To stay popular... from the beginning of the evening till it's time to go home... smart girls make a habit of Mum. It's never wise to expect your bath to keep underarms fresh! A bath removes only past perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor. Mum every day saves you worry—makes you "nice" to be near!

More girls use Mum than any other deodorant... and Mum makes new, delighted users every single day! You'll be sure to like Mum for dependability—

**SPEED!** Only 30 seconds to prevent underarm odor for hours!

**SAFETY!** The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to any kind of fabric... so gentle that even after underarm shaving, it won't irritate your skin.

**LASTING CHARM!** Mum keeps underarms fresh—not by stopping the perspiration, but by preventing the odor. Get Mum today at your druggist's. Use it every day. Then you need never worry that underarm odor is spoiling your charm.

**MUM AFTER EVERY BATH SAVES POPULARITY**

For Sanitary Napkins

More women prefer Mum for this use, too, because it's gentle, safe... guards charm, Avoid offending—always use Mum!
BEAUTY CREED:

"I'd rather have a beautifully-cared-for skin than Beauty." So you asserted proudly—rightfully.

And, contrariwise, this beautifully-cared-for skin of yours proclaims you a Beauty!

For no girl who exercises such care of her skin—joyously and meticulously—ever fails to exercise similar care of two other aspects of her person which, indeed, set off her skin's beauty. Namely, the shining sculptured glory of her well-kept hair, the chic simplicity of her dress.

All three are matters of Taste, Games of Skill!

Play your part in the exciting game of skin care with enthusiasm and with a wise head—and you will have exciting rewards. Play it, as do many members of our foremost families, according to the authoritative rules laid down by Pond's:

There are five moves in this stimulating Game. Each has its definite intention, its ample rewards.

QUICK RELEASE—Bury your face under lush, luxurious Pond's Cold Cream, and spank it for thirty minutes—yes, even 3 minutes—with cream-wreathed fingers. Pond's wizes with the dried, dead cells, make-up and foreign accumulations on the surface of your skin, softens them and sets them free.

REMOVAL—Clean off the softened debris with the white tenderness of Pond's Tissues. Wiped off also are the softened tops of some of the blackheads, making it easier for the little plugs of hardened sebum to push their way to the surface.

REPEAT—A second time spank your face with cream-softened fingers. Thisspanking increases both the actions of Pond's Cold Cream—cleansing and softening. Again, wipe off with Pond's Tissues. Notice that superficial lines seem less noticeable—pores look finer.

COOL ASTRINGENCE—Now splash with cool, fragrant Pond's Skin Freshener, snapped on with cotton dripping wet.

SMOOTH FINISH—Last, mask your face with a downy coating of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This cream's specific duty is to disperse remains of harsh particles, aftermath of exposure, leaving your skin silky, smooth, pliant! Wipe off after one full minute for the richest rewards. Then observe what ease your skin receives its powder, how surprisingly it holds it.

Play this through at least once daily—before retiring or during the day. Repeat it in abbreviated form when your skin and make-up need freshening. Act now to start your new daily rules for a fresh and flower-soft skin.

Send for試 Case. Forward at once the coupon below. Pond's. Dept. 6EvK, Clinton, Conn. Please send me a complete Pond's kit of the 3 Pond's Creams and 7 Pond's Powder shades. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name___
Address_...

Copyright, 1918, Pond's Extract Company

MRS. MARY ELIZABETH WHITNEY (THE FORMER MRS. JOHN HAY WHITNEY), like many other members of distinguished American families, has for years observed the Pond's rules for skin care.

Visit Your Neighborhood Drug Store During Nationally Advertised Brands Week—October 4th-12th.
Just about the time you read this, Mickey Rooney will be 20 years old! And now, pretty soon, they're going to have to do something about changing his name—again!

Not only just because he's 20 years old. But because, in addition to growing up in the matter of years and stature, Mickey Rooney has at last grown up mentally as well. Mickey Rooney, believe it or not, is stepping out of that pestiferously sophomoric, smart-alecky, militant cut-uppishness of his, and blossoming out into (of ALL unexpected things!) a young GENTLEMAN! And you simply can't go on calling a young GENTLEman "Mickey," can you?

So it looks as though, along with all the other metamorphoses that seem to be piling into young Rooney's life, he is facing, once again in his kaleidoscopic career, a change of name.

For after all, as you may or may not know, Mickey Rooney is NOT his name. His real name is Yule—Joe Yule, Junior. But because Joe Yule is his Dad's stage name as well as his true name, young Joe never did use the cognomen in his professional career. TWO Joe Yule's would have been too confusing.

First they just called him "Sonny"—which was when in his early years, he toddled around the stage with his old man.

Then when his Pa and Ma separated, Ma brought him to Hollywood, and one day when a producer needed a young kid to play the role of Mickey McGuire after the comic-cartoon character of Fontaine Fox, she blacked his rpy hair with shoe polish and took him to the studio and he got the job. It fitted him and he fitted it so well that he adopted the name of Mickey McGuire for his own professional name—and got tough, too, because Mickey McGuire was the toughest kid in his neighborhood.

It's taken Rooney a long time to grow out of that—even though he had to ditch the name of. [Continued on page 64]
WE CALL the girls with Oomph or what have you today, “glamorous.” In the old days we said they were “vamps” and when Dorothy Dalton, Louise Glaum, Betty Blythe and Theda Bara led the sex parade we never thought to speak of them as having Oomph. In 1940 the word “vamp” is obsolete and so we call the girls who bring their admirers into the theatres Glamor Queens—and let it go at that.

It would sound funny to say Ann Sheridan is a vamp or that Lana Turner vamped her screen boy friends. Yet these two occupy the place once held by the earlier queens of torrid emotions—the first being Theda Bara, born in Cincinnati as Theodosia Goodman, a nice Jewish girl until William Fox changed her, by a simple twist of the wrist, into an Egyptian!

The first time I saw Theda was in Chicago on a day when the temperature was at fever heat. It was so hot, that poor as I was, I treated myself to a taxi for my appointment, because I was afraid I would drop over from the combination of the thermometer and Theda. La Bara was staying at the Blackstone Hotel and when I arrived there I found Ben Hecht of the Tribune, also waiting to see the mystery lady.

Finally, after a proper wait, we were admitted to the Presence. Although it was midday, the room was in darkness with the exception of a single light—and in its ray, believe it or not, sat the Original Sex Queen swathed to her teeth in furs, regally waiting to receive us at the foot of her improvised throne! Her press agent loudly informed us that Her Egyptian Highness could not get used to our American weather!

Theda held out her hand, and with the air of the approach of slaves kneeling before the Queen, we went through all the necessary motions waiting until we reached the sidewalk to explode. Our roars of laughter could have been heard a mile. So you see Greta Garbo is not the first “mystery woman” concocted to impress reporters—though Greta, of course, never went to the Bara extremes.

Later, to the credit of Theda, she took down her back hair and told me how she hated all this silly build-up. She was a perfectly normal woman who loved the theatre, people and having fun, but Fox wouldn’t let her appear in public without veils, chalk-white make-up and a weird red mouth. Just to prove that she didn’t live on canary bird tongues and caviar, Theda used to feed me corn beef and cabbage behind locked doors in her studio dressing room.

I must add that she did ample justice to the meal and so did I. That was before I had to worry about my figure and certainly Theda didn’t worry about hers because she was on the plumpish, seductive side—and nobody cared.

Theda’s masterpiece, A Fool There Was, just about finished her because the world was growing up and vamps who lived in the shadow of the Sphinx were becoming out of date. Louise Glaum, a little later, was dubbed exotic and eccentric but neither she nor Betty Blythe was forced to go through the rigamarole with which the Fox company surrounded Theda.

DOROTHY DALTON was one of the first of movie vamps to prove that you could have a sense of humor and still be called a movie siren. Dorothy

Gloria Swanson was the greatest glamor girl of yesterday. She may go down in movie history as the greatest of them all.

Oomph girls of today are called glamorous. Yesterday they were called vamps. Betty Blythe vamped plenty in Queen of Sheba.
Six years ago Jean Harlow was queen of glamour girls. Miss Parsons doubts new crop can replace her. She lived 26 intense years.

A few years ago Corinne Griffith dazzled you with her breath-taking loveliness. No star could take a more gorgeous photo. Is now retired to private life—happily married.

Theda Bara was the queen of vamps in the silent era and what a vamp! She was the first mystery woman.

Barbara LaMarr considered "too beautiful," sacrificed her life in dieting to slenderize her figure.

Louella O. Parsons
At height of career Clara Bow was named "It" girl. Her dynamic personality made her favorite of army, navy, marines, collegians loved to laugh and she openly ridiculed her seductive movie shadow.

I remember traveling on the same train with her. She was starting to put on weight but she said she would diet two days before the picture started and not a minute before. "Then I starve myself so Tom Ince won't scold," she laughed. Tom Ince was her boss and produced most of her pictures. Dorothy was most attractive with her dimples and her charming smile and in a way I think she was something of the Ann Sothern of her day.

Just a little after Dorothy, Gloria Swanson soared to fame—and it was Gloria who knocked the American paying-customers cold with her tricky hair-dos and her magnificent gowns. Gloria, in one grand leap, jumped from Sennett slapstick comedies to a De Mille bathroom—and I don't mean what you mean!

Of course, I knew Gloria long before she wore a Sennett bathing suit or became the swanky Marquise de la Falaise. I met her first when she left high school in Chicago to apply for a job at Essanay. She was the daughter of Captain Joseph Swanson and although her family was not rich they really didn't want her to seek a movie career.

Gloria was pretty—but more than mere prettiness she had a fascinating personality. Her tip-tilted nose, her big ice-water clear eyes and the way she wore her clothes all impressed the man who hired the talent. (We hadn't yet reached the dignity of the

Billie Dove was a rival beauty of Corinne Griffith a few years ago. And like Corinne she photographed like a million dollars. Now retired to a happy married life
casting director.) I was called out to look over the newcomer
and the smile Gloria turned on me, hoping to win my favor,
would have melted an Eskimo's heart.

Well, Gloria was given a small part in the Swedie comedies—
and the first thing our new leading lady did was to fall head
over heels in love with Swedie himself—Wally Beery—who
was frankly, bored to death with her! He spent every spare
minute trying to get away from the persistent Gloria.

"Don't tell her I am going down to the drugstore for a soda," Wally
would say, but Gloria watched him with the vigilance
of a Northwest Mountie after his man.

Finally, when Wally left to join Mack Sennett, Gloria fol-
lowed and won. They were married soon after she arrived on
the Coast. True, she nabbed Wally, but it didn't last long. She
had her side and plenty and he claims he did, too—anyway that
is ancient history.

In rapid succession Gloria married Herbert Somborn, daddy
of the famous Brown Derby restaurants, the Marquis de la
Falaise, and Michael Farmer. She was the first glamor star
to have a baby at the height of her career and what a sensation
Baby Gloria caused. Gloria was always a wonderful mother.
Her children had everything and even when times were hard for
her, because she didn't know how to save money, her three
youngsters had the best of everything.

In speaking of Glamor Girls—perhaps Gloria will go down
in movie history as the greatest of them all. Certainly there
never was anything to compare to her [Continued on page 58]
Ginger Rogers may be marrying soon again. But don't make any bets that she'll let new love upset career.

By John Reese

Howard Hughes breaks flying records. George Stevens makes pictures. A mysterious third man now linked with Ginger Rogers in romance rumors may be a whiz at doing whatever he does. But this writer is betting that none of these men will be able to make Ginger forget career. Or even relegate career to second place in her life.

Not that she mightn't up and marry one of them. Or—more likely—one of several other eligibles she knows.

"I may marry again some day, if love comes to me. But I shall certainly never give up my career."

That's about as significant a statement as Ginger, generous with her quotes on most subjects, has given out about love.

Her very reticence makes me suspect that Ginger knows, only too well, that love must remain incidental in her life. Incidental to career. If she does recognize this as a dictum of her fate, she isn't likely to go out of her way telling people about it.

On the other hand, she may not recognize it. She cannot stand off and view her own life in its true perspective; no one can. If she could, she would read there, in large letters, a declaration of independence from the statement laid down in Byron's famous quotation:

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart:"

'Tis woman's whole existence."

Ginger's tremendous ambition, far greater, more intense than that of most other stars I know, dominated her early in life. Her first beau, a schoolmate named Charlie, didn't want freckled, serious, pigtailed Ginger to concentrate so fiercely on perfecting tap dances. Ginger continued to concentrate. Through marriages to Jack Pepper and Lew Ayres, she drove on toward goals of professional achievement. The same soul-driving ambition dominates her life now, and will [Continued on page 62]
By JAMES REID

THERE ARE PLENTY OF THINGS
BOB'LL FIGHT FOR IF WE HAVE
TO GO TO WAR. HE SPEAKS OUT
LIKE HE NEVER SPOKE BEFORE


How did a typical young American, of fighting age, feel about it all? Bob took his eyes off the newspaper, and said humorously, "It's certainly wrecking my golf game. I haven't cracked 90 for a month. It's even getting hard for me to keep my mind on my movie-making."

He flipped up the cover of a box on the desk at his elbow, took out a cigarette, lighted it. Seriously, he said: "Right now I'm making a story called Escape, which is about some people trying to get to a place where they can live freely and peacefully. That's a little ironic. There isn't a place in the world today where anybody can go and escape what's happening.

"You can't put on blinders and refuse to see what's happening. You can't plug up your ears and refuse to hear what's happening. You've got to stop, look and listen, and ask yourself, 'What kind of part do I want to play in all this?'

His mouth twisted into what looked like an apologetic grin. "I'm a glutton for seeing and hearing, myself," he said. "I stay up late, and get up early, so I'll have time to read the papers. And every time our favorite newsreel theatre changes its bill, Barbara and I gulp our dinner, so we can get to the first show. I even go back and see the same show over. And wonder why I have insomnia.

"I wonder why everybody doesn't have insomnia.

"We think of ourselves as a nation too big and too powerful and too far away for any aggressor to tackle. We're big, all right. Most of Europe would fit inside Texas. We have all kinds of room here, all kinds of natural resources, all kinds of wealth. But we're not too far away to tackle. Not if they can get [Continued on page 60]
JUST BECAUSE CAROLE LANDIS HAS A FIGURE SHE DOESN'T WANT YOU TO THINK SHE CAN'T ACT. SHE INTENDS TO BUILD A CAREER ON TALENT—NOT ON SEDUCTIVE SPECIFICATIONS

THE physical measurements of Miss Carole Landis, as of 1940 A.D. are truly as you beheld them as of 1,000,000 B.C. and are as follows:

- Height, 5' 5¼
- Thigh, 21
- Bust, 36½
- Calf, 13
- Waist, 25
- Ankle, 8
- Hips, 36
- Upper Arm, 9¼
- Wrist, 5¼
- Lower Arm, 8
- Hip, 21½

Added to these seductive specifications, Carole is part Norwegian, part Polish. She is the tender age of twenty-one. She has that pale-gold hair, gray-blue eyes, one of those milky skins you’d love to touch, oh, and how! She weighs 118 pounds, wears a size 6 shoe, a size 6½ glove, a size 21½ hat.

For these reasons, sufficient reasons as ever were, I'd say, the publicity department at the Hal Roach Studio went into the beauty blitzkrieg, stormed the ramparts of the vocabulary in their efforts to find the word to describe this poem of symmetry and, their search unavailing, they took flight into the torrid zones of their imaginations and came out with the adjective “Ping!”

Miss Landis, they gasped triumphantly, would be known as the “Ping” Girl. But Miss [Continued on page 78]
Being in *North West Mounted Police*, Gary will not only get his man, but his woman, too, lovely Madeleine Carroll.
Errol Flynn

Having won Donna Maria in *The Sea Hawk*, Flynn flew to Mexico. To try his luck with its Spanish senoritas?
T W A S an unconventional interview, to say the least. But then Joan Crawford is an unconventional person. To choose a New York apartment, of all places, in which to spend the summer, to do her own marketing at the corner chain grocery, renew the friendships of her old Winter Garden chorus girl days would be sufficient to mark her down as different.

When, however, she selects the innermost isolation of a pedicuring parlor for a chat with your prying correspondent—it is indisputable proof of the girl's dislike of formality.

There was nothing about the setting, let it be said here and now, to suggest lavender and old lace. From my observations Joan doesn't go in for old lace, and I, assuredly, do not go in for lavender. It was a job that had to be done. It was strictly in the line of duty. If Joan's toes seem to intrude too much in this story it is because they were too close to a heel.

It was a humid, breezeless afternoon—the kind that in New York usually prefaces an electric storm. I had reached the large beauty salon in a Fifth Avenue department store a few minutes ahead of time in order to acclimate myself to glamour-in-the-making. I took a seat in the reception lounge. Show cases gleamed with cosmetics of every shade and hue and aroma. Girls in white uniforms bustled about. A few men with white robes such as surgeons wear in operating rooms darted here and there. There was about the scene something of the studied casualness of a musical comedy.

Indeed, the whole setting, in decor, in ensemble, in the air of exciting triviality conveyed, suggested the first act of a new Rodgers and Hart show. Only music was lacking. In a few minutes, of course, after the proper suspense had been built up, the star would enter, and the show would get really under way. Sure enough, presently, Joan Crawford bounced in with springy step, with just a hint of a stoop, sat down for a moment upstage right beside your hero. She looked taller than her 5 feet, 3 inches in height. Maybe, it was her grey woolen frock of simple

[Continued on page 72]
AN EMOTION such as embarrassment, whether it acts upon you or Greta Garbo, lasts less than one-tenth of a second in the human mind, say authorities. But its colorful accompaniment, the blush—which, contrary to sophisticates, didn't go out with good Queen Victoria—lingers on. And the memory of the embarrassing moment lingers even longer.

You don't have to page through psychology texts for proof. And neither does Robert Taylor, who, among scores of other Hollywood headliners, finds his memory better than he wants it to be. A number of years ago while working with Greta Garbo in *Camille*, Taylor's face went the gamut from white to rosy red.

It was one of the early love scenes, and Bob was anxious that it come off well. A number of M-G-M front-office officials sat at the edge of the set to see the Garbo-Taylor team in action. The script said he would have to carry Miss Garbo to a silk-covered soft couch and lay her down tenderly. Whistle blew; they began rolling 'em, and Bob lifted Greta. There was a love-light in his eyes, which were focused where they should have been—on Garbo's face.

Things went all right as far as he went. He set her down satisfactorily—with the exception of a small detail. The couch wasn't there!

Even the great are not immune to embarrassment. It is a well-known fact that if the sole of a star's shoe comes in contact with a slippery banana peel, he or she will loop the loop as well as any of us parishioners.

We need only dig into their pasts to find that they have as long an embarrassment record as we have—are as vulnerable to conversational blunders, circumstantial blunders, and gags as the best and worst of us.

We may admire or even love them, but this in-
controvertible fact remains: they are not gods and goddesses. They are human beings with as much embarrassability as the rest of us.

LYNN BARI, who did a dandy job in *Lillian Russell*, proved this the first time she went to the Cocoanut Grove. It was her first formal date—the big benefit for Mary Blackford—so she bought a dress that was fire-truck red and had a long train. For effect she stopped at the head of the stairs that lead into the Grove, looking poised and regal—deliberately late because she'd read about “entrances.”

She didn't have time to say “whoops” when she tripped on her train and, before hundreds of celebrities, bumpty-bumped down the whole flight, ending up on her shock-absorber just short of Comedy Producer Mack Sennett's table.

Blushingly, she scrambled to her feet, bowed low to the roaring patrons, and hid her hurt pride and other things by saying, “Maybe Mr. Sennett can use me to double in pratt-fall scenes.”

*Bon mots* of the Noel Coward type that ease one from an embarrassing spot do not readily slip from the tip of the tongue; so more than one star has had to join in with laughers to save his face.

Clark Gable would just as soon let the past rest in peace so far as the picture *San Francisco* is concerned. Not because he didn't play one of his greatest roles. It was a shooting of the earthquake scene that neither he nor 500...[Continued on page 66]
For first cool days, choose a double duty suit dress like Gene Tierney's. Her feathered pill box, for back-of-head wearing, is Betmar.

In the sun, Gene unbuttons her plaid cardigan jacket to show tailored wool dress. You can buy this Babs costume.

Be first to fall for Corticelli Slumber Togs—Butcher Boy pjs, or twin gown. Ruffled “skirts” decorate La France Bag of suede and faille. Bows are beaucatchers on a pompadour hat by Elizabeth. Fri-Lo plaid Swag-A-Bout has outside pocket for pad, pencil and cigarettes. Model Bias Cup Bra (McCoy's, N. Y. C.; The Fair, Chicago; The May Co., Los Angeles) lifts, locks bust in proper area.

Write Candida for names of stores featuring these star worn styles. They're all inexpensive, sold near you. Address your letter to Candida, Fashion Editor, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.
FALL FIRSTS

Audrey Jane created this town and country tweed suit for Gene and you. The jacket is new torso length.

Why not choose a long fitted sweater like Gene's this fall? Of wool chenille, it has hip pockets, is from Rosanna.

Rain or shine, Gene is smart and comfy in craven- etted corduroy sports coat, designed by Audrey Jane. Kayser gloves are Pigtex and suede fabric. Gene's in The Return of Frank James.

Be pretty silly! Gene's Bab Frock features ruching, peplum, slim skirt. Her Betmar Hat, of stitched fabric, has ruffled edge. Gloves from Kayser.
DOROTHY LAMOUR is, even today, Hollywood's most perplexing personality.

The town and its natives have yet to find the solution of Dorothy's problems, both as a career girl and as an actress. Her success, her ability, her romantic interests continually puzzle everyone, as they must even puzzle Dorothy.

It is particularly amazing that a career of an actress could be built upon such a thing as a sarong, and, whether anyone admits it or not, a slim piece of flowered goods has held Dorothy on an elevated plane far more than her ability as an actress.

No one suspected much of that little epic, *Jungle Princess*, that made its bow a few years ago. It was supposed to be just another innocuous and harmless "filler-in." But to the amazement of everyone concerned, the film did good business and made the country Lamour-sarong-concious.

Behind that picture lies a story of a career that has been built on accident, yes, and on perseverance. It has also been built on the premise that sex appeal can be greatly enhanced if the giver-out of s. a. dons a flimsy outfit.

When Dottie first came here, she was cast in a picture, playing a very minor bit. She was to go through [Continued on page 56]

Dottie's figure, as well as career, has been bound up in a sarong. If she's determined to get out of it, she's also determined to find love in right man.
Mary Beth Hughes

John Barrymore stars in The Great Profile, but many would prefer being featured like Mary Beth.
Jeff's big night starts when he doll's up for premiere of All This, and Heaven Too. Toughest job of all is buttoning collar. He keeps his temper.

When Hollywood throws a world premiere it becomes a big night for the stars. It was a particularly big night for Jeffrey Lynn when Warners gave world premiere of All This, and Heaven Too—in which he has leading role. They follow him from time he comes for big event, picks up and rides Dana Dale, takes him to Fox-Carlyle Circle theatre, host a party at which he reaches home to read "waybreak"—and reads in morning papers.
Now we have Jeff and Dana in car to Carthay Circle—and Big Night ahead. Jeff, hoping crowd will like him in picture, crosses fingers for good luck. Dana, out to help, crosses fingers too.

In top hat, coat and all the trimmings, Jeff reaches Dana Dale’s home to take her to premiere. She smiles approval after making sure it isn’t butcher boy.

As Dana tells Jeff—“I’ll be ready in a jiffy,” she makes sure he’ll look extra nifty, pins carnation to his lapel.

Reaching theatre, Jeff takes crowds, lights and everything in stride as he helps Dana from car. But she wears perplexed look as if to say, “Must I face it?”

Approaching “mike” in front of theatre, Jeff tells radio audience he’s glad to be there. Dana says, “Hello, everybody!”

Jeff and Dana get inside theatre without losing clothes in milling crowd outside. An usher escorts them to seats.

But before our Big Night friends take seats they chat with Bette Davis who co-stars in film with Charles Boyer.
The picture over, Jeff can't escape autograph fiends who gang up on him. As he signs and signs and signs, Dana smiles proudly to find boy friend so popular. Her day will come.

The THING to do after a premiere is to celebrate at a night club. So Jeff and Dana go to Ciro's—THE place where Hollywood biggies gather after premieres—to celebrate.

Everyone who's Who's Who in Hollywood was at Ciro's after premiering at All This, and Heaven Too. Here are our friends hoofing it—and with eyes only for each other.

Jeff, having delivered a neat performance in All This, And Heaven Too, is congratulated on all sides. Eddie Albert really meant every word of it—sealed with a handshake.

Big Night over, Jeff (far left) gives Dana thanks for pleasant time kiss. Back home and near daybreak, he stays up to read all about the Big Event in the morning papers.
T'S funny, how some people become actors. Only most of them won't admit it. Ask them what made them actors and, with perfectly straight faces, they will tell you: hard work. That's what sets Charlie Ruggles apart. He admits that he became an actor because he was A Fugitive From Hard Work.

"All my life," he says sadly, "I've been lazy. Not exactly shiftless. But lazy."

Sadly, he shakes his head.

"That's what made me what I am today—instead of a great violinist, a Heifetz or a Kreisler."

It seems that, when he was 9 or 10, his mother's best comb came up missing. Charlie had it and, with a thin piece of tissue paper wrapped around it, was using it as a musical instrument. His mother's first impulse, when she discovered this, was to give him a taste of the brush that went with the comb. Her second impulse was to encourage his love for music. He was given a violin. He was also given violin lessons.

"I was given everything except a liking for work," says Charlie. "I was supposed to practice an hour-and-a-half a day. I had to rush home from school every noon, gobble my lunch, and practise a half-hour before rushing back to school. Then, after school, I had to come home and practise an hour before I could go out with the other kids. Even above the screeching of my fiddle, I could hear their joyous shouts at play. It ate into my soul that I had to work while others played. I stood it for nine months. Then I could stand it no longer. I rebelled. And the world lost a great violinist."

As a boy, he showed no thespic talent whatever. Nobody ever had the idea of trying to make an actor out of him. He was spared that.

He was born in Los Angeles—but in those days a child could be born in Los Angeles without his parents' wondering if maybe they couldn't get him into the movies. Movies were still in the incubator. And Hollywood was just an orange grove out in the foothills.

Los Angeles was famous then for only one thing: its climate. And Charlie was a living libel against the climate. He had asthma.

"Did you ever hear an old broken-down vacuum cleaner?" he demands. "Well, that's what I sounded like [Continued on page 68]"
Too many decorative dames and not enough guys to go around has been a chronic situation in the cinematic market. Today the movie moguls are yelling for men louder than ever before. And they mean real men too, not photogenic tintypes. The golden era of the pretty movie boy is past, thank heaven. The industry needs new males—your Taylors and Powers and Holdens and Millands are old-timers now—but the frantic producers are yammering for fellows who can act. And Dean Jagger, rediscovered by Darryl Zanuck, fills the bill—and then some!

At this writing the whole town is talking about him. What a terrific break they say, for unknown beginner to play the title role in Brigham Young, the elaborate saga of the Mormon empire. Scores of well-known stage and screen actors were considered for this part and turned down for one reason or another. And Mr. Zanuck, who [Continued on page 84]
DON'T permit the above title to dampen your enthusiasm for this little piece about one of Hollywood's up-and-coming girls—for this title is more apropos of the text than you might think at first glance.

Leila (you pronounce it LIE-la) Ernst is one young lady who literally crashed her way into the movies. As she tells it, referring to the experience of a year or so ago, she was bobbing up and down behind the wheel of her bedraggled one-engined puddle-jumper when a telephone pole, apparently on the qui vive for an accident to happen, rushed out into the center of the road and refused to duck or dodge.

Anyway, when Leila, who had been tossed into the bramble-bushes, woke up a couple of minutes later, she discovered pole and puddle-jumper in a tight embrace. The car was without front wheels and front fenders! It cost Leila $38.00 even money plus sales tax to return the asthmatic chariot to a faint shadow of its former self.

"I didn't have the sales tax let alone the money," Leila claims, "and so far as I could see there was no way of getting my car out of hock unless I went to work. That seemed to be the opinion of the repairman, too, which practically made it unanimous.

"Now it so happened that I sang after a fashion. What I mean is that I'm a sort of in-and-out when it comes to vocalizing. One day my voice will be as [Continued on page 70]
VIRGINIA CLOUD OF NEW YORK IS PROBABLY THE WORLD'S CHAMPION MOVIE FAN. NOT A DAY GOES BY THAT SHE DOESN'T SEE A PICTURE. AND SOMETIMES AS MANY AS FIVE IN ONE DAY. SHE TELLS YOU WHAT'S WRONG WITH THEM TOO. SO IF YOU THINK YOU LOVE THE MOVIES, HERE'S A REAL FAN WHO SPENDS $250 A YEAR IN PAID ADMISSIONS!

THERE is to be another census taken, I hear. This time not by Uncle Sam; but rather by Mr. Sam Goldwyn of Hollywood. The important thing the film industry wants to know is just what we—the public—think of double features. I wonder what Mr. G's man will think (and I do not mean J. Edgar Hoover's) when he learns that here is a girl who not only likes double features, but would be happier if there were quintuplet ones.

Will he believe me, do you suppose, when I tell him that sometimes I see five pictures in one day? If I mention that every day I go to the movies, and that I like to see two pictures in the morning, one in the afternoon, and then two more at night, will he shake his head and scribble in his record book, "Miss Nero. She fiddles away her life at the movies while a great part of the world is burning"?

Yes, I see every picture I can get to—A, B, to Z productions, and any chapter of a hair-raising serial I can find. Frequently I question my own sanity for taking such punishment, but, truthfully, I have yet to see any movie that has not

Miss Cloud lives near the Nemo neighborhood theatre at 110th St. & Broadway, patronized chiefly by Columbia students. Here's where she sees most of the films.
had something in it that I felt might carry a message to some one group or individual. When the story is weak, then the dialogue very often offers some compensation, or the cast is good, or the photography is worth while, or the music is inspiring.

If everything is too awful I just sit there and laugh at myself for being a sap. Or sometimes I begin slowly counting in French (and my French is slow) and hoping that before I reach ten the picture will begin to improve. Or the fellow behind me will have finished rattling the change in his pocket. Or if there is one present (and in New York there are many) I listen to the natural rhythm of a musical snorer. Some are talented, indeed.

The question I am asked most often is, “Do you go to the movies all the time for pleasure, or to study them?” The answer is, “Both.” I began going regularly when I was a student of Motion Picture Production at Columbia University. Now I have the habit and go because I delight in going.

Pictures are getting better every day. The standard has been raised to a higher level than it was even a year ago, and the improvement is noticeable and encouraging. It appears that, suddenly, Hollywood has begun to mature, or possibly it is realizing that the public is not as childish as was once supposed.

Consider the pictures being shown right now. Could we ask for any finer entertainment than Gone With the Wind, Abe Lincoln of Illinois, Young Tom Edison, Rebecca and Northwest Passage?

Personally, my only criticism of double features is that through them Hollywood and the smaller theatres have cheapened themselves in giving the public too much for its money. Not so long ago I went to a theatre in a cheaper district, across town from my neighborhood, to pick up a film I had missed elsewhere.

It was Saturday afternoon, and for 15c I got three features, a chapter of Dick Tracy, two shorts, a colored cartoon and a newsreel—not to mention a silver-plated (guaranteed not to tarnish) salad fork. How can theatres make money, or discriminating people not become disgusted with such an indigestible film menu?

In all my movie-going career I consider Noel Coward’s Cavalcade and David Selznick’s Gone With the Wind to be the two best pictures of all time. I have seen each three times. Noel Coward’s Scoundrel I think the most fascinating, and also one of the best. I have seen it five times, and each time get something more from it. It is a timeless picture (no pun intended), and I think one which will be classed as “great” as long as the film holds out.

The two poorest pictures I can think of are I Take This Woman and Remember. How these two ever got off the M-G-M lot is a mystery to me, but then I cannot abide the languid Hedy Lamarr.

Just why the English classics—when filmed—have not been “good box-office” is something that puzzles me; for David Copperfield and The Mill on the Floss were excellent pictures, both conspicuous in their absence of the usual tinsel and fanfare, yet productions of merit. Frank Lawton was in both, though, and this sensitive young Englishman is my favorite of all actors. I look forward to the day when he will be given a role worthy of his poetic talent [Continued on page 80]
A tailored jacket in gold suede, the skin you love to touch, with lapels faced in plaid matching the heather wool skirt in brown, rust and gold finds Irene Hervey timely (or Fall)

The boxy topcoat, left, in same material as skirt, completes the smart ensemble
What Every Girl Should

Build wardrobe around most becoming color, chum with older girls, says Brenda Joyce, U. C. L. A.

Don't miss getting acquainted with faculty eyes.
MALE OOMPH

HOLLYWOOD HAS SUDDENLY DISCOVERED THAT JOHN WAYNE, WHO HAS BEEN RIDING THE SAGEBRUSH IN HOSS OPERAS FOR TEN YEARS, POSSESES A NEW AND DISTINCTIVE TYPE OF MALE OOMPH

By GENE SCHROTT

T WAS in one of those darkened projection-rooms that I heard the name of John Wayne for the first time. The lights had gone out and in the inky blackness that engulfs the room the moment before the film is flashed in, three men seated themselves.

"Watch Wayne," one of them admonished.

"Why him?" came back the hesitant question.

"Because in a few years, John Wayne is going to be one of the biggest names in pictures. He's going to be the man who makes the heart of every woman in the country do a sudden speed-up. He's going to be the guy who's going to do to the public what Gary Cooper did when they took him off a horse and put him in a drawing-room."

The rest of that conversation was lost in the opening bars of the music. But those stray remarks so casually overheard gathered more and more meaning as the film unfolded on the screen. There was something about Wayne that made you remember him. There was something about his casual, matter-of-fact manner that made you aware of his personality. And though he wasn't thrust headlong at you, you couldn't very easily forget him.

Sure—there was something of the Gary Cooper manner about him. But it was not an imitation. Merely a faint shading, a mere reminder. There was strength and charm and a real down-to-earth quality. There was something about him that captured the imagination—something that men and women alike admired. It was a strange combination of iron and muscle and romance.

And yet for anyone to make so startling a prediction about John Wayne two years ago was like predicting Hedy Lamarr's future ten years ago. It just didn't mean a thing. Both were nothing but names. In all of Hollywood, probably not more than a mere handful of people had heard of John Wayne. To them he was just another cowboy who dashed monotonously over the sagebrush routing the rustlers or rescuing the ranch-owner's daughter from a fate worse than death.

That was the sort of guy John Wayne was. But that was two years ago. And if you had asked Hollywood's opinion of him at that time, [Continued on page 72]
UP FOR FALL

Irene checks in in a smartly tailored dress of shepherd's check in olive green and rust with buttons and belt in matching green leather.

Double check Irene's companion coat loomed of same yarn as dress, hat and bag but with orange stripes. Irene's in Boys From Syracuse.

Irene's checked mates are a long jacket, off-the-face beret and bag in hand-loomed shetland yarn in olive green and dark brown. Skirt is brown.

Fall for Irene's bright red wool jersey double-breasted jacket and her black and white shepherd's check skirt. Accessories are black, white.
You can't dive until you get into a diving position. Jane Wyman throws chassis forward, keeps legs rigid in test.

Fastest - climbing starlet in Hollywood is Laraine Day who has femme lead in Foreign Correspondent with McCrea.

Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland display musical talents in Strike Up the Band. Mickey leads, plays drums while Judy sings.

If you think hot embraces went out with Gilbert and Garbo, get a load of Jon Hall and Lynn Bari appearing in Kit Carson.

Rita Johnson gives Lew Ayres old-fashioned bunny-hug in Golden Fleecing — and don't make out Lew doesn't enjoy it.

Jim Cagney has reputation of being handy with "dukes." Uses headgear to avoid cauliflower ears in City for Conquest.
THE TALK OF HOLLYWOOD
GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

Cigars, Cigarettes, Bandages?
- Hollywoodiana; Item No. 6,298,397; — in a Sunset Boulevard nite-spot. Two of Hollywood’s citizens stage one of those fistic brawls. In the midst of it, the bored cigarette gal in the strip-tease costume goes calmly about her table-peddling: — “Cigars, cigarettes, IODINE, BANDAGES . . . .”

Butler a la Hollywood
- Eddie Albert has had to hire a new butler at his house. The other one quit just before a Sunday afternoon outdoor party Eddie was throwing. Because, he said, he refused to serve wieners to the guests.

“IT’S beneath my dignity,” Albert says he complained.

Terse Verse
- Boys who yearn for Annie Sothern Certainly don’t look for mother’n’.

Errol’s Error!
- Funniest faux pas of the month was pulled in South America by Errol Flynn, who’s been knocking ‘em dead on his personal appearance tour—with one exception. That exception was his speech in Rio de Janeiro . . .

Carefully and painstakingly, Errol had studied a fine speech in perfect Spanish, for his Rio appearance. Then he got up before a crowded house and gave the speech—and wondered why they all grumbled and booed him. And not until he came offstage did somebody remember to tell him that in Brazil, they speak PORTUGUESE, and NOT Spanish!

He’s Barrymore Than Ever!
- Most ruthless jibes at John Barrymore are being uttered these days by John Barrymore himself. Conscious of his position in the theatre-going-public eye as No. 1 Swizzler of the Screen, Barrymore launches shaft after shaft at his own reputation. F’instance—

1—When he moved into Shirley Temple’s bungalow at 20th-Fox for the few days which he occupied it before Mama Temple protested, John discovered a baby alligator which someone had sent to Shirley, and which had not yet been removed from the bungalow. John gave one startled stare and then cracked:

“My, he’s certainly gotten smaller than when I left him on my counterpane in New York!” [Continued on page 81]
Our emerges as an elegant lady in the Howards of Virginia and makes American history.
PACKING YOUR LUNCH AWAY

By Mrs. Christine Frederick

PACKING KITS FOR THE SOLDIERS ABROAD IS A WORTHY CAUSE BUT DO YOUR BIT FOR YOUR OWN HOME DEFENSE MEN BY PACKING LUNCH-KITS GENEROUSLY AND SERIOUSLY

Assorted spreads add variety to sandwiches

"SPEED Up," is the new cry heard the country over. Amid the rhythmic hum of engines and the staccato clang of hammers on steel, America is turning to longer hours and work shifts with less time out for meals. Results? The lunch-box is again high fashion, and mothers and wives are doing their peacetime "bit" by packing their men folks' lunch-kits generously and seriously.

Packing a daily dinner-pail type of meal for an active adult man is not exactly the same as filling the school-child's box—the former must be both sustaining and satisfying in a more than appetite sense. Not only must this portable menu offer wholesomeness and energy, but it should also be so prepared as to bring real pleasure into the noon hour pause for relaxation. For, after all, eating is recreation, and the lunch-kit, American Way, must bring genuine palatability and enjoyment into its eating, otherwise it cannot be considered a well-handled job. Pitted against strain, pressure or muscular fatigue, the worker seeks in his meals an emotional release not required by people under less tension.

What makes a satisfying lunch-kit meal? If you have any doubts on this point, make this test. Pack the box as usual, then bring it to your dining-table and spread its contents out on serving platter, dish and plate. What does it look and taste like compared to your usual average family dinner? Would you yourself get any or much enjoyment from eating it? Rate yourself 100% if...[Continued on page 93]

Satisfy sweet tooth with frosted cup cakes

Pastry turnovers provide energy, are compact

Rolled refrigerator cookies fill jar

Hot cheese and bacon snacks hit spot
WHAT does Forrest Tucker say to Helen Parrish's I'M NOBODY'S SWEETHEART NOW?

HEN a girl begins to play about with new hairstyles you know she's growing up. Because that means she's beginning to think about her appearance more!

Helen Parrish, whose pretty curls are brushed up into the sleek new pompadour hair-do in this picture, is no exception to that rule. Of course Helen has had to be interested in beauty tricks long before other school girls of her own age (she's only seventeen, you know, and under California law, has to go to "class" with teacher for three hours a day). But before this her beauty practices have been confined to the ever reliable soap, water, a bit of powder and a touch of lipstick. Always her hair has been groomed in simple side-parted styles, and curled into the soft end ringlets that look her teen age. So when I saw this new Helen, I had to find out afresh about all her beauty habits.

The girl has changed! She wears more make-up now—especially in the evening when she feels quite the glamorous girl. That's when mascara, eyeshadow and a glistening lipstick put in their appearance. That's when she goes in for pompadour swirls and chignon curls. But I was glad to find her still just as careful as ever about the regular day-by-day beauty care of washing her face, and brushing her hair, of scrupitating her teeth till they gleam, and paying attention to the little things like hand lotion and fingernail polish.

Because, while make-up and hairstyles look pretty important, they're only the frosting on the cake! If your skin is full of blackheads and marred with acne pimples, all the cosmetics in the world won't make you look your loveliest. And if your hair is dry and fly-away or even dirty, no hairstyle in the world will conceal that fact. Especially when hats, as the calots and turbans and bonnets do this year, sit way back on your head and let your bangs and curls make that vital first impression for you. Unless your hair is soft and sheeclful, and yes, unless it really smells clean, the boys will think you're not grown up enough to be dated after all! But just be the girl with the gleaming hair, and you'll get around fast enough.

How to get that way? That's what I asked Helen Parrish, and here are some of the pointers she gave me. First off, she has her hair washed at least once a week, whether it looks as though it needs it or not. "And you'd be surprised," Helen told me, "how much dirt can come out of clean looking hair." Helen's own hair tends to be oily, but even if your
hair is dry you should have it shampooed that often. Most movie gals have their hair washed several times a week, and I haven't found the worst for you frequent shampooing. Be sure, though, to select a mild shampoo, of the kind especially designed for your type of hair—then go to it! Helen likes a quick foaming shampoo that cuts every bit of excess oil (and dirt and dandruff) on her scalp, leaves it soft and shining, and cleans the proverbial whistle. But more about that later.

IF YOUR hair tends to be excessively dry or oily, use hair tonic between shampoos to correct that condition. Separate the hair into strands, apply the lotion with an eye dropper, or with pads of cotton, then work it into the scalp with your finger tips. Next take a clean brush, and brush your hair every which way until your arm is tired, and your whole scalp tingles. I can't stress this business of brushing your hair too much, because I think that it's another of the things that is responsible for the loveliness of Hollywood hair. You see, brushing stimulates the circulation, and therefore the oil glands of the scalp, persuades them to do their job more efficiently, and supply just the right amount of lubricant to the hair shafts. Brushing also distributes any oil there is on your scalp, way down to the tip end of the driest curl—and gives your hair that much-needed added gloss. Besides which, it helps remove stray dandruff flecks, and the dulling dust film all hair just naturally collects summer and winter. If your hair looks rather from too much sunning and going without hats this summer, start brushing it now so it will look right for fall dances, and with the tricky profile beret you found the other day.

If you have a permanent, all the more reason for brushing your hair. Helen has one on her "ends," too, but it hasn't cut down on her 100 strokes a day yet! "I don't think that hair should ever look too tightly set," she told me, "and I guess the rest of Hollywood agrees with me (or I with them) because they never set our hair to last more than a couple of days. That way it always looks soft and natural."

Of course not every girl can afford to have her hair set every other day—and she probably wouldn't want to take time to go to the hairdressers if her allowance could stand it. But you can insist that the operator brush your hair out so it looks natural before you leave. It's far better to have to do your own setting up on curlers at the end of the week and then to go home with curlers still in, and each wave glued to your head. If you haven't time to let your hair dry completely at the beauty shop, do, please, do, tie a scarf peasant fashion around your head and under your chin, or twist one into a turban to hide your sins! And brush out your curls as soon as they are dry. Why save your wave—at the expense of your reputation for good grooming?

The week I talked shop with Helen she was making a series of personal appearances at one of the big Broadway theatres, and she found changing from costume to clothes and back again several times a day pretty hard on her wave. But she got around that by setting it with Cologne between shows, and again in the evening before her tub. The Cologne, she finds, dries, scents and cleans the hair pleasantly. The Cologne she uses matches her pet perfume, has a tangy, spicy fragrance.

Beauty and fashion have been experimenting with bangs and pompadours, and up and down versions of new hairstyles, I wish you'd write me for the names of some hair beautifiers I've been trying lately.

Does your shampoo leave your hair as soft and fine and silky as you would like? If not, then try one of twin quick-lathering cleansers I can heartily recommend. One is especially good for dry or normal hair because it contains certain mild lubricants: the other, for oily hair, is one of the most popular you could buy. It seems to cut every bit of excess grease, and leaves your hair fairly glistening with natural highlights. People always ask me what I've done to my hair, shampoo—write me so I can give you the name and tell you which to use.

I've found the grandest way of making curly hair! With some tricky cloth-covered curlers that look like permanent wave sachets and a fine new creamy wave set. There's quite a trend to these cream types of solutions especially on the expensive hair preparations—perhaps because the manufacturers discovered that there are a great many girls whose dry hair needs to be lubricated as well as held in place! Anyway, whatever the reason, I'm all in favor of this particular pair of products. Rub the smallest amount of the cream into your hair while it is still moist from your shampoo (or between shampoos, rub a few drops into the dry ends that need re-curling), then insert a strand of hair between the folds of curler cloth. Simply roll up your curl and fasten it by bending the flexible ends of the curler. The cream is not the least bit greasy or sticky, but it does give a new life and lustre to summer deadened and dried hair. And the curls you make with it last amazingly long, and hold their spring the whole time. A tube of cream and 8 curlers cost only 25 cents—wouldn't you like the name so you can try these new products on your own hair?

WHILE I'm on the subject of sheenful hair I do want to tell you about a new shade of one of your favorite glitency lipsticks. It's a clear peppermint-candy red, the same shade you've been admiring in many dollar lipsticks. And a shade that's smart with black, with greens, and with fall browns and golds. But the grand thing about this lipstick is that you can get a good-sized stick for only a dime! It's of the super-creamy kind that goes on extra smoothly, and gives your lips that soft, moist look that the boys love. Don't think, because said lipstick is creamy, that it will run all over your pretty little puss the minute you've applied it—it won't! I've always found it one of the most stay-on of all the lipsticks I've used and you can guess how many times I try each week? There's a larger-sized stick in a smart and convenient swivel case for a quarter. Want the name?

Just room enough to tell you about a new hair brush that is entirely man-made. And by that I mean that the bristles grew in a laboratory, instead of on a ferocious boar boar. The bristles are wilds of Siberia, and that the back is one of those new transparent plastics that are so exciting looking! The back has been slotted so that it catches the light just like a fine jewel. And jewel-like are the colors, too—a clear crystal, a soft rose-pearl, pale sapphire blue and a light emerald green, good on any dressing table! The white bristles are as sturdy and efficient as they are clean-looking, and will stand months of steady brushwork, and countless launderings. You'll probably be impressed with the light weight of the brush—I know I was—as well as with its eye-appealing features. And if you like things that do all your work for you, then this brush is your dish. It sweeps through the hair with no effort on your part at all. Sold in transparent cases almost everywhere, for about $2. Interested?

Carmen Miranda, Brazilian bombshell who made hit in musical, Streets Of Paris, is featured in Down Argentine Way after I use either of these shampoos—and that's because my curls are so thoroughly clean that they look three shades lighter and brighter. Try the shampoo and see what I mean. You'll like the new sheen and sweet-smelling cleanliness of your hair—and you'll adore the compliments you'll get on its beauty! There's a ten cent size of each

Write me before October 15th, please, if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned above. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply, and address your letter to Denise Calne, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.
the typical training that falls to any newcomer. True, she had made an impression on Paramount “excess” when she sang sultry songs at a local night club, but acting was another thing. That had to be handled with finesse.

When the rushes of Lamour’s first day’s work in this first film were shown, a group of studio bigwigs shared a delighted take, made a few gags and said: “Hold everything! That girl’s so sultry we can’t waste her in a small part! She’s a sure bet.”

So Dottie was taken out of her first bit and put, as you said, “on ice.” In fact, she was kept “on ice” so long that people almost forgot about her at the studio.

Then came Jungle Princess and its success. Right on the heels of the film’s smash, there came the most thorough publicity campaign ever thought up by one individual. To this day, Hollywood would press amazement over the work done by the then head of Paramount’s publicity, Terry DeLapp.

Dottie was photographed in a sarong at her apartment. Around her were tropical fruits, which she was supposed to eat for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. By her side sat a “loving” monkey, the same monkey, in fact, that cavorted merrily with Dorothy in the epic of tropical frustration and naive innocence. Recipes for tropical food, supposedly concocted by Dorothy, were released for public consumption and indignation.

And when it was all over, even hill-billies were trying to buy sarongs and were storming grocery stores for some coconut milk and papaya juice. As for Dorothy, her career was sealed up in a sarong and songs of the jungles.

When you come right down to it, there was nothing about Dorothy’s work in Jungle Princess that should have caused such a furore. There is no doubt about it that she looked very enticing in her filmy garment. And she sang with enough “oomph” to provide many a thrill. Her acting was confined to expressions of infatuation, sorrow, happiness and despair. Still, no one seemed to mind.

For some time, with Hurricane and others, Dorothy continued to be the screen ace essay of How To Live in a Tropical Jungle and Have Modern Conveniences. And she continued to use the same expressions, sing songs in the same way, and wear sarongs or sinjags.

This could only go so far when, finally, Dorothy would insist upon a rebellion. No one was surprised very much when it came.

For a while, it looked as though she was winning this battle. It looked as if hopeful fans, who were hanging by breathlessly during the tempest, would never again see the curvaceous figure of Lamour in anything more than a fur coat with ear muffs. But those in the know grinned mischievously and knew that Dorothy was too smart a business woman to throw away her stock in trade. In the meantime, it all made good copy.

It did look for a time as though Dorothy was really going to be clothed. In Search of the North, she wore the heaviest of garments, the studio claimed, and received lukewarm praise as far as her portrayal was concerned. After this, though, it wasn’t long before the argument was over and Dorothy’s fans were proven right. She would continue to bare her limbs, live in trees, and teach stranded men from civilization how to live. And, of course, they would teach her how to speak English.

after many painful Hollywood operations and would even go so far as to show her the ecstasy to be found in learning how to kiss a la American.

In a way, no one can really doubt that dedicated Dorothy wanted to do something about her career. Her whole life, tough and difficult as it was, seemed to cry out for success of a basic value. But here is where many writers overlook a salient factor in discussing the career of Dorothy Lamour.

When Dorothy came to Hollywood, she did so at the behest and advice of her closest friend, Dorothy Dell, the girl with whom Lamour had shared many disappointments, struggles—the girl upon whom she had placed all symbols of success. It meant far more to her that Dell was making good than it did for her to succeed on her own. And always in her mind was the pact she and Dorothy Dell had made years ago—a pact that bound their futures and their success together—a pact that assured one assistance if the other gained recognition first.

That problem was simply to prove to herself that she could succeed and to carry on the work her friend was carrying on.

In the back of Dorothy’s mind was the image of Dorothy Dell and the memories of a background that was far from illustrious, that was built on tireless effort and a firm desire to erase the thoughts of the poverty that was once hers.

Like any girl, deprived of comfort and glamour, Dorothy was determined to make a name for herself. And Hollywood wasn’t always in her mind, but it was undoubtedly a goal that was remote and yet accessible. And when she finally gained recognition, she was agreed that she could continue. Then, as she realized she was making no progress, that she was in a rut, she began to wonder if she hadn’t fallen down on that pact with Dorothy Dell and if she hadn’t let success elude her. Certainly, she must make amends and allow her to become complacent.

Therefore, in the line of this analysis, Dorothy’s rebellion was sincere, for no one destroys the ambition and her determination. But the question is: has she managed her career rightly? Has she been too amenable to an “oomph” build-up?

In one picture, Johnny Apollo, Dottie completely abandoned all of her former characterizations and mannerisms and delivered a fine performance, though some critics felt that she could have been more convincing. At least it was a step in the right direction, and Dorothy tried harder than she has ever tried in her life to make good in her biggest chance.

What happened to her? Back she went to a sarong and a dowdy old housedress in Road To Singapore and to a sinjag—so we are told—in Typhoon—in which once more, she straightened out a stranded American and where she, once more, was taught how to make love and kiss according to civilized standards. And, currently, she’s back at it again in Moon Over Burma.

As a result her career, seemingly, still depends on a sarong. She has yet to achieve an ambition that must be burning inside of her all the time. The only answer then to her future—a future she must regulate herself within that ambition—how strongly it can be shaped to provide her with the unanswered solution to the problem, “Can Lamour act?”

In her youth Dorothy is just as much of a mystery. Her marriage had for a long time been a symbol to her of the happiness for which she had always longed and of the first step forward in achieving her ambition. Certainly, she must have loved Herbie Kay. He embodied so many things that were ideals to her. He brought her into a world that had always been a vague dream in her life. And yet—yet, it met frustration.

The answer from the Hollywood standpoint to the end of her marriage with Herbie Kay was separation. (Herb being an orchestra pilot and engagements called for him to be separated from Dorothy at considerable intervals.) But there was more to the story than that. Hollywood was telling the world that Dorothy was professions in love and then and then, while she was seen out with various young men about town. And that she was going to retire and have a baby.

The real lowdown was that Dorothy and Kay had agreed that she could go out with [Continued on page 98]
"A Miracle is happening to You right now

A ‘NEW-BORN-SKIN’

for your OLDER Skin!” says Lady Esther

Is that possible? Yes it is! It is not only possible, it is certain. For right now, nature is bringing you a wonderful gift, a gift of a New-Born Skin. It can make you look younger, it can make you look lovelier and my 4-Purpose Face Cream can bring to this New-Born Skin a newer and more flattering beauty.

JUST BENEATH your present skin lies a younger and a lovelier one! Yes, with every tick of the clock, with every mortal breath you draw, a new skin is coming to life on your face, your arms, your entire body.

Will it be a more glamorous skin? Can it make you look more youthful? Yes, says Lady Esther, it can! If...

If only you will let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you to free your skin from those tiny, almost invisible flakes of worn-out skin that must be removed gently before your new-born skin can be revealed in all its glory!

Why should any woman risk this menace to her youthful loveliness? Yes, why should she be a victim of her old, her worn-out, her lifeless skin? asks Lady Esther.

My 4-Purpose Face Cream gently, soothingly permeates these lifeless flakes . . . and the tiny rough spots vanish! Impurities are lightly whisked away . . . your skin looks fresh as youth itself . . . so smooth that powder stays on for hours! Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses so thoroughly and so gently that it actually helps nature refine the pores! All the world sees your skin in all its New-Born Beauty!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Only the purest of creams can make your budding skin as beautiful as it should be.

Ask your doctor, and all the better if he is a specialist on the skin. Ask him if he has ever, for any skin condition, administered vitamins or hormones through the medium of a face cream.

Ask him if every word Lady Esther says isn’t true—that her cream removes the dirt, impurities, and worn-out skin blighting your new skin about to be born!

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream at my expense. See if it doesn’t bring you New-Born Beauty—if it doesn’t keep your Accent on Youth!

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triumphant return to America after she had made *Madame Sans-Gène* in France. The little girl who won the hearts of the Parisians in *Chop Suey* had achieved what amounts to a royal ovation when she was welcomed home. Motorcycle sirens, and thousands of fans cheered as she and her bridgroom, handsome Marquis de la Falaise, rode through the streets. How Gloria loved being Madame de la Falaise! She accepted the plaudits of the crowd as regally as though she were in triumph, for she was not merely a movie queen, but Gloria’s hour of triumph was short lived after that hysterical demonstration. Unfortunately, *Madame Sans-Gène* was a bad picture and led to the start of her decline as the undisputed queen of the movies.

ENTIRELY different from Gloria, but equally vibrant, was Clara Bow, who, at the height of her career, was named the “It girl” by Elinor Glyn. Clara’s appeal was for the Army, the Navy and the college boys and the fiery little redhead was so pretty and such a bundle of excited emotions that they all fell for her. Incidentally, it was Morton Picture that discovered Clara, she having won a Fame and Fortune contest conducted by the magazine. But Clara’s heart ruled her head—she got into the headlines through one escapade after another until, at last, her career ended.

The last Bow scandal was the straw that broke her studio’s back and her contract was terminated. We who knew her were sorry—for little Clara, whose only sin was really her love of life, never deserved the bad breaks she got.

She was a lonely, misunderstood child, frightened of Hollywood, because she was afraid she would be snubbed. Her favorite pastime was playing poker with her servants in the kitchen or attending a movie by herself. She had a terrific inferiority complex. I smile today when I recall the first time I met Clara. It was during my New York days. Her press agent was none other than Morris Ryskind, today a well-known playwright. I telephoned to have lunch with Clara, who was to leave for Hollywood. We agreed to meet at the Ritz. But just before I left I read the *Morning Telegraph* to keep our appointment, the phone rang. It was Morris. “If you don’t mind,” he explained apologetically, Clara doesn’t want to lunch at the Ritz. She wants to go to a chop suey parlor on Broadway where there is music and dancing.”

My first glimpse of her sitting with Morris was a memory that will remain with me always. She was truly a picture with her great shock of red hair, her big brown eyes, and the jaunty red cap she wore.

“Tell Miss Parsons” coached Morris, “how much you enjoy her column.”

“Oh, I do,” piped Clara obediently. “I read you every day in the *World.*”

“Oh, the *Telegraph,*” hissed Morris, in a stage whisper. “Oh, the *Telegraph,*” corrected Clara lamely.

“Now tell the truth, Clara, you’ve never heard of me have you?” I laughed.

“You won’t be mad?” countered Clara, still with an eye on Morris who had broken out in a perspiration. I promised I wouldn’t. “Tell Clara,” asked Morris, “I never heard of you until today—honest!”

From that moment on we became friends—and I’ve never known a more honest little person in my life. Later, when I wrote her life story—

we had another good laugh over that day when we met in a chop suey restaurant on Broadway. Today Clara is a model wife and mother and with her husband, Rex Bell, lives on a big ranch in Nevada.

BEFORE we talk about the glamorous girls of 1940 I would like to say a word about Corinne Griffith and Billie Dove, rival beauties on the Warner-First National lot years ago. They were breath-taking in their loveliness and never were there two actresses so gorgeous to photograph. Like two Helens of Troy they dazzled, had their day in the sun, and retired to happy married lives.

However, their peaceful private lives today are the exception rather than the rule that women of the screen who have had great sex attraction achieve happiness.

BROADWAY today are the exception rather than the rule, that women of the screen who have had great sex attraction achieve happiness.

It’s all over. Gene Markey and Hedy Lamarr who were steady stepper-outers, stepped out for one last fling before the bust-up. No new romance for either so far.
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Save up to 25%! Not only does Power-Air give you better heating—it does it for less money! Recent tests in an ordinary home showed that a Duo-Therm with Power-Air kept the house warmer—while using LESS OIL than a heater without Power-Air! And—Power-Air costs no more to run than a 50-watt lamp!

Has most efficient burner model! The handy front dial "tunes" your Duo-Therm to any heat! The patented Bias-Baffle Burner operates at any setting with equal efficiency, cleanliness and silence—gives more heat per gallon of cheap fuel oil! The special waste-stopper saves fuel! Another grand comfort is the radiant door—open it and you're warmed through in a jiffy! And a Duo-Therm is safe—all models listed as standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories.

Keep cooler in summer, too! The same Power-Air blower that drives heat in the winter can be operated independently of the heater to give a cooling 72 mile-an-hour breeze in the summer!

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control of the seas, not if they can get a foothold south of us. We aren’t so powerful that we’re scaring them out of making plans to come over here one of these days. We aren’t united yet behind one big idea.

“We could use more of the attitude that anybody here who isn’t in favor of the American way of life is against it—and is too dangerous to tolerate.”

BOB took a vehement drag on his cigarette. “I’ve been reading a book called ‘Secret Agents in America.’ I try not to read it at night. It keeps me awake. I toss for hours, thinking about it, getting madder by the minute. Everybody in the country ought to read it. It would scare a few million people into realizing the dangers we face, make them want to fight those dangers—before it’s too late.”

(The author of “Secret Agents in America” leaves no doubt that agents of foreign powers know every American military and naval secret, with one possible exception: the bomb-sight. America has been that much off its guard, he says. And that isn’t all. Other secret agents are here for other purposes. To spread reports that will lull us into a false sense of security. To foster criticism of the government. To promote resentment against more taxes for armaments. To stir up unrest in industry. To do anything and everything to keep Americans from putting up a united front.)

“We know,” Bob said, “that the government is keeping a sharp eye on possible Fifth Columnists—which is too good a name for spies and traitors. No one is going to betray America if the government can help it. But that isn’t enough. Something has to be done to awaken Americans to a fierce willingness to do something to keep what they have.

“I’m so hepped up on the subject, I go around buttonholing people, asking them if they’ve seen this, or read that. They’re beginning to say, ‘Here comes Preparedness Taylor.’

“But what good is it going to do us to have fifty thousand airplanes if Americans aren’t prepared to fly them? What good is it going to do us to become better armed than any other country in the world, if Americans aren’t prepared to keep what they have?”

Bob made a gesture of blowing off steam.

“There’s just one time when I wish I were a good public speaker,” he said, with a self-chiding grin. “That’s when I get steamed up on this subject.”

I had known Bob for four years. I had seen how he reacted to the greatest wave of poppularity of his life. I had seen how he reacted to career-ruining attacks by lampooning reporters. I had never seen him as intense as he had just been. I told him so.

“It’s time to get excited,” he said.

He crushed out his half-smoked cigarette. “I don’t have any more use for war than the next guy,” he continued. “I’m still in my twenties, with a lot of life ahead of me. I’d rather do my job six days a week, and play golf on Sundays, and spend every evening with my very swell wife, than go off to war.

“I’m not a fighting man, but there are a few things about America I’m willing to fight for.”

Bob was silent a moment. The silence was punctured by the sound, from the floor below, of Nelson Eddy singing his way up a scale.

“I’d fight to give Nelson a sound-proof dressing-room,” said Bob, with a laugh.

But immediately he sobered. He was in no mood for joking.

“ Seriously,” he said, “I’d fight to keep America a democracy. I don’t see where the little guy has a break. That’s another thing I’d fight to keep America a democracy.

“Any other set-up—no matter what you call it—puts the power in the hands of the few.

“The little guy has to obey laws that he had no hand in making. He’s taxed without representation. If he’s haled into court, he has no guarantee of justice, because he doesn’t get a trial-by-jury. If the heads of the state don’t want him going to church, assembling with his fellows, he can’t go to church. He may be happy where he is, but if the heads of the state want him to migrate somewhere else, he has to migrate.

“He can’t speak freely, even to his best friend. His best friend may report him to the secret police. He can’t read freely; everything he reads is censored. He can’t educate his own children as he sees fit; he has to turn them over to the state for training as the state sees fit. His sons must be raised to be soldiers, and his daughters must be raised to be housewives and mothers—no matter what other talents they may have. Nobody can have freedom of ambition, because there is no freedom of opportunity.

“Do you want that instead of what we have? I don’t. And I’m willing to fight to keep what we have.”

HE HELPED himself to another cigarette.

“I’m a little guy,” Bob—six feet tall and built in proportion—was speaking figuratively. “But I’ve been very free to enjoy the life God gave me. I live in America.

“I’m a descendant of other little guys who got something out of life because they lived in America. They were free to choose their professions. Most of them chose to be farmers. They could make good livings, even on small farms. They couldn’t have done that in Europe. For centuries Europe has had expensive rulers and expensive wars, and for centuries the little farmer—they call him a peasant, over there—has been taxed poor to pay the bills. Here we’ve had peace and prosperity. The little guy on the farm has had a chance to be independent. Not only financially, but every other way.

[Continued on page 83]
The most beautiful fingernails in the world!

DURA-GLOSS

Ship ahoy, mates—aye, captains too!—did you ever see such bewitchingly beautiful fingernails anywhere—on land or sea or in the air? A striking new beauty that you’ve never known—your own fingernails can have it with Dura-Gloss, the nail polish that has swept America because it’s different better! For Dura-Gloss goes on more evenly, keeps its gem-hard, glass-smooth lustre longer, resists chipping longer! Your fingernails—the most beautiful in the world! Go to any cosmetic counter today—no, it’s not a dollar, as you might expect,—but 10 cents!—so buy—enjoy Dura-Gloss.

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Making Over Mickey  
[Continued from page 21]

McGuire some years ago, because Fontaine Fox owned the rights to it and didn't want Mickey to use it any more when he began playing other roles. So the young actor changed it to Mickey Rooney, which he's been ever since. But changing his character was tougher.

It's only just now that young Rooney is showing those definite signs of approaching adulthood. Most startling manifestation of all, in recent months, was that little incident at Ciro's, the other night—

Mickey came in, as he often does to Hollywood's night spots. But up to recently, his entrance had been conspicuous by its loudness. Loudness of clothes, for one thing: Mickey went in a big way for violent checks and plaids, and you could hear him coming long before he hove into sight.

But loud, too, in the actual sense. Hardly had Mickey entered a place than he was about, slapping people on the back, and shouting "Hiya, kid!" or "How's it go, trots?" These greetings were not reserved for his own younger set alone—but the grown-ups of Hollywood, be they male or female, be they dignified or the hail-fellow-

Now all Hollywood, appreciating beyond words this decision, is wondering WHY? and HOWCUM? and what's the explanation? Hollywood wants to know what changed Rooney, who got into everybody's hair, into the suddenly calm, dignified, rather nice young fellow of today.

Hollywood, as usual, has lots of answers. Some of them say that Louis B. Mayer, who is boss at M-G-M, got Mickey into his private office and laid down the law... Others maintain that it's merely that Mickey's growing old.

But the real insiders know the real reason. And that real reason is one of the most entrancing stories that's ever come out of Hollywood. It's the story of the Boy with Three Fathers—and the story of how the Third Father is making Mickey Rooney over into a gentleman.

You see, young Rooney has really had three Dads in his life. As a matter of fact, he's got three Dads right now.

The first is his REAL father—Joe Yule, Sr., the former bursleque comedian who is now, thanks to Mickey himself, working in movies at M-G-M. Hollywood has lots of answers for the change in Mickey, but the best one has to do with his having three fathers—one his real dad, another his foster-father, and the third, Lewis Stone—who, as Judge Hardy, deserves most credit for making Mickey over well-net group, they all got the same Mickey Rooney treatment.

But the other night at Ciro's, something amazing happened. Mickey walked in calmly, quietly and sedately—and a half-dozen people nearly swooned. For he wore a dark blue suit, as conservative as you could wish, and his haberdashery matched in calmness. Even Mickey copied Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald dinging there, he walked over and—

NO—he didn't slap Jeanette on the shoulder blades. Instead, he stood beside her, and with a bow that would have done credit to Little Lord Fauntleroy or Lord Chesterfield, he picked up her hand and KISSED IT!

And somehow or other, THAT was the tip-off to Hollywood that Mickey Rooney has decided to be a gentleman.

The second is his foster-father, attractive, youngish Fred Pankey, the M-G-M accountant whom his mother married about three-and-a-half years ago, and with whom Mickey now makes his own home in the big house he bought his mother.

And the third is—of ALL people!—Lewis Stone. Now Lewis Stone is as you well know is Judge Hardy in the Hardy series, which is built around young Rooney's screechy famous Andy Hardy character. But the association between Stone and Rooney carries over from the stage into real life—and today, those who really know, will tell you that Lewis Stone is the greatest paternal influence in the life of young Rooney—and the real factor behind Mick's emergence into a gentleman.

You see, too—Mickey Rooney NEVER had any family life. He was born virtually backstage. His ma and pa tooted with them on their burlesque circuit, and backstage and boarding-houses was the only life the kid knew. He toddled onto the stage when he was three, and has been here ever since. When ma and pa split up, Mickey went with ma, and there still wasn't any home life.

BUT UNTIL THAT DAY THE CAST GOT TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST HARDY FILM—A Family Affair, wasn't it?—did Mickey suddenly find himself within a milieu that could be called a "family." Artificial it was—but nonetheless, it was the first time in his young life that Mickey had been made aware of any form of family life. And he liked it, and it grew on him—and when the courtly, sedate, utterly fine gentleman of Hollywood, who bears the name L.e. is Stone was inserted into that group to be Mickey's Dad, it was one of the finest things Fate could ever have done for him. And what else but happiness! He's the only that.

Not that Joe Yule wasn't a good Dad. Joe did more for young Mickey, believe us, than many another father has ever done for his kid. But Joe Yule's gifts to his son were limited almost entirely to professional gifts. Joe (whom Mickey still swears is the greatest comedian the world has ever known) gave to the boy all his undoubted ability and genius; he gave to the lad, through the formative kid-years, a wealth of knowledge of the profession that is making Rooney rich.

BUT of fatherliness as the run-of-the-mill world of humdrum people know it, Joe Yule never gave his son any. He never COULD. It wasn't that sort of family, nor that sort of life.

Nor did young Rooney's stepfather ever supply that. Pankey, living with Rooney, is more of a companion, a pal to the boy. He's not, by any stretch of the word, a father. Pankey is Mickey's mother's husband, and aside from that, he's Mickey's warm friend.

Which left the situation ripe for the entry of Lewis Stone, the screen father who has, somehow, filled a vast percentage of that great empty spot in Mickey Rooney's life that their own real fathers fill for normal-lived boys.

Lewis Stone is Mickey's idol. Mickey adores him, admires him, and because Mickey is smart and acquisitive, Mickey tries to learn from Lewis Stone the right things to do.


Lew Stone is a man of wealth—wealth of earthly possessions and wealth of possessions that cannot be counted in dollars—such as possessions of the mind.

When the Lew Stone-Mickey Rooney axis was formed, there on the Hardy Family set, it marked the turning point in the life of a lad who, quite conceivably, had to choose then between eventually amounting to something worth-while—or remaining forever a brat with nothing but a lot of money. Well, maybe that Hollywood is realistic, and that's Hollywood's verdict.

So, learning from Lew Stone, Mickey  
[Continued on page 95]
Hollywood's Trick Parties

GAGGIST—party-of-the-month—was the surprise birthday party given Rosalind Russell on the set of No Time for Comedy . . . Stage-managed by Jimmy Stewart, the party started in the afternoon when an actor made up as a French chef walked into the set carrying a huge birthday cake. . . . It was one of those monstrous whipped cream covered cakes, and just as he was about to present it, practically every one else on the Warners lot assembled to carry on with the party . . . Gag gift of the evening was the large-furred wreath, festooned with VEGETABLES, presented by Bette Davis . . .

MOST hilarious party-of-the-month—was the one staged, NOT by the movie boys and girls, but by their maams . . . To celebrate their first year as an organization, the Motion Picture Mothers of America took over the Pirates' Den, invited their offspring and threw a party that Hollywood won't forget for a long time . . . The improvisation entertainment, conducted by Ken Murray, had everything from square dance to a jitterbug tango! . . . The Pirates' Den is one of those nin-spots where the waiters are in on the fun . . . So every time a maam would try to get out of doing her stint of entertaining, she'd be sent back to her den where she'd be ushered back into the big till she had time to repent . . . Highlights of the party included a square dance and waltz contest won by Mickey Rooney and his mother, Mrs. Nell Pankey, and the hour or more when the whole place looked like a sumptuous brownstone . . .

MATILDA: Oh me, oh my—read this. I knew there'd be trouble if Ted didn't stop picking on Jane.

SUSAN: The poor creature! He raised such a fuss about his shirts—she got desperate and left. Come along, Matilda—we'll fetch her back and show her how to keep her brute happy.

TED: Yep—the merry-go-round next! My shirts look so swell since you put that big, golden bar of Fels-Naptha to work, I'm going to treat the three of you to everything in the park!

Golden bar or golden chips

FELS-NAPTHA BANISHES “TATTLE-TALE GRAY”

Wherever you use bar-soap, use FELS-NAPTHA Soap.
Wherever you use box-soap, use FELS-Naptha Soap Chips.

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So Red the Face

[Continued from page 33]

Robert Young once had Niven's luck, but it wasn't on the golf course. In his youth he was a copy boy on a Los Angeles paper, and while he should have been working, did impersonations—far from complimentary—of the night editor.

One night when his editor was absent, Young squared, grinned like a gorilla after a vinegar highball, and shuffled across the copy room. As usual the office boys laughed heartily—so heartily that Young failed to notice the editor, framed in the doorway, needed no interpreter to tell him that the impersonation was not of Lionel Barrymore, Caught. Bob's in a mood like a stoplight. The editor came in, Bob shot him with a look of non-stop flight, that journalism was not for him.

The Brothers Marx, authorities on matters comic, once revealed a surprising lack of anatomical knowledge that was the red—financially and facially. It was in 1918 when they opened their first show near the popular army camps in Battle Creek, Michigan.

The seating capacity of the auditorium they rented was 3,000. Along came the "Ili" epidemic, and when the curtain went up, the Marxes found the audience outnumbering them by four.

With $6,000 the first week, and the second week looked even more promising, and to top it off, they were hooked by a contract with all the theatres in which they were to play. Escape through legal loopholes was impossible. Sickness would solve everything. A coercion-committee of three forced Harpo to his bed, informing him that he was suffering from acute appendicitis.

The stage was set. Harpo, resembling like Man Mountain Dean in a headlock, chucked his side as the doctor strode into the room.

"What's this?" he asked, "Another one of your gags?"

"Why?" moaned Harpo, struggling to a sitting position.

The next time you get appendicitis," advised the Doc, "hold your right side instead of the left!"

Not only do Hollywoodians act themselves into embarrassment; they often do what we do: talk themselves into it. For example, try on the act of Blanche Has Servant Trouble at Columbia, told this about herself:

"My car was warm up every time I think of the prize winner I pulled at a wedding in the East." Short time ago, I received a phone call that a Western Union messenger was coming to the party to deliver an important telegram to me.

The telephone group, I saw a young man in uniform. His back was turned, but his neck was neatly trimmed and youthful-looking.

"Boy! I sang out. "Oh, Boy! I attracted everybody in the room. He turned around. The boy was a West Point cadet!"

It hardly need be stated that stars and their satellites are as adept at putting their feet in their mouths as the well-known man on the street. What Mr. "Dictionary" Webster defined as "a suffusion of the face, as from shame or confusion" is a thing Betty Field endured mercilessly during the days of pigtails, freckles, and stilted legs.

She feels—with due acknowledgement to all psychologists—that she has gone through her share of "one-tenth of a second" of agony and relief in particular that made a red indelible impression. It happened years ago at the scene of her later triumphs—the legitimate theatre.

Mrs. Thomas Mitchell, wife of the Academy Award winner, took her young daughter and equally young Betty to see her Husband play the role of a cop in the Broadway production Night Stick before a packed house.

This was all brand new to Betty. And she had a hard time keeping her excitement self-contained. The theatre was quiet except for soft voices from the stage. Suddenly the steady Mr. Mitchell emerged. With the delight of Archimedes, Betty sprang into the aisle, yelling "Look, there's your poppa!"

These days Norma Shearer, returning to her usual role of curmudgeon, lamented the pugnaciousness of the best-seller Escape, thinking it was something you haven't got when you need it most. Recently at a Santa Monica grammar school's P.T.A. meeting, she gave a pathos-filled soliloquy to make children live together and like it by using simple psychology on them. She was surprised and extras will forget—even if the film that recorded it ended up on the cutting-room floor. Buildings were crumbling, water mains bursting, horses running madly, and Clark! His nose! and crown! and trying to out-fox Director Alfred Hitchcock, Doctor of Practical Gags, while they worked together in Rebecca. With elaborate ceremony she presented him with a bottle labeled "Brandys, which con- tained a mixture from the film laboratory. Everyone from Laurence Olivier to the least significant extra knew of the joke and swore to be a sphinx about it.

Days passed and Hitchcock said nothing about the "Napoleon Brandy," One morning Joan ran out of patience.

"Did you enjoy my gift, Mr. Hitchcock?" she asked. Everybody on the set stopped work to listen.

"The gift—oh!" answered the director, his face suddenly becoming grave. "I passed it to a close friend of mine who has been ill." He shook his head. "Poor fellow! He's taken a turn for the worse."

Horrified, Joan sprang to her feet: "I've lost my gift!"

"I don't think so," said Hitchcock quietly. "You see, I have no such friend!"

No one likes to see his own gag boom-erang. No star likes to play the role of a dumb ass on the screen. And David Niven is no exception. Before leaving for England and the war, he told friends about his most embarrassing experience, which occurred while he was in army service some years ago.

"It was on a golf course at Malta," he said. "I was playing a twosome with my colonel, and, at the 12th hole, got stuck in a deep bunker. I thought it would be a novel stunt to have the caddy toss sand in the air at the same time that I would throw the ball out onto the green. We both laughed. It was a jolly idea."

"I piled up a sand wall and tossed it out just as the caddy threw up a handful of sand. We turned to leave the bunker, and there on the rear edge stood the colonel like the Great Sphinx of Giza! From then on David's conversations with his officer were monologue.

Judy Garland was equally mortified at the age of seven when she appeared in vaudeville at a theatre in Kenosha, Wis-consin, ex-hometown of Don Ameche and Orson Welles, as one of the Gumm Sisters. (Try to get her to believe psychologists who say embarrassment lasts less than one- tenth of a second!) She almost quit the theatre for life.

For the finale of the act, she was supposed to dance down the center strip, and slide into a flesh-fitting Peter Pan suit.

"I was late. My sisters were already doing the cue song. In the rush, I pushed both feet into one leg," she says.

She staggered up the floor. Her sisters were out of the cue song, waiting, and still no Judy. Finally worried stage-hand sprang to the wings. There in the flashlight's white beam was the personification of helplessness: two legs stuck in one pants leg and three-quarters of Miss Garland outside the suit!

Ex-vaudevillean W. C. Fields doesn't recall a physical mishap on the stage—such as getting hooked on the neck with beer bottles he juggled in his act. But his most embarrassing moment is a tale of bottles and men and is based on the fact that he has never been distinguished for his sobriety to the extent that the W.C.T.U. has seriously considered him for its male auxiliary.

While playing in Oakland, California, about 1920, he was to meet a group of clergymen one night after his last show. Friends warned him to stay away from bars, maintaining that bars wouldn't come to him. It was a torrid type of day that makes manufacturers of scented soap happy, and W. C., alone for the afternoon, thought one wee refreshing drink would do no harm. Just one—at a time! First he lost count; then he lost interest in counting.

Recalling the old saying, "By their breath ye shall know them," W. C. maintained his distance as he zig-zagged down the street with his clergymen friends. A strong offense as his defense, he maintained in his polysyllabic best that the clergymen were incensed and that he was sober as a judge. On the verge of being convinced, he glanced up at a big illuminated clock in the sto- pple:

"My God, it's night!" he groaned. "It's 11:20! My show—I missed it!"

There was a tense silence. The gentleman of the hour looked at one another and broke into hearty laughter.

"What do you mean—missed the show?" one of them said. "You staggered through your acts and brought down the house with two curtain-calls!"

"Was his nose red? Or in the Fieldian vernacular, "Did my prosectes assume a scarlet hue?"

Since both W. C. Fields' and Joan Fontaine's major embarrassments had to do with bottles, it may be proper to mention them in the same alcoholic breath. Recently Joan found herself trying to out-fox Director Alfred Hitchcock, Doctor of Practical Gags, while they worked together in Rebecca. With elaborate ceremony she presented him with a bottle labeled "Brandys, which con- tained a mixture from the film laboratory. Everyone from Laurence Olivier to the least significant extra knew of the joke and swore to be a sphinx about it.
pleased when, upon finishing, the whole group applauded vigorously. The meeting adjourned, and the women left the building, stopping to chat on the school grounds. One of them with Norma commented, “No doubt your children behave well. Not like those lads.”

All eyes followed the woman’s finger to two belligerent boys, scuffling and trading lefts and rights. The mothers gasped with surprise, glanced at Norma, then smiled tolerantly—too tolerantly. One of those lads was her son, Irving!

Everybody suffers from embarrassment, but the extremely sensitive person suffers in direct proportion to his sensitiveness. Louis Hayward, when he first came to Hollywood from England, was much more easily embarrassed than he is today. Hardly had he unpacked his trunks and seen the inside of the studio when he was invited to a formal party.

“In London, ‘formal’ means ‘white tie and tails,’” he says, “so I spent a great deal of time dressing. I wanted to make an impression, you see—to make people notice and like me.

“They noticed me all right! When I arrived, the announcer looked at me strangely but called my name. I stopped—petrified! Every man in the room was in a tuxedo. I stood there in tails, trying to shrink into my collar, eyeing the nearest exit.

“But that wasn’t the worst of it. A group of pretty girls glanced toward me, smiling because of my obvious confusion. As if that weren’t enough, one of the guests, probably near-sighted, bellowed at me, ‘Usher, come here a moment!’

“My embarrassment and I left the room like Sir Malcolm Campbell in high gear!”

SOMETIMES circumstances beyond your control make you an unintentional clown. Or so observed spontaneous, reddish-haired Maureen O’Hara as she sipped a Pepsi-Cola between shootings of Dance, Girl, Dance! She’s an authority on such subjects after what happened during a personal appearance at a large Chicago theatre in conjunction with her picture Bill of Divorcement.

She stepped up to the stage “mike” to say a few words. She smiled and started speaking, but nothing came out. It was a sudden attack of laryngitis. The color began creeping into her cheeks as the crowd laughed good-naturedly. Maureen’s distraught expression brought the M-cee out. She whispered and pointed to her throat. Displaying his best dental and vocal charm, the M-cee explained “the unfortunate thing that had prevented Miss O’Hara from saying at least a few words.”

As calmly as her self-control could make her, Maureen walked toward the wings. Just as she was about to step out of sight, she stopped, faced the audience, and tried to form the words “thank you” with her lips. Suddenly from nowhere her voice falsettoed forth—“Thaaaaank Yoo0oo00000!!!” . . . Her face matched her hair!

These are just a few testimonials in opposition to sophisticates who would have us believe the blush disappeared with good Queen Victoria. There are scores of other Hollywood stars—of sound mind and body—who will testify against them.

So long as there are conversational banter and circumstantial blunders our Garbos, Gables, Taylors, and O’Haras will feel their cheeks redden to a rosy red. Embarrassment cannot always sidestep these human beings we are inclined to think of as gods and goddesses. Nor can stars always sidestep embarrassment. There is no immunity for the great or small.

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Visit Your Neighborhood Drug Store During Nationally Advertised Brands Week—October 4th-12th


Maybelline Cream-form Mascara in convenient zipper case, 75c. Same shades applied without water.

Maybelline smooth-matching Eyebrow Pencil in matching shades. (Blue is for eyeshadow liner).

Maybelline Eye Shadow in six most flattering shades: Blue, Gray, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet.
at 13. Every breath was a wheeze. Every doctor in Los Angeles had a try at me, and still I wheezed. I was wheezing away to an early grave when my aunt in San Francisco said, "Send the boy up to me. I'll cure him." It was a last chance. I was sent.

"My aunt was a very definite woman, with very definite theories about what ailed me. 'You've been mollycoddled,' she said. 'You have no resistance.' So what did she do? She made me part company with long underwear, even though my legs turned a numb blue hue. And she made me sleep with the windows wide open, even though the fog rolled in so thick that I couldn't see the foot of the bed. I thought she was trying to kill me. Instead, in two years, she made a man of me. I haven't had asthma since."

When it began to look as if Charlie might live to manhood, Ruggles sent to wonder what Ruggles had become. Ruggles was a traveling salesman for a wholesale drug firm. He thought Charlie might do worse than learn the drug business. With that thought in mind, he started taking Charlie along on some of his trips.

"Every little town we'd hit, he'd say, 'Now, son, watch how I do it.' He'd head for the biggest drugstore in town, walk in and say to the proprietor, 'How's the cat?' In those days, you could always count on a druggist having a cat around. That was before druggists sold suits of clothes and lawn hammocks and things like that. The proprietor would say, soft warily, 'Why, the cat's fine.' That broke the ice. My father would whip out his card. The druggist would say, 'I'm afraid I can't do anything for you today. Your competitor was here last week. I'm all stocked up.' My father would say, 'Well, that's not going to keep my boy and me from buying a soda from you.'"

"So we'd sit down and have a soda, and my father would start telling funny stories to the druggist. I'd get bored as soon as I finished my soda, because I'd heard all the stories before, and I'd wander out onto the street and sit on the curb and watch the farmers' wagons go by. About twenty minutes later, my father would come out, writing the last of a hundred-dollar order in his book. He'd wink at me and say, 'He said No, but it meant Yes to me. I never could understand it. It didn't make sense that clinging paid off like that.

"He was always clowing. Every time there was an Elks parade, he was the fellow who dressed up in a baby bonnet or something else silly.

Charlie was barely into his teens when school began to pall on him. Higher mathematics had become hard work. He told his father that he was going to quit school and get a job. (It was his firm belief that no job could be as tough as geometry.) His father, sorrowfully reconciling himself to the fact that Charlie was no scholar, got him a job in the San Francisco office of the wholesale drug firm.

"He told my boss, 'Charlie isn't shiftless; he just doesn't like to concentrate too severely. But I think he'll outgrow it.' I was put to work sweeping out the drug and wrestling packing cases, things like that. I worked from 7 a.m. to 6 p.m. and I was paid $10 every two weeks. My father told me that if I attended to business, I might be head of the department some day. I didn't have any other ambition—if that could be called an ambition. It certainly couldn't after I had been there two years and made an appaling discovery. The head of the department received only $80 a month. And he had been there fifteen years.

"One day I was walking down Market Street when I bumped into an acquaintance. He hadn't seen me quite a while. He asked what I was doing, and I asked what he was doing. He said he was acting at the Alcazar Theatre—playing extra. With all the bluntness of youth, I asked, 'How much do you get?' He said, 'A month?' He said, 'No, a week.' In my surprise, I nearly fell through a manhole in the street. I said, 'H-h-how do you do it? I mean, how do you become an actor?' He said, 'I was a cinch. He told me to meet him after supper and he'd introduce me to the stage manager. If it was a cinch, I was interested—particularly if it paid so handsomely. I showed up, and he introduced me to the stage manager, who said, 'You're a pretty good-looking kid. How old are you?' I said, 'I'll be seventeen next month.' I was a naive sort; it didn't occur to me to make out that I was older. But the fact that I hadn't lied made an impression on the man. He took my name and address and said he might be sending for me."

"O N SATURDAY I got a call. I was to be at rehearsal Monday morning, I got Monday morning off on the plea that I had to go to the dentist, and reported to the Alcazar. After rehearsal, the manager said he could use me—at $15 a week. That was $10 more a week than I was getting at the drug firm, and the work was like play. I accepted. After lunch I went back to the drug firm and I was quitting, as of that afternoon. 'You can't do that,' my boss said. I'll tell your father.' That was a dreadful thing to contemplate. But I was desperate for those ten extra smackers a week. When o'clock came, I walked out, never to return.

"At five minutes after 6, I was at the Alcazar, though the curtain didn't go up till after 8. I wanted to learn something about make-up. I was self-conscious about my round face, my dimples and my baby-blue eyes. I felt I looked kind of sissy, and kind of young. The first actor who showed up, I asked, 'How do you make your—'"
HE HADN'T told his family about this new adventure. He hadn't dared. But when he started getting in at 11 p.m., instead of the accustomed 9, his aunt wanted an explanation, 

"I told her, 'I'm working at the Alcazar Theatre.' She said, 'But, Charles, is there any future in ushering? I had to come out with it. 'I'm not ushering. I'm acting,' I said. She nearly passed away from the shock. She hated to contemplate what my father would say, when he arrived in town next week. So did I.

"She said to me ominously, 'Charles has something to confess to you.' Feeling like a criminal in court, I gulped and said I wanted to work in the theatre. What do? Acting? He wouldn't have felt so badly if I had said I wanted to take up ditch-digging. I begged him to go and see me, anyway. I gave him a ticket.

"That week I was playing a young American in Soldiers of Fortune. I was one of the soldiers who arrived to save the citadel. I leaped up on the ramparts, flag in hand, and cried, 'Here we are.' It was the big moment of the drama. Before the show started, I looked through the peck-hole and spotted my father out front. I put everything I had into my one line. That night, when I got home, I said, 'Well, Dad?' He said, 'I want you to come down to the office tomorrow. I want to talk to you.'

"He said, the next day, 'I've been thinking it over. Even if I told you that you couldn't, you'd still keep on acting, wouldn't you?' I admitted I would. I said hopefully, 'You think it's all right, Dad. I noticed you clapping like everybody else, when I jumped up on the fort.' He said, 'I wasn't applauding you. I was applauding the flag.'

"He wanted to know what name I was using. I said, 'Charlie Sherman.' My middle name was Sherman. When I was a kid, I had disowned it, because the other kids called me 'Sherrie'—when they didn't call me 'Charlie Giggles,' because I laughed all the time. But not knowing how my family would take my going on the stage, I thought I'd better not use 'Ruggles,' and I resurrected the 'Sherman.' Dad said, 'You'd better use your own name. Call yourself Charles Ruggles'—which was his name.

"After lunch, he took me down to the Hub Clothing Company and bought me $30 worth of clothes. As I still didn't give in, I said, 'Thanks, Dad.' No answer from him. He was an awfully stubborn man. Years later, my aunt said, 'He must have thought you were going to be all right. He wanted the Ruggles name in there.'

And that's how Charlie Ruggles became an actor.

"My brother Wesley got into the business the same way. By accident. He was swimming at the Athletic Club one day, when a movie scout came around, looking for someone to double for Syd Chaplin in some swimming scenes, and offered the job to Wes at $35 a week. Wes had a good job at the time, with an oil company. He asked me if I thought he should quit it and take the... [Continued on page 75]

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good as it ever will be which is nothing to brag about and the next day I can't do a thing with it. It will go up when I want it to go down and vice versa.

"None-the-less I began an immediate search for a singing job—on foot, too. And I finally landed one in a night club. For reasons that I'm unable to explain to this day, I pleased the cash customers—at least to the extent of the repair job and through that incredible achievement I decided to go theatrical in a big way. So I joined up with a summer stock company."

Now that we've got Leila into the theatre we're going to keep her there while we present a few off hand, off-stage vital statistics about her.

First, she was born in Jaffrey, New Hampshire, on July 28, 19 years ago. The blessed event had to happen in summer because, so Leila claims, "no one lives there in winter!" And so Leila claims again: "it had to be Jaffrey because father was headmaster of a boys' prep school whose summer camp was located there."

The family went into winter quarters at Salem, Mass., there three years and then moved to Wellesley—the college town. Come the age of nine and Leila, a golden-haired blonde by now with a mind of her own and as tomboyish as gals ever grow in any town in the East, was carted off by her parents to San Remo, Italy, where she enrolled in an English school.

"I was there for five long and dreary months," Leila says, "and suffered—several whippings for what was called minor infractions of discipline and was miserably homesick every minute of my stay. The family finally decided that Italy was no place for me and I was brought home to attend public school in Wellesley."

Leila's checkered scholastic career next brought her to a French school at Cannes, France, where she was a cut-up English-speaking pupil. "But I was unhappy there," she says, "and believe me, I let the family know it and so back I came to settle down in Dana Hall at Wellesley, and followed that up by later enrolling in the Beacon Country Day School at Brookline, a suburb of Boston."

While Leila is taking time out in Boston we might as well straighten you out about the publicity that had her foregoing a gay life in that city's social whirl. She became, or so she stated the publicity releases after she came to Hollywood, a debutante and an extremely popular one. She "came out" at Chestnut Hill, Mass., where the family resided for a time. Two months of luncheons, teas, parties, and functions, out with Leila to chock the whole frilly business. Her heart wasn't in it, so the publicity releases went on to say. What Leila said when she read 'em is something else again.

"In the first place," she says emphatically, "I never 'came out' in society, mainly because I never was what you might call in. To be frank about the whole matter, my family never had the money to do me as a deb. As for the luncheons, teas, parties, I attended my share of them and had fun—but they were never staged by what is known as the upper crust. I knew several girls and boys of wealthy families—still do in fact. And I chummed and bumbled around with them. But I never considered myself a member of high-society society—and no one else did. So I never checked nor gave up the butterfly life that existed according to the publicity releases."

And that, so far as Leila is concerned, is that.

The annual season of summer stock lured her to Ogunquit, Maine, and before she had time to unpack her trunk she got her first real break in the theatre. The intended ingenue had left the company flat and Leila was awarded the lead opposite Donald Cook in Soubrette. She did so well that before the season was over she began to receive letters from motion picture studios. "I didn't answer any of them," she explains, "because I felt pretty sure that I wasn't ready for Hollywood and that Hollywood wasn't ready for me."

But to get ready, being a smart young lady who—when she misses a bet, she enrolled at Leland Powers Dramatic School in Boston. The news got around as to her whereabouts and a few months after her enrollment an emissary from Paramount's eastern office visited the school and won Leila's promise to come to New York for a brief session of coaching in film technique. As it happened there wasn't time for a formal screen test and no doubt that was the chief reason when the trip. Meanwhile to get herself ready for some quick opening when opportunity really arrived, she got herself an acting chore with the Ross Rocks, Mass., Mercury Theatre Group.

Of that experience she says: "I painted scenery, washed floors, sewed seat covers, took care of the box office—such as it was—did publicity and whenever I got a chance, I acted."

Up until now the studios had merely made eyes at her. But before the summer was over they got her down to cases and began bidding for her services. Paramount again asked her to make a flying trip to Manhattan for a test. But before that happened she discovered that she had won the part opposite George Abbott in an Eastern road company of What a Life.

And once again something happened. And how! Eddie Bracken learned that his boss, George Abbott, the famous Broadway producer was readying up a cast for a musical show called Too Many Girls, and Eddie, always ready to help a pal along, tried to set up an audition for Leila for a singing lead—all this despite the fact that so far as qualifications went, Leila had done no warbling aside from her night club engagement.

"But Mr. Abbott," says Leila, "had no use for me and told Eddie Bracken so, and Eddie told me so. There I was smysted as neatly as you please. However, one little 'no' never bothered me much and I waited until the day he was to hold his piece of auditions. Then I sneaked onto the stage. There was no pianist available and just when it looked as though my audition was ended before it started, a musically-inclined audience member—off our box office services. He didn't know the song I wanted to sing, but made a stab at it by striking chords.

"It was pretty awful and no one knew it better than I. Too Many Girls could never use me. I could see that with half an eye and I began backing away toward the wings. Before I could escape, Mr. Abbott yelled out, "Who are you?" and I yelled back my
name and he yelled something about remembering me as the girl Eddie Bracken had recommended and then he said—and I'll never forget those seven words as long as I live: 'Well I've got a job for you.' Just like that. You could have knocked me silly."

Leila's employment in *Too Many Girls* began auspiciously—a five-line part and an assortment of walk-ons. But by the time the show got to Broadway she had been promoted to the character of Tattlebox Lou, the Southern girl comic, one of the principal roles. Which certainly is nice going in any theatrical league.

IT WAS from the success she attained in this role that she was finally drafted for Hollywood (together with her stage patron, Eddie Bracken) to play opposite Jackie Cooper in Paramount's *Aldrich Family*, the second of the series which started with the screen version of *What a Life*.

The sum and substance of Leila's screen career has director Ted Reed, claiming her the ingenue find of the year. He refused to quit singing her praises until the studio signed her to a long-term contract. Now, anybody who is anybody on the Paramount lot has copy-catted director Reed. The girl is coming 'round the movie mountain full steam ahead and if she doesn't get side-tracked into picayune roles she's sure-fire star material.

Leila's back on Broadway right now, doing a show. But she's due back any day to take up her screen assignments.

She's a vital, gay, laughing, carefree young lady with a wise head on her pretty shoulders. Differing more than somewhat from the run-of-the-mine feminine aspirant of the screen, she prefers the long way around to short cuts in her road to stardom.

"I'm in no hurry," she explains, "and I'm not ready yet. I've seen and read about too many girls who hit the top via the high-pressure build-up method and I don't want any part of the heartaches that spring from this sort of thing. I want to stay in Hollywood a long, long time and the only way I can do that is not to get my acting neck out by taking on roles I can't do. There's a lot to learn in this business of becoming a good actress and you can't learn it in a week. I'm going to take my time."

Leila is five feet, four inches tall, has blue eyes and honey-colored hair and weighs 105 pounds after a big meal. She has no steady boy friend, not in Hollywood at least. During the filming of the second *Aldrich* picture Jackie Cooper squired her around to any number of open-air hamburger stands, where he'd spend, so Leila says, as much as sixty-five cents on her. (Jackie, you know, is on a strict $1.00 a week allowance and has to thin out his money for entertainment purposes.)

When Leila returns from her Broadway chores she'll live in the same modest apartment now occupied by her mother. Maybe she'll bring along her two brothers as well as her father. Being strictly a family girl she'd like nothing better than to have them with her. "I always feel happier when I'm with them," she says.

The moral (if there is one) to this story is as plain as the nose on Jimmy Durante's face. If you want to get into the movies, crack up your piddle-jumper and then, if your singing voice is an "in-and-out" like Leila's, crash a theatre stage where a famous producer is trying to whip a Broadway show into shape, get yourself a pianist from the boys in overalls, and start warbling something sentimental. It's a cinch. That is, if you're as clever—and as lucky—as Leila.
lines which set off her slimline chassis to advantage. On her reddish hair was one of those cupcake bonnets of pink. Over her greenish grey, rather serious eyes was a pink veil. Her ridiculously tiny pumps were grey, her stockings tan. She carried pink gloves. She looked at me. "What will I say?" I asked her. "All she needed was an entrance song—something about "Gotham in the Spring."

A slender, pretty Irish girl in white uniform approached. "I will take you, today, Miss Crawford," she smiled, and her eyes were even wider with delight. We followed her to Room 10, Joan walking briskly, I trailing helplessly, running a gauntlet of women who, tilted back in chairs, were getting ready. There seemed a lack of levity among these women and the white-gartered gentry attending them with deft, precise movements of arms and hands. Their faces were grim and determined. Apparently, getting a hair-do is no laughing matter on Fifth Avenue.

Room 10 was perhaps some ten feet square. Its main decoration was a cover, covered in chiffon. Numerous accessories necessary to the prettifying of fingers and toes were about. The management had taken no chances of spontaneous combustion from a strip-tease. The walls were lined with a metallic composition.

I was asked to stand outside while Joan disrobed and donned a special blue cotton smock for her ritual. The time I returned she was stretched out on the chaise longue, and the Irish lass, a Florence Reilly, was concentrating on Joan's big toe. At last there was privacy. At last we could talk, undisturbed. And then the door opened. A matronly figure in white beamed at Joan.

"Will you have Applause on Red Dragon, today, Miss Crawford?"

Joan turned to me. "Which shall it be?"

I didn't know what she was talking about, but I said, "Make it Applause."

"Make it Applause," she repeated to the figure in the doorway. Presently, the matronly one was back with a small bottle of red liquid. So that was Applause. The color was lighter than that on her finger-nails.

"That's Red Dragon on my finger-nails," Joan said. "You like the other shade better, I agreed. "Well, let's try it," she said. The interruption over, I asked Joan how long she planned to stay in New York.

"Until Autumn. Then I have to return to the studio to make my next picture. It's called A Woman's Face. Ingrid Bergman acted a Swedish version of it some time ago. I'm hoping it is as good a role for me as Samp in Samp and God. That's my best part so far, and ......." The door opened. A tall, young man entered, handed Joan some hair pins, said, "Get 'em in place, I believe they're what you wanted."

"They are," replied Joan. "Thanks, Isadore." Isadore smiled and was gone. Joan reached into a grey bag a foot-and-a-half square, pulled out some yarn and needles and began to knit.

"Who's Isadore?" I asked.

"Isadore works in the M-G-M publicity department here, helps to make life smooth for me when I'm here in New York. He is so helpful on a trip I made to New York shortly after it had been reported I was to marry Franchot Tone that I suggested to the publicity department he might be very useful. He was a Western Union messenger at the time. When I got off the train at Grand Central there was a crowd of reporters and movie fans waiting. They bombarded me with questions about the rumor. I was bewildered. I didn't know what to say. I turned to the Western Union boy standing at my side. 'What will I say?' I asked him. 'Say: Time will tell,' he answered in a flash. I appreciated his quick-wittedness. It helped me out of an embarrassing moment."

JOAN said she had made three trips to New York in the last six months. This was the longest stay, however, she had made since she danced and sang in the chorus of the Winter Garden under the name of Lucille Le Seuer. I asked if the report were true that she had been looking up some of her old friends of those days. She said it was. She looked at me quizzically as if to ask if there is anything strange about that, as if to set at rest any stray notion that because one reaches the top in Hollywood one must necessarily lose touch with the people one must give oneself henceforth to new environments, new positions, new friends. After all, opportunism is a compelling force in the amusement world.

"I've always looked them up," she declared. "The fact that I may have been luckier than they don't mean they're no longer my friends."

The ones were assuming a rich carmine hue by now. The art work was fascinating to watch. I noticed a thin bracelet around Joan's ankle, said something about it. Joan bent over, adjusted the charm which revealed a heart-shaped ruby surrounded by diamonds, looked to me for approval. I played safe—I didn't set a price. The door opened slowly. Another woman in white stuck her head in, purred, "Would you like to visit our Silhouette Shop after you're through?"

No, Joan didn't think she would today. The door closed.

"What's a silhouette shop?" I asked.

"A room where you get streamlined—face and body treatment, exercise. Hollywood gives you plenty of exercise."

"But do you really use it here?"

"Plenty. Mostly walking. I walk Pupchen, my dachshund, several times a day. I go on shopping tours afoot. I go marketing every morning and push a little cart around a store selecting groceries and vegetables. It's a lot of fun. I've done some horseback-riding, too."

JOAN has her own home in New York for the first time in many years, having leased a furnished apartment in East End Avenue. It was a pleasant change, she said, from hotel life. She has also rented a limousine, "a car outside of Hollywood," and she goes on frequent rides in Westchester County and Southern New England. The greenery of Connecticut especially enchants her.

"I stop the car often," she said, "just to stare at the green landscape. I had forgotten how beautiful it is. At first I had planned ... . " The door had opened again. Would these interruptions ever cease? A short, plumpish, good-natured woman appeared.

"Would you like something to drink—a Pepsi-Cola or an orangeade? It's such a warm day."

Joan refused. I didn't. I could have guzzled a pail of Pepsi-Cola.
"Yes, I had planned," she resumed, "to rent a place in Connecticut for the summer, but the New York apartment seemed more convenient. I decided I wanted to be more accessible to theatrical producers' offices."

Joan Crawford, it is well known, is looking for a play. Not any kind of a play. Not a play which, like too many of her pictures, she would have to carry, but one which would stand by itself upon its own merit. She does not want to duplicate the experience that was Katharine Hepburn's in a fiasco called The Lake nor that of Ruth Chatterton last Spring, whose play never even reached Broadway.

"For six years I've been looking for a suitable play," she said, "I have read more than 500 manuscripts, including picture ideas in that time...."

"Let me get you an ice pack of cologne?"
The soft drink woman had returned with my refreshment and had seen Joan bathing her wrists. The suggestion appealed to Joan and shortly she was holding an ice bag drenched with cologne on the back of her neck.

"Yes, I'd like to do a play," she went on, "but it must be a good play and not just a vehicle for a star. I've had plenty of opportunities to play in musical comedy, but that would mean dancing and singing and I don't want to do either. I want to get my teeth into a good dramatic role."

Perhaps, her brilliant screen performance in the Gertrude Lawrence role in Susan and God will stimulate some dramatist to fashioning a play that will suit her, a drama that will be written not for a specific Hollywood star but for an actress who has steadily developed an ability to probe deeply into character, who can present not just another case of make-believe but a genuine slice of life. For Joan Crawford has come far since the days of the Dancing Daughter type of film. Her character has matured. She wants not only to have friends but to influence people.

She wants to do the worthwhile thing in her designing for living as well as in her career. Beneath a still happy-go-lucky exterior she has found new happiness, new responsibility in the baby girl called Christina, she has adopted. She is proud of her enterprise in collecting through the sale of her autograph a considerable sum for the International Committee for Refugees in France.

Anyone who wants her autograph must pay her 25 cents. In an hour in a department-store, recently, she collected more than $27.00 for the fund.

THE pedicuring job was finished. The effect was rather startling to the eye. Startling, but not shocking, Joan Crawford has good-looking feet—small, well-shaped and substantial, with not the slightest sign of disfigurement. She could never qualify for a bunion derby, your correspondent can testify. Yet, she couldn't repress a wonder if the day will soon be here when those who can qualify will have their bunions painted. She pulled on her stockings and shoes, relaxed again for the finger-nail smearing. The door—the ever-busy door opened. A telephone operator appeared.

"A call from California!"

Joan was back directly and in a few minutes her fingers were as bright red as her toes. A finger as with a house takes it, seems three coats of paint. We had been

an hour-and-a-half in Room 10, Joan had enjoyed the relaxation. And she added that her present trip to New York had been pretty much one of relaxation.

"I have seen only one play this trip and I have attended no sports events. Most of my time has been spent at home reading plays, shopping around and taking motor rides in the country."

"Have you even been to the races?" I asked.

"Not once, I don't care for horse racing, even under the most attractive conditions as in California. I'm getting acquainted with the folksy side of New York, am living the kind of life that the great majority of its citizens live, and I like it. I'm hoping I don't get called back suddenly to the studio. If I do, well I'll just have to pick up Pupchen and hop a train."

Joan's appointment was over. For not more than a minute I stood outside while she dressed. Firemen have nothing on Hollywood stars in the business of getting dressed rapidly. We made our way to the lounge.

A thunderstorm was breaking. Joan and I got into her car. Pupchen was there. So was the ever-faithful Isadora. She was holding her hands up awkwardly in front of her. She didn't want to ruin the paint job. The crack of thunder, the flash of lightning made her uneasy. She wanted to get home as quickly as possible. Some schoolgirls edged up to the car windows.

"Will you be coming out tonight?" they asked, hopefully.

"Not if it's like this," Joan replied.

"Do you ever get tired of people tagging you around?" I asked.

"Tired? I love it."

A forthright person, Joan Crawford.

---

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CLARENCE BROWN
Director of "Edison, the Man"

"Understanding" people from whom you're trying to get a job done, is one of the prime requisites of success," says Clarence Brown, who has just rounded out twenty-five years of directing motion pictures. "Without trying to impose myself upon the star, I have attempted to get close to the individual's personality. I have tried to make a minute analysis of each star I've worked with—not only of his ability, great or small, here, as the case may be, but of his emotional set-up. I have saved considerable time and no end of emotional strain by discovering that loud laughter disconcerts Joan Crawford; that Paul Muni is easily taken out of a mood by a noisy conversationalist; that cigar smoke upsets Helen Hayes."

Clarence Brown has never made a flop. From his first assignment in 1915—the Clara Kimball Young production, Trilby—he has advanced, step by step, with the screen. He contributed such triumphs as Anna Christie, Anna Karenina, Conquest—all starring Greta Garbo—Idiot's Delight, Ah, Wilderness, and Edison, the Man, which starred Spencer Tracy.

When making Edison, the Man, Tracy, whom Brown considers a great actor and a grand person, revealed many facets of his personality to the director who was deliberately watching for them. That is how he likes to learn about his people—furtively—when they are completely unconscious of his observations.

His genius for getting along with people springs from his tolerance and from his analytical study of them. "Stars of the screen are constantly being blamed for temperament—unjustifiably," says Brown, defending the acting craft.

"A star," says Brown, "will frequently react to something seemingly unimportant which may interfere with a mood or train of thought. This is often taken for temperment, but is really a defense against a mental sidetrack that will interfere with the work of acting. What the star is actually doing is setting up a barrier against interference with the job at hand. It's purely a matter of self-protection."

"His ability to do this, however, is what makes the actor or actress great. When a mind is sensitive to extraneous impressions, that mind is also sensitive to dramatic suggestions. The director's task then is to implant dramatic suggestions, and protect the player from extraneous suggestions."

"I know I get furious if, when concentrating on how to play a scene, some general soul comes up, slaps me on the back, and tells me what he won at the races. He's actually interfered with my job, but if I show him I'll look reproachful and declare that 'Brown's feeling his art and getting temperamental.'"

Directed Big Names

MR. BROWN was twenty-five years old before he had an opportunity to express himself in the then new medium of entertainment. Born in Clinton, Mass., he studied engineering at the University of Tennessee where he received degrees in electrical and mechanical engineering.

It was during the post college years when he had established an automobile agency in Birmingham, Ala., that the early celluloid ventures exerted a tremendous appeal on him. So much so, that he gave up selling autos and set out for the studios at Fort Lee, N. J., where he was engaged as assistant director to Maurice Tourneur on the production of Trilby.

For the next six years Mr. Brown learned his trade at the same studio before United Artists secured his services in 1921 and brought him to Hollywood. Five years later he moved over to the M-G-M lot, where his first assignment was the direction of a promising young actress, Greta Garbo, in Flesh and the Devil.

The list of stars he has directed in their his best efforts reads like a Hollywood "Who's Who." It includes Garbo, Valentino, Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery, Joan Crawford, Wallace Beery, Myrna Loy, Charles Boyer, Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Fredric March, John Barrymore, Nelson Eddy, Lionel Barrymore, and Jeanette MacDonald—name some of the headliners past and present.

Browns latest triumph, Edison, the Man, stars Spencer Tracy as inventor. Scene shows the electric light invention.
movie offer, I said, 'No. You might not be a good actor.' But he asked his girl, and his girl said 'YES'—so he became an actor. Now look at him. He’s a director.

He doesn’t know how he became a comedian.

'I didn’t plan it that way. I never had the idea I was a comic. If I had a comedy part to do, it didn’t bother me. I was willing to play anything."

'I was doing a play for Oliver Morosco here on the Coast, when Edgar Selwyn wanted to borrow me for a comedy part in a New York show. Morosco said, 'I think he’s a lousy comedian.' Selwyn said, 'I think he’s a good comedian, but a lousy dramatic actor.' I didn’t know, myself. It didn’t matter to me what kind of part I played, as long as it paid off. So I became a comedian for Selwyn, and later I became a dramatic actor for Morosco.

'For a while on the stage I was an hallucination guy—one of those characters who hear bells. I first went into the movies as a drunk. After that, for a few years, I was a henpecked husband. The last few years, I’ve played old men, fathers. Now I’m playing well-dressed sports. After just so much experience, you can adapt yourself to any part. The trick is to get the experience. I got most of mine in stock companies here on the Coast, over a period of ten years, playing a different role every week."

'Learning a new role every week isn’t everybody’s idea of easy work. But then, as Charlie says, not everybody has had a taste of what it’s like, wrestling packing cases. He’s convinced that he was lucky in his movie debut, in Gentlemen of the Press—playing an editor with a continuous smileful, whose clothes looked slept in. "If I had had to dress up, and worry about my looks, I’d never have made the grade."

'There is no doubt that he has made the grade, even if he isn’t a pretty boy. Most of the pretty boys can envy his weekly salary—which Warners have lately been paying gladly, to have him in No Time for Comedy and Honeydove for Three. Hollywood is full of heroes. But actors who can make any picture amusing are rare.

'He wouldn’t have to work so hard—or, at least, so often—if there were more comedians. That thought has made him toy with the idea of starting a School for Comedians, and placing the graduates in the movies. The only trouble is, he became a comedian so unintentionally himself, he doesn’t know what the required courses ought to be.

'All I know about comedy is that you have to observe human nature seriously to be able to portray it comically. That’s why most comedians are such sourpusses in private life. You have to be serious to be funny."

'He smiles too frequently, himself, to be labeled a sourpuss. But he insists he is a serious man. Certainly he isn’t a playboy. The Hollywood night-spots never see him. When he dines out, he finds the most inconspicuous spot in a restaurant. (In the Brown Derby he hides at the corner table behind the cashier’s booth.) He has none of the urges of the show-off. The way he puts it is: “Garbo and I—we don’t get around much.”

'Seven or eight years ago, he wondered what it would be like to live in an orange grove. He bought a place in the Valley, to find out. He’s still there, surrounded by flowers he has grown, himself—to his own surprise. "When I feel an urge to bet on the horses," he says, "I buy a plant, instead, and put it in the ground, which not only gives me something for my money, but gives me exercise." He also keeps that wasteline down with handball, at which he is a champion. He has a schoolboy complexion, which completely belies the fact that he has been in the theatrical business better than thirty years.

'Today, his affections are mostly concentrated on his dogs—of which he has approximately a hundred.

'His liking for liquor is confined to fine wines—which means he isn’t an imbiber. Neither is he a hen-pecked husband. He was married once, briefly, "but it didn’t take." He isn’t a father, and he isn’t an old man. He dresses well—but conservatively, not spottily. In other words, he hasn’t been playing himself on the screen. He has been acting . . . Which, Charlie insists, is the easiest form of work he has ever heard about.

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young life, is separated from her daughter . . . She'll make her home with son Leif, in California . . . Dan wants his bride to give up her career . . . He doesn't object to her producing . . . The New York Board of Education is devoting an entire chapter in a civics book to Carole Lombard's statement last year that she just loves to pay her big income tax to the government each year . . . Muriel Angelus has a restless gal around town while trying to make up her mind to wait for the new theatrical season . . . Paramount didn't pick up her option, but there was handsome publicity director Cliff Lewis who did . . . So Muriel is giving Hollywood another chance to discover that she can sing, and would like to . . . Helen Gabagan and Melyn Douglas were Calif.-born delegates to the democratic convention . . . It may be Douglas For President, someday, who knows? . . . Lela Rogers will produce a play on Broadway this Fall . . . There's a Boystown in Tokyo, [Continued from page 12]
An informal conference on sidelines finds co-stars Ronald Colman and Ginger Rogers with director Lewis Milestone between scenes of their new opus, Lucky Partners. It's a comedy in which the stars become joint owners of a winning sweepstakes ticket.

Most puzzled man in Hollywood is Francis Lederer... He's not sure whether it's his romantic appeal or some hidden 'kicks' trait in his make-up that caused that silly happening on the set of The Man I Married... It all came about when the prop man working on this picture out at 20th Fox, asked for the first pass he's ever requested in his sixteen years of work. The pass was for his brother and family to visit the set and see how movies are made... In the party was a nineteen-year-old gal who has an extra special yen for this guy Lederer... What with the excitement of being on a movie set and seeing her idol in person, the gal just fumbled and fainted away... Then when she came to and found it had been none other than Lederer who picked her up, she passed out for the second time... The gal having the most fun in Hollywood these days is Carole Lombard... For hours every day, Carole practices carrying stacks of dishes for her role as a waitress in her next film... With the help of a real waitress from the studio commissary, Carole is learning the gentle art of carrying plates of food without balancing the length of her arm... So far the casualties have been 13 plates, but sauce and the waitresses' underarms... And if you think the Lombard isn't taking advantage of her opportunity to wash up until you know the gal... That hefty punch you're going to get from Jimmy Cagney land on the shoulder of Ann Sheridan in City for Conquest—isn't safe that it spins the gal clear around—is a phony... When Jimmy first read the script and found he was supposed to take a punch at Anthony Quinn, miss fire and hit Ann instead, he balked... Remember it was four years ago when Jimmy last hit a lady in a film—and he says never again!... So, for two weeks Loney practiced, with the help of his athletic conditioner and the prop girl adviser on the film, till he had perfected a blow that would go by Ann's shoulder, smack into his own open palm for the desired sound effect, and fool the camera into making it look like the real thing.

I F YOU WONDER why Randy Scott wears a glove on one hand during his scenes in When the Daltons Rode it's because he slammed a car door without first removing his fingers, and has to wear it in a splint... It's going to make you positively dew-eyed—that big romantic scene in Briophian Young... It's got all those heart-pulleers from way back. Covered wagons, campfires in the distance, soft sighs sounds of cattle and the boy (Ty Powers) taking the girl (Linda Darnell) in his arms at the fade-out... But to Annabella—Mrs. Power—it's not so hot... Annabella was visiting the set the day they shot the scene, and when it was all over, Director Henry Hathaway asked her how she liked it... "It was all right... Except I didn't think Tyrone was so good... I've known him to kiss better than that!..." She should... Ronald Colman is going to be careful where he wanders to practice his lines after this... The other day over at RKO where he is making You Can't Be Too Careful, Ronnie went behind the scenes to do a little dialogue practice... But didn't stay long... While back, he stepped on gripman Eddie Trickle's latest invention for catching mice... It's a weird confusion of tin and wire, baited with cheese, and hooked up to the electric light system... Colman doesn't know about the mice-exterminating qualities of it, but it felt like an electric hot foot to him.

There's one thing Director Merrvyn LeRoy demands in his pictures, and that's realism... That's why, when you see Escape, you'll suffer with Bob Taylor as he is being questioned by the two Gestapo agents... Bob looks like he's supposed to—a man talking for his life, perspiration forming on his forehead in big drops—and running down his cheeks and off the end of his nose... A swell piece of acting... But Merrvyn assured himself of the right effect. regardless of the acting, by placing a gas burner under Bob's chair... Because Kay Francis is allergic to hay and goes off in fits of sneezing and nose-flow whenever she gets near it, the hay you will see in scenes of Little Men is perfumed... Yep—every morning the haystacks get a cologne bath so Kay won't get a whiff of what Nature meant hay to smell like, and smell the scenes... On the same set, Jack Oakie and Charles Winninger are going around on built-up shoes, because Kay is so much taller than they!... There's still some modesty left in Hollywood... Little eight-year-old Joan Carroll had to do a scene in Laddie in which she was spanked... One of those good old across-the-jaws, skirts-up businesses administered by Martha O'Driscoll... After several had taken the director told Joan she wasn't acting natural... From her very undignified horizontal position, Joanie came back with this very un-Hollywoodian remark—"I'm sorry, but I'm so embarrassed with my hips up that I can't act natural!... Brian Aherne is nothing if not a gentleman... After hitting Rita Hayworth so hard over the head with a kewpie doll for a scene in It Happened In Paris that the gal passed out, Brian sent her six dozen roses as a peace offering.

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Visit Your Neighborhood Drug Store During Nationally Advertised Brands Week—October 4th-12th
Carole Landis said no to Ping. She would have none of it. She would have none of the party planned to introduce the “Ping” Girl to the Press.

AMBITION to be of the school of Bette Davis, Margaret Sullivan, Vivien Leigh, and Cole intends to build her career on her abilities as an actress, not on her bust, hip and waist measurements. To this end, she is working hard. She is taking direction and singing lessons. She is studying piano and French. Also her performances of other actresses. She was positively rapt when she spoke of Vivien Leigh’s work in *Waterloo Bridge*. She has seen every picture Bette Davis has ever made, not once but at least three times. When she was at Warners, she spent every minute she could manage on the Davis sets, watching Bette work, observing the way she uses her hands, the inflections of her voice.

Miss Landis, alas for “Ping,” is more than a touch on the serious side. She collects records, for instance. No, not Swifty, but a library of classical music, Debussy, Sibelius and such. She belongs to the Book-of-the-Month Club and discussed with me Mrs. Neville Henderson’s *The Failure of a Mission*, Will Devereux’s *The Love and the Lesson*, and the lesson taught all belles who rely upon their beauty in the delicate tragedy of Mr. Skeffington.

She doesn’t like night-clubbing. She enjoys going to the movies. She likes to go home parties. She likes long, easy, after-the-way-out idea for dinner. She loves to putter in a garden. She loves dogs and has three, two cockers and a huskie. Or rather, she had three, the two cockers were recently kicked out of the garden she is in love of (of which more later) and says so. She is honest and forthright. She has the attitude of mind you might expect to find in a plain woman with a Phi Beta Kappa key on her charm bracelet, but which is startling to find in a girl with, well, I can’t seem to keep away from it—with the specifications of a Landis.

Not that Carole is heaven. Heavens, no! Like all girls, she’s clothes-crazy. She just bought herself a silver fox coat and described it to me, gloatingly. She’s crazy to have "a wonderful white fox coat." She said, "I love clothes. I think there’s nothing on earth like clothes. I’d like nothing better than to take all my money, every week, and blow it all on clothes!"

But, to balance this, Miss L. has sensibly supplied herself with a manager who does out her money to her, thriftily and systematically. She has no intention, has Miss Landis, of ending her career in a roominghouse with full scrubbers and an empty stomach. In five words, she hasn’t a butterfly brain.

When she told me her life story she was honest, her other evasions nor excuses about some of the things some girls would duck and dodge.

She eloped at the tender age of fifteen. Her bridesmaid was thirteen. The youngest US Senator, a, of course, and were married on January 14, 1934. "It was," smiled Carole reminiscently, "a very hectic thing."

Immediately after they were married, they drive back home in time to have Sunday dinner with Carole’s mother. Carole hid the license in her bureau drawer until dessert. Then she broke the news. Stunned, her mother, at first, gave them her blessing.

Later thinking it over, realizing the babies they were, she insisted that Carole remain at home, go back to school. . . . “That was pretty awful,” Carole laughed, “because, of course, I’d said dramatic goodies to all the kids at school when I left that Friday afternoon. I told them I was going to be married, and would never, never be back. And then, come Monday morning, I was back. Married, but in name only. Married, but still staying yes, but we were, Mr. and Mrs. Rистe (Carole’s real name is Frances Ristie) then had the marriage annulled. Which, of course, added flame to the fuel of the slandered lovers. Carole appealed to her mother, had him, their marriage, gave his sanction to the marriage. Whereupon the two young people, feeling like characters out of a best-selling novel, got married again, went to live with the bridegroom’s mother, had classes and separated, this time without parental pressure, in a month’s time.

“I didn’t try to get a divorce” until last year said Carole. “I thought I’d be safer, married, I was such an a**hole kid. I was really quite overboard.”

AND now, of course, Carole being Carole, she is in love again. We have Ouija’s word for it that Carole is in love. And Carole doesn’t contrive to surprise Ouija. It happened like this: Carole was having her hair done one day not long ago. The operator produced a Ouija board and, while Carole was drying, inverted the spirit being Ouija.

Ouija was asked, “Is Carole in love?”

“Yes,” said Ouija.

“Who is Carole in love with, Ouija?”

“Bill Hunt,” Ouija spelled out and added, knowingly, “he’s a yacht broker.”

Carole’s hair dried, then and there, by the natural expedient of standing straight up on end. For she was “keeping company” with Ouija’s Hunt, a yacht broker but, the operator manipulating Ouija had never heard of Bill Hunt nor, she later explained, of yacht brokers!

She has now, though, for Carole proved Ouija right when she eloped with Bill to Las Vegas recently.

The most likable thing about Carole is her humanness. She’s really just like folks. Almost any girl reading about her can say, and say, I’m sure, “Why, I used to be like that,” or “I used to do things like that, too!”

Carole was born in Fairchil, Wisconsin, January 1, 1919, one of five children, three are now living. When she was less than a year old the family removed to San Diego; later to San Bernardino where Carole went to school, grew up.

She was always five, she told me, when she first began to notice movies. Alice White, Billie Dove, Lillian Gish (her own middle name is Lillian) were her favorites. She cut them out of magazines and thumb-tacked them on the bathroom wall. Her mother un-thumb-tacked them because she didn’t know that they were the right influences for Carole. Theatre people, dear me, the Ristes had never heard of.

Buddy Rogers was her first love . . . “Oh, he was my love,” she told me, “he was really my love . . . ” Eddie Quillan and Bob Steele got portions of her little-girl heart, too. But though she loved pictures and Pictures people who she never thought she would be a part of their world. She had a lovely voice and thought she would be a singer.
When Carole left San Bernardino to make her way in the world, she didn't head for Hollywood. Still it didn't occur to her that she would ever be a part of it...

She went to San Francisco. She danced and sang with orchestras and did right smart for herself. She saved her money. And then, her self-confidence hypoed, no doubt, by the instant recognition she had received in San Francisco, she decided to try Hollywood. She gave herself a certain amount of time. She budgeted her money. She lived simply and kept her eyes and ears wide open.

She read there was to be an open interview at Warners. It was a dance call. She was one of hundreds at that very open interview. Many were called but few were chosen. Carole was among the chosen. The dancing was tap. Carole couldn't do tap. But she thought, I'll go right out and find a teacher, I'll know how by tomorrow! But there wasn't any tomorrow. It was then and there, or never.

Carole doesn't know how she did it, but she did it! The picture went into production and Mr. Warner saw the rushes. He asked who she was, the blond girl with the—er—specifications. . . . That question was virtually the answer to Carole's career. For upon the strength of it she was put into the big finale number.

"In that picture," she told me, laughing, "every time you saw Dick Powell, you saw my face. There had to be a reason for putting me in the finale so they gave me bits to do in just about every scene. When I signed my contract I thought it would continue to be like that. It didn't. The biggest part I had on the Warner lot was in Blondes at Work with Glenda Farrell. I had a line to say in

[Continued on page 89]

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Love From a Stranger, with Basil Rathbone and Ann Harding, and Night Must Fall and The Earl of Chicago, both with Robert Montgomery, are, to me, the most gripping pictures I have seen.

I wish we would get more of these so-called psycho-thrillers. And why shouldn't they be more interesting than the inner workings of the human mind—especially the twisted mind?

NATURALLY I have some pet movie peeves, the greatest of which is the present epidemic of re-makes. Too many pictures made today are "do-overs" of those we have had time to forget. To see a favorite or six or seven years ago done over, recast and somewhat changed is like looking upon an old friend with his face fitted. He is the same and yet he is not, for his original personality has disappeared.

Another thing that is tiresome and confusing is the repetition of certain words and phrases in picture titles. They hit upon one word or idea that sounds good, and the first thing we have is a string of titles in the business has taken a crack at it in a title, and some of them twice.

And speaking of "good" words—what a grand time they had with that heavenly wardrobe, The Hundred and One Arabian Nights. Angel, Angels With Dirty Faces, Only Angels Have Wings, and The Angels Wash Their Faces. Each day I expect to see Asta, the pup, appear in one called Just Dog Gone Angel.

Then for a while numbers were the thing. I can remember when the following were all appearing in local theatres at one time: Metro Goldwyn, The Midnight Special, Three Blind Mice, Three Comrades, Three Loves Has Nancy, Four Men and a Prayer, Four Daughters, Four Is a Crowd, Port Of Seven Seas, Bluebird's Eighth Wife, One In a Million, and A Hundred Men and a Girl. I looked for District Attorney Devrey to break up that number racket, too, but gave up and bought myself a tally to keep score and avoid getting my numbers mixed.

As for endings—I prefer those that stimulate the imagination, and provoke some thought after one has left the theatre. The best of this type was Warner Brothers' splendid story of political greed and lynching—They Won't Forget, and Gone With the Wind, of course; for who among us has not discussed the ultimate fate of Scarlett and Rhett? Did she succeed in winning back his love? As with the book that will remain the unanswered question of the age. Thanks to Mr. Selznick for not attempting to answer it for us.

About censorship I have changed my mind—very definitely. In my early college days I was a great advocate of the Censorship-Strangles-Art movement, but since then I have realized the social service and the great work that goes on in New York's underprivileged children. These little tots with their alert and impressionable minds manage somehow—to see many movies, and by these methods they are surprisingly and vividly influenced.

I agree now with the Hays Office that we cannot be too careful in our restrictions. Unless there is a rigid law which prohibits small and impressionable children from seeing any picture, unless educational (or Walt Disney's), we adults will have to struggle along as best as can without "Art" of this kind.

If Hollywood is smart, however, it can treat any number of ticklish subjects intelligently and maturely and still not offend the censors, nor harmfully influence the young and impressionable. That excellent picture, Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet, has been handled in a way that has won the praise of Dr. Ehrlich and the executed production Warner Brothers made of this, the life of Dr. Ehrlich. Praise Allah, too, that at last long the genius of Edward G. Robinson's acting was given a chance to be recognized!

The situation in Europe at present is effecting our film market drastically, and I hear that stars and executives of most of the studios have agreed to take large salary cuts so that we may continue to enjoy our usual inexpensive entertainment.

As one who has no connection whatsoever with the film industry, I think we should all wish and every one of us—as a gesture of appreciation for what Hollywood has given us in the past—support the movies now as far as our incomes will permit.

There are 65,000,000 people (Sam Goldwyn's figures) who go to the movies every week. Let us assume each goes only once; if they went as much as five times, the weekly attendance would increase to more than 300,000,000, or if each went as often as twice a week (the attendance would amount to something around 455,000,000, WHAT an answer to a producer's prayer that would be!

I am a little tolerant with those people who rave about the films of "the good old days." I have spent some time in New York's Museum of Modern Art where many of the old films are shown. Some of them were good, yes, but the majority of them appear crude and rather unbelievable, now.

Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and Mabel Normand and Rudolph Valentino were charming personalities, and their work great because it was a foundation on which has been built the movie business. I wonder, though, if time will not cast a more glowing shadow upon today's screen personalities.

Will we not in ten or fifteen years from now look back and reminisce, nostalgically, about an English girl by the name of Vivien Leigh who won in Scarlett O'Hara the most coveted role in film history, and proved herself worthy of it.

Will we not one day sigh at the memory of the mischievous Spencer Tracy, who captured the hearts of American women, and at the same time succeeded in holding the respect and admiration of the ever-hard-to-please American man? Won't we tell our children and grandchildren of the gifted Paul Muni, who with a motion of his hand could be as eloquent as a Webster?

And last—but not least—will we not speak of the courageous and gallant fighting of the tousle-headed Mickey Rooney—who as Andy Hardy made us forget for a while a Dictator of the same initials? (If you have said that, Mr. Winchell, I have not heard it: so please do not accuse me of taking anything you say).

So—say what you may, and think what you will. Call me balmy, or an escapist, or anything, but to me the movies are still the greatest achievements of all time, and war or no war I intend to keep right on going to them—and every day, too—as long as there is a theatre left.

You bet I love the movies. To the tune of nearly $250 a year for paid admissions!
The Talk of Hollywood

[Continued from page 51]

2—A she-visitor to the set where John's doing this Great Profile stuff noticed a piano on the scene. Up she rushed to John with:
  "Oh, Mister Barrymore, do YOU play the piano?"

Gravely and sardonically, the great Jawn replied:
  "No, madam—they've closed all the places where I played the piano."

Besides that, the town reeks with other Barrymore tales. But most of them I can't tell you. Not even the one about what John told the clerk to do with the shirts he didn't want.

**Now, Woo-Woo's Who?**

**Hollywood** is still snickering about the gag that Hugh Herbert and Peter Lind Hayes played on that New York audience, while Lind was doing his recent personal appearance there. From the stage he announced he was going to give an imitation of Hugh Herbert. Then, loosening his tie, he dashed off into the wings—and in an instant, re-tightening his tie, he came back out and gave a PERFECTLY MARVELOUS impersonation of Herbert—so true-to-life that the audience broke into cheers as he dashed off again and kept up the cheers as he came back on-stage, loosening the tie again . . .

And not until they read this will any of that audience know that it really WAS Hugh Herbert, and NOT Peter Lind Hayes who gave the imitation of Hugh Herbert with his "woo-woo!" Lind had kept Hugh in hiding backstage, just for the gag!

**Terse Verse**

- Gals who fall for Jonny Hall
  Will fall and fall and fall and fall.

- Maxie's Cracksie!

- The Marx Brothers tell this one on Maxie Rosenbloom:—It's true that Rosenbloom, accompanied by Chico Marx, went to a real-estate agency to try to find a house for Maxie to rent. The agent described a certain Beverly Hills house in glowing terms—and Maxie was just about to sign on the dotted line when the realtor, in a final burst of enthusiasm, said:
  "Mr. Rosenbloom, I want to tell you that this house has absolutely NO FLAWS!"

Rosenbloom threw down the pen and stalked out with a disgusted: "What the hell am I supposed to walk on, then?"

**Terse Verse**

- Gals who look like Brenda Joyce
  Need never, never lack for boyce!

- But Shirley's No Dummy!

- Hollywood giggled all over when that wag at the restaurant, the other afternoon, seeing Mrs. Temple and Shirley and Edgar Bergen having lunch together, wanted to know if Bergen was trying to make a deal to use Shirley on his knee instead of Charlie McCarthy!

As this is written, Shirley's future is still up in the air. A deal with Joe Pasternak was floored when Pasternak explained that he wanted not only to cut Shirley's curls, but wanted her to share starring honors with Gloria Jean . . . .

Meantime, Shirley should worry! She got a contract settlement from 20th-Fox. And even her fellow-students at school are sure she's not going to make any more pictures. One little girl from Shirley's class really came home to her mama the other day and said:

"Shirley isn't going to work any more—until she starts her farewell tour when she's 13 or 14!"

**Another Shirley Problem?**

- Next of Hollywood's child stars to head for the 'tween-age hurdle seems to be Janie Withers . . .

Within less than a year, Janie has gained some three inches in height, and is growing fast. So her studio is taking time by the forelock; they're rushing her into two pictures in very quick succession, so they'll capture what's left of the Janie we all love. And then they'll sit back and see what Jane develops into.

[Continued on page 87]

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"My father was a farmer. Soon after I was born, my mother became seriously, chronically ill. Doctors said nothing could be done for her. My father couldn't believe that. He made up his mind to study medicine himself, to find a cure for her. We moved to a town where there was a medical school, and he went to school. My mother is still alive because my father found out how to make her well. But in what other country on earth would a farmer be able to make himself over into a doctor?

"I wanted to be an actor. I didn't have any theatrical background. I didn't have any dramatic training. I didn't have any pull.

"It was determination, more than anything else, that got me past my movie test. It was determination, more than anything else, that kept me plugging away for two years after that, trying to learn something about the business—hoping for a break. The point is, in America, a little guy can hope for a break if he tries hard enough. Everybody has equal opportunity.

"There's an old Hollywood saying so true that it's trite: 'Better be nice to the office boy. He might be a producer tomorrow.'"

Bob grinned chipperly.

"Yessir, something I'm willing to fight for is freedom of opportunity," he said.

And something else worth fighting for is the right of the little guy to have some say about who will govern him and how he'll be governed. Under the American set-up, he has some choice. Every time there's an election, he has his choice of executives and his choice of law-makers, and elections come often enough so that the boys can't hold their jobs very long if they don't do right by the little guy. I've skipped voting a few times in the past. But no more. From now on, I'm voting in every election.

"And I'm willing to fight for justice for the little guy—the right to be judged in public, by a jury of his equals. When that kind of justice goes, freedom goes with it. Tyranny takes its place.

"Maybe I don't go to church as often as I should, but as an American I have the right to go, any time I choose, to any church I choose. I'm willing to defend that right. Where there isn't religious freedom, there isn't any other kind of freedom.

"I believe in free speech. If you can't speak freely, you have no control over your own destiny. I want some control over mine. And there's another reason why I'll fight for it. It was freedom of speech that made America a great nation in the first place; it's what has kept it a great nation; and it's the hope of its continuing to be a great nation.

"Men have been free here to exchange ideas, free to try to advance civilization. All through history, other people have been deprived of that freedom, and every time, their civilization has taken a setback. Look at what's happening in the world today because a few dictators stifled free speech as soon as they got into power.

"I'm willing to fight for freedom of education. The little guy doesn't stand a chance if he isn't educated—and educated according to his talents. Everybody has some talent, of some kind, no matter how little a guy he is. I'm in favor of compulsory military training, because I'd like to see this country so well prepared that no one would dare tackle it. But I'm not in favor of drilling children. Let them have the fun of being children. But when a boy is through school, and about to accept the responsibilities of manhood, let him have six months of military training. It would make him fit, physically, for any job. And it certainly would be good for national defense."

He was interrupted by the jangle of the telephone, calling him back to the set to make love to Norma Shearer. As he hung up the receiver, he said, "They tell me I may get off early, have a chance to play golf."

As we walked out the door, he asked, "Well, how about it? Have I put it across that I don't like war, but there are some things I'll fight for?"

I told him that some people say that actors can do more for their country in time of war by not fighting—by sticking at their jobs as entertainers, keeping up public morale.

"I don't agree," said Bob. "Actors can do more for public morale by enlisting. If an actor isn't afraid to fight, there are a lot of other people who aren't going to be afraid to fight. If we have to go to war, I'm enlisting."

---

"We've been a Pepsi-Cola family ever since our Wedding Day"

For over 35 years delicious, wholesome Pepsi-Cola has been a family favorite. Now a favorite with millions—the big, 12-ounce bottle is packed with flavor... and one handy Home Carton takes care of a big family. Pleasing to the taste... easy on the purse... that's Pepsi-Cola.

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“Inter-Lude” by

MAIDEN FORM

has a habit of making his own stars, chose an absolute beginner.

All of which is a bit annoying to Dean Jagger. “Oh, I’m grateful all right, and thrilled too, but I’m not overcome,” he said, while telling this writer his amazing story. “This is my third trip to Hollywood and I was doing pretty well on the New York stage. Why, they even tried to stick a clause in my contract to change my name! But I’d rather chuck the whole thing than change it.

Dean speaks in a racy vernacular—the colorful language of the theatre. His refusal to change his name is characteristic of the man. He is honest, outspoken, and wants to be known for what he is, his harsh-sounding name included. When you meet him in person, you realize that it fits him well.

He has a certain earthy quality about him. He is a big, powerfully-built guy, towering to a height of 6 feet, 2 or 3 inches, and must weigh around 200 lbs. He is more virile than Gable, and has the fire of Fonda. His blue eyes blaze in a square-jawed ruddy face, which has the necessary appeal for the feminists.

The path of the man who wants to act not for the money and the glamor of it, but because he can’t help it, can be a very thorny one. And Dean has had his share of troubles in Hollywood. Although the film capital forced him to seek refuge on Broadway by casting him in lousy pictures, he is ready, bitter against Hollywood. He talks about his misfortunes here in strong words, but with philosophical good humor.

He has the common sense and humility of those who have been humbled and prides himself on being practical-minded. He is relaxed, self-confident, and speaks his mind. You don’t see on his face the telltale marks of constant worry and nervous tension which lie behind the copyrighted smiles of so many screen heroes.

“Hollywood is a town of fear,” Dean said. “They are afraid, of whom and of what I don’t know. They are afraid of losing their jobs, afraid of being bored. They are jittery, from the highest to the lowest. They don’t seem to enjoy working. The moment you finish your work in Hollywood, you want to go somewhere else. What kind of business is that? So many of them want to make money as fast as they can, and then retire and take it easy. But I have no intention of ever retiring. I’d rather act than call.”

Indeed, the average fan has no idea of the tremendous fear complex in all the brackets and branches of the motion picture industry! At least the stars have far more leisure than the average stenographer and salesgirl, and the millions of words you have read about their tough lives in Hollywood’s glamorous factories are just so much baloon juice.

“It isn’t so in the theatre,” Dean explained. “One reason for this freedom of stage actors is that they aren’t under the tyranny of what I may call the mechanism of motion pictures. Eighty per cent of your success on the screen depends on what camera men, sound engineers, etc., can do for you. But when I’m on the stage, I don’t care what the director says, who writes the play or who is producer. It stands squarely on my feet, and the responsibility of my success or failure is entirely my own. I deal with my audience directly.

“IT’S a wonderful feeling when you know that you’ve gained a mastery over your audience and you do enjoy it, and you like. You can make them laugh or weep without having to worry about how far you are standing from the camera and micro-

phone. In the theater or not there is a shadow on your nose.”

The movie star’s best scene may lie on the cutting-room floor. And he has to do his acting piece-meal, with no opportunity for continuous sustenance of the end of the picture may be shot before the beginning. And there are all kinds of interruptions. At least 500 other people are in some way responsible for his success or failure. Hence, among other things, the practice of giving expensive gifts when a picture is finished.

“In New York,” Dean continued, “you’re free to live your own life. But here everybody is interested in you and in what you’re doing, and people are so disconcertingly friendly. You feel that you’re being constantly watched, and if you don’t reveal yourself to the complete satisfaction of all concerned, you feel you’re being snobby.

“I’m not a very revealing guy. The only time I can really reveal myself is when I’m acting. And in the final analysis, both in pictures and on the stage there’s only one thing that really counts, and that’s what you do up there, on the screen or stage.

“There are no tags attached to the players informing the audience that this guy is good, that one is bad, this one is wise and that one is foolish. You come from a good family and that one was born on the wrong side of the tracks. Can you interpret the character you are playing so sincerely and believably that you carry the audience with you? Can you infect the audience with your own emotions? That’s what really matters.”

Show business, according to Jagger, is a cruel world. “We actors, I say, our agents are something of a veteran in show business, and from time to time newcomers seek my advice. I wish I knew the magic formula of success. Can you tell me what you think is the key of success? Luck is necessary for success, of course, and is a certain amount of experience. But I don’t think success is entirely a matter of ability, luck and experience.

“An beginner has to overcome if he wants to succeed as an actor, especially in Hollywood. And that’s where he has to learn exactly what he can do and have self-confidence, otherwise he’s sunk. Since eighty per cent of his success on the screen depends on mechanics, he must have a hell of a lot of confidence in the other 20 per cent to make good. My advice to beginners is never to ask for advice, but know exactly what you can do, and go ahead and do it.”

Dean distinguished himself in New York by getting jobs when there were few and far between. He became a sort of minor legend of success, and a certain highly ambitious but unsuccessful young actress, Antoinette Lawrence, heard so much about him that she asked to see him. A year later after an introduction she became Mrs. Dean Jagger.

He was at the time under contract to Paramount. The studio let him take four days off to get married. He put in a hurried long-distance call to his fiancée in Boston, then hopped the first plane East. But bad weather forced the plane down eight times,

The Dean Sounds Off

[Continued from page 42]
and when our groom arrived in Boston for
the wedding, he was three days late—and
the wedding ceremony had been postponed
three times!

After five years of married life the Jagger
are still madly in love with one
another. They never have any petty
arguments. They are inseparable companions, and
when Dean goes on location or a stage tour
she is sure to be with him. They have many
close friends and enjoy long walks of life,
"from the important to the most un-
important," as he puts it. Perhaps their
clearest Hollywood friends are the Fred
Mcmurries. Dean met the pride of Beaver
Dale, Wis., when they both entered pictures at about the same
time.

"Brigham Young," Dean said enthu-
siastically, "is the best part I've ever had. Henry
Hartaway is a great director, and I'm very
happy to work under him. If I fail in this
one, I won't even make another picture. But
I hope to turn in an outstanding perfor-
ance. I don't mind saying that my great
ambition is to be a first-rate creative actor, and
not merely a good one.

Incidentally, his wife in this picture is
Mary Astor, who was also his wife in The Woman From Hell. It started out to be the
best picture, then, when they talked with a
smile, "and wound up as the last of the
silents.

Jagger first came to Hollywood when the
Mormon prophet put him in The Woman From Hell as a
leading man. That was his first picture, and
because of various mechanical difficulties,
proved to be a rather unfortunate one. From
then his career went down, and nobody
would give him a chance to do some
real acting. He played cowboys and Indians,
and, once, for two months, lived among Hopi
and Navajo Indians to write a story about
them. But he couldn't get a part. When they
shaved off his brown hair and made him
an Egyptian prince in The Sign of the Cross,
he thought he had enough of movie
glory and went back East to the New
York stage.

That was in 1932. He talked his way into
a role in Tobacco Road, and later made a
bit in They Shall Not Die, with Claude
Rains. But it was another movie offer, this
time from Paramount, and he came back to Hollywood to show 'em
what he could do. But it was substantially
the same old story again. He stayed with
Paramount for a while, and then and fre-
anced for a while.

Three years ago, after working in some
thirty unimportant pictures, I left Holly-
wood with my wife and went East, Dean
said. "I have nothing against those standard-
ized, small budget B pictures. There must
be a demand for them, or they wouldn't
make them. And if you're happy working
in it, swell, but I wasn't. In fact, on
an average only ten out of every hundred
pictures are worth working in. A small
budget necessarily doesn't mean a bad
picture, but usually a good picture costs
money. Good writers, directors, actors, are
expensive.

"So we went East, and I did a play in
summer stock. The name of the play was
Michael Drop. It was the lowest moment
in my life. Here, I had come back to the
stage and given a bad performance. I felt
terrible. I kept telling my wife that night
that I was a failure—went at it for hours.
Failure in pictures, and failure on the stage.
I got her terribly upset.

"But the next day, a representative of
Guthrie McInerny of the Theatre Guild,
told me that I had been chosen to play Jesse
James in the Missouri Legend, opposite
Dorothy Gish. It was from one extreme to
the other in twenty-four hours. Was I
thrilled! Life was worth living again. I did
several other plays on Broadway, and I was
preparing to go into William Saroyan's
Love's Old Sweet Song, when I was offered
this marvelous part in Brigham Young. So
I called Hollywood, but as you see
I'm no beginner.

Like the Mormon prophet he portrays,
Jagger has a tremendous vitality about him,
combined with a certain spiritual quality
which can be traced back directly to his
early contact with the soil. He was born on
November 7, 1903, on an Ohio farm, and
when he was five years old the family
moved to another farm in Indiana. He was
so big and mentally mature for his age that
at 17 he was appointed as teacher in a rural
school where the onery farm boys had
repeatedly driven out a succession of women
teachers. Dean took charge of the situation
and soon made himself very popular with
the students.

While doing chores on his father's farm
he recited poems and made speeches to
imaginary audiences. Splendid foundation
and background for his subsequent career as
an actor. Jagger's head may be in the clouds,
but his feet stand firmly on the ground. You
feel the earthy power of the man as you talk
to him. He knows the psychology, the
secret longings, the unvoiced joys and
sorrows of the people who work with
their hands, who till the soil and make things
grow in a farm yard.

"You can't push those people around," he
said, with a prophetic gleam in his
eyes. "You can't scare them and you can't
ever fool them. I can talk their language
and I know them, and I hope when they
see me acting they'll know me, recognize
me as somebody they can understand.

Hollywood is getting closer to the
problems of the so-called common people,
who number at least 120,000,000
America. Artistic plots are gradually
waying to real stories of real people.

The people have elected Mickey
Rooney King of Hollywood, and we have
made a picture as The Grapes of Wrath.
The false glamour of former days, all those
fantastic sets and silly heroics of stan-
dardized cinematic tinsies, all that awful
tinsel, is now nearly vanished.

As real people and real situations
replace them on the screen, real acting is
demanded of our movie stars. They are
charged with the responsibility of inter-
preting the realities to our filmgoers who
are like the characters they see on
the screen. Hence, we have a new Ginger
Rogers, a new Marlene Dietrich. And at
last, an actor like Dean Jagger gets a
real break.

WE APOLOGIZE

Last month the editors promised MO-
TION PICTURE readers that they'd find
a pertinent story—WHAT EVERY GIRL
SHOULD "NO" AT COLLEGE—in
the October issue. We're sorry we had to
disappoint you, but the story was un-
avoidably delayed. However, you will
surely find this story in the November
issue of MOTION PICTURE. You don't
have to go to College to appreciate this
entertaining story containing advice to
you from Hollywood's star graduates.
It's waiting for you—the very first time you use HAMPDEN POW'D-`BASE! This wonderful beauty foundation...
- gives your skin a soft, smooth, more youthful appearance
- keeps your make-up fresh and lovely for hours
- helps conceal lines and blemishes
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HAMPDEN POW'D-`BASE "makes" your make-up. It's the perfect powder base because it is light, non-greasy, easy-to-use, in convenient stick form... and most important, it comes in your own complexion shade. Be sure to try it today—for the make-up surprise of your life!

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BLONDES with DARKENED HAIR

Special New Shampoo Washes Hair Shades Lighter Safely!

Blondes, was your hair darkened unattractively? Don't let it stay that way! Remember blonde hair requires special care. Its texture is so delicate that ordinary shampoo methods may cause it to fade, streak or darken.

Do what millions of other blondes do. Use New Blondex, the special shampoo that washes it safer, lighter and brings out the full radiant loveliness, the buttons sheen and highlights that can make blonde hair so attractive. New Blondex costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Fine for children's hair, too. Get it today at any good store.

W-B stars, workers at studio mass meeting heard H. M. Warner speak against Fifth Columnists. Down front—the Pat O'Briens, the Cagneys, Ann Sheridan, Brent latest hangout is that Chinese restaurant run by Cameraman James Wong Howe, called "Ching Howe's." They're there sooooo

[Continued on page 88]

Maybe they never will get married—your Old Tattler is one of those who's going to lose a bet if they DO—but all the same, George Brent and Ann Sheridan are certainly stupendous good friends! Their Hollywoodians are decorated with tropical leis when arriving or departing from Honolulu. Irene Dunne and hubby, Dr. Francis Griffin, are decorated when leaving the islands on the S. S. Matsonia
The Talk of Hollywood

[Continued from page 81]

And so will the Withers family... with fingers crossed.

What's in A Name?
■ And M-G-M answers that if it's Ruth Hussey's name, there's a lot of grief in it...
■ Ever since the Hussey has clicked so big, the studio has been in a stew about that name. Particularly because a lot of exhibitors from the Midwest are reporting that some of their more straight-laced patrons are complaining that "Hussey" is NOT a nice word—even if Ruth IS nice.
■ On the other hand, it's too late to rename Ruth now. Renaming of stars-to-be usually happens long before they make reputations for themselves. Ruth has already made a name for herself.

Terse Verse
■ But folks who rave about Ruth Hussey Certainly wouldn't be so hussey!

Here's How Rumors Are Born
■ All Hollywood was agog the other day, when from the studio came reports that Joan Blondell and Dick Powell are anticipating another stork visit...
■ Traced down, the rumors were found to have come from the visitor to the set who saw Joan, between takes, knitting a tiny sweater—a garment obviously much too small for Ellen Powell, the youngest of the Powell brood.
■ But—if the visitor had stayed on the set a few minutes longer, the truth would have come out: for at noontime, Joan's maid carried onto the set a little two-months-old cocker spaniel—and Joan tried the sweater on it for a fitting.
■ And not even Hollywood could say that Joan's gonna have pups!

Lionel's Rebellion
■ Not all the wise-cracks in the Barrymore family come from John. Now and then, brother Lionel makes one. Like the other day, when he protested against plans to cast him in another role that requires him to sit through the picture in a wheel-chair.
■ "I'm fed up on wheel-chairs!" exploded Lionel, "I've been sitting in one so long that my—ah—legs look like a waffle!"

Gypsy Rose Auer
■ The patrons in that downtown Los Angeles burlesque house will probably NEVER get over the shock of what they saw the other night. A trio of Hollywoodians—Edgar Kennedy, Eddie Quillan and Mischa Auer—went to the show just for fun, and got so full of the spirit of the thing (anyway, SOME kind of spirit) that they stomped right up onto the stage and did an impromptu black-out—climaxd with an utterly astounding strip-tease act by Mischa Auer.
■ However, Miss Auer's ears must have burned—alld of 'em!'

Jackie Gets His Pitcha Took
■ Most mortifying experience in all of Jackie Cooper's life facing a camera lens came the other day—

After years of training in the basic rule of a movie actor's creed—NEVER look into the camera lens!—Jackie had to have THIS happen to him: along with 274 classmates in the graduating class of Beverly Hills High School, Cooper was grouped on the school steps for the graduation-day group photo. All of a sudden, the commercial photographer popped out from under his black cloth and screamed:

"Hey, you—you guy in the third row there—DON'T YOU KNOW ENOUGH TO LOOK AT THE CAMERA WHEN YOU'RE HAVING YOUR PICTURE TOOK?"

Yes—it was Jackie Cooper! Incidentally, here's a little item we don't think is common knowledge. Jackie's mother, one of the most beloved screen mothers in all Hollywood, made this lovely gesture: she-supplied the bouquets and the graduation gowns, as well, for sixteen girls in Jackie's class, who, because of slim family finances would otherwise not have had these bits of finery!

Fish Story a la Hollywood
■ It remained for Guy Kibbee to bring back a new kind of fishing story from a recent piscatorial expedition into the wilds of upper Oregon. Well aware of the skeptical guffaws that greet most fishermen's tales of their catch, Kibbee left nothing for his friends to laugh at—
■ From his fishing trip, he dispatched several big salmon he had caught, to an Oregon cannery, and had them pack the fish in tins bearing a specially-printed label telling that the contents had been caught by Guy Kibbee on such-and-such a day.
■ And Guy sent a can to each of his friends in Hollywood.

Terse Verse
■ Gals who jitter about Richard Greene Always stay mentally sweet sixteen!

Hollywood Chatter
■ The town is glad to see that Sylvia Fairbanks, after months of poignant grief over the death of Douglas, is beginning to be seen out again... war charity work, Red Cross activities, are helping bring Sylvia out of the depths of her mourning... old-timers' set-of-the-month is the King of the Royal Mounted stage, where one-time silent-movie stars Bryant Washburn and Herbert Rawlinson are in the cast—and also Wallace Reid, Jr., son of the greatest silent-days star of all... trickiest fan-letter of the month came to little Edith Fellows on the set of Out West With the Peppers—it was an eight-foot square of woven kelp, from a fan in far-away Solomon Islands, and painted on it was a huge oriental character—which the studio research department discovered was ancient Fijian geography meaning "sound health and good fortune"... screwiest eater-outer in Hollywood is Alan Mowbray—he starts with his dessert and finishes with the soup—and drives waitresses nuts!

Terse Verse
■ Girls who dream of Orson Welles Usually wake up uttering yells!

Visit Your Neighborhood Drug Store During Nationally Advertised Brands Week—October 4th-12th
**THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER**

[Continued from page 86]

Hollywood is cuh-razy over hosses. Among those who like to see 'em run at Hollywood Park are La Dietrich, Connie Bennett, and latter's new palsy-walsie Richard Ainley

Janet Gaynor and Adrian are a proud mummy and pappy now—through the arrival of a seven-pounder, Robbin Gaynor Adrian. Mom will combine mamahood with her career. Pop will rock the cradle often, gazing into each other's eyes with might and (chow) mein!

[Continued on page 90]

The Brian Ahernes fly their own plane. When they're grounded Mrs. A. (Joan Fontaine) visits hubby—who, this time, is explaining things on set of *Hired Wife*.

**WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—**

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morningarin’ to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas mounts up your stomach. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today, Take as directed. Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills, 10c and 25c.

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She Won't Depend on the Landis Line

(Continued from page 79)

Over the Wall with Dick Foran, Hollywood Hotel and lots of others. I spent most of my time watching Bette Davis work, digging my nails into the palms of my hands wishing I could do things like Jezebel and all..."

Carole knew that "D. W." was looking over anyone and everyone. When she went to keep her appointment with him she was terrified. A man who knows so much, she thought, is going to be dreadful! D. W. gave her a pantomime scene to do. He went out of the room, giving her time to think it over, figure it out. "That was so sweet of him," said Carole, "so perceptive and sensitive, to give me time to rally some intestinal fortitude. I should have known a Great Man would be like that..."

When D. W. came back and began to direct, Carole reacted to everything he told her. He seemed pleased. The next day she got a call. D. W. then made a screen test of her. Mr. Roach made a screen test of her. There began a series of tests that lasted from August through October.

"You may imagine my suspense," said Carole. "I knew they were testing everyone in town. I'd heard about Steffi Duna being tested, Evelyn Keyes, Beverly Roberts, dozens... I'd read about this one and that one and I'd think, that's that!"

"I had a sort of option-contract to cover the series of tests. The contract expired and I all but expired with it. Three days after the expiration, they called me back. They showed me one of the tests of another girl, the test they liked best so far. They said, 'If you can do better than this girl, the part is yours...'."

The part, as we all know, was hers. That's when the Landis Line became something to talk about, like Sheridan's "Oomph" and Dietrich's legs. That's when we read "a prehistoric patch," "a blonde and comedy cave woman" and all that sort of thing. And that's when Carole began to worry. She didn't want to be typed as a curvaceous cutie who depends on silithy sarongs and leopard pelts to get along.

She made Turnabout, a comedy instead of an antediluvian melodrama, but she was pretty comely in that, too, in a naughty nightie and all. She was loaned to Paramount for The Mystery Sea Raider. She is now making Road Show, on her home lot, with Adolphe Menjou and John Hubbard.

She wants to carry on in the same versatile fashion. She'd like, especially, to do serious drama. "...Maybe it's the ham in me," she laughed, "but serious drama is what I hope to do. When I saw Vivien Leigh in Waterloo Bridge, noticed the little things she did to make that girl she played break your heart, I came out of the theatre, praying, 'Oh, please let me do things like that'!"

Well, Hollywood believes; Mr. Roach very definitely believes; and judging from Carole's pyramiding fan mail, you fans seem also to believe that Carole's prayers will be answered—that she will "do things like that" and many of them... P. S.: Without benefit of Ping, too.

Wherever you go—take flavor with you

You'll say it's so good so long... for you will enjoy Beech-Nut's tastier flavor a longer time. Why? It's delightfully different. That's because the finest flavors that go into Beech-Nut Gum are mixed through and through. You have your choice of 7 tempting varieties.

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Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin, Cinnamon

Beech-Nut Gum

Hurry! Hurry! See the N. Y. World's Fair
Be sure to visit the Beech-Nut Building. If you drive near the lovely Mohawk Valley of New York, stop at Canajoharie and see how Beech-Nut products are made.

Visit Your Neighborhood Drug Store During Nationally Advertised Brands Week—October 4th-12th
Elmer Layden, head football coach at Notre Dame, is amazed over Pat O'Brien's likeness to late Knute Rockne during Pat's visit to college to honor the great "Rock".

Looks like Greta Garbo's latest romance has gone pft, just like all the others. Anyway, whereas not so many weeks ago, the Garbo and Joan Crawford were seen everywhere together all the time, it's rare now that they're even seen talking to each other.

You're just as liable as not to be deluged with a whole flock of phony reports about George Raft going cold on Norma Shearer. You'll probably be reading in your chatter columns, or hearing over your radio (if you haven't, already) that Raft is sending flowers to Marlene Dietrich, and laying siege to Louise Stanley, or stepping out with some other beauty.

But it's just a smoke-screen. The truth of the matter seems to be that George has suddenly gotten scared (as he usually does) at the spot he's in, with his open protestations of affection for Norma Shearer—when, as yet, he hasn't gotten any closer to settling things with his undivorceable wife than he ever has.

Not until, and if, he manages to get the divorce he's been hoping for, for years, can George ever really lay his heart at some other woman's feet. But now and then, George's enthusiasm runs away with his caution, and he breaks down and lets the world know how he feels. That's what happened in the Shearer case. So madly in love with Norma is Raft that he talked too much, and it got printed, as he well.

Old Doctor Stork arrived right on schedule at the John Payne-Anne Shirley home. He left a little feminine bundle, weighing 6 pounds. Anne won't give up career.

Cupid's Un-Couple: Kay Griffith and Johnny Howard—There's a romance that has sward.
might have known it would. Result: George is in a marital crossword-puzzle again, and now he and his best friends are trying to tone down the heat by starting a campaign of-phony rumors linking George with other Hollywood lovelies.

But you can skip 'em. It's Norma in his life, and ONLY Norma... And even though Norma is reported a bit peeved over some of the super-enthusiastic things Raft has said about their romance, you can bet she won't stay peeved very long or very much.

However, she herself insists she will NOT marry Raft—never, never, never. Not because she doesn't like him but—well, here's Norma's own explanation: "I won't marry George or anyone else. I take marriage very seriously. I was ideally happy with Irving Thalberg. I never expect to have such happiness again—and so it would be wrong for me to marry anyone!" But she may change her mind—every woman has that privilege you know.

LORETTA YOUNG, whom a great row of Hollywood males have yearned to marry but never got beyond her "NO!" has fallen at last for another try at matrimony. But it isn't a handsome cinema star. It's Radio Executive Tom Lewis. He's 38 years old—and he's never tried marriage before.

[Continued on page 92]

Taking up where Dad left off, Tim Holt is new sensation among galloping heroes. Is rated high goal poloist. Now training Texas mount to gallop into dying sun
that a lot of whisperers have been guessing that maybe she'd become Mrs. Selznick. But the insiders have known for a long time that Tom Lewis had the inside track—but not that Loretta was ready to say 'I-do's'!

Loretta was married once before, as you probably know. To Grant Withers. But that's been over for a long, long time.

CUPID'S COUPLE:
Magician Frank Swann and Linda Darnell—
Looks to me like they're hotter than you know.

With summer close to fade-out, Olivia de Haviland takes to swim-suit and diving board. But first she must test temperature of pool with tootsies before plunge

With summer close to fade-out, Olivia de Haviland takes to swim-suit and diving board. But first she must test temperature of pool with tootsies before plunge

Benny Goodman, who's leading his swing-sters in Casino at Santa Catalina Island, "swings it" with bathing beauty in a garlanded swing on steamer dock at resort
Packing Your Lunch Away

[Continued from page 53]

you can answer “YES” to this question! All too frequently a “lunch-box” means a couple of soggy or wilted sandwiches, a knobby fruit and a hunk of “store” cake as dry as shredded tissue paper.

The lunch-kit, American Way, must be packed to the lid with a selection of the following food and taste needs:

Meats or Proteins: Meat Loaf, home or canned; Meats, sliced or minced; Sausage, dry or canned, Baked Beans; Cheese, sliced or grated; Eggs, hard or minced; Nut butter spreads.

Starch-Sugar Energizers: Bread, Cake, Doughnuts, Cookies, Fresh or Canned Fruits, Soups, Mills, Cocoa, Malted Milk, Sparkling Carbonated Beverages, Coffee.

Notice that the entire first group consists of compact forms of highly concentrated foods. Meats provide the essential proteins, starches-sugars; the third the high energy obtainable only from fats; while moisture, flavor and general palatability is secured from many sources.

SANDWICHES are all-important because they compress meat, starch and flavor all in one. But they must be well made! Gain variety by using different breads-white, brown, rye, raisin, with or without buns. Also a change. Texture as well as taste can be had by making the filling uniformly chopped or minced or shredded, with fine and high seasoning. Satisfy that sweet tooth and energy-hunger with plenty of starch, sugar, or fat items. Delicious doughnuts carry excellently; small cup cakes with thick, fresh home-made frosting are also tops for packing in small space.

Moisture is much needed in many a lunch-box and the “salad-sandwich” is one excellent way to secure added moisture. While fruit juices, canned soups, and of course the usual beverages of milk, cocoa, coffee or their variations, are essentials. Fill the beverage bottle with canned soup, for a change, either chicken soup, tomato soup, or any of the cream soups.

What about bread? Frankly, many women do not take this portable meal for some member of their family with sufficient seriousness. If the daily packing of a lunch-box, either for child or adult seems just too much, isn’t it possible, because no special place or space is allowed for its preparation? Why not clear off some kitchen shelf and devote it to relishes, condiments, jams, pickles, batters, canned meats, individual baked beans, small size cans of fruits and juices, waxed paper and paper cups, and at the same time reorganize the refrigerator for space to place perishable salads, dressings, jars of “spreads,” etc.? Here are suggestions and recipes suitable to the lunch-kit or to the snack meal often required at late or irregular hours:

1. 4 slices Liverwurst, 1/2 cup cream cheese, 3 hard-cooked eggs, 3 tablespoons salad dressing, 1/2 teaspoon minced onion, salt and pepper. Mash first 3 ingredients thoroughly, add remaining ingredients, and blend well. (Makes 1/2 cups)

Energy Sandwich: 8 strips bacon, 1/2 pound liver, 1 hard-cooked egg, 3/4 clove minced garlic, 3/4 teaspoon onion juice, 1 teaspoon horseradish, 2 tablespoons sour cream, white bread, butter. Fry bacon until crisp then remove and fry liver. Put bacon, liver, and egg through food chopper. Add seasonings and cream. Mix to spreading consistency. Spread thinly on buttered bread slices, (4 sandwiches)

Walnut Cookies: 1 cup shortening, 1 cup sugar, 3 eggs, well-beaten, 3 cups cake flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 cup seedless raisins, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup grated raw carrots, juice 1/2 lemon, grated rind 1/2 lemon. Cream shortening, add sugar, and beat in eggs. Mix and stir dry ingredients and add to raisins and nuts. Combine carrots, lemon juice and grated rind. Add alternately with dry ingredients to nut and fruit mixture. Drop by spoonfuls on greased cookie sheets. Bake in moderate oven (350° F) 12 to 15 minutes. (Makes 24 rich, large nut cookies)

Pastry Meat Turnovers: Any creamy diced cooked meat, veal, chicken, or ham; canned stews or soups; medium White Sauce; quick biscuit dough. Combine 2 cups creamed meat mixture with 1/2 cup peas. Add enough White Sauce to blend all season. Roll dough out and cut in circles, size of large saucer; place large spoonful of mixture on one half of dough, fold over remaining half and prick edges together with fork. Bake in hot oven until brown. Cool before packing in waxed paper. Substitute other mixtures such as tallow, beef stew with finely diced carrots, creamed flaked canned fish, sausage meat, corned beef hash, etc. Make dought of richer crust if desired. These “turnovers,” eaten out of hand, are practically meat, starch, and fat, and are a welcome change from standard sandwiches.

Quick Chocolate Frosting: 2 squares unsweetened chocolate, 1/2 cups sugar, 1/2 cup condensed milk, 1 tablespoon water. Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add condensed milk and stir over boiling water 5 minutes until thickened. Add water and blend. Cool. Spread thinly on small cup cakes, layer or loaf cake. (Covers 24 cup cakes)

But of course you’ll want more of these unusual sandwich spreads, cookies and meat specialties for packing the lunch-kit. Fill out the coupon for free leaflet, today!

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doing to become Mrs. Cummings. But wham went the wheel again, and next thing Hollywood knew, Nancy was out-stepping with (of ALL people!) Ken Murray.

But now—well, now Edmund O'Brien has come back to Hollywood after touring with Olivier and Leigh's "Romeo and Juliet," and now Nancy and Edmund are like this again—and this is where we came in, isn't it?

CLEAR-IT-ALL-UP party of the month was that of Marjorie Weaver for Isabel Jewell and Donald Briggs and Donald Briggs. You see, Marj has been stepping out with Donald Briggs, a business man from a small suburban town near Hollywood. And Isabelle is with Donald Briggs, the actor. So Marjorie gave a cocktail party, at which she, herself, and Isabel and the two Donald Briggses met everybody—so that everybody could tell whose Don was whose.

COME, come, come, Judy Garland. Is it Dave Rose or isn't it? When a gal steps out three nights in a row with the same man at the same place, it's more than accident or coincidence or even mere appetite. Anyway, Judy and Dave (he's Martha Raye's ex, in case you'd forgotten) ate together three nights running at LaMaze. And from there, they switched to Little Hungary for a row of dinners and dancing.

Usually, there's another couple with them, most frequently Judy's closest chum, Betty Asher, and some other man to complete the foursome. Judy's friends say that it's just a fine friendship between her and Dave, and that you mustn't overlook young Bob Stack, who seemed to be head man in her life, just a week or so ago.

BUT—it's Marj buying goodies for N. Y. debbie Esme O'Brien, lately.

LUISE RAimer, for whom life—both professional and romantic—hasn't been any too sweet, is in the middle of another romance, take it from your old Tattler. . .

Not yet over the scars of the Oedels break-up, Luise has fallen in love again, and this time with an English army officer whom she met during her London stage engagement last year. Luise, admitting that she's in love, won't tell his name—but she does not deny that she's praying that her fiancé might be smart. Fate, certainly plays no pleasant tricks on this Austrian girl.

WONDER how Nancy Kelly knows, from day to day, whose she is? You remember, don't you? It was all Edmund O'Brien, only a short time ago, and even the wedding date was rumored first. Then Nancy and Edmund had a tiff, and Edmund went to New York, and Nancy started going out with Irving Cummings, and pretty soon, Hollywood heard that she was starting out with a man who is definitely not a fellow named Edmund O'Brien.

ATTEND the Story of the month: Barbara Stanwyck got a topaz-and-ruby bracelet from Bob Taylor for their first wedding anniversary . . . the ruby being for Ruby Stevens which is Barbara's real name . . . and Barbara gave Bob a wrist watch and a fancy.
Making Over Mickey
[Continued from page 64]

has quit being a pest. When he first achieved stardom, he took it big, like a burlesque comic might. He was all over the place, roaring up and down the Boulevard in a big blue car. He wore clothes that not even Joe Yule, Sr., would have dared to wear on the burlesque stage. He made personal cracks and got away with them, to people far older and wiser than himself. He told a great deal of bills and flashed them like a clown, which he was. He never really harmed anyone—except maybe himself, a bit—but he antagonized everybody.

Today, that's all gone. That hand-kissing gag he did at Ciro's with Jeanette MacDonald was a little bit elaborate. It was a gag—but don't overlook the fact that it was, even more than a gag, an INDEX.

Mickey has gotten rid of his valets. He discovered that gentlemen get along very often without them. Not only Lew Stone is his idol, but Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy are minor idols in his estimation, too. And they don't have valets.

Nor do they go around flashing thousand-dollar rolls. They say their money. That's why Lew Stone is wealthy today. So Mickey is saving his money.

And picture after picture, Mickey Rooney is learning what American family life means. Those Hardys have been a revelation and a lesson to him. Life with the Hardys, as a Hardy, gave him a realization for the first time of what an American family really is—and that this nation is made up not of smart- trackin' young Mickey Rooney's, but of staid, sober-minded, fine people who think of other things than gags and spot-lights and making'em laugh and dating dames and being big shots.

Love Finds Andy Hardy seemed to be the picture that crimped Mickey's own off-screen girlie around. Andy's calf-love antics made Mickey think; made him realize that he was being a bit of a horse's-patootie himself in his carryings-on with girls in Hollywood's scene. He realized that people must have thought him asaddle-minded as he saw Andy Hardy to be. So Mickey, being fundamentally shrewd and smart, pulled in his neck and stopped being the potential young "Don Juan" he has been called.

For he IS shrewd. Among the other qualities that his own, real Dad bequeathed him is that of shrewdness. And it was sharpened, inevitably, by the dog-eat-dog life that is the life of the small-time burlesque stage people.

Say what you want to about Mickey Rooney; whether he's the Mickey Rooney that was, or the Mickey Rooney that is. No matter what you may say, you can't say that he isn't smart. You can't say his brain and his mind aren't as keen as a razor. Mickey Rooney doesn't ever need a house to fall on him. Mickey Rooney will probably be able to see for himself what's the matter with Mickey Rooney, long before other people start telling him so.

Today, Mickey Rooney, at 20, has had a good, long look at the Mickey Rooney of the 'teens.

I don't think today's Mickey likes yesterday's Mickey any more than the rest of Hollywood did.

Yesterday's Mickey Rooney is dead. And there's a new Rooney—MISTER Rooney, to you!

Thank God!—and Lew Stone.

URGENT MESSAGE!

to you women suffering functional

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Read Every Word!

Few girls and women today are free from some sign of functional trouble. Maybe you've noticed YOURSELF getting restless, moody, nervous lately—your work too much for you—

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She knew that he couldn't support her. She knew their chances of happiness were slim. But she was madly in love with this handsome young intern, and so she married him. Because of their desperate need for money, she became easy prey for one of the most shocking racketeers ever conceived! You'll be fascinated by this story, "CONFESSIONS OF AN INTERNE'S WIFE" is only one of the many exciting, unforgettable life stories in the new issue of TRUE CONFESSIONS. In addition to stories such as "Gossip Defied Our Love," "We Dealt in Sex—and Paid for Every Tainted Dollar," and "Party Girl," an outstanding book-length true novel, "Tricked Into Marriage," is featured.

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Columnist Grantland Rice, won her divorce from Robert Wilcox ... In her grounds for suit she claims he stayed out late o' nights ... Lana Turner's back. But back from Honolulu, and not back with Artie ... And no sooner was she back, than Greg Bautzer, ex-boy friend, readied plans for Honolulu ... The Don Amechees have increased the population of the city, Los Angeles. Their fourth son arrived to fill a new bassinet ... Incidentally, 20th-Fox chieftain, Darryl Zanuck, had hoped to tie up the approaching event in the Ameche marriage with the release of Four Sons, in which Don was featured, but the lil' bambino arrived too late, thus spoiling a nifty for the alert publicists who give their all for Mr. Z ... Carol Stone, one of Fred Stone's dancing dotterers, living in New York suburb, Forest Hills, is now Mrs. Robert W. McCahey, the groom a lumper dealer of Brookline, Mass. ... Hollywood's newest glamour girl, Elsie, the Borden boossy of the New York World's Fair, is celebrating blessed event ... The Alex Kordas (Merle Oberon) hosted a party for the Earn Lulitsch's fifth anniversary. All Hollywood was present.

EXCITEMENT of the month came when Olivia de Havilland and Jimmy Stewart chartered an airplane and flew to Saratoga. Everybody was sure it was an elopement ... BUT it was only a little luncheon trip, to Coronado. However — there's a little bird that whispers that Jimmy and Olivia were just making a little experiment to see whether or not they could get away with an airplane elopement without the boys from the press finding out. They learned they could NOT.

CUPID'S COUPLE: Dennis O'Keefe and Steffi Duna may marry next month or even soon.

RELIEF IS YOUR RIGHT AND YOUR DUTY!

If any trouble is needful of attention, it is simple Piles! Simple Piles cannot only plague and torture you, but they can tax your health. Yes, they can cause strength and vitality and make you feel and look like an old woman.

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other men while she was in Hollywood and he was on tour with his orchestra. Well, it being a modern world, this explanation seemed plausible. To strengthen the idea further she even sang with his orchestra when he was here in Hollywood. And, too, she flew to see him several times during his out-of-town engagements.

But as to Dorothy's statement that she was going to have a baby, a real answer is still more difficult. Whatever the reason, it must be assumed that someone had a peculiar quick as far as publicity was concerned. Having a child was hardly a thing to discuss if marital happiness wasn't a certainty. Yet, Dorothy must have felt she could make a go out of it. She was still trying desperately to prove that she had found happiness, and very likely was sincere in trying to make the world believe that a baby meant a new deal to her.

However, by the time for her retirement from the screen had arrived, she and Horrie Kay were no longer married. Once more the cards were stacked against this girl who had found success but not much happiness.

Some have said that after the break-up, Dorothy erected a "defense mechanism" for herself. Noted for her frankness, she began to speak freely of her dead marriage; she began to go out with several different men; she began to dismiss, momentarily, a career that had meant so much to her. And what's the answer? Well, she's simply trying to find a happy solution to that ambition that keeps driving her.

Her romance with Robert Preston, for example, brought her into the limelight with a bang. It is still being referred to. Rumor has it that Preston, when working with Dorothy on Typhoon, was still in love with his girl friend. But love does funny things on studio sets, and the Preston-Lamour romance began to blossom.

Here is the story of this romance on the screen. But Dorothy was outraged as saying before she left for Honolulu that Bob was a great person but that he couldn't make up his mind. At any rate, Dorothy seems to be out of the picture, and Bob's being seen with other cinema girls.

As for Lamour, she still has illusions of the perfect romance. We all know that she's been seen around Hollywood with Greg Bautzer. The most famous romance was with Lana Turner prior to her marriage to Artie Shaw. And Hollywood says that Greg and Dorothy are deeply in love. Maybe Dottie and Bautzer are in love. Who knows?

Dorothy's love, to put it mildly, is spontaneous and combustible. She is usually more sincere and honest about them than the man in the case. She doesn't care what the world thinks of her choice if she's interested in him.

She's an amazing combination of frankness and secrecy, of ambition and indifference, of decision and indecision, of loneliness and popularity with others, of a girl yearning for a real love and being everything to escape it, and of resignation to a set existence and a determination to make a new one.

This conclusion seems to be in her finding herself. She will continue to be a mystery to others until she stops being a mystery to herself.
PRIZE LETTERS
HOW READERS RATE THEM!

MAN TO MAN
$15 Prize Letter

THIS is officially and publicly to inform one and all that anybody who ever suggests to me that Mickey Rooney, screen star of deserved popularity, is just a naggling, clowning ham will receive from yours truly a definitely cold and indignant stare, and will insure complete and lasting animosity in our relations ever after. I have just come from Young Tom Edison and, even more strongly than heretofore, I am convinced that young Rooney is nothing less than a prodigy, a genius, one of the screen greats. I am locally something of a dramatic critic and a student of acting, and have acted myself. I know that the art of making a character from a cold play script is an awful lot harder than it looks, let alone climb bodily into the spirit of that character and become it. And one more thing. At the end of the Rooney picture, applause, hearty and nearly deafening, broke out in the packed theatre. You and I know that audiences seldom, if ever, applaud at the end of a motion picture as they do at the end of a stage play. And the clapping up to the end of Mickey's performance would have melted the heart of the most sophisticated trooper. —Roy Ellsworth, 255 Avenue A, Rochester, New York.

LESS BONE-RATTLING PLEASE
$10 Prize Letter

I've been reading your magazine for some time but until now I have never had reason to write you. I now have a reason but unfortunately my first letter to you is a complaint about the movies—they are becoming too gruesome. Now, don't think I'm a 'frairy-cat' and get chills from seeing Dracula or Frankenstein—I get a laugh out of them—but what I'm protesting about is the so-called 'stark realism,' such as the burial of Grandpa in the Grapes of Wrath, and the cannibalistic Ranger in Northwest Passage. I know the directors were following the story when filming these scenes, but don't they realize that reading a story and seeing it dramatized are two different things? I'm not a blue-nosed censor, but am just asking for a little less bone-rattling and blood-dripping via the silver-screen. I don't mind supernatural horror as personified by Lugosi and Karloff, but when horror becomes plain gruesomeness, I believe it has reached the limits of good taste. What do you think?—Paul L. Smullin, 5947 S. Sangamon St., Chicago, Ill.

IT ALL CAME TRUE
$5 Prize Letter

DON'T know what people want of Ann Sheridan. They are saying she is just an "oomph" girl and that she is the one person in Hollywood least likely to succeed. If people who read her publicity would also see her pictures, they wouldn't say that "oomph" is Ann's only asset. In Castle on the Hudson she proved her acting ability and in It All Came True, she showed us that she could be a fine actress as well as possess beauty. This also proves that given the right part an actress or actor can be successful. So please Hollywood give Ann some good pictures and see if she won't prove her worth to those Harvard men and anyone else who doubts Ann's ability.—Ada Canonica, 349 E. Union St., Tonawanda, Pa.

ITT CRAWFORD
$1 Prize Letter

JOAN CRAWFORD is standing at the threshold of a new career which will see her out of the glamorous roles and into characterizations that call for the sincerity, the fire, the drama which she is really capable of. The Women gave her screen audiences their first glimpse of this new Joan. Again I noticed the new Joan Crawford in Strange Cargo. Her role in this picture was the one I have been waiting to see her in for quite some time—a role which gave her a chance to humanize once again. So I say to Hollywood producers give Joan more roles like the one she had in The Women and in Strange Cargo. I do not say that she is in the class of the so-called cinema genius, but I do say that such a talented actress deserves a better opportunity to show her ability. Her career has been one of straightforward achievement and no side roads have been hers.—Robert Brimlett, 1307 De Sardi St., Monroe, Louisiana.

PRIZES FOR LETTERS!
Your opinions on motion plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10, and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded for the best letters received. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over one hundred and fifty words in length will be considered. Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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If you have no organic disorder calling for medical or surgical attention, Midol should give you the comfort for which you've been hoping. If it doesn't, consult your doctor. All drugstores have Midol. Five tablets, more than enough for a convincing trial, only 20¢; 12 tablets, 40¢.

MONDAY, October 16, 1939

LESS BONE-RATTLING PLEASE $10 Prize Letter

IT ALL CAME TRUE $5 Prize Letter

IT ALL CAME TRUE $5 Prize Letter

MIDOL
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Put those "DREADED DAYS"... back on your ACTIVE list!

Do you still give up activity and give-in to suffering at your time of functional menstrual pain? Millions of women no longer do for they've learned about Midol! For your own comfort and release from calendar slavertry, try this new formula. Midol contains no opiates. One ingredient is prescribed frequently by thousands of doctors. Another ingredient, exclusively in Midol, reinforces the relief most users enjoy by reducing spasmodic pain peculiar to the menstrual period.

If you have no organic disorder calling for medical or surgical attention, Midol should give you the comfort for which you've been hoping. If it doesn't, consult your doctor. All drugstores have Midol. Five tablets, more than enough for a convincing trial, only 20¢; 12 tablets, 40¢.

MONDAY, October 16, 1939

LESS BONE-RATTLING PLEASE $10 Prize Letter

IT ALL CAME TRUE $5 Prize Letter

IT ALL CAME TRUE $5 Prize Letter

MIDOL
RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

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F

FROM all accounts, Sam Goldwyn started something when he said that Hollywood is making too many pictures — that if all studios cut production the public wouldn't be surfeited with double features and second-raters. We all know that the ace pictures can play the bigger towns for continuous runs, but the small town exhibitors would have to show the ace to all the cash customers in three or four days. So to attract his fans he must seek a constant turn-over. And has to take the grade B's to keep up with the procession.

If every studio made nothing but an ace picture Hollywood would be a film Utopia. But if nothing but ace pictures were made, what would become of hundreds of players and workers who are regularly employed on the B's and C's? The answer is Hollywood would have an economic situation on its hands — for these players and workers would be thrown out of work.

It's my opinion that Hollywood will continue to turn out Grade B's just as book publishers will continue to turn out Grade B stories. There certainly is an audience for these Grade B pictures, otherwise there wouldn't be an average under 65,000,000 movie tickets (Mr. Goldwyn's figures) sold every week. That's a mass of tickets even though it has dropped from 80,000,000 in the past ten years.

We hear protests from articulate moviegoers — that there are too many pictures. But the faint voices of the dyed-in-the-wool fans are seldom heard. And it's these fans who keep Hollywood at work — chiefly the players and workers on the cheaper pictures.

A Voice Is Heard

ONE voice is heard in this very issue of Motion Picture (you'll find her story on page 46 — and she stands up for the Grade B's — and even C's. She finds something worthy in the poorest picture. It may be found in the photography, in an inspired performance — or she may get a laugh out of some scene that was supposed to be taken seriously. This particular fan sees a feature picture every day of the week — and sometimes as many as five a day.

It's this type of fan that keeps the wheels of Hollywood going — irregardless of the controversy going on all over America concerning double features. But if this fan was deprived of her double feature she'd doubtless sit through a repeat showing of an ace picture. For she admits having seen GWTW three times.

It comes right down to the point where some fans simply can't get enough pictures. These dyed-in-the-wool fans are double-dotted in the minority, still they are to be reckoned with in the problem of too many films and double features. It would be interesting to learn how many cash customers go to movies to enjoy a double bill or to win a set of dishes or a ham.

Fans Know Answers

ONE thing you can't get away from — it's the steady customers who know the answers to Hollywood — before Hollywood has asked the questions. They are the ones who discover the new stars, who keep up the fan mail of the press, who cause Hollywood to turn thumbs down on slipping stars — who elevate the new names to star rank.

They are the ones who REALLY discovered Linda Darnell and are pleased to find her co-starring now with Tyrone Power; who likewise discovered Brenda Joyce, Jeffrey Lynn, Eleanor Drew, Brenda Marshall, Martha Scott, Penny Singleton, Maureen O'Hara, Joan Fontaine, Olivia de Havilland, Larraine Day, Kenneth Howell, Judy Garland, William Holden, Betty Field, yes, and Mickey Rooney, Deanna Durbin and James Stewart. For most of these stars were apprenticed out to the Grade B's before graduating into Grade A's — with the approval of the cash customers. If the latter don't approve of the graduating exercises, Miss New Star is dropped back among the also-rans, despite glorified publicity and the fan clubs organized to keep her up front.

Champion Worriers

NO PRODUCER starts out with the deliberate intention of making a poor picture. And he's as disappointed as you are if, like Topsy, it "just grewed" into one. And while he's giving thought to bearing down on over-production, and agreeing that the double-feature is a menace — and doing his darnedest to please you, he's being hammered on all sides by "Why don't you do this?" and "Why don't you do that?"

He's worrying about the loss of the European market and how to win more South American customers. He's worrying about the frequency modulation (FM to you) broadcasting that starts next January — and which makes possible a radio station in every small town. He's worried because the exhibitor is worried; he's nervous about the nickel-in-the-slot movie machines about to invade the highways and byways. He's just an old worrier if you ask me — and has carried his headache ever since he started to put stories and stars on celluloid.

If he didn't have something to worry about he and his product would become stale and static.

Personally, I like to hear them stew, and read about their strewings in the press. Like Easy of Grapes of Wrath they're thinking things out. All are trying to do the best they can with what they've got. And by "got" I mean money, equipment and personnel. With money to pour into good stories, and well-equipped studios in which to turn them out — and the Gabes, Durbins, Davises, Rooney's, Stewart's, Grants, Leigs, Arts, Sulivans, Tracys, Robinsons, Boyers, Stanwycks, Dunnes to interpret them — all the producers would need to worry about here is a demand for more of the same from the exhibitors.

For as M-G-M boss, Nicholas M. Schenck, once said: "There's nothing wrong with the industry that good pictures can't cure." Walt Disney seems to have the best cure-all for worry. Columnist F. P. A. says it's because Walt makes a better mouse than anyone else.

So it comes right down to this: if you can make a better mouse, mouse-trap and picture than your neighbor, the public will beat a well-worn path to your door. Disney is certainly not one who stewed. Neither is David Selznick. And even Sam Goldwyn, himself, has no reason to stew over his own productions. When he stewed it's because he's trying to help his neighbors see things his way. Both Selznick and Goldwyn — and yes, Disney — have spent fortunes making better pictures. How they must burn to find their Grade A's on a double bill. Can you imagine crockery given away with Rebecca? No? Neither can I.
Gertrude McDonald, shopping in New York after making *Dancing on a Dime* for Paramount Pictures, selected a wardrobe of casual frocks that can go anywhere, do anything, at almost any time. All these clothes can be bought in your local stores for little money. For further information on colors and materials, and "where-to-buy", write Candida, Dept B, 1501 Broadway, New York City, stating which styles interest you.
Today, more than ever, people are taking to Chesterfield because Chesterfield concentrates on the important things in smoking. You smoke Chesterfields and find them cool and pleasant. You light one after another, and they really taste better. You buy pack after pack, and find them definitely milder.

For complete smoking satisfaction
you can’t buy a better cigarette
LORETTA YOUNG

ANOTHER EXCLUSIVE HOLLYWOOD STORY BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

COLOR PORTRAIT OF JAMES STEWART IN THIS ISSUE
Salute TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF AMERICA

FROM cover to cover and coast to coast, America's boys and girls—and their parents, too—are reading WHIZ COMICS, the comics magazine that has everything: Clean, wholesome adventure stories illustrated in exciting, full-color drawings and told in giant type that's easy to read.

In gratitude for the ever-growing popularity of WHIZ COMICS—there's a salute from CAPTAIN MARVEL, World's Mightiest Man; GOLDEN ARROW, Robin Hood of the West; LANCE O'CASEY, Sailor of Fortune; SPY SMASHER, Relentless Foe of Enemy Agents; DAN DARE, World's Cleverest Detective; DR. VOODOO, White Ruler of the Jungle, and IBIS THE INVINCIBLE, World's Greatest Magician—ALL WHIZ STARS.

If you want to make a hit with the family, take home a copy of WHIZ COMICS tonight. You'll give the folks a million dollars' worth of clean, thrilling entertainment for only a dime.

10c

ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

"Buddy" Brown, Gloria Jean and "Butch" Lenshart, appearing in Universal Pictures
HIS EYES SIGNALLED:

"YOU'RE THE SONG IN MY HEART!"

UNTIL, ALAS. SHE SMILED!

Protect your own bright smile. Let Ipana and Massage help guard against "Pink Tooth Brush"!

SHE HAD ALWAYS HOPED it would happen this way—soft lights, smooth music, his eyes speaking volumes: "You're beautiful," they said, "beautiful!"

But then—she smiled! And his eagerness gave way to indifference. For beauty is always dimmed and darkened under the cloud of a dull and dingy smile.

DO NOT TAKE CHANCES with your own priceless smile... with your own happiness. Give your gums as well as your teeth the daily care they need. And never ignore the warning of "pink tooth brush"! The minute you see that tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—make a date to see your dentist.

And take the advice he gives you.

WHAT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" MEANS. "Pink" on your tooth brush may not mean serious trouble, but let your dentist decide. Chances are he will say that your gums, denied hard chewing by the many soft, creamy foods we eat today, have become tender, weak from lack of exercise. And, like so many dentists these days, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

FOR IPANA, WITH MASSAGE, is specially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but to help invigorate the gums. So, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums whenever you brush your teeth. The pleasant "tang" you'll notice—exclusive with Ipana and massage—is evidence that gum circulation is increasing—helping gums to become firmer, healthier.

GET A TUBE OF IPANA TODAY! Start the healthful dental habit of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage... and see how much it helps your gums to become stronger, your teeth brighter, your smile more radiantly lovely.

Get the new D. D. Tooth Brush, too—specially designed with a twisted handle for more thorough cleansing, more effective gum massage.
Although we’ve never had our face lifted, we do know what it’s like to feel young all of a sudden.

There was Mickey Rooney at the drums, there was Judy Garland at the voice, and there were we and all the audience at our happiest.

That trip to see “Strike Up The Band” was a trip to the Fountain of Youth.

It started us singing. Usually our vocal efforts are confined to the marbled halls of the shower-room, but after seeing this new M-G-M sooper dooper musical smash, our little voice went pattering all over the house.

The boys and girls in the picture get the plot inspiration from Maestro Paul Whiteman himself. Over the years Whiteman has deserved the title His Royal Highness of Rhythm. Paul’s music never fails.

We have a flock of bouquets to pass around on this one. We’ll toss a few to Arthur Freed, the hit Ascap song-writer who turned producer; to Busby Berkeley, the director; and to those brother rats, Monks and Finklehoffe, who wrote the screen play.

When you hear “Our Love Affair”, others will hear you. It’s more than a melody, it’s an infection.

But the final repeat rave must be held for those incomparable artists of the present and future, those babes in arms, Rooney and Garland. We call them Punch and Judy, because punch is what they’ve got.

It’s remarkable the way M-G-M keeps up the parade of hits. This summer has revealed “The Mortal Storm,” “Pride and Prejudice,” “New Moon,” “Andy Hardy Meets Debutante,” “I Love You Again,” not to mention the record-breaking “Boom Town.”

That leaves you all set for the masterpiece, “Escape” (Norma Shearer and Robert Taylor) as well as this month’s delightful “Third Finger, Left Hand” (Myrna Loy and Melvyn Douglas).

No wonder we’re singing—Leo

MOTION PICTURE
INCORPORATING MOVIE CLASSIC
W. H. “BUZZ” FAWCETT, JR., President
LAURENCE REID, Editor
Volume LX. No. 4
NOVEMBER, 1940
Twenty-ninth Year

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS
The exciting, romantic novel is even more exciting on the screen!

Escape
starring
NORMA SHEARER
ROBERT TAYLOR

with
CONRAD VEIDT · NAZIMOVA
FELIX BRESSART · ALBERT BASSERMAN
PHILIP DORN · BONITA GRANVILLE

A MERVYN LeROY Production
Screen Play by Arch Oboler and Marguerite Roberts
Based on the Novel "Escape" by Ethel Vance
Directed by MERVYN LeROY
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
HAIR
that invites
ADMIRING GLANCES

* Has anyone ever said this to you, "I hope you won't think I am too personal, but would you mind telling me how you get that beautiful luster in your hair?" . . . . Such an experience is quite common to many women who use Nestle Colorinse, for this magic-like rinse, created by Nestle . . . originators of Permanent Waving . . . adds beautiful, sparkling highlights to your hair . . . helps to make it gloriously feminine . . . . Enjoy the bewitching, breath-taking attraction that Colorinse imparts. From the Nestle color chart at beauty counters you can pick a color to enrich the natural color of your hair . . . Not a permanent dye or a bleach, Colorinse is easily removed with shampooing. Brush that dull, drab look.... glorify your hair with Nestle Colorinse.

10c for package of 2 rinses at 5 and 10c stores.

Colorinse
TEAS A LITTLE A GLORIFY YOUR HAIR

25c for 5 rinses
at drug and
department stores.

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

BY HARRY LANG

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

CERTAINLY Hollywood's most demonstrative "friend" is Norma Shearer. "Friend" is all she is to George Raft—so says Norma loudly and repeatedy. BUT—when George left Hollywood for a series of New York personal appearances, there at the airport was a cute Norma in white slacks, and then and there, before hundreds of people, she KISSED George a walloping smackcr on the lips as he stepped to the plane.

But then, friendship is like that!—in Hollywood . . . .

Laraine Day, lead in Foreign Correspondent, left tennis togs at home when she made her first trip to NYC recently. She did take slacks for bicycling in park.

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Bobby Oliver and Elaine Shepard—
Y' hardly ever see 'em separd!

LANA TURNER (oh, g'wan; you DO remember her, don't you?) telephoned her lawyer recently and told him to snap it up and get that divorce from Artie Shaw in a hurry, now. The lawyer (he's Richard Cantillon, one of Hollywood's toppest) was in Reno on some other business when Lana hit the phone and told him to step on it. And with the end of that affair in the offing, M-G-M hopes that Lana will lay off elopements for a few months, now.

Gene Tierney, who shapes up as one of the best "finds" of recent years, shows shapeliness too. See page 28 for story.

Meantime ex-hubbie Artie isn't weeping about it. He's having a swell time with other Hollywood honeys, among 'em Pauline Byrne, Frances Neal, Isabel Jewell, and even—believe it or NOT—Alice Faye. They were a twosome at the Club Bali the other night.

Meantime, IF there's any new love-light in Lana's eyes, she's keeping the lids down. As for the gossip that there may be a re-take on her one-time romance with Greg Bautzer—Hollywood is skipping it. Dotty Lamour isn't letting Greg go. Especially NOT back to Lana.

WONDER what Al Hall thinks about Desi Arnaz, the new circulating-heater from Cuba? Desi, who's taken the town by storm, seems to have

[Continued on page 8]
Lucky everybody who enjoys the finest in motion picture entertainment. For here's Paramount with a grand college football picture, "THE QUARTERBACK", featuring Wayne Morris and Virginia Dale, directed by H. Bruce Humberstone. Yes, and Dorothy Lamour, Robert Preston, and Preston Foster in a heart-searing drama of the teakwood forests, "MOON OVER BURMA", with Doris Nolan and Albert Basserman, directed by Louis King. Dick Powell and Ellen Drew in "CHRISTMAS IN JULY", with Raymond Walburn, a completely new kind of comedy, written and directed by Preston Sturges, whose "The Great McGinty" is the talk of the country. And, most exciting of all, the Claudette Colbert-Ray Milland starrer, "ARISE MY LOVE", directed by Mitchell Leisen...Claudette's grandest heart-picture in years.

...with the Loveliest Ladies in Hollywood to Entertain Him!
had toppest effect of all on pretty Lucille Ball. And Lucille, in case you'd forgotten, used to be Al's, all Al's...!

Now it's Desi and Lucille, wherever you look—any nite-club corner at all is liable to blossom out with Lucille and Desi. And to make it even more interesting, it seems that Lucille's ma and Desi's ma are going around together, two of the warmest friends in the town's mama-colony.

And that's what's happened to the three-year-old Al Hall-Lucille Ball engagement!

TORCH-CARRIER FORREST TUCKER doesn't know whether to be en-or-dis-couraged by the fact that his beloved, Helen Parrish, is dating 'em in bevys. Charles Lang, the RKO lad; James Corner,

Bob Young went back to Hawaii for holiday—first time in 8 years—remembered to wear lei, drink pineapple juice who played opposite her in Winter Carnival, and Edward Arnold's son, Bill, have been a few of Helen's most active escorts.

Tucker thinks maybe there's safety in numbers, and he's still got a chance, so long as Helen doesn't concentrate on ONE guy.

CUPID'S COUPLET:

Lew Ayres or Eddie Norris?—

Evelyn Keyes can't seem to make her chorriss?

[Continued on page 10]
HEY! Look Who's Here!

"Your place is in the home — the old ladies' home!"

"The waterfront's my home — and I'm going to do some house-cleaning!"

They're back again — Tugboat Annie and Capt. Bullwinkle — the most lovable characters who ever appeared in Saturday Evening Post fiction — coming to life on the screen just as you've pictured them — in the happiest hit of any year!

'Tugboat Annie Sails Again'

with
MARJORIE RAMBEAU • ALAN HALE
RONALD REAGAN • JANE WYMAN

Directed by LEWIS SEILER
From the screenplay by Walter de Leon
A WARNER BROS.—First National Picture

Based on the Saturday Evening Post stories by NORMAN REILLY RAINES
CONFUSED BY MAKE-UP? JUST...

Be Yourself...

Be Natural!

* Before you despair of ever finding the one lipstick shade which suits your coloring best...turn to Tangee's natural. Just make up with Tangee's natural lipstick, the matching Rouge, and Tangee's Face Powder...and...

Be yourself...Be Natural

* Tangee's natural is orange in the stick but, as it is applied, your own most flattering shade of rich blush rose is produced like magic. That's how Tangee's natural will help you—

Be yourself...Be Natural

* The pure cream base in this world famous lipstick ends that dry, drawn feeling...helps prevent chapping...And Tangee's natural really stays on...giving you smooth, soft, inviting, kissable lips for hours and hours.

Be yourself...Be Natural

TANGEE

Natural

“WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK”

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Loft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City. Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose $1.50 (make checks or money orders). [$1.50 in Canada.]

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

[ ] Peach [ ] Light Rachel [ ] Dark Rachel [ ] Tan

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

(Continued from page 8)

Just because arrival of "It" Daphne has made them a threesome is no reason why Doug Juniors can't step out at Ciro's

Hubby, in case you've forgotten, is Paramount's story editor Richard Halliday.

CUPID'S COUPLING:

BOBBY JORDAN and Edith Fellows

He's the tops of Edith's fellows!

(Continued on page 87)

Linda Hayes, talent quest winner, is doing okay for herself. Is five feet, five in height. Sends out love call thru grey eyes

HAPPIEST gal in town is Virginia Field, since the Canadian army turned down Richard Greene.

"If King George doesn't want him, I still do," is Virginia's idea.

SERIOUS manifestation and consequence of being in love, as exemplified by Mary Martin:

Having lost weight through strenuous rehearsals, Mary was ordered by studio and doctor to eat more, regain her poundage. Wept Mary in reply:

"I can't do it. I'm soooooo in love with hubby that I haven't any appetite!!"

Too Many Girls being film of co-ed college life, Richard Carlson, romantic lead, has to go collegiate, sport crew haircut
Here is the story of a girl whose passion betrayed her on the eve of the only happiness she had ever known, and of a man who must abandon pride and dreams and honor to hold the one love of his life... Here is romance that is unforgettable, played to the hilt of heartbreak in the brilliant climax of two famous screen careers... Here is 1940's Greatest Drama

CAROLE LOMBARD
CHARLES LAUGHTON
"They Knew What They Wanted"

With WILLIAM GARGAN • HARRY CAREY • FRANK FAY

Directed by Garson Kanin

Harry E. Edington, Executive Producer • RKO RADIO PICTURE • Produced by Erich Pommer

Screen Play by Robert Ardrey • From the Pulitzer Prize Play by Sidney Howard
THEY'RE BANNED if they do and
pinned if they don't, these Britishers...
It isn't fair to crucify the British actors,
hereabouts, who are doing so much to help
in a practical way with their sponsoring of
war charity events and fund-raising activities...
Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Anna Neagle,
Edna Best, Laurence Olivier and Vivien
Leigh have done important work for the
British War Relief Society in Canada and
New York... Their immediate concern is
the child refugee problem... The children
of English theatre folk are being sent here
in their care... It is in such services that
they can best help the cause, they have been
assured... The Jones family: Allan Jones
was back at the Paramount recently with
Irene Hervey... The singer is no longer
a number two company of Nelson Eddy...

Sonja Henie, honeymooning in New York
and Easthampton, L. I., with hubby
Dan Topping, celebrated Henie Day
at World's Fair by visiting Ford exhibit

A DAY IN MANHATTAN: Producer
Walter Wanger brought young starlet
Laraine Day to town... And to town
Laraine went... Most often with Sydney
Gularoff, Metro's hair stylist. Laraine had
her first subway ride... an Automat dinner...
and all the exciting things a Utah
girl saves up for that first big city trip...
Round-eyed, sweltering in a silver fox great
cost, she clung to Sydney while they joined
the Broadway crowds who walk up and down
just to look at the lights... And no light
was brighter than Laraine's eyes... She
remained for the opening of Foreign Corres
donent, which is another "first"... opening,
or rather reopening of the Rivoli after
being closed for the summer... She met
the press at the Wanger exhibit of paintings
created during the filming of The Long
Voyage Home... As an experiment, the
producer brought to Hollywood nine Ameri
can artists, among them Grant Wood,
Thomas Benton, and Georges Schreiber...
From the same basic materials and under
identical conditions they produced a series
of paintings of the cast members that should
hold interest for motion picture lovers as
well as patrons of the art galleries... Don't
miss it when it comes to your town.
I NEVER NEGLECT MY
ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL
WITH LUX SOAP!

Alice Faye

Lux Soap does a
wonderful job!
First pat its
active lather
gently into
your skin

Lux Soap does a
WONDERFUL JOB!
FIRST PAT ITS
ACTIVE LATHER
GENTLY INTO
YOUR SKIN

Then rinse
with warm
water—a
dash of cool

Try ALICE FAYE'S Beauty Care
for 30 days!

For 30 days give your skin this gentle
active-lather care. If you've seen
little blemishes—enlarged pores, now is the
time to begin. Use cosmetics all you like,
but remove stale cosmetics, dust and dirt
thoroughly with Lux Toilet Soap. You'll
find this care helps you keep skin smooth
—lovely to look at, soft to touch.

Now dry
with light, quick
pats. Your skin
feels smoother
—looks fresher!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
Irresistible PRESENTS RUBY RED...

new matched make up

You’ll look lovely in Irresistible’s new sensational lipstick... for “Ruby Red” is a rich, ripe red... the season’s liveliest, most flattering color. Blends brilliantly with all the fashionable new clothes colors. Applies smoothly and stays on stubbornly for hours because of the secret new Whip-Text process. Get Irresistible “Ruby Red” Lipstick today, with matching Rouge and Face Powder, and know the superb flattery of a complete Irresistible make-up.

USE IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

IT’S Whip-Text LASTS LONGER SMOOTHER

10¢ AT ALL 5 & 10 CENT STORES

USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

...new fashion color

PICTURE PARADE

PASTOR HALL

AAAA

Hollywood producers have been severely criticized for being so slow in delivering anti-Nazi films, yet England, at war with Nazi Germany for over a year, has been slower still—until now. The first indictment of the Nazis to reach the screen from there. And if you still believe England is following its appeasement policy, wait until you see Pastor Hall and find how wrong you are. This is the most bitter incrimination of Hitlersmen yet seen. Pastor Hall brings to mind the story of Father Flanagan. It is a quality production with a quality cast. Wilfrid Lawson (remember him in Pygmalion?) plays the title role, and Nira Polkan (who hardly needs an introduction) is his daughter Christiana. There’s also Seymour Hicks as General Von Grotjohn, an old friend; Marinus Goring as Fritz Groth, a Storm Troop Leader; Brian Worth as Werner Von Grotjohn, Christine’s fiancé; Percy Walsh as Herr Pelt and Linda Barron as his daughter Lisa, parachutists. The camera focuses on Alfred, a happy little German farm before the Nazis, but travels to a concentration camp and back when Pastor Hall refuses to submit to the new regime—James Roosevelt-U. A.

BOOM TOWN

AAAA

If more pictures like Boom Town were turned out Hollywood would be enjoying a boom of its own, Saú Goldwyn wouldn’t be sounding off pessimistically periodically for Boom Town—a thrilling melodrama—has all the ingredients necessary to satisfy every type of audience—a magnificent cast, an excellent story, superlative photography and superb direction. The cast, headed by Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Claudette Colbert and Hedy Lamarr, also includes such talented names as Frank Morgan, Lionel Atwill, Chill Wills, Marion Martin, Minna Gombell, Sara Haden, Joe Yule, Horace Murphy and Frank McGlynn, Sr.; the screenplay by John Lee Mahin is based on James Edward Grant’s story and Harold Ross and Jack Conway are responsible for the photography and their direction. Boom Town is the story of men and women—their passions and their pleasures—against the dramatic background of an Oklahoma oil town. In boom time, people “saw the lights,” and marry; in Spence and Gable are partners and Spence’s girl, Claudette, marries Galahad during the exciting era of the oil boom. In addition to its dramatic value Boom Town also offers educational value—M-G-M.
Darlin'-

FRESH from fashion-conscious Hollywood, the latest thing in cottons for day and evening—is—OF COURSE, COTTON!! Yea, the same material they use for making overalls...And if you could see one of the creations the costume girls who work on this inexpensive fabric, you'd have more respect for your brother's jeans...I got this choice bit of news from none less a glamorous gal than Carole Lombard...And you can be sure that anything Lombard goes for is in the way of clothes is smart and practical...I saw Carole on the RKO lot the other day wearing a cute-looking peasant pinafore of cornflower blue and white striped cotton...The frock had a gathered skirt and scalloped hem which buttoned over a flirty blouse of white linen...Carole told me this type of peasant pinafore was her second choice for casual wear...She prefers slacks and shorts of denim, and always wears them on her ranch...Her favorite short suit is blue denim with both the bottom of the shorts and jacket fringed in the best western style...After talking to Carole, I kept my eyes open to see what the other gals were doing with this material...The first person I saw was Linda Hayes wearing a three-quarter length jacket of this same blue fabric...Linda's jacket was cut along boxy lines and she wore it over a white pique sports dress...Linda told me she has a blue and white striped denim skirt and white linen blouse which she wears with the jacket for variety...So, here's what better try yourself downtown and buy yards and yards of this easily laundered (and clean) material...While you're about it, get some in one of those attractive double-strap Case for an evening gown...Quite the latest-directed galaxy, I've been noticing this month were Maureen O'Hara and Constance Moore, both wearing perhaps the most Maureen's dress, made with an extra long bolero and full box-pleated skirt, was of striped dark red, beige and coral denim...Constance's red and white-striped denim was made in pinafore style and worn with a fluffy white blouse...Red linen sandals and a red and white rose pinned in her hair completed the costume.

OF COURSE, if you just don't like denim, your white pique is still at the top of the day's fashions...Lamour was dancing (with Greg Bautzer, of course) in a white pique evening gown with long sleeves...Above the bust and hips were 20's of white embroidery that can narrow violet velvet ribbons...The bodice of the gown was a Buster Brown collar and buttoned down the front with white pique buttons...All of which made Dorothy Lamour look every inch the same...Lamour's dress, made with the same material, was draped with a white pique dress...Olive Borden wore a costume made of blue denim...Helen Hayes, the day I talked with her on the Boulevard, was wearing a wide basque girdle of gay-colored raffia with her white pique dress...Gale Storm admitted that she does most of her gadget buying at the dime stores and has a whole box full of the little pottery figures and matching them up on the lapel of her jacket...When I talked with her she was wearing a bright yellow duck gawking at a brilliant blue airplane.

While we're on the subject of head coverings, here's an advance tip from Chic about this Fall...You're going to wear a lot of beaded...I was on the set of Ginger Rogers' new picture the other day when she had her milliner bring her a selection of new Fall hats for her to choose from...Ginger chose a beanie and ordered it made up in five different colors...Next month I'll tell you a lot more...In the meantime, here's one to pass on to that gal friend of yours who likes to dress her small child and herself in those mother-daughter outfits...I saw Joan Bennett and her daughters, Diana and Melinda, at the ball game the other night dressed in matching outfits...Joanie's suit was a navy pleated Jersey skirt and a navy, green and yellow silk collared cardigan...Her vagabond hat and long were navy felt...Diana and Melinda wore matching jackets and skirts of the plaid with matching ghillie caps.

Life's more fun...success is sure...for the girl who guards her charm with Mum!

Why didn't somebody tip Helen off? One of the other girls could have done it. But it's hard to mention a fault like underarm odor. That's why every girl should use Mum each day.

Nowadays in business—a girl's not smart enough to know the penalties of offending, she's just not smart enough! It's so easy to understand that underarms perspire...that a bath, while it's grand for past perspiration, can't prevent risk of odor to come!

That task goes to Mum! For Mum is especially made to keep underarms fresh—not by stopping the perspiration—but by neutralizing the odor. Mum guards the charm of thousands of girls each and every day.

MUM SAVES TIME! 30 seconds and you're through. Slip right into your dress.

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. And you'll find Mum so safe, that even after underarm shaving it won't irritate your skin.

MUM SAVES CHARM! And charm is very important to any girl—in business—or in love! Get Mum at your druggist's today. Be sure you're safe from underarm odor. Use Mum every day!

ON JOBS AND ON DATES—MUM GUARDS CHARM

For Sanitary Napkins—

Thousands of women use Mum for Sanitary Napkins because they know that it's safe, gentle. Always use Mum this important way.
Take your choice of comfortable seat positions.

Take a deep breath of clean, fresh air, at just the right temperature.

Take stock of all the newest improvements—and of your saving, too, at Greyhound's low fares. In short, take a trip by Super-Coach!
Most Extraordinary Party-Gown-of-the-Month was the one Elise wore! Elise, you know, is Elsie the Cow. We hardly know whether to call her Miss Elsie or Mrs. Elmer (she was polite, you know, with Elmer the Bull at the New York World’s Fair but checked him out for a Hollywood crew), but then after all—we ah—um—

the fact is that the gown Elsie wore at her Hollywood debut was simply a MATERNITY gown, my dears!!! ••• Yes, Elsie the COW! ••• No kidding ••• Mexican Party-of-the-Month—

was the real south-of-the-Rio Grande brand thrown by newlyweds Noah Berry Junior and Maxine Jones, who are such adept that they spent most of their spare time south of the border. ••• The other night they gave a Mexican shindig in their new San Fernando Valley place, which was really rich with the atmosphere of Old Mexico. ••• Right at the entrance way, the touch of Mexico was apparent—for the driveway was lined NOT with Hollywood-gra-dey electrodes, but with candles, set in paper bags anchored down with a fistful or two of sand in the bottom. The bags made windshields for the candles, and flowed beautifully. ••• Maxine wore a full-skirted Mexican fete dress, and Nanh wore gay charro’s ear, with sombrero, the Berry servants, in true Mexican style, are actually a Mexican family—and in addition to being house servants, they provided the entertainment, in Mexican style, for the evening—songs and music for dancing ••• Highlight of the program was the bull-fight, staged by Bud Boetcheller as the torero and Big Roy Williams as the bull. ••• For supper there was a midnight Mexican combo—tostada, enchiladas, with sugar, and potted pigs, and water melon and cacti and etcetera, until you can’t eat no more.

Most Nostalgic Party-of-the-Month was also the one that carried Henry Wilcoxon’s guests back to the Summit School picnic days, when his wife Joan Woodbury entertained the members of the cast of his latest picture, at their Malibu Lake ranch. ••• The entertainment was the same old kind you used to squee over at those Epworth League outings, but now they used to know, the kind where your left leg and your partner’s right are tied together and you race a lot of other couples similarly hobbled! which was won by Wilcoxon and Carole Landis (and who ever thought of that one for Regan’s legs?); for the water relay race there were water-pistols—guns, one of the whistles, pushing race won miniature bow-and-arrow sets •••

Hollywood Parties

Meal-of-the-affair was the GOAT-meat barbecue, prepared by Wilcoxon in person. ••• Guest-of-Honor—LESS birthday-party of the month was the one which Joy Hodges did NOT attend, even though it was HER birthday party. ••• The dinner party was at the Somerset house, but just as everybody got ready for the festivities, Joy got a studio call—and in Hollywood, you can’t even DIE when the studio calls, so Joy’s birthday party simply went on WITH that. ••• Celebrations saw Joy but with joy included Ronnie Reagan and Jane Wyman, Henry Willcoxon, Allan Jones and Irene Hervey. ••• Oldest Commencement Exercises of the year—was the One-Student Graduation Party that was set on the sound stage at 20th-Fox. ••• Graduating student—who was everything from Class Orator to Class Comedian—was Ann Baxter, the 17-year-old honey, who completed her school course (as prescribed by Los Angeles school regulations, to be held on the set if underage actors can’t go to regular school because of their work). ••• The party was started by Ann’s teacher, but pretty soon the cast took over—Gregory Ratoff and John Barrymore in the fore. ••• What made it most amazing was that the blushing graduate had just finished a hot (BUT TORRID!) love scene with Barrymore himself! Speeches were brilliant—but hardly academically!

Most Patriotic Party of the Month—was also the most colorful Kiolle Party of the Month—when Hollywood’s children gathered at the Hut-son home in Beverly to celebrate little Mary Eileen Hutson’s fourth birthday. ••• It was a red-white-and-blue party, with wartime trimmings. All the boys wore soldier caps, and the girls wore red Cross caps and capes. ••• Highlight of the afternoon was the “mechanized” division’s march—with the tots mounted on flag-adorned bikes, tricycles, kiolle cars and hobby horses. ••• As narrator Woody Van Dyke himself, splendid in his full uniform as major of the United States Marine Corps reserve. ••• The supper was on a red-white-and-blue decorated table. ••• Most Bachelorette Party of the Month—was given to a six-year hus- band, John Garfield. ••• It was his sixth wedding anniversary and it was celebrated at XTG’s Flar- estine Gardens show—and the bachelorette part of it came when ALL the chorus belles in the show, one after the other, marched past John and each of them kissed him smack full on the lips. ••• All the while, Mrs. John Garfield sat by, grinning ••• So John tried to laugh it off—until Master-of- Ceremonies brought him back to reality with:—

"You’re laugh now—but let yourself get well when you get home!"

Hawaiian Party of the Month—was given by that too-rare host of Hollywood, George Brent, who hardly ever throws a party. ••• But when he does!!! It was held at the House of Murphy’s Fight Room—which is a helluva place for a Hawaiian Party. ••• Nevertheless, the place was well camouflage, with paha leaves, bamboo and potted palms, into a Hawaiian setting, Murphy or no Murphy. ••• The feast itself was truly Hawaiian—and there wasn’t a touch of corned-beef or draws-to-it. ••• Worn by Murphy himself with the aid of Hawaiian techni-cians, supervising the roasting of the two suckling pigs, and the preparation of all other Hawaiian dishes served in coconut shells. ••• It was Brent’s gesture of appreciation for the many honors accorded to him in his recent Hawaiian trips. ••• Guests of honors included Mrs. Clara Inten, noted Honolulu singer, and the Nine Royal Hawaiian Surf Riders, who helped entertain George in the Pacific paradise. ••• And George’s own guest of honor—pshaw, you’ve guessed it—was Ann Sheridan, in a South Seas frock that was an eye- knocker-outier. ••• She wore a-shell hat around her throat. ••• The dessert was a wow—a huge cake, topped with a Hawaiian beach scene, all done in sugar, sporting surfboard riders.

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

Camay now Milder than other Leading Beauty Soaps!

Camay now Milder than other Leading Beauty Soaps!

Camay now Milder than other Leading Beauty Soaps!

FREE

Next month—In the December MOTION PICTURE—you’ll find a beautiful color portrait of Laraine Day, free of printed mark. ••• Did you love the air of Laraine’s legs?• For the water relay race there were water-pistols—guns, one of the whistles, pushing race won miniature bow-and-arrow sets •••

• ‘I’m just thrilled by new Camay’s wonderful mildness,” says Mrs. L. L. • I always take extra care with my skin—so I like a very mild beauty soap, New Camay is so mild it actually seems to soothe my skin as it cleanses. And that new fragrance is just marvelous!!"

When I tell you that Camay is even more wonderful than ever before, some of you will say, “How do I know?” ••• Well, try new Camay. See for yourself how much it’s extra mildness...its more gentle cleansing...can help you in your search for a lovelier skin!

The Beauty News of 1940 is the New Camay!
AMERICAN TRADITION of Beauty

Before the pearly freshness of the American girl's face, came an enduring tradition of fastidious care of her person.

Cultivate your skin's smooth enchantment gladly, frankly, without falter. Give your face at least once daily the authoritative Pond's ritual, based on the structure and behavior of the skin. Its users are among the fresh-skinned, soignée daughters of America's foremost families.

BATHE your face in an abundance of luscious Pond's Cold Cream—spreading it all over with creamy-soft slapping fingers. Slap for 3 full minutes—yes, even 5 minutes. This cream has 2 actions. One, cleansing. The other, softening. It achieves these effects by mixing with the dead surface cells, make-up and foreign accumulations on your skin.

WIPE OFF with bland and persuasive Pond's Tissues—and you've wiped off the softened debris, helped remove some of the softened tops of blackheads, making it easier for the little plugs of hardened sebum to push their way to the surface.

FLOOD and SLAP a second time with releasing Pond's Cold Cream. This slapping increases both the cleansing and the softening. As dirt is released, wipe off with gentle Pond's Tissues. Pores seem finer. In the softened skin, lines are less apparent.

LUXURiATE now in the cooling astringence of Pond's Skin Freshener, splashed on with a pad of cotton dripping with it. Then

COAT your whole face with the final blessedness of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Here is a cream whose specific function is to disperse harsh skin particles, little choppings caused by exposure, and leave your skin delightfully smoothed. Wipe off the excess after one full minute. Observe that this cream has laid down a perceptible mat finish. Your rich reward is your skin's satiny touch—its flattering reception of and faithful hold on powder.

This, in full, always before retiring or during the day. A shorter ritual whenever your skin and make-up need refreshing. Act now to start your new daily ritual—aid to a fresh, flower-soft skin. Already some fifteen million women in the United States use Pond's!

GIVE-AWAY for the thrifty minded—Frankly to lure you to our larger cream jars, which are actually a better buy, we are handing you FREE (for a limited period) a tempting supply of our equally authoritative hand lotion, DAMYA, with each purchase of the medium-large Pond's Cold Cream. Both for the price of the cream! At beauty counters everywhere.

Copyright, 1940, Pond's Extract Company
LUCILLE BALL

La Ball who's been bouncing right along since you discovered her in Stage Door, again demonstrates that she's one of our best comedienne's in role of wise-cracking gold-digger in Dance, Girl, Dance
20th CENTURY-FOX HAS MADE THE GREATEST MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA EVER BROUGHT TO THE SCREEN!

in TECHNICOLOR!

DOWN ARGENTINE WAY

with

D O N  A M E C H E
B E T T Y  G R A B L E
C A R M E N  M I R A N D A

and

C H A R L O T T E  G R E E N W O O D
J. C A R R O L  N A I S H  •  H E N R Y
S T E P H E N S O N  •  K A T H A R I N E
A L D R I D G E  •  L E O N I D
K I N S K E Y - C H R I S - P I N M A R T I N

Produced by Darryl F. Zanuck
Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown
Directed by Irving Cummings
Screen Play by Darrell Ware and Karl Tunberg
Story by Rian James and Ralph Spence

The irresistible rhythms of Rhumbas and Congas! The glamorous spell of the Argentine!

A cast of stars brilliant as the Southern Cross!

Show-stopping new personalities! Romance—the South American way! The spectacular entertainment two continents have been waiting for!

Music and Lyrics: "Two Dreams Met", "Down Argentine Way" (Argentina), "Nenita", "Sing To Your Senorita" by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren

Songs Sung by Carmen Miranda:
"South American Way", "Bambu", "Mamãe Eu Quero", "Touradas Em Madrid"
MADELEINE CARROLL'S LIFE THE PAST YEAR IS PACKED WITH ADVENTURE AND ROMANCE. SHE SAW TRAGEDY IN FRANCE AND FOUND LOVE. NOW THAT HER AVIATOR IS BACK FROM WAR, PARIS'LL BE FINE THIS AUTUMN

THE pastoral peacefulness of Virginia seemed an eminently proper setting for a girl whose life in the past year had been so turbulent. Here was dramatic contrast that would have satisfied the most exacting playwright. In the remote serenity of the Blue Ridge, Madeleine Carroll was finding, not unexpectedly, the lull after the storm.

And yet the very undisturbed loveliness of the landscape made all the more poignant the mental and spiritual turmoil through which this girl has passed since Hitler sent his legions marching. It brought to her mind all the more sharply the chaos and disaster that have been visited upon those places and persons closest to her heart.

Madeleine Carroll, let it be understood at the start, is not one to parade her memories, no matter how affecting, upon her sleeve. She is too sensitive for that. And too sensible. Whether she is riding to hounds on location as one of the new gentry of Albemarle County, Va.,晒, or whether, the day's work done, she is relaxing on the broad lawn of the Farmington Country Club overlooking the picturesque valley of the Rivanna, she keeps her real emotions to herself.

It is only when you seek her out and talk with her [Continued on page 68]
Hollywood, the town every noted person yearns to visit, has been without a social leader since Mary Pickford and Marion Davies brought the great of the world to our fabulous city. Mary and Marion were the real leaders, and the newcomers who have set themselves up as social arbitrators are only pretenders to the throne.

Today, Hollywood, unfortunately, is without anyone whose personality is vivid enough and whose position is important enough to attract the famous visitors who came in former days.

Pickfair, the unofficial White House, brought the Duke of Alba, the King of Siam, the present Duke of Kent and the Crown Prince of Japan. Douglas Fairbanks adored titles and he was so likeable, so witty and so captivating that these men and women of the international social world accepted his invitations to visit in Hollywood.

Mary, on the other hand, was never excited about royalty. She was happier surrounded by her own relatives and friends—but it made Doug happy to have dukes and duchesses as his house guests—so Mary opened her home and presided at gala dinners.

I have spent some of the pleasantest hours of my life at Pickfair, as Mary and Doug usually invited me when they had their most interesting guests.

Marion Davies could still wear the social crown if she desired—but she spends little time at her famous Santa Monica beach house these days. Her wit and charm and beauty brought the great of two continents to her big white mansion on the Pacific Ocean. There I met renowned statesmen, celebrated artists, famous writers and titled men and women who were frankly delighted with their beautiful blond hostess.

Marion could have been the greatest snob in the world, but she is fundamentally too sweet and unaffected to let any big name impress her. I have heard her exchange witticisms with George Bernard Shaw, talk on political subjects with the late Speaker of the House Nicholas Longworth, and act as hostess to the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland.

It was through her that I met Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, Winston Churchill, Anna Roosevelt Boettiger, Lady Drummond Hay, Kathleen Norris and scores of other brilliant men and women. But of all the illustrious visitors, there is no one I remember as well as George Bernard Shaw.

The "bearded bard" took an instant liking to Marion and he has written her on several occasions joking with her and expressing interest in her plans. It
was through Marion's influence that G. B. S. let me have the first interview he gave in America.

I wrote what I thought was a literary masterpiece—but he had other ideas and decided to edit my newspaper gem. Well, when he finished I must admit that it was more what Mr. Shaw thought about himself than what I had originally written. "Here—take this" he said handing me the edited copy in his own handwriting, "some day you can sell it and make a lot of money."

Later, I mentioned to William Randolph Hearst, what Shaw had said, and Mr. Hearst suggested that I publish my copy as edited by the great Shaw. I couldn't very well tell my boss that I would certainly lose face as a reporter were I ever to publish those corrections of the great G. B. S., since it was 98% Shaw and 2% L. O. P.

I think it is Marion's simplicity that the men who gather around her dinner tables most adore. She has a knack for keeping a dinner going. She has no affection and she always listens to what her guests have to say. Few women have Marion's keen knowledge of world events; and her art gallery is famous. She does not care for the new school of artists but favors Gainsborough, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Watteau, Greuze and the artists whose works are priceless today.

Truly, Marion and Mary are the two women who have really graced the Hollywood social scene with their charm and wit and hospitality.

But pause for a moment and look over Hollywood's 1940 social set-up. The women who give the most parties are Mrs. Basil Rathbone and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson. It is unfortunate for their social prestige that neither of these hostesses is a stellar personality herself—but are merely married to two well-known actors.

Mrs. Jack Warner, whose husband runs the Warner studio, for a time led the social parade, but Ann cares little for the social glitter and prefers to have fun with her friends. Also she is terribly upset over world conditions and thinks it is frivolous when the world is in such an upset condition, and in such turmoil, to give big expensive parties. Her last important affair was for Lady Diana Manners and her husband, Alfred Duff-Cooper, prominent in the English government.

Mrs. Darryl Zanuck could easily set herself up as a social dictator of Hollywood if she chose—but Virginia is too busy with her children and in looking after her husband's welfare to take time for such exacting outside interests. She is far more interested in packing at a
moment's notice to accompany Darryl on one of his jaunts to far-off places, or places close by like Sun Valley, than in concentrating on being a social queen. Like the Warners, the Zanucks feel the world is too sad today for Hollywood to indulge in too much of a social whirl.

So Mrs. Basil Rathbone and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson vie for what social honors Hollywood has to offer. Ouida Rathbone has indefatigable energy and nothing is too much trouble for her if it is in the interest of charity. She is much discussed as Hollywood's social leader, and not always flattering. But in spite of a very unkind article recently published in a national magazine, the two big parties she staged for the Screen Actor's Guild were enormously successful.

Ouida's smaller parties are perhaps her most successful. She is very considerate of everyone's comfort. She is a vehement foe of the uncomfortable buffet dinner or supper parties where guests are expected to balance plates of food on their knees. She has entertained as many as one hundred and fifty guests at a "sit down" dinner with beautifully decorated tables and excellent service.

Gladys (Mrs. Eddie) Robinson loves to be arty. She likes nothing better than to discuss Eddie's art collection, which is amazing, numbering as it does Picassos, Renoirs, Rembrandts, and other masterpieces ranging from the modern to the old world. Gladys, herself, has ambitions to be a writer and does a monthly stint for Bob Wagner's Script.

As Gladys Lloyd she was an actress—but those were the days before Eddie became world-famous. The Robinsons gather at their home noted musicians and artists and go in heavily for the cultural influence. Also, they are definitely social problem-minded and take up the cudgels in behalf of under-privileged children and the migratory farmers.

BUT there was a time fifteen or twenty years ago when the world was in a happier mood and Hollywood was not so serious-minded about its society. Those were the days when Hollywood society had "color"—to put it politely.
As a two-fisted truck-driver in They Drive by Night, George took love and ambition in each. In South of Suez he has no work cut out for him. Being in the Army, he makes it look easy.
By WILLIAM F. FRENCH

YOU'LL LIKE GENE TIERNEY—THE DEB WHO'D RATHER MAKE GOOD ON HER OWN THAN BE A FLUFFY-DUFF PRETTYING HERSELF UP AS HUSBAND BAIT. SHE'S THE BEST DISCOVERY HOLLYWOOD HAS MADE IN A LONG TIME. EVERYBODY IN TOWN SAYS SHE'S TERRIFIC.

THE man who fancies Hollywood's latest discovery, the restless and shapely Gene Tierney, will probably have to do his courting on the wing. Gene never lights long, and when she flits she leaves the impression of having been born on a bicycle and weaned on a roller-coaster.

Not that swains haven't tried anchoring her with chains of love. One well-known drama critic attempted to rush her off her feet in New York and landed on his ear in Hollywood. Her footwork is that good. And why shouldn't it be; she's from a true Irish family and got her early training playing Indian and shadow-boxing with her brother, Butch.

Frankly, Gene's a bit of an anomaly—a debutante in overalls, so to speak. She's the sort of person who is invited to Europe as the guest of a countess and ends up in a shabby hotel in Budapest, her room strung with young men's shirts she has just washed and her lap full of socks to be darned. That's what really happened.

You couldn't help liking Gene Tierney. She looks like an Irish elf and acts like a whirling Dervish. And the critics say she showed enough personality and natural ability on the New York stage to make her success in Hollywood a cinch.

For the sake of the record, Gene is the living embodiment of the sort of beauty that has made the Petty girl adored by millions of grads and undergrads from Yale to Cal. Tech. She is five feet, five-and-one-half inches tall, has reddish-brown hair and green eyes. She attended fashionable schools in Connecticut, New York City and Switzerland.

Like most girls of her age—and she's just 20 years old—she has definite likes and dislikes. In music she likes Debussy and Cole Porter and loves to dance to Emil Coleman's orchestra. [Continued on page 62]
Her beauty and coloring are right up the Technicolor alley—as proved in *The Return of Frank James*, in which Gene, a Broadway "lind," made her debut. Her coming-out party on the screen beats coming-out deb parties all to hollow
Cary, who knows his way around romantic comedies, knows how to win back a wife as played by Hepburn in *The Philadelphia Story*, based on "Main Line" society. And Jimmy Stewart also stars.
Katharine Hepburn, who was a pushover for punishment and persecution, returns to Hollywood, a conqueror. It took courage. Terms of surrender are her own.

KATHARINE HEPBURN took Broadway. Then she marched from that conquered territory into a stunned Hollywood.

It can't happen here, but it has. Katie, unrepentant, flaming head unbowed, returns to films in triumph. Her re-entry is not the humble, thanks-for-the-chance comeback trail, but the parade of a victor into the fallen citadel of a vanquished foe.

The terms of Katie's return to Hollywood are her own. She not only sold The Philadelphia Story, her big stage hit, at her own price and on her own conditions, but tacitly reserved the right to be the same "Heppy" some film owners hated so bitterly, attacked so viciously.

There are those who think Katie has changed. Many others consider her unchanged. I am one of the latter. To me, the only change that has occurred is in Hollywood's attitude toward the red-head. It is ready to kow-tow, now, or at least to treat her humanly, to strive to understand her.

Katie is ready to meet such a movement halfway. In the past she has been equally ready, but due to film-town's attitude toward her, she kept more on the defensive. There have already occurred incidents, minor but significant, that show she is still going to insist on what she considers her "rights."

No, it is Hollywood that has changed, that has surrendered. And that's divine justice, for among all Heartbreak Town's misunderstood people, few have ever been victims of so many cruel, cowardly attacks and persecutions. And none was shaped by nature to suffer as keenly and as long.

Katie suffers not only because she is sensitive, and lacks protective philosophy, but because she has high courage and principles. The latter make her stand her ground when, as she might put it, "I'm getting hell kicked out of me."

A less courageous and principled soul would run away or say "uncle," and escape a lot of punishment. She just couldn't do that. The same red-headed, adrenal, uncompromising courage that has given her a great triumph over failure, [Continued on page 58]
HEIL HYNKEL

THE GREAT DICTATOR—CHAPLIN—TAKES OVER

BY DAN CAMP

Chaplin in army greatcoat and cap carrying insignia of double-cross, plays dual role—that of a Yiddish barber who accidentally becomes the dictator of Tomainia. And is "heiled" as Furor Hynkel.
HE gods must have been in a particularly prankish state of mind, 'way back there in that certain week in April of 1889. . . .
In that week, they caused to be born two babies, just four scant days apart. Two boy babies, who, by diametrically opposite routes, grew up to be two of the most famous men in the world today.

One of them (he was born in an Austrian village on April 20 of that year) grew up to be Adolf Hitler, the world's greatest exponent of pomp, and the man who has brought more misery into the world than any other one man.

The other (he was born four days earlier than Adolf, in a little flat over a London saloon) grew up to be Charlie Chaplin, the world's greatest destroyer of pomp—and the man who has brought more fun and joy into the world than any other one man.

But what makes the devilish ingenuity of this Olympian prank all the more astounding is this: after a half century of working to the top in fields utterly remote from each other, these two men, far removed from each other in everything but looks, are suddenly going to clash head-on in the most amazing collision of ideals and philosophies that this dizzy old world has ever seen. . . .

For today, just as Adolf is busily gobbling up everything he can to build up this pinnacle of power and pomp, Charlie is about to release The Great Dictator—a picture which kids the life out of power-crazed, self-appointed dictators.

Indeed, with the merciless weapon of ridicule, Charlie debunks dictators. You won't be fearing Charlie's dictator and calling him an ogre. Instead you'll be laughing at him. And wouldn't it be utterly amazing if this climactic effort of Chaplin's should prove more potent than cannon and bombs and propaganda and politics—and that by the weapon he most fears, ridicule, Adolf Hitler should go into a fade-out??

If they ever let Hitler see the picture he'll probably pass out fuming, foaming, hopping with anger when he sees Chaplin, with that itsy-bitsy moustache (which he wore in comedies long before Adolf came to power) come strutting into the screen with a chest full of decorations and a "Heil!"—to be made an object of downright buffoonery by the little Yiddish barber who accidentally usurps the Dictator's place. That, basically, is the entire story of the film.

BEHIND the making of The Great Dictator is the story of a Chaplin re-energized. Into this film, Chaplin poured not only his full professional zeal and pride, but far, far more. Ever since this strange little man came out of the shadow of his London slum-life—his early [Continued on page 70]
Front draping, pockets. Sales Tested Fabric make Lynne's Norman Jacobson dress a good buy. Brewster beret. Charlotte escalator jewelry, above, is change

Lynne wears Bonny Jr. coat with double collar, bishop sleeves. Sporty with "Click" Yearounder, dressy with Silvercraft set and Debwa beret above

Jersey rates with Lynne Carver, and should with you. Jr. Firtats dress is black and beige. Felt calot with bow, Thornton hat

You can't go wrong with gabardine, nor with Lynne's Mayflower dress. Note patch pockets, slim skirt. She's in M-G-M's Bittersweet
Where to buy? How much? What colors? Drop a postcard to Candids, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City. She will send you free information on these inexpensive star-worn clothes!

Figures get into line with Hickory foundations. All-in-one combines one-way and two-way stretch panels for control. Duranet pantie has runproof woven Self-edge, patented Stay-put panel crotch, removable garters. Deanna Durbin shawl of Crown Tested Rayon in gay patterns costs a quarter. American washable leather Aris gloves feature contrasting trim, hand stitching. Rambler bag of top grain calf has 3 Talon fastened pockets! Colorful Miss Swank pjs, center, are grand for lounging as well as sleeping.

Jersey again, in a Co-Ed dress any girl would love. Note yoke, insert pockets, and Knox buckle beret in smart corduroy.
It's one affair after another for Joan. No sooner was she through with *The Man I Married* (Francis Lederer) than she falls in love with *The Son of Monte Cristo* — who happens to be Louis Hayward.
JUST AN OLD SMOOTHIE

HERBERT MARSHALL MAY JOLLY WELL TAKE A BOW FOR TEACHING OUR EYE-ROLLING, CHEST-HEAVING HEROES HOW TO MAKE LOVE. HE'S A SMOOTH WORKER

By HENRY MILLS

Said an old British smoothie named Bart:
"When it comes to affairs of the heart,
"Your Yankee technique
"Is most awfully weak;"
"And most 'orribly lacking in Art!"

Quoth this wily old Briton called 'Erbert:
"Yankee necking is colder than sherbert!
"To an approach a-la-Marshal
"Gals'll be much more partial;
"For when I lerb'em, I make 'em lerb'it!"

(—from "Ma Goose in Hollywood.")

AND that goes for 50-year-old Herbert Marshall's OFFscreen and ONscreen love-life, both! But before we get into the former, let's contemplate the latter:

When Bart (that's what they call him in Hollywood, and so let's use it here, because it's so much more easy than this formal "Herbert" business!) first came to Hollywood, the American screen had a love-making style most peculiarly its own. That was back in the early '30's, you recall....

In those days, the handsome hero felt it necessary to register love with the brakes off. So did directors. When it came to the footage where Hero was called on to make it plain to (a) his audience and (b) the heroine that he lo-hoved her, he went to work with all he had.

He sashayed up to the fair one and gave her the works. He rolled his eyes and went in for a lot of chest-heaving. He hammed all over the place, like a Barrymore in his cups. Now and then, to make it better, he tore his hair and wiped his feverish brow to register extreme passion. And by some quaint quirk of misbegotten psychology, the heroine, instead of busting out laughing, was supposed to go in a big way for all these amorous calisthenics and practically swoon at the Big Boy's feet—instead of having hysterics and calling the loony-wagon. As she'd have done if any guy had approached her that way in real life.

But ridiculous as it was, that's the way the film heroes and directors stuck to it—until along came that suave chap from London and showed 'em how to take their gals with a smooth technique that made 'em faw down before they even knew they were shipping.

Anyway, Bart was brought to Hollywood, and Hollywood began to discover that Leslie Howard and his stuff wasn't just a freak manifestation, but that maybe Britshers really DID have something on the ball.

They didn't give up easily, these chest-pumping, eye-spinning, hair-tearing, brow-wiping, ear-clutching American film lovers. They were used to their stuff, and they kept putting it on—until Bart Marshall suddenly had thousands of American movie fans of the female persuasion raving about the way he did his stuff in Trouble In Paradise.

Remember how Bart just slew Kay Francis and Miriam Hopkins with this deceptive ease, that [Continued on page 78]
By FRANK FLEMING

LAST summer Betty Grable was at the ebb tide of her career, the all-time low of her life—mentally, physically, professionally, socially, financially and romantically. Her future was all behind her and every cloud had a dark-brown lining.

Her studio, Paramount, didn't want her any more; Hollywood had started a decidedly audible whispering campaign against her; the "ideal marriage" between her and Jackie Coogan had cracked up; she needed money badly; fear and unhappiness were driving her frantic and the loss of almost twenty pounds was threatening her famous curves.

Then, knee-deep in the ruins of the things she cherished the most, with her hopes buried under the debris of her career and her ears ringing with prophesies of what would happen to her now that she was all "washed up," Betty decided to do what she believes every girl should do when things look blackest—take a chance.

Today, only a year later, Betty Grable is sitting on top of the world, a happy, healthy success with a bigger and better career ahead than she had ever dreamed of.

Today, less than a year after her divorce and apparent exit from pictures, she is starring in place of Alice Faye in 20th Century-Fox's two million dollar Technicolor glamor production "Down Argentine Way." And all because she had the courage to deal herself a new hand in a game that had apparently already beaten her. The courage, she admits, that was born of desperation.

"In June of 1939," Betty says, "things were just about as bad for me as they possibly could be. Paramount had let my option lapse; things were at the blackest for Jackie and me; I was sick with unhappiness and Hollywood's attitude had made me lose faith in myself."

[Continued on page 60]
Remember *Escape*—how it kept you up till dawn to finish? As a film it's just as exciting, with Bob Taylor and Norma Shearer as the American youth and countess. As escapists from the wrath of the Nazis they carry on their romance.
You love luxuries? Then suit yourself in a soft green pile velvet, mink trimmed like Jane Wyman's. The long jacket is side-draped.

Keyed right for Winter is Jane's wood brown twill suit with a golden touch—collar, keys and turban. Skirt is gored, long jacket fitted.
Be snug like a kitten—in a stone blue corduroy suit with sleeveless, collarless bolero and 4-gore skirt. Jane wears it with a beige cashmere sweater, broad belt.

If you’re smart, you’ll get black and blue this winter like Jane—in a military jacket dress. It is of sheer black wool with bright blue cord at pockets, shoulders.

Tugboat Annie Sails Again but when Jane’s a. w. o. i. she prefers a military two-piece dress of green sheer wool with knife-pleated skirt and double button front jacket.

Beige—this season’s important color—is used for Jane's woolen suit with slim skirt and hip-length jacket. Be a minx with pert mink turban, mink revers, brown accessories.
THE PLOT OF THE

James Stewart—one of the best actors in Hollywood as well as one of the most popular—now joins our gallery of favorites in an exclusive color portrait. Jimmy, who scores another hit in No Time For Comedy, will soon be seen in The Philadelphia Story, starring with Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. Next month MOTION PICTURE presents the fifteenth in this series of gorgeous color portraits. It will offer one of the fastest-climbing stars on the screen—Laraine Day—who shines brilliantly in Foreign Correspondent.

By

E. J. SMITHSON

TO HEAR JUNE STOREY TELL IT
SHE'S HAVING THE TIME OF HER LIFE RIDING THE OPEN SPACES OPPOSITE GENE AUTRY

WE DON'T know whether or not Gene Autry had anything to do with the selection of June Storey for his leading lady in those hell-for-leather hoss oprays of his'n, or whether or not it was Republic Studios that tagged June for the honor of being made love to by Gene.

But whoever or whichever it was—Gene or the studio—either one or the other can have our compliments for possessing such a keen eye for beauty and talent.

And don't let us hear you snort out a couple of sarcastic remarks about "you don't have to be either pretty or talented to ride straddle through eight reels of a wild and woolly western."

Maybe you can recall the vivacious 100-pounder who did such a neat characterization of the timid German girl in In Old Chicago. Well then, you recall the name. None other, of course, than June Storey. As a result of what she did in this picture she should have been scheduled immediately for something bigger and better, but you know how it is in Hollywood.

But in case you don't, we can say this much by way of explanation. Quite often a good characterization is a quick notice for burial. As [Continued on page 84]
T'S the good old college daze—those first few weeks on the campus when a girl goes around in a fog! Who to date, what to wear, how to act... Co-ediquette can be a worse problem than entrance exams. But here are some straight tips from the Hollywood sorority sisters—and they've majored in a lot more than "oomph!"

There's Brenda Joyce, for instance. One of the cutest Delta Gammas who ever came out of the University of California-at-Los Angeles. Just to get in the mood we were lunching in a tearoom only a stone's throw away from the campus. Brenda eyed it reminiscibly. "Rule Number One at any university," she said, "is this: Don't try to make too big an impression in the beginning. "It's a funny thing, but girls who make the greatest splurge during their first semester become D. D.'s (Dizzy Dopes) by sophomore year. So even if a gal was class president in high school, it pays to start small at the U! If you have to wear a '44 smeared in lipstick on your forehead for a whole week, take it in your stride—and be friendly, especially to the Older Girls. "I'll never forget my first day at that place," nodding in the direction of the ivy-covered buildings. "I felt lost in the shuffle until an Older Girl took me in hand. It was she who got me the bid to my sorority, and later on arranged my best Dates!

"Rule Number Two concerns clothes. They can make you—or break you—at college. It's so expensive to buy the wrong thing." No matter what part of the country your university is located in, Brenda lists these as musts in every co-ed's wardrobe; One good-looking suit, either dressmaker type or tailored.

Two "date" dresses for teas during "rush" week. These must never be long. Have them either in chiffon wool in soft colors or in heavy crepe. (Avoid black satin like you would the plague.) And top them off with a pert little hat.

One dinner dress with long sleeves and high neck for formal dinners. (Later, after you've joined the sorority, it can be used when you're hostess at a tea or for numerous other occasions.)

Two or three formals. Have one a Special Number to wear on Preference Night which comes at the end of rush week.

Two pairs of dark slacks for [Continued on page 82]
HOW HURRELL SHOOTS

"IT'S A GIFT AS WELL AS AN ART"

1. Warner Bros., ace photographer George Hurrell checks gown he wants Olivia de Havilland to wear for portrait sitting. As she approves dress, Hurrell is ready to start work. Stars often leave dress choice up to George who knows best how a gown will photograph in lights, shades.

2. Hurrell keeps phonograph in gallery and plays "mood music" while he works. George shows Olivia some records he has picked to establish a mood for her sitting. Getting the subject in the right mood is half the battle—and Hurrell has found music takes star's mind off herself.

3. Hurrell is never still while working. He moves around changing lights, squeezing shutter bulb. Olivia's never sure when he's taking the picture. This does away with tense look a subject is bound to have when waiting for click of shutter. He works usually with 3 lights—seldom any more.

4. Warners' ace still photographer personally examines each negative after it has been developed, and discards any that have the slightest flaw that can't be remedied by retouching. He works with laboratory man and checks developer as carefully as a chemist working over secret formula.

5. Hurrell examines proofs from Olivia's sitting, marks every place that needs retouching—one of the hardest and most tedious jobs connected with still photography. He hasn't time to do actual retouching himself, carefully checks retouch artist at every step of the job.

6. Here George holds the wet print which he has printed himself from the retouched negative. As printing is an art in itself George feels that only the man who took picture can best tell just what shade he wants the print. He discards prints until he hits one indicating best composition.
8. And now we have the finished portrait of Olivia that has passed the critical examination of Harrell and Olivia—one that shapes up as a favorite of both. He has captured her in a tranquil, wistful, restful mood—one that brings out the true Olivia de Havilland personality... and appeal.

7. Harrell's assistants have been shooting him shoot Olivia. Here he checks his finished prints of Olivia with other portraits he has made of her—and he has made hundreds of them... Just another picture won't do the trick. Her photogenic personality has to register in each
Eyebrow Lifting Giggle

Eyebrow-lifting giggle-of-the-month in Hollywood concerns the Facts of Life as portrayed in RKO's Little Men.

Therein, you will behold Kay Francis as Jo, and Charles Esmond as her husband, occupying TWIN BEDS! And what makes it so, soooo funnnnneeeeee is the fact that although in the decorous '80's, when the ultra-pure tale was written by Louisa May Alcott, nobody ever HEARD of twin beds for husband and wife. Still in 1940-Hollywood, the Hays office says no man and lady can get into one bed together—even though they're playing husband and wife!

Gee, ma, maybe that gag about storks is true after all?

Mary Beth Hughes, former St. Louis, Washington deb, is new starlet playing opposite J. Barrymore in The Great Profile. At right, Reitl. Preston, Paulette Goddard as Mountie an' half-breed sweetheart have their romantic moments in Northwest Mounted Police.

Linda Darnell waits for Ty to get through his chores so he can make pretty love to her in Brigham Young.

If you've wondered when a new man would come along, here's Sterling Hayden who debuts in Virginia.
Terse Verse

- Boys who dream about Zorina
  Keep on getting lina and lina!

War Jitters

- Not in years—even decades—has Hollywood had such a case of emotional and nervous jitters as this War has brought. It's such a definite condition that Hollywood recognizes it, in individual cases, as "war jitters" and filmland's medics and practitioners are diagnosing certain cinema biggies' ills as nothing more or less than war nerves. . .

  The affliction embraces all castes in Hollywood. The lower brackets have the war jitters because of the wholesale firings that have swept various studios, in their effort to retrench financially because of the loss of foreign markets and other wallops in the exchequer. Everybody wonders who's going to be fired next, and it plays hell with digestions and nerves.

  In the upper brackets, the worries concern the financial catastrophes of the war as reflected in Hollywood business—plus the concern, here and there, about loved ones or properties in the war zone.

  Net result: Hollywood today, despite all its external glitter and glamor, is as gloomily jittery a spot as you'd want to be out of.

Jitter Cases

- Some specific examples of individual war jitters cases:
  The friends of actor Guy Middleton were in a high state of nerves over reports that he had been killed in action—until official reports brought him back to life . . . the blond Baron Raven Erik Barnekow, one-time fiance of Kay Francis, and one of the best-liked chaps in Hollywood during his visit there, was likewise reported killed while serving with Hitler's army, and it left his many friends deep in gloom until they learned he had been merely wounded and is now reported recovered . . . David Niven's innumerable friends, not to mention all the gals who sighed over him, are in constant worry lest he be killed while serving his King . . . Pola Negri, at this writing, is reported trapped [Continued on page 80]
Here's your chance, girls, to palpitate over Desi Arnaz of Cuba—who's tall, dark and handsome. The new answer to your prayers is quite a guy.

He's dark and Cuban and lithe, girls. His hair is shining black. His skin is olive. His eyes are so dark a brown as to appear black—that sloe and sultry black which promises so much. He keeps his promise. His full name is Desiderio Arnaz. He pronounces it Dessy Ar-naz. And it is his real name. As it is the name of his father. And of his grandfather who fought on the American side in the battle of San Juan during the Spanish-American War. He is very young. Twenty-three. He was born in Santiago, Cuba, March 2, 1917.

Yes, my dears, the new answer to your old prayers is everything you thought him when you saw him dance and heard him sing at La Conga in Florida, at La Conga in New York, on the stage in Too Many Girls and as you are soon to see him in RKO's screen version of the same. His first picture, your next palpitation.

He is of the amorous Latin temperament, having thought that he was in love some five or six times in his brief span of days—and nights. He has, always, many dates. Since he has been in Hollywood, he has dated Betty Grable, Pat Dane, Ann Miller, Lucille Ball. Now it is Lucille and Desi every evening, every date. Every luncheon and every hour of every day, too, since they are in the picture together. It is love again. But Desi doesn't want to marry for five years (neither does Lucille) for reasons which he will explain later on in this story, when you know him better.

He likes to dress when he takes a girl out. He leaves the evening up to the girl. It is where she wants to go, it is what she wants to do. He sends corsages before he calls and he sends cut flowers the next morning. He does not kiss a lady's hand, that [Continued on page 65]
Your Hollywood—And Mine

(Continued from page 25)

whom she ought to know—so no one was ever requested to leave. Some of the "crashers" might have been Dempsey worshipers.

THE late Lilyan Tashman, at one time called the best-dressed woman in Hollywood, was ultra chic—and it was Lilyan who introduced the small, exclusive party—usually with a visiting author or musician as the guest of honor. William Haines "did" Lilyan's small, swanky home in Beverly Hills and while it was in the best of taste for the most part, there was one touch Lilyan added that nearly slayed her decorator! This was a pale pink piano on which la Tashman tied a large pink satin bow! She and her husband, Edmund Lowe used to take a lot of kidding about it, but they could dish it out, too.

Tashman was the first Hollywood hostess to entertain Garbo, Eddie Lowe and Lilyan, Greta and John Gilbert were inseparable friends—at least the two women were friends until Lil made the fatal mistake of talking about Garbo for publication. After that G. & J. never came to the Lowe's again.

As I look back on those days it is amusing to recall that while there was rivalry between Hollywood's smart hostesses, there was no such thing as breaking up into clans—which is the social picture in Hollywood today. Everybody who rated at all was invited to everybody else's party.

Everyone religiously showed up at the famous old Montmartre Cafe (in the heart of Hollywood Boulevard) for Wednesday and Saturday luncheons—and when Malibu became the swanky beach resort practically the whole town moved down to the sea in a body.

What happy memories the old Montmartre brings back! Can you imagine the top stars of today—the Irene Dunnes, Ginger Rogerses, Norma Shearers, Claudette Colberts, Hedy Lamarrs standing patiently behind a red rope waiting to gain admittance to any cafe? I can't. But in those days the Montmartre was so popular that Joan Crawford, Corinne Griffith, Estelle Taylor, Billie Dove, Colleen Moore, Gloria Swanson, Constance Talmadge and many others waited patiently in line for the ringside tables.

ON A WILSON BROWN, Clarence's wife, was the unofficial hostess of Hollywood's cafe society at this time and her table, bedecked with red roses at the Montmartre, was always the center of attention. Ona, herself, was a dynamic person with a brilliant collection of jewels and it was impossible to be in the same room with her and miss her heartily laugh or her amazing comments. Everyone gravitated to her table in those days.

Ona was no respecter of persons and if somebody walked by her table whom she didn't like she was as likely as not to hurl some flattering remark after him. But it was to her that charitable organizations came when they wanted to round up stars for benefits—and she was indefatigable in working for the Children's Hospital and other worthy causes—dragging glamorous girls in her wake and refusing to take NO for an answer.

Personally, I think Hollywood had more fun in those good old pre-Brown Derby days when stars owned pink and blue limousines and wore all their jewelry at one time. But they are days that are gone forever. The movie people as well as the movies have grown up, and perhaps it is just as well that the day of the Hollywood hostess who said to her butler, "Please pour the red wine, darling," is a thing of the dear, dead past.

When Mary Pickford ruled Pickfair, husband Doug liked to entertain royalty. Mary on other hand preferred entertaining own relatives and intimate friends at small parties, like this one for Bebe Daniels, Louella O. Parsons, daughter Harriet Parsons

MOTION PICTURES
FASHION SPOTLIGHT

By CANDIDA

W ATCH this column each month. In it your Fashion Editor will point out, page by page, all the new fashions of fashion significance as pictured in photos of your favorite stars. For instance . . .

Loreta Young (see cover) lowers the waistline of her sports dress, but keeps it natural looking with a belt at midriff. Watch for young and flattering dresses that make this compromise with style—a snug fit to the hips, with flared skirt below, and a belt or sash or bow to show that small waists aren't wasted!

Lucille Ball (see page 19) checks back into Hollywood, and into style, with her jacket. Combinations of plaids, stripes or checks with plain materials are better than ever. Try wearing one of the new long "man-tailored" jackets with a short checked skirt and a plain sweater—or a plaid shirt with plain skirts or slacks.

Madeleine Carroll (see page 21) wears a lacy mantilla headdress with evening clothes for her role in Virginia. A romantic and becoming fashion all the by Bette Davis, with her mantilla in J'عارس, it gains popularity with our interest in all things South American. If you don't want to wear such a headdress in the evening, throw on one of the short lace edged veils over an off-face bonnet or back-of-head pill box, to get that Latin touch.

Gene Tierney (see page 28) combines a tunic with a slim skirt (or slacks) to achieve the longer, straighter silhouette. Note the huge buttons (as trim) and the hand stitching on pockets. Both are smart. June Storey's evening dress (see page 42) uses a pleated tunic or peplum for the same effect.

Norma Shearer (see page 39) dresses up her basic black dress with single jewelled pin. Dresses with simple high necklines like this are canny buys, because they can so easily be "changed" with necklaces, pins, artificial flowers, or ljerimier collars to give several outfits.

Brenda Joyce (see page 46) chooses a soft white shirt with color in her gay waistband. Tailored shirts are so good for fall—wear them under classic sweaters like Andrea Leeds (see page 47)—the collar takes the place of Andrea's scarf), under tailored suits, with a man's four-in-hand tie, and with colorful vestes of suede or knitwear (a fashion taken from Pride and Prejudice that you'll find becoming and comfortable!)

Marjorie Weaver (see page 47) is classic as a college girl in her softly tailored suit. Note the longer jacket—grants to slip on over short sleeved dresses, or skirt and sweater combinations.

Peggy Moran (see page 56) models one of the new pompadour baby bonnets, with ruching to give it that stand-up look. Wear the veil flowing in back, or draped around your face and under the chin, much like a wimple or hood.
ANY strange inquiry comes to the desk of a household editor, and perhaps the following recently received is as odd as any. It ran: “Dear Mrs. Frederick, please tell me how to eat lettuce!” Then followed questions about whether lettuce should be cut with a knife or if the salad fork only should be used, and if so, where were these silver pieces to be laid in relation to the plate, etc., etc., showing that the inexperienced young woman was eager to be informed on all points of table etiquette.

The above, and also the traditional conundrum of “Should the butter-spreader be laid to the right of the plate or to the left?” and all similar questions are now once and for all solved in a delightful way by the silver itself! How? By a new and radical departure in silverware design, without precedent in 300 years of the history of table silver. This new idea is called Balanced Place Setting, and the remarkable thing is that it is such a simple, practical idea that the inevitable question arises, “Why didn’t anyone think of this before?”

Here is this novel idea in its simplest terms: on each piece of flat table silverware (fork, knife, spoon, etc.) the design of the pattern appears on the outside of each piece, and swings toward the center, enclosing the service or other plate with a graceful arc. Thus, pieces which belong on the right, carry the design on the right; while those pieces which belong on the left carry the design on the left. In other words, no one, not even Mother’s little six-year-old helper could fail to set a table. [Continued on page 81]
Is it true? Is some of your skin dying away—today?
Is a lovely New-Born Skin really crowding forth to
take its place? A thousand times...yes! And you
can make your New-Born Skin bring you new love-
liness...with the help of my 4-Purpose Face Cream.

It's not a dream—not a hopeless wish never to be ful-
filled—but a fact! Underneath your older, your worn-
out skin...you are getting a younger skin, a lovelier skin,
a skin just...about-to-be-born!

Will it look smooth and fresh? Will your New-Born Skin
make you more alluring? The answer, says Lady Esther,
lies with you. With you, yes, and with your face cream.

If you remove those drab and lifeless flakes of worn-
out skin gently and soothingly—if you promptly banish
them with my 4-Purpose Face Cream—your New-Born
Skin will be born in all its beauty!

Why put off using the right complexion care—why dull
your loveliness? Smooth away that veil of old and worn-
out skin with the help of my 4-Purpose Face Cream! See
how the drab, dried flakes of lifeless skin are whisked
away! My cream permeates them, softens them, loosens
them. It helps Nature actually refine enlarging pores as
well...because it whisks away impurities, dirt, old bits
of skin from pore openings.

It leaves your skin so soft...so delightfully smooth—
that face powder clings as you never thought it could. My
cream helps you look lovelier...yes, gives you the effect
of showing gaily to the world your New-Born Skin!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Ask your doctor, and all the better if he is a specialist on
the skin. Ask him if he has ever, for any skin condition,
administered vitamins or hormones through the medium
of a face cream.

Ask him if every word Lady Esther says isn't true—that
her cream removes the dirt, impurities, and worn-out skin
bleaching your new skin about-to-be-born.

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream at my expense. See if it
doesn't leave your skin lovelier...smoother looking—if
it doesn't show your New-Born Skin!

The Miracle of Reborn Skin

Your skin is constantly wearing out—
drying—flaking off almost invisibly. But
it is immediately replaced by new-born
skin—always crowding upward and out-
ward. Lady Esther says you can help
make each rebirth of your skin a true
Rebirth of Beauty!
EVERY girl wants an engagement ring—it's the one fashion we all get excited about! Connie Moore is still as much in love with her solitaire diamond as she is with the man who gave it to her—even though she's been married to Johnny Macchio for "ages!" And Peggy Moran knows just what she wants in an engagement ring and a man—though she hasn't picked him yet! She'd like a diamond solitaire for her ring finger cut in the traditional shape of emeralds, square or oblong with nipped off edges. But Irish Peggy would also like a real emerald, big as a postage stamp for her other hand. And just to top it off, a bracelet and matching clip combining emeralds and diamonds like those in the photo!

Wishful thinking about rings is something every girl can do—whether you're already sporting your solitaire, or looking for the man who'll give you one. Connie Moore's Johnny still gives her bridal-like diamonds—especially on anniversaries, because it's just too long to wait for that 75th Diamond Wedding Day! She's smart enough to wear this jewelry concentrated on one side—solitaire diamond, buckle bracelet (with huge ruby clasp) and diamond and ruby clips at her neck. . . . But the point is—your jewelry thinking need not be only wishful. You don't have to be a movie star like Connie, or Sonja Henie, with her $35,000 diamond, to have a good looking ring! I've been visiting jewelers recently myself, so I know.

Have you seen the new cluster rings made up of countless tiny "chip" diamonds? You can have them as big as a dime (almost) [Continued on page 64]
YOUR DUO-THERM WARMNS THE PLACE UP FAST! KEEPS THE FLOORS WARM, TOO!

RIGHT! AND IT'S POWER-AIR HAS CUT MY OIL COSTS PLENTY!

Amazing new heater drives "Fireside Warmth" to every corner!

THIS winter, enjoy fast, clean, convenient, trouble-free oil heat! Heat which is driven down to warm your floors—heat which is forced into other rooms and chilly corners—heat which now costs you less than oil heat ever did before—thanks to Duo-Therm's new Power-Air! Like a modern furnace! Duo-Therm's Power-Air blower drives heat all through your house—gives you quick heat on frosty mornings—circulates heat faster, better to every corner of every room! It brings lazy ceiling heat down where you need it—gives uniform, "floor-to-ceiling" comfort!

Here, for the first time in a fuel oil heater, is positive, forced heat like that of a modern, expensive basement furnace! And Power-Air means a sensational saving in fuel costs! Save up to 25%! Not only does Power-Air give you better heating—it does it for less money! Recent tests in an ordinary home showed that a Duo-Therm with Power-Air kept the house warmer—while using LESS OIL than a heater without Power-Air! And Power-Air costs no more to run than a 50-watt lamp!

More reasons why you'll want a Duo-Therm:

- Turn the handy front-panel dial—and get just the heat you want, for mild fall days or for the coldest weather! Open the radiant door and out pours a flood of cheerful warmth! Special waste-stopper saves fuel!
- Duo-Therm's famous Bias-Baffle Burner gives you more heat per gallon of cheap fuel oil—always burns cleanly, silently, safely—at any setting. (All models listed as standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories.)

Gives you cooler summers, too:

In scorching weather, switch on your Power-Air blower—and it pours out a cooling 27 mile-an-hour breeze!

America's most popular heater costs no more! Even with Power-Air you pay no more for a Duo-Therm than other heaters! And your dealer will tell you about the easy-payment plan. Go to your nearest Duo-Therm dealer today—and look over all the 12 beautiful models! They heat 1 to 6 rooms—come in either the console or upright cabinet type—can all be equipped with Power-Air.

For complete information, fill out the coupon below and mail it—now!

---TEAR OUT AND MAIL-TODAY---

DUO-THERM DIVISION
Dept. MP-40, Motor Wheel Corporation, Lansing, Michigan
Send me, without obligation, your complete illustrated catalog.

Name
Street
City
State
County
Hollywood and Broadway, made her a pushover for punishment. I’ll always retain an early-day memory of Katie, rushing into an office I shared with her favorite press agent. She was hopping mad, but almost weeping in her funny, defiant, awkward way. Before I could bow out she cried.

“Johnny, what am I going to do now? The so-and-so are saying, all around town, that I’m—”

And she told what they were saying. One of those typical, back-stabbing, despicable lies certain film cliques start about those they dislike.

The press-agent advised Katie what to do. It was a simple procedure, calculated to suggest that the vicious rumor about her was false. She considered the plan a moment, frowning, then shook her head.

“No, I want to come right out, and brand it a damn lie, or ignore it,” she declared at last. “Halfway measures won’t do.”

THEN, as now, I silently applauded her. Without ever learning to be fond of this slim, flame-headed, undaunted girl, I have always admired her courage and felt like championing her. Maybe that’s partly because, despite impressions created by candid camera shots intended to make her look huge and raw-boned, Katherine is really small.

Her willowy body is the same height as Bette Davis’s—five-three. And the reason Katherine isn’t curvy is that she weighs ten pounds less. Her weight burns up in nervous energy, impassioned work; in spurs of hot anger, and continually bright-flaming courage.

Just as so many “candid” photos of Katie represented her as a huge, gaunt, bony creature, so word pictures of what she is and what she does have more often than not distorted living truth. Typical is the story that she sat down in the middle of the street to read her fan mail.

I saw how that weird tale started. Inside the main entrance of RKO-Radio is a little park-like square, just across a driveway used only by company and big-executive cars.

One hot day, Katie stood at a corner of this square, reading some fan’s letter. The grass under a tiny tree was cool. So she sprawled, belly-down, on the green. Her feet were almost at the edge of the narrow driveway. Along came a company car, delivering a package to the publicity department. Said the driver, facetiously to a press agent:

“Hey, can’t you do something with Hepburn? I nearly ran over her feet—they were sticking out into the drive.”

“Ha, a story!” thought the p. a. He passed it along, and time saw the tale grow into a monstrous exaggeration.

There is no denying that Katie indulged in spectacular stunts to attract attention when she first came to Hollywood. Many people thought these got her off to a bad start.

I wonder. Too many times have I seen other talented young girls, many of them far prettier than Katherine, come into pictures, work hard, be quiet and obedient, and get nowhere.

Katie simply wouldn’t be ignored. “It mustn’t happen to me!” she vowed. Scared silly a lot of the time, yet driven by relentless courage, she kept the bosses aware of her presence by the circus-amount method.

At the same time, she was continually taking things to heart, and refusing to compromise. That started her feud with the press, a war that grew and grew. Before she became a Hollywood star she was possibly America’s champion motion picture magazine reader; kept files of nearly all of them. She was fascinated by the newspaper business, too. Hero-worshiped some of its writers and reporters, as depicted by Richard Harding Davis, and Frank Norris in the novel, Blix.

These things she told eagerly, almost naively, in giving the studio her first biographical information. Then she had the misfortune to be interviewed by a female director who couldn’t understand a little verbal clowning. The woman jotted notes of the preposterous gags Katherine told her; soberly wrote them as facts.

Katharine tried the same clowning on other correspondents. She thought she was amusing them. But they thought, according to their various degrees of understanding, that she was being eccentric, that she was trying to insult their intelligence, or that she was being willfully uncooperative.

One of the meaneast little fact-distortions written and told about Katherine was born of another incident reported to me by an eye-witness, and subsequently checked. The rumor was that when a little girl climbed on the running-board of her car, seeking an autograph, she grabbed the autograph book from the child’s hands and when the girl broke the pencil, then sped away with a fiendish, maniacal laugh!

Here’s what really happened: Where thestudioof Paramount is at that time, the latter’s auto gate. Katie was driving out, and got halted almost in the gateway by a brassy little autograph-seeker—a boy, not a girl—who first stood in the way of her car to halt it, then came around and jumped on the running-board. The star grabbed the pad he gave her, and the pencil. She was blocking traffic, and cars behind her began to honk. The policeman at the gate rushed out, shouting at the boy. Katherine made a flurried and desperate attempt to sign the autograph, but after writing “Kath—“ her pencil point dug in. It tore the page slightly and the lead broke.

The policeman, who had had trouble with the boy before, was coming around the side of the car. So the youngster grabbed pencil and pad from Katie, and fled. The star drove on.

Watching all this, as fate would have it, was a gossip writer who had been denied an interview with Katie. From his version of the incident sprung a fantastic tale of boorish and thoughtless conduct.

IT IS easier to understand the spirit of La Hepburn’s triumphal return to Hollywood last spring, if you know what the insiders know about a less happy occasion. Few people realize what a deed of heroism it was for Katie to come back to pictures again, after the dismal flop of The Lake.

She had gone out of town with head proudly in the air, scoffing at those who predicted that she would fail. And disregarding accusations that she was anti-Hollywood, because she liked the stage, and artsy, because she aspired to achieve a goal that had been hers since pig-tailed girlhood.

When The Lake did its nail-scraper, she could hear her horse-laugh come roaring over the Rockies and lesser ranges. Cultured, routine and conventional sneers of Eastern critics were as nothing to the guffaws from the West, the wisecracks, the acid-dripping “explanations” of her stage failure.

[Continued on page 83]
Excess baggage is costly on a plane trip! And excess bulk is uncomfortable in a sanitary napkin. Unnecessary, too! Kotex has a soft, folded center (with more absorbent material where needed...less in the non-effective portions of the pad). Naturally, this makes Kotex less bulky than pads made with loose, wadded fillers!

Kotex® comes in 3 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 have soft, folded centers...flat, form-fitting ends...and moisture-resistant "safety panels". And all 3 sizes sell for the same low price!

"You scarcely know you're wearing it!"
The Take-A-Chance Girl

[Continued from page 38]

"Even before all this happened I was in a rut as deep and narrow as any small town social groove or any job in a department store basement. True, it was a different sort of rut—with a little publicity and glamor attached to it—but in spite of the glitter Hollywood had me hemmed in and labeled as plainly as any stenographer or factory hand was ever tagged.

"I'd been in pictures here for ten years, starting as a dancer in the old Fox studio when I was thirteen. So everybody knew me. I was a nice kid with a cute shape and good for little parts. People treated me nicely and wanted to see me get along, but they couldn't take a chance on letting me try something important. That chance had to go to someone they had never seen, or someone borrowed from another studio.

"I'd go about telling directors, actors, casting-office employees, assistant directors, technicians and anybody else that would listen to me—I never had the nerve to plant myself in front of the studio bosses as I had seen other girls do—that I'd been studying dancing and singing ever since I was four. "But I was just Betty Grable who was always around and could be put in a picture any time—so when a part came up that needed a dancer they would have someone else do it and double in the dances.

"Of course I knew this was typically Hollywood, but they just naturally took the heart out of me and undermined my self-confidence until I began to wonder if I ever had been able to dance, or if maybe these men didn't sense that I'd really flop if I got a chance. And so I gradually developed an inferiority complex.

"A ND then I learned that 20th Century-Fox had decided to sign me. It had come about in a rather unusual way. Darryl Zanuck had seen a still of me in an evening paper. He later told me he kept looking at that picture, and wondering why something hadn't ever happened with me. So he called his casting director and asked what I was doing. When he learned that Paramount had just released me he said, 'Sign her.'

"But somehow another chance to go to another studio and start the grind all over again didn't thrill me. The idea didn't spark in me. It left me cold. Sure I wanted a job—needed it badly. And a contract with an organization like 20th Century-Fox would take the sting out of Paramount dropping me.

"Then I started thinking how I'd devoted my whole life to dancing and acting. How I'd started studying while I was still in the Mary Institute for Girls in St. Louis. And how my family had spent plenty on my training and how I had attended the Hollywood Professional School, studied under Albertina Rasch and gone to the Ernest Belcher School of Dancing in Hollywood.

"The talent scouts had seen me dance and had signed me at Fox. I told them I was fifteen instead of thirteen. And soon I was helping the dressing rooms give the other girls routines. Then I was in stock at Fox. Then I was enough of a promise for Samuel Goldwyn to sign me for Eddie Cantor's Whoopee."

"All this time I had lots of confidence and ambition. When I started as a dancer I used to dream of starring. But after Goldwyn, and while I was at RKO, where I didn't get a chance to dance because they had Ginger Rogers, my hopes began to dim.

"I would have been heartbroken at my failure to get a single chance to show what I could do if Jackie Coogan hadn't come into my life then. We were married and had a special spot in Hollywood all to ourselves. So I didn't mind much slipping into a rut at Paramount. I was so completely happy and satisfied with Jackie. But we couldn't make a go of it—though I'd been pretending things were right between us so he could get his affairs straightened out without more publicity.

"NOW all that happiness was gone, Hollywood was growing increasingly curious about Jackie and me and I had lost my confidence and was miserable. Then, all of a sudden, it struck me that just taking a job at another studio wouldn't solve my problem. It had to go deeper than that. I needed a new outlook—a real change. I must do something radically different. Things couldn't be any worse than they were, so it was up to me to take a chance.

"I believed then, and I know now, that when a girl gets into such a blind alley she must find the courage to do the thing that is necessary to win back her self-respect. She must find an outlet for her pent-up emotions. It may be dancing, or writing, or...something.

"So I determined not to play safe and step into another rut in another studio. I'd take a chance—and at least feel I was trying to do something with my life. If I failed, I'd at least fail trying to do something on my own and trying to get a new perspective. I took the first thing I could get—a two-week job with Jack Haley up at the Fair in San Francisco. I danced and played straight for him.

"Words can't tell how unhappy I was there," Betty continued. "I had left Jackie just a couple of days before going up to San Francisco and was too miserable to eat and my weight fell off to about a hundred pounds. I weigh almost 120 now. But I felt I was working out my own destiny and that something good simply had to come of it. I guess that feeling is the most val-

A year ago Betty's future was behind her. Today she's sitting on top of the world. Realizing she was getting nowhere fast, she left Hollywood for New York and made a sensation in musical comedy. Then Hollywood, rediscovering her, called her back. The breaks came when she got star billing with Don Ameche in Down Argentine Way

[Continued on page 86]
FLATTERNIT
for
Precedent

LADIES ELECT Huffman Flatter-
nit Hoseyes... the stocking that sets the
precedent in finer fabric flattery, in
genuinely superior quality, thanks to their
wonderful all-in-one-piece knitting con-
struction. Flatternits are not only full-
fashioned—they're form-fashioned! These
glamorous beauties fit perfectly, look
lovelier, live longer.

THE FIRST LADY to wear Flat-
ternits oohed and aahed! Here at last,
was sheer perfection in the loveliest of
lovelies! And Flatternits have kept fash-
ionables raving ever since—because of
the new-method hosiery fabric—so ex-
quisitely fine, so definitely flatter—so de-
tailfully different that it reduces snap-
catching, run-inviting ribs to a new low.

THE PARTY PLATFORM
is clear (and sheer!). All-in-one-piece
knitting gives new standards of hosiery
life! DOWN with ankle streaks, breaks
and wrinkles! UP with the propor-
tioned-fit length you require! The pat-
eted WEAREX Toe assures extra
service! Here’s smoother, snugger, form-
fashioned fit!

A BALANCED BUDGET is yours
when you wear Flatternits, because they
wear so much longer! And a balanced
hosiery wardrobe, too... with every
thrilling new shade in a variety of styles
for morning-to-morning wear. No wonder
hosiery-boxes at better stores everywhere
are crammed with votes for Flatternits!
Gene rides and swims well and is a good tennis player. Her pet hate is being called Buddy, Pal, Honey, Toots or Babe. She also has an aversion to being a club joiner.

If and when she ever gets married, she'd like to spend her honeymoon on the Italian Riviera. But the "if and when" are out now—the studio having a no marriage clause in her contract.

Gene doesn't act at all like the average girl being groomed for stardom. Her background is so different. While many of our current movie celebrities were struggling to get something to put in their mouths she was maneuvering to get the silver spoon out of hers. For Gene was born to what every girl thinks she wants—and that Gene couldn't lose quickly enough: the life of a debutante.

This new white hope of 20th Century-Fox delights in things most girls dread—like early morning calls for work, the grind of rehearsing and doing the personal chores so familiar to chorines, stenographers and extra. These things intrigue her because she hates breakfast in bed and the soft life of a New York society girl, and because she's belling over with American ambition and Irish contrariness. Not that Gene means to be contrary—she just won’t fit into a rut. Everything she does seems to have an original twist to it.

Her career is typical of this, being the direct result of a strange pact she made with her father. A successful New York broker, he wanted her to be a debutante and to take her place in society. After that, if she still wanted a career, he would see that she got the best possible training in art and designing.

But Gene didn’t believe she had any special talent in that direction—and her heart was set on being an actress. So one day she said to her dad: "You don’t think I’d be much of an actress, and I know I’d make an unconvincing debutante. So let’s make a deal. I’ll stuff up, come out and play deb for three months. If, at the end of that time, I still don’t like it, you let me have a try at acting. If I don’t click at that, I’ll be a fluffy-duff from then on.

Her father agreed, and at the end of the three-month period when Gene told him deb-trotting was a long way from her of a career, he devoted each Wednesday to visiting theatrical offices with her.

"THOSE were pretty tough interviews," Gene confides, "and Dad wasn’t worrying much about losing me to the stage. My background of a few lessons in voice, dictation and dramatic art from a coach in the little town of Westport, Connecticut, didn’t impress Broadway too much.

"At each producer’s office I visited they asked me what experience I’d had. When I said I was just out of school and hadn’t any experience—but that I was sure I could act—they generally lost interest.

"Dad refrained from I-told-you-soing me, but after these interviews he’d pat Mother on the back, and assure her I wouldn’t get a chance to do anything foolish. The truth is, everyone in the family agreed that my brother Butch (Howard) had a monopoly on any acting ability the Tiercys might possess. So they didn’t believe my campaign on the theatrical producers and agents would get me far.

"But one day, after looking me over, an agent chuckled a copy of a popular magazine in my lap and told me to read it with an Irish brogue. I’d probably only have glanced at him if I hadn’t seen Dad smile behind his hand. So I read it, not only with a brogue but in fighting Irish.

"The agent puffed down the corners of his mouth and nodded slowly. ‘Not bad,’ he said. ‘And you can probably do better with a little practice. George Abbott wants a girl who looks Irish—and not even an audition could care that out of you. First, sign with me, and then I’ll take you over and see what I can do.’

"I said I’d sign with nobody until I was sure of a job. He didn’t like that so I went over to Abbott’s office without him. There they took my name and address, but said I probably wouldn’t be called as Mr. Abbott used his own stock company most of the time.

"So I started debbing again, and went up north on a ski party. There I got a wire to come in and read a part for Mr. Abbott.

"I was scared skinny. Dad went with me as a sort of pillar of moral support.

"I was told I was to read the part of the Irish girl, Molly O’Day in Mr. Abbott’s Entertains, to Mr. Abbott’s assistants. But although the theatre looked empty, I was sure Mr. Abbott was out there somewhere.

"But two weeks later I got another call—this time to read for Mr. Abbott and the author. After listening to me for a couple of minutes, he said: ‘That’s the girl I want.’

"But Abbott told me I needed worry any more, because I was an actress.

"We opened the play in Baltimore. Mr. Abbott came to my dressing room and asked me if I felt all right. I told him that I felt swell. For some strange reason I wasn’t frightened. And that was bad. So bad that several of the cast were worried about it. They tried several tests to discover if perhaps I wasn’t fibbing, and hoping I was. They all believed if you haven’t goose-flesh and knocking-knees you can’t give a good performance.

"Just a few seconds before I went on I got an empty feeling in the pit of my stomach and felt weak in the knees. Then they thought that maybe I had a chance."

THAT show flopped in New York, but Gene Tierney got such good notices that Hollywood was after her. She wanted to go to summer stock, but her father said the movies were offering too good money to turn down, even if she just “sat one out” in Hollywood.

Columbia tested her in a scene from Primrose Path, decided she was terrific and took up her option. So they started looking for a part for her. For the next six months Miss Tierney drew salary checks and waited for something to happen. Nothing did. So she returned to New York without having appeared before a motion picture camera and entered the cast of George Abbott’s Ring Two. It proved to be flop two—but
Gene's work in it attracted attention, and two weeks later she was in the Broadway success *Male Animal*.

Then Hollywood came after her in earnest—with Darryl Zanuck of 20th-Fox leading the pack. But this girl who had just turned nineteen had grown wise to the ways of filmdom. Two years previously, before she had ever been on the stage, a Warner Brothers scout had seen her on a visit to Hollywood and had induced her to make a test. She did, and was offered a "stock" contract at $150 a week. But someone hinted to her that she was being offered two or three times the regular "stock" salary because of the publicity value of her society background.

So she refused that offer. She signed with Columbia because she thought her dramatic ability had won her a chance to do something in the movies. But then that chance didn't materialize, she determined that the next time she went to Hollywood it would be to act.

So she had some very interesting clauses written into her 20th Century-Fox contract before she would sign. First, the studio must put her to work within thirty days or its signing of it would be void (she was playing the feminine lead opposite Henry Fonda in *The Return of Frank James* before she had been in Hollywood two weeks); second, that Hollywood will not undertake to make her over and third, that she spend six months a year in pictures and six months a year on the stage.

UNLIKE ninety-nine out of every hundred hopefuls who crash Hollywood, Gene's goal is not glamour and cash, but a chance to act and a chance to live. And by "live" Gene means exactly the opposite of the picture of luxury that success brings to most girls' minds. She wants a chance to struggle in the flow of life, not just to float in the backwaters of security.

She wants a chance to make good in spite of her background and a chance to enjoy the thrill of doing the things other girls do. She has always been eager to be on her own and to meet the problems of life head on; to speak her piece in life without gagging on a silver spoon. The one thing she dreads above all else is monotony, and she says that the debutante's is the most monotonous life of all.

"The deb lives entirely for tomorrow," says Gene, "because she is just marking time today—playing mannequin in the matrimo- nal show-window. Husband bait. You know, I never liked that thought; preying yourself up to catch the eye of an eligible young man of your own set."

She shrugged her shoulders, as though to wipe away the picture, then continued: "A deb never does anything for the thing itself, but for what it will lead to. Each time she goes to a party or a prom it's not for the fun of it, but always in the hopes of meeting the right fellow. And that fellow, nine times out of ten, is the cying working girl that's doing something worth while. The sort of a man I want to whisper nothings into my ear doesn't spend his time along the trail the deb stalks.

"If I fall in love with a man I want it to be someone who is impressed with the way I live—and not with my party be-

Gene's principal objection to being a deb, however, is being a deb. She just doesn't go for it. [Continued on page 88]
Ring Around a Rosy Finger
(Continued from page 56)

for little money. And they do give a lot of glitter! Or what about a small square cut diamond, to put in the handle of your stick shaped diamond? It gives the effect of a much larger and more expensive stone. If you'd like something really romantic and sentimental, there's a cluster of small diamonds set in a heart shape!

In spite of the vogue for massive looking jewelry, size isn't everything in an engagement ring. You didn't choose your fiancé just because he was the biggest man around. Color and "fire" contribute to the value of your diamond. All diamonds aren't white—some are yellow, pink, green, even brown. But the traditions with a slight yellow or white tone, and the platinum or white gold setting usually intensifies this. You may have one of the new yellow gold rings, but the metal immediately surrounding your stone will be platinum or white gold.

If you like colored stones, don't rule them out for your engagement ring. Combine diamonds and sapphires (if your eyes are so green), blue sapphires and rubies or emeralds. Aquamarines, amethysts and topaz are colorful and inexpensive! Consider the size and shape of your hands, and your beauty type—and check your color type! A soft cut stone (boat-shaped with pointed ends) will give grace and length to your hands. If you wear a 3/4 size, buy a small diamond but a fine one—a large ring would look silly on your tiny hands. The stunning big sparkler looks best on the large hand.

EXPERIMENT with the shape of your nails after you choose your ring. With an oblong emerald cut stone, wear them square tapered rather than extremely pointed. Long pointed nails look better with the pointed marquise diamond—and will help to give length to a short stubby hand.

Remember your ring when you choose nail polish. With a diamond and platinum ring you can wear any shade. (But wear a delicate pink polish on freshly manicured nails when you go to choose the ring. A bright red shade will only distract your attention from the bright white stone you're going to buy.) Wear your ring to find the setting for your ring (and gold is coming back into vogue you know), you'd best make up your mind then and there to stick to matte, or "frosty", "brilliant" with small rubies or emeralds. Aquamarines, amethysts and topaz are colorful and inexpensive! Consider the size and shape of your hands, and your beauty type—and check your color type! A soft cut stone (boat-shaped with pointed ends) will give grace and length to your hands. If you wear a 3/4 size, buy a small diamond but a fine one—a large ring would look silly on your tiny hands. The stunning big sparkler looks best on the large hand.

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You'll want to tell about a cuticle remover that really does the job! And that without drying either the nails or the cuticle! Simply swab it around your nails with a cotton covered orange stick, push back the cuticle gently and then rinse away the flecks of dead skin. You know it's dangerous to cut cuticles—and that hangs nails are an unbecoming nuisance. Use this remover when you can hardly move your hand. It softens and smooths even problem hands, and will keep them pale and soft. And every one of the three sizes jars goes a good year on a liberal quantity of hand lubricant. There is a ten cent size (do send for the name so you can try it right away) and larger ones at twenty-five and fifty cents.

Write me before November 15th, please, if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. I have selected them in stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply, and send your letter to Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.
New Answer to Old Prayers
[Continued from page 52]

is, except with his eyes. He notices what a girl wears. He says, “I feel proud when she looks beautiful.” He rather prefers a girl in sports clothes, however, “because I have seen so many evening gowns in so many night clubs.” He loves clothes himself, preferring bright colors, bright blue coats, gay ties.

His pet extravagances are long-distance telephone calls, and the habit of picking up every check in sight. He is a movie hound, also, swelling the money bags of the box-office by going to pictures four and five times a week. He and Lucille scan the papers every morning, and often drive thirty or forty miles to catch a picture they haven’t seen. He loves double features and always feels sorry when a picture ends.

When he was fourteen he was in love with a girl in school. He was educated at Colegio de Dolores, the Jesuit prep school at Santiago and at St. Patrick’s High School in Miami, Florida) . . . he said, “I thought we would be married any minute.” But that was BEFORE.

That was Before, I repeat. That was when young Desiderio Arnaz believed the world was a safe place, safe for boys who play guitars and sing in the moonlight to girls with eyes like stars—safe for love and life and liberty, . . .

Yes, all that your exotic dreams painted for you when you saw Desi Arnaz dance and heard him sing, are true . . . except that this young man has looked, not only into melting, acquiescent eyes but also upon bloodshot and courage; has danced not only to the thrub of the rumba and the conga but also to the major chords of steel and the whining song of bombs; has gone hungry and cold and has known heartbreak, not caused by women.

Which is why he smiles, but tolerantly, when he hears himself described as “glamorous.” The definition of glamour in the dictionary, he says, with a shrug, “is strictly for girls.” When he hears the word glamour used, he told me, he expects to see a girl walk in, not a man, Glamor, as a matter of hard fact, is too soft a word for the stern stuff which is in Desi Arnaz.

It is the old knowledge in those young eyes; it is what he has suffered and what he has lost and what he has learned from suffering and loss; it is what he has endured and how he has come through that makes Desi Arnaz more than the young man who paints your imaginations with his vivid colors.

He has the vivid colors, don’t misunderstand me, or him. He’s not another case of The Clown With the Breaking Heart, The Villain With the Heart of Gold. That is, he is no paradox. He is not other than he seems. Merely, more than he seems . . .

HE WAS born in Santiago, as I’ve told you. His father was mayor of Santiago from the time Desi was seven until he was sixteen. He was then elected to Congress and, shortly after, came the Revolution. But before that, Desi led the life of the only child of a wealthy and prominent man. He had everything he wanted. He had every reason to suppose that he would always have everything wanted. He intended to go to college. He planned to become a criminal lawyer. He was also interested in farming and spent considerable time on his father’s vast dairy ranch out of town.

The Revolution came. Desi was sixteen,
It was, he says, like the French Revolution, only worse, "because you couldn't fight back, there were 1,000 to one."

The boy saw his father's house burned to the ground and looted at the ravaging hands of a shouting mob. He saw his father's fortune swept away, all of his property confiscated, the brilliant, intelligent building-up of a life trampled under hoehnailed boots.

Like splinters in sensitive flesh there remains in his memory the sight of his mother's fine rosewood piano, and her mother's and grandmother's before her, smashed to atoms on the pavement as the house burned. . .

"All those little things you have as a leas," he told me, "not of much intrinsic value, perhaps, but precious to you because of the association, all smashed, all gone. My father was worth half a million dollars. That is a great lot of money anywhere but more in Cuba because there, living is cheaper. I escaped from the house, with just a minute to spare, too, with my trousers, a pair of shoes and a polo shirt which I had on my back—nothing else. Not a penny did we have, not a single possession. The treasures and accumulations of generations were gone."

The boy saw his father, his father whom he had always seen in the high places, crowned with the esteem and respect of his compatriots, stripped of all that he owned and all that he had been, and thrown into jail along with the rest of the Congress. Later, his father was given his freedom with the proviso that he leave the country. He fled to Miami, Florida, and a month later sent for his wife and son.

Desi and his young and beautiful mother, who had been hiding in the home of friends, escaped the country disguised as Revolutionists. Driving in a limousine which flaunted Revolutionary banners, shouting "Hurrah for the Revolution!" at all strategic points, they managed to make a safe but hairbreadth escape.

"That was my first acting," Desi told me. "It is how I feel I can one day be, not only a singer and dancer but a dramatic actor, too. Because then I played a role which, if my make-up had not been flawless, if my ability to throw myself into another character had not been foolproof, it would have meant, not a lapped contract," Desi smiled grimly, "but two lapped lives, my mother's and mine.

"I think it woke me up," added Desi, "that's what it did for me, it woke me up. Having seen such deeds done, I could never again stay in dreams."

So in the winter of 1934, Desi made his escape and joined his father in Miami.

But it was not an escape into a new haven of security and peace, not then, not yet. "It was a tough time," said Desi, "especially in the winter."

In the summer the elder Arnaz sent his son to a camp near Tampa. And there, playing football (what a consistent continuity life sometimes writes, when you think of how later Desi's Big Chance came when he was out playing in Miami with a South American football flash in Too Many Girls), he broke his leg. That ended camp and, for the time, football. Desi's father, a doctor as well as a statesman, came for his son until able to walk again, the boy cast around for a job.

He was, of course, completely disoriented. His future, formerly so set and imposing a piece of architecture, was in as many pieces as a Jigsaw puzzle. It all came together again now that the planned pattern was gone? He couldn't be a lawyer now, college was out of the question. He couldn't be a dairy farmer, too, for his farm. But he did play the guitar and sing . . . his father had always enjoyed hearing him play and sing but when Desi told him he thought he could get a job playing the guitar and singing at the Roney-Plaza in Miami Beach the elder Arnaz turned a choleric purple. His son, the son of Desiderio Arnaz, a paid entertainer! Dios, not while he lived.

In Cuba, Desi explained to me, it is different. There, paid entertainers are not received. They enter hotels and cafes by separate entrances, go out the same way, would not dare to, would not think of mingling with the guests. But in America, as he tried to explain to his father, it is different. Here, he argued, everyone who works, no matter what they work at, so long as they are honest, is Somebody. Besides, there was $5.00 a night to be had . . .

Desi played that winter with the orchestra at the Roney-Plaza. He recouped a part of his lost fortunes by buying a guitar (on time) for $12.00. But this, too, was but a beginning of such a series of ups and downs as would make a teeter-totter look like a flat trundle-bed. He went back to Cuba for six months and, not to offend, was bombarded the hell out of there. He returned to Miami and again played at the Roney-Plaza. In the middle of that winter he was told that he would have to leave the country, he and his mother and father. They were tourists and they were working (the elder Arnaz had started a small importing business, pottery, tiles and the such). After being nearly strangled by the red tape involved, they managed to obtain permission to remain. Thus Desi formed his own band, his first, seven pieces, made up of Latin boys recruited from Tampa, Key West and other scattered town that year, in addition to being in his band, Desi also went to high school, taking three subjects he needed in order to graduate). They played mostly by ear (Desi's musical education has consisted of a few piano lessons at home, nothing else) but they must have been pleasing to other ears because Xavier Cugat heard them, offered Desi a spot with him as featured singer.

"It's the worst fight with my father again," Desi told me, "I went to New York with Cugat and stayed with him about eight months. We played the Steel Pier in Atlantic City and a place in New York City, and other places. I was not very content. New York, when it's cold and you don't have enough money, it's awful."

That was the end of 1937, Desi quit Cugat and went back to Miami, with the understanding that Cugat would get a band together and, as an individual unit but under the Cugat auspices, Desi would open at the
new La Conga in Miami. Cugat couldn't get a band together, in time. Desi had to. And no magician, conjuring rabbits out of his hat, performed a greater feat of legendariness than did Desi. . . .

"We were the only attraction opening at La Conga," remembers Desi, with a Cuban shudder. "We sang Chita, a song just coming out, and Say, Si Si, that was our theme song. Ted Husing happened to be there. The manager asked him to say something about us on the air. He announced the whole program and gave me the terrific boost. He was kind and for a little, I believed now the world would be kind again.

But when the season closed, Desi found himself with no band, no money and no Cugat. For he had turned down a ten-year contract—a contract which would also have tied strings around him, all other contracts he might have made, including radio or films. Desi plays hunches. Always. He played a bunch that time, penniless and jobless as he was and said, No.

BY THIS time, he had begun to like this business. He wanted to go to New York where, he knew, the Big Time still ticks. He sent his father's former secretary (a man, not a woman . . . "you can't borrow money from a woman," says Desi) he borrowed $150.00 and went to New York. When he arrived, having traveled as thriftyly as possible, he had $60.00. He didn't get a job for five months. Have you ever tried living in New York for five months on $60.00? "Don't," says Desi.

This was the ordeal, not by fire this time, but by near-famine, aching feet, aching pride. He found, he told me, a very nice Italian family "up in Brooklyn." They took the boy in, let him sleep there. "They looked after my underclothes and socks and soul," he said. They did more than that for him. They restored his faith in the goodness of people, who share when they have not enough for themselves. (Beauty, for Desi, does not always ride in limousines, minced and jeweled and sprayed with orchids. He knows better.) He ate only when it was absolutely necessary. He watched that $60.00 go down to $50.00, then to $30.00, then to $10.00 and $5.00 . . . dwindling in the face of his despair.

Mornings he'd trudge across Brooklyn Bridge, walk long miles to the amos to see if they had any club jobs. They never did. He made the rounds of the agencies. Not once did it ever occur to Desi that women might help him where men would not. Not once did he think of trying those places where sleek young men dance with satiated older women, for the women's pleasure and their pay. And then, he says, the miracle!

"I was so discouraged on this night," he told me, "that I got down on my knees and prayed. I prayed that night, I really prayed. "They say 'no miracles,' but I believe in miracles. Because, believe me or not, the next morning I got a wire. It was signed 'Taps.' I didn't know him and he didn't know me. He was an agent. He had been told about me and, not knowing where to find me, tried the union. For all the months I had been in New York, I had not ever left my address with the union. But the day before this wire came, why, I did not even expect to know, I did leave my address there, and my name.

"So at last I got a job. It was to sing and dance at Fan and Bill's, a cafe near Glen Falls, in New York. I only worked there six months and so all I did was pay what I owe. Then I was offered to have a band at the Central Park Casino. Some of my boys were still around town, making out as best they could. I collected them. This was Big Stuff, we told ourselves.

Now we were going places, pretty places. The Casino opened and goes for two weeks and closes. We go to work one night and there are no lights outside. 'That's funny,' I say, 'something has gone wrong with the lighting.' I knock and there is nobody in the place, all black in and out.

SO AGAIN, Desi went back to Miami where he took his band into La Conga. And, also again, he returned to New York at the end of six months. In New York he was offered two jobs—he could go to Ben Marden's Riviera or he could go into the new La Conga, then opening. His manager advised Marden's. But Desi had another hunch—and played it. He decided he would be "lost" at Marden's. He took the gamble and opened at La Conga . . . "and thank God I did," he said. "I started first with the relief band, then became the first band . . ."

Now at last Desi's ups and downs became, successively, ups . . . George Abbott was planning a production of Too Many Girls but was having trouble in finding anybody to play the part of Moonlight Havana. Abbott, happily for Desi and I, am sure, too, for I am a rhumba-addict and danced frequently to the music of Desi's band at La Conga. Lorenz Hart, who, with Richard Rodgers, wrote the musical numbers for Too Many Girls, also knew well the music and work of Desi. It occurred simultaneously to Abbott and Hart that their "night work"

(Continued on page 90)
Private Notes from Mrs. M--'s Diary

Suffered all day with a terrible headache. Felt dull, tired, and decided my headache was due to that.

Took an Ex-Lax tablet before going to bed. It tasted sodium—just like a piece of fine chocolate.

Slept like a top all night. Ex-Lax worked fine this evening and didn't upset me a bit. Headache's all gone now and I feel bright as a lark.

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.

Romance—with Thrills

[Continued from page 21]

that you find she has a story to tell. A story of rare audacity, of determination mingled with frustration. A story, seen with her own eyes, of a civilization once proud and gay and spirited overwhelmed with misery and defeat. And through it all, holding it together like the leitmotif of a symphony, adventurous and vivid romance at her chateau near Paris, to make a survey of conditions in the war zone for the Allied Relief Fund, and to keep a promise she had made in Paris (in the Winter) to a young French lieutenant of aviation.

They had met, she and her lieutenant, a few days before France had declared war. He was a prominent business man and an amateur aviator of note. Called to the colors, he was awaiting orders to speed to his post. She surprised him but three days before she must return to America to start work upon a new picture. The glamor of beauty and bravery, of excitement and emotion caught up in strange irresistible destiny, had their effect. They fell madly in love. And in February they arranged to meet again in Paris when he would have one fleeting week of leave from his post. He had asked her then to marry him, but she could not give her consent, as her divorce from Captain Philip Astley of the British army would not become final until June.

"Will you come back to Paris—to me in June?" he had asked.

She promised she would. One Sunday afternoon in June she boarded a Clipper plane at La Guardia Field. Noel Coward, the playwright, was a fellow passenger. They sat up all night talking of the war and the collapse of France, for the Hitler blitzkrieg had smashed through the Low Countries and had conquered the French armies.

"We tried to divert our minds with reminiscences of the theatre and the screen, of life in Hollywood and New York and Paris," she said, "but always our minds returned to the calamity that had befallen France and the Allied cause. I kept wondering if I could get through to Paris. I hoped I could."

But Madeleine Carroll got no further than Biarritz. France was in flight—hopeless, panic-stricken flight. She was swept back by the disorderly tide of refugees seeking a haven from the Terror in the north.

"It was the most pathetic spectacle I ever expect to see," her eyes turned to the distant hillside as if by the remoteness of her gaze she might assuage some of the poignancy of her memories. "Until you have seen refugees," she was speaking very slowly, "until you have seen old men and women and children shuffling along the road in flight you have no idea of what Europe, 1940, is like.

"These pitiful people," she added, "were like so many dumb driven animals. Fear, was in their faces—fear and misery, and here and there bitter anguish. They sensed, a good many of them, that they had been betrayed, that they had been made fools of by scheming, selfish politicians. Snatches of conversation that I caught, frightened me. They were the rumblings of revolution. Here was the mob, disorganized now... But they seemed if incalculably organized, what if it seeks revenge on its politicians?"

Madeleine was silent a minute. Then she recalled she had tried to cheer up some French soldiers who were trudging along the road.
"I smiled at them, spoke a few words in an effort to relieve their all-too-obvious anguish. But there was no sign of interest. They were cowed and beaten, and they knew it... I felt so helpless in Biarritz. There was nothing I could do, nowhere I could turn."

She had received some news—significant to her. It only added to her sense of frustration. Her aviator sweetheart, she learned, was in Morocco. He might just as well be in Madagascar so far as any possibility of seeing him was concerned. Madeleine remained secretive about mentioning his name. Yet, several weeks before she had left America she had received word from the French front that she had been named godmother of an air squadron, of which one Bernard Challe was lieutenant. And now it had developed that Lieut. Challe was in Morocco. Perhaps, this was the name American newspapers had been trying to identify with her... But there was no confirmation from the girl. There was no answer in the side-long glance of her eyes and the slight toss of her head. The question was left where it had originated—up in the air.

While in Biarritz she had also learned that her chateau at Saudreville, near Paris, where some 200 evacuated children were sheltered was still intact. However, the Germans had control over it. She hoped they were being charitable, that the Sisters of St. Vincent of Paul in charge of the estate had convinced the Nazi authorities of its military insignificance. It was these same nuns who had directed the orphanage in Paris, of which Madeleine Carroll had long been a benefactor.

There was nothing to do but return to America. A new picture assignment was waiting—a new Technicolor production about the Virginia of Thomas Jefferson's region and its surrender to a "second Yankee invasion" (wealthy Northerners who buy up ancestral places). And so with elaborate notes of what she had seen and heard of war conditions, which she had promised to Winthrop Aldrich of the Allied Relief Fund, she left for Lisbon and a Clipper plane home.

"HERE in this peaceful setting of Virginia it is difficult for me to realize I have seen the misery of war at close hand," she remarked. "The contrast is so startling. I rather suspect that had I not seen the terror in the faces of refugees I might be inclined to be somewhat complacent toward the war. One cannot afford to be complacent no matter how comfortable is the illusion of security over here. For it is, of course, only an illusion."

And then Madeleine asked, flatteringly, if we thought the British could win out. We assured her that we knew only what we read in the papers, the views of military and naval experts: that if the British could hold on until Fall and the coming of heavy fogs over the Channel and the Isles they stood a good chance of winning.

"Oh, I do hope so," she said. "It is only by British triumph that France can be reclaimed. I cannot bear to think of France going under. France is so close to me. My mother was French. I have lived so much in France. I went to school at the Sorbonne."

A hairdresser approached to rearrange her coiffure for the rigid black derby and some more riding scenes. Riding costumes are most becoming to Madeleine Carroll. Yet, she agreed, they made her seem more English than French-Irish.

"We owe so much to the English for whatever grace in living we have retained," she smiled. "Virginia, especially, is more like the English country than any region in America. There is the same charm, the same unhurried air, the same buoyancy in the faces and figures of her people."

Madeleine looked extremely buoyant herself. She has recovered the firmness of cheek and figure she displayed in her early British picture, "If I Was a Spy." When she went to Hollywood she had been placed on too rigorous a regimen, with the result that in her first American pictures she appeared drawn and haggard.

"I have a natural tendency to curves," her eyes were smiling with that curious side-long glance, "and Hollywood might just as well make the best of it. I'm thankful I no longer have that pinched and haggard look."

Like so many motion picture stars Miss Carroll has a burning desire to do a play on Broadway. It may be she'll satisfy the ambition before another season is over.

"I've been asked," she said, "to star in a production of Noel Coward's Cavalcade. You know, it was a big hit on the London stage before it was made into a picture. But I haven't made up my mind. There are other plans more pressing."

We urged her to disclose them. She hesitated a minute.

"I don't know why I shouldn't tell you," she spoke very softly and ever so slowly, "I'm going back to France as soon as this picture, "If I Was a Spy," is finished... I have just received word that HE is in Vichy... with the French government... The government may soon be moving to Paris."

Paris (in the Autumn) isn't so bad, either. Even with the Germans there.
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CAROLE LANDIS
Glomorous

Heil

Film Star

Hynkel

[Continued front page 33]

poverty, there has been the canker of a great,
unending inferiority sense in his soul.
"Poverty does terrible things to one," he
has often frankly admitted. "It leaves scars
that never heal over." Those scars are deep
on Chaplin's heart. In the years of penury,

he developed a hatred which has never left
him the only hate there is in that complex
character. That is a hatred of oppression and
cruelty; a hatred for any force, be it human
or otherwise, that belittles and degrades
helpless people. In The Great Dictator he
has at last a chance to attack that target
of his hate with the one weapon he can use
more effectively than anyone else quarterless ridicule. And Chaplin is sure going to

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glow,

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ROYAL WINE
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ORCHID

GLAMOUR RED

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and

that's

something very few

people know.
In the government files it carries Uncle
Sam's copyright number 60332. It's called
"a dramatic composition in five acts and an
epilogue, entitled 'The Dictator,' by Charles
Spencer Chaplin." And the subtitle is: "
story of a little fish in a shark-infested
ocean."
There's an awful lot of mumbo- jumbo of
secrecy about any Chaplin picture. It's
guarded more carefully than a miser's gold.
But come with me, and we'll yank the veil
from a lot of The Great Dictator.

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MEDIUM
FLAME

RED RUST

LIGHT

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TWO YEARS

lustre,

NEW FASHION SHADES:
STICK RED

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Hitler took over Poland and Czechoslovakia.
But Charlie was hating Hitler even before
Adolf let fly. Actually, nearly
AGO, Charlie Chaplin got his United States
copyright on the story of The Great Dic-

for

sealed to your lips

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of fact, there's nothing really
idea of the picture.
lot of
people think Charlie just got the idea when

Keep Kissable with

can't resist!

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CO.

FARR'S TOR
70

the

about two men,

who

look

same thing).

a Yiddish barber in a non-existent
country, which Chaplin calls "Tomainia"
The other is the dictator of that country,
whom Chaplin's picture at present dubs
Furor Hynkel. Hynkel has two right-hand
men; one is Napaloni, Dictator of Bacteria.
When the picture began, Napaloni was called

Benzino Gasolino, and later, Mussemup.
Both names were discarded because Chaplin
didn't want to make Mussolini too mad. At
the time Benito wasn't in the war; but more
about that later.
Chaplin plays both the little Yiddish
barber and Hynkel. The barber is bounced
into a concentration camp. But he escapes
wearing a storm-trooper's uniform which he
had filched. And in the uniform.^he looks so
much like Hynkel that he is mistaken for the
dictator. Seeing his opportunity, the little
barber lets the masquerade go on, has the
real Hynkel thrown into a concentration
camp as an impostor and in a few deft, decisive acts, upsets Hynkcl's applecart completely, and makes Tomainia and the rest of
the world a good place to live in again, for

—

a change.

course, by the time the film reaches the
screen, there will probably be a lot of

Chaplin
always
changes
his
pictures
When he started he had a tough
time with The Great Dictator, because he
didn't want to bear down on Mussolini, who
wasn't then in the war. But now that Benito
has taken the plunge, Charlie has let Jack

—

Street

GIVE ORIGINAL HAIR COLOR

is

is

changes.

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GRflV

HAIR

of

Never in all his career has Charlie
poured as much into a production as into
this one
either time, money or energy. For

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Modern Times turned

years, ever since
to be one of the

out

few Chaplin mediocrities
Charlie has been a Gloomy Gus even gloom;

ier

than usual.

Many who knew him well, freely predicted
that he'd never make another picture. They
said the old incentive was gone that Charlie
was tired of the same old character. And
anyway, they said Charlie didn't
talk
on the screen because his voice was pitched
high.
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DARE

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Besides, they pointed out, Charlie has kept
his purse pretty well buttoned up, and he's
socked three million dollars into the bank.
With three million dollars and Paulette
Goddard, they argued, why shouldn't a man
take life easy?

came
THEN
Chaplin's

Hitler, and there came into
the incentive he needed
out of his fifty-year-age

life

to yank
lethargy.

him

And

Charlie went

all

out

He has thrown two millions into this
He has never spent anywhere near
much on a picture before. He doesn't

film.

that
give
a hoot if he loses it and that's most extraordinary for Chaplin. Up to his two-milliondollar
splurge,
Charlie
was one who
husbanded his resources.
But now he's sunk two millions and "it
wouldn't bother me if I lost it. I could get
along without it," he says, as he sees only
the possibility of sticking a successfully destructive pin into a dictator or two.
During the past two months of shooting,
he has metamorphosed from the rather

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—

morose, cello-playing, gloom-loving little
grey man of Hollywood into a reincarnation
of his old self. He's been night-clubbing
with Paulette, and clowning at parties as of
old. On the set, he has been the life of the
party. His between-scenes clowning and
gagging has become the talk of Hollywood.

But that sort of thing came only when he
was playing the role of the little Yiddish
barber.' As soon as he put on the uniform of
Hynkel, the Dictator, Chaplin became the
dictator on the set ...
They stopped calling him Charlie, and
addressed him as "Mister Chaplin." His
voice took on a new timbre, his tone a fierce
authority.
Grips, fellow-actors, studio
executives, jumped at his command. He was
Hynkel-hitlering it all over the lot. And if
you don't think he made it stick, here's a
true yarn that happened one day on location
Midwestern tourist party came upon the
Chaplin coiffpam - on the remote street where
particularly slowthey were working.
witted spectator nudged the cop on the sidelines and said
"Hey, that ain't Hitler out there, is it?
It sure looks like him !"
"Hell, no," snapped the cop; "that's
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Chaplin."

"H'm," h'mmmed the yokel; "well, mebbe
'tis.

It

sure looks like

Of

FREE SAMPLE

BROOKL1NE CHEMICAL

story

alike that their resemblance causes a
world upheaval (just as the resemblance
between Adolf and his funny real moustache
and Charlie and his funny fake moustache

may do

take-off

his

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M.

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it.

As a matter
new about the

You can have the flame of youth

Oakie shoot the works
B.

HIM,

too."

NOW,
The

I've told you an awful lot about
Great Dictator, so far. More than
Chaplin'd like to have told, now because
he wants to keep EVERYthing about the
picture a deep, dark secret until it's actually
shown. Now I'll tell you a little about
Chaplin, the man, as he is today

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Of course, you know that his marital status (if any) with Paulette Goddard is still an unanswered question. With a disdain which is phenomenal, neither Charlie nor Paulette have ever seen fit to tell the world whether they’re Mr. and Mrs. or not. But certain it is that Charlie and Paulette and those two fine boys of Charlie’s, who were mothered by Lita Grey when she was Mrs. Chaplin, are as close-knit a family group as you’ll find anywhere—Hollywood or elsewhere.

Whether he’s married to her or not, Charlie is obviously still head over heels in love with Paulette. When she’s working at a studio away from him, Charlie sees to it that every morning, two dozen great red roses are delivered to her dressing-room. When he’s too busy to take her out himself, he lets her go out with other Hollywood men—but haven’t you noted that there’s never even been a hint that Paulette was “that way” about any man, save Charlie? And that’s more than most Hollywood’s wives-of-record can say!

If it’s of any interest to you who are curious about the Paulette-Charlie domestic arrangements, this MAY be a hint: they still file their respective income-tax returns as U.N. married individuals; Paulette’s is under her own name, too. Yet, in that big Chaplin mansion atop the hill out Beverly way, Paulette is always the perfect hostess; to Charlie’s two boys, she’s the finest sort of a mother.

CHARLIE’S home-life and private-life is much as it has been for years past, 50 up and a man’s pattern of life doesn’t change much. He’s pretty well “sot in his ways.” That’s Chaplin, all over. Chaplin is no admirer of crowds; he shies away from them. He’s been called a pathetically lonely little man, but I don’t think he’s anything of the kind. I think he’s a deliberately lonely man—because he prefers solitude.

His boat, dubbed “Panacea,” is only a little craft, extraordinarily small for a Hollywood millionaire to own. But that’s just another reflection of the fundamental Chaplin character. If he had a bigger boat, he’d be obligated to invite friends out on it. As it is, it’s too small to carry anybody but himself and Paulette and the boys—so he has a perfect excuse for not cluttering it up with other people.

His home is as tight-closed as a fortress, if he doesn’t want you in it. He’s got a staff of servants so meticulously trained that they could velvet-glove the President of the United States and the King of England together to the back door, where they’d be told—“sorry, but Mister Chaplin is out”—even if Charlie was looking out of the sun-room window at them while they were being told. If Charlie doesn’t want to see you, he doesn’t see you, no matter who you are.

For months—ever years—he is Hollywood’s man of mystery, because nobody ever knows what he’s doing. Out of that love for solitude that is so much a part of Chaplin, there has grown, in recent years, the legend that Charlie was done with pictures forever. There came to be told the story that he was so miffed at the comparative unimportance of Modern Times that he’d crawled into his hole and pulled it in after him, and that he’d never make another film, ever, ever, ever . . .

Now the world knows, of course, that this was all hokey. But it may be very true that The Great Dictator WILL be Charlie Chaplin’s very last movie—at any rate, the last in which he ever appears. Let me tell you a story that very few people know:

Three years ago, Charlie sat in a dark projection-room with a handful of very close—and very close-mouthed—friends. He had just run off a small test shot of himself, in which he talked from the screen for the first time. He had shown it to this little group in reticentation of the gossip that his voice wouldn’t register intelligibly on the talking screen. Also predominately current then was the belief that Charlie would never make another picture.

After the test-talkie strip was run, Charlie said to his friends, very quietly: “I want to make one more picture. In it, I want to talk . . .”

(Now note this: In The Great Dictator, Chaplin talks TWO languages! He talks English, as the little barber. And he talks a gibberish all his own, as Hynkel. As Hynkel, he uses a patois which he has de- vised himself—a chatter that sounds much like German, and which, in its passages of high intensity, sounds exactly like Hitler over the radio telling the world off. Yet there isn’t a real word in it! But anyway, in The Great Dictator, Chaplin fulfills that wish and aim he expressed three years ago—one more picture, in which I want to talk . . ."

And then Chaplin said one more thing: “And I want that film to be my swan song on the screen!”

And so, it’s a pretty certain bet that The Great Dictator will be the end of Charlie Chaplin. And wouldn’t it be funny if he took Adolf out with him?

IT’S SO GOOD . . . FOR SO LONG
because it’s filled with flavor through and through
That fine, tastier flavor of Beech-Nut Gum will last you a mighty long time. Why? The finest flavors are mixed through and through to bring you a more tempting flavor in each piece of Beech-Nut Gum.

Full-flavored Peppermint, Spearmint, Oral-gum
4 Flavors of Beechies (Candy Coated) Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin, Cinnamon

Beech-Nut Gum

GOING TO THE N. Y. WORLD’S FAIR?
Be sure to visit the Beech-Nut Building. If you drive near the lovely Mohawk Valley of New York, stop at Canajoharie and see how Beech-Nut products are made.
everyone would have told you that his career would end just where it began—in the saddle.

But there was one man in Hollywood who had other ideas. He also had other plans. Plans that would have shocked the cinema city into speechlessness if they knew them. But only the few who sat near him in that darkened projection-room knew those plans.

And yet when John Wayne eventually does reach that peak which is the goal of all film folk, you'll hear people say it was all a lucky break or a matter of fate or destiny or some other twist of fortune. But it was none of these. It is all part of a carefully conceived plan. An intentional and deliberate move by one of Hollywood's foremost directors.

Right now there is every indication that Wayne's future is already assured and that he is on his way toward becoming one of the reigning actors of the screen. Stagecoach may have been a western as far as a great many fans were concerned but to those who see more in a movie than just the story it was of greater importance. Not only did it prove that a good western can still give audiences real entertainment, but it showed that an actor who wears a bandana and a ten-gallon hat might even act. For ever since Stagecoach, there has been a steady return of both westerners such as Dade City, Bad Man From Brimstone, Allegheny Uprising, Dark Command and now The Westerter. But since the Perils of Pauline, have movie audiences been so thrilled by such a purely typical American picture as Stagecoach. The thundering hooves of the horses, the peril of the ladies in the coach and the general rooming, too brought back remembrance of the long-forgotten years. And even if it was just another western, it made audiences perch on the edge of their seats. It brought back all those vanished childhood emotions. It made them forget the topsy-turvy of this modern mad world. But even more, it brought out from under a bushel, a young man named John Wayne—the same young man one of Hollywood's foremost producers predicted would be even more popular than Gary Cooper. If nothing else, Stagecoach gave us a good glimpse of John Wayne in his natural setting. But the glimpse was more than merely satisfactory. The public has been clamoring for more and more of him. He has clicked in a surprisingly big way. But he is still under contract to do more westerns. They know, that if given the chance, he is going to forge ahead to the top.

WHEN John Ford decided to produce a picture on his own—when he realized the dream that every director has—within the motion picture business dreams about—he lost no time in borrowing Wayne for The Long Voyage Home by Eugene O'Neill, America's greatest playwright.

Now, when a director becomes a producer, he approaches as near to heaven as he ever hopes to get. To him, it's the ideal situation. He can direct in his own manner. And he can pick whatever players he wants. There's no front office interference. Whatever he does purely to suit him—and only him. That's why when John Ford selected John Wayne to take the leading male role in The Long Voyage Home, the eyes of Hollywood were all focused on him. And now the area waiting with bated breath to see what this young Lochinvar of the westings is going to do when he finds himself pacing the decks instead of bumping in a saddle.

Ford thinks he is (the same Ford who directed him in Stagecoach), Gable and Cooper had better look to their laurels. There is something strong and virile about him that makes the ladies clamoring for a first look at Ford and Gable and Taylor—well, you just can't blame him.

"During the ten years I've been in pictures," he says with a wistful look in his green eyes, "I've probably played in more outdoor films than any star in Hollywood today. I've never been called on to drink a cocktail in a lush drawing-room or to kiss a lady who is dripping with emeralds and ermine. All of my screen sweater-arts wear homespuns or cottons. I don't even know how I'd feel against a swank beaux in an evening suit. I don't know if I'd be able to breathe in a room hung with heavy curtains, is that shuts out the light.

"Of course, I feel mighty flattered that out of the horde of really fine actors in the film colony today, John Ford should have selected me for the leading male role in his picture. But it all goes back a long time—ten years to be exact."

"Unable to continue football at the University of Southern California because of a broken leg, I went down to Hollywood and started in on the set of Mother Machree. John Ford was the director."

"He had a scene called for a snow storm," Wayne recalls. "I stood on top of a step-ladder and let the snow fall gently down past an open door. The wind blew the snow into the room where the scene was being made. After each take, I had to get down off the ladder, grab a broom and start sweeping up the snow."

"Then something happened. I must have gotten mixed up and thought the scene was over because I climbed off the ladder and walked through the door right into the middle of the scene. Ford started to yell at me but he suddenly changed his mind and started to laugh. That was how I got to play the part as a young man in the Big Trail."

"But I went back to prop work until Raoul Walsh started looking for an unknown to play in The Big Trail and told me to find him. It was on his suggestion that I got an appointment and given the part. Guess that was the beginning of my career although I hadn't even acted right up until then."

"You should be an actor," Ford told me."

"I went back to prop work until Raoul Walsh started looking for an unknown to play in The Big Trail and told me to find him. It was on his suggestion that I got an appointment and given the part. Guess that was the beginning of my career although I hadn't even acted right up until then."

"I used to think that all actors had to be a cross between Valentino and Gable, with the ability to dress like Menjou and make love like Boyer."
The Sea Hawk is supposed to represent a colorful period in history—the year 1585 when the fortunes of England under Queen Elizabeth are at low ebb and threatened by King Philip of Spain and his Spanish Armada—and while the film version remains colorful it does not accurately represent history. But if you are looking for entertainment and not education we suggest that you make every effort to see The Sea Hawk starring Errol Flynn and with Brenda Marshall, Claude Rains, Donald Crisp, Flora Robson, Alan Hale, Henry Daniell, Montagu Love, Gilbert Roland, Una O'Connor, Wm. Lundigan et al. If you're ever in London, or in the U.S., don't miss it even if you may have seen an earlier version of this with the late Milton Sills but don't let that deter you from seeing the current version of this sea-fighting epic that has become an exciting, actionful drama and if you are of a romantic nature this fills the bill to complete satisfaction—for when The Sea Hawk, the most feared privateer of them all, attacks the Spanish galleon carrying Don Alvarrez, Spain's Ambassador to England, he finds him accompanied by his young and beautiful niece, Maria. —Warner Bros.

No one was sick at our house when the family doctor stopped in yesterday. But he was tired out and came in to rest before his next call. Then I had an inspiration.

"Here's your medicine," I cried, handing him a stick of Beeman's. "Take this and relax." "Beeman's!" he said, "my favorite chewing gum. It's mighty good medicine for tired tastes. I'm really rested now. Send me your bill — your treatment is a treat.

Although there have been numerous films based on swampland winners Lucky Partners, none among Ginger Rogers and Ronald Colman—wings first prize, adapted from Sacha Guitry's House Chance, it is in the intimate European style but that doesn't mean that American audiences particularly the sophisticated, but doesn't mean that American audiences particularly the sophisticated, but that doesn't mean that American audiences particularly the sophisticated, but doesn't mean that American audiences particularly the sophisticated, but doesn't mean that American audiences particularly the sophisticated, but doesn't mean that American audiences particularly the sophisticated

Beeman's AIDSDigestion
insidious suavity? A lift, just an infinitesimal lift, of an eyebrow, instead of terrific rolling of the eyelid! A mere catch, a flutter of the shoulder, instead of a cyclopic gasp! The barest twitch of a finger, instead of both arms flailing like Maxie Baer in the seventh!

IT GOT over on the screen, and it got over with the gals who paid their two-bits to see him make love in the theatres. AND — it got over with no less a connoisseur on the receiving end than Gloria Swanson, herself.

For just a moment after that quite plain to Hollywood that Bart Marshall and Gloria Swanson were hitting it off in no half-warm fashion. Hollywood began to come to. Hollywood put two and two together and got the answer. Hollywood dis-covered that it was about 'stern years behind the times in its love-making, and that this Britisher was what 'em both, in real and real demonstrations.

So Hollywood began to get snappy. It snooted out that Bart Marshall, for all his "swashbuckling," was a married man and that Edna David Marshall, Hollywood was the Mrs. Not only that, but also that the Marshall technique had already made such previous strides that Edna was already No. 2, and if she had been No. 1, she was still being No. 3, if she kept on going. For Bart had been married once before Best. Quite a lad, that one, decided Hollywood, and began to imitate.

From that day on, Hollywood's love-making has undergone a complete change. Today, you know how they do it; there's no need to describe. Subtlety has replaced the meat-axe; the methods, as with all good an- nymous ways insist, has become just as important as the end, if not more so. And Bart Marshall may jolly well take a bow for being the bird who precipitated the change.

Today, Bart Marshall is 50 years old, believe it or not! But with all that half-century (maybe because of it, instead of despite it), Bart Marshall is still as charming as he ever could have been in his more youthful days.

He recently married Lee Russell, as you know. Not without struggle did Edna Best divorce her ex-husband, complaint of infidelity being one of the Hollywood girls give him up to Lee.

True, Gloria Swanson wasn't in the run-ning any more. That was over and done with quite a while ago. After that pre-liminary flare-up, the Marshall-Swanson romance cooled quickly. I recall the cooling process, while Bart used to stand in the en- trance of the 20th-Fox studio cafe, and survey the place carefully to find a table filled with men (and men ONLY) friends of his. Then he'd scuttle over there quickly, with that barely-pressed limp of his, and find a chair, before he could be intercepted by Swanson—or maybe Ruth Chatterton, who always had quite a quick eye of her own for unscheduled charmers looking for a luncheon-chair, and who was always more than partial to Britishers, too.

Anyway, in 1936, Bart Marshall went back to London, and when he came back, the Swanson affair was on ice. It was then that Lee Russell stepped into the No. 1 spot in his life—and finally, with a quiet cease that let no public prytechnicians, Bart and Edna were divorced, and Bart and Lee were married—and the mere fact that the latter romance endured through three-plus awk-ward years before the way was clear for marriage, and is enduring today as one of the warmest in Hollywood, shows that Bart's love technique off-screen must be fully as potent as on.

In private life, Marshall is as charming — and as reticent—a gentleman as Holly-wood boasts. He is not a mouth-smash-er like some of his predecessors, but a real, warm-hearted, silent, unassuming man, with a world of his own, one that is his and the children's, and he seems to enjoy it.

Six feet tall, smooth-haired, baritoning with just that touch of white that is so chal-lenging, and with an inexhaustible fund of stories (SOTCH stories, mama!), Bart Marshall is one of the favorite hosts in movie-land—if you can get him as eager.

However, he doesn't socialize much—except with his wife and Bette Davis, who is left-hand in Hollywood, and who he is to get married to sometime this year. Bette embraces the British colony. Right now, as this is written, he has scuttled off to Santa Barbara, which is the favorite hang-out of the Englishmen and their wives in Holly-wood. They are going to have a British Relief work, and as soon as Bart finished The Letter, he was to go up to them. Up to there, I have seen plenty of Bette Col- man, who has his own hide-away estate in that terrain.

As a matter of fact, Bette is Bart's closest and oldest friend in this country. Few people know it, even in Hollywood, but they were war buddies together in the first World War. Friends even then, they both enlisted together in London with a Scottish regiment, and since the war, they've been friends. A quarter-century of friendship means much to men like them. Today, they're war-time buddies again—working like friends for the British cause in whatever way they can. You can expect to see and hear much of Bart Marshall, these coming days, in war work.

TO TALK with Bart Marshall is a unique experience in Hollywood. He blats none of those uncertain "confi-dences" about his private affairs that are so bombastically boresome in most Hollywood lives. Instead, it's stories of confidences. He always has a story at tongue's tip.

During The Letter, he practically SLEW Bette Davis with some of his stories. Some time when you're in Hollywood, look me up, and I'll whisper them into your ear. But I can't print 'em here; the post office and Meter House say they'd better. And you see, they enjoyed working with Marshall more than with any other actor within her memory.

But with all his charm, Marshall manages to keep up an indefeasible barrier between himself and you. You sense it, but you can't put your finger on it. It's the epitome of that reserve that is characteristic of the British. He is cordial, warm, friendly, open-handed, verbose, witty and unremiss in his attentions—but you feel that beyond a certain point, you can't get close to him.

Maybe it's because, the instant you approach anything that even smells of what he and his friends designate "gossip," he clamps down—either shuts up or switches the subject. What Bart and his friends do in their little group, their little gatherings, their weekly parties, their parties, their extra-gingles—these things are sacred—not only as far
as other people are concerned, but among themselves, too.

In that group, there are no "post-mortems." Unlike American crowds, who love to tell and retell the things that happened on their last week-end together (the spicer the better!), this group of Britons poses like the Three Monkeys—hands clamped over eyes, ears, lips. What they said or did that last time is never mentioned. It's their code: Speak Not Of That Whick Was. Or Isn't.

Maybe that's why you hear and see so little of that ultra-Hollywood type of publicity about Bart. There are no anecdotes, because those who COULD tell them, DON'T. His attitude is best typified by the sequence which followed when Edna Best arrived on the Hollywood scene last winter, at the height of the Bart-Lee romance talk. Instead of reams of publicity and statements, there was a minimum of talk. Bart and Edna talked things over in private, and not in the ears of news reporters. When they decided that there was only one thing to do, they did it quietly, without fanfare. Edna went to Reno and quietly got her divorce, and just as quietly, Bart and Lee hurried to Las Vegas and got married.

Today, Bart and Lee live in a house out in Beverly Hills on a street named Tropical (if Lee could talk, she'd probably say it). The house is NOT owned by Bart; it's rented—and that's a matter of significance. For Bart, no matter how long he stays in movies in Hollywood, will never be OF Hollywood. He always was, and will be of London—and some day he's going back there. So why buy a house here?

It's not a big house. It's small, comfortable, with crotchet hangings and chair coverings and lots of books. Bart reads them slowly and deliberately, savoring each morsel of words like a food-faddist chewing twenty-seven times to the bite. The walls are rich with pictures and signed portraits of friends.

His servants are Negroes. Every afternoon at four they serve tea. Hollywood may be Hollywood, but inside of Bart Marshall's door, it's London. And with the tea they serve milk and sugar. But no sugar for Bart, thank you. And while they sip tea, Bart entertains—with whimsicalities, drolleries and light chatter if the gathering be a bit stiff.

Bart is, in his work, perhaps the most untemperamental star in Hollywood. He has the extraordinary (in Hollywood!) idea that maybe the producers and the directors know their business, and that when he signs up for a part, he is turning himself over to men who know their stuff, so why shouldn't he do what they tell him to? Not that he's ever satisfied!—far from it!—swell or "irk" him; he finishes a role with the lament:

"It didn't turn out just as I wanted it to."

He can't put his finger on what was wrong—but that's true of all creative artists. Their finished product, no matter how fine it may be, should measure up to what they expect of it in advance. Their achievements never equal their ambitions.

His future? Well, you can't get away from the feel that his ultimate hope is to some day retire—back in England.

"I like it here in Hollywood," he tells you. "I like it all, and I'll stay here as long as they want me in pictures. But somehow, I could never feel that I'm not going back to England, some day."

That's what he says. He doesn't go beyond that, because it's not like Bart to be extravagant in words, any more than in the other things of life—like love and its gestures, for instance. One of his pet detestations is the Hollywood language, as opposed to the King's English. Words like "terrible" and "terrific" and "swell" irk him; when you get around to "lousy" and "worse" and "knockout," he actually suffers. He feels it would be as easy to find a word that's just as expressive and less vulgar.

But anyway, he says, with that calm statement that he "could never feel he's not going back to England some day," you sense a much fiercer, much more soul-consuming hunger in this man's heart for his native land. Bart Marshall will never be "a transplanted Englishman"—he'll always be just an Englishman, whatever he be in Hollywood or Timbuctoo.

Why, believe it or not, he's salving his nostalgia right now in one of the most extraordinary bits of homesick-doctoring you ever heard of—he has just sent to England for a flock of chickens from his native Kent, so that when he wakes up in the morning, it'll be to the crow of a British rooster!
somewhere in Europe... Ray Milland got a cable from his mother in England, which read only, “Your sister died yesterday,” and Ray is fearsome that she was killed in a Nazi air raid but the censors won’t let that news through...

**Give Me My Bow-and-Arrow**

- A brave, brave lad is Errol Flynn. Undaunted by fevers or Damita, the Flynn is already broaching a new adventure. He intends, come next year, to go to Brazil and deep into the Mattso Grosso jungles—to hunt lions with bow-and-arrow, of all things!

  Errol’s talking the idea to his pals, explaining that on his recent South American tour, he got chummy, no end, with President Vargas of Brazil, who extolled the glories of the Mattso Grosso hinterland to the movie star, and described the excitement of lion-hunting there.

  So now Errol is plotting with none other than Hollywood’s far-famed archery expert, Howard Hill, to journey there and shoot lions with arrows—while, of course, a movie camera records the adventure. Such films, reasons Errol, would make good adventure movies—and even though the name’s Irish, there seems to be a streak of Scotch in the tall Flynn ladde.

**More Jitters**

- Talking about those “war jitters,” here are several more examples of what happens—

  Just the other day, Joseph Schildkraut collapsed on the set of _Rangers of Fortune_. Hospitalized, the actor’s ailment was diagnosed as nervous breakdown due to worry over relatives trapped in the European maelstrom. His doctor told him he had other worries.

  Basil Rathbone admits that his own worry over his son Rodion, training in Canada for European service, is affecting his health.

**Silly Stuff**

- Silliest fan-letter request of the year has come from not one, but 27 of Freddie Bartholomew’s fans—

  After seeing _Swiss Family Robinson_ they wrote in asking for hairs from Freddie’s chest! (Remember that scene where Tim Holt pulls several hairs from Freddie’s chest?)

**The Talk of Hollywood**

*(Continued from page 51)*

**Curfew Rings For Judy?**

- Judy Garland ought to contemplate the example of Mickey Rooney, who suddenly spent up and has been the great gainer thereby.

  And then maybe she wouldn’t have to be told by her studio bosses (as she just has been told) to quit the nite-club circuit! But then she can’t be an old meanie, and turn down a date.

**Brains As Well As Gams**

- Maybe those gams of Betty Grable’s really ARE her most important asset—but even so, she’s got a lot of head on her shoulders as well. While the legs make the money, the head is devising ways to keep it, and so, as a result, Hollywood has a new trick contract clause to think about.

  It’s in Betty’s present contract, at Betty’s own request, and it provides that Betty has to be in bed by 10 p.m., on every working day during production. Betty explained that as long as that’s in her contract, she’ll have a valid reason for turning down party-invitations and nite-club dates without hurting anyone’s feelings....

  And besides, that the Grable is limiting herself to a mere $75 a week for all living and maintenance expenses, while she banks the rest. Betty has seen stars come and go—and even though France’s famed Mlle. Mistinette still has million-dollar legs at 70 or so, Betty figures her own mightn’t last that long. So she figures that if her present luck holds out, she’ll be able to retire in five years.

**The Only Genuine Art Corners are made by ENGEL of Chicago!**

Original Square and Round styles, also others illustrated are still in steady demand. New Poc-lents and Transparentos are especially fine. For pls. each of three types and samples, send 30c in stamps, coin or money order. Quantity prices to commercial users on request.

**Friend to Friend**

-Chuckles JELL CANDIES ARE Good CANDY for ALL THE FAMILY.
You Can't Go Wrong With the Right Silver

[Continued from page 54]

the correct way! Isn't that new, and isn't that important "news" for every hostess?

Then, the "cover" (or individual setting for each person at table) when regarded from above, includes the service plate in the center, with the silver necessary for all courses right or left as required, creating a balanced design and s	

ful and harmonious as it is practical. Developed in a particularly gay pattern, this balanced place setting idea at one stroke solves every problem of table etiquette or silver placement. For example, where are the coffee spoons laid on the saucer? Look at the handle, and you see that the spoon must be placed right! Where shall the oyster fork be laid, or the long-handled supper knife? Look at the pattern on the handle and see how its symmetrical curves, right or left, will provide the answer.

WITH fall brides as numerous as autumn leaves, with Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's feasts all just around the corner, silver scores in every meal from dinner parties through lunch, eat, buffet supper, and many informal occasions in between, are either made or fail because of their table setting. Every woman is proud of her table and the manner in which she serves her guests. But she cannot be a gracious, relaxed hostess unless she is sure she has sufficient silverware. If you are buying a gift of silver, or are the fortunate recipient, consider the values of larger, silver-plated, heavy and well-organized con-

venience. Buying silver in a set means first of all, a worthwhile saving, which will give the bride or new hostess the confidence which comes from having enough silver at the start.

Buying silver out of income, moreover, is today, as simple, easy and wise as buying any other important purchase for the home. With the various forms of deferred or time payments, now possible at dependable dealers, you secure the pleasure of buying a complete silver service at once, and enjoying it as you can pay for it. The silver dealer is no stranger to family finances. He will aid with a pay-out-of-income plan with such modest monthly payments that any young couple can easily buy enough fine table flatware to do real entertaining. More and more modern homemakers are buying complete sets, offered in attractive chests. Many of these smart looking chests are tarnish-proof, which means that silver is kept in them free from that dull, dingy look which mars the finest silver lustre, and which is caused by oxidation, particularly during winter when heating plants are in operation. All of these chests are added protection to a silver service, and some, in the shape of a sewing or end-table are welcome pieces of occasional living or dining room furniture.

Match your silverware pattern either to your personing room or your "period" furnishings. The silver trade recog-

izes three main types of patterns— the plain, the moderately decorated, and the richly decorated. In this same order the silverware may be called "Colonial," "American," "Georgian" or "English"; and elaborate French or Italian... a style more suitable to palaces or homes than to the home. Last there is the present day "contemporary" or "modern" design in silver as in other furnishings, a style characterized by great simplicity in its streamlining.

As every woman knows there are two main types of table silver: flatware, which covers all the knives, forks, spoons, spreaders, serving implements, etc., needed at any meal; and second, hollow ware,—which includes candlesticks, serving platters, trays, ice pitcher, and many other pieces which do much to grace the table and make serving unobtrusively charming. In buying flatware such as forks and spoons in particular, see that the "wear-points" at the back of the bowl and handle are specially reinforced. For where the spoon or fork tines touch the table (or worse, the daily dishpan) is the danger point—it becomes the first worn spot on the silver. In fine quality silverplate, these "wear-points" are avoided by inserting a genuine silver inlay in the spoon back or handle-tip, then fusing this silver block with the metal of the piece, and last, silverplating the entire piece so that the inlay is invisible. But there it is, and rub as you may, you can't make a "wear-

mark" on such pieces of quality silverplate. What is a set of silver? is another common question of the young bride. The jeweler or silverware dealer may call 44 pieces a "set of silver"; but this must be determined by questions such as how much is spent, what is the manner of living, if a maid serves or if the hostess is her own maid, and if little or much entertaining is done. Good form is important, but the real answer is to be found in this: have enough pieces and enough kinds of silver flatware for properly serving and eating every kind of food prepared for either family or guests. In general, even the simple or average family needs 20 kinds of flat silver, including the usual spoons, forks and knives, with round soup spoons, spoons for tea, or for coffee, and such serving pieces as a flat pie

knife or meat server, a berry spoon or large vegetable servers, and a set of meat carvers. Such items as butter spreaders (back in style again, by the way), supper forks and knives (smaller and lighter than those for dinner use), oyster or cocktail forks, soup ladle, gravy ladle, jelly spoon and ice cream or dessert forks, etc., are all necessary to more elaborate entertaining. They all make for a nicer way of living, and only in better quality silverware can so many kinds be obtained.

That smart, sophisticated Sunday Night buffet supper which you are considering for early fall; that jolly informal bridge luncheon which you give to the members of your club; that traditional dignified family Thanksgiving dinner at which it is your turn to act as hostess,—at every type of meal and hospitality occasion, richly gleaming silver makes the table service beautiful, adequate and correct. Write at once for the special leaflet. Address me:
What Every Girl Should "NO" at College

[Continued from page 47]

lounging. Wooly warm robe for night "bull" sessions and study. (Never trot out a fancy negligee or chiffon dressing gown; they're as taboo as Tibet's monkey.)

And a variety of scarves, lapel gadgets, and costume jewelry.

Naturally, sweaters and skirts are classic campus clothes," said Brenda. "But the trick is to build around your most becoming color. Because interchangeable clothes are terribly important, particularly if you're on a budget! Folk out a color—like gray, navy and red; or brown, rust and per-simmon. Then you can wear that suit coat with your shirtdress maker with no trouble at all. Or make your skirts do triple duty.

Andrea Leeds not long ago marched along the same campus as Brenda. Recently Andrea's sisters of Kappa Alpha Theta honored her with a dinner as the most outstandingly successful member of their chapter.

"Sororities," said Andrea as we sat in the sunroom of her lovely home where she's known strictly as Mrs. Dan Howard, "I feel a very special part of college life. Every girl looks forward to a bid from her favorite house—and she'll get it if she follows what is known as the decorum of rush week." First and foremost, when you're invited to a tea at any House. If the invitation reads, 'three to five,' try to get there close to three so you'll have a better chance of talking to the hostesses before the crowd comes. Incidentally, it's more important for a girl to be impressed by the sorority than to try to do the impressing herself. All she has to do is be natural and gracious, and not to 'dress to the nines' at all times.

If you're stuck for conversation, dig up some good reviews of plays or books that you've read recently, Andrea suggests. But as you value your college life, don't act sophisticated or drop a grand "I own them all" over the place! It's much wiser to drop a hint about how you like to study!

The five biggest reasons why a girl is "blacklisted," says Brenda, "is that she shows obvious signs of being a snob (and so she's sent right to Coventry!). Her table manners are bad. She uses profanity, or drinks. She failed to show proper respect for the Host. Her appearance is not neat enough.

"You see, it's necessary to be as popular with girls as with boys," Andrea summed it up. "If you develop a lot of girl friends, boy friends will follow!"

Majorie Weaver, between scenes of For Beauty's Sake out at T. C. Fox, had more to say on the subject of Men. I understand that back at Indiana U, Majorie was the Chief Pulse-Raiser of Kappa Kappa Gamma.)

"Girls," said Majorie succinctly, "make an awful mistake when they try to concentrate on just the top-notchers like the football captain and such. In college, the small fry often turn out to be twice as nice as the Big Catch!"

"The easiest way to meet a lot of men is to go in to extra-curricular activities. Like the campus newspaper and the Year Book or the dramatic society. Be a joiner-upper. Just trot over to headquarters in your sassy frock and brightest smile and let it be known that you're willing to work. No matter if the man-who-takes-your-name is a bit on the woolside, with drooping socks and dirty corndorays, don't be discouraged. This may be the man you're apt to meet a raft of eligible males!"

"Of course, the thing to do before you accept a Date is to go to an Older Girl in your House or Dormitory and check her out. Because Older Girls are trained to get mixed up with the wrong crowd at the U, I mean the group known as 'rebels' or the hard-drinking set. We used to have a slogan in your House, 'dates of Phi U, about Phi Delta. Don't talk too much about yourself and never try to go formal."

"Most boys are on a low allowance or working their way through. So it's up to a girl not to be a chiseler. If she smokes she should definitely carry her own cigarettes. If he asks her what she wants to do, she might say something like, 'There's a good show up at the Strand. Have you seen it?' Instead of suggesting a $2.50 cover-charge night club!"

"We used to have a whaie of a time simply dancing by the radio or walking up and down the main street andกรุ๊ป. Sometimes the things like that which cost nothing are the most fun."

Her most Embarrassing Moment, Majorie summed up, was when she had to invite a man to a sorority dance. Finally she hit upon a way to take that personal note out of her invitation so she wouldn't think she was running after him (always a bad gesture!) "The sorority, she told him, "has asked me to invite you as my escort..."

It worked like a charm!"

Wolves (the girls who steal beads away from other girls) are shot at dawn on the most convenient corner of the campus. Or at least surrounded by such irridgb atmosphere that they freeze to death.

"To be popular," said Majorie, "you have to be a good sport and go in for everything from tennis and swimming to helping sweep the stage after Dramatic Club rehearsals. Dancing is extremely important—and being able to look interested even if you're not!"

Over at Paramount Jean Cagney (Jimmy's young sister) with a Phi Beta Kappa key dangling from her size twentv. There she is, with a grin on her face. "I went to what they call 'a spinner factory' or girls' college in New York—Hunter's. But there are a lot of things you learn there that apply to all colleges, I imagine. For instance, Dorm Technique. Don't hang on a dormitory telephone by the half-hour prattling away while the other girls are waiting for their Dates to call—not if you want your life! And never forget to introduce a man to your House Mother before you go out with him."

"Borrowing, naturally, is taken for granted. You have to be ready to share everything from your tooth paste to your stockings. And if your roommate hangs a motto where you planned to hang a racket, great. (Better tell your mother she may bake luscious chocolate cakes!)

"In a spinner factory you don't fuss much about clothes—except for your football or prom week. Jean Leewis suggests wearing a lightweight wool dress under a heavy wool coat with the perkiest scarf you can find to match the band on your hat. For Sunday afternoon at the fraternity house tea, pack into your bag a little number in velvet with a hat of the same material."

"Then you'll want a swish formal for the
Big Dance. Something in a Confetti red slipper satin cut along Scarlet O’Hara lines ought to stun the stag line. Or, “says Jean, “if you’re the Ethereal Type, now ’em down with something shimmering and silvery . . .” They do say Texas State flashed to a new high the day Brenda Marshall walked in. One look at Errol Flynn’s new leading lady and you understand why. Even in a slightly-out-of-focus snapshot standing by her college dormer window she looks lovely.

“Me,” laughed Brenda, “all I could think of even then was the stage! But I decided if I was going to spend four years at State I wanted my room nice. It’s a simple matter to cover a slipper chair in chintz to match your curtains, to put up a couple of good-looking prints on the wall. (Pennants as furnishings are as outdated as flappers.)

“No college girl today thinks of wearing hats, just as her campus girls are becoming especially well-groomed. No stiff hairdo, but something soft, neatly brushed, shining. She uses very little make-up besides lipstick. Instead of perfume, she uses toilet water after her morning shower. She’s fussy about nice lingerie, about not having her nail polish chipped. In most cases she is the business woman of tomorrow—and she knows how necessary the good-grooming habit is.”

And because she is headed for the business world, she can’t do better than take Brenda’s advice about getting acquainted with members of the faculty. Make yourself known to your professors. Don’t be just another member of the class to them, but a personality.

“Girls who overlook this,” declared Brenda, “miss a big bet. Because later on you want good recommendations in getting a job—and those from the faculty of your university are the best. I don’t think I’d ever got started on the stage if it hadn’t been for the letters that the head of the dramatic department gave me to her friends in New York.”

There it is, the chart to a successful college career in capsule form. Happy landings!

How Hepburn Licked Hollywood

[Continued from page 58]

Many a girl wouldn’t have returned to face that music. Only the calloused type could face it without hurt and anger and burning shame. Katie is not calloused; on the contrary she is acutely sensitive.

So it took sheer courage of the higher order, to drive her protesting flesh and recoiling spirit back into the Hollywood fight.

After scoring screen triumphs that were crowned by Stage Door, she turned back to Broadway again, this time to conquer it—to score a big personal hit in one of the outstanding plays of many a year. This feat, too, took courage, as anyone can tell who understands Katie.

Even in her present moment of victory, she has to call upon her courage to meet the peculiar needs of a hyper-sensitive nature.

But of course she has plenty. In my opinion, the secret of Katharine Hepburn’s great accomplishments rests in a bottomless, unquenchable, blazing fount of sheer grit which drives a timid girl into deeds sometimes like Joan d’Arc’s—and sometimes like Don Quixote’s.

Few women today are free from some sign of functional trouble. Maybe you’ve noticed YOURSELF getting restless, moody, nervous, depressed lately—your work too much for you—

Then why not try Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound to help quiet weary, hysterical nerves, relieve monthly pain (cramps, backache, headache) and strong dizzy spells due to functional disorders.

For over 60 years Pinkham’s Compound has helped hundreds of thousands of weak, run-down, nervous “ailing” women and girls to go snuffling thru “difficult days.” WORTH TRYING!
The Plot of the Storey

[continued from page 42]

we say, it’s happened more than once, and unfortunately, it so happened to June. The credit went to a nice send-off the morning after the preview—but that’s about all she got for her performance except, of course, the brush-off from the studio. And we might add, in this particular connection, that probably it was no fault of the stud’s Mr. Bigs. We haven’t time to go into this, however.

“In Old Chicago” was my first talking picture,” says June. “In fact, it was my first picture of any kind. The only experience I had gotten for being elated over the fine notices I received. I thought that one good picture would certainly lead to another and that eventually I’d see my name in lights. But I got fooled, and luckily, too, all things considered pro and con.

The disappointment was just the medicine I needed even though it was hard to take. I just dug in and studied harder than ever and forgot that such a picture as “In Old Chicago” was ever made. I even managed to throw away all my fine press notices. My next picture was “An Island in the Sky,” starring Gloria Stuart. Maybe I got on the credit sheet, maybe not. I don’t remember now. Following this one, I got a part in “Down Argentine,” another part in “Orphans of the Street,” and another part in Sorority House.

“I thought the end of my career had arrived with the announcement from my agent that he’d arranged a test for me at Republic for a Gene Autry western. I refused at first to consider the role. I admired Gene and I liked westerns, but as for playing in them, I thought it was a picture of another color. I couldn’t imagine myself on horseback riding lickety-split across the wide open spaces, but on the other hand, I couldn’t imagine myself turning down a good job. That is, after I gave the subject some thought. I’d learn something about movie making I never knew before while making these sage-brushers.

It occurred to me, too, that playing opposite Gene was an honor not to be overlooked. Gene, I knew, was known to more fans than any other star in the business. He received more fan letters. His popularity was greater and there was a toning up his royalties from his phonograph records and his salary at the studio he was a bigger money-maker than any other top-flight name in the business. So it might be a pretty smart move on my part, I said to myself, to hitch my movie wagon to a star of this magnitude. Maybe that sounds selfish, but really it isn’t. So I went into westerns.”

But “going into westerns,” as she puts it, and as she found out soon enough, was something vastly different than merely adding her feminine opinion about it.

In the first place she discovered that it wasn’t as easy as she thought to learn the proper way of sticking on top of a horse alone and there while riding through the sagebrush at a clip no faster than good old Scabiscuit moseying along at a slow gallop. By the time her first riding lesson was over she had to be lifted from her saddle! “Take off my boots and I’ll skedaddle!” she sang in paraphrase to the popular western ballad.

“It took,” she says, “three bottles of liniment properly applied to the proper places (and there must have been a thousand of them!) before I got relief from all the aches and pains. And the second riding lesson was about as bad. Gradually, though, I got accustomed to my saddle and to my horse and finally arrived at a state of riding proficiency where I could say ‘giddap, Pete,’ and go sliding along at a fairly speedy pace. Nothing fancy, of course, but I was, after all, following the true western riding tradition, but I managed to stick on.”

June doesn’t know whether or not her starring partner, the genial Gene, approved of her. He certainly didn’t approve of the second riding lesson! I’m sure he failed to voice even a mild protest because, just as soon as she had completed her mastery of the studio bronco, she was assigned to her first wide-open-space entitled Colorado Sunset.

In reference to titles it may interest you to know that all of the Autry westerns spring from titles of popular songs. At least this has been the case of the last six, namely: Gold Mine in the Sky, In Old Monterey, South of the Border, Rancho Grande, Gaucho Serenade, and Carolina Moon.

Well, to ride on with June and her troubles. Making westerns, she discovered minus quite a bit in complicating matters—not for being so simple! If time was ever the essence of any contract it certainly was in the shooting of this picture. Actual shooting began at sun-up and ended at sun-down. That meant arising earlier than any early bird. Around four, to be exact. A shower, breakfast, putting on make-up (make-up artists, such as you find in other studios, are a minus quality in connection with Gene and knocking out westerns) and then following all this with a nap dash to the lot to grab herself a seat in one of the big buses used to transport the principals to location, had her well-nigh exhausted before she got out of town that first morning.

To make matters worse and more confusing, she found that when she arrived and went to ride in one of the big bouncy buses that carried the juicers, props, and technicians.

“It was a gag to initiate a new member of the company, yes,” she says. “I didn’t know it then and between bounces on that thirty-mile ride I vowed I’d never sign up for another western, not even if I had the honor of playing opposite TOO Gene Autrys at one and the same time!”

“I vowed it the second time when, after arriving at the location spot, I found there was no dressing room provided for me and that I’d have to pick myself out a secluded canyon to change into my cowgirl clothes! The informality that abounds in making a western picture was really something to write home about! It still is, for that matter.

And informality is certainly the appropriate word! Take the case of the six-foot rattlesnake for instance. There it was, smoking along not two feet from the spot where she’d been undressing in that canyon. Fortunately she had accomplished the switch in duds a minute or so before she discovered the rattler else Gene Autry, et al., would have been embarrassed no end when they saw her coming hell-a-tearing, out of there with no more clothes on than Lady Godiva.

But this little adventure in the early morning isn’t all. While backing away from Mr. Rattler she slipped one hand into the
pocket of her cowgirl skirt — and came up with a pretty desert sword as you’ve ever gazed at! June let out one blood-curdling shriek and before the echoes began bouncing across the carnival's Indians, camping on the other side of the valley floor, came rushing over on their pinto ponies convinced that some smart-alek in the location trompo had kidnapped one of their prettiest squaws! "Ruthless!" she tried to hold back two shoulders and a shake as she recalled that first morning.

"I learned right away," she went on, "that making a western was something different than making even so lovely a picture as a class "C" production. I found out that unless someone blew up so badly that the 'take' was spoiled beyond all hope of salvage you could come to another so fast that it was difficult for me to keep track of what was going on. If I remember correctly the director okayed twenty takes before lunch and he growled because he hadn't okayed thirty!

"Well, let me assure you that before this first western of mine was completed I regarded myself as an old trouper. I felt that I had sort of earned my spurs and I don’t mean in the kind of spurs on my boots. I got onto the knack of memorizing my lines quickly, something I'd never been able to do before. And after I got onto that trick, and learned to go up to a scene and dress in a camel and onto a thousand and one things new and different I began to enjoy it all.

Since then, and it’s been about a year in the doing, I’ve played opposite Gene in nine pictures and have had the time of my young life. Of course, I don’t want to remain in westerns for the remainder of my screen life, but believe me, I won’t ever object much if that’s to be the course of my movie career. I don’t care who or grand people, it keeps you outdoors, you get good pay, and the job is steady."

JUNE found out something else during the making of that first picture. She found out that playing a leading lady role opposite Gene Autry carried with it a lot of restrictions in the ancient art of romancing.

"There was no mushy stuff between us in the dialogue," she reveals. "Western fans, so the studio said, wouldn't go for it. Western fans resented any woman on the screen that didn't act like he-man and from first reel to last. They wanted Gene to be the kind of guy he always had been and the studio had thousands of fan letters to prove it.

"So, in that first picture Gene and I didn’t even hold hands, we were that careful not to offend the fans. No embracing, no kissing, no billing and cooing such as you find going on between romancers in other films. Gradually, though, the restrictions have been lessening somewhat and Gene can act like a couple in love or about to fall in love. The fans have grudgingly become accustomed to me, I hope, and while they insist that Gene mustn't change, they're willing to let a tiny thread of romance run through all the reels. "No script yet," she added, "has given Gene the right to plant a kiss on his leading lady’s lips and most likely the next one we do will mean that will. Gene recently made a picture at 20th Century-Fox and when asked if he’d agree to a short kissing sequence he objected most emphatically. If he wouldn’t do it for this studio the chances are he’ll never do it for Republic—at least until his fans demand it.

Which isn’t at all likely. About the most they’ll permit or stand for are a few tender words between us as now and then. We can hold hands—but not too long—and we can look at each other with loving looks, but that’s definitely the end of the line on romance."

When all is said and done, June probably derives her yen for acting and for acting in westerns from her ancestors. One ancestor, Ethel Storey, was a well-known English actress. Another was Captain Storey of the U. S. Navy, who helped defend the white settlers in Virginia City, Nevada, against the Indians. He was killed in action and there is now a monument to his memory in Virginia City. One county of Nevada, Storey, is named after him.

June attended elementary schools in Canada, Long Island, and Connecticut. Additional schooling was obtained in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and 20th Century-Fox schools.

THE extreme "low" period in her life, she claims, arrived when she left New York and moved to California with her parents. The extreme "high" period, she also claims, occurred when her father finally consented to let her become an actress. Her first real acting money dropped into her purse when Bryan Foy at Warner Brothers paid her for making a test. Before coming to Hollywood her stage experience was derived mainly from the work she got in five plays with the Hampton Players. She received additional training in stock schools of various film companies.

You wouldn’t even guess it by looking at her, but June’s probably the best little huntress of all our Hollywood. Give her a rifle and take her where there’s game and she’ll come home loaded down with fresh meat. She isn’t hot with a shotgun, but she can blast her share of ducks out of the sky. She claims—and you can believe this or not—that she can cook eggs 28 different ways, 29 to be eggsack because she’s just learned to cook ‘em "South of the Border" style.

For exercise—outside of an occasional hunting trip—she spends hours knocking the white feathers off those elusive badminton "birds" and slicing huge chunks of white with off golf balls. June has the distinction of playing in the world’s largest sand trap. She took her clubs with her on a location trip at the edge of the Mohave Desert and played nine improvised holes during her lunch hour one day. "I would have played another nine holes," she says, "but my ball got a bad lie, a foot from a cactus plant—and maybe you can guess when I finished my swing slightly off balance. If you can’t guess, just go out and try it sometime!"

Frankly, we don’t know whether or not June’s going to continue as Gene’s leading lady. There are a thousand girls in Hollywood who would give the mascara off June’s eyelashes to have her job. But one thing’s sure. Republic isn’t going to let her get away. Not if they have to transfer her to one of their own pictures (of which the studio is scheduled for many of its coming year) in which she can climb out of her cowgirl costumes and go modern. June’s got her share of screen talent and sooner than she thinks, she may find her name in marquees.

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KURASH
The Take-A-Chance Girl [Continued from page 60]

wable thing being on her own can give a
girl.
“Anyhow, it was while I was holding that
thought in my head that the first break came
to me. The producer of Du Barry Was a
Lady had seen me in some picture and heard
I could dance. So he asked Buddy De Sylva
to fly out and see me. Buddy flew out from
New York, watched me work and then
asked me if I would like to open in Du Barry
Was a Lady in New York in the fall. I
said I surely would, but that I had twelve
weeks of personal appearances to do first.

I had started out to whip my inferiority
complex and to get back my self-confidence
and I was going through with it. People
were beginning to criticize me, saying I
had stayed with Jackie till he got his money
so I could get a share when I divorced him—
not realizing that I never asked for a dollar,
and that I had merely refrained from making
things harder for him at a trying time.

At first I was almost afraid to go out on
the stage, for fear of what people might
call out to me. But I’ve since learned that
the public is more than fair. It certainly was
wonderful to me during the run of the show
in New York.”

NEW YORK certainly was wonderful to
Betty Grable. It not only gave her a
rousing reception and smoothed her
fan mail and kindness but also brought her
a new interest in life.

For four weeks Betty received all the
praise at every performance of Du Barry
Was a Lady, and then met the sender, Alexis Thompson,
head of a large chemical and drug
manufacturing company. Contrary to reports,
Thompson is not a Canadian, but an
American. And after correcting reports and im-
pressions, Betty requests that the hooey
about her being upset over Artie Shaw
marrying Lana Turner be labeled as just
that—hooey. “I positively never was inter-
ested in Artie Shaw,” she says.

But to get back to the story of how one
of Hollywood’s most curvaceous blondes got
out of the rut and into one of the most
enjoying spots in pictures.

When Betty finished her public appearance
tour she was ten days late for rehearsal, and
boarded the train for New York with her
script under her arm.

She hadn’t a great deal to worry about,
as her part was a small one. But as she re-
hearsed they kept adding to it, and the week
before opening in New York they gave her
two more dances to do. Buddy De Sylva
seemed to have a hunch she was destined
to make a hit.

And she did, from the opening night.
New York loved her, and she ran away with
the show.

On June 13 of this year, just a year
to a day after she had left Jackie and Hol-
lywood, miserable but grimly determined,
Lew Schreiber, head of 20th Century casting,
called her in New York and asked her how
she would like to do Down Argentine Way in
place of Alice Faye who was ill.

“I’ll love to—but I can’t leave the show.”
“We’ve fixed that,” came the assurance
over the wire, “as soon as the picture is
finished you can rejoin the company in Chi-
cago.”

So Betty Grable returned to Hollywood—
and to star billing with Don Ameche. And
thus one more name is added to the long
roster of Hollywood people who have had
to go to New York to be appreciated and
rediscovered by pictures.

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of all the big hit pictures—that’s
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you! These previews are in the form
of thrilling, full-length story
versions of the films, and are generously
illustrated with beautiful pictures
from the movie itself. This month,
for instance, you can preview ESCAPE,
starring Norma Shearer and Robert
Taylor. No more tense or exciting
picture will be released during the
coming season. Then there’s the
romantic new Jeannette MacDonald-
 Nelson Edify film, Bittersweet.
That too is an exclusive MOVIE
STORY feature. For fast-paced
adventure you are offered RANGERS
OF FORTUNE, with Fred Mac-
murtry and Patricia Morison
starring. Gloria Jean’s new movie,
A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN, is warm
with human values. The much
talked about Ben Hecht film,
ANGELS OVER BROADWAY, star-
ing Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and
Rita Hayworth, is also on
the program. For Marx
Brothers fans, there’s co-
west. Twenty-two stories
and features in all! Better
get your copy today.
THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLE

[Continued from page 10]

Chas. Rhodes

Desi Arnaz, new push of Too Many Girls, parties Betty Grable at Ciro's.
He has story on page 52, Betty on 38

a trans-Atlantic liner (and in THESE
days, imagine!). For the light-headed
ones—in airplane. For youngsters who
drrrream—a country lane. For those
who want the rest of the world to go
by—a hammock beneath the maples
(ah, there, Bogey!).

But NO PLACE to make love, adds
Humphrey (and this is where the un-
Hollywood idea comes in) is in public.

Quotes the Bogart:
"True love is too sacred to be placed
on display."

Lana Turner probably thinks he's
a dimwit. And Dottie Lamour un-
doubtedly thinks he's a madman.

NOW come the insiders to report that
although Greta Garbo and Gaylord
Hauser aren't being seen out together so
[Continued on page 89]

Most remarkably un-Hollywood-
ish expression of all, concerning
what's quaintly called love out here,
comes from Humphrey Bogart, the
menacing man. Bogart, having ap-
parently nothing else to do, has been
conducting some research, and pops
up with an analysis of WHERE TO
MAKE LOVE, as applied to certain
types of romancers. Like this, says
Bogey:

For those with time on their hands—

Frank Fay, cetime vaudeville king and
only vaudevillian to play old Palace on
Broadway for eight weeks, staged film
come-back in I Want a Divorce

For a youthuul bust line, you'll want
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firmly "locks" the bust in its proper area.
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sales scale.

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87
The truth about CORNS.

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P. HAMILTON JEWELERS. Dept. P.140, Topeka, Kansas

Send TODAY for

FREE DEODORANT
Those legs are back again—you know, the ones that belong to Dietrich. She takes them for ride in Seven Sinners much these days, that’s NO sign that their romance is cooling.

Instead, they say, Greta (like Humphrey Bogart) thinks love oughtn’t to be paraded. And besides, she didn’t like the grab-shots the photographers got of her and Gaylord in public places.

So now they want to be altogether.

CUPID’S COUPLET:

Linda Darnell and Garret Craig
Are actin’ up suspiciously vague!

DEAR, dear George Brent, and dear, dear Annie Sheridan:

Please, please DO something. This suspense is simply crushing! Hollywood can’t take it much longer, and if you two don’t elope or something pretty quick, Hollywood’s going to start thinking that maybe it’s a gag. Or is it?

We all know, Annie, that you’re so, so worried about Georgie’s flying. And we...

(Continued on page 91)

YOUR ‘TIME TO SUFFER?’

Take a hint from millions of women—remember it’s time for MIDOL

Midol is a new formula developed for one purpose—to relieve the functional pain of menstruation. Millions of women who have learned about Midol now find they can face their trying days without dread, and live through them in active comfort.

Try Midol, to know how much relief and physical freedom you’re missing without its help. Midol contains no opiates. One comforting ingredient is prescribed frequently by thousands of doctors. Another ingredient, exclusively in Midol, increases the relief by reducing spasmodic pain peculiar to the menstrual period.

If you have no organic disorder demanding surgical or medical treatment, Midol should help you. If it doesn’t, consult your doctor. Five Midol tablets, enough for a convincing trial, only 20¢; 12 tablets for 40¢. All drugstores.

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RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

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

Now, at home, you can quickly and easily get telling streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownstone and a small brush does it—all your money back. Used for 25 years by the thousands of women (men, too)—Brownstone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb in. One application imparts desired color. Simply reapply as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tying a test lock of your hair, 60¢ to drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Renew your youthful charm. Get BROWNSTONE today.

Earn $25 a week AS A TRAINED PRACTICAL NURSE!

Practical nurses are always needed! Learn at home in your spare time as thousands of men and women—18 to 60 years of age—have done through Chicago School of Nursing, or National Evening-Parallel and Junior programs endorsed by physicians. One graduate has charge of 20-bed hospital. Nurse Grauer of Iowa now runs her own nursing home. Others prefer to earn $25 to $50 a day in private practice.

You can earn while you learn!

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89
YOU’LL ALWAYS BE CONSTIPATED UNLESS—

You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely every day into your intestines to help digest fatty foods. So USE COMMON SENSE! Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards’ Olive Tablets. They not only assure gentle yet thorough bowel movements but ALSO stimulate liver bile to help digest fatty foods and tone up intestinal muscular action.

Olive Tablets, being purely vegetable, are wonderful! Used successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 15¢, 50¢ and 60¢.

NEW Answers to Old Prayers

(Continued from page 67)

had not been in vain, that Desi was the one to play Manchelow.

"I went in the show," said Desi, "though I almost didn't. They asked me if I could act and I said 'I don't know, I never tried!' I was making $300 a week at La Conga and thought that was terrific. But I played my hunch. I went in the show. I doubled in La Conga and the show for a long time. The show ran seven or eight months and I started getting the movie offers. I didn't want any of them. I wasn't putting on an act. I really wanted to stay longer with the show. Besides, Mr. Abbott told me, I am sure we will make a picture of the show and you will be in it. If they want you now, they will want you more a little from now.' That advice coincide with my hunch about that, so I stay until Mr. Abbott comes to Hollywood, too, and now we are making the picture.

They gave the option for another picture, said Desi, "if they take that up I do not know. I never make plans. Everything I do is by my hunches. Why make plans when revolutions, earthquakes, things over which you have no control can control your destiny and make Philadelphia scrap of all your most careful planning?"

MERELY, more than he seems, I said... now you know why...

Now you can understand Desi when he says, "I won't like to be typed as a leading boy that's always saying, 'I love you.' I want to be more the type of Jimmy Stewart or Spencer Tracy or Clark Gable. That's what I'll try to do...

Now you can understand why people in Hollywood say of Desi, admiringly, "He's smart. He's smart about money. Smart about his career. Smart about people." It's why he's not going to be swept off his feet by anyone or anything, short of an earthquake or a revolution... "I don't think I am sensible," he would say, "the first thing I notice about girls," he said, "is if I feel comfortable with them, that's the first thing I like. I got to be attracted to them first by their appearance of course, but after that it comes to if they are pretty or not. I don't care how beautiful they are. I like a girl who is intelligent. I don't like just pretty girls. I like them pretty, of course, but that comes secondary!"

He doesn't want to get married for another five years. He said "I'd start worrying about my money if I married and that would spoil my work. I have worried too much about insecurity to want to risk it for two...

He is completely master of himself. Flattery, feminine and swoony... "I don't believe in that flattery from girls," he told me, smiling, "it is not for me. They do it to everybody. They are mostly kids after matinee performances. And those five bad years I lived will be cold water in my face if I ever go spoiled...

Nor is there any 'going Hollywood' for Desi. He went hungry too long. He is saving his money. He has rented a small house. His mother is with him. She never goes to sleep until she hears him come in at night. "She thinks I am still twelve," said Desi, but tenderly. He calls his mother by her name, Lolita, and says it as one says a lovely name for a lovely person.

Yes, he's dark and Cuban and littie, girls... but I repeat, and you agree don't you, he's more than that... much, much more.
Sisters seldom seen together are Joan Fontaine, Olivia de Havilland. Joan's Brian Aherne entertaining them on set.

The New York World's Fair, which will soon close forever, gave Uma Merzel Big Day. Ford Exhibit paid honor, too all know that, next to the Clark Gables, you're the damnest gift-swapping couple in town (look at that bike and scooter and rowing-machine and boxing gloves and wrestling-mat and sabers George gave you as gags, just because he knows you don't like ANY kind of exercise). And if it means anything at all, we all know you're even dieting together with your twosome drinks of vegetable juices.

And we know, too, that you're plotting to take your vacations at the same time. Hmmmummummmmm.

Jackie Cooper, hearing rumors around town that's that way about Bonita Granville, has just promised his ma that he won't get married until he's 23 years old. He's 17 now.

Jackie says he and Ma talked it over, and that "Mom knows best."

P. S.—Didn't Ty Power's ma object to any marriage ideas for Ty, too?

Don't you think it's just too, TOO ducky-wucky—that giftie that Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton have given to Dorothy di Prasso?

It's a diamond-and-ruby pin, made in the shape of a little Danny Cupid, of ALL things, my dears...

And nobody in Hollywood'd be surprised, any more, if Baba becomes Missus Grant, next Spring.

Cupid's Couplet:
Broderick Crawford and Rita Johnson
Seem to be still romohnson!

The Talkie Town Tattle

[Continued from page 89]
PICKING Up Words And Putting Them Down... The European market may be closed but 20th-Fox for one, registers contentment over the East. Outside of Japanese-controlled China, their films are following evacuated Chinese civilians to the border of Tibet... Hollywood is as busy as when the whole world was open to its product—and now has bought 53 more stories to bolster its programs for the coming season—stories ranging from adaptations of plays and musicals and novels to originals—and covering all the dramatic, adventurous, romantic elements—including biographical epics such as Bolivar and Isadora Duncan... Better see The Great McGinty. This was a "sleeper," sneaked in on rubber heels, but is making a noise now over its excellence... By this time you've probably seen Chaplin as Dictator Hynkel of Tomainia. What a take-off. Did you know he has been wearing that mustache from way back in World War days? Adolf then sported handle-bar mustachios. This is just to put the record straight. Chaplin originates, never imitates... From all accounts this is his crowning masterpiece—meanwhile the comedy... And Mortex Picture brings you up-to-date on Chaplin in this issue, and will bring you the new Okie next month. His take-off as Dictator Napoleon of Tawaina is likewise a masterpiece of buffoonery...

Good Neighbors

IT'S good news, this Good Neighbor gesture—which Hollywood will offer to South America. Since South Americans are wild about our movie stars (they fairly swooned over Gable, Flynn, Power, Taylor) they will turn off Europe to tune in on our stars when the latter take the air this fall. Who in the conquered countries, the third Reich and Italy, can compare to our Hollywood headliners as personalities or entertainers?... Better see Boom Town. You'll catch those smooth, oily workers, Gable and Tracy, at their best... That man Hitchcock has done it again. I'm speaking of Foreign Correspondent, No director has a greater gift for bringing out hidden springs of talent among his players. A month or two ago with Rebecca he brought Joan Fontaine's light out from under a bushel of B's. He does the same with Laraine

BETWEEN OURSELVES

COMMENTS ON THIS PICTURE BUSINESS

By LARRY REID

Day—though she hadn't been "beeing" around so consistently as Joan, in fact she sounded her "A" with My Son, My Son... I like Hitchcock's way of telling a story. He says a picture should tell its plot in the same natural, simple way you'd tell it to your neighbor. He takes a simply-arranged script and embroiders it with his own deft touches, but when the conclusion is reached, the outline is as free and easy as the original synopsis—one that you could have written or told. In other words, when you tell a plot of a Hitchcock picture to your neighbor—this same neighbor when seeing it would find that it fits your description exactly. It's that simple... Too many directors make hard work of it all, groping for psychological trends, mechanical effects, building this and that angle—until you can't find the plot for the angles... Meanwhile you'd better see Brigham Young, the Mormon story—even though bearded Mormons of the Brigham Young era might raise lifted eyebrows to find Tyrone Power as beardless as an Indian... it's a vigorous, compelling story of a fearless, pioneering people on the march of empire. You'll like this Dean Jagger (there's a romantic name that'll soon be taking lights on its own) in the title role. Being a stranger to you, you won't be identifying him as a popular hero playing Brigham. He is Brigham... Well, the Gallup poll didn't prove anything that we haven't known all the time—that many people could afford to patronize movies but just didn't. So far it is just about fifty-fifty between opponents of the double bills, and those who favor them... So what? So we'll keep on getting double bills and crockery.

Breakfasts Given Away

I SEE where one exhibitor is giving away a full-course breakfast with his early-morning showing. How'd you like to get a dish of Gable with a plate of weats on the side? That fried smell his patrons get with their bacon and sausages is no worse than the smell they get from the Grade B on the screen... Wonder if when he serves up a de luxe epic the patrons are served caviar and filet mignon and crepes Suzette... Better see Knute Rockne—All American, a picture of Notre Dame's late great football coach—a character study of the man who built character as well as great teams at his alma mater. Pat O'Brien is not Pat O'Brien. He is Rockne... I trust you are listening in on Station WHN, New York—Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays from 7:00 p.m. to 7:15 p.m. You are hearing actor Lyle Talbot, Hollywood and Broadway star, commenting on Hollywood gossip as furnished by Motion Picture. The broadcast started September 3, sponsored by the National Shoe Company... Meanwhile in the pages of Motion Picture for next month, Louella Parsons, Hollywood's greatest authority, will bring you another interesting account of Hollywood—and what makes it tick. This time she brings you the Romancers under the title of Dangers of Being a Movie Lover. No one knows the background of the studio city like Miss Parsons. No one can write about it as interestingly... Also in this December issue will be stories about such headliners as George Brent, George Raft, Myrna Loy and Bob Montgomery.

And last, but not least, Cary Grant. Which reminds me you don't dare to miss Cary's latest picture, The Honors of Virginia. Martha Scott (of Our Town) co-stars with Cary in this thrilling epic of Americana based on the best seller, The Tree of Liberty. Cary and Martha are superb and so is everything else about this stirring spectacle about early American history.
DURA-GLOSS

Serenely confident of their startling beauty, your fingernails blaze with the gem-like lustre of Dura-Gloss! How welcome each casual chance to highlight all their loveliness! For Dura-Gloss is new, is different!—created deliberately to bring new longer-lasting beauty to your fingernails, to help them be the most beautiful fingernails in the world! Switch now, with millions of other fastidious women, to this exciting new nail polish. It's 10¢ a dollar, as you might expect from using it. No, Dura-Gloss costs only a tiny dime! In 20 shades that fashion favors, at cosmetic counters everywhere. Buy, enjoy Dura-Gloss, this very day!

Look for the life-like fingernail bottle cap—colored with the actual polish! No guess-work: you get the color you want!

10¢

FASHION BULLETIN
NEW COLORS
Red Wine, Pink Lady, True Red

Lorr Laboratories
Paterson, N. J.
FOUNDED BY E. F. REYNOLDS

Cut this out (along dotted line) and put in your change-purse to remind yourself.
LOOK AT THE tobacco leaf Mr. Irvin is holding. This rich, golden leaf is the kind of finer tobacco that Luckies buy at auction after auction.

And Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine! Authoritative tests reveal that, for more than two years, the nicotine content of Luckies has been 12% less than the average of the four other leading brands—less than any one of them.*

That's important, because the more you smoke, the more you want a cigarette of proven mildness. So remember: we analyze tobacco samples before buying. Thus our buyers can select leaf that is ripe and mellow—yet milder, low in nicotine.

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From January 1938 through June 1940
Lucky Strike has averaged
9.46% less nicotine than Brand A
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For this period Lucky Strike has had an average nicotine content of 2.01 parts per hundred.
ANGERS THAT STALK HOLLYWOOD'S GREAT LOVERS

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

FREE COLOR PORTRAIT OF LARAIN DAY IN THIS ISSUE
The makers of Karo, America’s Table Syrup of Quality, are first to present individual portrait studies of the Dionne Quintuplets.

This is a faithful reproduction of the first of a series of gorgeous, original paintings of the World’s Wonder Children! Karo appointed the famous American artist, Willy Pogany, to capture and transpose to canvas the enchanting personalities of these lovely specimens of healthy, happy childhood. Millions who love the Quints can now see each little girl faithfully depicted as the charming individual she is! Here is the real Yvonne! Annette, Marie, Cecile, Emilie will be portrayed in future issues. Watch for them!

Is Yvonne the “Leader” of the Quints?

Her four dark-haired, hazel-eyed sisters certainly look up to Yvonne! Even spirited Annette asks her advice. For Yvonne is sympathetic, understanding, responsible. It’s Yvonne who takes petite Marie by the hand when she is overcome by shyness. It’s Yvonne who ties “Lady” Cecile’s shoe.

Yvonne is friendly, gracious. She has a flattering memory for names and faces. She often entertains her sisters and guests with dances and songs. She has a marked talent for drawing. Mauve is her favorite color. In common with the other Quints, she has bright, active intelligence. The dietary care of Yvonne and her sisters is chiefly responsible for their radiant spirits, superb health, and ability to express their individuality. For, unless growing children are well nourished, charged with buoyant energy, they can't act and look their best.

That’s why Dr. Dafoe says: “Karo is the only syrup served to the Dionne Quintuplets. Its Maltose and Dextrose are ideal carbohydrates for growing children.”

NEW Karo Waffle Syrup makes a treat of waffles, pancakes, French toast.

DELICIOUS Karo Red or Blue Label, makes wonderful frostings, candies.

DELIGHTFUL Karo, Red Label is grand on fruits, ice cream, puddings, desserts.

FLAVORFUL Karo makes baked foods taste extra good—ham, beans, apples.

For Children 2 tsps. of Karo in a glass of milk doubles its energy value.
Here are the latest inside answers to Hollywood's romances, weddings, spats, divorces and blessed events

By HARRY LANG

Well, they comes and they goes—and you think the Oomphians can't be replaced. Then a number like Joan Brooks bobs up. Which proves that no matter how you pick them today, there'll be a better one tomorrow. Joan's next is High Sierra

"Yes," chorus George and Ann.
"Well, okeh," cracks the attorney-pal; "but remember—keep me in mind for the divorce!"

Maybe it'll interest you to know that when they shot the scene, George and Ann busted out laughing all over the set. Wonder if they'll laugh as loud when—or IF—fact follows fiction? Hollywood is still divided into two camps: those who say that George and Ann'll be mirror maidens before you can say "hic." and those who say that George will NEVER marry another actress, not even Ann Sheridan!

Meantime, latest bauble given her by George (who's the jeweler's best pal these days) is an antique diamond necklace that must have set him back several weeks' pay!

Cupid's Coupert:
June Duprez and Johnny Carroll—Cupid's gottem over a barroll!!

Hedy Lamarr (now that she's taken the final step in getting loose, by divorcing Gene Markey on the grounds that [Continued on page 6]

When last summer's hot spell came along, Bob Benchley protected "think-tank" with paper, assuring wit for Hired Wife
Of all the musical thrills your singing sweethearts ever gave you, here is the greatest! Ziegfeld's memorable stage triumph—crowded with romance and melody—becomes in glorious Technicolor a picture you'll never forget. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer proudly presents...

JEANETTE NELSON

MacDONALD • EDDY

in NOEL COWARD'S

Bitter Sweet

Photographed in Technicolor with

GEORGE SANDERS, IAN HUNTER, FELIX BRESSART

Original Play, Music and Lyrics by Noel Coward. Screen Play by Lesser Samuels
Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II. Produced by Victor Saville

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Songs: "THE CALL OF LIFE" "I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN" "WHAT'S LOVE" "TOKAY" "DEAR LITTLE CAFE" "LADIES OF THE TOWN" "ZIGEUNER"
INTEGRATING MOVIE CLASSIC

Volume LX, No. 5

DECEMBER, 1940

Twenty-ninth Year

Features

Down To Brass Tacks With Bob Montgomery
Your Hollywood-And Mine
(No. 4-The Dangers of Being a Great Movie Lover)...
Why Myrna Loy Is a Man's Woman
They've Had Brest All Wrong!
What Loretta Young Gave Up For Love
The Brawn Boys Vs. The Brain Boys

Personalities

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Glorying the American Girl (Laraee Day)
Who Said Oakie Is Washed Up? (Jack Oakie)
Andy Hardy's Sweetie (Ann Rutherford)

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Dressing the Student Body
Date-time Beauty
Sugar 'N Spice 'N Everything Nice
Mlle. Chic's Hollywood Fashion Tips

Candida
Denise Caine
Pauline Rowley

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS
he's too, too "crucial and inhuman") isn't a-wastin' any time substitutin'!
She's been seen here and there with (NOT a Hollywoodian) John Foster—British consul attaché, Nite clubs and theaters. And if she does go out, now and then, with Gilbert Roland, you can just check that off as a mere side line.

Snicker of the setup is Joan Bennett's latest burn. It seems that Joan is in a fury over columnists' cracks which say she's being mistaken here and there for Hedy. Screams Joan (who's damselfied of getting Hedy in her hair and vice versa): "If people don't stop mistaking me for Miss Lamarr, I'll dye my hair green and paint my face red!"
Now, THAT would be CUTE!

When George Brent and Ann Sheridan went into a conga 'tween scenes, Ann took off shoes, danced in stocking feet

MAYBE the know-it-alls are saying that the Lucile Ball-Desi Arnaz business is icin'—BUT, Desi just gave Lucy a lapel-watch, and it's HEART-shaped!!

ABOUT those John Barrymores, now—all right, ALL RIGHT, then—let's skip it.
Honest, I don't give a whoop either, any more.

WELL, you can pack up all that hooch about Ginger Rogers and Howard Hughes, and stuff it away in a gold locket, with her picture on one side, and on the other this inscription: Forever Yours!
But "forever" is a long, long time, Lois! George won't live that long.

Cupid's Couplet:
Benny Thau and Greer Garson—Ten to one they hunt a parson.

Snicker-of-the-month in
Olivia de Havilland's life is that goofy yarn printed the other day in a London paper (maybe the editor got a touch of shell-shock) to the effect that Olivia was to become the bride of one Lord Herman Michelham, as soon as His Ludship got himself a divorce.

Olivia visited London a couple of years ago, and met Lord Herman while there. But that's as far as it went, and Livvie is no closer to marrying him than she is to marrying Hitler. It's still Jimmy Stewart who's No. One Laddie in her life—and to prove it, Olivia is turning thumbs down on single dates with any other Hollywood boy.

That's why, the other night, she had THREE escorts to the theater when Jimmy couldn't take her!—

Those folk who collect Hollywoodiana have a new item which came out during the Wayne Morris-Bubbles Schiniasi split-up revelations. It's this:
That big house that Bubbles' mama

To Hollywood weddings-in-the-offing, the most dependable tip-off lately seems to be real-estate activity!

For instance: The wiseheifers of Hollywood were not at all surprised by that Las Vegas elopement of Alex D'Arcy and Arleen Whelan. For they knew that Alex had just bought a big house in Brentwood, and what the heck would a bachelor want with a big house in Brentwood?

So, from that example, you can do your own deducing from these real-estate notes:
Bill Holden, who bought a Brentwood lot, is having architects draw plans, and Brenda Marshall is happy, Chester Morris, who gets an early-winter divorce and who is being seen about with Lillian Kenton Barker, is looking over houses in Beverly and vicinity. Raphael Hakim has bought a house plenty big enough for himself and his wife. He hasn't got one yet, but Ruth Hussey would be no surprise in the role.

And that, naturally, brings up George Jessel and Lois Andrew, who are screaming "It ain't so!" to rumors that their marriage is on the rocks.

Just to stand up their denials, too, Lois has just given George a giftie—

Margaret Sullavan and husband Leland Hayward step out. Hubby recently bought 20-acre ranch near Albuquerque

When writer Louella Parsons and hubby Dr. Harry Martin vacationed in Hawaii they were neckled in with knee-length leis
Dear Joan--

Got your note about the difficulties you are having with Bill. That Reno-vation stuff is the bunk. I've a better idea. Take him to the moving pictures! Crazy? Not a bit of it. I've just glimpsed two of the most powerful demonstrations of the power of love even my experienced orbs have ever seen. First, Paramount's amazing new Cecil B. DeMille Technicolor drama of the big open spaces, "North West Mounted Police." The old master has managed to weave into his yarn about the gallant red coats not one but two of the most convincing love stories I've ever seen on the screen. Gary Cooper in his best, and I mean best, role to date and Preston Foster compete for the love of Madeleine Carroll in a romance that'll have Bill dewy-eyed. And Paulette Goddard and Robert Preston unravel a love story that would send an iceberg into thermostatic ecstasies.

If "North West Mounted Police" doesn't succeed in mellowing him, and I'm sure it will, you don't need to worry. Paramount's "Arise, My Love" is just about the answer to the lovelorn's prayer. Claudette Colbert and Ray Milland make this Mitch Leisen combination of the laughter of "Midnight," the heart appeal of "Farewell to Arms," into THE love picture of the decade. It's tender. It's titillating. It's terrific. Bill'll be holding your hand before the end of the first reel...kissing you by the fifth.

But you get the idea...so watch for these two great love pictures...collect Bill...and watch 'em knock Reno foolishness out of both your heads.

Yours helpfully,

Jalie
GAVE to the newlyweds—remember?—was just an Indian gift. Mama Schinasi never let title out of her own hands. Clever, these Schinasis.

Whether or not you're still interested in the goings-on of those two people (don't look, now) who used to be Mr. and Mrs. Artie Shaw, I don't know. And I don't care—but even so, you're going to have to listen (or just skip the next few paragraphs).

As for Lana Turner, she's turning the heat on Victor Mature at high intensity, at this writing. Vic is the guy who used to date Liz Whitney, remember? But ever since he took Lana to that cafe down at the beach, and then had a week-end at Laguna Beach in the same party with the so-recent Missus Shaw, Liz has been OUT. Lana and Vic are doing a lot of Hollywood stunts; latest is to have outing date, with both wearing exactly identical slack suits! And they're swapping gifts; and if you wanna see what Lana gave boy-friend Mature, then peer closely at that shot in No, No, Nanette which shows a close-up of Mature and Anna Neagle holding hands. Those ruby-and-gold cuff links he's wearing are what Lana gave him.

Diana Lewis, petite package of pep, stops badminton game to take hubby Bill Powell's call. Oh, what pretty legs.

As for Artie Shaw, now:
He and Frances Neal are getting to be a habit. Was it Frances or some other gal who was with him the night he vastly amused the customers at the Grace Hayes Lodge, when he indignantly and loudly refused to sit at the table to which the headwaiter led him—because, he told the world, it was the same table at which he and Lana Turner had their first row....!

P. S.—LANA'S wearing a new ring—a huge star sapphire. BUT it's not from Mature. Instead, Lana had to buy it for herself.

P. S.—Mama, ain't Hollywood too, TOO fennecees? Like the other night, when Raymond Hakim took Lana Turner to dinner—BUT left her right after dinner because he had a dancing date with Liz Whitney.
That was the same night Lana had an after-dinner date with Vic Mature, who used to have after-dinner dates with Liz.
Or are we all screwy?

PSSST!! You can come back in, now. We're all done with Lana and Artie....

Did you hear the funny one about Bill Marshall and June Duprez? Seems they had a date together, and Helen Parrish, who used to take her exercise walking, dancing with Forrest Tucker, now exercises by her lonesome pedaling an imaginary bike. Next picture, I'm Nobody's Sweetheart Now made it pay. It inspired them to write a song, called When I Dream. The song was so good, they sold it.
They'd probably write a whole darn' operetta after a week-end.

Cupid's Couplet:
Rita Johnson and Walter Brooks—Hiding out in the nite-spots' dark nooks. [Continued on page 12]

Lucia Carroll, one of the most luscious of the peaches in the Warner orchard, displays a fall swim-suit—to set off body beautiful. Has crush on Errol Flynn, appears with him in Santa Fe Trail.
"I wish
I could say
I was sorry..."

BETTE DAVIS
in WARNER BROS' glowing presentation of
the brilliant novel and stage triumph by
W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

with
HERBERT MARSHALL
JAMES STEPHENSON
Frieda Inescort, Gale Sondergaard
A WILLIAM WYLER PROD'N

Screen Play by Howard Koch
Music by Max Steiner
A Warner Bros.-First National Picture
RUBY RED
by Irresistible

You'll look lovely in Irresistible's new sensation-al lipstick... for "Ruby Red" is a rich, sparkling red... the season's liveliest, most flattering color, blends brilliantly with all the fashionable new clothes colors. Applies smoothly and stays on for hours because of the secret new Whip-Text process. Get Irresistible "Ruby Red" Lip-stick today, with matching Face Powder, Rouge and Powder Foundation, and know the superb flattery of a complete Irresistible make-up.

USE IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK
IT'S Whip-Text
LASTS LONGER SMOOTHER

THE HOWARDS OF VIRGINIA—AAA½—

The most colorful picture we've seen is Cecil B. DeMille's Technicolor production North West Mounted Police. And when we say colorful, we don't mean anything else, for what could be more colorful than the Mounties' red coats against the Canadian outdoors. It wouldn't surprise us either if Mr. DeMille—being the showman that he is—also chose the cast for their color attributes for nearly the entire cast has blue eyes. But the cast contributes a great deal more than the plumage of their eyes to this thrilling historical drama of Canada's Rebellion of 1885. The important characters in this story are Bertrand's "Civil War" are Dusty Rivers (Gary Cooper), a Texas Ranger, and Sergeant John Birt (Preston Foster), who are both after the same woman—Josephine Carbone (George Bancroft), a rebel leader. Also Constable Rosie Lounsb (Robert Preston), in love with the half-breed, Louise Eccles (Faye Fielder), a rebel, and Tod McTaff (Lynne O'Keefe), an old Seizerman—Pronounset.

We don't know whether Hollywood is trying to compete with world events but here is the second war picture to emanate from the movie capital this month. This one is based on our own revolution and is adapted from Elizabeth Page's best seller, The Tree of Liberty. However, Frank Lloyd (producer and director) didn't concentrate too strenuously on the war itself but on the events leading to our fight for freedom and this is told by way of the story of Matt Howord (Cary Grant), a son of a frontiersman, and Jane Peyton (Martha Scott), a young aristocrat. But no story about our birth could be complete without Thomas Jefferson and so here you find Tom Jefferson (Richard Carleton) not only playing his part in our history but in the Howord family history, for it is he who shows his great grandfather, Matt's great-uncle, and Jane's great-grandfather. The Peyton—Flightgood (Sir Cedric Hardwicke) and Roger (Alan Marshall), As this was filmed in Williamsburg you will hear Patrick Henry's (Richard Gable) thrilling words—"Give me Liberty or give me death"—re-echo in the restored House of Burgesses.—Columbia. 

[Continued on page 101]
A coach hurries through the night, its frightened coachman lashing his horses' lathered flanks. Jeweled fingers touch the curtain of a window. A beautiful face peers into the threatening night.

The gallop of pursuing hoofs. The sound of shots. The iron tyrant's iron men are closer, closer. The crash of wood on wood as the coach of Her Highness Zona smashes against a tall tree... Is her cause lost? Is the cause of romance, of love again to lose to the mad might of ruthless power... No... the Son of Monte Cristo... gallant son of a gallant father... leaps from his saddle, takes the lovely lady in his arms and the fight is on... the spirit, the glory of the grandest story of all... romance lives again.

Edward Small, producer of such thrilling romances as "The Man in the Iron Mask" brings in glowing, thrilling splendor to the screen, the sequel to his famous screenplay, "The Count of Monte Cristo," the even grander romantic adventure... Edward Small presents Louis Hayward - Joan Bennett in "THE SON OF MONTE CRISTO" with George Sanders Florence Bates Montagu Love

Screenplay by George Bruce - Directed by Rowland V. Lee - A Rowland V. Lee Production Released thru United Artists
Arleen Whelan who was kind of hot and heavy for Richard Greene—oh some months ago—remember?—eloped with Alex D’Arcy, new boy friend, and poses with him a la lovebirds in new home.

MY SON! MY SON! Both of ‘em. Typically Hollywoodian manifestation concerns Vicky Abbott and

the Truex—Papa Ernest Truex and his two sons, Phil and Jimmy, ...

Act I was when Truex père first dated lovely Vicky all over Hollywood, and gave the two gossips something to cluck over. But Truex had to go to work at Warners, which put a damper on romancing. At that age, you can’t work all day and play all night, and a man’s Gotta work to play.

So what? So Vicky, although man-less, refused to remain Truexless. So she made a date or two or three with Ernest’s son, Phil!—who never did know that he was taking out his papa’s gal friend. That made Hollywood giggle, in true Hollywood giggle- tempo. But you ain’t heard nothin’ yet ...

Into the scene steps the younger Truex son, Jimmy. He meets Vicky, and doesn’t know that she’s either Phil’s or Papa’s big moment. And Vicky doesn’t care. It seems—for Jimmy proposes and Vicky, being well sold on Truexs by now, promptly accepts!

Ah, wotta town, WOTTA town ...!

CUPID’S COUPLET:
Now there’s Al Newman and Mary Lou Dix—
Good chance for some preacher to get in his licks!

NOTES entitled “How These Kids Grow Up!”—
A—Hot night-club date: Ann Gillis

Having chucked Greg Bautzer for Artie Shaw whom she divorced after brief and tempestuous marital fling, Lana Turner gives you new boy friend Vic Mature

(who was Becky Thatcher in Tom Sawyer) with Jimmy Lydon (who was one of the boys in Tom Brown’s School Days).

B—Hit night club date: Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville, heating up the Brown Derby.

C—Carrying their dates HOME: Bob Stack and Mary Beth Hughes, who got a personal invitation from Bob’s mama to spend plenty of time at the Stack summer home at Lake Tahoe.

D—Teen-age Lothario: Freddie Bartholomew, equipped with a brand- new car, can’t make up his mind.

Well it’s happened—society girl actually has sex appeal for movies. Furthermore this heiress, Mimi Forsythe, daughter of late coke millionaire, Arthur W. Armstrong, will give entire salary to relief.

We wouldn't say that Barbara Pepper is the “wildcat” you’re supposed to meet in Meet the Wildcat. Probably not, with THOSE very neat Pepper shakers
A secret message to a man's heart—that only your flawlessly groomed fingernails, resplendent in the gem-lusted beauty of Dura-Gloss, so gloriously betray! Yes, those beautiful hands, those excitingly pagan fingernails tell him the thrilling story of your fastidious daintiness! Possess—yourself—these spectacular, these vivid fingernails—with Dura-Gloss, the nail polish that's new, that's different! And be surprised, amazed, to discover that Dura-Gloss—that was created for the most beautiful fingernails in the world—doesn't cost a dollar—just a tiny ten cent piece in every fashion-right color, at cosmetic counters everywhere! Switch your affections to Dura-Gloss—this very day!

The New and Better Nail Polish by LORR
I love the quality of this exquisite new Chiffon Lipstick. Flesh-smooth new texture for softer contours. Costlier new perfume that whispers love in every kiss. Stop at your five-and-ten for one of these alluring new shades. Your choice, only 10¢.

Chiffon Red, Raspberry, Medium, True Red

Chiffon All-Purpose Cream 10¢

I love the excellence of this marvelous cream—so new, so different. It's the only cream you need for cleansing, to help clarify and soften the skin, and as a perfect foundation.

Chiffon Powder 10¢

I love this perfect face powder of finer, longer-clinging texture—shine-proof—cake-proof—in seven high fashion shades.

Rachel, Natural, Dark Tan, Beige, Brunaette, Rose Petal, Rose Beige
"Politeness has its limits—
I just won't dance with Peg!"

Every day... and before every date... prevent
Underarm Odor with Mum. Stay popular!

PEG’s tops on first impression—but you can’t be a belle on that! She’s plenty pretty, but prettiness alone won’t make a welcome dancing partner—when underarms need Mum!

In winter—when social life is so important—underarm odor often goes unsuspected. Those who offend may see no moisture, yet winter’s confining clothes and indoor heat can actually make the chance of odor worse.

After your bath, you’re fresh and sweet. Then is the time to prevent risk of future odor with a daily underarm dab of Mum. A bath for past perspiration, then Mum... makes you sure you’re safe!

More women use Mum than any other deodorant—all year ‘round. Read why!

MUM IS QUICK! Half a minute and underarms are protected for hours!

MUM IS SAFE! The Seal of the American Institute of Laundering tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. Even after shaving, Mum won’t irritate your skin.

MUM IS SURE! Without attempting to stop perspiration Mum prevents odor, all day or evening. (One reason why men like Mum, too!) Get Mum today. Mum helps keep you popular all winter long!

SUMMER AND WINTER—MUM GUARDS CHARM!

For Sanitary Napkins
When women everywhere prefer Mum for Sanitary Napkins use... it is gentle, safe, prevents odor. Avoid embarrassment... use Mum!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
AMERICAN GIRL 1941

Eyes bright as stars... Hair brushed to shining...

Cheeks—clean, fresh, sweet as a newly flowered rose...

Attire trim as a uniform, or—a benison of grace and soft enchantment.

Thus stands our American Girl. Eager. Spirited.

Swift to serve as today's swift events demand.

That jewel brightness is part of her unchanging tradition of high health and personal beauty.

In her primer of true breeding are five flaming requisites to the care of her face, the treasured edicts long laid down by Pond's:

**BATHE** the face lavishly with luscious Pond's Cold Cream. Spank its fragrant unctuousness into the skin of face and throat. Spank for 3 full minutes—even five. This swift and obedient cream mixes with the dried, dead surface cells, dirt and make-up on your skin, softening and setting them free.

**WIPE OFF** all this softened debris with the caressing absorbency of Pond's Tissues. With it you have removed some of the softened tops of blackheads—rendered it easier for little plugs of hardened sebum to push their way to the surface.

**SPANK** again with fresh fingerfuls of gracious Pond's Cold Cream. Again wipe off with Pond's Tissues. This spanking enhances both the cleansing and the softening. Your skin emerges from it infinitely refreshed. Lines seem softened. Pores seem finer.

**COOL** with the faint, intriguing astrigence of Pond's Skin Freshener.

**MASK** your whole face, for one full minute, with a blissful coating of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This delectable cream has as one of its chief missions in life the duty of dispersing remaining harsh particles, chappings, aftermath of exposure. When you wipe it off, it leaves a perceptible mat finish. Then with what enchantment your powder goes on. How surprisingly it holds.

Perform this Pond's ritual in full once daily—before retiring or during the day. And again in abbreviated form as your skin and make-up need freshening. Guard your skin's tender look and feel, as do so many members of America's most distinguished families—with Pond's. Already some thirteen million women in the United States use Pond's.

**GIVE-AWAY** for the thrifty minded—FREE (for a limited period) a tempting supply of Pond's authoritative hand lotion. DANYA, with each purchase of the medium-size Pond's Cold Cream. Both for the price of cream! At beauty counters everywhere.

Copyright, 1940, Pond's Extract Company
WE'RE going to talk about Bob Montgomery, now—but just for blessed relief, let's NOT start by Prattling sonorously and drearily about that trip of his to the war-front as an ambulance driver without any ambulance to drive!

For my own part, I've heard so much talk and twaddle about that latest excursion of this man-of-violent-enthusiasms that I'm fed right up to the larynx with it. I'm quite sure that everybody, including Bob Montgomery, himself, is sick to death of talking about it, and I know that his friends are sick to death of hearing about it. So let's skip it, huh?

Let's just talk, instead, about Bob Montgomery, movie actor and man-about-Hollywood, and chuck the war stuff and, for that matter, all this sociology stuff of his, too. After all, there certainly is more to Bob Montgomery than just these fine adventurings into knight-errantry.

Let's just concede him his right to ride forth whenever and wherever he wants to, and let's give him credit for the fine sincerity with which he rides. And then let's forget it, and see what kind of man this Montgomery is, aside from all that.

And doing so, we discover anew (having almost forgotten it in the melodrama of other...)

[Continued on page 66]
The Dangers of Being a Great Movie Lover

No. 4

The unfortunate mess involving poor Richard Greene’s enlistment (or lack of it) in the Canadian Army brings to my mind again on what slender threads hang the careers of the Great Lovers of the screen.

A year ago when I was on tour I received more hero-worshipping mail about the young English actor than any other Hollywood star. Today, he may be “through” after two brief years of stardom.

It seems to me that the great lovers of the screen have a harder row to hoe than any other public idol. One misstep and their careers are finished. Character actors can lead their own lives and now and then make a mistake. But let a handsome, romantic leading man do something that does not meet with public favor and he is finished!

Frankly, I want to say that I believe Dick is the victim of a misplaced war-enthusiasm fever on somebody’s part. One of the “inside” stories is that several of his co-patriots in Hollywood (too old to go to war themselves) were responsible for that “call to arms” from the British Embassy which later turned out to be false.

Perhaps the 23-year-old boy did wrong in making such a hurried trip to Canada and returning so soon. But at 23 when the world is before us—a career and happiness with a girl we love—Virginia Field in Dick’s case—how many of us are wise and level-headed?

It isn’t difficult to remember cases of heroes, past and present, who have tumbled from their pedestals over some small incident. John Gilbert was the idol of feminine America until a little mechanical instrument called the microphone came along to prove that his voice, high and weak, was not as romantic as his dashing appearance. A single slogan of The Butterfly Man ruined Lew Cody’s career as a hero and turned him forever into a screen villain. Two girls hiding under Bob Taylor’s bed in New York sent him into a dizzy tail-spin from which later he was able to get his balance. But perhaps the greatest tragedy of them all was Wallace Reid.

A HANDSOMER man never cast a shadow on the screen than Wally—but there was never a higher price paid for fame than his. Tall, blond, handsome Wally was the idol of a nation—yet Hollywood broke his heart, ruined his life and wrecked his health. He died at 31—a victim of a drug habit.

It is amazing that when the tragic truth broke there was no condemnation of Wally from the women who had adored his dashing automobile comedies with good old Theodore Roberts. But the men were less understanding.

Wally was the victim of his own popularity. He was a Great Lover back in the days long before actors’ agents carefully regulated their clients’ contracts so they wouldn’t have to work themselves to death. Reid made eight pictures in one year—something that is unheard of in
Louella Parsons, chatting with Errol Flynn, considers him the dashing type of hero that the late Douglas Fairbanks popularized. Even airing his family quarrels with Lili Damita, she says, hasn't lost him any popularity with his feminine fans.

Dick Greene bears brunt of being a hero on public frying pan—victim of whispering campaign over patriotism. He has now joined up.
Hollywood today among top actors. It was the grind and nervous tension that eventually caused him to resort to sedatives to calm his shattered nerves. And how women made his life miserable!

Dorothy Davenport Reid, his level-headed wife, saved him as much as possible. But idolizing femmes actually broke into his bedroom, hid in his automobile and made his life miserable hanging around his neck in public.

"Woman trouble" was actually so bad in Wally's case that when a group of young girls, 16 to 20 years of age, were engaged to go on a location trip when he was making The Charm School, Paramount sent along only those young extras, who had mothers, to make the trip with them. A lot of good that did! It wound up with the young charges watching their mammas to see they didn't make eyes at the good-looking star.

What a genial, likeable big kid he was! He used to go around with a set of false teeth in his pocket which he would put in his mouth when adoring women swooped down on him. Just as the ladies were about to make fools of themselves Wally would take out his "falsies," click them like castanets, put them in his mouth so he would look toothless—and then laugh like thunder when the disillusioned fans started running in terror.

Wally and Rudy Valentino worked on the same lot, the old Paramount studio on Sunset and Vine, and they were great friends. There was never an iota of jealousy between them and they used to pitch ball with their camera crews between scenes.

Speaking of teeth, Rudy actually let a wild ball fly one day that hit Wally in the face and knocked out two of his teeth! By way of revenge Wally sent Rudy a bill for his new fangs.

I KNOW I have spoken of Rudy Valentino many times in this series—but no story about the tragedies of the Great Lovers would be complete without more details of the one and only Valentino.

It wasn't long after this snapshot of Louella Parsons and Valentino at Marion Davies' swimming-pool that he died. The most tragic assignment that ever came to Miss Parsons in 25 years of reporting.

I can shut my eyes now and visualize Rudy, dark, handsome and courteous with the real Latin politeness, and his hair slicked tight to his head like black patent-leather. My first date with him was, interestingly enough, the first interview he ever gave any newspaper. Looking back over my scrapbook I find it was published in the old Morning Telegraph, in New York City.

How well I remember that evening. I was very pleased with myself, wearing a bright red velvet gown—new for the occasion—and not in the least appropriate to interview Paramount's new idol, Valentino (who had just signed a contract). But I had what I thought was a much more exciting date with good-looking Edmund Goulding (he's now directing the Bette Davis pictures in Hollywood). I went with him to the opening of a Belasco play. At that time Eddie was the script writer of Tol'able David and was very attractive to the ladies.

So I compromised. I told Paramount I would meet Rudy after I had attended a theater with Eddie. I suppose it will amuse Eddie no little bit now, in reading this, to realize that the great Rudy was practically "stood up" for him!

When I arrived at the Claridge I was surprised at the rather shy boy who turned out to be the great Valentino! My first impression was—"Well you may be thrilling on the screen—but you're no more than just a nice boy, off!"

That proves how wrong first impressions can be. There was a great deal of depth and sincerity to Rudy that he did not wear on his sleeve. But that meeting was the beginning of a real friendship between us and as the months and the years rolled by, I realized what a fine person he really was.

The most tragic assignment that ever came to me in 25 years of reporting movie news was that of writing Rudy's obituary before he died! I was at the Virginia Hotel in Long Beach with my [Continued on page 60]
Ramon Novarro had misfortune of being billed as Rudy's successor. And it might have ruined his career if the studio hadn't stopped campaign in time.

Clark Gable has had many danger moments in his career, but always triumphed over them—including two marriages and divorces to women older than himself.
Some columnist once opined, "No man should ever marry anybody but Myrna Loy." Other columnists must have agreed; they've been repeating the sentiment ever since. Short-story writers, whenever they want to portray a female character as the type any man could cherish the rest of his life, make clear that she is a counterpart of Myrna Loy. If she ever announced that she was starting an Advice-to-the-Lovelorn service, she could probably run Dorothy Dix out of business inside of a month. As it is, she receives thousands of letters a year from women who want her advice about How to Get Along with Men. They're convinced that, if any one knows how, Myrna knows.

The public has the firm illusion that she is The Perfect Wife—the one actress on the screen who is everything that a man's woman ought to be. [Continued on page 82]
Fredric March

His encounter with Susan and God successful, Fred March-es on to Victory with Betty Field. It's based on Joseph Conrad's novel
THE PRIZEFIGHTER and the LADY

By LOUIS RAYMOND

THE RAFT OF OTHER DAYS WAS A PUG—A BROADWAY BOY. THE NEW RAFT IS A MAN OF THE WORLD. THE SHEARER INFLUENCE

GEORGE RAFT is still a wise Broadway Boy—or better yet, Broadway's Wise Boy. Nine years as Hollywood's most convincing gangster, whose leer is as lethal as his Colt automatic, has not changed him—on the surface.

The easy money, luxury-living, the headlines, the gaping, eager throngs that follow him about and court his favor have not essentially altered his personality. He continues to be true to the Broadway tradition. The Broadway that was. The Broadway of the Fabulous Era when Texas Guinan was not in her heaven and all was well with the world and Wall Street. Those were the days—and nights!

And a neat night club hoofer, with shiny black hair and olive skin, called Georgie Raft was causing romantic girls to recall suddenly the lost Valentino.

Broadway's Georgie Raft came back home this summer. For a personal appearance at the Strand in connection with his picture, They Ride by Night. And the street, now much the worse for wear, was not subjected to any nose-sniffing, chin-tilting gesture from the prodigal son. He resumed where he left off—flashing his fast feet in a [Continued on page 68]
Irene Dunne

Between pictures, Irene is having herself a time picking duds—like a mink cape, a Hunter's Green velvet hat with ostriches, diamond pin.
FOR YEARS THEY'VE BEEN SAYING THINGS ABOUT GEORGE BRENT. THEY'VE ACCUSED HIM OF BEEFING ABOUT HIS JOB, OF PUTTING ON AN ACT. THEY'VE WONDERED ABOUT HIS TECHNIQUE WITH WOMEN. IT'S HIS TURN NOW TO SLAP RIGHT BACK.

"Hey' say, 'They' say... where the devil do 'They' get it? And who the devil are 'They' anyway? Does anyone know? Has anyone ever seen Them?

"For years 'They' have been saying things about me. I've read what They've said, in print (it's astonishing how often They break into print, someone should give Them a by-line) or my best friends have told me, as best friends will, 'George, They say that you'... et cetera.

"I think of 'They' as three old crones with six-cylinder tongues all wagging in a ghastly imitation of perpetual motion. Now I'm going to slap right back at them. We'll have this thing out. I'm going to talk to myself, tell myself the truth about me. And if a man can't tell himself the truth, he's in bad shape.

"All right, let's go... 'They' say I am bad copy for the Press, am evasive, won't 'see people.' Well..." said George to George. And paused to light his pipe.

This is as good a place as any to tell you that, so far as I could tell, George was indeed talking to himself. True, I was in his portable dressing room with him, on the set of Honeymoon For Three, so that to say we were in close proximity (portables being so eight by ten), is to speak the mathematical truth. And George being a gentleman, and an Irish gentleman, to boot, I won't and can't say that he seemed totally unaware of my so immediate presence. He lit my cigarettes for me. He ordered me iced drinks, the day being hot. George is like that, just nat'rally. It's what gets us. Nevertheless, his absorption in [Continued on page 71]
Gone are the days when rayon was something that nice girls didn't wear. Today, it has come out of the test tube to a high place in fashion. It is as pure and fine a fabric in its own right as silk, or wool, or linen, in theirs. To prove it we give you a complete wardrobe of Celanese rayon, worn by Anne Gwynne, Universal starlet, in Spring Porpoise. Anne likes Celanese fabric because they won't shrink, stretch, outsize, are not affected by perspiration, stretch, outsize, are not affected by perspiration, stretch, outsize, are not affected by perspiration, stretch, outsize, are not affected by perspiration, stretch, outsize, are not affected by perspiration, stretch, outsize, are not affected by perspiration, stretch, outsize, are not affected by perspiration, stretch, outsize, are not affected by perspiration, stretch, outsize, are not affected by perspiration, stretch, outsize, are not affected by perspiration, stretch, outsize, are not affected by perspiration, stretch, outsize, are not affected by perspiration, stretch, outsize, are not affected by perspiration, stretch, outsize, are not affected by perspiration, stretch, outsize, are not affected by perspiration, stretch, outsize, are not affected by perspiration, stretch, outsize, are not affected by perspiration, stretch, outsize, are not affected by perspiration, stretch, outsize, are not affected by perspiration, stretch, outsize, are not affected by perspiration, stretch, outsize, are not affected by perspiration, stretch, outsize, are not affected by perspiration, stretch, outsize, are not affected by perspiration, stretch, outsize, are not affected by perspiration, stretch, outsize, are not affected by perspiration, stretch, outsize, are not affected by perspiration, stretch, outsize, are not affecte

Look for the Celanese label on rayon.

Pinafore into evening dress! Anne's Maureene Crackle has lace edging the pleated "wings." This Peerless dress at Lord & Taylor's, New York

Celanese fabrics drape beautifully in Anne's dress with tucked bodice, smart side pleating. The high crossed neckline is new, flattering. You can buy this Peerless dress at Lord & Taylor's, New York.
Three shades of orchid are better than one in Anne's Maureen dress of color-fast Chelanese rayon taffeta.

Courier, a Chelanese rayon crepe, gives softness to a tailored dress from Fowler Sportswear. New yoked hipline and gathered bodice will be as becoming to you as Anne. Note gold kid on belt.
JOEL McCREA is 6 feet 2 inches tall. James Stewart is 6 feet 2 1/2. Gary Cooper is 6 feet 2 1/4. Fred MacMurray is 6 feet 3. John Wayne is 6 feet 3. Stirling Hayden—who makes his movie bow in *Virginia*—is 6 feet 4. That makes him the biggest thing in Hollywood.

He is also handsome. He suggests a Viking. He has the blond hair, the blue eyes, and the physique. He looks like a man who could—and would—take adventure in stride.

Those looks aren't deceiving. He has spent most of his twenty-four years adventuring. Only, when he was doing it, he didn't think of it as adventuring. He thought of it as a job. He's the worst news Errol Flynn has had yet.

Up to now, Errol has been Hollywood's undisputed Adventurer No. 1. No one else has been able to tell about roaming the South Seas in small boats, seeing strange, faraway places, living dangerously.

Here, however, is somebody who has roamed not only the South Seas, but the Seven Seas, in small boats, seen places few white men ever see, lived hazardously. Not for just a few months, but for eight years. And Hayden has the documentary evidence to prove it. Letters home, bearing remote foreign postmarks. Clippings from newspapers. Photos by shipmates.

The only difficulty is getting him to talk about what he has done. He hasn't had any experience at dramatizing himself. It embarrasses him that the Paramount publicity department is making him out an adventurer. He always thought he was just a sailor.

He keeps stressing that point, [Continued on page 58]

Hayden is 6 feet 4, has blond hair, blue eyes. Before Hollywood grabbed him (has lead in *Virginia* he sailed Seven Seas in small boats. Left, takes position as skipper of the *Florence C. Robinson*
Even though that man has a wave and a mustache you know he's Tyrone Power. Why? Because he's making love to lovely Linda Darnell again in *The Mark of Zorro*.
THERE IS A CINDERELLA!

By FAITH SERVICE

THERE'S A CINDERELLA STORY, PLUS, IN HOLLYWOOD. THE HEROINE IS BILL POWELL'S LITTLE MOUSIE, DIANA LEWIS. LISTEN WHILE SHE TELLS IT TO YOU

DIANA LEWIS is young and neat on the eyes. She has deep blue eyes, auburn hair, weighs scarcely 100 pounds, wears size 3½ shoe, 5¾ gloves, has a 23-inch waist, and climbs into a size 11 dress. She is making strides toward stardom, is in love, AND married to William Horatio Powell.

The heroine of a Cinderella story, is Diana, if ever I met such a heroine. Wait until she tells you about “the heartbreak of a theatrical career, which I have known, from experience.” And then wait until you read about the “S’prise Package” life she lives as the real (not reel) bride of the Thin Man. Just don't tell her that anything isn’t possible!

But I'll let her tell her own story. Being so Excited About It All, she tells this story in breathless headlines, with every other sentence ending in an exclamation point, as though almost not believing the sound and shape of her own words.

And she IS happy, by the way. Don't you believe everything you read, don't you believe ANYTHING you read, to the contrary.

I should also like to observe, parenthetically, that not only is Diana’s story a new Cinderella story, plus—it is also the story of [Continued on page 74]
Ray Milland

As an American aviator, Ray comes through the collapse of Spain, Poland and Finland unscathed, but falls for Claudette Colbert, an American newspaperwoman, in *Arise, My Love*
Corduroy is the important note in dressing the student body this semester. Linda Darnell's black corduroy slack suit with red flannel shirt is a college classic.
A fireman's shirt of red wool, buttoned in large white buttons, and a high-waisted black wool skirt are Linda's favorite classmates, left

Linda's coat dress of clan plaid wool, below, is in her own college colors—shades of brown, rust and beige. Her military cap matches

The shirtmaker frock is always a college major. Linda's, above, is of moss-green flannel, buttoned and belted in brown leather

A velvet dress is a college requirement. Linda's is black with a heavy white lace collar. It's a date for Linda—and you—for Brigham Young

A credit to any college is Linda's black corduroy costume—the upper part of her slack suit and a circular skirt. Beret, bag match shirt
GLORIFYING
THE
AMERICAN
GIRL

By ROGER CARROLL

English girl in Foreign Correspondent—yet when she went East on a personal appearance tour with the picture, she was billed as "Hollywood's Typical American Girl."

She says, "Usually, when they take a young actress out and introduce her to the public, they make a great to-do about her glamour. They looked long and hard at me and knew the usual formula wouldn't work. They told me, very diplomatically, 'We're just going to call you: A Typical American Girl.'

'That was all right with me. I didn't have to knock myself out, trying to be spectacular. I could relax and enjoy the sights. I probably saw more actual scenery—not stage scenery—than any other actress who ever made a personal appearance tour.'

Shades of Florenz Ziegfeld! In the old days, when a girl was glorified as an American girl, she set out to be dazzling. Doesn't Laraine feel any mission to save the customers?

She shakes her shapely head, adorned with a fetching black felt hat modeled after the nurse's cap she wears in the Kildare pictures. "No," she says. "They haven't called me an American Beauty yet."

To hear Laraine talk, you'd think she didn't have any glamorous possibilities whatever. If she didn't have any, she wouldn't be a typical American girl. And she certainly wouldn't be on the screen, where she is rapidly becoming the most promising starlet in sight.

She must know she's attractive. She couldn't look

(Continued on page 80)
WHAT LORETTA YOUNG GAVE UP FOR

LORETTA IS DETERMINED TO MAKE HER MARRIAGE TO TOM LEWIS CLICK. THAT'S WHY SHE GAVE UP HER GORGEOUS SHOW PLACE TO LIVE IN MODEST HOME. SHE DOESN'T PLAN ON EATING HER CAKE AND HAVING IT

By ANITA BLAKE

THIS story could only be written in Hollywood. It is the story of a girl who for a glamorous decade seemed to have everything—beauty, wealth, fame, success—but who never once found what she wanted most: a love that could make her happy.

It is the story of Loretta Young. You could call it “The Girl Who Refused Second Bests.” That would be quite appropriate. Or, “The Girl Who Waited for What She Wanted.” Because Loretta did that, too. She was married once, long ago, to Grant Withers. But when that youthful elopement turned out badly she remained alone through all the years that followed—until now. She was waiting for the real thing. Now she has found it at last.

And that is the story I have to tell, the story of the Loretta Young who is now Mrs. Thomas H. Lewis and why I think this marriage of hers will endure even in a place like Hollywood, where marriages come and go, and, too often it seems, there is more of the going than of the coming.

I know... To put a statement like that down in black and white is not especially wise. There is always someone to throw it up to you if you are proved wrong. Nor do statistics show that movie actresses make the best wives in the world. They've too many other responsibilities. They've too much else to think about besides husband and home. Still, I believe this marriage will prove an exception to the sad Hollywood rule, and I'll tell you why. It is because Loretta, for one, is paying a price for it! And when you pay for something, you value it all the more.

You see, usually, when a movie actress marries, she sort of plans on eating her cake and having it, too. She not only wants to continue her career which, in itself, may turn out to be a pretty big wedge between a man and a wife, but she assumes as a matter of course that she may use for herself, even live on, the money she earns. And that doesn't make for happiness for a very important reason. Most men want to support their wives. Sometimes, we women laugh and call this “satisfying the male ego” but I think it is something bigger than that, and better. It is a man's instinctive desire to care for and to protect the woman he loves.

But the marriage of Loretta Young, the glamorous movie star, and Tom Lewis, the advertising executive and producer of the Screen Guild's radio show, is going to be different. It is going to be different because Loretta is a woman first, and then a movie star; because Tom is a man first, then the husband of... [Continued on page 77]
YOO HOO! YOO HOO! IT'S A NEW TREND.

ALL candidates for film recognition this season may as well sell Kant's Critique of Pure Reason and invest in rowing machines. Yoo hoo, Vic Mature! It's biceps, bulging muscles, rock-hewn torsos that are catching the public's and the producers' fancies, and the mental types are out—for the moment.

This may seem a trifle wacky in view of the popularity of Laurence Olivier's mental (and erotic) vibrations in Rebecca, and the cerebral manifestations of Brain Boys Ronald Colman, Brian Aherne, Louis Hayward, Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Charles Laughton, Herbert Marshall, et al., but have a look at what's coming up in brawn for next year's picture fare and see if it doesn't spell Trend.

It's three to one in favor of the muscle boys and there doesn't seem to be much that mental newcomers like Jeffrey Lynn, tall, slim, sensitive, the two Richards, Greene and Carlson, both six-footers but not pusher-in-the-face types, John Payne and Robert Stack, charming and urbane, can do about it, except out-act the brawn boys.

They are confronted by a brigade of giants whose muscle development makes an overstuffed sofa look puny, and whose list of heights and weights reads like the roster of Bowery Bouncers' Union, No. 37... as may be seen:

John Carroll, 6 ft. 4 in., weight—196 pounds
Victor Mature, 6 ft. 2½ in., weight—200 pounds
Dennis Morgan, 6 ft. 2 in., weight—195 pounds
Stirling Hayden, 6 ft. 4 in., weight—212 pounds
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

George Sanders, 6 ft. 3 in., weight—215 pounds
Jon Hall, 6 ft. 1½ in., weight—190 pounds
Lon Chaney, Jr., 6 ft. 2 in., weight—190 pounds
Dennis O'Keefe, 6 ft. 2 in., weight—175 pounds
Dean Jagger, 6 ft. 2 in., weight—198 pounds
Vincent Price, 6 ft. 4 in., weight—180 pounds
Dick Foran, 6 ft. 3 in., weight—190 pounds
John Wayne, 6 ft. 3 in., weight—198 pounds
Jack Carson, 6 ft. 2 in., weight—200 pounds
Bob Preston, 6 ft. 1 in., weight—185 pounds
Broderick Crawford, 6 ft. 1½ in., weight—190 pounds

The smallest of the lot, Bill Holden (nee Beedle) is practically a midget at six feet, weight a measly 165 pounds, but the producers are not letting a little thing like comparative lack of growth hinder them from making young Holden into a muscle man. They are that much in demand. No, they go right ahead casting him in heroic parts, such as the violinist-fighter in Golden Boy, the virile Westerner in Columbia's Arizona and in Paramount's I Wanted Wings.

There is usually a reason for such maneuverings, and Hollywood's answer is always Entertainment. Currently the producers are centering on three types of film fodder to take the nation's mind away from war, defense taxes and conscription. Musicals, ably handled by Nelson Eddy and the song-bird department; comedy, amply supplied by Mr. Bob Hope and sidekicks; and rootin' tootin' action films such as When the Daltons Rode, Kit Carson, Santa Fe
By DAN CAMP

For a while, back there, things looked very, very bad indeed for this Mister Jack Oakie . . . ! Yes, SIR!—if ever a guy appeared all washed up in Hollywood, it was that one. Oakie had gone as stale and sour as that glass of beer your Uncle Joe forgot on the mantelpiece last night, and around Hollywood, he was just “poor, old Jack; wonder what he’s gonna do now . . . !” Everybody talked about what a brilliant future he had behind him, and said, tsk-tsk-tsk, about what a horse’s facade he’d made of himself with that “joe-collitch” stuff, those guffawish wise-cracks, his utter disregard for whether or not he hurt important people’s feelings, and his apparent determination to match both W. C. Fields and John Barrymore, glass for glass!

“Poor, old Jack,” they moaned; “when he came to Hollywood 13 years ago, he had a brilliant opportunity! And look at him now—all washed up. Poor, poor, old Jack . . . !” Well, maybe even Jack himself heard it. Anyway, something happened. It may have been a number of things—it may have been the fact that even his wife . . . [Continued on page 64]
Although the Olivia de Havilland-Jimmy Stewart romance rumors persist, Livvie is having a romance again with Errol Flynn—in *Santa Fe Trail*.
Gastronomic Stunner

Every two weeks, George Raft gets a fresh supply of TWENTY POUNDS of his favorite candy—JELLY BEANS!

Conceals THEM No Longer

Back after the title of "Sexiest Gal in Pictures" goes Claudette Colbert with Arise, My Love.

The Gallic honey, who has been concealing those them's and these's of hers entirely too much and too voluminously under pioneer petticoats and dresses and such things, in Drums Along the Mohawk and Boom Town comes out of hiding for fair in this Arise, My Love thing. And Claudette just loves it—particularly that sheer black lace gown with the flesh-colored slip underneath it.

If that doesn't bring a stampede of males to the box-office then it won't be Claudette's fault!
HOLLYWOOD
LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

Bette Davis has an exceptionally emotional role in film version of Somerset Maugham's exciting tale of the tropics —The Letter

Laughs and love go arm in arm when in first time in six years Ray Milland and Claudette Colbert co-star again in Arise, My Love

Terse Verse

— Gals who wish they were Richard Greene's Ought to watch their endocrines!!

The Powells—At Play

— Joan Blondell, who has just gotten some sort of award for being the Most Perfect Mother in Hollywood, or something like that, really works at being Mama to her two-year-old Ellen and six-year-old Norman. When Joan and the kids and Papa Dick Powell get together, they're just as homey as that family down the street.

At Balboa, down the coast from Hollywood, where the Powell clan have their summer home, the family have a regular playday routine. They play "desert island," and they all have their part. Joan and the two kids are "cast away on a desert island" with nothing at all to eat—absolutely NOTHING—except those weiners and hamburgers that appear miraculously from some place, not to mention toasted marshmallows.

And somehow, just in the nick of time, when Joan and Ellen and Norman are about to die of starvation, there appears a sail on the horizon—and who should it be but Dick Powell, sailing to the rescue in the Powell sailboat. "We play this at least twice a week," Joan says, "and we never get tired of it... ."

... anyway, Ellen and Norman don't."

Crack of the Month

— Comes from the lips of peanut-sized Billy Rose, the Aquacade King. Billy was a visitor the other day on the set where Myrna Loy's making a picture. Somebody asked if Billy thought Myrna would be an attraction at either of his Aquacades. Quipped the Rose, without a moment's hesitation:

"Sure! EVEN WITH CLOTHES ON!"

Terse Verse

— Gals who are "cuh-raz-eee about Hugh Herbert" MIGHT get dated— BUT, they don't deserbet! [Continued on page 87]
BEFORE we tell you about Ann Rutherford who has been doing so well for herself in the popular Hardy series, we want to tip off the studio and Andy Hardy about something that’s been going on under their respective noses—something that should be attended to unless they don’t give a whoop whether or not she turns up missing one of these bright California days.

What we mean is that unless they watch out Ann is going to shuck off her acting clothes and maybe put on an army uniform and go to war. For the past two months she’s been deluged with mail from the Canadian soldiers, both at home and at the front, who declare that since she’s a Canuck by birth there is no reason why she shouldn’t be their official sweetheart.

As we hinted, her sweetheart, Andy, of the Andy Hardy series (none other than that extraordinary young man of the movies, Mickey Rooney), had better keep tabs on her—and this goes for her studio bosses because the young lady is mighty enthused about soldiering in some capacity and so might shove off to the wars at any moment.

It was natural for Ann to want to be an actress. Her father was a well-known tenor, her mother played in a number
By this time M.-G.-M. had a bunch that Ann had better be signed to a long-term contract if the studio had hopes of keeping her and with this piece of business out of the way Ann appeared in Love, Love, and Learn with Bob Montgomery and Rosalind Russell. She followed this picture up with parts in You're Only Young Once, Of Human Hearts, Judge Hardy's Children, with Vanilla Supreme, An Evening with the Hardys, A Christmas Carol, Four Girls in White, The Hardys Ride High, Gang With The Wind, Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever, This Happy Breed, Love's Laugh, Loved, Judge Hardy and San, The Ghost Comes Home, and Pride and Prejudice.

We listed these pictures to show you that the young lady has what it takes to impress her more severe fans. The younger girls in Hollywood can show screen credits comparable to the above-mentioned films we'd like to know about it.

As for vital statistics we'll skip over them briefly. She's five feet, three inches tall, weighs within an ounce of 110 pounds, has dark-brown eyes and dark-brown hair. She plays a swell game of tennis, refuses to ride a horse, and is so good at archery that she can hit the bull's-eye at fifty paces.

Only hobby is that of raising canaries and parakeets.

She's a very popular girl, this Ann Rutherford, and perhaps her ideas on how to be that way are worth a paragraph or two. Maybe three.

"Breathes there a girl with heart so dead, who never by herself once said—How can I be popular?"

The above was our verbal urge for pep talk from Andy Hardy's sweetheart.

"Well," she began as a sort of prelude to what was coming, "there's no trick in it. In fact, any girl can be the belle of the ball. There isn't one girl in a thousand who couldn't be popular if she tried. Give a boy heart and he will be your friend. And it is a friend you want just as much as an admirer. I have little, if any, patience with a girl who is nice to a boy just to get a date. I could never help her—in fact, I wouldn't.

"It is the girl who treats the boys in the classroom with as much consideration and friendship as she does her chum who has the dates."

"Don't worry, the boy who helps you with those geometry sticklers and whom you in turn aid on his English theme is the boy who will take you to the next prom."

But even as attractive a youngster as Ann admits there is many a slip between a date and popularity. There are, she states emphatically (and you young ladies will be smart if you follow them), certain rules of decent which the prettiest, wittiest, and cleverest of debs.

"No boy," she says, "likes to be out with a calliope."

Frankly, she has said herself. We've heard girls called droops, dopes, and jerks, but this calliope tag had us in a fog.

"A calliope," Ann explained patiently, "is nothing more or less than a girl who insists on the center of attention. She who must be heard from one corner of a room to another; a dizzv who is the life of the party; one who hums, but loud, while dancing. In short, a girl whom the boys avoid. Believe me, since this idea, if you insist on talking about the handsome new boy who just entered the class, or if you go to a summer formal replete in an elaborate satin and sequin festoon, why see your girl dance when he leads you, decked out like a lamp shade, into a room overcrowded with young things crisp and fresh in pique and gingham?"

But, according to Ann, that doesn't mean that a boy doesn't like his best girl friend to attract some attention. He wants to be proud and to think the other boys envy him.

From that Ann went on to speak her piece about clothes and beauty.

"A girl doesn't need beauty. She needs to be fresh-looking, smart-looking, and neat. But to get back to my rules. Be friendly, natural, and not scheming. Be tactful. Be boy-like if necessary, but, unless your interest is more than a passing one, hold your interest. Be well-groomed—and do your grooming in private. Be able to dance well. Also be able to shine in at least one sport. Have a variety of interests."

Ann didn't need beauty. She needed to be a good start along the popularity road, but Ann insisted that a girl shouldn't stop with the rules thus far given. In fact, she said, a girl may follow all of them and still not be popular.

"Older men," she pointed out, "may think it is smart for a girl to make him spend his money, but that doesn't work with boys. In fact, a high school gold-digger may find herself at the end of her 'strike' mighty soon. Spend an evening at home once in a while. Don't be afraid to ask the gang over to your home. Suggest it after a particularly nice date. It pays dividends, not only in beaus, but in good times for all your friends."

ABOUT this time we horned in with a question that brought a decided gleam of importance into Ann's eyes.

"What," we asked, "are you young snips in Hollywood going to do now that Clark Gable, Robert Taylor and Tyrone Power are tied up?"

"Just exactly as we've always done," came the reply. "Can you see Mr. Gable, or Mr. Taylor, or Mr. Powell enjoying a grunion hunt followed by a meal of hot dogs and after that a trap drum contest? Well, neither can I.

"We've all worshiped the leading screen heroes from afar, just as the rest of the young girls in America. We get just as much of a thrill from seeing them as anyone, but it has never entered our minds to go into mourning just because they are married. We still have our own best beaus. And that is what counts.

"So, unless this old fuddy-duddy is off base in his thinking, you young men stand as high with our Hollywood starlets as you do with your school sweetheart, and you, you, and you, and you. She wouldn't give up her dates with her college beau (he attends U. C. L. A.) or fun at the Bar Association Hi-Jinx with her young attorney, or a chance to watch a major operation with her intern-friend—for any high-ranking star."

"It's fun to be popular," Ann says.

"It must be especially if you are clever enough and smart enough and nice enough to have a string of beaus with men fighting for a chance to date you up."

But as she wants to make clear, her greatest ambition isn't to be popular. She's determined to be a "really great actress."

"And girl skunks hanging about to be one. She thinks so, M.-G.-M thinks so, and, if it's any of your business, this writer thinks so, too. And last, but by no means least, Mickey Rooney, the young man who cut his teeth on a stick of greasepaint, makes it unanimously.

"She's a comer," opines the Mick, "and she'll be in pictures a long time after her competitors have finished. And there's an eleventh way of expressing what's in his fertile mind, but it's good enough so you get the main idea.
IS THERE anything quite so nice as an unexpected date, or a last minute party? Or anything, either, that can be quite so disconcerting? When your hair's stringy, your skin looks like the end of a long hard day, and your eyes are dull, then the unexpected always happens. And usually it's the man you want to impress who calls for an impromptu date!

You can impress him, even if he gives you only an hour's warning, and this article will tell you how. In it I'll also tell you about some cosmetics—a surefire eye brightener, a new, skin glamorizing foundation cream; lasting cheek rouge; lipstick and matching nail polish; and other beautifiers that will see you through this evening and many more besides. But more about them later.

First of all, if you feel as tired as the movie stars do when they come home from the studio, you'll want to take a bath. But please, if you want to make your mark on this young man, don't make it a quick in-and-out-again shower. That is, unless you have no time at all for beauty. Instead, take an extra five minutes to relax in a scented bubble bath. The warm water soothes tired nerves and muscles, the bubbles and the fragrance give your spirits a lift and put
you in the frame of mind that says, "Bring on the Fun!" Eleanor Powell, Dottie La-Mour, Joan Crawford—practically every movie gal you can name or I have interviewed—has used much the same water. You'll discover why when you try one.

And right here and now I'm going to take time out to tell you about a bubbling bath category that's been a favorite with one of my favorite romantic fragrances. The foam mounts inches thick on top of the water as soon as you turn on the faucet. And it stays that way until you start to soak up. So if you stand there in the tub, you'll be in it a lot longer, relax in them for a few minutes before getting to work with washcloth and bath brush. The scent will fill the air with a pungent, soothing, and pleasing one after you step from the tub. But that doesn't mean you should skip your perspiration corrector—or the cologne and perfume "course" later.

If you're the least bit nervous and excited about this date or party, better take extra precautions, and use a preparation that will stop as well as deodorize perspiration. It's too true that we perspire more when we're excited! I'm glad to give you the name of a cream perspiration "check" that is simply as pie to use! Put a bit of the snowy cream under your arms after your bath, wash it off the excess, and rejoice in your freedom from perspiration worries this evening! The anti-perspirant can't harm delicate fabrics, so you can slip on your date dress immediately, and go right on with your usual beauty routine.

REMEMBER my mentioning colognes and perfumes a paragraph back? Here's where they fit into your date-time beauty routine. It's a mistake to think that perfume is a finishing touch only—it's that and a lot more! Not only will the perfume last a lot longer if you start with your scented bath, then slap cologne in the same fragrance over arms, legs and body—then, at the last minute before your date arrives, touch the stopper of your perfume! It's always a good idea to have a touch of the scent that you wear following the bubble bath, are inexpensive—about a dollar each. Want the name of all three items?

Tired looking eyes never made a hit on any date! Probably yours never face anything as bad as the klieg lights that star, like Barbara Stanwyck, and Merle Oberon and Bette Davis act under day after day. But these pretties use a good eye lotion to soothe their orbs and make them dev as fresh as they ever were. Not following the example? I know of a fine "eye-opener" in lotion form. It works quick as a wind— all you do is drop a smidgin in each eye (at the outer corner so it will spread all over the eyeball before draining off). Blink lid closed a few times to see how bright your eyes are. I'll bet a nickel, your best will look like your new sparklers. The lotion is prepared from an oculist's prescription, and of course it can't harm your eyes. You'll use it many times a day, unless you want a sleepy look. Do write for the name—the low price will open your eyes!

Something else that will open your eyes, and make them look wide and starry is curly lashes. And I don't mean that you have to be born with them. You can get an eyelash curler that will last practically forever for the small sum of one dollar. And here's how you use it. Clamp the rubber edges of the curler as close as you can to the ends of the lashes as possible, then press down, count torty, and behold—curls! Curled lashes look longer and they're in the very best tradition with all the gals in Hollywood. What's more, because they frame the eyes, and sweep up so that more eye can be seen, they make your sparklers look bigger and prettier.

It's a good idea to use mascara after curling—especially if you have long, wide acting as wavelist, to keep them curled! If you've never used mascara, there's no better time to start than now. It needn't be theatrical, you know. Almost any mascara made by a reliable manufacturer will keep your lashes but keep them natural looking at the same time. It depends pretty much on you and the way you use it. Don't fill the brush to overflowing with sticky mascara. Don't give a couple of heavy-handed swipes at your lashes and let it go at that. Know what will happen with that method? The mascara will go on in bunches; it will bead on your lashes, make them all stick together in stiff little spikes. This is the correct way to apply mascara.

Take a small amount on the brush, brush it gently across the lashes of one eye, then wash the brush clean, and come to your lashes with quick upward strokes. Then go on to the other eye, and repeat the process. A word of warning. Never, never use mascara on your lower lashes. That gives your eyes a tired look—plan cheap one for that.

Of course some mascaras are easier to use than others. Some people like the cream type that requires no water, others prefer cake. Right now I'm using a little mascara compact that carries its own water supply in a moistened sponge. All you have to do is press the brush on the sponge, rub it over the cake of eyelash darker till it's the right shade for your lashes, and apply the mascara as above! You have your choice of four shades—brown or black for the day time (depending on the color of your hair), and blue and green for evening. These last two are pretty glamorizing, let me tell you! Why not invest a few pennies extra in the tricky new double compact that carries two shades of the mascara? Mine has brown and green, but you can mix your own colors. The compact is as smart as you are, and modern as tomorrow—and it has a precision action catch guaranteed not to break fingernails! All for the low sum of one dollar.

YOU'LL want your skin to look fresh and clear (even if it isn't) this evening. And you'll want to be sure your make-up will stay on till the last dance is ended, and then some. So be sure to use a foundation cream to hide any freckles (or blackheads and minor blemishes)—and to give your skin a smooth finish for powder. Many years ago I discovered a number one powder base that did all these things, but was so light in texture, so subtly tinted, that the only way I could tell I had it on was the way make-up clung. I used it till my supply was exhausted, and I couldn't buy more; came the war, and I gave it up for good. So you can imagine my surprise to learn, just the other day, that it's now being made right here in the good old U.S.A. and laid in a supply. This under-tint—for that's just what it is, a tinted cream that gives a delicate, soft color to your skin beneath your powder—comes in three shades, any one of which will harmonize beautifully with the fine blown face powder from the same manufacturer. Be sure to apply the foundation cream stingly. Dab it lightly on nose, cheeks, throat, forehead, then blend evenly all over your pretty puss. If you powder generously with a full puff, then brush off the excess (with special attention to the corners of the nose, your eyes and eyebrows) you'll be set for the evening and can leave your compact to "home."

No more need to worry whether your nail polish matches your lipstick or vice versa. One manufacturer of a high-grade, glossy, long wearing nail polish has made lipsticks, and now a rouge stick for the cheeks, to harmonize with his various fashion right shades. The lipstick is soft and easy to apply, just as satisfactorily as the nail polish, which is saying something. But right now I want to rave about the new rouge. Cream rouge, you know (or don't you?) will stay on until you remove it, so it's the ideal thing to wear to a party, when you want your make-up to last! Once you use this type of rouge, you'll discover that it's easier to apply "naturally"! Because you can blend the color evenly, and fade it off at the edges so even the critical can tell where artifice ends and nature begins. Some people think cream rouge is messy to apply, but this cheek stick ends that difficulty! Just touch it lightly to your cheeks, then blend it evenly with a single finger tip. All of it stays on your face, and none of it gets under your long fingernails to cause complications. Remember, the rouge matches the lipstick shades, and they in turn are keyed to the color of your nail polish.

Isn't it terrible to get all dressed for a party, then discover that your nail polish is chipped badly? It won't happen if you use two coats of the long wearing, plastic polish I'm always using. I'm showing slight signs of wear at the tips, here's how you can remedy the matter. Wipe the least bit of cotton around the edge of an orange stick, dip that in your polish remover, then carefully wipe them at the ends of any nails that have to be "repaired." That will take off a hairline at the tips, even up any chipping and make your manicure look good as new. Four of the shades of this polish come in both iridescent and plain varieties, and I think you should definitely try the glittery ones for evening wear. They're just iridescent enough to be exciting, yet careful enough to leave your manicure nice and refined, genteel look. Want the name of the polish—and of the harmonizing cheek and lipsticks?

Write me before December 15th if you want the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped (3c U. S. postage, please), self-addressed envelope and send your letter to Denise Caine, Beauty Editor, MOTION PICTURE, 100 Broadway, New York City.
Greetings, new and old friends!

This is the first chance I've had to say hello to you and I'm thrilled with being asked to continue the activities of Motion Picture's food department each month.

I want you to feel that we are eager to serve as your "round table" for exchanging ideas. So please write me whenever you have a household problem with which you think I can help.

You will find my sincerest holiday wishes between each line of print in the food pages of this December issue of Motion Picture. For in assembling these recipes, my heart has been set on giving you suggestions that would help to make your holiday festivities the merriest ever. I hope they will be, and that you will enjoy the actual preparation of these "holiday goodies".

Good luck, good fun, and MERRY CHRISTMAS -

Pauline Rawley
Food and Household Editor

--

Make your home, SWEET HOME, this Christmas with jars of holiday cookies, above, and "Magic" Fruit Cake below. Recipes in text.

By PAULINE RAWLEY

NEW TWISTS TO OLD FAVORITES OR HOW TO ENJOY OLD-FASHIONED HOLIDAY GOODIES—PIES, PUDDINGS—MINUS THE OLD-FASHIONED WORK

Do YOU, like many of us, cherish childhood memories of crisp winter mornings when all through the house the air seemed filled with the warm, spicy aroma of holiday sweets rising from Mother's busy kitchen? Happy days for most of us, weren't they, for always this luscious fragrance meant that Christmas was soon to follow.

Nowadays, many old time customs have vanished. But one thing's certain. Years roll by, but memories always linger—and Christmas will never be Christmas without fruit cakes, plum puddings, mince meat and pumpkin pies, and jar after jar filled with holiday cookies. They're just as important as gay Christmas trees, or carols, and the other things that make up the trimmings for this season of the year.

Of course, new twists to old favorites constantly appear. They're the developments of progress we enjoy. For example—some few years back, the making of a mince meat pie necessitated peeling and chopping, and pitting and mixing for hours on end. Seriously, I wouldn't do it if someone told me that the time worn adage about women slaving all day over a hot stove started while some hardworking homemaker was preparing a batch of holiday mince meat.

Today, this is done differently, and much more easily. We modern homemakers can enjoy all the goodness of old-fashioned mince meat, minus the old-fashioned work! Mince meat in packages is sold at all grocery stores. It's oh, SO GOOD, and very inexpensive! Make a mental note of it now, then when you are ready to bake your Christmas pies, with a package close at hand, you'll have a holiday treat in a flash! And if you will add 1 or 2 tablespoons of California wine (either muscatel or sherry), then try serving each piece with a dollop of Sherry Hard Sauce (see recipe on page 73) you'll have mince pie with a distinctive flavor you'll be proud of and everyone will talk about.

You know, there's real ease and economy in letting small amounts of California wines transform everyday dishes into something new and festive. They're thrifty to buy, and when used in roasting meats, fish or fowl, you'll be surprised at the aristocratic flavor each will take on when 1/2 or 3/4 cup of your favorite wine is used in basting. Remember this when cooking your holiday turkey. And, if you're on the squeamish side about the subject, you'll be glad to know that using wine in cooking means using it as flavoring only. As heat is applied, the alcohol does not remain, but instead passes off into the atmosphere. Just to prove how much flavor there is to...

[Continued on page 73]

For something temptingly different Mince Pie with Sherry Hard Sauce
“You’re Invited to a ‘COMING-OUT PARTY’ for your NEW-BORN-SKIN!”

Your skin is growing, blooming beneath your old surface skin... waiting for the gift of beauty which you can do so much to bring it. Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you endow your new-born skin with its birthright of loveliness.

A NEW-BORN SKIN! Think of all the hope for new beauty that lies in those words. It’s Nature’s radiant promise to you... and a scientific fact. For right now, as you look in your make-up mirror... every hour of the day and night a new skin is coming to life.

As a flower loses its petals, so your old skin is flaking away in almost unseen particles. But there’s danger to your New-Born Skin in these tiny flakes, and in the dirt and impurities that crowd into your pores.

Those dry flakes so often rob you of beauty. They cling in rough patches, keep your powder from sticking smoothly, and may give a faded appearance to your new-born skin. My 4-Purpose Face Cream helps Nature by gently removing these tiny flakes. Only then can your skin be gloriously reborn.

Did you know... says Lady Esther... that you can make your years of beauty longer if you always take care of your New-Born Skin? Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help it grow in beauty. It soothes as it gently, surely lifts away the old skin flakes. It softens accumulated impurities-- helps Nature refine your pores. Your skin can regain an appearance of youthful freshness!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Only the finest and purest of creams can help your skin to be as beautiful as it can be! Ask your doctor (and all the better if he is a specialist on the skin) about the face cream you are now using.

Ask him, too, if every word Lady Esther says is not true—that her face cream removes the dirt, the impurities and worn-out skin, and helps your budding skin to be more beautiful.

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream at my expense. See how gently it permeates and lifts the dry skin and dirt—giving you a first glimpse of your beautiful New-Born Skin!
He Out-Flynns Flynn  
[Continued from page 36]

telling his story, as if that's the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. If other people want to think he has had an adventurous life, that's their privilege. But he can't see that he has done anything that anybody else couldn't have done.

He started life prosaically enough. He was born in the New York suburb of Upper Montclair, New Jersey, the son of an advertising man. His father died when he was 9, and his mother moved to the colorful old fishing town of Gloucester, Mass. (glorified by the movies in Captains Courageous). That was when he started getting sea fever.

Until he was 15, he went to exclusive Brown and Nichols School in Cambridge. He was supposed to be preparing for Harvard. But the spring he was 15, a blitzkrieg hit the family finances. He had to drop out. Actually, he didn't have to find a job, But he told himself that he did. He wanted to go to work on a boat.

"So I said I was 18, and got a job as ship's boy on a 110-foot schooner, the Puritan, that was being delivered to Balboa, California," he says matter-of-factly, with only a trace of Down East accent. "I did anything that needed to be done, for a salary of $1 a month. The only reason I got that much was that if I hadn't got anything, the Steamboat Inspection Service would have classed me as a passenger.

"I wasn't very happy, that first voyage. About the third night out, a bit of a blow came up. We all raced on deck to furl sail. In my hurry to get up the ladder, I accidentally kicked the mate in the face. He was a big squarehead who wasn't getting along with the men; he thought I'd done it intentionally. He rode me so hard that I was going to jump ship in Panama. The cook said, 'Stay on. I'll see that you get home all right.' So I stuck."

At the end of the voyage, the captain gave him a letter—which I've seen—recommending him as a willing worker.

"We were paid off in Balboa, and the cook and I headed East, blind baggage. We got as far as Yuma, Arizona, before railroad detectives picked us up. On top of that, the cook lost his money. He was all for going on, anyway. I spent what little I had to get back to the Coast. In San Pedro I bumped into the son of the man who had bought the schooner. I told him my plight. He loaned me $50 and I started East again. I made it that time, riding freights and hitchhiking.

"I had left Boston in April. I got back as far as Worcester in late November. There I got a job in Filene's bargain basement, selling men's haberdashery. I kept it three weeks, just long enough to get a small stake together. Then I headed for the Boston shipyards again. I got a job on a fishing vessel, the Maine, as an apprentice seaman. We set sail for the Grand Banks on Christmas Eve. I've never been home for Christmas since. I've always been on a boat somewhere.

"As an apprentice, I got no wage till I made four voyages. All in mid-winter, with the ice a foot thick on the rigging every time we came back to port." He has pictures to prove that last statement. "After about ten round trips to the Banks, I decided there must be an easier way to earn a living. So I left the Maine and joined the Grand Banks."

The next winter I worked on various vessels. The next summer I bought a small boat for $450 and sailed fishing parties out of Gloucester. I hoped to take her to the West Indies in October. But she wasn't as strong as I thought, so I sold her.

"Capt. Bill McCoy, who was once the king of the rum runners, had a 46-foot boat he wanted delivered in Palm Beach. Another fellow and I signed on to take her down, via the Inland Waterway. I had heard there were all kinds of jobs to be had in Miami, so I sent all my money home, except $5. That turned out to be a jackass thing to do. We arrived in November, which was before the season started. The only job I could find was in a shipyard as a lumper, sorting used gun played just three weeks. Then everybody from the North was fired. It seemed there were 33,000 local unemployed and they were out to feed them first.

"I lived in Bay Front Park for three days, on a jar of peanut butter and a loaf of bread. I can still remember buttering the bread with a pencil. Then I got a job in Don Dickerman's Pirates' Den, washing dishes. There was a fellow there who knew a messboy on a steamer that went to Havana. He took me down to the ship the next time it came in, and I asked for a job. They didn't have any seaman's jobs, so I signed on as a fireman, at $46.50 a month."

I've seen his registration card as Fireman No. 6 on the S. S. Florida of the P. and O. Line.

"I didn't have to heave coal. The ship was an oil burner. But something I got involved in was cleaning out the boilers, which was really hot. The temperature was 121 degrees Fahrenheit. A man could work in that kind of heat only ten minutes at a time. Then he'd have to get out for five minutes.... I made about fourteen trips as a fireman, all the time trying to get a job as a seaman. I didn't make any headway till one day we had a boat drill. I had the luck to get in the same boat with the kitchen gang. Not one of them could row a stroke. I pulled my heart out and the mate spotted me. He wanted to know where I had learned to row. I told him and he put me on as a seaman.

"After that, I made about six more round trips. But I didn't like working on a big boat—except as a means to an end. The end being: to eat, I liked small boats, and the feel of sails kicking. I had my eyes open for a job on one. And I finally got on a 60-foot schooner named the China, which had a crew of a captain, two sailers and a cook. I was one of the sailers. We cruised around the West Indies a while, then pulled into Miami. The owner was the captain, and I got his job. There was a kick in that, being only 19. But the next trip out we went to the same places again. That began to get monotonous. So at the end of the voyage I signed off and headed for Gloucester.

"March 26, 1936—my 20th birthday—I signed on as first mate on the schooner Yankee." Notice the repetition of the word "schooner" in his story. A schooner is a fore-and-aft rigged vessel with two or more masts. "It was owned by a man named Irving Johnson, who makes his living out of cruising the world, with an amateur crew in charge of a couple of professional seamen—and the crew paying for the privilege of going. He was planning to sail again that November. Until he sailed he was leasing the boat out to the Girl Scouts, which seemed to have a mariners' division. Every week we'd have a new crop of eighteen girls aboard. They'd just about learn which end of the boat left the dock first when it would be time for eighteen others to come aboard. It seemed to me November first would never come."

He shakes his head whimsically in recollection.  
[Continued on page 62]
New heater warms your whole house FAST—
by forcing heat to every room!

THIS winter, you needn't fuss with coal, wood, ashes, soot, dirt and nuisance. Now you can enjoy clean, convenient oil heat—greater comfort—at a lower cost than ever before... thanks to Duo-Therm's amazing new Power-Air!" Drives "fireside warmth" to every corner! Duo-Therm's Power-Air drives heat all through your house—makes heat circulate faster—warms far corners! Heat is forced to the floors! You get more uniform comfort in your rooms from top to bottom!

You get what no fuel oil heater has ever offered before—the same positive forced heat as a modern basement furnace! And Power-Air also means a sensational saving in fuel costs!

Save up to 25%! Not only does Power-Air give you better heating—it does it for less money! Recent tests made in an ordinary home showed that a Duo-Therm with Power-Air kept the house warmer—while actually using LESS OIL than a heater without Power-Air! And Power-Air costs no more to run than a 50-watt lamp!

Other advantages you'll want! You can adjust the heat with the handy front-dial! For direct heat, open the radiant doors and warm yourself to the marrow! You get perfect combustion at any setting—more heat per gallon of cheap fuel oil—clean, quiet, safe operation with Duo-Therm's patented Bias-Baffle Burner! Special waste-stopper saves fuel! (All models listed as standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories.)

Extra! A cooling breeze in summer! Switch on your Power-Air blower and enjoy a refreshing 27 mile-an-hour breeze! The powerful blower can be operated independently of the heater, and it will send a cooling breeze anywhere!

All these extras—at no extra cost! Even with Power-Air, Duo-Therm costs no more than other heaters! Easy payments! Go to your Duo-Therm dealer and see the 12 beautiful models of America's largest-selling heater. Comes in sizes to heat from 1 to 6 rooms—in either the console or upright cabinet type. You can have Power-Air with whatever Duo-Therm you select! Learn more about this new kind of heater—send in the coupon now!

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daughter, Harriet, when I was called to
the telephone and ordered to write Valen-
tino's death story.

"But he isn't dead!" I cried into the
telephone. "No," said my editor, "but he
is dying and we want your story imme-
diately."

So I sat down at the typewriter with
tears streaming down my face and
wrote what I still believe is the best story
of my career.

"But this is silly," I kept telling my-
self, "Rudy will live and we will have a
good laugh over his 'Obituary.'"

But alas, we never laughed together.
Two hours after I had telegraphed my
story came the message that he had
passed on. To this day there has never
been another actor or as great a star to
take his place.

Clark Gable? Yes, certainly Clark
has had the power to make the heart
beat faster. But Clark has had many
danger moments in his career. First, there
was the campaign about his "big ears," and
believe you me it is dangerous for a Great
Lover to be laughed at! Second, Clark's two
marriages and divorces to women older than
himself (before his present marriage to
Carole Lombard) gave his studio many bad
moments.

Gable's chief claim to film fame is his
tremendous sex-appeal. I claim he isn't even
a finished actor. He has too many manner-
isms making each role he plays seem so much
like all the others. But who am I to say he
isn't a Great Lover when love-sick girls
write in pouring their hearts out to him.

Clark is a man's man. He likes to hunt—
he likes to go on fishing trips—he likes to
have old cronies around and sit before the
fire and talk by the hour. It isn't any pub-
licity story that he actually works like a
farm-hand on the Enchino ranch where he
now lives with Carole Lombard.

Clark says: "The press has been good to
me"—and that is something I cannot deny.
If he hadn't had the whole-hearted support
of the writing boys and girls who liked him
personally, he might have stumbled from
his perch several times. In addition to the
sob stories about his two former wives,
Josephine Dillon and Ria Langham Gable,
there was that real "danger spot" when
Violet Wells Norton forced Gable into court
to deny her charges that he was the father
of her 14-year-old daughter.

False, as it was proved to be, less than
this has tumbled the careers of other Great
Lovers—so Clark may count himself lucky
indeed to be where he is today.

I DON'T know a nicer boy in Hollywood
than Robert Taylor—and yet he hasn't
had Gable's luck in sliding over the rough
spots in his own career. Bob was almost
professionally crucified when that "he
has no hair on his chest" campaign got under-
way—no one knows how, when, or where
it started.

Here was a hero who had been the heart-
beat of a nation one minute—and the next
his studio was fighting desperately for his
movie life—and all over a silly phrase. They
even went so far as to put him in he-man
roles with open shirts (and hair showing)
to try to fight the ridiculous campaign.

But the cure turned out to be almost
worse than the poison. I met Bob at a party during
this time and he said, "I don't know what
to do, Louella. There's no way to fight. My
hands are tied. It's the most awful feeling
in the world to be helpless. Over nothing
that has become so important my career
actually hangs in the balance."

I thought back then to the very handsome
boy I had met four years ago when he first
came to Hollywood from Pomona College.
Bob was so enthusiastic—so eager to learn
the rudiments of his work and so surprised
over the commotion his first screen role had
brought on. Society Doctor had started out
as a "B"—but, even so, the girls discovered
Taylor with greater enthusiasm than Colum-
bus when he first sighted America.

I think it was his frankness that appealed
to me the most. "You know," he grinned
when we had our first talk, "I know so little
about Hollywood, I don't know what clothes
to wear. Louella has blown me to a
wardrobe—and I'll pay him back when I
start to get more money." (Bob's first salary
check from M-G-M was $55 weekly.)

You know the rest on! He soared to the
very heights and was going like a million dollars—until out of the blue
came the whispers of "pretty boy" and the
"hairless chest" slogan. The straw that
broke the camel's back was when two silly
girls hid under his bed in a stateroom of a
liner—and their interviews about "we can't
live without him," were printed all over the
country. All this might have ruined Taylor.
That it didn't—and that he has survived all
of it and is more popular than ever today—
is a tribute to Bob's courage and his sincerity.

John Gilbert wasn't so lucky. He
couldn't laugh it off. I forget what the
doctors say Gilbert died of—but those of us
who knew him best, believe he died of a
broken heart because the light under his
fame had gone out.

Who can forget the dazzling, exciting
Gilbert who came as close to taking Rudy
Valentino's place as any one ever has.

I knew Jack so well and I remember him
best when his eyes were flashing, when he
was a bundle of nerves laughing at life—
sitting up on top of the movie world with his
feet hanging over.

The tallies broke Jack's spirit. His voice
did not register and this idol who had been
the Great Lover of the silent films became
the great laughing-stock of the talkies. What
tragedy this was—because in later days they
learned to regulate and modulate voices
exactly to the right pitch. But Jack, unfor-
natunely, was the whipping-boy—and even
when Garbo, his old flame, insisted that he be
given another chance with her in Queen
Christina, it was too late to repair the
damage.

Jack couldn't be humble and try to fight
his way back into the favor of the fans. He
was prouder than Lucifer and loved his place
on top of Hollywood. He once told me
"Louella, gremlin this is like drink to some
men. I am intoxicated by it—I love it and
why not admit it frankly. As a struggling
young actor in Westerns I was working
toward this day—and now that it has come
it is more than I had expected it to be."

Many beautiful women loved Gilbert—
Leatrice Joy, his first wife; the great
Garbo—who nearly killed him when her love
for him turned to pity; Virginia Bruce, the
lovely girl who tried to make his life happy
and failed, during the terrible debacle of the
talkies—and Marlene Dietrich who was the
leading lady appointed of his death. But Gilbert
was made for success and blinding fame. He couldn't—and
wouldn't—take defeat!

In THE annals of the great lovers and
romantic heroes we must not forget the
name of Ramon Novarro. Ramon also came
along in the fanfare of the Valentino craze
and he was billed as Rudy's successor. I
never thought they were alike—and Ramon
hated the comparison. If his studio—Metro
—hadn't stopped the campaign in time it
might have ruined his career.

Ramon was discovered by the director,
Rex Ingram, but he never had the great
physical appeal of Valentino. He was more spiritual. A devout Catholic he lived in a house that was filled with beautiful pictures and tall candlesticks which had ethereal lighting effects. Ramon liked moonlight so much he had an artificial light outside his bedroom window that cast exactly the same mystic aura over his room that the real moon did. Also there was a piano in his bedroom which he would play by the hour when he could not sleep.

In many ways, and next to Rudy, Novarro had the biggest fan following in Europe of any American star. He was under contract to M-G-M for 11 years—and long after his tremendous vogue had waned slightly in this country he was bringing in millions from the foreign markets.

Ramon was and is a strange boy. Timid, shy, and not easy to know, he never made a great many friends in Hollywood. His polite Mexican manners made many people think he was aloof and unfriendly, but this was not the case. He just didn't know how to be a back-slapper.

But the friends he did love were as devoted to him as he was to them. I think he had two big romances in his life during his Hollywood career. Before she married his discoverer, Rex Ingram, few can doubt that Alice Terry was the "one woman" for Novarro—and later he was devotion itself to Myrna Loy.

In many ways his was the most amazing career of all the Great Lovers. Nothing untoward happened to Novarro's career. He lasted and lasted until at last new faces and newer stars cropped up. But he is still tremendously successful on his concert tours.

I DON'T know whether or not Errol Flynn comes under the category of Great Lovers. I must confess I have a warm spot in my heart for Errol—and he can certainly make hearts beat faster when he puts in an appearance at Hollywood parties.

He is more the adventurous, dashing type of hero that Douglas Fairbanks popularized—and I think men like him as much as women. At first when Errol and his exciting wife, Lilli Damita, used to air all their family quarrels in public—I thought it might hurt Errol's career. But to the contrary, I think the tempestuous Flymys amuse the fans, and certainly at this writing Errol is not suffering from lack of feminine attention in his mail.

No, it is poor Dick Greene who is now bearing the brunt of being a romantic hero on the public frying pan. By the time you read this I sincerely hope his troubles will be over. We Americans have always enjoyed the reputation of being fair and good sports—and before we condemn Dick let's listen to his story, which he gave me in an exclusive interview to the Hearst papers:

"I wasn't forced or drafted," he told me.

"I went to Canada to enlist at my own expense and because I wanted to do anything in my power to help my country. When I went to their recruiting station they told me I wasn't needed—but that if I wanted to stay I could join the N. P. A. M., to which Vancouver business-men belong, or wait several months until I was considered.

"I had no business in Canada other than that of enlisting and so when they told me I could return to Hollywood and wait to be called, I did! That is the truth—"I cannot understand these other stories."

But Dick didn't wait. He quietly slipped off to England the other day to join up there. And so come on, fans—how about it—let's give one of these romantic heroes who have given us so much pleasure on the screen a chance and not break his heart as so many hearts have been broken in the past Hollywood history.
"On that trip around the world, we went west-about. First to Panama, then to Galapagos Island—where we stopped to hunt buried treasure. We had an instrument along called a tennometer that was supposed to shoot rays into the ground and register the presence of metal. The dial got the jitters over one particular spot and we started digging. We dug three days and then gave up. We found out later—it's the gravines—that lava rock had the same effect on the dial as metal did.

"From Galapagos we went to Easter Island, Pitcairn Island (where the mutineers of the Bounty sought refuge—and where their descendants are living today), Mang- Reva, Tahiti, Christmas Island, Fogo-Pago. There we bumped into Goldwyen's second unit, filming atmosphere for The Hurricane. Remember that schooner sailing past the reef in the picture? That was the Yankee. They chartered it for a day. While we were there an assistant director asked me if I'd ever thought of going into the movies. I said No—and that was all there was to it.

"We went on to Tonga, Fiji, the Solomon Islands, the New Hebrides, New Guinea. We ran into a few wild men, including some head-hunters. We couldn't land on one island because the natives said No with a lot of spears. But that was the closest we came to having any run-ins with aborigines. They don't want any trouble with white men. The worst experience I had was getting caught in a quicksand in New Britain. I wouldn't be here now if another fellow hadn't been with me. He pulled me out, minus my shoes and socks.

"From New Guinea we went to the Dutch East Indies, Singapore, Zanzibar, East Africa, and around the Cape of Good Hope and across the Atlantic to Rio, and up the East Coast of South America. We passed within earshot of Devil's Island, a forbidding spot if I ever saw one, and expected to get shot at because we had been warned to stay three miles out. But nobody shot at us. And so home, via Barbados and Bermuda, to Gloucester. We had been gone eighteen months and touched 118 ports. At least, we made 118 stops. Most of them weren't ports.

"If you really want to know the details of the trip, you'll find them in the book Irving Johnson wrote about it, called 'Sailing to See.' It came out last year."

"From the first of May, 1938, till the first of September, 1938, First Mate Hayden instructed more 900 Scouts, mariners' division, in the art of sailing. But come September first, he quit."

"I signed on the Gertrude L. Thebald as mast-headman—the fellow who shifted topsail— for the International Races with the Bhiene of Nova Scotia. We got lost in fog the third race, and they fired the navigator, and gave me his job."

"All right is in the Spruce."

Part of the record is a prophetic clipping from the Boston Post, dated October, 1938—a story about the crew of the Gertrude L. Thebald. The lead was about Stirling Hayden, mast-headman, and was headlined: "Thebaud Sailor Like Movie Idol," and sub-headlined: "Gloucester Youth, 22, born Sea Rover, Fine Masculine Specimen."

If the light strikes him just right, you can spot a faint scar on his left cheek. It's a souvenir of those races. The loose end of a wire halyard hooked him in the cheek two inches from his left eye.

"We got licked in the last race," he says. "But that navigator's job led to my next job. I was hired as captain of the 96-foot brigantine, Florence C. Robinson, to deliver her to Tahiti. She was a beautiful vessel, all tea-color. When I came aboard, she had a Hindu crew of six. I couldn't get anything out of them. I don't know whether they wouldn't work or just couldn't understand English. They were sent home, and I recruited a new crew. I couldn't spend much money, so I had to recruit amateurs."

"He denies that he thought of sailing 7,000 miles to Tahiti in a brigantine as adventure. It was "just another job." But what hired the amateurs aboard was the promise of adventure.

"I got together a gang of ten, all swell fellows, and not a sailor in the lot."

"One was an insurance salesman, one was a printer's assistant, one pulled stumps for the WPA, one was a staff photographer for the Boston Herald, and Larry O'Toole— the guy who's responsible for my being here now—was an artist."

"The ship had a motor, as well as sail. But we took the propeller off to get the ship classed strictly as a sailing vessel. That saved the owner several hundred dollars, getting clearance papers.... And we sailed the 22nd of November, 1938,"

**Before** they sailed, their venture was the talk of the Boston water front. Boston papers gave them all kinds of publicity: 10 landlubbers sailing 7,000 miles under a 22-year-old captain, younger than any of his crew. When they actually sailed, the T.V. and Press naturally: "Eleven ill-advised young men without question. The sea can be not only a hard and brutal master, but a dull and boring one as well. There is no money in its service, as any sailor can tell you. It means loneliness, laziness, lovelessness."

Five hundred miles east of New York, they ran into that famous hurricane of 1938. "I was really one lone slave," Stirling admits. "The wind blew us right off the 83 miles an hour. It tossed us around plenty. We had all sails furled. One started to come loose. Another fellow and I went aloft to handle it. When you haul in a sail, you tuck it in under your belt. Leaned outward and pushed the yard-arm, till you get ready to tie it. We were tugging away, and it was slenting and snowing, when there was a sudden blow and the sail exploded in our faces. We were both
liked C/iect got Tahiti stink! expect did give City-
The "angel," schooner American cane, the fire broke. Meanwhile, "Hurricanes, don't Tahiti, distres, and we damned near didn't make it. The Coast Guard towed us in."

It was in Charleston that he had his first and only fight. The fight consisted of one poke—which the other fellow got. "I didn't like the language he was using with women around," he scoffs, at the legend that you have to expect a lot of fights, if you're going to roam around the world. "All you have to expect is a lot of threats," he says, grimly.

The ship was beyond repair, had to be sold for junk. He headed back to Boston by train and, broke, moved in with his friend, O'Toole, till something turned up. On the trip to Tahiti, he had kept saying, "You ought to be in the movies," and I had said, "Fooly on you, O'Toole." Now he insisted on writing letters to people he knew in Hollywood. "It won't do any harm," he said.

"One of the letters was to William Hawks, the agent. Hawks showed Director E. H. Griffith the photos O'Toole had sent. Griffith went to New York soon after that and sent for me to make a test. I had never acted before in my life, either in school or anywhere else. I worked like a son of a gun for about a week before that test. I did a love scene from a Fred MacMurray picture, and a fight scene from Anna Christie. And, boy, did I sink! It was Griffith's talking, not my acting, that made Paramount sign me. I'm positive of that."

He arrived last May 23rd. Two weeks later, he was cast as the rich young Northerner—the Other Man—in Virginia, starring Fred MacMurray and Madeleine Carroll. "Now I'm a movie actor," he says, "which, up to now, I thought was probably a nice, easy job."

Hollywood changed the spelling of his first name. It used to be Sterling. "But they didn't want my first name to be an adjective," he says.

His favorite relaxation is—you guessed it—sailing. A young married couple he met in Tahiti live in Balboa and have a boat. He's down there every week-end.

His dressing-room walls are cluttered with pictures of sailing vessels, charts, no photos of himself, but one photo of the girl in Tahiti. He still thinks she's a 'swell girl,' though they've called off the engagement by mutual consent. There's nobody else—yet.

He hasn't decided what his Hollywood ambitions are, "I suppose I want to get enough money in the bank so that I can get out of the habit of borrowing. And I'd like to buy a 92-foot boat I know about."

You can look for Paramount to cast him in some big adventure role just as soon as he is a little more camera-wise. Even though he maintains that he isn't the adventurer type, "I didn't have the wanderlust, the urge to see strange new places. If I saw a strange new place, it was because it got in the way, or because we had to stop to get drinking water or something. I didn't go to sea because I wanted adventure. I went because I liked sailing."
Venita Varden couldn’t take it any more, and took a powder instead. Or it may have been the death of the one person who ever meant more to Jack Oakie than himself—that beautiful, white-haired, lovable mother of his, Evelyn Offield. Or maybe he just naturally grew up...

Because, after all, EVERYbody has to grow up sometime!—even Freddie Bartholomew and Shirley Temple. And even, for that matter, Jack Oakie.

So he put on big boys’ clothes and stopped talking like a “joe-collitch” caricature. He came to the realization that W. C. and Jawn were much, much more able to handle that certain peculiar field of endeavor than himself, and he climbed upon the wagon and took a seat right beside the driver, and he said good-bye to all the little men who weren’t there.

He talked Venita into trying it again, and neither Venita nor he have been sorry. He stopped imagining that he could be slyph-like and juvenile, and he admitted to himself and the world that he’s 37 years old and fat and what the hell of it? He’s stopped trying to take off the poundage that nature insists on piling on him.

And, above all, he found somebody in Hollywood who’d still take a chance on hiring him. He found Charlie Chaplin, and Charlie Chaplin found him. And when you’ve seen The Great Dictator you’ll realize that Jack Oakie—a rather new Jack Oakie at 37, replacing the Jack Oakie who cloven around town 13 years ago—is starting a new career in Hollywood and movies. And his first step is to do that all-but-impossible thing: practically STEAL a picture from Charlie Chaplin, of ALL people, in his role of Napoleon, Dictator of Bacteria.

Even Hollywood, which thinks miracles are just something that come in envelopes with a cent-and-a-half postage every morning, is marveling at the renaissance of Jack Oakie, and the very funniest development to follow the Chaplin rebirth of the old clown was the fact that he’d been hired by Darryl Zanuck to play a major role in Shirley Temple’s last picture. True, once upon a time, Jack Oakie would have blisteringly disdained playing a supporting role to any child, but times have changed. And equally true, once upon a time, Darryl Zanuck would have hired anybody in the world before Jack Oakie—for the most viciously cruel impersonation ever given of Darryl Zanuck was the one Oakie couldn’t and did put on at the slightest provocation.

But yet there you are—as one of the more amazing phases of the comeback of Jack Oakie after Hollywood had buried and forgotten him, you may contemplate the fact that his first role in his new career (after Chaplin) was with Shirley Temple on Darryl Zanuck’s lot. This Hollywood is a serevy place, my dears!

Today’s Jack Oakie is such a quiet, normal, sane, self-effacing person that all his old cocktail-lounge buddies will curl up and die when they learn the details.

Gone is the sweat-shirt-wearing buffoon, for one thing. Today, Oakie dresses in normal clothes. Not a half-dozen years ago, everybody’d have been surprised so end if he’d ever appeared with a tie and collar—even at the annual Academy dinner (IF he’d ever gone to it!). Today, those few who know him intimately in his new life would be equally surprised to see him blossom out in one of the sweat-shirt ensembles that used to be his trade-mark!

In his place is an Oakie who commutes between the studios and a little, unpretentious seven-room house out near Van Nuys, in the San Fernando Valley, twenty miles from Hollywood’s hot-spots. Only rarely, today, does a night club see Oakie—and then it’s usually a matter of business, not pleasure. Oakie has learned that one of the requirements of Hollywood success to be seen with the right people in the right places—and he also seems to have learned that it pays to be nice to the boss’s relatives...

You’ll see Oakie at a night party—one given by somebody of importance. Or you’ll see him squiring Charlie Chaplin’s nice, good-looking niece, Betty Chaplin, around. But Jack’s drinking water straight from the fountain. He’s free to do his own, get what he can, and what-have-you. And never once, in the past three years at least, has he slapped a Hollywood hostess on the ass and yelled at her, at Jerg’s top: “How’s the old So-and-So tonight?” No, indeed; today, Oakie is the most decorous guest on Hollywood’s invite list.

His private life is as innocuous as a glass of skim milk. It’s practically bounded on all sides by wife Venita, whose major concern, in addition to Oakie, seems to be forty Afghan dogs! She breeds and raises them with Jack’s help. Since their reconciliation, the marital life of the Oakies has run along as smoothly as a stock-salesman’s pater...

Fact of that is due, Oakie insists, to the fact that he’s given up trying to reduce. Back in 1935-36 when he first began to bulge, Jack got scared. He feared that it meant the end of his career. He was convinced that he’d never succeed unless he remained slim and youthful. So he tried to reduce. He went to doctors and he asked friends and he did everything they told him to. It nearly ruined his disposition. You can’t take off 55 pounds without wrecking your nerves, and Jack did both. He made himself thin again, and he made himself such a grouch that Venita packed up and left him.

That was one of the most cruel shocks in the succession of blows that life was about to deal out to Jack Oakie. For he loved Venita dearly—but it took her actual departure to make him realize that something was wrong.

Then came the even greater shock, if that be possible, of the death of his mother. But this Jack Oakie, of all people, with Evelyn Offield, there had always been an attachment that astounded even Hollywood. Some Hollywood cynics had even imagined that his mother had come between Jack and Venita: only his intimate friends knew better. All Hollywood knew was that Oakie and his mother were inseparable. And when, early last year, she died, it was inevitable that her passing would result in either one of two things—either the complete collapse and end of Jack Oakie, or his comeback. To Jack Oakie’s everlasting credit, it has been the latter.

Today, he’s back with Venita. He gives her everything a wife could ask—devotion, loyalty and all the material things she wants. Venita Oakie, a fact that she likes attention and little luxuries. Jack gives her both. He glories with her in the fact that she has gotten herself the undisputed title of Queen of the Afghans, and is the fair and true wife to be courted as, the owner and breeder of the finest dogs of this type anywhere in the world. Jack lets her have her own way. In the [Continued on page 86]
ANN SHERIDAN... Star of "CITY OF CONQUEST," A Warner Bros. Picture ... shows what beauty the "Service of the Stars" adds to her table.

Wait no more, my Lady! Now the silverware you've wanted can be your very own ... this very day! Think of it! A 52-piece Dinner Service ... and at no extra cost, you receive 10 more beautiful pieces!

Whichever pattern you choose—these 10 extra pieces and the Anti-Tarnish Chest of handsome wood are included. See the TEN-MORE Set at your silverware dealer's today! Don't wait—such a silverware "buy" won't wait 'round stores ... long! Your dealer will arrange planned payments for your convenience.

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things) that fundamentally, here is one fine actor—in fact, one of the finest actors in all Hollywood. And, by all standards, one of the most intense devotees of the profession. In fact, it's a wonder to his intimates that on top of all his other fierce enthusiasms, Montgomery still has enough intensity left over to give to his work!

And right here, we're going to tell a little story out of school that's never been told before—but that demonstrates, to a remarkable degree, just how intense Bob is about his work. The story goes back a few years—to the time when he worked at 20th-Fox with Janet Gaynor in Three Loves Has Nancy . . .

Now around that time, Bob and Janet were two of the warmest off-screen friends you could find among Hollywood's twosomes. Hollywood is full of those glowing friendships, and the Janet-Gaynor business was talk-of-Hollywood for the time, you may recall. And so, when Janet found that Bob was to play opposite her in Three Loves, etc., it was just fine and dandy for Janet. She figured that Bob, in view of his intense, so-warm, so-deep, so-rich friendship of theirs, would dump all the fine scenes right in her lap, like a gentleman and a—ah—pal . . . !

But instead, on the first day or two of production, a furious Gaynor stomped into her dressing room. Janet, to her utter astonishment, had suddenly discovered that her adored Bob was swiping scenes right out from under her pretty nose—and doing it with a cold, deliberate craftsmanship that gave no quarter.

Janet didn't hesitate to hawl him out. Janet never did, in her heyday. Janet expected, and usually got, the submissive cooperation of her leading men in making her the star-of-stars and submerging themselves. (After all, when Janet was queen of the lot, her leading men HAD to do that—or risk getting themselves disciplined!)

But Bob Montgomery wasn't playing that way. When Janet called him for trying to steal her scenes, he upped to her and cut her off with a flat, icy statement:

"This is work, Janet. This isn't anything social, and our—uh—friendship has no place in it. We're getting paid to do a job of work here in front of the cameras; we're paid to put the best we have to offer into the picture—and that's just what I'm going to do, no matter WHO is working opposite me!"

Janet didn't believe her ears, when he told her that. She came storming off the set like a tropical hurricane out of the Caribbean and almost screamed at her confidantes that Bob, her magnificent Bob, was getting in her throat! And what made her madder than anything else was that between takes—between the scenes, professional disarray—Bob dropped his professional manner and became again the charming, naive, and admiring cavalier.

All of which goes to prove that when it comes to work, our Mr. Montgomery lets nothing interfere with it: NOTHING! That's why all his friends know that no matter what hobby Montgomery is riding at the moment—he it golf, pipe-smoking, ambulance-driving, guild-organizing or even making a pickle—Bob will always come back to Hollywood and movies.

His bosses get mad at him frequently for riding his hobbies—or, rather, letting his hobbies ride him away. They discipline him. They cut him off the payroll, or they give him bum roles, or they make him wait a long time for another chance to work. But he knows that'll bring him back to earth. Both because he loves to act—and, more materially and understandably, because it takes money to indulge hobbies. And the only way Bob can get money is to come down out of the clouds and make a movie.

And that, fundamentally, is why today he's back in Hollywood, under the sun-arcs and in that all-night movie, instead of gallivanting around Europe, shaking his fist at Hitler from the front lines.

And besides, he does have a wife and two children—and that, as well as hobbies, takes money. And there are taxes.

So, FOR the time being, you'll hear precious little about any other side of Bob's and his Hollywood side. He's living again in that lovely home of his in the hills of Beverly—that spreading colonial farmhouse, with its dormer window and its pointed roof and its hill that makes it look ever so much like a cottage. Instead of a house to be photographed in—like too many stars' houses. It's got a sloping lawn, and oak trees and wild flowers in not-at-all formal disorder.

And he loves it. He parks himself in it, and grousers and grumbles if anybody wants to drag him out to a night club, or a fete, or a party, or anything else. Now that he's over his first furious enthusiasm, he even grumbles a bit at the self-imposed necessity of getting out of it to attend to the war-relief machinery he's set in motion as a private venture.

For the most part, he's forgotten all his other hobbies which lasted, like most of them do, for a while. He was a candid-camera fiend; he was a golfer; he was a skeet-shooter; he was a table tennis player.

He prefers, then, when he's not acting or war-relieving, to sit at home in his library, with a book and a pipe, and to be left alone—very, very alone. If he isn't left alone, he still manages to be alone, paradoxical as it sounds. That is, he can sit in a corner (or even in the center of the room) of a houseful of people partying and talking and laughing and garrulously—gorily—for or with the purpose of a good time—but yet he can hunker himself in his book or his magazine, and in a cloud of pipe-smoke, and be as utterly detached from the wide, wide scene as though he were in Kamchatka.

And I don't think Hollywood'll ever forget that other instance—the afternoon he shut himself in his library with a new book he'd determined to read. He gave everybody—wife, family, friends, servants—explicit instructions not to disturb him for anything. But despite his orders, there came a knock at the library door. He ignored it. The knock came again. He ignored it. The knock came a third time—and Bob, in a raging fury, shouted:

"Dammit, what's the IDEA? I said not to disturb me, Go Away!"

Footsteps retreated, and whoever it was went away.

But then the phone in the library kept ringing. (He has a private P.BX system in his house.) Finally, in white-hot anger, he picked up the phone and demanded to know who DARED interrupt his reading—and heard this from his butler:

"Er, beg pardon, sir—but the house is on fire, sir, and the firemen have arrived, sir."
Three months a year, he reserves for his back-East farming. He has a farm in upper Westchester County, New York, and it's in his contract that he gets 12 successive weeks off, each year, to spend there. While there, he hunts, rides, fishes, swims, and forgets Hollywood and Europe. There's a story about him, there.

About 4 o'clock one morning, he roused out a party of friends who were spending a week as his guests at the place. He got them out of bed, and dragged them into the autumn cold to hunt ducks! He wanted to hunt ducks, and his friends had to go with him. Anyway, it was such a whim-of-the-moment that he'd forgotten to bring along a dog, to retrieve the ducks. He stood off the world-stage and gotten into the front row of the audience seats, to watch the show unfold.

He has another explanation for it, himself. He says it (a) helps him in his work of character portrayal to understand human psychology, and (b) it helps him understand people, and the "front" they put up. He has a fierce detestation of any false front—he hates anything phony with a hatred that can be born only of a vast sincerity within himself.

That's one major reason why none of those who know Bob poke fun at his enthusiasms and hobbies. They know that nothing but sincerity and desperate motives him.

And for that very reason, I think you'll find him getting out of the spotlight he's been in recently as a result of his war activity. He has heard, inevitably, the accusations voiced by certain Hollywood commentators that his enlistment in the ambulance service was "just a publicity stunt"—and that when he got into it, he knew darned well that he'd never have to go into dangerous front-line service. Bob didn't dignify that sort of mud-slinging by even bothering to counter it. But it affected him. Especially in view of the talk about other flippant war-ventures indulged in by other Hollywoodians, Bob doesn't want to be classed with any such phony business. So, rather than get into any chance of it, he's just pulling in his neck and keeping quiet. You'll notice that he's has stopped giving out any interviews about his war work. He just does it, with a staff of personally paid secretaries and offices, instead of talking about it. And he shuts off that part of himself from his other work—his movie acting.

PROFESSIONALLY, he sounds the same line so many other actors utter: "I've never been satisfied with a role I've played; I've always wished I could do it over, and do it better." The major difference between Bob's utterance of that phrase and others' use of it is that others too often say it with mock-modesty, while with Bob, it's merely a casual criticism of himself, uttered by a critic who knows he hasn't done as well as he might.

Bob is not the best-liked man in Hollywood, by any means. His circle of acquaintances is rather smallish; his circle of real intimate friends is small. Some writers definitely do not like him—and I'm quite certain that Bob definitely does not like them. He doesn't like the questions they ask him, and they don't like the answers that he gives them.

So they don't get along. Only difference here between Bob and most other Hollywood stars is this: the other stars don't like these story-writers either—but the other stars give nice, phony answers and kid the writers along, and the writers swallow it and love it, and the stars get away with it.

But Bob can't play that way. It's too phony. He'd rather tell them to go to hell. So he does, And gets away with it.

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The Prizefighter and the Lady

[Continued from page 28]

new or streamlined version of the Charleston, making the rounds of the night clubs, renewing friendships, hobnobbing with old cronies, spending the night in speakeasies. A little bit heavier, a little smarter, perhaps a little more careful of his diet than in the days when greenbacks turned yellow, but otherwise the same smooth, slick guy—on the surface. If you had the thermometer to try him you would notice a change. A change all the more effective because it was so subtle. There was no polish about his manner. There was a poise. There was, perhaps, a little of the white- maned, almost imperceptibly you sensed that he not only fitted Broadway's definition of a regular guy, but that a Tuxedo (the town, not the coat) garden party would have longed him it as calm, courteous, considerate and conservative.

The Norma Shearer influence is responsible.

George Raft didn't high-hat Broadway, even the new honky-tonky, slick-suit-wearing, orange-juice-guzzling Broadway. Here, in itself, was a sign of that tact which is the essence of refinement. At the same time, he no longer has the stamp of his muggy youth on Tenth Avenue, The Killer and the Lady, yes! But also the Lady-Killer and the Lady.

THE latter role is predominant now, has been predominant for more than a year. It goes back to the excitement-crowded summer of 1929 when the world didn't know what any day might bring, when nerves were taut and recklessness was in the air. Liners were still plowing to Europe. The World's Fair's international section was making a brave show of gaiety. And to New York came the Charles Boyers. To New York came also Norma Shearer and George Raft—though not together.

Their worlds were far apart then. She was the aloof, the legendary occupant of an unapproachable pedestal. In a community where caste is determined chiefly by the size of the bank account, Miss Peine, the widow of Irving Thalberg, was regarded as in a class by herself. Not that George Raft was in any danger of finding the wolf in his swimming pool. It had paid him well to know, to the last "I'll be a menace on the screen—had paid him well ever since the memorable make-believe of Starface. But Raft's resources, after all, were vastly inferior to Shearer's. If his chips were blue, hers were indigo.

One night in New York Raft accepted an invitation to join the Boyers and Miss Shearer at the Fair—at, specifically, the Brazilian Pavilion. There would be dinner and after that some dancing to the tropical rhythms of a native rumba band. Oh, there were things to see and do! It would be such fun.

Now Raft is a nifty stepper. He had once made a pretty good living at stepping in public. His new partner at the Brazilian Pavilion could dance, too. They found rhythm, they found harmony. It is curious how often romance comes to people of the show world in a casual dance. There was the conspicuous example of Billie Burke and the late Florenz Ziegfeld. Burke had been in love with Ziegfeld's heart even when he was surrounded by the most beautiful young things ever assembled on one stage. But one night, attending a party at the Ritz, he met and danced with Billie Burke. And presently he was in love.

George and Norma discovered romance similarly. They discovered, returning to the Fair from a stroll in the Food, and France's terrace, that they were inexplicably happy in each other's company. He found her sympathetic, intelligent, altogether charming, amusing, attentive, vivacious. They had much to talk about. They had come up to their place in life the hard way. Years before she had done some modeling on Broadway, had smiled down on him from a tire ad as he went the rounds of his dancing jobs. They laughed about that, about those days and the struggles they had.

In a few days the Boyers and Miss Shearer sailed for Europe on the Normandie. Raft had planned to leave on an earlier ship. By a strange coincidence he was now a fellow-passenger aboard the French liner. Editors back in newspaper offices raised their eyebrows, raised also a question. They wired Raft, literally, at sea: "What about it? Are you having romance with Norma Shearer?" Raft had won his Broadway training campaign to his help. He wired back: "You flatter me. Am making up a fourth at bridge." Obviously, there could be no startling headline about a big party. But the time they returned Europe was on the march and they were deeply in love.

George Raft shies at any discussion of his romance with Norma Shearer or of the brand new one with Virginia Peine, though he knows that a gossip-hungry world is interested. He had been happy with Virginia Peine, but in meeting Norma no one else mattered. The feeling is reciprocated and when he was playing at the Strand Norma Shearer came to New York to be near him. He wanted her to make an appearance with him at the Strand. She refused. His wish was inspired by his pride in her and not by any realization of what such a joint appearance would mean in publicity headlines and photographs. They visited restaurants and night clubs together, sat at the end of his theater engagement, they went on to Saratoga to be the guests of the Mervyn LeRoys at the races.

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If RAFT is proud of Norma Shearer's prestige, she, in turn, is proud of his popularity. She had had her first glimpse of that popularity during their sojourn in Europe, when people in the streets, neglecting the others, yelled, "Hello, George!" She had new recognition of it during his engagement at the Strand when long queues of people stretched halfway down the street either to see his performance or to get a glimpse of him outside the stage entrance. Norma Shearer is proud of his success. He was a star in his own right. He was not just a gangster on the screen.

George Raft has been occasionally scheduled for one week of personal appearances. If business warranted it the engagement would be stretched another week. But so clamorous was his reception that he was looked for. He was a popular public. The larger part of the clamorous public was feminine. To this part he still seemed a reincarnation of Valentino. Yet,
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Well, turn to page 56 in this magazine and see how easy Pauline Rawley, MOTION PICTURE's new Household Editor, has made it for you to prepare some of the most delightful goodies you ever tasted. And be sure to watch for Pauline Rawley's helpful household articles each month in MOTION PICTURE.

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Look over your pictures now, and see which one you'd like best next picture, Betterform, which is also in Technicolor, is her idea to wear a gown of purple and cerise, two other colors that have always been taboo to the redhead.

Mlle. Chic

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there was a liberal sprinkling of men in the lines outside the theater—men who were not so mindful of Valentino as they were of a man who stood as the most successful interpreter of sinister roles on the screen.

To reach George Raft in his dressing room was quite an ordeal. One had to pass a gauntlet of autograph-seekers, of stage door hangers-on, of a battalion of bodyguards and buffers. Looming most prominently in the path to the actor was his pal and general factotum, Mack “Killer” Grey.

Once inside the dressing room you became suddenly aware again of the immense loyalty George has not only to his old friends but to his old environment, his old background.

In an expensive cream-colored shirt, shorts, white woolen socks and slippers he sat on the edge of his chair knees apart, hands resting on his knees, in the manner of a boxer awaiting the bell for his bout to begin.

The same repressed nervous energy, the same alert, expectant sense of surroundings that you detect in a boxer were present. But then you recall that George Raft began life as a boxer. The dressing-room attitude was, after all, a subconscious reflection of his old-time calling. As a youth he had fought as a bantamweight, had taken part in some twenty-five bouts, had been knocked out some seven times. Had he learned to use his left he might have gone on to a championship.

“I appreciate now what a blessing a bad left was,” he said. “Had I continued boxing I never would have taken up dancing. And if I hadn’t become a professional dancer I would never have gone on to Hollywood—and to this,” he waved his arm, his left arm, significantly, to include, it seemed, not only his dressing room but the whole Strand Theater. “I was lucky not to have a left. I’d say my whole life has been lucky. I still can’t believe it’s true.”

Here, I thought, is that rare specimen, an actor, who hadn’t persuaded himself that his irresistible charm, unusual ability, enormous good looks had brought him to Hollywood’s front rank. He had set his success down to his lucky breaks, beginning with his lucky, listless left.

“Didn’t you later prove to yourself in baseball that your right was also lucky for you?” I asked.

“I’ll say,” he smiled, and I noted how white his teeth were against his olive skin. It was only a flash. His face quickly assumed the more characteristic serious mien that many persons, until they know him, mistake for unfriendliness. Valentino, I remembered, had something of the same quality. Hollywood scouts sometimes describe it as “vaguely romantic.” I thought how definitely romantic George Raft might be to the public were Hollywood to dress him up in the black baggy gauchos, the white blouse and the wide-brimmed, high-crowned black hat, costume which Valentino used to affect. And how amazingly like Valentino he would look!

“Yeah,” he went on, while a Negro dresser was deftly steering a Raft shin into a black trouser, “if I hadn’t thrown my right arm out in Springfield, Mass., trying to catch a runner at the plate from deep center field, I probably would be playing ball yet for a living. Or, if not actually playing, mixed up in the game somehow. I hardly think I would have been in Hollywood.”

I said I couldn’t recall anyone who had similarly capitalized upon the commercial failure in sports of both a left and a right arm. He said he couldn’t either. “It shows what a lucky guy I am,” he explained, “I hope I always will be, George likes to play the races. In fact, he likes most everything the Broadway Boys like. Most of them, at one time or another, would like to own a Broadway night club. George is able to satisfy such a yen. He has a big share in a place called the Hurricane. It was a girl from the Hurricane, Mary Vee Johnson, who was his dancing partner at the Strand. The association with George was lucky for her, too. She is going to Hollywood for Universal.

The absentee landlordship of a Broadway night club helps to keep him in the groove, helps to give him the feeling that he has an anchor to his old street even though he resides in a luxurious castle in Beverly Hills high up in a canyon somewhat incongruously called “Coldwater.”

"It’s fun getting back here, seeing the town, doing the town, visiting with old friends," he was almost dressed now for his 3 o’clock performance, "and above all, resuming the dance routine where I left off. I don’t mind telling you I’m not as fast on my feet as I used to be. You see, I haven’t been keeping up my homework, and I’m no longer fresh from the boxing ring and the baseball diamond. They were great training for me when I took up a dancing career. But the people out front are very kind. Many of them are even enthusiastic. It’s nice to know you have so many friends. Yet, I’ll be glad to get back to Hollywood. Five shows a day can be pretty trying.

Back in Hollywood, George Raft doesn’t know what he is going to do. What he isn’t going to do is to appear in South of Suzie. He had been booked for that picture, but he has rejected it. Meanwhile, there is Norma Shearer. Geography really doesn’t matter. It’s life and love, according to the song writers, that count. And George and Norma are happy. Being happy, they are inseparable. They dine together, look at movies in her private projection-room and later Santa Monica beach house, attend the races. Perhaps, yet, they’ll be in a picture together. Perhaps, Norma was very shrewd in refusing to appear with him on the Strand stage. It might have taken the edge off their screen co-stardom—if and when it takes place.

Such a co-stardom, if and when it takes place, would be wheat cakes and syrup to Broadway, Broadway. I have a feeling, would give it a big hand.
They've Had Brent All Wrong!
[Continued from page 33]

more seriously than anyone seems to think—my routine is as follows: I go to work with the milkman. I put everything I've got into the motions I make. Between scenes, I don't pass the day of dawdling around. I don't linger around other sets. I retire into my portable, cool off, read, rest, study my lines for the next scene, bawl Annie out. I then go home, shower, have dinner, read, go to bed. I like to go to bed early because if I don't, the camera rather more than intimates that I've never been to bed in my life.

"This is not being a hermit, my friends, may I point out? It's being a working man. I do have dates at home. So that, if I am entertaining a young lady of my own noble calling, which she is sure to be or she wouldn't be there, I can tell her to go home, if I think necessary. That is, if she doesn't beat me to it. That's the comfortable thing about girls in your own business, they know about it.

"Furthermore, I feel more comfortable at home. I get a better dinner there than I do in cafes. And I'm not being gawked at. You distinctly do not like to be gawked at, Brent, you know don't. Even less do I wish to have a young lady gawk at me.

"I do appear in public once or twice a year. And the repercussions attendant upon this relatively and totally insignificant action are out of all proportion. But that's because there's something new or exciting on here who are vulnerable. When I appear in public with a lady, therefore, the best or the worst is immediately conjectured."

THERE was no stopping George now.
He added: "When I have time off, which is uncertain and equally seldom, I like to go to the desert, yes, yes, TO THE DESERT, to rest. They use this as additional, and much too repetitious, proof of my hermitic instinct. So it's doubtless playing straight into their skinny hands when I say that if I had more time I'd probably use it by going to Alaska (alone). Or I might even go to Tahiti, alone, if they have a boat (a schooner) and expect to go down to the sea in the ship as often, and for as long stretches of time, as possible. Next year, 1941, I'm going to Hawaii.

"One nice thing about talking to yourself is that you can doodle, conversationally. You don't have to follow any prescribed pattern. So I'll detour here to remark that I'm superstitious. Very. About everything. Let a bird fly in my window and I jump out of it! The sea is full of superstitions. Such as the one about the water line on boats. If you paint the water line a dark blue, someone will be killed on that boat. That I believe this to be the heathen truth is proved by the fact that I had the water line on my boat changed from dark blue to a brilliant red.

"When I make the trip to Hawaii, I am going to take a little red hen with me, and a little red pig. My Hawaiian friends recommend it. Also, the Hawaiians are going to kill a shark for me the day I sail. All of which means that I will have the wind with me, all the way. Irishmen are always superstitious. And you have the Irish in you, Brent, old thing, God knows, and the sea...

Now here is something I give 'Thos' for free: I have plans for an island hideaway.

Not Hawaii. I am going to investigate an island, one of the Virgin Island group, with an eye to buying it for a permanent home. You can buy such an island, eight by ten acres, for $600. No additional money is...
necessary, either for the purchase or there-
after. It's the only place I know of where the absolutely self-sustained and self-sufficient life is possible and is moving pictures. Or for instance, trading, trading vegetables, trading live-
stock, whatever your island, and you, pro-
duce. An income of $50.00 a month, down there, would put you in the swank, capital-
istic class.

"So why don't I go there? They'll ask me. I may, I haven't for the reasons others don't — the fear of striking out alone. A fear common to us all. We are birds, animals. We depart from the common run of existence hold terrifying implications. When I go, if I go, I'd want to marry, of course. Why not?

"SPEAKING of marriage," George said, "brings the ladies, not unnaturally, to mind. They've said, off and on, that you are a one with the ladies, Brent. (Brent gave out with a hollow cough.) They have said — with muffled and mysterious voices — that you know Garbo. Why the mufflement and mystery? Of course I know Garbo. We're very good friends. We like a lot of the same things, dislike a lot of the same things — which makes for compatibility. She has terrific intelligence, a great sense of humor. She has a personality. A remarkable character. One summer during our friendship, I was in love with her. Very much so. What of it? Nothing to whisper about, that I can see. Nothing strange or extraordinary about it.

"I've heard of the show of a man. He doesn't make him kin to a three-legged calf because he's in love with an attractive woman, one or more. Bette Davis and I saw a great deal of each other at one time. Again, why not? We were both free, unattached, mutually interested. If people would stop whispering about what they want to know, would ask me what they want to know about me. I'd tell them.

"But you've never said anything about Garbo,' someone said to me, recently. I answered, 'No one ever asked me.'

"Now 'They' are talking about Annie and me. With reason. 'They' say with that fantas-
tic coyness with which they seem to regard the phenomenal spectacle of a man and a woman being friends or being in love or marrying or doing what we are doing together. We are. And very pleasant I find it, too. Annie is one of those rare women with whom you can be as regular as you are with another man.

"They were wondered what 'technique' I use with women. None. I have no tech-
nique. Annie has no 'line,' that's why we get along. We both do our acting on sound stages, not off of them. That's how it is with us.

"However, I'm afraid of anything serious while I'm in this business, in this town. You lose perspective in Hollywood, values are down there. There's not enough time or space to make these six o'clock calls. For-
instance, you step on a set the first day of a new picture, meet a girl you've never laid eyes on before, and like an arrow, re-
engaged by a champion archer, you leap into her arms or she leaps into yours. This is symbolic of the place. It's much the same on the sets. Intimacies happen too rapidly and too often to take root. The roof is built before the foundation is laid. People out here get married that way, divorced that way. Building the relationship of love, as building the relationship of friendship, takes time. We're very slow, for instance. O'Brien's dressing room was next to mine and I've been in it only twice in the past five years. Time again, his and mine.

"They may now accuse me of be-
ing," he said with a trace of sarcasm, "may ask why, if I don't like what I'm doing, I don't get out of it. Well, for one thing I do like what I'm doing. For the most part. It's like whipping tired horses all the time. We must be horses or more of us would crack up than we do. We don't use our bodies much, other people's minds put the words into our mouths; other people have invented and perfected the mechanical devices we use. So that our nerves are what we work with, our nervous systems are what we work with, and we use, in our work.

"The upshot of it is that, whether like what we're doing or not, we can't get out of it. We're not geared for other jobs. We're like people with few who would be lost if they registered normal.

"But don't get me wrong. I'm glad I'm an actor. I don't think I could have stood any-
thing, anything I wanted to be, and intended to be — a lawyer. Which has much in common with acting. Both get the spotlight. I like actors. They're the most generous people in the world, not only in Hollywood, not only in the world, too. And there they take the worst licking. They are more warmly applauded than any group of people in the world and more coldly forgotten. I don't find myself passing through this business. Most transient pro-
fession in the world. But I love it.

"And what about the money, Brent? 'They' will say. 'Come clean, the dough's the thing anyway.' No. Money doesn't mean anything, not to me. Not that I get a lot. I don't belong in the high income brackets. So what? I can't eat more than the guy who makes $75.00 a week. I'm extravagant, God knows. I always pick up every cent that I see in sight, contributed Annie, who popped in on the word 'extravagant,' got the drift, popped out again.

"If I didn't have a secretary,' Brent was saying, 'I wouldn't have a cent to my name. Still, once I see the light, I dump. I'll always dump. Like that big, oversized elephant of a house I set myself up in for a time. I sold that. Too expensive. I moved back to my old, small house on and in Lake. And I may stay there long, either. I'm a restless soul. I've lived in six houses since I came to Hollywood.

"WHAT IS it you want? I've been asked. I don't know what I want. If I knew, I'd walk out of here tomorrow and get it. It's nothing material, I know that. I've gradually got everything I ever wanted, money. But now that I've got a thing, I don't want it."

"I've been called a pessimist. I've been called an 'idealist' who won't face facts. Maybe. But translated that means, Irish man, making everything from anyone, anyone means being a pessimist, I'm one. For I don't expect anything from anyone. It's nice once in awhile to be surprised, very good stuff if you can find it. But if I don't find it, that's all right. I don't like to get things from people, anyway. I like to be the giver."

"I suppose I'd be called pessimistic as regards my attitude about world conditions, today. I call it 'facing facts.' It seems to me that everyone with any thought at all, is waiting ...

"I think," said Brent, suddenly pivoting in his chair, so that he faced me (and Annie, as he did so, smiled and her voice stayed), "I think 'They' won't find much to say about me now, now that I've finished with my-
self ..."

"You've probably ruined their Indoor Sports for the winter," said Annie. "I hope," said Brent.
be gained by adding wine to holiday goodies, here's my favorite plum pudding recipe. I hope it will delight you and your family at Yuletide too. It's slightly expensive, yes, because all sorts of sweet and nice things go into the making of it. But after all—Christmas comes but once a year. And who was it that said, "What is Christmas without PLUM PUDDING?"

PLUM PUDDING WITH WINE

1 cup seedless raisins
1/2 cup diced candied orange and lemon peel
1/2 cup diced citron
1/2 cup sliced candied cherries
1/2 cup California sherry
1 cup chopped kidney suet
2 cups fine bread crumbs
1/4 cup white sugar
1/2 cup flour
2 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoon ground cloves
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
1 teaspoon ground nutmeg
1/2 cup chopped walnuts
6 eggs, well beaten

Combine fruits, add sherry, and let stand several hours, or overnight. Combine other ingredients in order given, add fruit-in-wine, mix well. Pour into one large (1 1/2 or 2 quart) mold or bowl, cover tightly (use vegetable parchment paper tied on snugly if mold does not have a lid). Set mold on rack in kettle, pour boiling water around it, letting water come up well on sides of mold; cover kettle, and boil vigorously 3 1/2 hours. Add more hot water as it boils away. Serve at once, if desired; or cool and store in cold place until needed, then steam as directed above about an hour, or until thoroughly heated. Makes 12 to 16 servings. Serve hot with Sherry Hard Sauce.

SHERRY HARD SAUCE

4 tablespoons butter
2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
1/4 cups Califormia sherry
Cream butter thoroughly. Gradually blend in sugar and wine, beating until light and fluffy. Drop by spoonfuls on waxed paper and chill until needed. Serves 8 to 10. Recipe may be doubled if desired.

CHRISTMAS without fruit cakes? Never! Here again I've tried to save your time and energy, but when not spent chopping and peeling, and pitting and mixing. Here's a magic fruit cake recipe you'll adore (see picture). It's simplicity itself to prepare——and just a word of warning——as you read through the ingredients, don't think that I've forgotten to include flour and baking powder in the recipe. Believe it or not, it just doesn't need any! That's why it bears the name it deserves——

"MAGIC" FRUIT CAKE

1 1/2 cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk
1 cup chopped walnut meats
1/2 pound (3 cups) shredded coconut
1 cup pitted dates, coarsely chopped

Thoroughly blend sweetened condensed milk, chopped walnut meats, shredded coconut, and dates, which have been coarsely chopped. Pack in a greased loaf pan (8”x5”x3”). Bake in moderately hot oven (375°F.) 25 minutes, or until brown. Remove from pan and allow to cool thoroughly. Cut into thin slices.

And jars and jars of holiday cookies help to complete everyone's conception of traditional Christmas goodies. If you have children, make PLLENTY, especially of these molasses cookies (see picture) for they'll go like wind! Should you want to set aside a quantity of them to give away as gifts—after they're baked, cool them thoroughly on a wire rack, then pack in air tight tins or boxes with waxed paper between the layers. They'll keep for a month or longer.

MOLASSES COOKIES

3/4 cup melted fat
1 cup pure New Orleans molasses
1 cup brown sugar
1 cup thick sour milk
6 cups flour
3/4 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons ground ginger
1 teaspoon soda
1 tablespoon lemon extract

Mix melted fat, molasses and sugar until smooth; add sour milk; then flour, sifted with salt, ginger and soda. Add lemon extract. Mix to a smooth stiff dough; chill until firm. Roll on floured surface to about 1/2-inch thickness; cut into rounds, crescents or other shapes. Place on greased baking sheet and bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 8 to 10 minutes. If you like your molasses cookies crisp—roll the dough very thin.

DANDY SNAPS

1/2 cup molasses
1/2 cup butter
1 teaspoon ground ginger
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 cup flour
1/2 cup sugar

Heat molasses to boiling point, add butter. Then slowly, stirring constantly, add other ingredients which have been sifted together. On oiled baking sheets drop 1/2 teaspoon batter at intervals of 2 to 3 inches. Bake in slow oven (325° to 350°) about 10 minutes. Cool slightly and roll over the handle of a wooden spoon. This makes them curl up attractively.

This month I've prepared a bounteous leaflet containing recipes for "HOLIDAY GOODIES GALORE." Below you will find a coupon which, when filled in, will bring these FREE recipes to you. Send your request today!

Pauline Rawley
MOTION PICTURE Magazine
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There is a Cinderella!

(Continued from page 38)

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BAUER & BLACK

BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

...a child of show business—revealing, as it does, the ups and downs of a young girl's struggle. He would sometimes remember the old days. Hollywood. It is a story which ends, as all the best stories do, in Dreams Come True...but every dream.

"I am not the head of show business," Diana said. "My dad was in show business for nearly fifty years. He was one of the pioneer rub characters. He was known as Si Plunkett, and he made Si a family byword. It was my mother who started the old gag of a bulldog dressed up in a coat, walking up and down in front of the theater, advertising the show. He was a great acrobat, a clown, a tumbler, an all-around acrobat. He was noted, especially, for his whistling. He was a very great showman."

"We were one of the old-time 'family' acts, the Foys. Mother was the soubrette in Dad's company. Then when we children came along, we joined the show. My sister, Marion, came first. When she was three, gave Si his act. Then came my brother, J. C., Junior, then Maxine, then me. It was after my brother was born that the Si Plunketts went into vaudeville. My brother was as famous a showman as I was a kid, as Jackie Coogan was famous on the screen. I actually slept in the tray of the old family theatrical trunk you read about...it was my cradle!"

"I was three, too, when I first joined the show. I used to sit in the wings and watch all the acts. That's how I learned to dance, that's how I learned whatever I know about taping! That's what gave me the idea when I was a kid, as Jackie Coogan was famous on the screen. I actually slept in the tray of the old family theatrical trunk you read about...it was my cradle!"

"We traveled constantly. We saw the world, like a wonderful kaleidoscope! Except for two months in the summer when Dad would take a house at Nantasket Beach and the children would have time off. We lived just like 'folks.' It was fun, too, but we were always ready for The Road again!"

"MOSTLY we were with Grow-Ups. You see, which is what makes me so mature for my age! (Mr. P. calls her Mouse!)"

"We used to play the Palace every year. We worked on the same bills with Grace Hayes, Eddie Cantor, the Two Black Crows, Mac West, Frank Fay, all the Big Ones. We knew all their acts by heart. But we had hoped to have a whole show. We were very carefully brought up. We were never allowed to run around the theater.

"Mother taught us reading, writing, and arithmetic. We always lived in the best hotels, had the best clothes, the best toys and MUCH the best FUN! Every Christmas, no matter where we were, we had a tree, a BIG one, and we always hung up our stockings, and on birthdays we had our cake. As a child, I remember my wish was to hear a Cinderella story, properly speaking, you see, not until I came to Hollywood...although of course I never expected to even meet a big star like William Powell, let alone marrying him.

"You might say that our family was the average American family with just one, and only one exception—that instead of living in a tiny town called West, we lived on The Road!"

"And then? I asked.

"And then," she replied, "one day as he was carrying me (I must have been about four, I think), we had our backsstage, my dad slipped and fell, and all the way down that flight of iron stairs, on his hip. He held me high above his head so as to protect me. For some months he seemed to be all right. He forgot about the fall.

"ONE night, on the stage, he just suddenly crumpled up and fell to the floor! I went to his rescuer. His hip bone was gone, eaten away. His whole world was shattered. For an acrobat, a man whose whole life has been centered in the highly-geared, highly-efficient machinery of his body, to become a cripple—well, good-by to all the life he knew!

"But that's where the 'family' act comes in. J. C. and Maxine got jobs. We lived in Oklahoma, New Mexico, Texas. When they struck a play which was a Doodle, as a kid, as Jackie Coogan was famous on the screen. I actually slept in the tray of the old family theatrical trunk you read about...it was my cradle!"

"Mother and I came to California when I was twelve years old. When I was thirteen I went to Lawlor's Professional School. Mickey Rooney was there, Anne Shirley (she and I became best friends), Anita Louise, Judy Garland, Tom Brown, lots of the kids. We lived near Grauman's Chinese Theater then. We could see, from our windows, the stars and the lights that they had big premieres, Anne and I would stand, our faces glued to the window, planning what we would wear when we went to premieres, who would take us and all! Little did I ever dream that I'd ever walk up that velvet carpet announced as 'Mrs. William Powell!'"

"In the meantime, my brother went to KHJ. He's now the top producer there. He became a successful story writer and then he wrote a revue for the stage. I got the itch again. I wanted to be in it. My brother said 'No' and to stop pestering him. I didn't stop. I continued pestering until he said he would give me a role in his revue with the condition that I get back in again. So, thinking to insult me, I said, 'Well, I'm sorry, I'll let you out of the chorus!' He was fit to be tied when I said 'Fine' and went in the chorus! At the last minute, he broke down and wrote a little song for me to do with two other kids. We were little white nightgowns and looked about five!

"The revue was called 'Swim Sham,' was given at the Hollywood Music Box, and I was in 12 chorus routines besides doing my trio number. At the end of the last act I sat on the footlights, doing my stuff and while I was doing the last number the face, but—Francis Lederer! I got all excited. I went away saying 'buzz, buzz, guess who's out front!'

"At the end of the show, Benny Baker cornered me and says, 'Hi, Di; Lederer is outside; he's waiting for you!'

"'Yes, yes,' I say, 'sure, I know!' I think, 'he's ribbing me, I won't tumble!'

"Then, we met, he showed me the same thing. Stage managers don't lie. I thought, What is this, anyway?

"It wasn't a rib. He took me there! That was my first contact with a movie star! I who had been shown a little bit of life, hobnobbing with headliners, thought that a
"I'd waited and I waited. I wasn't, I think. There was a letter. I said, 'Hold on, I can't do it.' I always thought. I'd had my moment. 'Sure, Billy was going to do something. I have. I was the one. I skipped the test, took it. I'll do. I'm always nervous. I went out, put a smile on my face and did the contract.' I got a contract with Eddie Small. Eddie had only one star at the time, Louis Hayward. Plenty of time to plan big things for me, to concentrate on me. And he did—just like I wanted it. I had Gary Cooper! 'Hold on to your hat,' I warned myself, 'things like this don't happen!' They don't. They couldn't get Gary for the picture. I was to do The Life of Rudolph Valentino with Dell Casino. Dell didn't do it. Neither did I. Because it wasn't done.

I'm next to do Pago-Pago with Jon Hall. Now this, they tell me, is certain. I made the test with Clayton Moore. He was nervous and, trying to be Mother's little helper, I said, kiddingly, 'You'll probably get the part and I won't!' I didn't. But I have fittings, haven't I? This is to be the Making of Me. Then days pass and I hear nothing. Then Mr. Small's secretary calls: 'Germany has declared War,' she tells me, 'so your contract is cancelled!' I said, 'Interpreting for the first time, 'But...!!!!?'"

"An 'Act of God,'" said Diana, airily, making a large gesture with her small hand, "'Acts of God' can cancel out any contract. Fantastic, isn't it?"

"And then, my agent takes my Hal Roach test to M-G-M! Billy Grady wants to see me! I said, 'I will NOT go!' I hurt and humiliated me! He swats flies! My agent again prevailed! I went over, finally, but I'm very hoity-toity! My hair was dyed a screaming blond. Bill said, 'You will have to dye your hair back again' and I did. I made another test. I was signed! "And that," said Diana, "was a year ago."

me in. I'd always wanted to sing, even though I can't sing. (Wait until you hear me go West!) I hit every note in the scale in one bar! Larry Leeds saw me there. He offered me the job of soloist with his band. He hounded me and hounded me until Mother agreed to go with me on tour. We played at the Texas Centennial. Then Larry and I had a tiff and I just left and came back to town!

That was on the 4th of July. On the 5th, Max Arno, casting director at Warners, called me. 'Would you like to make a test?' I made the test. The next day they called and said, 'Come on out, your contract's ready! I signed the contract and was handed the script for my first picture, Larger Than Life, in which I played the lead with Frank McHugh. I was thrilled but I was hardened a little by this time. Oh, well for me that wasn't always the case! For after that picture nothing happened and I took my experiences, diction lessons, beat my brains out trying to improve my acting! And this is what I got for my pains.

"They told me I was to play a 'bit' in Gold Diggers with Rudy Vallee. Gosh, I've got some long nights. Billy came in, and a woman to get a girl from another studio... I must have done something awful, I thought... I now it was a name they wanted. Something I didn't have.

"I went back to Lawlor's. I was a failure, I thought. (I was dramatizing myself, of course, and loving it.) I was at the End of My Career, I was a Has-Beens."

"I did another show of my brother's, Rhythm Madness, in Pasadena. A young boy followed me around. He was our stage manager. His name was Wayne Morris. I did three shorts with Buster Keaton. I got pic thrown on me... ah, well, I sighed, I am a Trouper!"

"Then I didn't work for a year-and-a-half. My height was always against me. I always looked so young, so unsophisticated. Bill says I always still look unsophisticated," sighed the young Diana...

I didn't have much social life, either. I never was much for dates and youthful romance. I was 'arty,' with a heart in my work, such as it was! I did go out with Jimmy Ellison, quite steadily, for a year-and-a-half. It was serious and it wasn't, you know...

"I did a show at the Hollywood Theater. Came from Billy Grady, casting director at M-G-M. I went to M-G-M the next day, as bid. I waited and I waited. I was finally admitted to the Presence. He was sitting there, with his feet on the desk, awarding me a contract, said, 'Oh, yeah, saw you in the show last night, you were very good. But I haven't anything for you. Good-bye..." I burned so I was a danger as a 'chancer! WILD HORSES!' I said, couldn't drag me to M-G-M again!"

"I sang at Gordon's, a cafe in Beverly Hills, where Maxine was working; she got a part in the show, the show was wonderful. He said, 'Would you be interested in going in pictures?'

"I did one of those things. Then he said he'd call me in the morning. I thought, I'll tell you what. I'll have a little talk to some people at RKO about me. He said, 'Come over and make a test and I'll make it with you.' Now, that's something a big star seldom if ever does for a little Miss-Who's-It!"

"But wait... in Louella Parson's column that same morning there was an item about me. She said, 'She has made a new discovery! Me!' Immediately, Paramount called me. I went over. Without even a test, they signed me, giving me a smart $150.00 a week. 'A bird in the hand!' I thought, and skipped the RKO test, and took it.

"Well, they had me and they didn't know what to do with me. They put me into the studio dramatic school. There were others in my class, Fred MacMurray, Ray Milland, Ann Sheridan, Dean Jagger... even then, Dean Jagger was wonderful and that was seven years ago. I'd better be a Girl At Work when that happened!

"I don't have to worry, I thought, any longer. I had reared its ugly, little head! I had been working in the picture for several days when the assistant director told me, 'I hear your option hasn't been taken up. Sorry, honey, but you're out of here!' I was, I didn't argue. I have no talent for it.

"I thought of going back to the stage, into stock, anything. I'd look at other girls and think, 'Oh, you want to be movie girls!'

"The only reason I was put to work was that I had the look. I was a mad girl, literally!

"I didn't have much chance to act, either. I never was much for dates and youthful romance. I was 'arty,' with a heart in my work, such as it was! I did go out with Jimmy Ellison, quite steadily, for a year-and-a-half. It was serious and it wasn't, you know...

But I've had it. I'll cut my cards and get out of the show business."

"She is a wonderful actress."

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"Stardust"

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"A Modern Miracle!... a year-round slip with a rayon crepe fabric as soft as a handful of clouds, yet so utterly different in weave, so sturdy and long-lasting that we can confidently LIFE INSURE it for one whole year! Body fashioned with four-gore alternating bias construction, STARDUST Slips will not twist, shift or creep. Rounded, dartin' bustline, under-arm curve and narrow bottom assure ideal fit. Washable, will not shrink or fade. A value miracle, too... at about $19."

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If you suffer from rheumatic or neuritis pain, try this simple inexpensive home recipe. Take a pack- age of Ru-Ex Compound, a week’s supply, mix it with a quart of water, add the juice of 4 lemons. Often within I hour—sometimes overnight—splendid results are obtained. If the pains do not quickly leave you, return the empty package and I will credit you nothing. You pay only the cost of mailing under an absolute money-back guarantee. Ru-Ex Compound is for sale by druggists everywhere. 

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I've made Forty Little Mothers, Andy Hardy Meets Debutante and now I'm having the time of their lives with the Marx Brothers in Go West!

"Billy Grady and I are fast friends now. I've told him how I felt about him first, and he's explained why he's to be like that, at times, has to be cruel to be kind . . ."

"And I met Bill. (Diana’s face when she said those four words told a story—tailed—words. Oh, and the way they came together!) It was at a luncheon Mr. Mayer was giving for some visiting big-wigs. Maureen O’Sullivan and Bill were standing in the doorway, talking. And when Mr. Mayer spoke and I introduced to Bill. I said, 'How do you do’ and Bill said, 'How do you do' and we didn't speak again . . . that day. Weeks passed and when I was told my husband was to make some publicity stills in a behind-the-scenes. Mr. Powell had kindly loaned us his swimming-pool for the art. When we got there I said, 'Oh, isn't it beautiful here, it's wonderful!' If anyone had said that day—'This is to be your home,' I would have had that person put away! I didn't expect Mr. P. would be there. But he was. He asked, for they had all been there. I thought, Oh, isn't he a sweet guy? We had fun after lunch, playing Caruso records. When we left, Mr. Poo said to me (I call Bill M.) with a smile 'I’m a movie (Mrs.)! Would you have dinner with me some night? And I said, ‘I’d love to,’ falling off the chair."

"When I got home a big package was waiting for me! It was twelve Caruso records. I knew you were a big fan of Caruso, and you would enjoy them, William Powell! That was the Beginning! A few days later I got a phone call. A voice said, 'Do you know who this is?' I said, 'No.' The voice then said, 'Oh, Lord, it's HIM!' He said he was invited to a quiet little dinner at Myrna Loy's house. He asked me to go with him. Well, I'm out of my mind, I don't know what happened!"

"We go to Myrna's. I feel just like a fan would feel, meeting Mr. and Mrs. Thin Man in person! I met Arthur Hornblow, of course, and Ronnie Colman and Reggie Gardner. I am in a whirl! Well, the first thing that happens, Mr. Poo has knocked my hand and the glass of wine I'm holding spills all over the place and I can't even get into dinner, splashed! The next thing, he drops his jacket in his soup and it dunks me, sitting next to him! The next thing, he elbows me a line and it gets me in the eye! I guess I knew, then, that he was a real dude."

"The next thing, he takes me to dinner at Chasen's. I had never been to Chasen's! We go up to the Little Room with some other people and they begin singing old songs and don't know the lyrics and I, being in vaudeville, know them all and they can't get over it! Another night we went to the Grove... Bill sent me white orchids... I'd never seen them before, nor any other kind, truth to tell! We had a wonderful time; we closed the place and went on from there."

"It's Christmas Eve and I'm alone with my family, of course. It comes a messenger boy staggering under a huge basket of every flower that grows! On top is a white, glittering Christmas tree! All trimmed, and on the top-top of the tree—a white rubber MOUSE! Tied to the basket were bottles of perfume, and a little white radio for the head of my bed, reading-light and all!"

"That's Bill," sighed Bill's Diana, "he thinks of lovely things to do and lovely ways to do them which, of course, makes life a lot more fun! "This year's, Bill drives Mother and me to Palm Springs to join Maxine. Even Mother didn't believe it when Bill asked us to drive down."

Well, it was down there, we were driving back from the dunes one evening; we were on the desert in the moonlight, when he asked me to marry him! I was very calm," said Diana, un-calmly, "just as though I'd had time to weigh the whole thing, and give him my answer!"

"Bill asked Mother in person, finally, for my hand. He asked Dad. He said, 'Everything must be done the right way,' . . . The next evening we were all having dinner at Bill's house. He suddenly said to me, 'Want to drive to Yuma tonight?' I said, 'OK.' Then he said, "I've got to talk to you!"

"Well," said Diana, out of breath, "the papers carried most of the story, I guess, when it all happened. Except that I drove down in a ratty old jalopy, and Bill had a long hair, print dress I'd had on ever since we left Palm Springs that morning, running in my stocking. I was a Character! We drove through rains and mountains fog, Bill, Nat Wolfe, Larry Barbier of M-G-M and I, the clutch went back on us and we had to borrow a broken-down jalopy in which I am positive, the Thin Man never arrived at anywhere near tip-top condition. We got married there, with Edna Best as matron of honor, you know. And that was a year ago, January 5, 1940 . . . and this is the first time I've ever talked about it."

"A ND here I am ... completely happy. M-G-M took up my option a few weeks ago and . . ." Diana examined her shoes. "This morning, I felt so definite about it! I believed it was a beautiful, platinum thing, crusted with sapphires and diamonds, lipstick to match . . . she said, then, 'There's a little story about this!' 

"Believe me, M-G-M's commercials make you feel as if you had nothing! It's the most wonderful thing in the world, when you're being married to Mr. Poo."

"Every month, we have an anniversary ... we give each other presents ... last month I gave Bill his gift in the morning. He didn't give me anything. The whole day passed, nothing. Oh, well, I thought, he has forgotten; this can’t go on forever. At dinner Bill said, 'Oh, I forgot, look under your chair!' I did! There was a big bottle of perfume for me! This went on, bottles of perfume with every course! During the last course he said, 'There's something for you on my desk, want to look?' It was a beautiful diamond bracelet!"

"It is like living in a Sprie Package, life with Bill," laughed Diana, "I could write a book about it—already! Just last week, I was really thinking I wished I could see The Great Ziegfeld again ... one evening Bill said, 'Let's go to a show.' We drove to M-G-M! We went to a projection-room and we saw—you've guessed it—The Great Ziegfeld! I cried when I watched it, Bill was so wonderful in that . . ."

"So ... that's how it is all, sweet and surprising . . . our routine at home is—no routine! I may get home this very afternoon (Mr. Poo will be in the pool, no doubt!) and he may say, 'Let's have dinner out tonight!' And we'll couple of weeks straight, swimming, reading, playing records, seeing some of Bill's best friends, Myrna and Arthur, the Ronnie Colmans, the Walter Baxters, this John Barchet... messes ... my family ... I just feel that I want to do whatever he wants to do and that's the way it should be . . . and he does everything I want to do ... and you know, we are completely happy, about everything?"

"Do not," I said, managing to get in the last word (also the first, practically, since nobody under you are not a borderline case ... 'whacky' would be the only way to describe any other girl with a Cinderella story such as yours!"
such a star. And so being, they have hit upon a certain plan for their marriage. You haven't heard it before, I am sure.

Loretta and Tom haven't gone about "talking for publication." They wanted their private affairs kept private. But because each is an understanding person, and a kind one, I believe they won't object too much if I herewith explain this plan. It seems to me they wouldn't if for no other reason than their own ideas of marriage might serve to help and encourage other newlyweds to start out right. It was Tom Lewis' idea. They say that as in love with Loretta as he was, he wouldn't have asked her to be his wife if she had not been willing to exchange her own pretentious plan of living for the plan he was able to provide for her. This plan:

Loretta has given up her gorgeous mansion in Bel-Air, where she lived with her mother, Mrs. George Belzer, and her sister, Georgianna Young. This home was exquisitely furnished with rare antiques and priceless rugs and lovely paintings. Its grounds were vast; its tennis courts superb; its swimming-pool one of the finest in Bel-Air, which in turn is one of the finest residential districts of California. It was staffed with high-priced servants. It was a Show Place, the kind of place you'd expect a glamorous screen star to live in.

But the house in which Mrs. Tom Lewis dwells is quite startlingly different. It is a modest, seven-room house in Beverly Hills, There are no priceless antiques nor rare rugs nor fabulous paintings. The furnishings are simple, serviceable, comfortable, and inexpensive. There is no swimming-pool, no tennis court, no pretentious landscaping, no huge staff of servants. There is only one servant, in fact.

In OTHER words, they live on Tom Lewis' salary. Now, I don't mean that this isn't quite a salary, as young business men's salaries go. Tom, connected with one of the biggest advertising agencies in the country, is in charge of all of his firm's radio shows on the west coast. His job is a good one and he does it well. He can "deliver a Crosley," as they say when discussing radio statistics, as well as the next one. Or better. But an advertising executive's salary is not a movie star's, and no one expects it to be. Still, with the money that Tom Lewis does make, he expects to support his wife. And that means support her!

Loretta will perhaps keep on in pictures, for a while. But the money she makes will go into an unbreakable trust fund, to be hers at some much later date, or, perhaps, her little adopted daughter's. Meanwhile, she is dependent upon her husband for everything. He has given her an allowance with which to run the house and buy her clothes and supply herself with pin money. And, as any young wife is supposed to do, she tries to keep within it.

If that means patronizing the bargain counters once in a while, why she'll do that. If it means going without some of the niceties of living to which she has long been accustomed, she will do that, too. She plans the meals, does the marketing, helps the maid with the house-work on extra busy days. She's a wife, first, and a movie star if there is any time left over.

And that is the way she wants it. Loretta has been in pictures a long time, for all she is now only twenty-seven years old. "Too long," she said to me one day about a year ago. "I'm tired and I know I've missed a lot of things that other girls have—things that no career can compensate. Someday, I want to stop and live ..."

Well, she is doing that, now. She is stopping to live, not as a famous screen star, but as Any Girl. And their courtship might have been Any Couple's—Loretta and Tom's. They met about a year ago, when Loretta came into the agency's offices in Hollywood to talk over a Screen Guild show she was going to do. They looked at each other and smiled and got along fine from that moment on. Others began to notice it and weren't at all surprised when they began keeping steady company. Not that they mixed romance and business.

For a while, there, before he met Loretta, Tom used to go around with Glenda Farrell, and Glenda used to come regularly to rehearsals and broadcasts he'd be supervising.

[Continued on page 79]
BROKEN DATE, BROKEN FRIENDSHIP because of "REGULAR" PAIN

Explaining is difficult when you have to break appointments because of menstruation's functional pain. Yet how easy many women now find it to relieve such pain—
to carry on in comfort—with the aid of Midol! Midol contains no opiates. It is a new formula, developed for its special purpose. One Midol ingredient is prescribed frequently by many doctors, probably by your own. Another ingredient, exclusively in Midol, increases the comfort most users enjoy by reducing spasmodic pain peculiar to the menstrual period.

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NEW SUPER SOFT

D. Scholl's

Zino-pads

78
What Loretta Young Gave Up for Love

[Continued from page 77]

But not Loretta. She never came, unless it was to appear on a program. On a Sunday evening after the Griff show, Tom would go over to the Hollywood Derby with the "gang" to "hush over" things as is the habit of many a radio cast from CBS and NBC. But after a little while, he'd say, "Well, I'll be running along." And he'd leave and take Loretta out to dinner.

You'd see them at Ciro's and Victor Hugo's and the Derbies and places, lots of times, but never with the usual Hollywood crowd. They'd either be by themselves or with friends quite unidentified with radio and pictures.

And it was the same at the wedding. It was just a little wedding they had out there in Westwood in the Church of St. Paul. Music, decorations, everything, were simple, and unpretentious. The bride was breathtakingly lovely, of course.

So Loretta, whose life, despite her fame and success, has known too little of joy and of peace, seems to have found them at last. Her husband is tall, dynamic and handsome. He has breeding and background. He is a graduate of Union College in Schenectady, N. Y., and a member of Phi Delta Theta. He is successful. He is attractive. He is well liked. More than that, like Loretta, he is a member of the Catholic Church, which must mean much to them both. This is Tom's first marriage and, you almost might say, Loretta's, too, since that marriage of hers to Grant Withers so long ago, was later annulled.

SINCE that time, Loretta has been in love—yes, but never happily so. Once upon a time, it was with Spencer Tracy, during those years that he was separated but not divorced from his wife. But Loretta's religion came first. A Tracy divorce could not solve this problem, for her.

Then she and Eddie Sutherland, the director, began seeing a lot of each other. Eddie was obviously head over heels in love. Sometimes you decided she felt the same way. Certainly, she thought a lot of him... But I guess not enough.

Then Loretta met and came to care a great deal for William P. Buckner, Jr. But he was tried and convicted on charges of mail fraud; was married to Adelaide Moffett, the New York debutante.

But now, all that is changed. She has found happiness all the more precious because it was so long delayed. She has missed much of youth—but she is still young. And perhaps the girlhood which she appears to have sacrificed, has not been sacrificed, but only exchanged for a new appreciation of life's values. Perhaps she is the winner, not the loser, after all.

She has said to the newspapers that she will continue her career on the screen. And Tom Lewis has said that he wants her to do this if she wishes. But in confidence, she has said something quite different. "I don't tell where or to whom, That is not important. It is what she said that is important, because it reveals the kind of a "career" Loretta Young Lewis is hoping for deep down in her heart:

"I hope our family starts right away! I want three... at least..."

And it looks like Loretta's wishes are coming true—for rumor has it that she has a date with the Stork.
in a mirror without finding that out. But nobody can tell her that she's more attractive than five million other girls. Nobody can tell her that she can count on her looks to make her famous. She's convinced that if she has to amount to anything, she's going to have to work hard.

If there ever was a typical American attitude, that's it. And it explains Larraine. She has had it all her life.

She was born Larraine Johnson, the little town of Roosevelt, Utah, the youngest of seven children. "I'm a twin, but I came after my brother, and I wasn't expected. They had a name already picked for him—Lamar. They couldn't think of a girl's name to match his, so they did the next best thing. They called me 'Larraine,' only they changed the spelling to 'L-a-r-r-a-i-n-e' to make the first two letters of my name the same as his."

Her father was, and is, a contractor. Her brothers and sisters are anything but actors and actresses. As far back as the family history can be traced, no one has remotely related to her ever had an urge for the theater in any capacity.

Larraine can't explain the phenomenon, but the urge overtook her at about the age of six. She decided then that she was going to be an actress. "I think Billie Dove had something to do with it. She was my idol, and I wanted to be like her. I can remember finding front row every time she was on—and staying through two shows. At the age of six." Something she can also remember is forcing her brothers and sisters, and any available neighborhood mopplets, to take part in back yard dramas of her own invention. "I was always both the star and the director—a horrible dominating child. I'd show them how to sing, how to dance, and how to act. One time the boys wanted to do some Westerns, but there wasn't much a girl could do in Westerns, so I stopped those."

As additional proof she must have been a "horrible" child, she cites these facts: "I stole some candy once and got caught. My mother made me march down to the store and pay the man—a very painful thing to have to do. But what really hurt was that my best friend was the one who told on me. My twin brother was always so good, and I was always getting him into trouble. Mother would tell us both to stay on the front porch, and he would be all for obeying, but I'd think of more exciting things to do."

"I don't know how many times we set out to walk to Hollywood, which was my idea of something to do. Once we were well on our way—a mile or more—before Mother caught up with us. She told the kind of little girl that little boys would lie in wait for, to throw rocks at. . . . I was always belonging to some gang, which was always fighting with some other gang, with sixteen on one side and five on the other."

When Larraine was about 10, the Johnsons moved to another small town—Rialto, California, a move that had a profound effect. "No matter what they would let their children speak to me, because I was a Mormon, I had no playmates except my own brothers and sisters, and I was resentful about that. My revenge was to make up stories about imaginary wonderful people I knew, and then act out the stories. There wasn't anything else that gave me such satisfaction. That cinched things. I had to be a performer."

Soon, thereafter, the family moved to Long Beach, which was big enough to be different from her religion. It was also big enough to have a Little Theater, and elimination of the schools, and drama classes. And—it was only 30 miles from Hollywood.

She didn't know, when she started, that it would take her years to cover those 30 miles. She wonders now if she would ever have started, had she known. She supposes she would have. Acting was the one thing she wanted to do.

"And I'm a Mormon," she adds simply. "As a Mormon, I believe that you can get anywhere you want to get if you work hard enough and don't double-cross anyone, going up."

In junior high, she concentrated on elocution and won blue ribbons all over the place. But the blue ribbons weren't her goal. Her goal was to be in the Long Beach Players' Guild—which the speech awards helped her to do. The directors decided to let down the age bars and let her in, even if she was only in her early teens.

She wasn't a popular school girl. "I was a strange sort of person who walked around with her head in the clouds, not seeing people, not talking to people. I was always mentally rehearsing lines. At noon, the others would all go outdoors. I'd go in the empty school auditorium and rehearse. After school, I'd walk fifty blocks to the theater, to rehearse some more, sometimes straight through to midnight. I'd do my lessons in the morning, before I went to school. . . . No, my family didn't object to all this. They seemed to think, just as I did, that I was going to be an actress. Certainly as long as they could remember, I had been talking about it."

One of the directors of the Guild was a man named Elias Day, once a Broadway stage director. Crippled, living in Long Beach for his health, he kept up his contact with the theater through advising the Guild. He knew more about stagecraft than anyone Larraine had ever known. Though he wasn't a professional coach and didn't take private pupils, he promised him to take her as a pupil. Finally, he consented.

"Most of the acting I know today, I learned from him," she says.

She had been working with the Guild a little more than two years when a Hollywood agent named Marty Martin saw her in a Guild play—and decided that, young as she was, she had talent the movies could use. With the ardor of a discoverer, he set out to sell her possibilities to Hollywood.

"He didn't have much luck," she says, "—for a long time. I don't understand why he didn't give up trying. I think I would have, if I hadn't talked so much. He'd call me up and say it was just too bad the producer or director. I'd rush up to Hollywood on the train—and come home on the bus, to save money, just in case I didn't get a contract. I did that three times a week for two months."

"Then Paramount signed me, and told me what a find I was. I lived to learn that studios tell that to all newcomers, even the
ones they think are dreadful. I was one of those. I lasted just six months. During those six months, I wasn’t in even one still picture. They didn’t even ask me to pose for leg art. And I was in just one movie. I had a small part in a Lew Ayres picture—which was shelved. I hated Lew, and he couldn’t stand me. Now we’re lovers in the *Kildare* series and get along beautifully.

“After Paramount, I did three Westerns with George O’Brien. There was a faint touch of irony in my making my movie bow in Westerns, after my early loathing for them. But I couldn’t have had any better training than those three pictures. When you’re in a Western, you don’t have any chance for retakes. You have to be ready on the first take, because there aren’t any others.

“**WHEN** I had first come to Hollywood, I had looked around for a good coach. Someone had told me about Florence Enright, who had coached Katherine Cornell and James Cagney. I went to her and asked her to take me as a pupil. She said she didn’t take private pupils. I had to argue for two months before she agreed to take me—to keep me quiet. And then, after the third Western, my income stopped.

“I made up my mind that I wasn’t going to let the lessons stop. Each lesson cost $25. I walked everywhere to save carfare, I spent ten cents less for lunch than usual, and I went only to shows where I knew the manager and could get in free. And I had enough for one lesson a month, anyway.

“Didn’t I ever think of getting discouraged? No. I was having fun. Even if I hadn’t made a dent in Hollywood, I was a celebrity in a minor way, taking lessons from a famous coach. And, frankly, I liked being pointed out as a shining example of a hard worker. All this time I was still working with the Long Beach Players’ Guild.”

If she hadn’t been so willing to work, an M-G-M talent scout wouldn’t have seen her in a Guild play two and a half years ago. Result: screen test. Result: contract.

They asked her to change her last name. She took the name of Day in memory of the man who taught her acting and didn’t live to see her get her big break. He died only a few days before she signed her contract.

She made her M-G-M debut as Wallace Beery’s niece, fresh over from Ireland, in *Sergeant Madden*. A typical colleen, not a typical American girl. Acquiring that Irish accent took a bit of doing. But not as much, Laraine says, as the Cockney accent she spent six months acquiring for *Northeast Passage*—in which you never saw her, because the second half of the book, in which she was to play the girl Robert Young married, was omitted from the picture.

In other words, all the effort she expended during those six months was wasted. “But if you didn’t make false steps,” says Laraine philosophically, “you’d get there too fast. If you eat your cake too fast, it’s all gone, and you have to sit by and watch other people eat theirs.”

She hopes she isn’t as close to stardom as people are trying to tell her. “The harder I have to work for it, the more I’ll deserve it if I get it. And if I do get it I want to be sure I deserve it. I’m not sure yet.” She can say that after seven years of persistent hard work.

She won’t believe people who make predictions about her future—unless they’re professional fortune-tellers. And it’s getting so she can’t believe them, either. Her favorite seers predicted that nothing would happen to advance her screen career in 1940. Laraine says, “I’m just waiting for this month to get going good because she told me I’d do something I shouldn’t. She also said I’d get three marriage proposals this year. What with conscription, that’s a pretty safe prediction. . . . Do you suppose she could have meant I’d get married this month? But I don’t know who the unhappy man could be. I’m not in love with anybody at the moment. Cross my heart, I’m not.

“Besides, I’m getting ready to build a house in Benedict Canyon. Does that look as if I had marrying ideas? It’s going to be ‘an Eastern farmhouse,’ and far up in the canyon, where she can keep horses.

She started a Little Theater company in Hollywood last year, to keep busy, acting, in her spare time. Now she has started a Little Movie company. Every Sunday they go on location, shooting 16-mm. movies.

Laraine doesn’t drink. Neither does she smoke. She once objected to leg art, but the studio has broken down her resistance to it. “They do such a beautiful job of retouching,” she says. She doesn’t think much of her figure. She wishes she weren’t quite so tall. She thinks five feet seven inches is tall. She has dark brown hair so curly that she’s forever trying to get the curl out of it. “It’s as stubborn as I am,” she says.

A few of the things she likes are hot dogs, hamburgers, green apples with salt, football games, sports clothes, comic strips, and—but why go on? You must have the idea by this time. She’s the glorification of a typical American girl.

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Why Myrna Loy Is a Man's Woman

[Continued from page 26]

Myrna screen's that she isn't The Perfect Wife. But people don't listen. They believe what they've seen.

Director W. S. Van Dyke started it all. He laid hands on a script that had been known for months—a little mystery drama called The Thin Man. He saw great entertainment possibilities in it, if it were played less for the mystery than for the swell relationship between the detective and his wife. He sold the idea to Producer Hunt Stromberg. Then came the problem of casting.

It was easy to visualize William Powell as Nick Charles. But it had played detectives before, and could lose sophistication. But who should play Mrs. Nick Charles? What actress on the screen had the right personality to look natural in the part?

Van Dyke has been accused of genius, choosing Myrna. Up to that time, she hadn't done anything remotely like the role of Mrs. Nick Charles. She had played smoky Oriental vamps, passionate native girls, exotic Other Women. Van Dyke had her. Myrna had the same colored maid, Teresa, for years. The same hairdresser, The same make-up girl. The same wardrobe woman. They have to work for her. They've been with other stars. But they're happy with Myrna.

Myrna's best friends call her "Minnie." Her husband calls her "Mn." And she loves it. She wouldn't, if she had a glamorous complex. One of her best friends is Hedy Lamarr. That also is a tip-off to Myrna. It isn't every femme star who can see something in another. Especially one as beautiful as Myrna.

In other words, Myrna isn't the kind of female who can't think of other women except in terms of competition.

A few years ago, people started calling Rosalind Russell her most dangerous rival. So what did Myrna do—start hating Roz? No. She wondered if maybe they didn't have something in common. She made a model of her sitting up in bed with Roz. And they have been pals ever since.

Myrna and William Powell hold the long-distance record for screen partnerships. They have done more pictures together over a period of six years. The reason why most screen teams break up long before that is that their egos can't stand joint billing. Each resents the other as a rival for popu- larity.

But Myrna doesn't have any more use for petty jealousy than Bill does. The longer they know each other, the closer they become. That says a lot for Myrna's wearing qualities with men, and it says a lot for her loyalty to a friend.

They're one screen team who get to- gether off the screen and almost never since Bill's marriage to Diana Lewis, which has made a foursome possible.

One thing that definitely makes Myrna a woman who appeals to men is her disposition. It's natural. She doesn't keep herself constantly stirred up. She doesn't harass herself, or other people, with petty worries. She doesn't get upset when things go wrong. She is pure optimism.

A woman who is constantly on tip-toe, wondering what will happen next, makes a man jittery, too. Myrna has the opposite effect. Her calm is infectious. And it isn't hard for Bill to get her she's like her Montana background. And maybe that Montana background explains it. 
She has the philosophy: “Easy does it.” She doesn’t whispash herself with ambition, trying to force things to happen. She isn’t a schemer. She takes things as they come. If they’re good things, fine. If they aren’t—well, better luck next time.

She isn’t complacent. She’s convinced that the world doesn’t revolve around her.

Somebody set out to convince her the other day that nothing could be more important than for her to pose for a certain photo. It was the wrong approach to try on Myrna. Because her answer was: “Don’t you know there’s a war going on in Europe?”

Few things bother her. But few people get the idea that they can impose on her. The tilt of that chin warns them that they’d better change their attitude.

The thing that bothers her most—and men love her for it—is injustice, like that story, just before she started Third Finger, Left Hand. She thought that she had turned down a certain actor as her leading man “because he wasn’t a big enough name.” That made her as boiling mad as she has ever been.

It didn’t bother her so much that the story was unfair to her—accusing her of thinking she was too good for a very good actor. What mattered was that the story was unfair to him—belying his recent screen accomplishments. Men have trouble of seeing that the thing that the wrong done him was righted.

A story appeared next day, pointing out that the best reason why he wasn’t going to be in Myrna Loy’s new picture was that he was starring in another.

MEN like a woman who plays fair. And Myrna plays fair.

Lionel Houser, who wrote Third Finger, Left Hand, is just one man who has found that out. This is how he found it out: Before the picture started, Myrna came to him and said, “I have a couple of suggestions for characters—and if you don’t like them, forget them.” As Houser says: “What a relief from the star who waits till a picture starts to think of changes, and then goes screaming to the producer, demanding changes—incidentally, demanding a different writer on her next script!” He asks skeptically, “Are there any other women in Hollywood like Myrna Loy?”

She doesn’t break into tears when she’s unhappy. Even then she can be calm. Like the time she had two floppo pictures in a row. She was plenty unhappy when she started getting the box-office reports. She didn’t sail into the Front Office on a river of tears, full of bitterness about the treatment she had been getting. She simply walked in and said she supposed they were as worried about those last two pictures as she was—but couldn’t they find something extra-good for her next?

A reasonable woman is a man’s woman. And Myrna Loy is a reasonable woman: She doesn’t try to baffle anybody. She doesn’t try to be a woman of mystery. Men like her for that, too. A woman of mystery may be fascinating, challenging. But when they want companionship they’ll pick a woman who’s predictable. Which Myrna is, with that even disposition.

She isn’t the prattling type. A man can trust her not to gossip. Even women can trust her not to do that. You should see Myrna, sometime, in a group of gossipy women. She’s the only one who isn’t talking.

She’s a sensational listener. Most women like to talk just to hear themselves talking. But Myrna doesn’t like to talk unless she has something to say. That endears her to men. So does her wide range of interests.

Conversational life with her wouldn’t be dull.

She won’t venture an opinion on a subject she knows nothing about—which is a rare trait indeed. It keeps popping out in Myrna. It popped out again during that scene in I Love You Again, in which she dumped the scrambled eggs on Bill Powell’s noggin. They tried rubber scrambled eggs first. They were unsuccessful; they bounced. So Director W. S. Van Dyke ordered some real eggs to be scrambled. Bill said, “Be sure to scramble them with milk. I’m allergic to any other kind.” Van Dyke said, “Who ever heard of eggs being scrambled with milk?” Bill said, “I never eat any other kind.” Van Dyke appealed to Myrna. “Can eggs be scrambled with milk?” Bill chimed in, “Can’t they?” She refused to venture an opinion. She wasn’t versed on the subject.

Don’t infer from this, however, that she has never scrambled an egg. She just hasn’t bothered to try a complicated way of doing it. Her cooking like her personality, is the acme of simplicity. On cook’s night out, she prepares steak and baked potatoes. A man’s dish.

Men like a woman with simple tastes. And Myrna’s answer the description. She doesn’t, for example, live in a showplace. Her house is a home. Architecturally, it’s a California ranch house. It’s tucked away in a hidden valley off Coldwater Canyon. She and her husband—Producer Arthur Hornblow, Jr.—discovered the spot while picnicking. (If she hadn’t had a taste for such a simple thing as a picnic, they would never have found the spot.) The rooms of the house aren’t of auditorium dimensions. They’re large enough to be spacious, small enough to be intimate. The living-room is actually livable. And flowers are all over the place. The gardener isn’t responsible for all of them. She planted, sprayed and fertilized some of them herself. Meanwhile getting more freckles.

Something else that makes her a man’s woman is her sense of humor. It isn’t every woman who would appreciate—as Myrna did—the gag gift that Bill Powell sent her on her last birthday: a huge funeral wreath, tastefully adorned with a streamer on which, in gold letters, was the thought “Be brave, dear.”

Men, the sentimentals, like a woman who’s a sentimentalist. And Myrna’s that. She came back from her recent visit to her old home-town, Helena, cherishing a horseshoe, which she was sure her pony had worn. While she was there, she made a personal appearance in the theater where she gave her first performance—a little sprite with butterfly wings. The thing that made her happiest was the fact that the people who used to call her Myrna still felt able to call her Myrna.

And last, but not least, she’s honest. It’s great publicity to be hailed as The Perfect Wife. “But,” says Myrna, “I’m not it.” She’ll have to do, though, till the perfect one comes along.

FREE

A valuable addition to your portrait gallery will be found in next month’s—JANUARY’S—MOTION PICTURE. It will be another of those beautiful color portraits—free of printed matter front and back like the one of Laraine Day on page 43 of this issue—which have been a monthly feature of MOTION PICTURE Magazine. It will be of WILLIAM HOLDEN, Hollywood’s latest heartthrob.
Trail, et cetera. That's where the brown boys come in, muscles flexed.

Some say the war is responsible for the rugged variation in leading men. In war-times brutality rules the world, force is kept, and the public heart, stories and radio accounts of horror and bloodshed, must have red meat in its entertainment. Their emotions, stirred by the terror that rules the world, must have stimulation just as strong or there is no escape from realities. Therefore, powerful drama is indicated. Not war stories, but Westerns, adventure, frontier, any kind of action drama. And the brown boys are needed to keep over the mood. Well, it's a good argument anyway.

It's not the way the brown boys see it, though. One—Victor Mature, an out-sized Cary Grant, with the same raggy nose, jet black hair and brows, African brown eyes, and the same brimming energy that there's another reason. Maybe the producers have always yearned for herculean types who could act, were not able to find them until recently, and had to content themselves with intellectual sham.

"Of course I resent your remark," smiled Mature (pronounced "Mah-toor-ah"). "All the big boys will. We don't like to have it thought that because we are big and muscular we haven't any brains. Match us mentally with any of the so-called intellectual actors and see what happens. Why, Brod Crawford's a brilliant guy, and many of the fellows you mention are college types and there's another reason. Maybe the producers have always yearned for herculean types who could act, were not able to find them until recently, and had to content themselves with intellectual sham.

Mature, for all his Rodin-like torso (we saw him change his dress shirt for a scene in No, No, Nanette, so we know), went a year and a half to the university in his home-town of Louisville, Kentucky. "And then I got tired of it, and checked it," he says. Broderick Crawford, the big boy with the basted nose, is a Harvard man. He spent twenty minutes there—just long enough to walk into the registrar's office, decide he didn't want to go to school, but he did want to act, and walk out.

A second and higher learning shows that John Carroll, Metro's "young giant," did a semester at Evanston's Northwestern, Dick Foran is a Princeton graduate, Jon Hall is a Harvard alumnus, and, according to English college, Dean Jagger was a student at good old Wabash, Dennis Morgan went to Wisconsin and Carroll College, Vincent Price has a B. A., from Yale to which he added European study.

Jack Carson graduated from Carleton College (Northville, Minn.), John Wayne is a former U. S. student and George Sanders attended and then Manchester Technical School. But all this erudition doesn't mean that the brown boys like to spend long evenings at home, surrounded by their dumbbells (iron) and books, translating Homer's Iliad from the original Greek.

"No, sir," says Mature. "In the first place, I'm too lazy. In the second place the only language I can speak is the language of German that is Austrian—because that's the language of my Austrian father and mother who came to this country from Innsbruck forty-one years ago.

It does not mean that all the muscle meat in Mature's private boast—but that most of them are pretty busy, either as husbands or fathers (half of them are married) or in the process of building coming un-married), or helping to build their individual Hollywood legends. The latter is important, for, with the renewed emphasis on brown, there has grown up a new school of personal publicity. With the natural emphasis on culture and wit. Nowadays the new heroes concentrate on adventure, the more lurid and gory the better, and they vie with each other in dashing out books. So far John Carroll, who has a long French name, Julian de Culouge Lafayette, comes from New Orleans, wins, hands down. The boys all laugh at that.

Carroll's salty saga starts at ten, just to give a rough idea, when he ran from home and got a job in a Texas steel mill. Sure, that's what's down in his biography. He was a "newsh," ran packages of guns across the Mexican border (his innocence of their contents was his shield); then he sailed around the world on a freighter. Murder, gang warfare, opium-smuggling, deep-sea hunting, and so forth, completely in Carroll's story, and even Enrol Flynn, who tells a whopping good one, himself, pales at Carroll's creations.

It may be professional jealousy, but the brown boys seem disinclined to include Flynn in their muscular circus, although he puts on as good a swash-buckling show as any of them. He comes from the timber and smorgasbord belt of Wisconsin, and in his veins run Scandinavian, Scotch, Dutch blood. There were no flights from home in his childhood, as in Carroll's story, but the sunners were spent in swinging an ax in his father's lumber camp in Wisconsin woods and there's nothing better for developing muscle.

In school he played basketball, football, baseball, and was a track man. He played semi-professional baseball, too. Morgan might have gone all to sinew if he hadn't attended. He had a fine tenor voice and his devotion to training it kept him from signing with the Yankees or going off pearl-fishing in the South Seas. Of all the boys, I believe he has the liveliest and most inquisitive brain. His interests range from the intricacies of Technicolor photography to trombone-playing and fishing for muskellunge.

BIG and bulky "Brod" Crawford, son of Helen Broderick and Lester Crawford, even if he comes from theatrical parentage, is not outdone when the brown boys get together to boast about their pre-Hollywood adventures. His included taking his Harvard tuition fees and going to New York to be an actor, which caused mamma and poppa to worry. He must have run out, big Brod signed as a seaman on a South American-bound tramp steamer that eventually took him three times to Europe, and engaged him in numerous fights.

In one light he has been broken which gives him visible proof of skirmish, an advantage over the other brown boys.

Fullest recognition of his husky qualities arrives when he and Andy Devine, no weasel figure of a man, stole all honors in When the Daltons Rode. Brod's reward for this late entry comes in being allowed to appear with La Dietrich in Seven Sinners, which also

The Brawn Boys vs. The Brain Boys
[Continued from page 47]

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ing. He matches his powerful physique with gentlemanly, but local, pursuits like athletics and pedigreed dog-raring. Dennis O'Keefe is the son of vaudeville parents (the Flanagans), has traveled all over the United States, and now gives his big frame expanding room on a San Fernando Valley ranch. He's a great hunter, too. Bob Preston is practically a California product, with routine background.

As a Baby, he fell an anarchist upriser with his father. At the age of eight, he and his brother, life settled down to the routine of Dunhurst, and then college. Once an adult he made off for the Argentine and Brazil and had himself a lot of local color, which makes for punchy copy when reporters sign on to the way of the London stage, to Hollywood.

Whenever Jon Hall wants to intimidate the other oomph-aholic hombres he can spellbind them all with legends of his native Tahiti. Or throw a few remarks about how the best fishing is done with the spear (as he does it) and not with rod and reel. Of French-American Tahitian descent, young Hall swims, dives, canoes, fishes like the hero of your favorite South Sea "escape" film, which he probably is, Mr. Goldwyn having cast him in Hurricane and Mr. Edward Small in South of Pago Pago.

Vic Mature, the Hal Roach Hercules, is outclassed, biographically, when he's in the company of these doughty lads but he has a local prestige that several would give a torn-in-two telephone-book and a bent belaying-pin. It was Vic who dreamed up the idea of living in a tent pitched in a friend's back yard, at a time when overhead covering and food were of greater necessity to him than publicity.

"I was paid $20 a month for a studio dollar a month," the strapping fellow said, "and I wasn't sure that the twenty would come in regularly. Answering phones, moving lawns, those are the ways I made it. So I got a tent and canvas, and when I got sick I planned to go on as a gangster in The Housekeeper's Daughter and I stayed right in the tent, because I figured that the money I made would keep me in hamburgers for nine years and I knew I should be able to crack pictures.

Mr. Mature still has the tent, tucked away somewhere, even if he has forsaken the rugged life for a house with two bachelor friends. Socially, the interlude hasn't hurt him much. With a physique that would make Atlas envious, he has scores socially-elect ladies like "Liz" Whitney, and does not ignore Hollywood products like Lana Turner. To the suggestion that the brown boys rate higher with the girls than the brown boys, and only because the women dote on the body beautiful, Mature says uh-uh: "It takes more than that." It probably has to do with technique.

The ranks of the calisthenic chums will be visibly enlarged when Paramount's Stirling Hayden makes his first screen appearance in Virginia, and he's going to be able to match any of the tall tales told, including Garbo's. Hayden is a sea-far'er, born in New Jersey, and he'll bowl the boys over with tales of how he sailed the seven seas.

Admittedly, these heroic stories work a hardship on the other members of the beef fraternity, but the boys bear up well. Lon Chaney, Jr., for instance, son of the famous actor, has refrained from territorial trai-
IS content yourself Wheeling, so.

Van Nuys home Mrs. Oakie wears the pants, and Oakie is content to have it so. He crossed her once and nearly lost her. He's not going to do it again.

Wise-cracks, he realizes at last, are all right in their places. Their places, he indicates, are in his past.

About his career, now, Jack is more than a little bit insured. He's rather amazed at the fact that he's starting all over again—after thirteen years and more than fifty pictures in Hollywood. True and naturally, he's very happy about it. It's not a pleasant thing for a man to face—even when he doesn't admit it out loud—that he's washed up. And whether or not he does admit it, that's exactly what Jack Oakie was facing until Chaplin cast him in The Great Dictator.

Sobered, quieter, older, Oakie is trying to figure out just what direction he wants his new career to take. Like most comedians, he's tired of being funny. He has the sneaking idea that he wants to play big, heavy, dramatic roles. But so far, he hasn't convinced any producer on that point.

Van Nuys home Mrs. Oakie wears the pants, and Oakie is content to have it so. He crossed her once and nearly lost her. He's not going to do it again.

So he'll go on being a comic—and he'll console himself with his old philosophy: "It's better than drivin' a truck!"

Today, making people laugh is a job with Oakie. It's no longer a free service to humanity; he's going to get paid for it, and he's not going to do much of it when he isn't being paid.

Never again, you can bet, will Jack Oakie pull another gag like the one he did a few years ago, when he attended a big producer's dinner party. Oakie arrived with a snotful. That was at the time when Hollywood was beginning to be more of a ball bored with Oakie's clowning. This particular night, the host and guests gave him the works. Instead of laughing at his sallies, they just froze. His funniest lines, his hardest efforts, didn't get a snicker. . .

Now, Oakie's no fool. He knew he was on the spot. Neither is Oakie a coward, to take things lying down. Many another person, in Jack's spot that night, would have sneaked away, licked. Not Oakie. Instead, he went to his host's telephone, called up Central Casting Bureau.

"Send me," he ordered, "four dress extras. I'll pay the full charge. All they gotta do is follow me around, and when I crack a joke, they gotta laugh, even if the joke stinks!"

Central Casting sent the extras, in dresses. For the rest of the evening they obeyed orders. Jack got his laughs—but it was Jack who PAID for them, instead of getting paid. He paid plenty—plenty, besides the $30 he coughed up for the four extras. Because his host, that night, was Darryl Zanuck, and when you get in bad with Zanuck, you're pretty much in bad all over Hollywood. Oakie and Zanuck parted right there—it was after that, that Oakie, whenever he had the chance, began giving that murderous impersonation of Zanuck.

"Zanuck," he said, "can't lick me."

Today, though, Oakie isn't giving that impersonation of Zanuck any more. Of late, Oakie has been working for Zanuck, and he was proud of it. And he can still work and save his face—for he was right when he said Zanuck couldn't lick him. Zanuck didn't. Nothing has licked Oakie. Oakie isn't licked—but, he has been spanked. Zanuck did a bit of it, but life did a lot more of it. The spanking made a new Oakie of him.

PREVIEW TONIGHT!

AND you're invited! The new Myrna Loy-Melvyn Douglas comedy, "Third Finger, Left Hand," is just one of the many important films on the all-hit program. Another is Cecil B. DeMille's "Northwest Mounted Police," starring Gary Cooper, Madeleine Carroll and Pauline Goddard. Clark Gable plays a daring foreign correspondent in his new picture, with Hedy Lamarr, "Casablanca," which you can preview tonight, too. It will cost you just ten cents for ten wonderful previews! Isn't that an entertainment bargain? MOVIE STORY'S previews are in the form of thrilling story versions of the films illustrated with actual scenes from the movies.

Get your copy today!

MOVIE STORY MAGAZINE

10c AT ALL NEWSSTANDS
**The Talk of Hollywood**

[Continued from page 51]

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**No More Jalopies For Wayne**

■ Wayne Morris has learned a lesson: NOT to go jalopy-riding with perfect strangers.

Seems that at Santa Barbara the other afternoon, Wayne was recognized by a group of youngsters who were his fans and who saw him while driving their stripped-down auto. They asked him to ride with them, and, good-sport-like, Wayne hopped in.

So excited were the kids that they ran SMACK into another car. And now Wayne is nursing bruises and a cut face.

---

**On Kissing**

■ Hottest battle-of-words in town, as this is written, comes exploding from the irate lips of Ann Sheridan and Mary Beth Hughes, two of the hottest hones in pictures. And what they're arguing about is KISSES and how to give 'em . . . !

It all started with that 56.2-second kiss Ann bestowed on George Brent in that movie take that got so publicized. All the whoop-te-doo about the long smacker got Beth burned up, and the other day, she popped out with her own recipe for a kiss that is a kiss.

It isn't how LONG the kiss lasts, take it from Mary Beth, but what it's got IN it.

"A kiss isn't an endurance contest," she sniffed, "That redhead Sheridan may think so, but take it from old Mary Beth: if a gal has got love on her lips, she can kiss a man for just a second—and he knows he's been kissed!

"I'm just telling Ann for her own good. If she keeps on, she'll smother some man!"

---

**Terse Verse**

■ Would you rather kiss Ann, or Mary Beth?

The answer is: YETH! YETH!!

---

**Junk Dealer**

■ Clark Gable says he hopes he'll never, NEVER have to play the role of a garbage-collector. Not that garbage-collectors aren't very nice people, in their place—but look at what happened to Gable for playing that oil-man role in Boom Town—

From his fans, since the picture, Clark has gotten a slough of gifts reflecting the oil-fields role. Among the presents are miniature oil derricks, nearly 500 pictures of old grushers and old boom towns, samples of crude oil in every conceivable type of bottle and flask and container, books about oil, souvenirs from famed oil fields and wells, nearly tons of oil shale, paper-weights and other gadgets made from old oil-well machinery, bales of fancy oil stock, watch charms, newspapers and such things.

The flood is so huge that Gable is thinking of setting aside in his house a room for the oil-role trophies, like his horse-trophy room.

---

**Butterfly Wing**

Haven't you often wished you could make your complexion perfectly lovely—smooth, soft as a butterfly wing? Well, you can, because HAMPDEN POWDR'BASE... gives your skin a soft, smooth, more youthful appearance... keeps your make-up fresh and lovely for hours... helps conceal lines and blemishes... prevents color shine.

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---

**Settling-Down Note**

■ Lana Turner has sold her flaming red automobile, and bought a discreet gray one instead.

She says she's OFF the color red for life.

---

**Little Girl's Big Break**

■ To a 12-year-old little girl from Nashville, Tennessee, there has come one of those "breaks" that make you think of how the good fairy waved her wand and made everything bright and perfect.

The child is Thelma Gene Graham, a tot whose hobby has been ventriloquism. Seems that Edgar Bergen went to Nashville to pick up a new plane he has bought—and while there, someone told him about little Thelma. Bergen and Thelma got together, and so impressed was Bergen by her ventriloquial ability that he has arranged to have the little girl come to Hollywood, where he will take her on as his protegee—and teach her how to make Charlie McCarthy and Elmer Snerd talk.

But he won't teach her SOME of the things Charlie says.

---

**Terse Verse**

■ Gals that go for Jimmy Cagney Are the kind who'd say: "He's SO dis-tag-ney!"

---

**Maybe Temple and Pickford**

■ Most interesting development to start Hollywood this month is Mary Pickford's proposal that she get together with Shirley Temple for a co-starring film, in which Mary'd play Shirley's mother . . .

It's our suspicion that Mary is advancing the idea as a "trailer"—both to see how the public reacts to her notion of getting before the camera again—and to see what Shirley's ma will do about it. Mrs. Temple has been quite cagey about any further picture ventures for Shirley, since 20th-Fox dropped the starlet. But everybody knows that when the RIGHT proposition comes along, the Temples will take it.

Mary has no definite story in mind for her joint Temple-Pickford (or should it be Pickford-Temple?) film. But, says she: "I believe Shirley and I have the same type of audience—and I think that Shirley even looks like me!"

---

**Terse Verse**

■ Gals that go nuts for Smiley Burnette Some day might grow up—but they aren't, YET!
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Maureen O'Sullivan and Michael Farrow (now 19 months old) join husband and daddy John Farrow in Ottawa, Can. Lieut. Farrow, with Canadian Navy, was among the first Hollywoodians to enlist.

---

**JACK BENNY AND FRED ALLEN FIGHT IT OUT**

First Jack Benny accused Fred Allen of being so afraid of pain that he took a local anesthetic every time he had a manicure. Allen promptly started to take boxing lessons, explaining gloomily, "Jack has the advantage. I'm two-fisted, but he's two-faced."

Don't miss the full report of the feud that raged between the stars all during the filming of their picture, *Love Thy Neighbor*. In December HOLLYWOOD. Now on the stands.

---

Bing Crosby, a good golfer, entered National Amateur Championship, failed to qualify for pairings. Crowds following him groaned when he bagged bogies—not birdies. He can sing, but didn't.

---

Mary Martin, whose heart now belongs to hubby Dick Halliday, former Paramount scenario editor, goes into dance for first time in *Love Thy Neighbor*. Director Eddie Prinz rehearses Mary whether it is Ann Gillis or Jane Withers in his life.

AND then there's Deanna Durbin (and don't fool yourself, she WILL be Mrs. Vaughn Paul some day!). Deanna, after years of being a baby, has suddenly blossomed out into full-fledged young womanhood, and is gloating about it.

---

**Hollywood**

5¢ AT ALL NEWSSTANDS
have her own way. Apparently, Deanna's bosses, both at home and at work, were wise. For now Deanna can have dates, go to shows, night clubs; go swimming by herself—and do pretty well as she darn pleases. "I've stopped being lonely," says Deanna, seriously. And that, somehow, is a pathetic note in a typical Hollywood story.

**CUPID'S COUPLET:**

Jeffrey Lynn and Dana Dale—
Won't she look cute in a bridal veil?

**BABY-TALK:** Happiest papa-to-be in town is Jack Benny, who's been married to Mary Livingston for 14 years without having to learn about daddies—it'll be a Christmas baby for the Franklin Abbevsons—who already have a six-year-old son—Ol' Doc Stork has a spring date written down for Margaret Sullivan and Leland Hayward—those offspring of famous screen stars, Noah Beery, Junior, and Maxine (Buck's daughter) Jones, are going to have an offspring of their own—it was a Caesarian baby for the Vincent Price—Jane Wyman's taking five movie-less months to be a mama—John Payne and Anne Shirley don't want their baby to be poor, so John's putting every fourth pay-check into the baby's savings account—did you know that Don Ameche has changed the name of his Fourth Son to Lawrence, because he likes the phonetic value of having the four boys named Tommy, Ronnie, Donny—and now, Lonnie!—the Lloyd Nolans are going to put the title of that Beverly Hills apartment house they've just bought in the name of their November baby.

**CUPID'S COUPLET:**

Gilbert Roland and Simone Simon—
He won't let her Alone Alon!

(Continued on page 91)

Barbara Stanwyck in role of newspaper woman reads proof in the Frank Capra picture, Meet John Doe. If copy boys pause for look (they will), paper will never go to press. Gary Cooper co-stars.

At last allowed to go out by her own, Deanna crowns:
"All the time I knew I was growing up, but everybody at home and at the studio persisted in treating me like a 12-year-old kid! They sounded sooo funny, talking to me as though I didn't know the facts of life!"
So Deanna rebelled. And when a movie star rebels, those who are wise often let her.
Your fashion editor gives you, below, a partial list of department stores where you can buy the clothes and accessories shown on pages 34 and 35. If a store in your city is not listed, drop Candida a line on a post card telling her which merchandise you are interested in, and she will send you the name of a store near you. Address Candida, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City

Fearless daytime frock, page 34:
Chicago.............Carson, Pirie & Scott
New York.............J. L. Hudson
San Francisco........The Emporium

Maureene pinfore dance frock, page 34:
Chicago.............Mandal Brothers
New York.............R. H. Macy
San Francisco........Halo Brothers

Fowler Sportsware tailored dress, page 35:
Detroit.............J. L. Hudson

Maureene three-toned orchid party frock, page 35:
Chicago.............Mandal Brothers
New York.............R. H. Macy
San Francisco........Halo Brothers

Sultana pin-ependant and bracelet, sketched:
Chicago.............Marshall Field
Los Angeles.............May Co.
San Francisco.........R. H. Macy

Pomp-Adorable hair ornaments, sketched:
Chicago.............Marshall Field
Detroit.............J. L. Hudson
Los Angeles.............Bullock's Wilshire

Seamprufe nightie and matching slip, sketched:
Boston.............Conrad & Co.
Chicago.............Marshall Field
Dallas.............W. A. Green
Los Angeles.............Fifth Street Store
Washington, D. C........S. Kann Sons Co.

Browstor's Gaucho Hat, sketched:
Boston.............William Filene
Chicago.............Carson, Pirie & Scott
Los Angeles.............J. W. Robinson
St. Louis.............Famous-Barr
New York.............Franklin Simon

Kimball Bow-knot evening hankie, sketched:
Chicago.............Marshall Field
Dallas.............Titch-Goettinger
New York.............McCreaey

ANY woman who has been jilted knows how terribly her pride can be hurt when the man she loves rejects her. With such bitter memories behind her, this girl wanted to prove to herself that she was still desirable and appealing to men. And so—recklessly, wildly—she neglected the man she married to play around with others. Out of her heartbreak comes this gripping confession. Don’t miss “I WAS A CHEATING WIFE,” in the new ROMANTIC STORY.

In the same thrilling issue of ROMANTIC STORY, you’ll find “SO SECONd CHANCE!” the beautiful and heart-moving story of a girl who is paying in the bitterest remorse that can come to a woman for disregard of convention; “TO SAVE THE MAN I CHERISHED,” the dramatic confession of a woman who was her daughter’s rival in love; “WAR BLIGHTED OUR LOVE,” the story of two young people caught in the cross-currents of hatred and intolerance; “TRAPPED BY MY DESIRE,” told by a man whose lack of courage swept him into bigamy; and many others.

Don’t miss this really outstanding issue! On sale at all newsstands Nov. 10.
Why wear chaps when you can show 'em neat? And why should drugstore cow-boys yell "Hi Ho Silver" when Mildred Coles is in the pasture. The Warner starlet is in The Letter—no Western.

LORD knows that Diana Lewis is trying to live up to the dignity befitting being Mrs. Bill Powell. Determined to show that she isn't too young to be Bill's missus, Diana gives Hollywood such things as this to talk about.

The other day, she was buying a hat in a swank milliner's. Hat after hat she turned down. Finally, with over powering dignity, she turned to the saleslady with:

"But haven't you something a bit more—ah—MATRONLY?"

CUPID'S RE-couplet (?)—Mr. and Ex-Mrs. Wally Beery—Once again calling each other "Dearie!"

Patric Knowles, English player who has done his bit around Hollywood for several seasons, is now doing his bit for Britain. Pat joined up for the duration the other day in Canada. It's the R.A.F. for Pat.

This "9-lb. wonder" is just about ideal for the "occasional" typist, student, housewife. See also the complete line of Speedline Coronas with Floating Shift!

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COMMENTS ON THIS PICTURE BUSINESS

By LARRY REID

YOU can't find a better spot in finding what's wrong with the country than a Pullman smoker, barber shop or beauty shop. The Pullman's big talk is seldom remembered. It sort of evaporates along with the passing scenery. After you've heard for the 'steenth time the new variation of the one about "the farmer's daughter and the traveling salesman," all the loose chatter about war, stocks, politics—whether Bryan stands a chance against McKinley—fades into insignificance. No, sir, no stranger is going to change your vote regardless of his "didja hear the one...?" You never see him again after you've rejoined your wife in the club car.

A barber shop or beauty shop? Now there's something different. The barber or beautician gets the same steady customers—who have a speaking acquaintance with one another. When the men gather to get the clippers over their necks, Mr. Loud Mouth, waiting his turn, cracks forth about some half-truth that he's heard with America. It may be politics; it may be war; it may be baseball. It could be the movies. And first thing you know, the whole room is in the discussion—excluding the guy with the razor.

If captains of industry or government claim movie entertainment would know about real trends in their fields they should check out taking polls from phone books and concentrate on the candy-stripe pole that spells Barber.

But wait, the barber shops are getting stiff competition from the beauty shops when it comes to arguments and discussions. With the entire feminine contingent of the country (from 16 to 65, After 65 grandma prefers her rocker while telling you—"now when I was your age, your grandpa and I...") beauty-conscious, beauty shops have mushroomed everywhere. Ye Beauty Shoppe can be found now from Broken Elbow, Texas, to Dorsal Fin, Maine. And when the girls gather for that hair-do they make the men in the tonsorial parlor look like a bunch of deaf mutes, once they let their hair down and give.

Lowdown From Beauty Parlor

S O I say, if Mr. Movie Producer wants to find out who's who and what's what and how to fix it up, let him look to the beauty parlors of America. He'll certainly get an earful. Maybe his ears'll burn. If so, it means they're talking about him. But he can take it. He can guess pretty well that the femmies getting the facials aren't talking about stocks, baseball, politics and those new naval bases in the Caribbean. They aren't that kind of debating society.

What they are talking about is that movie they saw last night and THAT MAN who was in it. It will surprise him to know they're not gushing so much about THAT MAN as heretofore. Maybe the producer thinks femmies don't know what it's all about. If that's been his train of thought he's in for the shock of his life.

From a letter I received from an in-veterate moviegoer who operates a beauty shop in Oakland, California, she says her particular shop gives a very good residential-neighborhood cross section of what's wrong with the movies. Multiply this fan's keen analysis and observation by thousands of such observations from femmies getting all primped up over somewhere—and you have a country-wide cross section. And it's the femmies who patronize the movies. If he pleases the women, the producer has found the key to box-office success.

The Oakland beautician pleads: "Why not more great strides in musical film recording—like Moonlight Sonata (Paderewski's hands, breath-taking in action)... Stokowski's direction in 100 Men and a Girl... Heifetz in They Shall Have Music?" She asks: "Why not more strides in lighting and photography? Why must a room lighted by one candle have light flaring from every corner of the room? With the sensitive film of today, don't they dare to experiment with unique shadows and lights on the stars for effects—such as when Ingrid Bergman melted into the shadows after calling to Leslie Howard in Intermezzo?" She asks: "Where are the 'crusaders' of Hollywood? Outside of Capra and Kanin all of the others seem to be on the plane of 'yes' men. No one has really tried anything 'new' in ages. Aren't there any imaginations left in Hollywood?" She should have included crusader Hitchcock, who crusades in every picture he directs.

This fan is an adult, seeking adult entertainment. She asks adult questions of grown-up producers, some of whom are still operating on the idea that the mental grasp of Mr. and Mrs. America is that of a 12-year-old moppet.

Recommendations

DOES Hollywood realize how the movie public is starving for good travelogues? That's another question posed by this beautician. She recommends travelogues as one way of eliminating the double feature. All the crockery and vegetables could be tossed down the Grand Canyon to keep company with discarded razor blades if producers would sense how they could please with a travelogue.

She says that Hollywood could, if it would, bring the country's natural wonders to our very doors. And in Technicolor and sound—such as a tour through all the Hawaiian Islands, Death Valley in the Spring with its beautiful carpet of flowers—and the Grand Canyon in all its compelling wildness, beauty and color. Knowing that many of us will never see Radio City and the Empire State Building she even recommends the films capture these wonders, too.

Don't disappear into a conference, men. You should stay and know that a big cross section of America's (the ladies) are not thinking constantly of Errol and that Gable fellow. Nor are they thinking of replacing those broken cups and saucers by holding the winning ticket at youder Bijou.

It's through such letters as this that Hollywood's Big Minds may become aware of the pleading voices of their public. With dishes and double features out of the way we could get home at a reasonable hour after a good newsreel, a two-reel comedy or travelogue, and a brilliantly acted feature. That's her story and I'll ride along with her.

Meanwhile we recommend that Messrs. Big of Hollywood send their femmies spies into America's beauty parlors. Let them travel up and down the country. It might take six months—with plenty of facials and hair-dos. But better to pay off on facials and hair-dos and learn the real lowdown than to throw all the eggs into the show-off basket (where the big lights play on another Hollywood premiere). Better movies are not made by erecting circus seats for commoners to see the ermine and hear the swish of satin as the stars tripe down the flower-banked carpet to the "mellie" to say: "I'm so glad to be here tonight."
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LOUELLA O. PARSONS
IN THIS ISSUE

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

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

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

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

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

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A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION
Screen Play by Wells Root and Commander Harvey Haislip
Directed by Frank Borzage • Produced by J. Walter Ruben
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As a pre-holiday treat we present you with one of those dashing affairs with Clark Gable doing most of the dashing.

And Hedy Lamarr is something to dash after.

"Comrade X"—that's Clark—is a mysterious correspondent who attempts to smuggle news past the censor and Hedy Lamarr past the immigration.

He is caught smuggling Hedy.

Our studio spies send us a warning that "Comrade X" is a most dangerous picture. People laugh themselves sick and the laughter is contagious.

An epidemic of laughter isn't a bad idea.

Knee-bends to those great characterizations (in addition to Gable and Lamarr) by Oscar Homolka, Felix Bressart and Eve Arden.

King Vidor, whose direction is direct, has not missed on this one. Long live King!

It's a great job, M-G-M. More "Comrade X"es, say we all of us.

In fact, there'll be a movement afoot to rename the merry season.

They're thinking of calling it—

"Comrade Xmas."

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures
HERE ARE THE LATEST INSIDE ANSWERS TO HOLLYWOOD'S ROMANCES, WEDDINGS, SPATS, DIVORCES AND BLESSED EVENTS

By HARRY LANG

Now that the song came true—and Mary Martin's heart really belongs to Daddy Dick Halliday, she and Jerry, the pooch, beg Santa not to be jealous and forget them

Socialite actor Bob Stack gets around but plays no favorites. However he favored Mary Beth Hughes for dinner date. The girls will miss him if he's drafted

SO AT last, it seems, Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard are tired of playing guessing games with Hollywood.

Anyway, the other night, at a party, Charlie at last and for the first time on record, publicly introduced Paulette to some guests as: "—my wife!"

So that makes it official, huh?

AND on the other hand, just to remind themselves that they really ARE married, Clark Gable and the missus—who used to be that Lombard girl, remember?—entertained a dinner guest at their ranch home.

The dinner guest was—of ALL people—the minister who performed their marriage on that elopement of theirs to Kingman, Arizona.

DON'T BE SURPRISED—if Deanna Durbin is Mrs. Vaughn Paul by the time you read this item!

SIMMERING LIMERICK:
That clever young movie performer Named Raft, and that lady named Norma Are still going strong, And, though it's been long, Their romance seems warm and warma!

FUNNY how all the time some stranger ups to try to tell the movie stars whom and how to love—just as though they aren't doing quite amazingly without any outside help at all!

Latest teller—how is a feller named George Antheil, expert on the functions of the [Continued on page 8]
THE GLORIOUS SEQUEL TO "LITTLE WOMEN" BECOMES THE GRANDEST COMEDY-ROMANCE OF THE YEAR!

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

GOLDEN TOWNE presents
Louisa May Alcott's
"LITTLE MEN"

with
KAY ("IT'S A DATE") FRANCIS
JACK ("THE DICTATOR") OAKIE
GEORGE ("WHEN THE DALTONS ROVE") BANCROFT
JIMMY ("AMAZING YOUNG CHARACTER ACTOR") LYDON
ANN ("ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER") GILLIS
CHARLES ("HOLLYWOOD'S NEWEST HEART-THROB") ESMOND

and for the first time on any screen
ELSIE ("WHAT HAS SHE GOT THAT GETS THEM") THE COW

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

Directed by Norman Z. McLeod. Produced by Gene Towne and Graham Baker • Screen Play by Mark Kelly and Arthur Caesar
One of the chummy foursomes in Hollywood is made up of Randy Scott, the Fred Astaires, and the former Mrs. John Hay (Jock) Whitney. Here at Beverly Brown Derby

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Joseph Gray and Wendy Barrie—
Here today, and goin' to-marie
?
?
?
?

AND by the time you read this, it's a cinch that Kay Stewart's calling cards will read Missus Bill Proctor.

JUST to give you an idea of how too, too simple it is to keep track of who's-who's-in this Hollywood, take a look at what the town's observers picked up in one night of watching the twosomes at just ONE nite spot . . .

Take Ciro's, after a recent preview, and look around the place to see who is with whom. Over there is Joe Pasternak, who's always getting himself romantically listed with some cutie, and this night he's with Cutie Dorothy Dareel. Franchot Tone goes skitting by with Maria Montez, whose caloric rating is just over the torrid mark. Liz Whitney and Victor Mature arrive together—but they don't share a twosome table; instead, Liz sits with the Fred Astaires, and nobody seems to see Vic after that, so maybe he's out looking for Lena Turner again. Bob Sterling and Linda Darnell are having a tete-a-tete dinner. Ken Murray and Mary Healy are a twosome. And Reginald Gardner is NOT with Natalie Draper, but with Mary Parker, instead. Kay Aldridge, who's supposed to be all hot and bothered over Helen Parrish's brother Bob, is with Joe Rivkin, who's practically in heaven. Wayne Morris, who used to be Bubbles' husband is with Pat Stewart, but has a lot of his dances with Gayle Melott.

And tomorrow night, they'll probably all be scrambled up in another set of doublings.

Maybe it's just research, huh, Mama?

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Our Photo Editor Ray Stark and Frances Brice
Discovering that it's really nice!

BABY-TALK IN HOLLYWOOD—
blessed-event tragedy of the month . . . happened to Vincent Price . . . who passed out so many cigars when the stork came to his house . . . that he had to go home and go to bed, too, which made it the whole family!

The Johnny Weismullers have named it. And it is NOT "Tarzan" ! ! Instead, he'll be John Scott Weismuller—after Papa and Mama, you know.

Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan have finished furnishing the nursery, and now all that remains to be done is to have it.

And Deanna Durbin—ssshhh, now!—was the central figure at a baby shower. Honest! Only, it was Deanna who gave the shower, and it was for her sister, Mrs. Clarence Heckman, who had a stork-date. But anyhow, it was good practice for Deanna, no?

The Blondie series go on apace. And here are the principals, Arthur Lake, Daisy, Larry Simms and Penny Singleton. This time they are seen in Blondie Plays Cupid.
TRUST these Scandinavians not to overlook a good business bet. Talk about the Scotch!—look at Garbo, who is turning her "friendship" with Doctor Gaylord Hauser to good account (if the reports are true) by preparing to go into business with him—really business, I mean.

After two years of being teamed in the romance-gossip, it's reported that Garbo and Hauser will open a health farm. Wonder if Garbo'll give Swedish massage to the customers?

ELOPEMENT-RUMOR of the month paired up Dorothy Lamour and Greg Bautzer in a much-talked-about airplane dash to Las Vegas. But—they didn't get married—even though they DID sign on the airport register, when they took off in a chartered plane, as "Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Smith."

Nobody seems to believe their explanation that Greg was just going to Las Vegas on a business trip, so Dorothy just went along for the ride.

Most of Hollywood (suspicious town) believes that they were either just practicing for a real elopement, or maybe were trying out to see whether the newshounds would be on their trail. They found out, all right—for hardly had they taken off in the plane, than the wires got hot, and the report got around.

So they flew back the same night—still single.

MEANTIME (talking about Dorothy Lamour), her ex-sweetie-pie Wynn Rocamora, the agent, has found a new stunt in a giftie to give his gal-friends. Anyway, his current gal-friend, Gertrude Niesen, is wearing a new diamond pin—and

Orson Welles fell like a Martian on New Jersey when he met Dolores Del Rio. She likes him too, and stepped out in gold lame gown with hammered Aztec gold jewelry

CUPID'S COUPLET:

Lyle Talbot and Linda Brent—They'll be married soon if already they ent!

THE Hollywood superstitions are keeping a close eye on Cesar Romero these days. They recall that not long ago, a certain famous palmist and fortune-teller told Cesar that he'd (1) have a serious illness, and (2) right after recovering, he'd meet the one and only girl and marry her.

Well, Cesar has just about completely recovered from that serious attack of fever he recently had.

And now every time he goes out with a girl, Hollywood wonders if she's going to be Mrs. Romero.

OL' MAN Tattler has an apology.

And is his face red? And, as a matter of fact, isn't ALL Hollywood's face red—about Forrest Tucker's wedding, I mean. Here he ups and marries Sandra Jolley, of the Earl Carroll gals, instead of Helen Parrish, to whom he was but most definitely understood to be engaged.

You all know that Martha Scott put one over on recent NY trip—marrying radio executive Carleton Alkop. Martha's man looks like a good screen possibility
When the Chirique sailed on recent Caribbean cruise it carried Robert Cummings, Irene Hervey, Allan Jones. The men recently completed One Night in the Tropics.

AT LONG LAST: The event of the month, if not the year, was the long anticipated premiere of The Great Dictator... It's the season for comebacks, Jolson.

Ed Wynn, cutting up familiar but ever popular didoes in Boys and Girls Together... And Chaplin... For you must include Chaplin among the great comedy figures who have become little more than a beloved memory to present-day audiences. Charlie frankly admits that he is out to woo the younger generation who know him not at all... Despite a disappointed press—nothing could have lived up to such an extravagantly ballyhooed production—the opening day at the Capitol Theater broke all records... The white-haired comedian is East for his first visit in ten years... And it was as "my wife" that he introduced Paulette Goddard to theater audiences!... Right on top of all that Anatole Litvak excitement, too... Odd that Charlie should finally admit the marriage, when it is strongly rumored that Paulette is seriously interested in the director... Charlie is still in love, and very proud of his beautiful wife... For Paulette, it must be said that until she entered his life, the comedian was a morose, solitary figure... The influence of her youth and gaiety has transformed him into a smiling, sociable being... Chaplin will remain East for a two month stay... Paulette is due on the Coast for a picture.

[Continued on page 67]
SURPRISE party that never did jell was the one
Ann Sothern cooked up for bulky Roger Pryor
The scenes were all under control and the affair was about to go off in the approved Hollywood surprise-party style when Roger, who never has gone for the flintstone way of doing things—got wind of it and put his foot down... So Ann changed her plans... And what started out to be a party definitely in the Hollywood grove, turned out to be a spaghetti feed given by Mr. and Mrs. Pryor to just a few of their very best friends...
The guests—half of whom never did know it—were Roger's birthday—played by Mary Brian, Cesar Romero, the Ray Millards, the George Murphy's and Jerry Ashley... Elsa Maxwell, Connie Bennett and the rest of the Hollywood party-givers better back to their laurels!... None other than Shirley Temple is fast becoming known as the town's No. Hostess... Latest party tossed by the Temple gal had her classmates of the Westlake School for Girls as its guests at an evening performance of the ice follies... After the show the party went backstage to meet the stars... And Shirley—whom has been "Shirley-honeyed" to death for years—got the thrill of her lifetime when Evelyn Chandler, star of the Follies, greeted her with, "Hey, what do you do, MISS Temple."
Coming-out party of the-month was the one staged for Judy Garbad by a bunch of players on the MG M lot... The occasion was the fact that Judy had entered the ranks of full-blended actresses by playing her first honest to goodness love scene for the screen... Of course, Judy has done a lot of kid love-playing in her pictures with Mickey Rooney, but that was nothing—absolutely NOTHING—compared to the scene she did with George Murphy for Little Kelly... Judy, so nervous she could hardly get through with the scene, almost died when she walked off and found that practically every star on the lot had sneaked onto the set to watch her create... Flowers from Jeanette MacDonald and Myrna Loy, telegrams—and such—gram—sent Walter Pidgeon, Melvyn Douglas and Noe Eddy helped the Garbad gal celebrate her promotion from the ranks of kid players.

QUITE the most refreshing affair of-the-month—was the Bunny Barnes-Mike Frankovich wedding held at the Joe E. Brown home... Refreshing because, in a town that is apt to stage-seem costume-design such an occasion to the nth degree, this one was as much the picture of "surprise" as you please... "suspended" in the air... Starring as an evening relief of the lounge of the Brown home, at midnight the guests followed Joe E. to the drawing-room where they witnessed the simplest of costumes which made Bunny Ms. Fran Frankovich... Following a wedding breakfast of scrambled eggs, chickens liver and wedding cake, with champagne for masticating... Among the many well-wishing toasts by Louella Parsons, Carmel Myers Blum, Joan Perry and DC Hardy Martin, was the one sour nose of the evening given by Producer Harry Cohn... "The greatest of happiness," said Harry, "but Bunny, be on the set for This Thing Called Love... tomorrow morning at eight o'clock."

Fran-tastic party of-the-month—was the party... Laraine Day gave in honor of a bunch of her off-beat friends... As each guest arrived, he was presented with ten common pins by Laraine, and at every time he used a word with more than one syllable in it, he would forfeit a pin... If you think that's easy, just try to hold a conversation with words of one syllable. After you've said "Go" and "Swell" there's practically nothing left... Most of the guests lost their pins when Laraine served them a spaghetti supper... You can't even eat spaghetti in one syllable, much less say it... When the pins were counted it was found Joan Johnston either didn't talk or knew a lot of baby words, because she had most of her pins and was rewarded with a pocket dictionary.

QUITE the swankiest cafe gathering of-the-month—was the House of Murphy dinner party which included Barbara Hutton, Cary Grant, Sir Charles and Lady Mendl, Lady Joan Moore, Gaylord Hauser and Greta Garbo... Everyone was dressed in a formal lounge costume—most of clothes and the affair screams high society... Everyone, that is, except Garbo and Greta—garblessly—were a brown tweed suit and felt hat... Simply because she likes tweed suits and NUCTS of high society... Novel part of the month was introduced when Edward G. Robinson and his wife, Gladys, invited their friends to a "dying party"... "Guest of honor was champion fencer, Denis de Young, who spent the afternoon on the tennis courts giving extra lessons of his art and the theme of the party was guests who wanted to have a try at it... With all these new ideas going on, the two most popular guests were a couple of doctors who were kept busy taping minor scratches... Their main job came in patching up the myth of the Garbo-hips and Schiller's leg, the major bussiness of the day... Comedy relief was furnished when Eddie Rっぽke and writer Harry Crocke, who had never had rapiers in his hands before, proceeded to show the experts how it should be done.
They—Carole Lombard, Charles Laughton, William Gargan—Knew What They Wanted and we know what we want—and that is for you to go and see They Knew What They Wanted. Tony (Charles Laughton) goes to Frisco and in a restaurant there he sees Amy (Carole Lombard) and falls in love with her. Returning home he decides to marry Amy but as he can't write he has (William Gargan) play Cyrano on paper, and Amy finally accepts the proposal—$15,000 and a handsome man (Tony sends Amy a Joe's picture). Amy's romance sounds like a good match. When Amy arrives at the ranch she's been cheated but decides to keep her bargain. In the ensuing festivities Tony has an accident and the marriage is postponed—giving Amy time to learn to love Tony but also to become a victim of Joe's Casanova tendencies. The day before her marriage to Tony, Amy finds she's with child. Joe's and although Tony wants to proceed with the marriage—after giving Joe the beating of his life—Amy can't let him do it—not yet.

RKO-Radio.

THE LONG VOYAGE HOME

We're not in the tourist business and we have no affiliations with any steamship company, but we urge you to book passage for The Long Voyage Home when it arrives at your home port. It's a real adventure with John Ford (director) and Dudley Nichols (screenplay) have planned a memorable voyage for you on the S. S. Glencoe. This British freighter was bound for home through the war zone manned by John Wayne, Thomas Mitchell, Ian Hunter, and many others including Edward G. Robinson, Willard Lowman, John Qualen, and Ward Bond. There's also Rafaela Ottiano, Carmen Morano, Mildred Natwick, and Harry Fitzgerald. The Long Voyage Home is based on Eugene O'Neill's four short plays—Moon of the Caribbeans, Beyond East for Cardiff, In the Zone and The Long Voyage Home. Although this is a very timely film it isn't another war picture and current events—and are used only to point up the characters in this plotless but thrilling film of seamen. But then men make history.—Walter Wangen-United Artists.

ARISE, MY LOVE

Are you looking for entertainment? Then, arise, my love and the neighborhood movie where Claudette Colbert and Ray Milland are starring on the screen in a romantic comedy entitled Arise, My Love. It's a story of two adventurous souls—Augusta Nash (Claudette Colbert), a newspaperwoman, and Tom Martin (Ray Milland), an aviator against the chaotic background of Europe from the days of the Spanish civil war to the invasion of France last June. This doesn't sound funny, you say. But it is, for Arise, My Love isn't a war story and while the grimness of the situation does inject itself—to advantage—it is still primarily a love story—a hot and hectic one at that. Augusta Nash wanting a scoop for her newspaper pesos as Mrs. Martin and saves supposed-to-be-hubby Tom from a Spanish firing-squad—not a bad beginning you'll admit. And the end isn't bad either when Augusta and Tom are rescued from the sinking Athena and return to their respective loaves—reporting and flying—and we presume respectable love. Claudette Colbert and Ray Milland are simply swell, ditto Walter Abel.—Paramount.
The Great Dictator

AAA 1/2

Maybe the anticipation isn't always greater than the expectation—we insist we're not cynical which explains the devotion, yes, and we're sorry to admit it's so regarding the long and anxiously awaited—The Great Dictator. When Charles Chaplin started production—he also wrote and directed—on The Great Dictator perhaps the situation still had possibilities for comedy or a laughing matter—apparently not even Chaplin himself, Dictator Hynkel when he escapes from a concentration camp, for you'll find Jack Oakie doing a marvelous piece of business as Dictator Napoleon of Bacteria. There's also Paulette Goddard as Hannah, Reginald Gardiner, as Storm Trooper, Billy Gilbert as Master Herring, and Henry Daniell as Prapaganda Minister Garbitch, adding their talents to Chaplin's genius. There's just one more thing—Chaplin can talk, and how. —Chaplin-United Artists.

Angels Over Broadway

AAA

Elsewhere in this department we urged you aboard a freighter to introduce you to some interesting characters; this time we ask you to join us on an excursion ashore to see Angels Over Broadway—a film of whom you met aboard ship. It's a rainy night and we'll go into the Aladdin Café. That's where Bill O'Brien (Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.) is. He's seeking shelter and a sucker, Bill thinks he's found him when he runs across Charles Nible (John Qualen) who is tossing money around freely before being turned over to the law for stealing $3,000 from his firm. Bill tries to persuade Nina Barana (Rita Hayworth), a dancer, to help him take over Nible but he runs into interference from Gene Gillette (Thomas Mitchell), a drunken playright, who has learned of Nible's suicide plans and is determined to help him raise the $3,000. He enlists Bill and Nina's support. We think Ben Hecht, who wrote, directed and produced Angels Over Broadway is either pulling someone's leg or else he believes in angels. Either way you'll find it interesting. —Columbia.

A Dispatch From Reuter's

AAA

Warner Brothers, who have given us such excellent biographical pictures—The Story of Louis Pasteur, The Life of Emilie Zola, Jaurès and Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet—have included a study of Julius Reuter, the man who back in 1849 founded Reuter's News Service. Then Reuter's was a pigeon-carrier service between Aachen and Brussels; today it is an international news wire service. Now don't go mentioning Muni to us for Edward G. Robinson, who did such a magnificent sketch of Dr. Ehrlich last season, plays Reuter and handsomely, too, so the fault doesn't lie in characterization. Neither is it that Julius Reuter's life wasn't interesting, exciting, or important. It's just that A Dispatch From Reuter's is strictly formula. Poor boy makes good with the help of the understanding little woman marries, raises a family, reaches the important crisis in his career and comes through it all beautifully. And Warners did it beautifully, too—with expensive settings, handsome costumes and an extravagant cast—Edna Best, Eddie Albert, Nigel Bruce, et al.—Warner Bros.
BEAUTY PRIMER...de luxe

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Beauty Gifts

in 3 sizes and assortments of Pond's authoritative Creams, Powder, Danty and Pond's "11Ps"—especially packaged for Christmas-time-giving in boxes of lovely design. Priced 29c to 29f. See them now at your favorite beauty counter.

MRS. DAVID S. GAMBLE, JR. (the former FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB) . . . THE COUNTESS OF WINCHILSEA . . .
MRS. VANDERBILT PHELPS . . . all great-great-grandchildren of the famous COMMODORE CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, founder of the family fortune. Each has for years followed the simple yet luxurious Pond's precepts of skin care.
IDA LUPINO PUTS SUCH REALISM INTO PLAYING MAD GIRLS THAT SHE WONDERS IF SHE ISN'T A BIT NUTTY. IT'S GOOD ACTING. AND IT PAYS . . . IT HAS MADE IDA A STAR.

LOUIS HAYWARD said, wryly, "She frightens me. She didn't tell me she was capable of these things when I married her.

"We never go to the previews of each other's pictures. It's too nerve-wracking. It's a bit like watching someone walking a tightrope strung between two 'planes a thousand feet up in the air. So I didn't see They Drive by Night when it came out. I read the reviews, which gave her a great build-up. 'Now you can't see it,' she said, 'because you'll be expecting too much.' But the other afternoon I was driving along the Boulevard, alone, when I saw it billed at a second-run house. I obeyed that impulse. I stopped, parked the car, and went in.

"I don't know what I expected. All I know is that I didn't expect what I saw. I sat there chilled to the marrow. I thought I knew everything she could do. But I never even suspected that she could go quite so convincingly [Continued on page 63]"
Just as Olivier and Leigh love each other passionately, so as Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton in *Lady Hamilton*, they carry on one of the great loves of history.
He Won’t Be Licked

FOR DOWNRIGHT BRITISH BULLDOG DETERMINATION NOT TO BE LICKED,
LAURENCE OLIVIER TOPS EVERY ENGLISHMAN IN HOLLYWOOD. SO
THAT’S WHY HE’S CAST AS BRITAIN’S GREATEST HERO, LORD NELSON

By DAN CAMP

NOW, if you’d come up to me and ask me to choose from
among all of Hollywood’s Englishmen—and heaven knows,
my friend, the town is CERTAINLY alive with ‘em!—anyway, if you’d ask me to put my finger on the one
Britisher who above all others here in movie-town is most
characteristically, utterly representatively the prototype of Johnny Bull himself, I certainly would NOT point at
Ronnie Colman!—!
—Nor Alan Mowbray, either. Nor yet Charlie Chaplin or
Cary Grant or Boris Karloff (nee good-old Anglo-Saxon
“Pratt”) nor Basil Rathbone, nor Herbert Marshall, even
though they’re all good, solid Englishmen.

Nope, none of those for me as the symbol of Britain today.
Give me Laurence Olivier. There’s your man! Not because
he guzzles tea. Not because he has the accent. Not just be-
cause he was born in Dorking, Surrey. But because for sheer,
downtright, British bulldog and bullheaded stubbornness and
determination not to be licked, come hell or high water.

That’s Britain today—today, yesterday and tomorrow. And
that, too, has been Laurence Olivier in every facet of his public
and private life. Once let an idea get into the mind of e i t h e r Britain or
Oliver, and it’ll take entirely too much to change
that idea—as Hitler and Hollywood have pretty
well found out.

You ask me to prove it? Well, all right—as Al
Smith used to say in those
dear, gone old days, “Let’s
look at the record”—

In the first place, just l i k e Britain, Laurence
Olivier has refused to be licked. Like Britain, he’s
been pushed around pretty badly. Hollywood slapped
him down twice—with as
vicious a pair of slaps as
this utterly relentless place has ever dished out
to any aspirant for success.
The first time, just when he got his feet on the
Hollywood ladder, somebody said of Laurence:
“He looks like Ronnie
Colman. He acts like
Ronnie Colman. He talks
like Ronnie Colman. He IS a second Ronnie Colman.”

And that, as you Hollywood-wise readers well know, was an
out-and-out defeat for Olivier, in that first battle. He had to
take it, too. He had to fold up his hopes and his ambitions and
his plans, and get out. He went back to England. But then,
don’t forget that in the Battle of the Lowlands, England had to
fold up and get out, too—but she’s coming back now, isn’t she?
And just so, Laurence Olivier came back—fighting mad—back
to the Hollywood that had walloped him.

A N D this time, Hollywood walloped him again—with the
crafty, battle-wise Garbo captaining the campaign. It
was when Olivier, still smarting under that first rebuff, was
brought back by M-G-M to play opposite Garbo in Queen
Christina. M-G-M wanted Laurence to play the role of the
Spanish ambassador, and Olivier saw this time a chance to re-
trieve his previous losses in the Battle of Hollywood, and to
consolidate his position afresh. But even as Britain lost again
in the Battle of France, so did Olivier lose in this second phase
of his Hollywood campaign. Let’s call it the Battle of Garbo.

For while M-G-M DID want Olivier to play the
role, Garbo had different ideas. Garbo wanted to
do a big favor for John
Gilbert, who had certainly
done a very big favor or
two for Garbo, once upon a
time. Garbo wanted
Gilbert for the role, and
so she loosed a Scandi-
navian blitzkrieg against
Englisher Olivier that
was just as destructive as
Hitler’s blitzkrieg in
France.

Olivier was introduced to Garbo—and Garbo re-
fused to speak to him!

As Lord Nelson, the hero
of Trafalgar, Olivier plays
opposite wife, Vivien
Leigh, who has title role
of Lady Hamilton in the
Korda film. Nelson and
her ladyship had great
romance—it changed
course of British Empire

[Continued on page 55]
If you think Jean has plumbed all her talent, you're in for a big surprise in Arizona. She shows a bagful of new tricks.
SANEST MAN IN HOLLYWOOD

By JAMES REID

The script of Reaching for the Sun required Joel McCrea, arriving home in a jubilant mood, to say to Ellen Drew, "How would you like to fill up the house with balloons—great big colored balloons?" After which the script required Ellen to demand to smell his breath.

As they rehearsed the scene, Director William (Wild Bill) Wellman went through the motions of having a brainstorm. "This can be funnier," he enthused, addressing Joel. "As you say 'great big colored balloons,' be expansive. Do just a hint of the business that Sally Rand does in her balloon dance."

Joel studies Wellman a moment, the way a wary victim regards a notorious prankster. He decided that this time Wellman was serious. "But I don't know what Sally Rand does in her balloon dance," he protested mildly.

"We'll soon fix that," said Wellman—and sent for a dance director, who arrived on the double-quick.

The three of them went into a huddle. The dance director illustrated parts of the dance.

Wellman liked the part in which the dance director started with both arms arched to the right, graceful fingertips lightly holding a big imaginary balloon, which he tossed airily to the floor, caught daintily on the rebound, and batted lightly high in the air [Continued on page 64]
N SPITE of the fact that Lucille Ball will have to live at least 105 years more if she expects to have seven years bad luck for every mirror she's broken, these statistics don't bother her one bit. She always breaks a mirror for good luck on the first day of every picture.

It's just an old Ball ritual, and it seems to be working better now than ever before, judging from her smashing success in *Dance, Girl, Dance* and *Too Many Girls*.

"That mirror I used before *Dance, Girl, Dance* certainly was everything it was cracked up to be," she laughed. "Do you know I never was so scared as when I went into that picture. Just thinking of my part as Bubbles, the "Tiger Lily," made me tremble. It was my break of breaks, this picture, and I didn't want to make people dislike me. I didn't see how they could do anything else, because I had to be mean to Maureen O'Hara, who had the sweet girl role in the picture.

"I had to steal Louis Hayward from Maureen," she continued, "I had to slap her face, pummel her on the stage of the burlesque theater—of course I got a make-up department black eye out of that myself—and be generally hateful. But the character was a real one. I had known girls like that. The part had meat on the bones; so I took it—and now I'm glad. It was the best role I've had."

Actually it's a well-known fact that the oval of glass had nothing to do with Lucille Ball's sudden rocketing to success as a comedienne. It's the girl before the looking glass, the smasher herself, who's responsible. There's no magic or mystery about it—no locus-pocus, no sleight of hand— for it wasn't done with mirrors!

"In *Too Many Girls* I was an ingenue—definitely. I was afraid to take that part too; this time because there wasn't much to do. Perhaps I was meant mainly for decoration. And I don't know if I'm decorative [Continued on page 66]"
Just the other day the stork over Hollywood carried the banner—A Doug Jr. Production. To buy shoes for the little angel, daddy turned from blessed-eventing to *Angels Over Broadway* who guided him into a bit of drama
HEDY'S PRIVATE OPINION OF MEN

COMPARSED TO CONTINENTALS, THE AMERICAN IS BIGGER IN STATUTRE AND CHARACTER, BUT SPOILED. HEDY'S IMPRESSION OF HIM IS GOOD, IF HE CARES

By MARIAN RHEA

"YOU know," said Hedy, "at first I thought American men were 'high hatted.' (No doubt they had the same opinion of me!) But now I know differently."

Then she blushed when we told her that in the best usage of American Slang, we leave off the "ed." "I shall never achieve English with entire correctness," she mourned. But we had to dispute that, and with sincerity, since her English is in truth excellent—equal even to the discussion at hand in which Hedy, the embodiment of many a man's unattainable dreams, was giving her private opinion of men...American men in particular.

She looked lovely. She wore a light-gray gabardine sports suit, expertly tailored, with a plain white slip-on sweater and raspberry red camel's hair sports coat. The gray brought out the pearly tints of her skin; the crimson, the sea blue of her eyes. Her hair was, as always, parted in the middle and brushed carelessly back to fall about her shoulders in loose waves. She talked with gestures, laughing often. What she had to say was canny, penetrating, sincere.

Once or twice she brought her former husband, Gene Markey, into the conversation. "We were happily married almost two years. Not long before we separated Gene told me he [Continued on page 59]"
As Garbo took you comrades in *Ninotchka*, so Clark and Hedy will take you in *Comrade X*. He plays Yank newspaperman in Moscow in love with Russian proletarian. Maestro, a leetle Tschaikowsky, please!
Having proved through concert tours more popular than ever, the songsters are united for seventh time in Noel Coward's *Bitter Sweet*—set in the Gay Nineties.
EDWARD G. ROBINSON admits readily that glamor is as alien to his personality as military instinct, that he could no more give off an aura of romance than he could plot to set up a star-spangled dictatorship on Catalina Island.

Yet, he manages in picture after picture—from *Little Caesar* to Dr. Ehrlich of *The Magic Bullet* and *A Dispatch From Reuter’s*—to endow his characters with a great quality of romantic appeal. It may not be the kind of glamor that points to that insistent Hollywood hour of sex o’clock, but it is the kind of glamor that moves men’s minds as well as their hearts, the kind that endures long after the serenade is ended and oomph is gathering dust on an art director’s drafting-board.

It is, in short, a glamor biographical rather than biological.

And Edward G. Robinson has capitalized upon it, as no one, with the exception of Paul Muni, has succeeded in doing. He has been at the business so long that it is difficult to imagine him going in now for the fictional ruggedness of Jack London’s *Sea Wolf*.

What if this story develops a new Robinson! What if it reveals him as an adventurer so picturesquely magnetic, registering love [Continued on page 58]

You wonder if he can play Jack London’s *Sea Wolf?* Listen, when did Eddie Robinson let you down? It follows his study of Reuter in *A Dispatch From Reuter’s*
Bi-A. ElleFl

She's such a neat package that it's Christmas in July and every month whenever she appears. Her next—Reaching for the Sun

ELLEN DREW
YOU'RE PROBABLY CALLING HIM THE GREAT DONLEVY AFTER THE JOB HE DID IN "THE GREAT MCGINTY." NO ONE DENIES HE HAS WHAT IT TAKES, AFTER PLAYING THE GENTS WITH THE GATS AND GUTS. MAN, WHAT SCARS!

Well, heck, what's he all about? That's what I wanted to know. So I took the worst of all possible ways to find out: I lunched with Donlevy. I mean, a gal is the Village Idiot if she expects a man—and a man's man, at that—to be any good at the parlor game called Analyzing Myself. And Donlevy, I'd heard tell, is a man's man, the kind all men from C. B. DeMille over at Paramount, to the guy who hoists the props around, slap on the back and say "Hoysabout a drink?" That's not the type of man, I might have known, who thinks it's any fun to play little games like "Who Am I?"

Still and all, he is an Irishman, born in Portadown, County Armagh, Ireland—and an Irishman has the gift o' gab, the slick silver tongue in his head...so it's that was the hope in me when I got myself invited to lunch with the loikes of him at Lucey's, in...
MY REISE CHINE

1. Jergens Lotion — Luxor American Cairo Store. Delicate formula is perfect for travel—Can be put on with a few minutes. Pack two or three small boxes in a small hand bag. $1.50 each.

2. American Beauty Perfume, DeVilbiss atomizer — Come in a bottle and have a beautiful perfume bottle for going. $1.50 each.

3. Travel kit of Palmolive Shaprejorations — Nice and compact in a little box. Bring a small bottle of shampoo and comb for a trip. $1 each.

4. Wonderful Make-Up set — A gift that is Pro-phy-lac-tic's Jewelite brush, comb, and loveliness in a little box—Carried in fine style—C. M. Tin $5.50 each.

5. Jergens Lotion — Keep a little bottle of Jergens Lotion for your hands in a small purse. $2 each.

6. Wigder's purse set of file, cuticle scissors, and pedicure tools — Use this kit to carry on your suitcase. $2 each.

7. Motion Picture Mac — Write Denise C. To Rose and send a stamp with a little picture of your face. $1 each.

8. Season's Greetings from Jergens Lotion — Send a little box of this to friends and relatives. $1 each.
No movie family was more devoted than the Pickford clan. Mary loved her family above everything else. Below, she appears with sister Lottie, latter's daughter, Mary, and her mother. Filmdom has never lacked for a famous sister act. In a few brief months sisters Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine have stepped into stardom. Each paddles her own canoe professionally.
I was working on the Hollywood Hotel Radio show, doing a daily and Sunday column for the Hearst papers and reviewing and previewing dozens of pictures each week. Perhaps all our tempers were running high one day when the little De Havilland girl failed to show up at a radio rehearsal.

OLIVIA, at that time, had not done much on the screen beyond playing supporting roles with Errol Flynn, George Brent and other male stars at Warners. Since Claudette Colbert, Irene Dunne, Norma Shearer, Jeanette MacDonald, Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins, Marion Davies, Marlene Dietrich, Eleanor Powell and other top stars could be on time, I couldn’t see what was keeping Miss De Havilland.

When she did appear three hours later, after I had telephoned the studio and paged her, we were on the verge of putting on a substitute actress. But I couldn’t help admiring the pretty, determined Olivia. She said the studio had booked her for our show without asking her permission and that was that!

Her spunkiness struck my sense of humor. After all, I am not fooling myself that I have the reputation of being a lady ogre in skirts. I know that more than one baby star has been carefully coached to be nice to L.O.P. I have often wondered where the rumor started that I cheerfully chop off the heads of people I don’t like—because, outside of a slight Irish temper, I’m not a hard girl to get along with—honestly I’m not. Sometimes, of course, when you are doing three or four jobs at one time it is rather convenient to have people hop around because it saves time and trouble.

This little De Havilland girl, however, sassed right back...

The Bennetts may not have such close family ties as the Gishes, but Joan surely shows affection for Barbara, and great admiration for Connie. Miss Parsons’ friendship with Mary Pickford has endured from time Mary became a screen star. In 1917, L.O.P. interviewed Mary in Chicago.

The Bennetts are always surprising, due to their color. Connie has often been called Hollywood’s best-dressed woman. Here in fur wrap which set style 10 years ago, she’s flanked by Barbara and Mother...
Your Hollywood—and Mine—

No family went through such tragedy and bitterness as marked Mary Miles Minter, her mother and sister. It ruined her career and while I wouldn’t want it to go any farther than the half-million of us, I can assure you I never forgot her after that.

Joan, on the other hand, is more subdued and less temperamental than Olivia. There have been rumors that the sisters were not on close terms when they started out in Hollywood and that Joan took the name of her stepfather, Fontaine, so that Olivia couldn’t say she (Joan) was getting ahead on the De Havilland reputation.

Personally, I never believed there was any hard feeling between them. When Joan first came to Hollywood, Olivia was nursing a broken heart over a wrecked romance and, perhaps, this made her seem difficult and moody. Very wisely the sisters decided to paddle their own canoes professionally—and at this moment no one is more delighted over Joan’s great success in Rebecca than the beautiful Olivia, and by the same token, Joan makes no secret of her pride in Olivia’s marvelous Melanie in Gone With the Wind.

In looking back over the years, I know of no movie family more devoted than the famous Pickford clan. The one and only Mary Pickford worshiped her mother, Charlotte Pickford, and she worked ceaselessly to help Lottie and Jack on the screen.

I refuse to tell how many years I have known and loved Mary. A tireless worker, unfailing in her loyalty to her friends, deeply thoughtful of others, no one has ever taken the place of the Queen of the Screen who was America’s Sweetheart for so many years.

Whenever I think of Mary it is not as the world-famous star, but as the little Irish girl who loved her family above everything else on earth. Mary actually suffered because she, of her mother’s three talented children, achieved the greatest fame. She would have given anything if Lottie, a pretty brunette, but lacking Mary’s divine appeal, could have shared her screen throne. She kept Jack Pickford a screen star long after his popularity had dimmed because she wanted him to have his own spotlight and not have to shine in her reflected glory.

Of course, Mary’s devotion to her mother is a legend that has not yet been touched for tenderness and sheer worship.

But in the days I remember so pleasantly, the Pickfords.

With Mary Pickford and the Gishes, Norma and Constance Talmadge were the original Cinderellas of the screen. They were among first to blaze the way toward great film fortunes.

There haven’t been many brother clans in movies. Remember the Moores, Owen, Matt, Tom? Owen, deceased, was Mary Pickford’s first husband. Tom was once wed to Alice Joyce.
the Gishes and the Talmadges were the inseparable clans of moviedom—and I think they knew more happiness, more joy in their work and greater camaraderie than the movie world has known before or since.

They were the pioneers along the glory road. Most of the movie actors before the era of the Pickfords, Gishes and Talmadges, had not been in the big money. Before them, movies were mere nickelodeon affairs and these three families were the first to blaze the way toward great picture fortunes

But they had not always been rich. Deep in the hearts of Charlotte Pickford and Mrs. Mae Gish and in their brood of talented children, were bitter memories of privation and hunger and the struggle to get the bare necessities of life. Mary, Lillian, Dorothy, Constance and Norma were the original Cinderellas of motion pictures—and I believe they were the gayest and happiest group of friends I have ever known. There was no jealousy between the clans. The Pickfords and the Gishes were so joyously Irish that Kathleen Norris might have written them into one of her famous Shamrock novels.

Today in Hollywood I think it is sad there is not more of this spontaneous happy spirit. More and more the present-day stars draw closer into their shells and there is little friendly mingling. Oh, perhaps when a big party comes along some of them will come out of seclusion and attend—but the spirit of one big happy family is gone, I am afraid, from Hollywood forever.

Lillian Gish, D. W. Griffith’s lovely star, was the Bette Davis of her day. The other girls, including Mary, worshiped at her shrine and considered her a greater actress than Duse. Dorothy Gish was a veritable little gamine. She adored her dramatic sister, but she was not above mocking both Lillian and the supreme master, D. W. Griffith, when their backs were turned.

I first met the Gishes when they came to Chicago for the premiere of The Birth of a Nation. They were with D. W. and Mae Marsh, and while Lillian was the personification of dignity, Mae and Dorothy were out to have fun.

I was on a Chicago paper then and for some reason Dottie and Mae became my boon [Continued on page 60]
Young but sophisticated is Deanna’s white chiffon evening dress with draped bodice and cap sleeves. Self-material braid outlines bodice and sleeves.

A bonnie style for Deanna—and you—is the green plaid pleated skirt, above center, worn with a tailored white silk shirt and sleeveless green slip-over.

Very sleek and very stunning—and very durable, too—is Deanna’s casual fur coat of otter with draped back, bell sleeves and rolled lapels. Her tam-o-shanter is green suede.

For little luncheons and big dates Deanna wears a simple slim black crepe dress with a satin bow at the yokeline, a black felt veiled pompadour.
A real beau catcher is Deanna’s black velvet formal with large ermine bow appliqued on the sweeping skirt. He’ll also admire that heart-shaped neckline. The long, fitted bodice has puff sleeves.

They’re not only smart they’re natural—Deanna’s slacks of natural cashmere wool. Her cardigan sweater is pine green boucle.

You’ll have a pleasant afternoon if you wear a peasant dress like Deanna’s of black velvet with a wide band of colorfully embroidered flowers ‘round skirt.
RUTH HUSSEY HID HER LIGHT UNDER A BUSHEL. ONCE SHE TURNED ON HER CHARMS HOLLYWOOD WAS EASY. MORAL? DON'T HOLD BACK—GIVE YOUR ALL!

By LEON SURMELIAN

RUTH HUSSEY hit Hollywood three years ago with the road company of Dead End—in which she played the society girl. She thought with a sublime naiveté nobody would notice her when the play opened at the Biltmore Theater, packed with ermined movie ladies, potent producers, poker-faced talent scouts—those professional Missourians who have to be shown, and Ruth showed them plenty, rather innocently, to be sure. She couldn’t help herself. She had one of those fatal figures, if you know what we mean.

One of the town’s most renowned connoisseurs of feminine pulchritude and sundry other prerequisites for the movie curriculum, Bill Grady of M-G-M, sent her a message after the first act, inviting her to see him at the studio the next day. He wanted to talk to her. “Glory hallelujah!” Ruth exclaimed, silently, with her heart beating fast. She couldn’t believe it. The girl was modest, one of those blessed creatures who often say to themselves, clowning before a mirror, “Who, me?”

The next day she hurried to the huge Metro factory, and even the cops and the boys in the front office turned around to look at her in that shameless way of men. She was one of those smouldering long-haired brunettes with the complexion of a milk-maid. [Continued on page 62]
IT LOOKS LIKE THE BIG BREAK, AT LAST, FOR DENNIS MORGAN—WHO PLAYS WYN, THE PHILADELPHIA "MAIN LINE" BOY FRIEND, TO GINGER'S KITTY FOYLE

BY DOROTHY SPENSLEY

YOUNG MAN ON HIS WAY

FOR the moment it looked as though that ol' debbil, Production Schedule, would deprive Dennis Morgan of his chance to play Kitty Foyle's Wyn in the Ginger Rogers-RKO film taken from the quotable novel by Christopher Morley.

Aside from the fact that Kitty's lover, as a portrayal, was important (Morgan won over all other testees, and there were plenty), it meant a break away from outdoor and action roles recently handed the young fellow with the bland grin, and it meant the first loan-out under his yearling Warner Brothers' contract.

While he likes the he-man roles, active sportsman off-screen that he is, Morgan welcomes the introduction to the drawing room; and Hollywood is of the opinion that as a Philadelphia "Main Liner," an aristocrat to his well-turned heel, it's perfect type casting.

Morgan, who has been kicking around Hollywood for five years, and has several battle scars to prove it, has no false illusions that a high-powered dramatic moment in any of the eight films he has made for the Freres Warner brought about the Foyle assignment. He doesn't seem to have any false illusions at all, come to think about it, and if he has, he keeps them tucked away among his clean handkerchiefs, so they won't get soiled.

The way he explains it is simple, direct, like the guy himself, and he crosses his long legs. [Continued on page 61]
IT WAS a typical Hollywood and Vine Street group: Peter the Hermit, his white apostle's beard flowing in the breeze, a few bit players, a reporter from the *Citizen-News*, and a couple others.

One of the boys glanced up from the Hollywood Reporter. "Looks like the cold, cold ground for Massey," he said. Others leaned over his shoulder. He pointed to a news item that said Ilona Massey and M-G-M were through.

I didn't stay for the rest of that conversation. I was thinking of *Balalaika* and that beauty in blond, Ilona Massey, singing with Nelson Eddy. I was thinking of Hungary's greatest loss and American's greatest gain—of the lights-ablaze *Balalaika* preview night at the Fox-Westwood Village Theater when hard-hided critics ran short of superlatives, forgot they were critics and became admirers.

It couldn't be true that Ilona Massey was through!

What's more, it wasn't!

"Oh, sure, I am not going to sing for M-G-M anymore," she smiled as she sat next to me on a low sofa in her bright Westwood apartment. "But Hollywood has not seen the last of me. My career is only beginning. Just think, I will play a peasant girl found by Franz Schubert and trained for singing by him in New *Wine*. That is the life story of the immortal composer, its harmonies and discords, to be made by Alexander Korda."

Flap-eared Junior, sleek brown dachshund, nuzzled his damp nose into Ilona's hands, resting his head on the plum-colored housecoat covering her thighs.

"This is my big opportunity," she said in her low husky voice that sounds a little like Dietrich, something like Garbo, and exactly like Massey. "It will be even a better part than the one I played in *Balalaika*. I am to sing Schubert's Serenade and his [Continued on page 56]
PAUL MUNI

Out of case histories and biographies and into action and adventure steps Muni as French Canuck trapper in Hudson's Bay.
Arleen Whelan chose a Diana Dean satin housecoat for Christmas giving. It has Talon fastened quilted top, new button-up skirt, deep hip pockets.

For luxurious giving or getting—Yolande sheer handmade gown with val insets, edging; "Babs" slipper with lamb's wool collar, open toe, from Daniel Green, or "Love Letters by Joyce" with your name or monogram.

Put the men on your list down for Botany Wrinkle Proof Ties (center) designed by Hugh Daniels of Hollywood. Swank Jewelry features Uni-Gram Key Chain and smart Dumbbell Cravat Chain and Collar Pin Set.

From Santa—Arleen's blue-fox-dyed-guanaco budget jacket, with I. J. Fox label.
Arleen loves her Helen Harper evening sweater. In white or colors, with sequin collar and pockets, it's an inexpensive yet glamorous gift. Arleen's in the 20th Century-Fox film Charter Pilot.
To keep a date for rodeo show in N.Y.C., Gene Autry charted a TWA commercial plane at a cost of $3,000 to fly his horse, Champ, from Los Angeles. Interior of plane was turned into a stall. Hoss stood the trip well.

Deanna Durbin is such a gold mine for her studio that Paramount discovered Susanna Foster, a youngster who sings in There’s Magic in Music.

The Talk of Hollywood

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

Haiti Lamarr

If you don’t think they start young, in Hollywood, then contemplate the case of little Poochie Brown, the infant son of Harry Joe and Sally Eilers—It was on that Caribbean cruise the Brown family recently took. As the boat approached one of their island stops, Poochie began hopping up and down. “Why,” asked Mama Sally Eilers, “are you so excited?” “Because we’re gonna see Haiti—we’re gonna see Haiti Lamarr...!!!”

Hedy Cantor!

Or maybe (since we’re in a silly mood already, ennyhoo!) you’d like better, the one about the time young Mr. Mefoofsky was trying to compliment his gal friend. “H’mmm,” he said to her, “you’ve got eyes like Hedy!” Expanding under the praise, she preened herself and said: “So? Eyes like Hedy Lamarr, I have, huh?” “No,” he corrected; “no—I said eyes like Hedy—Hedy Cantor!”

Skip It

Well, THAT’S over with! Heaven knows, we Haiti tell things like that, but in this case, we just Hedy pass those two yarns on—thus clearing the way to get down to the more serious and important things of Life in Hollywood—like, for instance, whose legs are the classiest in Hollywood? and what is Nat Pendleton’s latest invention for the boon of the human race? and did Garbo commit suicide? and all about another Crosby going into movies... .

[Continued on page 68]
Ann Rutherford is all set for ice-skating this season, wearing latest trick in winter sports toggery. Note that Ann gives her "grables" plenty of freedom. Last seen in Bad Man of Wyoming with Beery, next will be Keeping Company. Lucky guy
LEE BOWMAN LOOKS LIKE A PLAYBOY, HAS A JESTER'S SENSE OF HUMOR, AND CHARMS WOMEN LIKE THE PIEED PIPER CHARMED THE KIDDIES. HOLLYWOOD IS HIS OYSTER

If you were a Pinkerton detective in search of Lee Bowman, the first question you'd ask would be: “Is he acting in a picture right now?”

Supposing that he were, you'd find him at home in bed at nine p.m., pouring over tomorrow's script. However, if he were between pictures, you'd go like a homing pigeon to Ciro's night club.

Sure enough, you'd find him at the corner table—with Cary Grant, John Payne, Anne Shirley, Randolph Scott, Dennis O'Keefe, and agent, John Mascio and his wife, Constance Moore. Long before you saw them, you'd hear the yell of laughter from their table. Because Lee would be telling an uproariously funny anecdote.

If this didn't paralyze you with astonishment, it certainly should. Most leading men are dark, handsome and glum. The average wooden Indian has more animation than the normal screen star, a few feet away from the screen. Except for Lee. He fits the dark and handsome part of this description. He's also tall, graceful and twenty-four. His eyes are gray, his clothes are wonderful, and his laugh is infectious.

But there the comparison stops. He's a combination of three magic qualities—charm, fun, and a complete lack of inhibitions. For these reasons, he's always in trouble. And for these reasons, Hollywood's giddy citizens are his adoring public.

The rest of his public is growing steadily, of course. They saw him playing Irene Dunne's fiancé in Love Affair, and they watched in astonishment while he enacted a hoofer in Lana Turner's Dancing Co-ed. Please, they noted that in the picture, Gold Rush Maisie, he finally got out of the Other Man class—and won the girl, Ann Sothern.

But Hollywood is still his main public. Hollywood has been writing him fan letters—in the form of party invitations—ever since he came West, three years ago. He came West without knowing a single Hollywoodite, either—and in no time he knew everyone.

This achievement is still somewhat of a miraculous mystery. Perhaps it was because he had a small part in a Cary Grant movie, and instantly became one of Cary's best friends. At any rate, he was shortly sitting in the living rooms of every young actor in moviedom. Like Tyrone Power and Clark Gable, Lee hails from Cincinnati. His family is socially sky-high, and when he came to
Hollywood brought newspaper stories announcing his permanent engagement. He'd studied for two years, made a brief flurry in Summer stock, and then set about warning Broadway of his existence.

The most recent feat, he soon discovered, took months of marching from casting-office to casting-office before he finally ran into his first chance. But what a chance! He was (maybe) to play the singing lead in a big-time radio broadcast. He shouted ecstatically at the producer. He'd show him real singing at the tryout two days later—never fear about that! He spent the next forty-eight hours learning the songs, and then came to a dead and worried stop. He'd neglected to confide in the producer that he couldn't sing a note. In the next two days he learned to sing.

He did. He spent the following forty-eight hours singing, under the direction of a confused singing teacher. Day and night he practised his two songs, and hoarsely shouted them to the skies. Meanwhile, he hired an equally destitute clarinet player, who was to receive a small fee for providing Lee's musical accompaniment.

THE great hour approached, and Lee and his clarinet-player approached with it. Lee was croaking and dizzy from his arduous preparation. Oddly enough, the musician was impressively spruced up for the occasion. It was the first time that, arrived at the producer's office, and the tryout began.

Immediately Lee found that the clarinet was no less astounding him—the more he tried to sing over it, the louder it got. He waved frantically at the player to tone down the accompaniment—but the clarinet only rose in volume. Then the reason for the player's careful dressing, and for his outburst of sound dawned on Lee. The double-crossing musician looked on this as his tryout—and his great chance!

The clarinet player was Lee's voice continued throughout the first song. Then Lee's voice went down for the count. He croaked hoarsely, "Okay, boy—you win!" and walked out, trying to look jaunty. (P. 53) The clarinet player impressed the producer so much that he's been working for him ever since!) But not Lee. He was back where he started, only temporarily minus a voice. He whispered his way into his agent's office, the picture of bitterness—and found that Hollywood had asked for him at last. That is, in a way it wanted Bowman. In a six-months' contract-in-case—we're-young beauty, it wanted him.

Nevertheless, Lee went West like a streak of lightning. A few weeks later, he knew everyone of the studios knew him. Shortly thereafter, Bowman legends began to spring up—the kind of stories that always grow up around a refreshing personality.

And Bowman was refreshing. He was witty, charming, funny, and well-inhabited (which means unHollywood) personality. Just when a dull stretch loomed in the offering, Bowman would suddenly rise to his feet and act out a fat dowager he'd seen air her Pekinese. He'd say, "Mrs. Putnam, honey!" as if a real-life "Honey!" He looked like a stunt comic, and because he was so devastatingly attractive that no one expected him to be faintly entertaining. The other thing would be crouched around a table at the Trocadero (in the days when the Trocadero was going down, and Lee was coming up)—and, abruptly, the orchestra would begin playing some sombre tune, and Lee would begin bellowing the song himself. Not singing it—roaring it. But as casually as if he weren't aware of what he was doing. His table would collapse with laughter, and wait hopeful for the order to have Lee thrown out. Instead, it always resulted in the same thing—Lee's being invited to sing at the microphone. Usually he did, in the end.

But there were many other legends, unconnected with Lee's ability to entertain. There was, for instance, the famous evening at the Bublitzy Russian Restaurant on Sunset Boulevard. That night Lee came in alone, to find actor Tom Brown dining with his wife, Natalie Draper. This was mildly surprising, since Tom and Natalie had been separated for many months and were definitely cycling Reno. Lee had often been out with Natalie in the past few weeks, so when she beckoned him to their table, he came in happy innocence. He was, he told them blandly, going to New York shortly on a trip. Natalie announced that she was, too—and Lee said maybe they could see each other there.

SPECIAL OFFER

Readers, here's your last chance to get a colored portrait, free of printed matter front and back—like the one of William Holden on page 43 of this issue—of Hollywood's gift to women—JIMMY STEWART. Speaking of gifts, this beautiful portrait of Jimmy will make a nice gift to put under someone's Christmas tree.

And the nicest part of all, it's only 10c. If you'll write at once to Photo Editor, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 22 Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn., and enclose a dime you'll receive the photo in plenty of time for Christmas. Treat yourself to one, too, and save a nickel—you can have two for 15c. Canadian orders not accepted.

That sprung the trap. Tom Brown developed a sudden rush of husbandly possessiveness. He leaped to his feet, shouted that Lee had no right to ask his wife out—and hit Lee a blinding blow on the jaw. Lee sailed neatly across a neighboring table, and landed in a sitting position on the floor—with everyone in the night club standing up, aghast, to see what they saw. Tom Brown stamped over to Lee and stood belligerently over him. Lee glared up at him, with one hand on his jaw—and said angrily. "That's the kind of thing we do to a guy in the middle of a picture!"

That ended that. The night-club denizens collapsed into their seats again, shrieking with laughter. "Actors," they said wisely to each other. Lee and Tom had got up, had a drink at another table, and departed.

Lee lived that down. Everyone knew that surprising pieces he slung tails freely when necessary. But there soon arose another legend. This one involved Joy Hodges, a Universal starlet who had previously livened Broadway with her presence. Lee and Miss Hodges met and night-clubbed for the first time, when they were announced to have announced their engagement. Everyone was delighted, particularly Lee and Joy. The wedding date would soon be set. And the morning after the engagement announcement, reporters surrounded Joy. They asked about the romance, and she told them all she knew. She said that when Lee proposed to her, he had turned down with love. She added that love had not only made his skin the color of grass, but had weakened him so that he'd had to retreat to bed for a day to recover.

These rumors of love were sent around the world by syndicated news services, and Hollywood read them with howls of joy. They screamed over them, and they lay in ancient astrology books. Whenever and every time he appeared anywhere, he was greeted by a raucous barrage. "How's the love kid? A shade greener today, maybe?"

And so forth, while Lee ground his teeth.

Perhaps it wasn't ridicule that ruined the romance—although nothing dampens ardor quite so fast. Perhaps it was doomed for some reason reflecting on the inability of the engagement was broken shortly thereafter. Joy has since married a newspaper publisher from the Middle West, and continued her acting career at Universal. Lee is still a bachelor.

For a while after his broken engagement, Lee became as much of a permanent fixture at the Trocadero as the headwaiter. His name was in every column every day—with every actress in Hollywood. He was seen and photographed nightly with Sonja Henie, Joan Crawford, Joan Bennett, Roz Russell and others. Women liked not only his personality, but his dancing, too. And badminton prowess. West of the Rockies, he's almost a champion at all three of these activities.

But about a year ago, Lee retired to the serious life. (He's made a reappearance in cafe life, since.) No one could find him for months, except at the informal home parties given by his friends, the John Maschios. These he attended to the best of his ability. Cary Grant, Phyllis Brooks, John Payne, Anne Shirley, Richard Greene, Reginald Gardiner, Constance Moore, Denny O'Reilly, and a host of Hollywood's younger set. Lee usually arrived with fifteen people—all of them visiting socialites from Cincinnati, and all of them open-mouthed over the movies.

Despite parties and night clubs (which Lee is attending regularly again, these days) he's deadly serious about one thing. It's not parties or women—it's acting. Unlike most actors, he doesn't talk about his career. But he'll defend it by saying something like this: "I'm not the kind that looks at a photograph of a picture, you can search every night-spot in Hollywood without finding him...because he's home in bed, after an early dinner and a long study of his next day's lines."

Lee looks like a playboy, has the sense of humor of a jester, and charms women the way the Pied Piper charmed moppets. When he plays, he plays hard—and when he works, he doesn't play at all. His mind is on the making of pictures. And apparently Merwin Goldwyn-Mayer is thinking about him as vigorously as he thinks about it. Gold Dust Maise is his first leading part—but Hollywood thinks it's only the first of many. And a man whose public is made up of Hollywood's glittering personalities should end by getting fan mail from the world!
SOME SIMPLE RECIPES FOR THE SWEETEST WAY OF SAYING "HERE'S WISHING YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS"

AYLY wrapped boxes of candies make gifts everyone remembers, and are particularly relished by those who have a "sweet tooth." (But don't we all?) Another good reason why you should "make your Christmas gifts tasty" is that pure, wholesome homemade candies play a very important part in the diet—provided they are eaten when they don't interfere with appetites for food essentials. When it comes to playing Santa with homemade sweets, there's absolutely no limit to what can be done. You really don't need to be born with a sense of ingenuity—cause the shelves of your grocery store, and for that matter your own pantry shelves, no doubt hold all sorts of simple, everyday goodies that make holiday candies lovely to look at and delicious [Continued on page 74]

You can do your Christmasshopping at home by giving tasty gifts of homemade fudge, peanut brittle, wafers and caramels...
He Won't Be Licked

[Continued from page 23]

The scripts were put in their hands for Queen Christina—and Garbo refused to re-hearse with Olivier! In all the battle, Olivier achieved only one brief success—he did Garbo's lines for her—just once. She said:

"Life—is a pain!"

After a while, M-G-M and Olivier both agreed with her, with certain elaborations, and while Olivier was back in Hollywood, she finished the second round and was on his way back to England again—just like King George's boys got out of France and back to Dover. BCT—mind you this but NOT licked—

One of the marvelous but unacknowledged British communications had it, in the thick of the Flanders affair: "The situation is serious—but by no means desperate!"

GREATEST damage was not to Olivier's prestiuge, but to his self-esteem. His prestige as an actor was firm and unassailable—a snub by Garbo couldn't change that. But it did end that role, and he wanted to have made a "blasted fool" of, to use his own words. And to hell with it and Hollywood. So he went back to Britain and made pictures there, in a nice Garbo-less atmosphere. His films were out of the way, under the sting of what Greta had done. And when finally he met Vivien Leigh and she gave him the direct opposite of what Garbo had given him, then Olivier recaptured his self-esteem, too.

But that's another part of this story, and we'll get around to Vivien later. Meantime, let's move on and do this Olivier—Hollywood progress—to Larry's ultimate and current victory.

Many another nation, unlike Britain, would have folded up under the impact of the defeat it had suffered. And many another Hollywood actor would fold up under the impact of the two blows Olivier took. Indeed, many HAVE folded. But Britain came back, and so did Olivier.

With an intensity and determination that is so characteristic British that it doesn't need elaborate explaining, Olivier prepared himself for the role of a great King in Henry VIII. He had been doing his study of Henry, Heathcliff in Wuthering Heights, the man, for years. He had to make himself into a royal character, to be able to play the role—and even though wise friends knew it was a lousy play, and even if he had to play the role in a wheelchair because he had broken an ankle, Olivier went through with it—and scored a decisive financial flop.

But he got his way. And unlike the low flop, he went pigheaded, bulldoggedly and did the same thing over again with a play called Golden Arrow. That flopped, too. But there was still a bug in his system. Despite those two failures at producing for himself, he wanted to produce Romeo and Juliet.

And when he got Vivien, he wanted to do it for himself—and as you jolly well know, he did. He didn't make a cent on that; he probably lost money. But he produced it, a magnificent production. Shubert and Garbo adored it, he said it was the most magnificent example of a love so fiercely stubborn and stubbornly fierce, so determined all-defying, as this Leigh-Olivier romance which culminated, despite every imaginable obstacle, in that romantically lovely marriage in a Santa Barbara garden under a midnight California moon, the other night.

I don't believe there's a man in Hollywood who would dare to say his love for that woman was actually against the obstacles which stood before Laurence Olivier in his determination to make Vivien Leigh his mate. Olivier defied the odds and won, and he will win forever. He had once again ever successfully threshed his nose at. He defied the rule that Thou Shalt Not Commit Scandal.

Let's face it frankly and honestly: the love-life of Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh, in the months before they could marry, was as defiantly, brazenly, but magnificently unconventional as any story that would ever be banned from the bookshelves of Boston. Olivier was married to Jill Esmond, and Vivien was married to Herbert Leigh Holman. But when they had met and found each other, Olivier and Laurence didn't hide their love; they didn't cheapen it by sneaking it down back alleys and through the fifth of evasion and subterfuge. They showed it to the world and told the world to do its worst, if it wanted to.

Olivier, with the stubborn determination that is so essentially British in him, made no apologies for the fact that he wanted to share the rest of his life with was Vivien Leigh—and to achieve that end, he was willing to throw overboard everything else in life. And so was Vivien Leigh.

WELL, you know the rest. You know how they devoted their lives to each other even before there was any apparent marriage. You know how they keep the secret. You know how the world, beaten by the honesty of these two lovers, surrendered before them—lay down its weapons of gossip and scandal and cheek-checking sneering and ostracism. And one day, Laurence Olivier's essential British stubbornness had carried the day.

I could go on further—I could point out how, flying in the face of advice and dis-encouragement, he carried out his determination to produce plays and to act in them, even though it cost him time and money aplenty. In Britain, he bought a play called The Ringmaster because he wanted to play the role—and even though wise friends knew it was a lousy play, and even though he had to play the role in a wheelchair because he had broken an ankle, Olivier went through with it—and scored a decisive financial flop.

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Well, that's all wrong. For this coldly brick-wall British foundational stubbornness of his is camouflaged behind as charming and attractive a front as you'd want to encounter.

He's a storyteller with a sense of humor that belies the canard that Englishmen haven't any. True, that sense of humor of his—and the way he makes it manifest itself in rather shocking ways—like his trick of telling you, off-handedly:

"My father, you know, was a PRIEST!"

Then he sits back and smiles a very British, lip-twist at you, while you squirm elegantly off into a funny story before you've had time to get mad at him for pulling your leg.

Before the war, Olivier was more of a rolle than a fighter—a clown. But he had never a night-club laugh, nor a partygoer of the top rank. However, since his homeland is torn by her-life-and-death struggle, Olivier (and Vivien with him) has gone into full production. This is not a pose, take it from us who know our Hollywood and its people.

This is not a pose: it's the real English in them. They do not pose, these days, for smiling pictures showing a mouthful of teeth in a glad-mugged grin. They don't do that because they don't feel like grinning—and merely for the sake of money has advised them it wouldn't be polite.

They don't rush around, spending their incomes on parties and nite-spots and yachts and fancy-trimmed station-wagons and six-figure houses and polo ponies and all the other money-frittering things of Hollywood. Instead, they are devoting their funds and themselves to helping Britain. How much of their money they send into Britain's war chest, I don't know—but it's tremendously plenty.

On one thing Olivier IS spending money, himself—it's in perfecting his flying. Behind that, fans know, is the obvious reason that he shall be ready to do his bit actively and fiercely when the time comes when Britain calls him. He will fight not alone with his words, his money, but with his life as well.

He's not making any public circus of that readiness. With typical reserve, he is waiting quietly and patiently for the time when his country calls him.

And there is publicity but out of his England's travail.

They live quietly in a modest Beverly Hills house while they wait for the call, do Vivien and Laurence. They go calmly and effectively about their Hollywood work—but there is in their demeanor the inescapable indication that they consider this only a stopgap until the call comes. Meanwhile, they're doing their bit quietly, efficiently and well; they won't sign any long-term contract—and you can draw your own conclusions.

That's Laurence Olivier, then—the one Englishman in Hollywood above all others who most closely typifies the British of today, even though he doesn't spend all his time waving the Union Jack.

I rather believe that Laurence Olivier loves his flag too much to do that
Cold, Cold Ground for Massey?

[Continued from page 46]

...for Maria and other beautiful songs not yet chosen.

Her eyes sparkled blue. "I am so happy. After New Wine will come The Royal Box, a musical for Paramount release. I like work. I cannot sit idle. This free-lancing will give me pictures I could not have at M-G-M. I can, what you call it, look over the field and consider the best offers." She nodded her head and a shaft of sunlight threw gold into her honey-colored hair. "Is that not right?" she asked.

"Two pictures in three years—that is what I made at M-G-M!" Ilona sighed and curled her long shapely legs beneath her. "I almost went crazy waiting for assignments. I believe to work for my money, not to sit. Do not misunderstand. There is no grudge between M-G-M and me. We parted because—well, mainly because there were not enough pictures to serve Jeanette MacDonald and me both. That was why I had been idle to begin with, I suppose. In some respects I am sorry to be gone from M-G-M. Mr. Mayer was very kind to me."

IT IS no secret that Ilona's ex-studio has long frowned on her consistent dating with the romantic, soft-spoken Alan Curtis and the possibility of marriage as bad business for a budding career. Thus, disagreements between Ilona and studio about how her private life should be lived.

Coupled with this, Ilona has constantly chafed for more work with little forthcoming. So the aches were exchanged with no hard feelings.

But the Hollywood and Vine boys were wrong. For, to borrow their pun, Massey is far from the cold, cold ground so far as career is concerned. In fact she's taking root in the warm, fertile Hollywood soil and fast becoming Americanized—a citizen in deed, if not in papers.

"For two-and-one-half years I am planning to be a citizen," she explained, sliding into a slightly wrong verb tense, as she does so pleasingly on occasion. "I have tried a thousand times to get my citizenship papers. I can pass my tests now, but the quota of Hungarians allowed in the United States is filled for four years. I am here on my visitor's visa. Yes, I have been fingerprinted—an alien, you know. Not undesirable, I hope," she grinned. "I felt like a criminal—fingerprints. But the men were very nice. They even wiped off your hands when they finish with you." The grin became a smile.

"Naturally I wish my father and mother, who are 60 and 58 years old, were here safe in America. Europe is boiling with such troubles." She shook her head thoughtfully. "They have a small cottage near Budapest. I wrote telling them to come—that I have money for the boat. Mail goes slowly through the censors, so I waited a long time for this reply which my father wrote: 'We thank you very much, but we must refuse to come to America. We are old and can do little. What have we to offer your country? What can we give to America?'"

A noble sentiment, but the Masseys need not have worried on that score. They have already given generously to America—Ilona.

Today the gift of the Masseys to you, me, and the world is not too far removed from the peasant girl who milked cows, shocked corn, tossed feed to the chickens, suffered palm burrs when the horses jerked reins from her hands.

There's still the simplicity of a lullaby about Ilona—speech, dress, and social carriage. What's more, she has the qualities of every man's mirage girl. She's as honest as a mirror and not nearly so brutally frank. "I could not be a good liar if I wanted to be. My memory is too faulty," she says. She's the shy, sweet Joan Fontaine in Rebecca; she's that "dream walking" that Revel and Gordon put to words and music. To sum it up, if eyes were made for seeing, Ilona is her own excuse for being.

As a good custom, she underwrites herself. Consequently, from the time her first "googoo" was auditioned until 1936, Ilona hadn't the slightest idea that just as sure as her tootsie bar without a wrapper a round-edged drinking-cup she would someday appear on the American screen.

What right had she—a little, tousle-haired peasant girl who walked barefooted behind the milk cans, clutched a black soil squeezing up between her toes—to have dreams? Hmm, that was for Cinderellas and children in Grimm's fairy tales. But for Ilona Massey—oh, no!

It was her way of thinking: "Ilona Massey is plain; Ilona is big-boned; Ilona is clumsy. Ilona is a peasant." But it was this very thing that prodded her to success.

All right, she wouldn't dazzle them with her beauty, but maybe if she tried she could sing—or perhaps dance, if she would not walk flat-footed and heavily.

"You cannot appear in our play. You are not pretty," a schoolboy told her, not realizing the sting of her careless words brought tears to those soft blue eyes.

That was a memory that burned but was not wasted.

Others burned their marks on her personality. The "children must be seen and not heard" attitude of Hungarian parents relegated Ilona to the stool behind the kitchen stove. Children preserved a mummy-like silence that was far more torturous than golden. How was a child to have social practice—to learn the art of becoming an adult—in such a set-up?

THUS came Ilona's shyness. As she grew older, she fought back at her inferiority, tried salesmanship in a Budapest dry goods store, and was hired the first day. The customer may always be right, but there are limits.

"This kind of ribbon will fade easily," said one purchaser to her. And Ilona answered, "I believe it will. She was so frightened that she said what she shouldn't have. "These stockings marked one hundred per cent silk feel like part cotton. Are they?" demanded a hardened bargain-hunter. Ilona stuttered and finally quoted the price. The floor manager with a Winchell ear heard the conversation, and Miss Massey left without references.

Next she worked with Aunt Terese as a seamstress. That was in Budapest, too. She saved as much as 60 pengoes per month—about $12 in American money—and studied music and voice secretly for fear her father's iron hand without a velvet glove would put a stop to "such foolishness as a stage career."

Then it was high school: four years' studies crammed into two years of puzzling with geometry formulas, learning German, Polish, and Italian, studying lives of the composers and opera stars in the yellow light of a smoke-chimneyed oil lamp.

That Massey girl began to make up in nerve what she lacked in confidence. She asked for and received a job dancing in the chorus at the Budapest Opera House. "And you must know I was in the back row of the chorus," she explains. "The pretty ones were in front."

By now you must know also that Ilona would make a swell press-agent—for anybody but herself. When she began to sing

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Is He the Great Donlevy?
[Continued from page 33]

Hollywood. First thing I thought when I saw him was that, for once, studio biographies don't lie ... the biography of Brian, I thought, says a neat and not over-full mouthful when it states that he's Ireland's answer to Jack the Ripper. This is an Olympic-sized male star who can fight a man and love a woman with equal expertness; that he has the broadest shoulders in Hollywood, a physique like Ajax, yet one with the faintest touch of collar ads, he's that handsome in the face ...

Though it did err in one particular and that was, according to Brian, when it said he could act like a woman with equal expertness ... the fighting a man is the God's truth, the man is scarred up like a veteran of the Foreign Legion with stabbings and woundings ... but when it comes to loving a woman, "I've got ten thumbs when it comes to women," he told me himself, adding, "I'm a little clumsy. If I could change certain things about myself, I'd like to feel a little more at home with the ladies, I'd like to be a little more graceful ..."

So there we were at the luncheon table ... and his opening gun wasn't sweet music to my ears because he said: "I'm scared to death of you people" ... meaning us magazine and newspaper hounds ... And I thought to myself that he looks younger off the screen than he does on, lighter complexioned, for one thing, with his hair that is reddish-brown and his eyes a light blue that could be the color of steel if his temper was running ...

It was plain at the outset that there was nothing to be got from Donlevy by the direct approach ... a flank attack, I thought, that's the way. And the long and short of it is that we sat and talked and ate (Boy, how that man loves to eat—clam chowder, spaghetti, spumoni were just a few of the items he put away). And when we were all done talking, I toddled home and thought over the floor-plan of our talk. And decided that no man can tell of himself whether he is great or near-great or not great at all, nor any one woman, but that from what a man says, from the deeds a man does, others can sit in judgment. Others can label him.

SO ALL I'm going to do is put down for you to read some of the things that stick in my mind out of all the things he said. And then you can write your own ticket.

"Only thing I ever think about," he said, when we were talking about the parts he has played, "is whether I can believe the guy I'm playing. Whether he's a real guy, whether the things he does are things you can understand. McGinty was the kind of fellow I like best, not mushy, not mewling, a man who could take it, whatever it was ..."

When he believes in something he's doing, Donlevy goes the whole way. As when he played McGinty, he did something he's never done in his life before, or even will again, more than likely: he spent $1,000 on clothes, and right out of his own pocket. He got everything, he said, "from gray spats up." He gave it everything he could and then waited to see what would happen. He hates clothes. An old shirt and no tie is his idea of what the Handsomely-Dressed Man should wear.

And yet, I dunno, these Irishmen, it's the blarneying tongues they have, at times ... for Donlevy was dressed in shades of blue that were positively symphonic, two tones of blue in his suit, blended blue tie, even hat, a navy blue straw with blended band, handkerchief tipped tastily from his pocket with monogram showing. For one who hates clothes, I thought, you're turned out pretty lucisbeebish.

And then this seems pretty significant of something or other about him—he wanted to go out on the road and meet all the little honky-tonk town newspaper people. Not a personal appearance tour. He wouldn't make a personal appearance tour. Says he doesn't believe in them. Thinks they are phony. Exhibitionistic. Pretty Me, Look At Me, that sort of thing. Same as he won't have portraits made of himself. They're phony, too, he says, those prop smirks for sale. If the studio wants pictures of Donlevy, they can go out to his house, he says, catch him painting the fence, digging in the earth (he loves to work in the ground, get his hands in the earth), get pictures of him as he is, at what he does, not the way he may look when he's 'dead and gone to Heaven, the Saints willing!'

So, recently, Donlevy went on the road, as he wanted to go. He hit twenty-one cities in four weeks. He met all the newspaper gentry, the kind of friends a fellow needs, he said. He met the guys who run the projection machines in movie houses. The Forgotten Men, he called them. He found them playing solitaire while Gone With the Wind or The Great McGinty unreeled, cocking an eye at the screen now and again, just to make sure McGinty is not standing on his head or Scarlett isn't out of focus entirely ... "But, boy," he said, "if they don't run those machines the way they should be run, if they don't keep their eyes on their work, a lot of big, shining stars would be forgotten men, too."

He is "superstitious about Gable," is Donlevy. He admires him the way a small boy admires a Rockne, a Babe Ruth. Not very apt similes, perhaps, but you know what I mean. ... He says himself, "I'm superstitious about Gable. I never have met him. I hope I never do. Not until I'm ready, anyway. Or if I do hope I will be accidental; it would mean too much to me it might be better if it came on me unawares. First time I saw him was in the theater where I got my first job. I saw him in MACHINAL in that theater.

"When I came to Hollywood, first picture I did was Barbary Coast. The director said he wanted to see me in costume before he could decide on me for the part of the black-shirted killer. He said he wanted me to wear solid colors. I went down to Wardrobe and they gave me a shirt to try on. It was Gable's. He'd worn it in CALL OF THE WILD. I kept that shirt on ...

"He's casual about the things he's done, is Donlevy ... things only strong men can be casual about.

'I've been in a couple of wars," he flipped, "and will be in a couple more, no doubt. And it doesn't seem to settle anything. I live next to the Soldiers' Cemetery out in Brentwood. The Dictators should live there a couple of years, maybe they wouldn't rest as easy as the boys under the crosses do; gives a man ideas he doesn't want to live with."

And then, later, checking the records, I found that just after his folks moved to Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, somebody gave young Donlevy a bugle (he attributes the [Continued on page 70]
The Master's Voice
[Continued from page 31]

with such rudderless abandon that women, at the sight of him prettied-up by Westmore (Perc), begin swooning over all the land. You never can tell—in Hollywood. Barrymore might even turn suavely insidious and Lasky would have been more happy.

The idea strikes Robinson as fantastic, but he is too certain of Hollywood's unpredictable talent to hazard the guess that it couldn't happen. He says that playing a seafaring vagabond of the Pacific Coast, so far removed from the recent comparatively serene roles of men in scientific achievement, has unusual possibilities for indulging in violent behavior. Yet, he does not visualize himself as a swashbuckler—even in his most fanciful reveries before his Rembrants and Winslow Homers. He is just not the type, with all due credit to Westmore (Perc). Swashbucklers don't smoke Havana perfec
tos for one thing.

Of his recent biographical roles, that of Paul Julius Reuter, the German-English founder of the great British news agency of Reuter's, is most in keeping with hurly-burly contemporaneous life. The quiet, patient, medical researcher, Ehrlich, however, is his favorite. The latter's humanitar
tarian qualities appeal more to an actor who, in the passing years, has become definitely social-problem-minded.

In The Magic Bullet he was enabled for the first time to identify himself with a char
ter who had devoted a lifetime to working out a panacea for a social problem. It is a part, as is that of Reuter, that he would have liked to play on the stage had the stage the physical scope to present it adequately. The theater, he admits, might capture the essential character of these men, but the background against which they worked would be necessarily limited in the theater.

The afternoon your correspondent talked with Edward G. Robinson, he had just finished a conference with the sponsors of his popular radio program, Big Town, in which he plays a newspaper editor. Details had been ironed out for the resumption of the broadcast.

On the desk in his Waldorf towers apartment lay a huge bundle of letters from newspaper editors and publishers from all parts of the country suggesting ideas for his microphone sketches, complimenting him upon their social importance. He was proud of these letters, read several of them aloud to show how impressed were the writers with the work he was doing.

He lighted a fresh cigar, laid a smoke screen that would have done justice to the old Park Row and the old Fleet Street in their palmiest post-lunchen
too tradition. If plays run in cycles so do impersonations. Newspaper life is providing a cycle for Edward G. Robinson. Radio showed him the way. The screen has followed. Perhaps, the stage will complete the cycle.

But no—he wants none of the stage, not even if he had the chance to portray a com
posite of Lord Northcliffe, James Gordon Bennett, Joseph Pulitzer, Charles A. Dana, Paul Julius Reuter and William Randolph Hearst all in one evening.

He has played a star—perhaps, the only one—who has neither desire nor inten
tion of appearing in a Broadway play.

Robinson was not to be long in Gotham. He planned to shop a Broadway or counter-shop on Fifth Avenue. He had already seen all the hits but Massa

Edward G. Robinson enjoys taking trips to N.Y.C. 'tween pictures. Then he relaxes on a shopping spree, ending up by visiting art galleries and buying up Old Masters. He was met on last trip by step-daughter Jean. He's now making The Sea Wolf

Jolson's. Yes, he would see that. The shops on the Avenue—well, he liked them better in the more decorative festiveness of Dec
tember. Meanwhile, there were more huddles to keep with radio people.

He would be on time for them if he could evade theatrical producers who were camp
ing on his trail. They wanted to star him. They had tried to interest him in returning to the stage. His phone had been ring
ing with requests from managers to read this play and that. Immediate production was promised if he found a script to his liking. His answer to all was "No," delivered with that familiar suave finality with which he dismisses a subject in his screen roles.

With the years he has acquired a mellow
ness, a philosophical outlook on the amuse
tment life of the nation. He does not believe that the stage can satisfy his desire for self-expression. He likes the high pressure of his radio work, the immense vitality and variety of his biographical and historical roles on the screen.

"I've been dallying with the idea of playing Beethoven in the films," he said. "Say, you might get a wrong idea there, 'playing Beethoven,'" and his wide mouth grew wider. "I'd better say 'acting Beethoven.'" Wagner, too, has been suggested, though I'm afraid he had too tempestuous a love story for me. I'd have a hard time convincing myself I had the oompf for Wagner, especially when he was caught up in the ecstasy of Tristan and Isolde. But Beethoven—he's different. He's more up my alley. I have something of the same shaped face. Or at least I would have when Westmore got through with me. I wouldn't mind getting a gallery of composers from Brahms to Sousa.

Upon second thought he said he might have to omit Cesar Franck, even though it meant sacrificing a vivid scene of that com
poser's struggle against the chopinophony in an organ loft of a Paris church.

"There'd be too much of a temptation for people to wiseack: 'From Little Caesar to Cesar Franck—No—Beethoven's my man. Such a great dramatic figure! Such a stormy life, such a vivid climax with deafness com
ning upon him!"

Edward G. Robinson also has been mulling over the possibility of portraying General Grant. Indeed, the mulling has extended over several years. He would have to grow another beard, smoke even more cigars than he does, but otherwise he says he is ready. He doesn't much care what the military men play should end at Appomattox or take him to the White House. But, in the event it is the latter, he is ready for that, too.

"But I've already had to dodge the White House, but it's no fault of mine. I'm not the type for Lincoln or Washington or Jackson, but there are others I might approximate."

The group of Army bombers roared overhead. Robinson rushed to the windows. He said he had never got over the habit of hurrying to a window to look at an airplane. He is not as blase as his screen parts make him out. He has his enthusiasm. He named two of them—Alfred Hitchcock and William Wyler, the directors. He thinks them men of rare dramatic instincts, of unusually fertile imaginations. He likes the way they co-operate with actors and writers to achieve their effects. In the end you invariably get from them, he adds, a memorable piece of work.

He has never worked with Hitchcock but he would like to. "He does such unexpected things, like the opening scene of Rebecca, for example, with a voice, representing the narrator of the book, reading a paragraph while on the screen one saw the scene that was being described."

That picture brought out a new young star in Joan Fontaine, a fact which reminded him of the scarcity of new young stars in Holly
dwood. There are as regularly as ever big publicity build-ups of new faces, new per
sonalities, but the old guard, the old favorites, says Robinson, still dominate the scene.

"Outside of John Garfield and Joan Fontaine, whom can you name that has been developed into an enduring stardom prestige?"

I spattered for time. He gave me about six seconds. I mentioned Master Rooney.

"He's been around a long time," he shot back. "He's not a new star. There are plenty of new names, of course. They bob up in secondary parts, and here and there in lead
ing parts. But in the case of the latter they don't stay up there in star parts for picture after picture. The regulars are still on—
the Bette Davises, the Munis, the Garboes, Shubert's, Cagney's, Powells, Powers, Flynn and—"

"And the Edward G. Robinsons?"

"Yes," he chuckled, "I'm still around, too. I went over to a new film when Jolson was introduced. I was lucky. I had a lot

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Hedy’s Private Opinion of Men

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loved me more than he did the day he proposed.” She said it, simply, frankly. And you gathered that even though, ultimately, this marriage didn’t work out, she wasn’t holding its failure against Gene; that he hadn’t disillusioned her one bit concerning American men in general; that story of their break-up was simply the story of marriage and career and how the twain, somehow, couldn’t find a happy meeting ground.

“Yes,” she was saying, “when I first came to America, I thought American men were ‘high-hatted.’ It was because when I’d meet them on the lot or at a cafe, perhaps, and even though we had been introduced, they didn’t greet me. They just—how do you say it?—gave me the ‘once over.’ But at last—she smiled—’I found out that it was only your American custom. I learned that in this country a gentleman does not speak to a lady unless she speaks first. Now in Europe, a gentleman speaks first to a lady, giving her the opportunity to return his greeting if she desires. If—”her shrug was expressive—“she prefers not to answer, why, he accepts her decree.”

She paused, thoughtfully. “Yes, I learned at last that American men are not ‘high-hatted,’ but I also learned something else at the same time—that they are spoiled. Of course,” she continued, “you American women do the spoiling. You let your men—what is the phrase?—‘get away’ with a great deal. I mean, for example, you allow your men to telephone you at the last minute for an engagement. Now in Europe, no girl would permit that. That is, if a gentleman did ask to take her out at the eleventh hour, she would refuse even though she had no better plans than a dull evening at home. Of course,” she interpolated, “you understand this is just my own observation. I do not mean to change your customs nor your men. I like American men!

“It is just that things are different in this country and I, a stranger, could not help but notice and remark such differences, when I first arrived. For example, American men are so—so casual—at least most of those whom I have met are—and how different that is from the Continental attitude!

“In Europe, there is no such thing as a ‘girl friend’ or ‘boy friend.’ If a gentleman takes a lady out very much, it is understood that he is serious, that his object is marriage. Here, a man and a girl can be ‘boy friend and girl friend’ and then, suddenly, they can break things off without either of them losing face because the whole thing has been just a ‘casual’ relationship.

“American men,” she went on, “also seem to take a girl for granted in a manner which, to me, was very unusual. I remember one time—the recollection made her chuckle—‘when I first arrived in Hollywood, a certain man took me dancing one night and a few days later asked to call for tea. That was very nice. I was lonely and was happy to have him. But when he arrived, he was very attractive—I believe ‘sloppy’ is the American term for it—golf clothes and he hadn’t shaved.

“Well, I was unused to such carelessness and considered it insulting. I told him so and commanded him never to visit me again! He apologized and left and I thought to myself, That, Hedy, is the last of him! But the next day came a great box of roses and in it was a little note which said, ‘I hope that these will signify a step in the right direction?’ Then, of course, I couldn’t be angry at him any more. I liked him all the better because, instead of being piqued, he was man enough to wish to make amends.’

She laughed. “It’s funny. American men do indeed dislike to shave, I think. Just recently, I was asked to have a conference with a group of gentlemen and one of them was unshaved. He looked very untidy. Since he knew there were to be ladies at the conference, I was very annoyed at this carelessness. So I wouldn’t speak to him. I ignored him entirely, speaking only to the others present. At last, he apologized to me and to the other ladies, ‘I did not have time to shave!’ he said.

“But since I knew he had not been as busy as all that, I could not forgive him. Of course, you American women, in your insatiable desire for equality, have won splendid freedom and you are envied by other women the world over. But isn’t it true that you have lost a certain cordiality, in giving this equality? Perhaps it does not make a difference to you and perhaps you are right that it does not. But I, born and reared in a different environment, find it difficult to become accustomed to—what shall I call them?—these ‘lapses’ in manners.”

She interrupted herself, again, to make a significant remark. “‘Gene is not like that, though. If he had been, I should not have married him. His manners toward me were always perfect.”

“Besides,” she went on quickly, “manners, good or bad, are not everything. In fact, if I have given the impression that I do not approve of American men, then let me hasten to dispel it. Because I do! My impression of the average American man is indeed good if—” she dimpled—“he cares!”

“The American man, as I have met him or learned of him, for instance, is a wonderful, kind-hearted man, a great lover of his own woman. He fights hard. And, which is still better, if he loses, he is a good loser. I have found nothing small or petty about the man I have met over here. Just as the average American is larger in stature than the average Continental, so is he larger in character—if I may make myself clear. It seems somehow easier for him to be heroic. Just read in your papers of the great disaster around the sea heroes emerging from tragedy. Nor is this confined to any class or walk of life. Your heroes arise from all stations, and I wonder if you realize how fine that is? It should make you proud, your men!

“The American man, too, is very sincere, forthright and whole-souled. He loves his wife and children and he takes an honest pride in them for him. He is confident he can do it, too—’cocky,’ in truth, but it is an engaging ‘cockiness’ born, I think, of the fact that here in America there is opportunity for everyone. A newsboy can become a financier; a bootblack, president.

“It is wonderful, and it is reflected in the personalities of your men. They are happier, more confident, more optimistic. And of course,” she added, “they are more boyish, because worry and responsibility have not made them old, whether they would be or no.

“Too,” she continued, “if I said their manners, particularly toward women are not as impeccable as they might be, I do not mean that respect and real kindness toward women are lacking. I believe the contrary is true. As I look back over the years I have spent in this country, recollection of certain incidents proves that to me.

“There was the night that I was driving home, alone, after working at the studio very late, and I fancied another case of following me. I wondered how you say it?—‘stepped on the gas’ and exceeded the speed limits very woefully, I am afraid.

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companions. We shopped, dined together and went to the theaters. Later I was to go into court and out with her as witnesses for D. W. Griffith in the famous Birth of a Nation suit. How many of you remember that picture, now so looked upon as the one of the screen classic, was once banned because of the fear it might incite race hatred and riots?

My friendship with the Gishes, which began in 1912, continued after I moved to New York, where I was living near Mrs. Gish in the bank one day and hearing her say she was there to deposit her girls' salary checks:

"I always tell Dorothy and Lillian that the money they earn is not income," stated Mrs. Gish. "It can stop any day and I hope you are saving YOUR money," she added.

I didn't have the heart to tell her that I was just one jump ahead of the sheriff and that I regularly pawned my mother's jewelry so that my child could go to a private school and to summer camp. I felt she wouldn't understand anyone living beyond her income.

At the court she seemed to have mothers in those days had much more to say than the mothers of today, Mrs. Charlotte Pickford was always the boss of her daughters. Her sense of responsibility was always in evidence and she was largely responsible for the fortune amassed by her blind child. I have heard clever businessmen say they had rather do business with the shrewdlest lawyer than to try to best Mrs. Pickford in a deal. Mrs. Peg Talmadge, to the day of her death, was the head of her family of three girls. I can remember how scared Constance was a week after a bank stole from her. At fifteen she took some money out of the safety deposit vault and bought jewelry. "Mother saved that for me," she said, "and she would be furious to know I had bought this junk—and, of course, she is right!"

Because Peg, who had been very poor, appreciated the value of a dollar, her daughters are independent for life. Norma's fortune is estimated at $700,000, although much of this, of course, was piled up under the guidance of her first husband, Joseph Schenck.

As I said before, movie mothers of today seem to play an odd far from important role in the careers of their daughters—with the possible exception of Mrs. George Temple. However, I shall have more to say of the golden Temple and her family in the next and final chapter of this series. But in many cases now the parents of movie stars seem to have many outside interests of their own which wasn't the case back in the days of the immortal Gishes and Pickfords.

Ginger Rogers' mother, for instance, is interested in the little theater movements and also in coaching young players. Mrs. Florence, mother of Joan and Olivia, is a very pretty woman who remains in the background of her daughters' careers. Deanna Durbin's mother seldom visits the studio and leaves all important decisions to Joe Pritchard, who is their father. There is little to do with her famous daughter's career. The same may be said for the mothers of Joan Crawford, Jeanette MacDonald and many more.

I have never met Mrs. Mullican, the amazing mother of the Lanes, Lola, Leota, Rosemary and Priscilla, so that much of the chatter about her interference in their romances may be just idle chitchat. However, I do know that she sternly dis-approved of pretty blond Priscilla's engagement to Ben Haglund, an assistant director at Warners. At least, it was an open secret on the Warner lot that she had forbidden Priscilla, the baby and prettiest of the Lanes—to see Haglund. Their eventual marriage lasted but a few hours, though the news didn't break for over a year.

There was talk also that she was openly opposed to having husband Byrd West, but, after all, he is more, the youngest member of the famous make-up experts.

The three Bennett girls are so colorful that today, they are as exciting and interesting as when Constance married the rich Phil Plant some fifteen years ago. What a commotion it caused when her million-dollar divorce settlement was headlined.

The Bennetts are always surprising. While I have never felt there was the family close-ness between them that exists between the Gishes and the Talmadges for instance, I do know that Barbara and Joan love each other dearly. Barbara, the youngest of the younger girls have the greatest admiration for Constance. When Barbara and her little brood of five Downeys come to Hollywood they are usually the object of a family reunion. Constance had achieved a film career of her own if she hadn't tossed it overboard to marry Morton Downey, the Irish tenor, eight years ago.

Although weeks go by without Constance and Barbara meet, they are so close in the family tie, and whenever either is unhappy the other is an ardent champion. The Bennetts are like many non-professional families. They may have achieved success for themselves—but woe to the outsider who dares to say anything about one sister to the other two.

Often called the best-dressed woman in Hollywood, Constance is essentially a woman of the world. She has been called cold, selfish and self-centered by her enemies but I cannot believe a woman who will adopt two children and shower every maternal attention on them is as calculating as she has been painted.

My favorite story about Constance is the time she got wind that a certain Hollywood bank was about to close its doors. The father of the Bennetts had just given her a check of $30,000. She rushed to the clearing house and got it back before it reached the bank. The bank officials were furious and threatened a lawsuit—but Connie was advised she was right and stuck to her guns.

Joan, the beauty of the family, is less of a business shark. She spends her money freely, is the soul of generosity and loves her home and fireside. She, too, has been adored by millionaires. There was one time last year when I thought the fabulously rich Woolie Donahue, heir to the Woolworth millions, had won Joan. But her heart has always ruled her head and while Joan liked Woolie, it was Walter Wanger who won her as his bride.

The youngest Bennett has not always been a child of luxury. When she was married at 16 to John Fox she knew many hardships, did her own housework, took care of a tiny baby and pinched the family exchequer to make ends meet. The father of the Bennetts is Richard, long famed for his temperament on the stage—and they get much of their color and excitement from him. Their mother was known on the stage as Adrienne Morrison.

In this resume of famous screen families I must not forget the tragic, bitter family feud that existed between Mary Miles Minter and her mother and sister. Almost as fantastic as any fiction story, Mary's famous private life is a duel to the death to rescue her life. Bitter were the accusations hurled by members of the Shelby clan as Mary sued for her fortune and found her mother, Mrs. Shelby, had dissipated almost her entire earnings.

I knew Mary when she was at the height of her, blonde, blue-eyed stardom. What a lovely thing she was—almost angelic in her spiritual loveliness.

She was a domineering mother and, although Mary must have been 16 at the time, she dressed her in pink and blues and low-heeled shoes like a school child. "The baby" she called her, and as well I knew this family I was never permitted to see the unhappy little Minter girl alone when I went to interview her. Mary's real name was Juliet—Juliet Shelby—and in looking back on her tragic fate I think she was as much loved and understood as the original Juliet of Shakespeare.

The murder of William Desmond Taylor, to this day an unsolved crime, was the be- ginning of the end of the famous Hollywood Minter child. The fearful notoriety engulfed many people in Hollywood—but none suffered more than the Shelleys in the ensuing trial and later the bitter lawsuits. The mud splashed over a child's career brought about the downfall of Mrs. Shelley and her two daughters.

I feel sorry for Mrs. Shelley for her was a mistake sometimes made through bad judgment and too much dominance over a child. She has been accused of avarice but the bitter moments of anguish she must have suffered have certainly been enough punishment.

The sisters of Hollywood have easily occupied the spotlight. There have been comparatively few brother clans in the movies. Of course, there were the Moore brothers, Owen (who recently died, was once married to Star of the Worn Terrestrial, the husband of beautiful Alice Joyce) and Matt, who has remained a bachelor. All good actors, not one of them was able to achieve the heights on the screen that was theirs in private life. The trouble with the Moore brothers is that their wives were always more glamorous and exciting.

Wallace and Noah Beery, who until this last year were both enemies, are a colorful brother team. Wally's success was greater than Noah's, though at one time they were neck-and-neck as the screen's leading heavies. In fact, it was this career rivalry that kept them from being close friends for so many years. Each suffered domestic tragedy—Noah's wife was ill for so many years and not long ago Mrs. Rita Gilman Beery divorced Wally.

The consummation of their personal unhappiness softened his heart and made him understand better the problems of his brother. At any rate, all is forgiven between them and a few months ago when Noah Jr., married Maxine Jones, daughter of Buck, it was the intrepid Wally who acted as best man. Also, I happen to know that Wally is doing all in his power to boost Noah's Screen success and get him the roles he deserves in the movies.
casually, in a fashion that would delight Kitty, and mark him as a gentleman in her eyes, as he says:

"I think it's because I've played so many kinds of roles in my last films—a cowboy, a cactus cops, a pilot in *Flight Angels*, a soldier; and in *River's End* I did two parts, each calling for different characterizations.

There was a pretty good chance that young Morgan would not have an opportunity to show what he could give to the part of Wynwood Strafford VI because a couple of Warner producers, including W. S. Van Dyke, penciled his name into forthcoming film casts, *(Continued)*

Mr. Jacobs had written "Dennis Morgan, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Brenda Marshall" onto the cast sheet for *South of Suez* and then added as an afterthought "George Tobias," for no Warner film is complete today without its Tobias.

That took Morgan off the "at liberty" list and when Robinson asked to borrow him for the Rogers film, there was a great deal of hounding. Headhunting among the producers, Morgan was offered for M. Jacobs, picture and that was all there was to it. When the news seeped out that Morgan was wanted for a big off-the-lot film and couldn't get away, people who knew that he was interested went to call him to a young actor of working with Sam Wood, director of *Our Town* and *Good-bye, Mr. Chips*, in a Ginger Rogers film, felt acute sympathy for Dennis. Brenda Marshall again wrote:

"But how much it meant to young Morgan is hard to say. He had been kicked around the film colony in pursuit of his career, often ignored and given little money, until a little thing like losing a part in a big picture was nothing. Besides, he had a funny philosophy—Swedes are great ones when it comes to dreaming up a rule of conduct or ethics. And Dennis, despite that Irish moniker, presented by him Jack Warner, is as Swedish (Scotch and Dutch, too) as his name—Stonner Morner.

HE HAD a strong belief in the theory Everything Will Work Out All Right In The End. He thinks that even Hollywood and sex will, too. He believes, also, that there be a few of them men who just can't expect coast along, taking what is handed by fate, whether it is good or bad. It won't be bad long.

That's the way Hollywood has been handing it to me regularly," he says, with a grin, rubbing his straight nose reflectively with a knuckle, which he does without knowing it. "Sometimes good, more than half the time bad, that is the Hollywood law. When I did the least work, which is slow rot to me."

It should be said here that Dennis is primarily a singer. He's an actor, too, but he is first and always a singer. It was his senior voice, lifted in the aria of Carmen's *Don Juan*, that made Mary Garden, singing Bizet's Carmen, look at him appraisingly, and say, "You should be in films. I'll speak to my friend, Robert Rubini, about it.

This may be the reason why, in talking to Dennis today, one feels a reservation in his pleasure at being cast for one of the season's male acting plums. Of course he's flattered. It expands his ego, solves some of the worries that he is experiencing during his five years' servitude. He admires the star, the director, finds Ginger "swell," and brazes his inner yearnings by simply saying: "They own Rio Rita at RKO."

To most handsome young leading men with blue eyes and tanish hair with a flat wave that goes from their shoulders (he's six feet two inches), the fact that Radio owned the rights to the Tierney musical *Rio Rita* would be just another answer for Information Please. To Morgan it is something that is unmeasurably thrilling. A chance to sing those Tierney songs for the screen would be the beginning of his conception of success.

To Morgan, as he is singing, the voice has been heard on the screen before. He had a flock of Irish ditties to recite off—five of them, exactly—in *State Cop*, and they are using a theme song in *Kitty Foyle*. It will recour through the film, as a sort of obligato to *Wyn* and Kitty's love scenes.

But this is not enough to satisfy the young tenor's longings for complete exposition of his voice. It couldn't be. He's been singing since he was a boy in church choirs and in choirs, through high school... "I played straight drama, too, seven plays at college," he says to bolster his dramatic pretensions.

For a year and a half he doubled as announcer and singer in a Milwaukee broadcasting station, barnstormed about the country in sixty-one night stands with an opera troupe of five principals, one pianist and no chorus, presenting *Faust*. For forty-eight weeks, which is solid booking in any country, he sang at Chicago's Palmer House.

SINGING was a career and he bent all his energies toward reward in it: lessons of Alex Baas at Carrol College, more lessons at Milwaukee's Wisconsin Conservatory of Music. Then on to Chicago, which *Wyn* critically refers to as "civilization with its pants down," for some culture (voice) which *Wyn* apparently didn't know existed. This time at the American Conservatory of Music and the Chicago Musical College.

Perhaps because he thinks that opera is an outmoded art form, although he studies it (he is rehearsing with an opera coach now), he resists it at every step. He^

FRANKLY, this wasn't so hot for Morgan.

In his hurry to reach the coast in time, he says, he spurned chance to check the front page of the Hollywood and three quarters of oil. "That was at nine in the morning," he tells. "At noon it was dry and I put eighteen gallons of gas into it and five quarts of oil." This made his pocketbook palpitate.

"The car was a jalopy, as it steamed over the dirt with its six-thousand second-hand tires, with its cargo of young humans. "If you kin git over them had fourteen miles beyond Almagordo," Morgan was advised, "you must be good."

The engine gave up once and cost me fifty dollars to get it to wheeze again. I was surprised that we made New Mexico as well as we did."

So was the old jalopy, as it steamed over the dirt with its six-thousand second-hand tires, with its cargo of young humans. "If you kin git over them had fourteen miles beyond Almagordo," Morgan was advised, "you must be good."

The engine gave up once and cost me fifty dollars to get it to wheeze again. I was surprised that we made New Mexico as well as we did.

But with a grunt and a wheeze the ancient bus pulled herself together and with dignity navigated the fourteen "bad ones" even with a whoosh that sounded throughout the sagebrush county she exhaled the air from her four tires. It was time for cussin'.

Morgan knew that the only tires to fit the ancient vehicle were back in Almagordo, and it would cost money to tow the car back, buy the tires, and fill 'er up with gas.

He walked over to a nearby suds dispensary and filled it with a quart of oil. The attendent looked at him and said "I don't think things out. He didn't think things over for long. There was an interruption. A big fellow in a rancher's hat wanted to buy him a drink.

In a moment he had Morgan's story and he was pulling out a wad of bills that would "choke an ox," to use Dennis' words. He peeled off a hundred-dollar bill, which added to the two already in his pocket. He had left of expense money, made it possible to tow the jalopy back to town and have it outfitted with tires.

"Pay me back when you can," the rancher told Morgan, "I believe the first choice that Dennis performed when he arrived in Hollywood. Again Morgan's philosophy of

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She was given a few small parts, shot a man in Madame X. she shared another picture, added her lustrous decor to Marie Antoinette, Hold That Kiss, Man Proof, and a few other photodramas, brief “first five minute” roles, and it seemed as though for the South American caballeros noticed her. They wrote her passionately polite letters, with flowery compliments in Spanish, and to this day her most faithful admirers still write her at the top of her. She looks kind of Spanish to them, being a blue-eyed brunette.

H mean while, she was given in-credible tests, and always turned down for one reason or another whenever there was a real money role available for a girl of her type. She suffered a long series of heart-breaks, but kept her sorrows to her- self. Particularly heartbreaking was the part with Nelson Eddy and Jeannette MacDonald in Sweethearts, which she didn’t get, after being tested for it.

Ruth’s Irish blood boiled. She heard remarks about her being over-looked, too dignified and ladylike. Everybody told her to warm up. But she felt tied up before the camera. She felt perfectly free on the stage and radio, but before the camera had to be within precise mathematical limits, and she was under terrific burden. She was rated an eyelid and had to look right to justify that claim. So she finally said good-bye to all books. I’m going to concentrate on my action, and forget what I’ll look like on the screen.” A salu- tary decision.

In other words, her problem was a lack of the necessary amount of exhibitionism for raising the temperatures of movie audiences, movie audiences being what they are. And furthermore, she began to realize that she had to be something of an exhibi- tionist in real life to grab space in the public prints, of vital importance to any screen charmer.

Miss Hussey decided to live up to her name, which, you must admit, is an excellent name for an actress, especially for one who is a born lady. The girl, really, has loads of S. A., that indispensable magic ingredient for screen success. And being introspective, she wrote in her diary:

“June 9—Now I know all right. I didn’t get that part in Sweethearts, and I know why. It was whispered to me that I lacked allure. Is that so? I don’t think I’ve ever felt so mad in my life. So, that’s what they want, is it? I’ll show ’em. I’m also mad at myself... beginning to see the error of my ways. Instead of going after things, I waited for them to come to me. Who did I think I was, anyway, Bernhardt? All right, I’ll bound them. What have I to lose now? Being a shy violet hasn’t done much good. I’ll try other takes.”

Ruth used in her diary one of the more polite words for the good old S. A. At this time it seemed as though her option would not be taken up. And so con- sidered, under the circumstances:

“June 11—Here’s a chance to do some- thing. I’m going to make a silent test. All right, I’ll turn it on in a silent. I can do it. I’ll give expression. I can think of. I’ll be sweet. I’ll be coy. I’ll look this way and that. I’ll walk like a princess and then turn on them like a hoyden! I’ll do it!”

“June 12—Well, I did it! I made the test! AND DID I TURN IT ON! If the film doesn’t sizzle in the projection-room then I’m a bad actress. I might as well go back to radio as a fashion commentator. Now we’ll see.”

She found that the studio needed somebody to play the part of Sally, sister of Robert Young in Rich Man, Poor Girl.

“June 18—I’ve dogged the footsteps of everybody connected with the picture for five days. They all seem to be sleeping. I hope they do and I hope they have nightmares if they don’t give me that part... It’s almost getting to be a joke. They all sort of singing ‘I wonder what’s become of Sally,’ the minute they see me.”

“June 19—Miracle of miracles! The studio called me in today, TORE UP MY OLD CONTRACT AND GAVE ME A NEW ONE. I’ll bet it was that last test. Why didn’t I think of that allure stuff before? Tomorrow I’m going to the beach and celebrate.”

But still got a bad case of third degree sunburn. “It serves me right for getting so excited,” she philosophized.

“June 22—I didn’t get the part of Sally. I’OT THE FEMININE LEAD IN THE Pictures Story, is Robert Taylor’s new woman lead and will be Spencer Tracy’s next femme lead. She has definitely arrived, professionally, thanks to her husky stuff, using that word advisable considering her former reserve.

But in real life she’s still very much the nice young lady, in spite of the fact that she went and bought herself a stunning red wrap to wear in night clubs... We hardly read anything about her in the gossip columns. Perhaps she should wear orchids on her eyes and try to get closer to the movie- reporters and photographers when they cover those nocturnal salons on Sunset Strip. Or tear somebody’s hair. We don’t know.”

At any rate, she was looking for exhibitionism to the screen and doesn’t at all live and be- have like an actress and glamour-vendor off screen.

Ruth was born in Providence, R. I., where her father, who was a graduate of the jewelry firm of Baird, North & Co. Her mother later married his close friend and business partner. She has a younger sister, who last summer was graduated from Pembroke College. In college Ruth shone in dramatics, and studied painting, interior decoration and architecture. After getting her B. S., she went to a business college to learn shorthand and typing.

Ruth is one of those people who live in Hollywood but are not of Hollywood. God knows what intrigues this unassuming heart is in New England. Don’t get the idea that she is a prim Puritan. She is a born fruster, dialectician and mimic, and talks with her hands flying, but nevertheless she is half New England Puritan, and she certainly doesn’t know very well. Hence, her reputation for being cold and aloof.

She has been busy for some time drawing [Continued on page 77]
I Must Be Mad!
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mad. And that look in her eyes every time her husband's back was turned in the picture—before she shut him in the garage with the car—had meant that she had been able to put my car in the garage since.

Ida Lupino said, even more wryly, "You see what I'm up against. Everybody's convinced I'm nuts. Even my own husband." She tried to look unhappy, but there was a glint—a mad glint—in her eyes.

She smiled a sickly smile.

"It's going to be interesting, watching the fan mail. It shot up after The Light That Failed. I played a girl who was swindling, treacherous, unlively wretch. It shot up after They Drive by Night, in which I played a girl who killed him, and tried to blame the man she wanted—until her conscience caught up with her. Some truck drivers even wrote me a group fan letter. They said, 'Maybe Kate didn't want you, but we do. If you're ever down our way, drop in and we'll prove it.'"

"That was nice of the boys," commented Louis.

It was nice," defended Ida. "Only I don't know yet whether people have been going for my performances or for the vicious characters I have suddenly started playing. Remember that old theatrical adage that evil has a fascination for audiences?

SHE smiled amiably and reached for a cigarette. She took a couple of nervous puffs, then said: "I wonder if it would possibly do any good to repeat there's a motive behind my madness?"

"I came to Hollywood seven years ago. I was 16. Right away, I got leading roles. And I got the kind of salary that would go to anybody's head—particularly at the age of 16. I thought I was really something. I labored under that delusion for four years. Then one day I took a good look at myself. I was a horrible, conceited brat who hadn't done anything yet that could really be called acting.

"It has been told so many times that it's probably sickening, but Lupinos have been actresses for more than four hundred years. There's a very large accumulation of the urge-to-act in my blood. One run-of-the-mill role after another thinned it out. But, suddenly, it clotted. I had to find some remedy for that.

"I pleaded for chances to play something besides ingenues. Nobody would listen. So I gave up my contract and dropped out of films. I wanted people to forget Ida, the ingenue. I wanted to reorganize myself. I wanted to give myself a dose of mental sackcloth-and-ashes—and decide what I could do as an urge-to-act. Maybe it was too late to do anything. I wondered if maybe I shouldn't concentrate on my music and forget acting. I discovered that I could.

"During that year that I was off the screen, I turned 21, and I married Louis. I didn't let anybody forget it when I started looking for work again. I said, 'Married at 21! My God, what a story that is.'"

"Opportunity didn't do any frenzied beckoning in my direction. The best role that turned up was a run-of-the-mill heroine in a run-of-the-mill thriller, Class B. I wasn't pleased. I think I was the worst thing that ever happened to an adolescent. She was an adult. I played two more roles out of the same mold before The Light That Failed came. That part didn't pursue me. I pursued it. Desperately. I had to talk my head off, and work my head off, to get it. It was such a terrific contrast to anything you have to convince them that you can be something else. From innocent adolescent to sophisticated adult is one step. Then, after you've played just so many nice girls, it's a good idea to play some tough ones, parts with some deep emotions, sensitive ones. Then some passionate, romantic ones, reeking with sex appeal. It takes a long time, but finally people will expect you to be able to play anything. And you will be able to play anything.

"My next step is to prove I can play a lady.

"The other day I heard about a certain story that Warners are about to put into production. I went into the Front Office and asked for the role of the wife. Why, Ida, they said, 'we've already cast the role. We're using the girl who was playing a mousey little wife.' That's what I mean. People just don't think of you as something different from what you played last. Unless you make them. I only hope the Front Office is so unimpressed with something different for me. I'd love to play a sane, sensitive, mousey little wife next. The contrast might be startling. People might be shocked to discover I'm not really mad.

"According to the old theatrical theories on the theory that the thing that draws people to theaters to see you is the thing you should do. I agree, up to a certain point. An adolescent, can't switch overnight into a woman of passion and get away with it. Her fans will feel betrayed. But an actress can't do the same thing too long, either, and keep audiences interested. The trick is to keep changing, but subtly, gradually.

"That's complicated, in my case, by the fact that I'm not an easy type to cast. I'm not tall and stately, and yet I'm not short and dumpy; I'm just right, and I'm not the energetic, happy-go-lucky sort. And I have absolutely no glamour. I can sympathize with the attitude: 'If the public likes something, it's my duty to change it this way?' But every night I get down on my knees and pray that, somehow, I can keep changing. Subtly."

SHE had been giving the general impression that she was concentrating on trying to become a good actress—some day. Hadn't she read the notices to the effect that she's one of the best now? Ida said: "No woman can be a good actress until she's in her thirties." she said. "At least, I've never seen it happen. How could possibly be good yet? I haven't lived long enough. How can anybody my age feel things in a hundred per cent mature way? Nobody my age is a hundred per cent mature. You can imagine emotions, yes. But your imagination doesn't always tell you the truth."

"You can't say about any performance or anybody my age, 'That's it. That couldn't be improved upon.' A performance may strike you, because it's an odd part, or a great subject, or the roles were fresh. It may make the performance more striking, more perfect. I've heard actors say, 'Don't try to feel your part. Don't be hammy.' They annoy me no end. So do the actors who say, 'Bernhardt winked to fellow players during a performance.' I don't believe it. Bernhardt didn't believe it. A great actress by making fun of what she was doing, will make a great actress by knowing what she was doing. And she was greater at sixty than she was at twenty. She had lived more, felt more.

"Tonight the supposèd actresses like Betta Davis and Irene Dunne and Elisabeth Bergner and Margaret Sullivan and Rosalind Russell are good in everything they do. They are polished people. They are mature women with mature moods and mature emotions.

"You can't help but resort to tricks if you're not a great actress. You have to keep the audience looking at you, somehow. You develop little habits. You turn at unexpected moments. You talk softly when everybody else shouts. You do things with your hands when other people are keeping their eyes on you. You're very much to attract attention. All players, with the exception of one or two, think in terms of tricks. That's not acting. That's personality."

She added that the only way to want to act could have seen Edna Best in the Noel Coward playlet, Still Life. She sat at a table through the entire thing, absolutely still—yet you couldn't take your eyes off her, and you knew every emotion of the character she was playing."

She paused thoughtfully.

"You know, I think I'm just beginning to appreciate some of the things my father taught me when he was trying to make an actress of me.

"My father is Stanley Lupino, the British playwright and movie director. An amazing person, really. And only 45. The last time I was home and we went out together, people thought we were sweethearts. He often produces. One time I was in one of his productions and was shifting through the dress rehearsal when he stopped everything and turned to me. 'You think you're pretty good,' he said. 'You think you don't have to work like the other actresses. You're not as good; you're just adequate. That's the hardest thing anyone can say about any actress. And as long as you think you're good, you'll be worse.'"

"I broke down and cried and asked him if he was trying to give me an inferiority complex just before opening night. He said, 'Don't ever let anyone talk you out of having an inferiority complex. It will make you strive twice as hard.'"

"I had a letter from him the other day, telling about the bombings and his duties as an air raid warden. He said at the very end, 'The boys over there still won't eat the food I send. You can still do better.' That was all. But that was—something—from him.

"I think my greatest fear in life is disappointment. That's all I'm afraid of. And I've had it all my life. We used to have a miniature theater at home in our garden that seated 200 people, which was where all fifteen of the Lupino family learned how to act. We put on plays every year, all through my childhood. We were a stock company called the Tom Thumb Players. I learned ballet from my father's brother and acting from my father, and it was a hard, grueling little school. And now look: from 9 a.m. to 3 a.m. We were never let out. And we had to call my father 'Mr. Lupino.' The discipline was absolute. There was no
He went to Paramount, rather than any other studio, because: "When I was under contract to Goldwyn, the two best pictures I dreamed of landing was something I'd dreamt of in Union Pacific, both at Paramount.

I BROKE into the movie business, leading horses for Ruth Roland and William Desmond," Joel commented. "I got the job because I was a big, rawboned kid who liked being around horses and cowboys. I thought if I hung around long enough, I'd get a chance some day to be a movie cowboy. But I wasn't anything that proved I was the outdoor type. So, what happened? I was 'discovered.' And, in my very first picture, they asked me to wear a dress suit. I didn't have one. I had to rent one. I didn't buy one because I figured I'd probably never need one again. As it turned out, I didn't wear anything else on the screen for seven years.

I've never been self-conscious in my life—so I wasn't self-conscious in white tie and tails. I was just plain uncomfortable. Once in a while some critic would crack that, as an actor, I was a wooden Indian. But nobody gave me a compliment. Not likely, that I didn't feel like myself in my roles.

'It's only lately that anybody has talked about my 'effortless' performances. It's only lately that I've been getting roles that have let me feel like myself. And it's going to be that way from now on.

'I'm not what you call a technical actor. Lincoln was a tall man, and I'm tall, but I couldn't play Lincoln if my life depended on it. I've got to feel natural in a part before I can feel I'm believable in it.'

Just as a matter of curiosity, did he feel natural in Reaching for the Sun?

'Yes—except when I'm doing ballooning acts,' he said, smiling. 'This guy is a logger in the woods of Northern Michigan, whose big ambition is to own an outboard motor. So he goes to Detroit to work in an automobile factory to get enough money to buy an outboard motor, and life and love and a lot of other things catch up with him. 'He and I are a lot alike. I used to think I'd be much happier if I just owned a ranch. I've found out, too, that life isn't that simple.'

NOT that Joel isn't happy. He is. And one of the reasons is the honest-to-God's-country ranch that he has had for the past nine years. It's forty miles from Hollywood in the hills of Ventura County, 18 miles in from the ocean. It spreads over fifteen hundred acres. ('You'd better spell that out. The last fellow used numerals and it came out 15,000 acres, and my neighbors thought I was trying to make them look like pigeon holes and I've lost all my neighbors.') It's stocked with—like two other ranches he owns, both in northern California, one near San Jose and one near Paso Robles.

'I invested in cattle,' Joel explained, 'because that was something I knew and understood. I don't make the money out of it that I might make out of something else, but I have more fun. It's the only investment I get any satisfaction out of. I spend all my summers some place in the mountains, roping cattle, plowing (I've got two hundred acres in farming land). That gives me more relaxation than going to some resort and laying down for a lot of money to do nothing—something—completely away from acting. That's my idea of relaxation.'
At the ranch, I'm completely away, with my wife and two swell kids. We don't even have a telephone. If people want to get in touch with me, they have to send telegrams—and if I don't want to be disturbed, why, I just never get the telegrams.

'Way back in his bachelor days, Joel gave an interview in which he said, "I don't want a Hollywood marriage." That statement has been resurrected countless times to explain why he and Frances Dee live on a ranch forty miles away. "The only thing wrong with the explanation," Joel told me, "is that, when I'm working, we live in town—except on weekends. Also, I bought the ranch a year before I married. ... What I meant when I made that statement was that I didn't want the kind of marriage that mattered less than a career."

He and Frances Dee celebrated their seventh anniversary in October. Their "two swell kids" are Joel, 6, and David, 4½. Pictures of the whole family enjoying life on the ranch clutter Joel Sr.'s dressing-room wall.

"Something I've heard about myself," Joel said, "is that I do pictures only to get money for ranching. That's not true. In the first place, the ranches are self-supporting. And in the second place, I'm in the picture business because I like it. To me, it's the most fascinating business on earth.

"I DON'T have any great urge to act, because I'm not sure I can. I certainly don't have any urge to go on the stage. Doing the same thing at the same time, in the same place, night after night, holds no appeal for me. But I love pictures—the variety of experiences they offer. Every day's work is different from the previous day's work. One time you may be a logger, the next time a cowboy. And when you do a good 'take,' there it is—for keeps. Some night when you're lying in bed, audiences in China can be watching you playing a logger or a cowboy. There's a certain fascination in that thought.

"There's a fascination, too, in 'seeing' far-off places and 'doing' dangerous things. You learn the hazards of flying, and salmon-fishing, and reporting, and other professions. You come as near to having adventure as anybody can today without being a Martin Johnson. ... My forefathers were frontiersmen. Pioneers who kept going farther West, exploring new territory, daring the unknown. I can't go any farther West without swimming. But I can still get a taste of adventure, working in the movies. And I can't foresee the day when I'll want to quit."

That sounds as if he is a romanticist about his work. But don't make the mistake of thinking he isn't a realist about it, too. Because he told me:

"Before I do a picture, I want to know first who the director is, then what the story is, then what the part is. If the director is great, and the story is great, then it's time to look at the part. The saddest mistake an actor can make is to look at his part first—and forget that directors and stories can make him or break him. I hope I never forget it.

That's Joel McCrea, the most normal man in Hollywood, who has never let success go to his head and never will. I accused him of being smarter than some of the stars who haven't kept their feet on the ground—and have vanished. He said, "I'm not smarter than anybody else. I just had the advantage of being raised in Hollywood. When I got in the movies, the environment wasn't new and overwhelming. I never fail to have sympathy for the people it does overwhelm—because there, but for the grace of God, go I."
enough to be decoration. You see, I like to do, not just be."

James Francis Crow, Hollywood's best and most pulsive Miss Ball did in that picture—and plenty. He spent a handful of sentences on Lucille's personal charms—and those big eloquent eyes.

"She has it—no doubt about that! They're as blue as Naples' sky and how much more expressive! Lucille often claims her face is too small for the mannequin body that goes with it. But don't believe it. For argument's sake, if it does lack quantity, it certainly is balanced by quality.

Since then she has reached the heights in achieving the body beautiful. It has been said that the Los Angeles Police Department still has an ordinance on the books to the effect that Lucille Ball must keep those lovely limbs off Hollywood Boulevard during heavy traffic time.

All in all Too Many Girls is the high point in the outline of history of Lucille Ball, because she scored a hit, got her first star billing in an A picture, earned and maintained her director's approval. In Three Coins and a Girl, the Harold Lloyd film now being made, and boosted her stock still higher.

She recently graduated from Cinema City's B college. And so a star is born the hard way in five Hollywood years of everything from the tiniest bits and featured roles in biggies to starers in "B's."

A swallowed head may be a common thing in these parts, but rest assured you won't find one on Lucille Ball.

She hasn't discovered temperament and begun to kick furniture around, snarl at her hairdressers and maids, and re-direct the elements of directing. No, the Lucille Ball, who, chucklingly, refers to herself as "the ex-Queen of the 'Bs,'" is much the same today as she was yesterday and will probably remain that way tomorrow.

A grain of salt is not enough. She takes herself with a barrel. Those who know her best will tell you she's still wrestling with an identity complex that's bound to outlive her since she can remember and wins every fall.

The first day of any picture is one of qualitative battle. Even her, few people make the mistake of trying to calculate how far she could go during this jittery period. If you even look as though you're going to say you feel sorry for her, she gives you the full blue-blast of those eyes, and a wise-crack that makes you understand it's an old habit she has of fighting her own battles—and winning.

And battles they were—Lucille Ball versus Larry Luck, producers, and experience, with Lucille winning because she could take a bouncy around and come back for more bouncing.

For instance, when she was 17 and modeling and posing for commercial photographers on the side, she had a car accident in New York City's Central Park. The road was icy, the car skidded, and smash—

"I was tossed from head to foot—like an Egyptian mummy," she laughs, "but a little more alive. My legs were in splints. The only things I could move were my eyelashes."

She reflected a moment. The smile became a straight face. "It was so painful I couldn't think of anything but getting well."

They finally got me home to my mother in Jamestown, New York, and one day the doctor told me I wouldn't be able to walk for six years because of my paralyzed legs and injured spine.

"Six years?" I shouted. "How can you say that? How can you say it will be six years, nine years, or twelve years? No, Doctor, you're wrong," I said. "You've just got to be wrong!"

For months Lucille lay with her back against the wall. In the still of the night when the family were asleep, Lucille, determined, tried to walk.

It was worse than being a baby and starting out. I feel that said I couldn't jump, and weakness and fell down with such thuds that I shook the house and awakened my mother. Finally the doctor came around to thinking it would be all right if I tried a few steps. I had them take all the mirrors out of the room. That wasn't to pamper myself. I just couldn't stand seeing myself moving like the Frankensteiner monster."

She brightened a little when we opened the door.
**Glitterbugs:** All the old night-spots reopened their doors to welcome a gala season... All dressed up in new garb... Many faces seldom seen East of Ciro's, are gracing local dance floors... And such jewels... and gowns... You'd expect Hollywood's two best-dressed gals, Joan Crawford and Loretta Young, to top everyone... Joan took a final fling, making good use of her elaborate Fall wardrobe... It turns out that Joan and M-G-M have been having story trouble and one of the reasons she has lingered and lingered is to prove to Louis B. that she's a stubborn lass... Joan won out, of course, and returns to do the picture scheduled for her as she wishes it done... Loretta escaped from her Troy visit where she met husband Tom Lewis' family, a little the worse for fan worship... After being just a home-town girl in Hollywood, Loretta couldn't get used to a parade of autograph hounds following her everywhere, including church... Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger... Charles Boyer... Bette Davis with Bob Taplinger... Eleanor Powell with her publicity man... Admitting her marriage is a long way off... If ever... He wants her to give up her career... Eleanor feels she has a lot of taps to give out before trying matrimony... But she wired him every day... The Eighteen Club: Garson Kanin, Sam Levene, and John Garfield staggling it... Gar is mum on the subject of Hepburn her in a sad mood... “Just imagine you had married me instead of Gable”... Gar says it always worked! Which gives you an idea of what he thinks of himself as a glamorous boy... Gar gifted his brother, Mike, with a ten-thousand dollar check as wedding present... Which gives you another idea of what he thinks of his family... The Coq Rouge: This intimate little spot is a favorite with romancers... But Bette Davis chose it to entertain Jane Bryan... Jane flew in from Chicago to visit Bette... She doesn't miss Hollywood one bit... Jane made Hollywood history by deserting the screen at the very threshold of stardom... Jane and Eleanor Powell should have a little heart to heart talk... 

**Coming and Going:** Georgie Raft and Jimmy Ritz flew to Cincinnati for the World Series... Raft hasn't missed one in twelve years... The Doug Fairbanks are motorizing to the Coast after a stay on their Virginia farm... Doug has been visiting in New York and Washington, making arrangements for receiving British children in the homes of the stars... He made an address for British Relief at the Fair, the week before it closed... Jack Oakie is a happy lad again, what with his wife, Venita, being well on the way to recovery from a serious illness... and half-a-dozen studios bidding for his services since his hit in *The Great Dictator*.

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Grable’s Gams

About the legs, then—

You recall, it wasn’t so very long ago
That Marlene Dietrich held the title of Legs
Dietrich, with the nearest pair of gams in all
Hollywood. But those days have gone.
Today, in fact, Marlene is shinner than
A couple of second-hand soda straws, and
That’s how her legs look. They used to thrill
Even second assistant-directors, and it takes
More than just an ordinary pair of legs to
Thrill those boys. Today, Marlene is thin
Enough to worry all her friends, and too thin
to have legs that are anything besides some-
thing to walk about.

And so the title falls, most properly, to
Betty Grable, who has such a magnificent
Pair of underpinnings that a lot of fellows
have forgotten what her face looks like.
And it’s not only the boys that think so—for
Just the other day, 350 members of the Screen
Dancers Guild (which includes more gals
than men) held a vote to decide who should
Hold the title of “Glamor Legs No. 1”—and
Betty won with 112 votes, with the rest
Scattered among such as Alice Faye, Zorina,
Joan Crawford, Hedy Lamarr and even
Sonja Henie ... Dietrich didn’t even get a vote.

Suds Going On!

Nat Pendleton, who has been devoting
Himself to fidgetin’ out things to make
Living more happy, has come up with a new
Invention.

It’s a hallow bar of soap. When you’ve
Used it up, there’s none of those little pieces
Left over.

Bing’s Boy

Now, just as though the movies weren’t
Well enough off with ONE Gary and
ONE Crosby in the films—why, there’s
Another of each above about a film debut ... And
This time, it’s NOT two persons who’ll
Carry on the names of Gary Cooper and Bing
Crosby, cinematically speaking, but ONE.
His name is Gary Crosby—and he’s the
Seven-year-old son of Bing. Gary and Papa Bing has
Just revealed that he’s given his consent
For the youngster to break into the acting
World.

Present plan is for young Gary to act
In an independent producer’s screen version
Of that child book, Miss Minerva and Wil-
liam Green-Hill.

And nobody’d be at all surprised to find,
Standing on the sidelines to give the young-
ster a first-day send-off, both Papa Bing and
God-Papa Gary.

How’s the Goin’, Wayne?

MARQUEE-SIGN of the Month—was
The one on the Hollywood Boulevard
Movie theater which read, for all the world to
Behold:

LADIES MUST LIVE
WITH WAYNE MORRIS

Garbo Very Much Alive

Most exciting item in last month’s Talk of
Hollywood was the rumor that spread
Like wildfire over the town, one sunny morn-
ning, that Greta Garbo had committed sui-
cide ... !
On the set and reading clockwise are Gary Cooper (with harmonica), James Gleason, Director Frank Capra, Barbara Stanwyck and staff who are relishing between scenes of Meet John Doe (Capra’s first Warner picture)... It co-stars Cooper and Stanwyck.

Production news of the month is the fact that a bash in Hollywood costs about $500... 20th-Fox actually adds that much per kiss to the budget of any picture Linda Darnell is working in...

When Linda was making The Mark of Zorro with Tyrone Power, ever time the Prince lad got romantic, the color spread over Linda’s face like a California sunset... The picture was being filmed in Technicolor, so every time Linda blushed, Director Rouben Mamoulian called “Cut” and gave her time to get over the blush at ’ten dollars per minute for delaying the filming... Imagine taking time out to cool off when Ty’s making love to you...

Silistest on-the-set occurrence of the month happened during the filming of Flight and which Fredric March is making with Margaret Sullivan... Fredric, always the perfect gentleman, manages to say something stronger than “Oh, piffle,” whenever anything goes wrong during a scene... The other day, after Fredric had missed a cue, he walked off the set with his usual “Oh, piffle.” As he said it, a little bald-headed man, standing with a group of extras, walked up to March, bowed and said “Yes?” Fred was a little bewildered, but bowed back... Several times this happened, but finally the little man got tired of it all and said, “Mr. March, did you want something?” “Why, no,” Fred replied, “why?” “Well, you kept calling me... I’m John Pigli.”

Technical advisor job of the month went to one Lou Payne, who had the task of teaching Richard Attenley just how the second husband of Mrs. Leslie Carter would act for his role in The Lady With Red Hair... Lou Payne, in case you’re wondering, was the second husband of Mrs. Leslie Carter... Script set restriction of the month was the “No Perfume” order that went out to Ida Lupino and other members of the cast of High Sierra... And all because “Paid,” the little what-is-it pooh that plays a featured role, is allergic to perfume... Set gag of the month was pulled on Bob Montgomery during the filming of Mr. and Mrs. Smith... For three days Bob had to wear poacher’s pajamas on the set, with no place to keep his cigarettes... So he borrowed them, all day long, day after day... Finally, Carole Lombard—the Mrs., in the film—got tired of the mooming and arranged with the electricians, cameramen, grips and directors to cure Rob of his habit... The very next time Montgomery asked for a cigarette, he was literally showered with them... Everyone on the set—from the electrician high on the catwalk, to the script gal by the camera—throw him a cigarette... Like a scene from the Sunday comics was the one which took place on the Seven Sinners set... The script called for Broderick Crawford to be hit on the head with a flower pot, and he was... The pot was made of special light-weight material so the blow wouldn’t hurt Broderick, but they had figured without the dirt in the pot— with the result that the Crawford lad was knocked cold... It took a couple of jugs of water and spirits of ammonia to put Broderick into shape to go on with the scene... A one-man rebellion was staged by Chief Thundercloud during the filming of Hallelujah Bay... The Chief—who you’ve seen in practically every Indian picture Hollywood has made—is particularly valuable because he can give a war cry that makes the bombing of London sound like a game of nine pins... But the other day, Chief Thundercloud went prima donna and decided he would give only four such yell’s per day... The strain was too much on his vocal cords, he said... He finally consented to add a couple more of his special brand of yells—if he was paid for each additional whoop.

Quite the nicest gesture of any month was made by Carole Lombard during the location shooting of They Knew What They Wanted... After a particularly heavy day of shooting, Carole sunglasses into the hotel dining room fairly reeking satins and glamour... With a special little nool to a family group at a corner table, she joined the rest of the company who proceeded to give her a raising for her movie queen act... So Carole explained... “Last night I came into the dining room feeling very comfortable in slacks and no make-up... But after dinner the mother of those kids over in the corner came to me and told me that her children were disappointed because I didn’t look like a movie actress... You just take a look at those kids now if you want to know why I went to all the work to get glammed up... Those two little girls at the family table were beaming in proof that they had just had the biggest thrill of their life... And Lombard—who’d rather crawl in a hole than dress up—and rescued their faith in the glamour of moompichers actresses... Biggest production disilluminant of the month came to me on the set of High Sierra... I always thought a gangster’s moll was a tough gal who did everything her man did—even to carrying two guns on her hips... But not so Ida Lupino, who plays a gangster’s moll in this picture... Director Frank Capra explained that Ida only weighs 110 pounds and even gangster gals have to have eye appeal... And if you put a gun on either side of Ida’s slim hips she’d have a couple of ugly bulges on her—ah—glamer!
barrel-like design of his chest to bugle-blowing) and when a Wisconsin national guard unit lost its bugler, he was permitted to substitute. When the company joined General Pershing on his Mexican punitive expedition, Donlevy was thirteen, talked himself into the trip, as a member. His height and weight made it possible for him to lie about his age, and he ran away from home.

When the boys came home, nine months later, Brian's parents responded to their son's marital fervor by sending him to a military school. He was fourteen when he came home, and without announcing him he had joined the Lafayette Escadrille.

In France, he learned to fly and became a sergeant-pilot. He spent three years doing patrol duty and pursuit work. He was twice wounded. Once in the leg, once in the head. The head wound made the world go black around him. When he regained consciousness, blood was streaming down his face, but there were no signs of pain. He had lost his ship and discovered he had set it down in front of a hospital! Just in time.

Well, that's the kind of thing he does, and he'll do the kind of thing he throws away. It's the kind of thing that helps you, when you're making a graph of a man, the kind of thing that enables you to put the right label on him. No Dick Tracy. It's a label on a cork in the screen, that's a lead-pipe cinch.

The thing he's always admired most in life, he told me, is a professional soldier. Because a professional soldier can't be a polliwog, not always, even when he can't seem to make the housework and he can't seem to make a soldier. A professional soldier can't work for gain, can dispense with comforts and thoughts of his bloody, little self, can't get away with anything. Well, that's the kind of thing that helps, too, when you're making up your mind how to label a man... the kind of thing a man admires is awfully important in giving you clues to what the man himself may be.

It was somewhere in here, when we were talking about soldiers, that he said a man can't get away with anything much in the movies these days, either. He said, "The commandant of a regiment of the Little Woody, got a yellow on you... and the public's not so dumb, they catch on to you.

After the War he came home, still a beardless youth, remembered, finished four years school work in two and received an appointment to Annapolis. After a year there, he was told that four years of sea duty would have to precede his transfer to the flying branch of the service and be resigned. But it was at Annapolis, in Academy theatrics, that he first thought of the stage as a place where a man might find adventure and change of scene and mood... He was during this time that he posed for the artist. Leyendecker who recommended that he join the Green Room Club where he might meet some theatrical people. And it was during this time that Donlevy met the late Louis Wolheim, who took a liking to him because, no doubt, he was even then a man's man... and put him in the cast of What Price Glory as a corporal.

That was the beginning... after that came comedies, farces, dramas, musicals. Up Pops the Devil, Hit the Deck, Three-Cornered Moon, The Milky Way, never out of work, a hard-working hombre, then and now.

What he really wants to do is make people laugh. He'd like to do comedy. That's the only reason The Great McGinty wasn't 100 per cent satisfying to him. There were a few laughs. McGinty, of course, had a picture and the man juggled at the heartstrings more than they tickled the funnybone.

That I can bring mental relaxation to people," Donlevy said, "God knows they need it now. So I won't feel I've made a big step forward until I do the type of thing I want to do. The only real step forward, in any way, is the one thing you do something he wants to do. I want to make people laugh. So McGinty wasn't a step forward for me, not in the way I want to go.

HE DOESN'T have any theories about
How To Become A Successful Actor.
Except something John Barrymore once said in his presence... a youngster asked The Great Profile, "How To Become, etc., and that's it. 'Listen, think!' And Donlevy said, "You can't top that. So few of us really listen, still fewer of us really think... but maybe there'll be more listening and thinking done among actors from now on, now that they don't matter any more. Not even in the movies. You not only don't have to be handsome but it's a handicap..."

He doesn't think his job as a movie actor is that easy, either. Like Cable he's inclined to pool-poo the poor-hard-working-movie-star palaver. But he does think living up to the job is longshoreman stuff.

"Standing on your toes," he growled, "you've bricked up the ion. Everyone's build up by your built-up characters on the screen. Just being pleasant all the time, getting out of spots, that's the part of it that's tough.

He told me that the only time he was ever genuinely pleased with himself was when he was stabbed by Ray Milland! It was while they were making Beau Geste. Donlevy wasn't used to very much violence that rated him the raves, was wearing a wooden chest protector but it wasn't sufficient coverage to protect him from the accidental slice of Milland's blade.

"It was no publicity stunt," said Donlevy, "I was in the hospital for about a week, bleeding like a pig. But while I was waiting for the ambulance, the only thing I was afraid of was that my insurance policies were not paid up! That's the only time I ever felt self-satisfied. Because I was thinking of those I might be leaving, not about me...."

He usually answers his own fan mail. The burden of the letters, he says, is, "Are you marrying Marjorie?" Donlevy likes to talk. He feels like getting up on a roof-top and yelling, "Darn it, NO!" He can't do that. And it's to be modestly hoped that, after publication of this article, those questions will show a decrease. Seventeen and Thirty McGinty, we hope, will be a little better understood.

I don't know what answers he makes to the question... but it seems to me that the reason he's able to seem so hard, ruthless, a killer, is because of his fearlessness. And he's not afraid of anything, this man who landed his ship at the door of a hospital with his face raining blood.

Another reason he's able to play the gents with the gats and guts is, I think, that the hardest-boiled individual is not usually so very tough, has grown a crust to protect something soft and vulnerable... I told Donlevy what I was thinking, and he said, "That's right... besides, the circumstances of their lives, poor devils, has given them their crust...."

I think a good deal of that 'little boy in every man' you read about, in Donlevy... like pretending he doesn't like clothes and being dressed up to kill... like when he first came to Hollywood, he rented an appartment in a house, next door to a Filipino house, who had two cars and bought three more, spent all his evenings at the Troc, even though he spent them alone, talking only to the head-waiter, ducking like a high school freshman if he saw a glamorous girl bearing down upon him.

He did all this swanking because he thought he would only be in Hollywood a year and "I wanted to show how it feels to live like a movie star...." I'm not trying to influence your judgment, but to me there's something endearing in naiyete like this, especially in such a man... Now, the Donlevys are rebilled to the mid-west, and the medium way and a great part of the work Brian is doing himself.

So, one night he was talking to the head-waiter, telling him about his thirteen years of people mostly with echoes and shadows and he said to the H. W., "Why don't you move in with me?" And he did.

It was the same head-waiter who introduced Donlevy to the girl he courted three years ago. Young Marjorie Lane, who was singing at the Troc. Right off, Donlevy liked the Lane girl. The first night he met her, New Year's Eve, he thought to himself, "Guess I'll go home, get into my Tux, come back and ask her to have supper with me.

He went all the way home, struggled into his Tux, returned to the Troc and—Marjorie had gone out with Robert Taylor!

One year from that night, Brian married Marjorie. Of his courtship, of the methods he used when wooing and winning, he will say nothing, not a syllable. (Except that he "has ten thumbs when it comes to women.") He said it is unnecessary to tell you the mess of your heart, you change the subject to—well, you talk more about the head-waiter, for instance.

We spoke again of McGinty, of how he's been the making of Donlevy, after five years of progress, true, but slow progress... Donlevy said, "You can usually trace your best break in any business to one person. In my case, it was Preston Sturges. I'd known him slightly some years ago. I tried out in a play he wrote. The producer didn't like me for the part and fired me. I just happened to run into Sturges on the Paramount lot, said 'Hey, Art, what happened to me?' He said that he'd gone upstairs to his office, suddenly thought, 'My God, there's my man! There's The Great McGinty!'

"He had a hell of a time trying to convince me. I was fighting on the character as McGinty was. But he got me in. It is always A PERSON who gives you an opportunity. Sturges gave me mine. Now it's up to me."

So there it is. And all I've done is put down some of the things he told me. And now you can cast your own vote for or against Donlevy: can sit in judgment yourselves, bring in your own verdict: Is he, or isn't he, The Great Donlevy?
Cold, Cold Ground for Massey?
[Continued from page 56]

for impertinence, they told her to stick to dancing. She took a church choir job, soloed for a year, and went to the Volks Opera in Vienna. Officials let her sing La Tosca, and she seemed to have arrived.

But critics who had peppered the operatic with sarcasm and flak remarks, wrote the next day: "She is too young. What right has inexperience to such a role?"

Inexperience decided to become experienced.

Ilona applied to the Staatsoper, Vienna's greatest opera, for minor singing roles. In a short time she had leads and received offers from film companies in England and Germany.

One night she saw Maytime, with the box-office winners, Eddy and MacDonald, and allowed herself to wish without attaching strings to her wishes. Oh, to be singing with Nelson Eddy! To be in America! To be in Hollywood! Just to stare at those footprints in Grauman's Chinese Theater lobby she had read about in fan magazines!

M-G-M scouts came to Vienna to sign Rose Stradner. Things happened fast at the Stradner reception. Ilona saw to it she was there. In a short time she was there, compliments of Metro.

"Even when I arrived for Roselie I was frightened," she admits. "I may have acted pontoise on 'em, but off, my! What could they see in me to send all the way to Europe when there were such young and beautiful girls in Hollywood and in the chorus? They are crazy, but I must not let them know. I could not help but think here were long-legged girls, slender girls who are graceful. They are like wolffhounds, and I am awkward as a big St. Bernard."

One of Hollywood's few actresses who will admit her weight and height—she's 128 pounds without, and five-feet-six, also without—Ilona has found it hard to omit Hungarian rich foods, meats, and heavy pates from her diet. When Roselie went about to be made, she weighed close to 140 pounds. What with the ten pounds the merciless camera adds—those ten pounds that have nothing to do with calories—Ilona was worried.

She lost sleep but not an ounce of weight until M-G-M found she was back at her Hungarian eating habit and put a stop to it. Since then she has been a little like a tutor over her stomach and keeps her poundage fairly stable.

Another of Ilona's weightiest worries was her grammar. Three, or four, a day with an English tutor and "see, saw, have seen," "drink, drank, have drank," and Ilona was language-logy. Naturally when she got home, she lapsed into Hungarian to Aunt Teresa, who speaks English as a Hungarian child. Her statements were chockfull of perversion word order, but that was when she had only a nodding acquaintance with English. Today it is a speaking acquaintance.

She knows her "Q's" but has trouble with her "th's," "W's," and "R's." She resurbs her lips and cocks her head to one side when she tries to say "William," as Bill should be said. The intention is there, but the sound comes out "Villiam." And if she says "theater," it ends up "catar." "Something" slips through as "somesing."

And "Darling," the endearment term for Alan Curtis, who dropped in as we chatted, comes out, "Dahling," but not in that affected Shakespeare Dramatic School manner, nor Newport society, either.

Curtis parked himself across the room just as the talk shifted from pronunciation to renunciation—renunciation of living alone and not liking it.

"It's true," he admitted. "Ilona and I are going to be married as soon as I get my final divorce papers. California laws demand that a year pass between the granting of the divorce and its taking."

Ilona smiles, "Well, now it's out" smile and curled up more cosily in the corner of the sofa, stroking Junior's shiny ears.

Money won't mean much once Alan fits the gold band on Ilona's third finger, left hand. It won't be a yardstick with which to measure their mutual happiness.

Ilona wants a small farm stocked with half-a-dozen lazy, fat Guernseys, built along the line many girls, the Ornell's, with whom she's chummed, geese, ducks, geese, and turkeys. And, of course, a couple of trim riding horses.

Alan's going to go rural and become, at least slightly, Farmer Curtis. He wants to for Ilona. Ilona's going to go salt-water and, at least slightly, Fisherwoman Massey—Curtis, to be exact—even if she has to eat a "pack of lemons to keep from being seasick."

She wants to for Alan.

And meanwhile their movie careers go ahead as usual. They claim that career and marriage do mix and have enough evidence: C-P-L (Longauer), "Hayward-Lupino; Athene Fonnaite, and Powell-Blondell, to list a small group. Suddenly Ilona grinned impulsively.

"Do you know 'somesing?'"

"We didn't, but wanted to."

"Do you know who I would want to be if I weren't myself?"

Alan raised a questioning brow.


A brief pause for station identification. (All this, and a lot of other too.)

That is the problem that will rest with the future Alan Curtises.

And of course the cooking will be handled by both Ilona and Alan unless they decide to hire a cook. Ilona's specialty is thick apple pie that's juicy and brown with cinnamon. This agrees with Alan's palate, but some of those Hungarian hot dishes—phew! "Spices, peppers, and whatnots burn out the lining of your stomach and have you blowing steam," said Alan, "Maybe I'd better handle the cooking."

There's an old Tasmanian proverb about too many cooks in a kitchen. "No, you're too smart, Ilona. He's very warm and fertile, in fact. Ilona Massey is taking a firm root in it at last, and she's thriving!

JOAN CRAWFORD ANSWERS ED SULLIVAN'S INSULTS

Extra! Movie Star Strikes Back!

Joan Crawford can take it—but she can also dish it out when she gets mad.

And when Ed Sullivan wrote a full column denouncing Joan in no uncertain terms, Miss Crawford decided she'd have her say, too.

So HOLLYWOOD Magazine offers you a ring-side seat at this blazing feud between one of the screen's most popular actresses and a widely syndicated columnist.

In the January issue of HOLLYWOOD Joan strikes back vigorously at Sullivan's insults. You'll want to read her retort to such accusations as:

"JOAN CRAWFORD is utterly discourteous and exasperating."

And:

"I don't know, really, anyone who has gone so far in the movies with so little talent as Crawford."

Don't fall to read Joan's devastating reply. You'll find it in the current issue of HOLLYWOOD, under the title: "JOAN CRAWFORD ANSWERS ED SULLIVAN'S INSULTS."

The same issue of this bright and lively movie magazine contains intimate stories and exclusive pictures of Gary Cooper, Deanna Durbin, Paulette Goddard, Ginger Rogers, Cary Grant, Fred Astaire, and many others.

Remember! HOLLYWOOD is the only 5-cent movie magazine.
Mike Frankovitch, former footballer at UCLA, and adopted son of Joe E. Brown, weds fiancée Binnie Barnes at Joe’s home. Joe waits for extra big piece of wedding cake that Kay was all but married to Johnny Howard. But it seems now that Johnny was nothing but sheer camouflage—a sort of cupidean smoke-screen for Kay’s real heart-life. Anyway, while Kay was outstepping at the niteries with Howard, and getting themselves twosomed up in everybody’s mind, all the time she was wearing Brod Crawford’s diamond-and-aquamarine engagement ring.

\[
\text{CUPID’S COUPLET:}
\]
Broderick Crawford and pretty Kay Griffith—Pretty soon, they’ll be Mitter an’ Miffith!

\[
\text{JUST as a sidelight on this Ann Sheridan-George Brent business,}
\]
it seems that they actually went as far as definitely plotting a Mexican elopement recently, aboard George’s boat, the South Wind. But the elopement plan was never carried off. Instead, we hear they’ll be married this December.

\[
\text{ANYTHING can, and does happen in Hollywood, but the most surprising feminine twosome lunching at the Brown Derby were Mrs. Ruth Foran, recently divorced from Dick Foran, and Jayne Larkin, who will probably be the next Mrs. Foran. Very chummy, too.}
\]

[Continued on page 81]
Young Man on His Way
[Continued from page 61]

...in this case Dennis, has no effect on Morgan. He still belongs to the new school of on-coming male stars who see life in realistic, down-to-earth terms. He refused to be an extra until he got a role in a picture that he considered important. He didn't want to be just another face in a movie.

T HIS sudden uprising of his professional fortunes, this chance to do Kitty Foyle, has had no effect on Morgan. He still belongs to the new school of on-coming male stars who see life in realistic, down-to-earth terms. He refused to be an extra until he got a role in a picture that he considered important. He didn't want to be just another face in a movie.

A surprising number of the newcomers feel that if they can make a good public impression, a steady comfortable income, are more important than a pennant on Hollywood's Parnassus. It's a variation on the old theme.

Dennis has a wife, Lilian Vedder, a high-school sweetheart, and he has been married to her, solely, for seven years. He has two children, Stanley, Jr., almost six, and Kirs-

ten, going on three. He believes in owning his own home and is looking for one in Beverly Hills to exchange for his San Fernando Valley property.

No social aspirations are behind this plan. He merely wants to be within easier reach of places (the Valley means a longer drive to reach home), and one of the places is the California Country Club where he plays golf. Like Hyn, Kitty's foil, “in anything outside, one feels like getting along with people” he’s “perfectly swell.” Morgan hunts, fishes, plays tennis.

Thwarted in his artistic hopes (temporarily, at least) Morgan has had plenty of time to form his own conclusions about Holly-

W hat Dennis dislikes about Holly-

wood is its eternal preoccupation with itself. “There’s no town in the country where so much emphasis is put on its own work,” he says. “The first thing that you hear when people get together at a Hollywood party is whether he or she is ‘photogenic,’ has sex appeal, can act... At any other party, any place in the country, the talk drifts into other channels, and is about hunting or fishing or politics. In other words, Hollywood never relaxes.”

Morgan would be the first one to introduce politics to the talk, for he has a lively interest in the doings of the two parties, and is a rabid button-wearer for the wrong party, as far as his studio is concerned. This bothers him not at all. Neither does Hollywood’s sex phobia bother him. “I’ll work out all right,” he says, philosophically. “And I’m not going to try and change it. I should be caught out on a limb!”

He admits he has a practically perfect wife, and that the recent rumors of their separation were so much tosh. “She went to Wisconsin on a vacation,” he explains. “She’s the kind of girl who is willing to go hunting and fishing and skateing with a man, but if he decided to go with the boys, she doesn’t pout because she is left at home.”

Morgan’s friends include Edward Norris (“Are you ya, Eddie? How’s everything at Crane’s Room?”) and Ovee Crumm. If he clicks in Kitty Foyle (and there seems to be little doubt but what he will), Morgan will begin to feel that his career is really jelling. After that, perhaps some kind of political move, and then go on tour or sing for the folks. And maybe he will.
to taste. For example, there are no grounds for complaint about Christmas candies when the flavor comes straight from the coffee pot. Strongly brewed coffee adds a delightfully refreshing flavor to a variety of sweets.

Tactfulness and a smooth, finely ground texture in candies are easily achieved through the use of many other food products. One of them is corn syrup. It has a way all its own of smoothing out the kernels such as sugar crystals, and at the same time adds the wholesomeness of nutrients. Dextrose, you know, is a pure white, delicious, mildly-sweet sugar, which provides our bodies with "fuel" (or body energy) for work and play.

A good chocolate is important, too; a sweetened condensed milk often adds much to the tastiness and texture of candies; and walnuts can be used generously for they add that crisp crunchiness that makes Christmas candies extraordinariy treat. That crispiness which walnuts add is also good for us, for it promotes sound teeth and gives foods value that everyone needs. Prunes, dates, or figs stuffed with walnuts provide healthful and delicious confections and add greatly to the colorful array of any gift box of mixed sweets. Candied cherries add a Christmas touch and candied orange and grapefruit peel, which are far simpler than pie to make, help to complete a beamount holiday picture that says, "Here's wishing you a Merry Christmas in the sweetest way of all."

THERE really isn't a candy recipe in existence that need stumps you, and the assortment I've collected here are "fool-proof." They've been tried and tested and labeled "sure-fire recipes," and I know you'll enjoy preparing them and later filling attractive five and ten cent stores boxes and tins. There are, however, a few general rules you should follow if you're looking for the best results in cooked candies. Here are some of them:

Use real butter in all candies.

Have everything measured accurately before starting to work.

Bring candy to the boiling point slowly. Never allow it to boil until all the sugar is dissolved.

When stirring, stir backward and forward—not around. And always use a wooden spoon.

If possible, during cooking process, wash down the sides of the saucepan with a brush which has been dipped in cold water. This will make certain that all the sugar crystals are dissolved.

After the sugar is dissolved let the candy cook more rapidly.

Always remove the saucepan from the fire when testing for hard or soft ball stage.

Of course, using a candy thermometer for testing is the scientific method of candy making today. But, if you haven't one, below are the rules for the testing terms used in the recipes I've included in this article. Once you've identified the various stages you'll have no difficulty in recognizing them a second time. Testing, you know, is done by pouring about ¼ teaspoon of the boiling candy mixture into a cup of very cold water. By shaking the mass between the tasters you determine the stage.

Soft Ball—Ball flattens when picked up from cold water.

Firm Ball—Ball will hold shape when picked up, but flattens when pressed.

Hard Ball—Ball holds shape when picked up, but still can be molded.

Soft Crack—Syrop separates into threads when dropped into cold water. Threads are firm, but not brittle.

Hard Crack—Syrop separates into threads in cold water, but threads are hard and brittle.

Whatever you do, start your candy-making with determination, for it's lots of fun and can't possibly throw you. The very most it can do is produce loud oh's, ah's, and yums from your friends who receive your Christmas candies, and if you're like the rest of us, you haven't yet reached the "hard crack stage" where you don't like occasional compliments on the things you cook.

SPeaking of candies, to get into the Christmas spirit not long ago we made up a holiday centerpiece in which you may be interested and which the children will adore fixing. If you look at the center picture on page 54, you'll see exactly how it's done. It's a small table-size evergreen tree trimmed with strings of popcorn, brightly colored gumdrops, red and green jelly beans, and many other inexpensive candies. It is called the "Centerpiece of Bethlehem—a sugar cookie in the form of a star. To string the candies, we found a large darning needle and dental floss most satisfactory. Testing having made the snow (optional), which turned out to be the suds from soap flakes and a small quantity of warm water, beaten to a thick froth. Surprisingly enough, when it dries, it looks exactly as if a real New England blizzard has graced an honest-to-goodness Christmas tree.

If you'd like to keep the children occupied (for that matter, it's grown-up's fun), too, and want an interesting Yuletide table centerpiece, then why not try it? Now, here are the "sure-fire" candy recipes I mentioned, and if you'd like others for your candy file and Christmas gift assortment just fill in the coupon below for "Christmas Candy Treats," a free booklet which I shall be happy to send you.

DIVINITY FUDGE

1 cup light corn syrup
1/2 cup water
1/4 teaspoon salt
3 cups granulated sugar
1 egg white
3/4 cup chopped mixed nuts
1 teaspoon vanilla

Combine corn syrup, water, salt and sugar. Boil to 205°F. (hard ball stage). Beat egg whites stiff, and gradually beat in the boiling syrup. Whip until it begins to stiffen, add vanilla and nuts. Beat again and pour into a pan. Marshmallow. This fudge may also be colored faint pink and chopped candied cherries added. Another suggestion is to sprinkle two tablespoons grated orange rind on bottom of pan. Then sprinkle 1/2 cup of grated coconut over that and pour on the fudge. When removed from pan, the orange gives a very attractive top.

COFFEE CREAM CARAMELS

1/4 cup ground coffee
1/4 cup boiling water
1 cup irradiated evaporated milk

Pour boiling water over coffee. Add milk and scald for 5 minutes. Strain through cheese cloth. (There should be 1/2 cup.) Boil sugar, corn syrup and salt to make a very thick syrup (245°F.). Add coffee mixture and butter slowly so that boiling does not stop. Cook quickly to firm ball stage (221°F.), stirring constantly. Add vanilla, and pour into buttered pans to 3/4-inch thickness. Cool. Before candy sets, mark into squares. Chill until very firm. Remove to cutting board and cut into cubes. Wrap in waxed paper. Yield: 1½ lbs.

NUT BRITTLE

1/4 cup strong freshly-ground coffee (brew)
1/4 cup white sugar
1/4 cup brown sugar
1/4 cup butter
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/4 cups finely chopped nuts

Mix together all ingredients except nuts. Cook without stirring to hard crack stage (280°F.). Pour onto greased slab or bottom of a very large pan turned upside down. Sprinkle nuts on top, press in with rolling pin. Take hold of edges of the candy, lift it slightly from the slab and pull the sheet of candy out very thin (about 1/8-inch thick). Let cool and break into pieces. Yield: 3 lb.

SHORT-CUT FUDGE

3 squares unsweetened chocolate
1/2 cups sweetened condensed milk
1/2 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon vanilla
2 cups sifted confectioners' (XXXX) sugar
1/4 cup chopped peanuts
1/4 cup (1/2 lbs) chopped pitted dates

WHO ARE THEY?

By JACK HOLLAND

EVERYONE who attends the flickers each week is pretty sure he knows all about the stars who flash across the scene, yet some of their best known characteristics are mysteries to many. Hence, the game of—Who Are They?

The idea is simply to put a well-known star in a short scene, describing something relating to him as a person or as an actor. Then it's your job to guess who the character is.

All right—let's go. Let's see how well you know your movies!

1. A suave gentleman sits flippanfly drinking cocktails and playing the detective in the game of "Murder." Who is he?
2. A young chap sits at his drums and gives out with a snappy swing solo while his mother accompanies him on the piano. Who is he?
3. A sophisticated lady turns to a gentleman beside her and says, "Why shouldn't I play this part? I don't care if it's a bit. Why, I'd play Wally Beery's grandmother if it were a good part!" Who is she?
4. A young man with traces of a once pouting beard is haunting a Hollywood night club with a dark, never taken woman. Who is he and says, "Really, I'm too busy to be a husband." Who is he?
5. A charming lady who's not as old as people think she is waits patiently at home while her husband, a former slave for hours as an assistant culler at M-G-M, Who is he?
6. A former great tragedienne of the screen laughts heartily as she admires glasses of champagne in a comedy. In private life she takes a turn at the wine of her escort. Who is she?
7. An intense actress does not deny that she is still unhappy because of her recent divorce from her former orchestra leader and agent husband. Who is she?
8. A prominent blonde singer-actress returns home from work one day only to see her new house burned to the ground. Later she sees her marriage go up in smoke. Who is she?

9. A comely brunette looks at herself in the mirror and says, "I do look like Hedy Lamarr at that!" Who is she?
10. A rather thin but romantic looking man went on a ski trip, jumped the wrong way, and came back with a cut knee and a loss of athletic ambition. Who is he?
11. A former blonde who is now "natural" puts away a pair of dancing shoes and sits down to read "How to Be a Dramatic Actress." Who is she?
12. A plump individual writes out a nice sized check addressed to the Income Tax Department. In his budget he puts down the size of the check and adds a note, "Price of return to the United States." Who is he?
13. A short man who chews cigars and leers like gangsters and who recently discovered a scientific cure for a chronic disease, tries to find a vacant space on his walls at home for a newly purchased painting. Who is he?
14. A brush young man sits writing a book, the title being "The 1940 Version of Casanova." Who is he?
15. A stalwart man passes a theater where a picture of his is showing and says to himself, "This is a good time for a vacation." Who is he?
16. A pertly man sits in a barber shop reading a book called "Lorenzo Goes to Hollywood." Who is he?
17. A portly blonde throws a picture script aside but doesn't listen any more to the singing recordings of her ex-husband. Who is she?
18. A sultry brunette puts in a pin in a flowery and sketchy garment and says, "I wish this thing would wear out." Who is she?
19. A haggard man reads a travel book while his dog, Arno, gazes suspiciously at him from the floor. Who is she?
20. A singer spends his evenings teaching his twin to vocalize while they, intermittently, ask if his null has come in yet. Who is he?
21. A beautiful blonde looks at herself in a mirror, sees a wedding present to her newly married young sister and then wonders why she hasn't married yet. Who is she?
22. A petite girl divorces her husband to marry the man whose wife divorced him so he could marry the petite girl. Who is she?
23. A long, lanky gentleman says, "At last I know who John Doe is." Who is he?
24. A red-headed girl pens a letter to the colegiates at Harvard and says, "You're not so hot either!" Who is she?
25. An exotic blonde motions to a friend, then exclaims, "My legs are tired. Will you please see the boys in the back room have the ticket?" Who is she?
26. A wavy-haired and handsome young man looks at himself in the mirror and says, "These dimples burn me up!" Who is he?
27. A tall, dark, and handsome man sits looking at the ocean and wonders why brooks used to intrigue him so much more than the sea. Who is he?
28. A fellow pulls out a saxophone from his trunk and blows a few dulcet tones, reminises a bit, and then decides he'd prefer eating popcorn with Claudette Colbert on a beach. Who is he?
29. A port little woman says to a reporter, "My husband does all the talking for me, thank you." Who is she?
30. A personable and fleet-footed gentleman sits surrounded by music manuscripts, tears his hair, and says, "If I could only write just one hit tune I'd be so happy!" Who is he?
31. A handsome man babys a ticket on a liner and asks, "Do all staterooms come equipped with a trouser press?" Who is he?
32. A reddish-haired and rather quiet gentleman patters in his garden at home and wonders if Martha still has her vineyard. Who is he?
33. A distinguished and handsome gentleman looks at the charming lady beside him and says to her, "There's nothing like rum." Who is he?
34. A husky man guides his tractor over his ranch and gazes admiringly at his blonde wife who has learned that nothing is sacred. Who is he?
35. A delightful and intriguing lady falls in a mud puddle and says, "Oh well, let the chips fall where they may." Who is she?

Now turn to page 83 and check your "I, Q."
Well, of course, a speed officer had to stop me. At first he was quite belligerent, as most speed officers are, aren't they? But when I explained to him why I was going so fast, he changed his attitude and told me all sorts of things to do to prevent holdups, such as keeping the right car door always locked and avoiding dark streets—things like that.

"We talked for a long time. He told me about experiences he had had with reckless drivers, described how awful motor accidents are. He was quite fatherly...and I let him go, finally, without giving me a ticket. I really liked him, not just because he didn't give me a ticket, but because of his obviously sincere effort to teach me to avoid such situations in the future. I all but asked him home for a visit," she finished, smiling.

"That is what I mean when I refer to the innate kindness of American men," she repeated. "I mean the little things. Like the time I was being surrounded by autograph seekers and one boy called me 'Hedy.' 'Hey, Hedy,' he yelled 'gimme your autograph!' And then another boy in the crowd poked him smartly in the ribs with his elbow. 'Miss Lamarr to you!' he reminded him. And all the youngsters were calling me 'Miss Lamarr' after that.

"And the time I got my car jammed in between two others and couldn't back it out, and a young truck driver stopped his truck and got it out for me. I don't mean that a European wouldn't have done it. It was the young man's manner that really helped me. He didn't expect anything. He was embarrassed by thanks and blushed and muttered something about 'Aw, that's all right.' He didn't even recognize me. I am sure, so it wasn't that he was doing me a favor because I was a screen actress. He just saw that I was in trouble and helped me out of it.

"These are things a woman likes," she said, "and they speak well for the manhood of a nation. We women can feel safe with menfolk like that and certain they will take care of us. True, they may be less sophisticated. They may be less subtle. But they are men, and that is still better!"

SUPERFICIALLY, too, American men are nice, Hedy pointed out. "I mean that, man to man, they are handier than Europeans," she explained, "as well as bigger and stronger. They have a sort of scrubbed, clear-eyed look. Perhaps this is because you seem to have more fresh air and better food throughout your great country," she said, thoughtfully. "They're better dancers, too," she added, "and they possess a greater sense of humor. Nor are they as affected as many Continentals. They are what they are and you can take them or leave them. They are unimpressed by glamour and position."

"That is," she amended, "most of them are. Of course, there are exceptions to every rule. I ran into one once upon a time. It was just after I arrived in America, and he took me out one night and if an escort was ever complimentary and ardent, it was he. He seemed charmed with me, to care for me so much, to be so gallant and sincere, that he really won me over. But not quite because, as he was saying goodnight and begging for an engagement the next day, he put a hand on each of my shoulders and looked down at me.

"'Hedy Lamarr!' he breathed. And his voice was weighted with emotion.

"But, to me, those two words were the—as you called it—pay-off. You see, if I had said just, 'Hedy' I might have believed he was enamoured of me. But he said, 'Hedy Lamarr.' And a man truly in love with a girl, for herself alone, does not speak her full name in his eyes."

"So," she finished, shrugging, "I knew then and there that it wasn't Hedy, the individual, he cared for, but Hedy Lamarr, the screen actress."

ALL in all, though, Hedy believes American men are—"Well," she insisted, "they are sweet! Yes, I know," she added, hastily. "They wouldn't like to hear me say that. They'd blush like the truck driver did, and mutter. But they are! They're sweet in all kinds of ways—funny, sometimes; sometimes naively; often when we women don't deserve it. A certain friend of mine was sweet to me just the other day when I did not deserve it. Something had happened that I didn't like very much and I took him to task for it over the telephone. I admit that it wasn't his fault—that I was quite unreasonable. But that didn't make any difference to him. Shortly, a fine box of flowers arrived accompanied by his card. On it, he had written, 'I'm sorry!'

"Of course I felt much better, and if you must analyze the situation closely, forgive him for my own transgression. But I appreciated what he did, just the same, and I'll be a better girl next time, too!"

"But, I am told," she said, "there was that boy at Metro, bless his heart! It is a little thing I have to tell about him, but to me it is typical of the fine protective instinct toward women that most American men feel. I had seen him around often but I didn't know who he was or what he did. I don't yet. He's an errand boy, I fancy. But we got talking one day on the Boom Town set. I was feeling kind of depressed and he was sensitive enough to realize it.

"'Aren't things working out for you all right, Miss Lamarr?' he asked, sympathetically.

"'They are looking up now,' I told him. 'But I do think I have had a bit of bad luck, in one way or another.'"

"Well, he drew himself up and if I ever saw kindness and generosity and sincerity written on a human face, it was on his. And if I ever saw the confidence that is the blessed birthright of every American, it was there."

"'Miss Lamarr,' he said, 'if I ever get anywhere in this picture business—and, believe me, I will someday—yes, will never have to worry about a thing!'"

"Do you see what I mean?"
folde rol. We were there to learn and work.  

"People wonder how I grew up to be self-conscious, with training like that. It was training like that that did it. My father endlessly demanded perfection, which I never seemed to attain. One time I felt my nerves would give out and I fainted just before the curtain went up on one of my father's productions. The best thing my father said, when I revived, was: 'If you ever faint again before a performance, or dry up during a scene, I'll disown you on the spot.' If I ever have a heart attack, I'll never be able to have it during a performance. It's against the Lupino law."  

"I suffer tortures, every time I start a picture, I must be mad to keep on acting, to be such a masochist. Louis is the same way. We're both living for the time when we can buy a farm and just stay there the rest of our lives. The thought of ever doing another picture gives me a horrible sinking feeling."

WHY hadn't she and Louis ever kept each other company, working together?  

"The right thing hasn't come along," Ida said. "I was offered the role that Laraine Day played in My Son, My Son, and we talked it over at great length, and decided I shouldn't play it. We weren't thinking of each other, but of the picture, and the seduction scene would have lost its dramatic impact with the audience comfortably aware that, actually, the boy and girl were married. . . We want to play together, if we can find something that won't give us a love interest, We're trying to get the screen rights to a certain story."

She went on to tell the story in great detail and with great animation—which belied the claim that she dreaded ever doing another picture. Particularly when she went on to tell the plot of a second story that she was "dying to do." And especially when she added that her Great Suppressed Ambition was to play the title role of Barrie's Mary Rose. She would make a test film for any studio in Hollywood that would consider buying that for her—after she made the test.  

Pending the day when they'll have a farm far from all this, Ida and Louis are living in a California-farmhouse-type house on a hillside in Beverly Hills. Where Ida, between pictures, puts music on paper. She has just composed a suite of sweetheart waltzes. Which would indicate that her marriage is doing all right, like her career.  

What do they mean—"Mad Idesy"?

**Gorgeous Hussey**

[Continued from page 62]

the plans of a Cape Cod dream house she intends to build in Hollywood. She pores over thick volumes of art, old furniture, history of architecture. She has worked out in her mind every detail of her dream house, in which every piece of furniture has its permanent, right place. She raids antique shops to pick up old things for her future home, is thrifty, and a born saver. She will save paper bags, string, old tacks, always with that Cape Cod house in mind. . .

She has a passion for fine old silverware. Recently she spotted some exquisite spoons at a shop in Laguna Beach. Her secretary, the youthful, fun-loving Mrs. Madelon Haigh, was with her. They are close friends. Ruth had her heart set on those spoons, but characteristically enough, she didn't buy them right away. She had to think it over. She decided to buy them the following day, if she still wanted them badly enough.

She and Mrs. Haigh talked about those spoons for hours. Finally, the next day, Ruth said, "Madelon, I've got to have those spoons. I've simply got to have them." They hurried to the house, bought them, and down the street, still wondering, speculating, arguing, and at last went in and bought the darn things. She keeps them in a drawer, and every now and then she will go take a lingering look at them. She is looking for some blue enamel cups to go with them, and whenever she has a few hours off will run to an antique shop, with Madelon carrying her checkbook.

At present she lives in a small rented house in Westwood, and has a housekeeper to take care of it and do the cooking, for which Ruth has no special talent. This unpretentious house reflects Ruth's personal-

ity in every detail—ultra-feminine and dainty. Luscious pink walls with small blue flowers, rose-colored draperies, pink chintz bedspread, blue rugs, pink lamps. She sleeps in a gorgeous twin bed, and (Sid Skolsky please notice) wears night gowns, pink, white, or blue. She collects perfume bottles. She sings and whistles while taking a bath, and likes to lie in a foamy tub luxuriously.

As for boy friends, she is very particular, her favorite escort being a French-educated young producer. Those producers get around all right. She loves Oriental foods, and goes into ecstasies in describing such exotic delicacies as ground-meat wrapped in vine leaves, eggplants cooked with olive oil and a profusion of aromatic herbs, pastries with a lot of honey and chopped up nuts in them.

IT'S our impression that Miss Hussey is still dreaming of a prince charming to come and carry her off on his white horse. Some women, as you know, always remain romantic children at heart. When she wasn't getting the right parts, she turned on her sex appeal, became a fighter and a hustler, did shadyladylike things in her estimation, stopped being a shrinking violet and hoping that they would come after her when they needed her.  

But we're afraid that in matters of off-screen love she'll always be a shrinking violet, which makes it rather tough in a woman's town like Hollywood even for such a girl as Ruth Hussey. She loves old things, and the old ways, which combined with her beauty, makes her a unique type of screen heroine, beloved by those who know . . ., but an enigma to others. At this writing very few know her in Hollywood, for she is a girl Hollywood can't understand.
of stage training. But I also got a good break, being chosen to represent the type of gangster-overlord that was then so conspicuous in our civilization. I was a sort of composite of all the gang leaders. I tried to be as convincing as possible. It looked for a while as if I had been too earnest, for I was in danger of being permanently typed."

It was the role of "Silver Dollar" Tabor that saved him, that took him upon the high road of biographical glorification. He has had a remarkable array of figures to glory over since, though occasionally he has taken a whirl at the melodramatic, as well as serious and snearing and menacing of his early days.

It was his remarkable gift for snearing more menacingly than anyone else in Hollywood that put far behind him the vivid but insecure pastures of Broadway. He and his wife were Theater Guild stars. Arthur Hopkins' stars, but there were no Rembrandts and Corsets and Remains at the end of a day to salve one, to satisfy one's hunger for beauty.

It remained for Little Caesar and his sneer to make that beauty possible, to bring an artfulness to life that was otherwise incomplete. Today, Edward G. Robinson has one of the finest collections of paintings on the West Coast or, for that matter, in the East. If he is able to transmute himself so easily, in the screen from man to world-famous scientist, it is likely that his art collection provides the answer. It stimulates it. He broadens his imagination. It extends his sense of philosophy.

When he is studying a new role, particularly a great biographical role, he goes to his paintings for inspiration, drinks in their reality, their vivid colorings and shadows. He finds the experience exhilarating. Between films he attends auctions, art exhibits — even on the search for additions to his gallery. He does not have as much time for such activity as before his radio days. They consume most of his spare time now.

Edward G. Robinson is determined to make Big Town the top-ranking program of its kind. He doesn't play down to radio, pass it off as the softest means to easy money that the world has yet devised. He regards it and its opportunities for self-expression as seriously as if he were ordered to report tomorrow morning to Alfred Hitchcock or William Wyler to begin work on the screen portrayal of Daniel Webster. He has long sessions with his staff of writers, longer ones with his chief penman, none other than Crane Wilbur, veteran of the early films and a dramatist with some Broadway presentations to his credit.

A pretty busy man, Robinson! A pretty volatile one, too. You couldn't expect him to be anything else with that voice. There's something about that voice that gets you — and holds you — whether it's shothing out of you from a screen or from a wooden box.

"It's not a voice with a smile, but it's a voice that makes even the personality back of it. The films and the radio find steady use for both. You could recognize him even though you came across them in the dark on the Burma Road. You'd recognize them even though they were disguised as Beecham or Grant, Ehrlich or Reuter. Recognizing them, you'd know it was a hit stimulation. It's the romantic appeal he puts across.

I rather think he could give romantic appeal to a tax collector. The old boy wouldn't have a spark of occasion, but you'd fall for his suggestion that he spend a week-end with you. The voice would bowl you over — the voice and the suave authority with which he would back it up.
Hollywood will believe in his dying day that wife was suffering from hallucinations, and that she must have really been sicker than he knew. But the fact is, that the woman was right. You see, Carole Lombard was in the very same hospital—and Clark, coming to visit her, got into the wrong room by mistake.

Gag

- Silly crack of the month was Peter Lorre’s, in the RKO barber shop. Peter sat in his usual chair, and the barber said: “Your hair needs cutting badly, sir.” “No, it doesn’t!” snapped Lorre, quick as a flash; “it needs to be cut nicely! You cut it BADLY last time.”

- Aren’t they the cards, these movie stars?

Terse Verse

- Clever guys, these Brothers Marx— All the gags from Noah’s Ark!

Wampas Revival?

- Most interesting development of years, in Hollywood, is the move to revive the old “Wampas Baby Star” selection.

- In the old days, it was Hollywood’s great annual event—just as important, at that time, as the current yearly award of ACADEMY “Oscars” to the industry’s top actors, producers, and so on.

- Among the Baby Stars of bygone years, who climbed from that to start the top ranks of movies, were Janet Gaynor, Joan Blondell, Clara Bow, Dolores Del Rio, Lupe Velez and many others.

- In the old days, the selection used to be made by the studio press-agents. The new plan aims for a board of judges to be selected from the major lots—a top director from each studio. Each studio will then be allowed to submit the names of one or two of their young hopes—gals under 21, who have played not more than two speaking parts.

- From these candidates, the board of judges would pick 13 stars who have the most promise of eventual success.

Terse Verse

- Go ahead and choose your “Baby Stars”—But we bet you’ll find no Hedy Lamarrs!!

“Who Was That Lady, etc.?”

- If you want to try the latest Hollywood zany pastime, here it is—as invented and practiced, ad nauseam, by the Marx Brothers. They call their new game “Who Was That Lady?” and it goes like this: One person asks, “Who was that lady?” and the other person must come back with a quirkie like:

- She was a housemaid, and she swept me off my feet.”

- She was a tattooer, and she had designs on me.”

- She was a dressmaker, and kept me in stitches.”

- Well, there you are, friends. Don’t say your life Old Hollywood Correspondent doesn’t keep you in touch with the latest developments in this glamorous, clever movie capital!

Gable-Lombard Zoo

- Latest freak at the Gable-Lombard zoo (which is what Hollywood is calling that amazing San Fernando valley ranch of the stars) is a cat with one hind leg in splints!

- Seems that Clark and Carole have no less than twenty cats about the place—and the population is going up steadily. But even so, the famous couple can’t find the heart to dispose of any of them, no matter how steady the rate of production. And when one of them meets disaster—well, the other day one of the cats got in a trap, and came out with a broken leg. Instead of having her killed, Carole and Clark sent her to the veterinarian’s, and had the broken leg set and put in splints—and now the paws helicopter on around three legs until the fourth one is healed.

Male Fashion Notes From Hollywood

- Quite neat was Wayne Morris at Ciro’s the other night, in white dinner jacket with black tie, and black kerchief in his breast pocket. And nobody noticed that the black hankie was NOT a black hankie, but a black silk sock, which Wayne substituted at the last moment when he found he didn’t have any black kerchief!

- And Harpo Marx tried to get into a swank dining-room in open-necked sports shirt the other night. Was turned away because of house rule that no open-necked shirts were admissible. So Harpo tuxed to his home, came back a few minutes later with a red scarf wrapped around his throat. The head waiter passed him in—but almost collapsed when, once at his table, Harpo yanked the red scarf away—and brazenly displayed it as the lower half of a pair of pajamas!

Terse Verse

- Guys to whom Ann Sheridan is merely “neat”

Even in Hades wouldn’t notice the heat!

Toupee Or Not Toupee

- Most amazing fan-experience of the month was the one suffered by Eddie Albert. He was having lunch at the Brown Derby, when a cute girl dished up to his table, and started breathing.

- “Oh,” she gasped, “you’re Eddie Albert, aren’t you?”

- Gallantly he stood up and admitted he was:

- “Can I run my fingers through your hair,” she asked; “my friend back home says it’s false.”

- Before Eddie could recover from the surprise, the gal had her hands on his head—and not only running her fingers through his locks, but giving them a series of good, violent yanks as well!

- Then, satisfied that his hair was real, and not a wig, the stranger tripped triumphantly back to her own table. One other Hollywood luminary had a similar experience—Gene Raymond, whose bright golden hair many people still think is either false or bleached.

Terse Verse

- If you wanna know why we’re so solemn: you Just try to rhyme Freddie Bartholomew!
Let Me Tell You
About My Operation

In an instant I'm ready to help speed the opening of that cold blockade in your nose. Just a turn of my cap—a couple of whiffs will bring you cooling, cleansing relief. Try me today.

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

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas builds up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, rank and the world looks punk.

It takes these good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 40c and 25c.

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As an aid to better superintendence and length, we recommend our DE LUXE Toiletries. They have been especially prepared with rich, perfumed essence, and contain, as a rule, a complete line of toilet fruits to please the most fastidious.

Heartbreak for a Soldier's Bride

Dear Miss Lewis:

The day has come, and the time is ripe, when I feel that it is time to make a definite move towards a more intimate relationship with you. For a long time I have been secretly pondering the possibility of our future together. I believe that with your good nature, intelligence, and beauty, we could make a wonderful couple.

Yours truly,

[Signature]

P.S. Please let me know if you are interested in dating for the coming winter season.

Romantic Story
10¢ AT ALL NEWSSTANDS
There is a motion picture fan roaming about Hollywood who is still shuddering from the ghastly souvenirs he obtained from Ann Rutherford.

After moving into her new home, Ann found that she had broken a half-dozen fingernails. In order to be presentable for her date that night, she had her beauty operator furnish her with some false nails. When she left Ciro's that night, a group of autograph-seekers dogged her. Smiling her sweetest, Ann signed all the books. As she entered her car, one persistent boy grabbed her by the hand and wouldn't let go. Ann finally wriggled free, but the boy clutched her hand so tenaciously that off came two of her fingernails. From last reports, he is still wandering around in a daze clutching the fingernails, and Ann is still giggling about the whole thing.

Laird Cregar is just about the most amazing young newcomer to starlite Hollywood. He is a husky, three-threer, 250-pound young dramatic actor and you'll be seeing him first in Hudson's Bay. Laird delights in shocking the folks out here, and when an interviewer asked him what sort of women he liked, he answered, "All kinds—but they must have vicious tempers." But to get to the point of our little story: In Hudson's Bay, Laird had to do a scene in which he was supposed to escape from prison by bending the bars. A close-up was to show him in the process of bending the...

With Capt. David Niven wed to Primula Rollo, member of Women's Auxiliary Air Force, Hollywood glamor girls are pouting, mean nothing in Davie's life now...
bars, and for this the property department had a special set of hard rubber bars made up. But Laird surprised them all. He wound his fingers around the real iron bars, grunted, and with one impatient heave, he bent them in two! "Child's play," he said, walking nonchalantly off the set. Now they call him "Man Mountain" Cregar.

**CESAR ROMERO** built his new home in Brentwood next door to Patricia Morison, but he never knew it—and neither did she—until they met for the first time in *Rogue of the Rio Grande*. Soon Cesar got into the habit of taking his neighbor to the studio. Then they began having dinner dates and dancing and so on. Now they're inseparable, and, as an indication of something-or-other, Cesar has a picture of Pat decorating his bachelor den. It replaces one of the two pictures of Ann Sheridan which grated the Romero den for a long time. "When Cesar replaces the other picture with Pat," said a friend, "then you'll know it's the real thing."

**FRANCHOT TONE** has rented the fabulous $50,000 honeymoon home of the Wayne Morrises. Franchot never blinked an eyelash when he inspected the super-lavish estate and was shown its five-foot-wide beds and the other Babylonian points of interest. But he did get the shock of his life when he used the telephone for the first time, "Great Scott," he yelled, "it's perfumed!" That final touch of grandeur was just too much for Franchot. He put through a hurry call to the Telephone Company, and now a simple black phoneline—unscented!—rests in the exotic domain.

THE romance of Katharine Hepburn and Garson Kanin, which came out in the open when they accompanied Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier on their elopement, has now advanced past the rumor stage. As is the case with most well-known Hollywood romances, both principals are trying their best to keep it a secret. At a recent premiere, for instance, they pulled a surprise end-run on photographers, and romped across the goal line without a single flash bulb exploding near them. The only fly in the ointment is Katie's social family. But Kanin is planning to meet the formidable Hepburns and break down their objections in person.

**EDDIE ALBERT** has been looking for a new house and he thought he found one. But while he was inspecting it, he noticed several buses drive up outside. Slightly bewildered, Eddie called the agent and demanded an explanation. The agent told him the house had belonged to Garbo and was still a landmark for tourists. Eddie made a quick dash back to his car. "Not for me, then. It might have been quiet enough for Garbo, but I really want to be alone."

**THERE** were many tongues wagging when Albert Basserman, the German refugee actor, left Warner Brothers after that studio had been the

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**Lemon Juice Recipe Checks Rheumatic Pain Quickly**

If you suffer from rheumatic or neuritis pain, try this simple inexpensive home recipe. Get a package of Ru-Ex Compound, a two week's supply, mix with a quart of water and the juice of 4 lemons. Often within 48 hours—sometimes overnight—splendid results are obtained. If the pains do not quickly leave you, return the empty package and Ru-Ex will cost you nothing to try. It is sold under an absolute money-back guarantee. Ru-Ex Compound is for sale by druggists everywhere.

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**Candy Christmas Gifts You Can Make Easily**

Turn to page 54 in this magazine for new and novel ideas about making your own candy Christmas gifts, explained by Pauline Rawley, MOTION PICTURE's Household Editor. Each month she tells you how to solve your love-living and love-hold problems. Look for her articles in each issue of MOTION PICTURE.

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On hobby horses built for two, ride Patsy Kelly-Adolphe Menjou, Carole Landis-John Hubbard, Margaret Roach-Chas. Butterworth. In Hal Roach comedy *Road Show*
In leaving Coast for Reno to establish residence for divorce action against Marquis de la Falaise, Connie Bennett chats with son Peter Bennett Plant II, who is now a big boy in military school first in America to give him an important film break. Around the Brown Derby and Ciro tables, the know-it-alls were discussing it and calling it a plain case of ingratitude. "Warners gave him his first chance—even worked to keep him in the United States when it appeared for a while that he would be deported. And now he repays them by leaving. He'll probably join another studio at a larger salary."

It isn't ingratitude at all, but a human interest situation which Hollywood, with its free-and-easy marriages and divorces, can't quite understand.

Warren William, native of Aiken, Minnesota, greets Joyce Molen, Minnesota's Queen of the Lakes, as she parks on wing of plane that took her to Coast Basserman is still in love with the wife he has had for over 35 years. She was a famous actress in Europe before they were forced to flee Nazi terror, and he is still so proud of her, so in love with her, he wants her to get a break.

Answers to—Who Are They?

1. William Powell
2. Jackie Cooper
3. Joan Crawford
4. Orson Welles
5. Mary Astor
6. Greta Garbo
7. Bette Davis
8. Alice Faye
9. Joan Bennett
10. Tyrone Power
11. Ginger Rogers
12. Charles Laughton
13. Edward G. Robinson
14. Mickey Rooney
15. Spencer Tracy
16. Edward Arnold
17. Lana Turner
18. Dorothy Lamour
19. Errol Flynn
20. Bing Crosby
21. Margaret Lindsay
22. Vivian Leigh
23. Gary Cooper
25. Marlene Dietrich
26. Richard Greene
27. Cary Grant
28. Fred MacMurray
29. Jean Arthur
30. Fred Astaire
31. Robert Taylor
32. James Cagney
33. Ronald Colman
34. Clark Gable
35. Greer Garson

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DID you know that the Axis boys would give their trigger-fingers to have American films again to show to their entertainment-starved subjects? Fed as these people are with incessant propaganda, deprived as they are of a chance to read or hear what the "decrepit democracies" are doing because of the controlled press and radio, their Big Shots are now discovering a distinct let-down in morale.

And so they miss the Hollywood posturings and posings of our lovers, the strumming of "geetahs" of our singing cowboys, the comedies—and especially Dr. Disney and the songsters like Jeannette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy and the Bing. They miss the nimble toes of Astaire and Ginger and La Powell and yes, La Henie, too. And how they miss Garbo whether she talks or holds her tongue. They miss that strong, silent man, Gary Cooper—and the loquacious hurtful Mickey Rooney. They miss Shirley Temple. So do we. They miss Chaplin, but he'll keep on missing if Adolf, Benito and the Son of Heaven have anything to say about it.

Well, it just goes to show that you can't keep feeding any people the same old pop—not even the disciplined disciples of Der Fuehrer and Il Duce. They boycott us. Instead of giving their peoples a taste of American romance, adventure, comedy—they gagged them with war and racial propaganda. There are no belly laughs over there. Take a belly laugh away and put them on rations and even Goebbels can smelt revolution in the offing.

The Big Shots know that their subjects know that American movies are superior. On the other hand, Britain is seeing American movies—and they have done wonders in keeping up morale. British chimps and thumbs are up—and despite the bursting bombs, Brits are risk-ing their lives to see our releases—knowing that Hollywood is taking their minds off the constant sights and thoughts of death and destruction. It's odd, too, how Britain went for The Grapes of Wrath. You'd think that they wouldn't care to see such a serious film, one playing on the theme of the downtrodden. One must conjecture that they wanted to share their own suffering with the Joads, who were fighting a battle, too—with thumbs up—and a "you can't lick us" glint in their eyes.

Britishers can hardly wait to see their own Chaplin in his tragic-comic take-off of Hitler. Yes, indeed, The Great Dictator will provide them with a triple-dose of morale medicine. If the British are showing movies at all to German war prisoners, you can bet they won't miss the chance to show them Chaplin.

Enter—Chaplin

YES, the British will eat it up—even though it has caused some disappointment with Americans who expected the comedy masterpiece of all time. New York film critics didn't go overboard, because they anticipated he would burlesque Hitler to the extremes of ridiculousness. They forget that Chaplin always dovel-tails comedy with pathos—that one follows the other as night follows day. They thought he over-emphasized the tragic plight of the Jews. They probably thought they were in for a constant play of belly laughs.

Chaplin has his answers for these critics. For those who say Hitler is no laughing matter any longer, he replies that people can smile, will laugh even though death is upon them and suffering stalk in every conquered land. Disliking Hitler and all he stands for, Chaplin pours on the irony Hitler-like burlesque.

He shows up the dictator's vanities, emphasizes his ridiculous moods, his pseudo pomp, his vain-glorying struttings. And nowhere is the master of ridicule so effective as when he takes off Hitler making speeches.

To me the highlight of showing Hitler drunk with his own importance is when Chaplin has him playing with a gas balloon made up like a globe of the world. Here is Hitler manipulating it, tossing it, catching it, balancing it—all with the grace of an adagio dancer—and then of a sudden it breaks. Here is symbolism at its highest. The globe that Hitler would conquer—would use to suit his whims, is punctured and along with it his dream of world conquest. He holds the torn pieces in his hand and goes into a paroxysm of sobs.

Chaplin has said that he wouldn't change the ending if everybody disagreed with him. He practically steps out of character of the Jewish barber who has taken over Hynkel's power—the inarticulate little barber—and becomes a propagandaist for peace, justice and tolerance. It is then that he is Charlie Chaplin, the man—not Charlie Chaplin, the comedian.

He must have spent considerable time and worry over how to conclude his picture—and realizing that Hitler, at present, is sitting well in the saddle, he couldn't very well dispose of him without spoiling the truthful burlesque he created. Chaplin talks for the first time—in clipped British voice that records well—not too high, not too low. And his faithful props of decrepit derby, spindly cane, baggy trousers and big "trampy" shoes—these establish the Chaplin genius for carrying out the frustrations of the little man of all nations in his battle against society.

The Great Dictator will be remembered for Chaplin's accurate take-off of Hitler when he is orating, for his marvelous pantomime with the gas balloon—and for sheer Chaplinesque comedy when, at the barber, he shaves a customer to the rhythm music of a Brahms Hungarian Dance, perfectly timed to the last note.

Joan Bennett's Noble Deed

THOSE who've held the belief that the glamorous femme fatale does nothing but pose and strut in the latest styles and hair-do's—who never do anything to upset their poise—who never step out of character as pampered ladies of premieres and night clubs and social swings, must give Joan Bennett a great big hand. With no publicity fanfare—because the sacrifice was done modestly and sincerely—Joan Bennett has given up a half-pint of her blood as plasma for wounded Britishers.

This act might have been expected from some rabid publicist determined to make headlines with his client. But the modest, self-effacing Joan was not guided by any such motive. She went through with it because she was determined to do her bit for anguished Britons who really need help. She didn't take her knitting-needles and make a sweater (which is admirable too). But instead was hospitalized for a few hours to suffer the shock of donating good Bennett blood.

It may be she becomes the first movie star to perform such a sacrifice. And Britain's hats, Hollywood's hats, your hats and ours, are off to Joan Bennett. By her thoughtful self-sacrifice she proves that the people of the make-believe world can step into the realm of reality and do good deeds—without recourse to the loud-pedaling of publicity. Some time when you see a picture and the heroine is doing some noble deed of sacrifice—don't say, "It's only make believe." Actresses, and actors, too, can be real life heroines and heroes.
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