FAMILY SECRETS ABOUT TY POWER FROM HIS SISTER
 WHAT REALLY MAKES A WOMAN DANGEROUS?
Look at me now... Lily of the 5 & 10

IS IT really me?... here in a lovely house, with a car and servants... and the nicest man in the world for a husband? Sometimes I wonder...

It seems only yesterday that I was one of an army of clerks—and a very lonely one at that... only yesterday that Anna Johnson gave me the hint that changed my entire life. Maybe she told me because I was quitting and she wanted me to have a good time on my little trip to Bermuda that I'd skimped and saved for.

"Lil," she said, "in the three years we've been here, I've only seen you out with a man occasionally. I know it isn't because you don't like men..."

"They don't like me," I confessed.

"That's what you think... but you're wrong. You've got everything—and any man would like you if it weren't for..."

"If it weren't for what?"

"Gosh, Lil, I hate to say it... but I think I ought to..."

And then she told me... told me what I should have been told years before—what everyone should be told. It was a pretty humiliating hint to receive, but I took it. And how beautifully it worked!

On the boat on the way down to the Islands, I was really sought after for the first time in my life. And then, at a cocktail party in a cute little inn in Bermuda, I met HIM. The moon, the water, the scent of the hibiscus did the rest. Three months later we were married.

I realized that but for Anna's hint, Romance might have passed me by.

For this is what Anna told me:

"Lil," she said, "there's nothing that kills a man's interest in a girl as fast as a case of halitosis (bad breath)." Everyone has it now and then. To say the least, you've been, well... careless. You probably never realized your trouble. Halitosis victims seldom do.

"I'm passing you a little tip, honey—use Listerine Antiseptic before any date. It's a wonderful antiseptic and deodorant... makes your breath so much sweeter in no time, honey."

"I'd rather go to a date without my shoes than without Listerine Antiseptic. Nine times out of ten it spells the difference between being a washout or a winner."

And in view of what happened, I guess Anna was right.

* Sometimes halitosis is due to systemic conditions, but usually and fortunately it is caused, say some authorities, by fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine quickly halts such food fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend. Always use Listerine before business and social engagements. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Her smart little hat impressed him first but her lovely smile went straight to his heart!

An appealing smile is a priceless asset—Protect yours with Ipana and massage!

Don't neglect “Pink Tooth Brush!” Ipana and massage promote firmer gums, brighter smiles!

A saucy little hat may catch the eye of many a man, but a lovely smile goes straight to his heart!

And how pitiful the girl who lets her smile get dull and dingy... who ignores "pink tooth brush"... who doesn't take the proper care of her teeth and gums.

Don't you be so careless! For your smile is yours—lose it and you lose one of your most appealing charms. Neglect the modern care of your teeth and gums, ignore the warning of "pink tooth brush," and all the Paris hats in the world can't help you overcome the bad impression of a dull and unattractive smile.

So if you notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist immediately!

Very often, he'll tell you it's only a warning that your gums have grown tender because our soft-food menus deny them the vigorous chewing exercise they need. To help correct this he's likely to advise—as so many dentists do—"the stimulating help of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is specially designed to help your gums as well as to clean teeth. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums whenever you brush your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums—they tend to become firmer, healthier, more resistant.

Play safe. Buy a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help make your smile the bright and winning smile it should be.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

for November 1939
DEAR ED:

Everything happens to me. Other writers seem to be able to go off on location trips and have a perfectly wonder-ful time hob-nobbing with movie stars and enjoying nature at its mildest. But just let me go on a location trip and you can be quite certain that nature will rear up and act nasty. I think I bring out the beast in nature. There was the time I went on a desert location down in Arizona with "Under the Desert" company. Everything was dandy until I got there and then a sand storm blew up that wrecked the set, Ronnie Colman's eyes, and my new car. When I went to Sun Valley, Idaho, with the "She Met Him in Paris" company a snow storm set in that lasted a week—and after a week of hob-nobbing with sulking actors in hotel rooms I hated them and they hated me. On the "Rose-Marie" location in Nevada I was all set to expand my lungs and thump my chest and enjoy the finest primitive with the rains came, and practi-cal washed Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, and all of us into Lake Tahoe.

So it was inevitable that nothing minor would occur to me. So I went on an RKO junket to Eugene, Oregon, to visit the location of "Abe Lincoln in Illinois." Raymond Massey (Abe Lincoln), Mary Howard (Ann Rutledge), and a swell cast of character actors under the direction of John Cromwell had been getting on so well up there in Oregon that they were days ahead of schedule. But I soon fixed that. Immediately after I hit town, several forest fires that had formerly kept a well-mannered distance suddenly started closing in—in fact, the sun was so com-pletely done in by the smoke that there wasn't enough light for shooting, so all work had to be called off indefinitely. Now I can be big about sand storms, snow storms, and floods, but there's a little something about fire I don't take too kindly. Damned if the fire didn't extend for a whole week. Which was a break for the company because the wind changed immediately after I left and "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" carried on in fine fettle.

There was an Easterner (one of those Hollywood dolls) on that junket who seemed to be a bit baffled because "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" is being made in Oregon instead of Illinois, because an Englishman is playing the greatest American of Them All, because the studio built an entire village of New Salem in the wilds of Oregon, rather than use the authentic New Salem in Illinois. "So what?" I said politely, "Do you want to make something out of it?" He didn't.

Well, it seems that there is no actor, even Henry Fonda, who looks as much like the pictures of Abraham Lincoln as Raymond Massey. Mr. Massey has been in the Broadway production of "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" all this past year in New York, and believe me, he just is Lincoln. (And a fine time to get upset over an Englishman playing Lincoln when (Continued on page 13)

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A PROPHECY: "HERE'S THE GREATEST FUN AND MUSIC ENTERTAINMENT YOU EVER SAW!"

BABES IN ARMS

with CHARLES WINNINGER • GUY KIBBEE JUNE PREISSER • GRACE HAYES • BETTY JAYNES • DOUGLAS McPHAIL • RAND BROOKS • LENI LYNN • JOHN SHEFFIELD
Screen Play by Jack McGowan and Kay Van Riper. Directed by Busby Berkeley • Produced by Arthur Freed
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

... and the best of music! Hear:
"BABES IN ARMS" and "WHERE and WHEN" by Rodgers & Hart, "GOD'S COUNTRY" by Arlen & Harburg, "GOOD MORNING" by Nacio Herb Brown & Arthur Freed.

for November 1939
Shirley Temple looks amazed at hearing 'em and so will you!

GLAMOUR Girls are certainly going in for freckles these days! And when we think that only a year or so ago you practically had to beat one over the head with a sledgehammer before she'd let you take a picture of her without gobs of make-up on to hide the little brown spots? But no more. Joan Crawford, Bette Davis, Ginger Rogers and Myrna Loy are all quite pleased with their freckles, thank you, and if you pop up on them with a candid camera it doesn't annoy them one bit.

In fact, Ginger is really over-doing it. So proud is she of her freckles that she refuses even to use powder most of the time. Recently, her studio had some pictures made of her for magazine covers. Ginger refused to use make-up, so naturally when the pictures were developed there was a whole harvest of freckles on her pretty face. "Candid camera pictures are fun," said one magazine editor, "but we don't want them quite that candid. Retouch the freckles and send them back." But Ginger calmly refused to okay the pictures if one single freckle was removed. And when a magazine has to beg a Glamour Girl to "look pretty," Jumping Jupiter, that's news!

Before Tyrone Power and Annabella

Left: Charles Laughton with his protege, Maureen O'Hara, whose performance with him in "Jamaica Inn" was so highly successful he brought her to Hollywood for his "Hunchback of Notre Dame."

Above: The end of the straw hat season is savagely welcomed by Mischa Auer. Right: Jeanette MacDonald cozily at home with her hubby, Gene Raymond. Our staff photographer, Gene Lester, got this exclusive pose while visiting them in their home.
"JAMAICA INN"
Your bright young correspondent’s hands are quite black and blue from pounding on the Paramount doors, begging for a preview of “Jamaica Inn,” the new Paramount release starring our special screen favorite Charles Laughton, and directed by the one and only Alfred Hitchcock. But every black and blue mark is a cherished possession now.

For I’ve seen “Jamaica Inn” and it is all that I’d hoped for. Laughton has an even grander role than his Captain Bligh, or Javert, as Sir Humphrey Pengallan, a glorious rogue in a top hat, who directs the thrilling activities of a crew of cutthroats who wreck ships on the English coast and turn over their spoils to Sir Humphrey. Maureen O’Hara, Laughton’s own discovery, is all he claims her to be. In short, Pommer-Laughton Mayflower Productions have made this exciting Daphne du Maurier novel into an even better screen drama.

"WHAT A LIFE"
If you’ve seen the stage play “What a Life,” or listened to the adventures of Henry Aldrich on the radio, you’re prepared for the treat Paramount has in store for you in the new picture, “What a Life.” Jackie Cooper is, of course, the perfect choice for young Henry. And Betty Field is so delightful as Henry’s Best Girl that Paramount has already signed this young Broadway actress for the lead in Booth Tarkington’s “Seventeen.” Frankly, I haven’t had so much fun since my last high school dance as I had watching Henry, his mother, and all his teachers tangle in the true-to-life school day adventures of “What a Life.” Jay Theodore Reed deserves a lot of credit for making the finest school comedy brought to the screen in years.

"HONEYMOON IN BALI"
Suppose you were a very beautiful and very successful young New York career woman, with plenty of social and economic independence; would you think a husband necessary? Madeleine Carroll, as such a young lady in Paramount’s “Honeymoon in Bali,” gives a very definite “no” to that question. Even charming Allan Jones, as an opera singer who can make most girls’ hearts go pit-a-pat, gets a cold shoulder from Madeleine. Then along comes Fred MacMurray, the adventurous charmer from Bali, boasting of the five Balinese beauties who love to mend his socks, gives Madeleine a Balinese kiss... and whammmmm!! P. S. Little Paramount starlet Carolyn Lee, under the expert direction of Edward H. Griffith, is wonderful as that wonderful Babe from Bali.

Call your theatre and ask them when these Paramount Pictures, mentioned by Miss Grant, will play. Remember: If it’s a Paramount Picture, it’s the best show in town.

for November 1939
ANDY HARDY GETS SPRING FEVER (MGM)—Excellent. Just before graduating from highschool, Andy suddenly transfers his affections from Polly Benedict to Helen Gilbert, the new dramatic instructor. Andy gets it hard and, although we laugh at his subsequent misfortunes, it’s with a lump in our throat. He even writes a play, and the performance of this “masterpiece” is worth the price of admission alone. (Mickey Rooney, Ann Rutherford, Lewis Stone.)

BACHELOR MOTHER (RKO)—Fine. This will put you in a grand humor. It tells of the absurd but delightful complications that arise when Ginger Rogers, a soft-hearted department store salesgirl, helps a baby in distress on the doors of a founding asylum. Ginger really is a marvelous comedienne and is aided andabetted in this instance by Charles Coburn, the millionaire store owner, and his susceptible son, David Niven. The baby is adorable, and will give Sandy a run for her prestige.

BEAU GESTE (Paramount)—Fine. A worthy remake of the famous silent picture, this tells the story of three loyal brothers who join the French Foreign Legion in Africa after the theft of a priceless jewel at their home in England. Each, of course, is trying to shield the other who "might" be guilty. It is packed with mystery, intrigue, murder and romance.

10 TO 25 LBS., NEW PEP GAINED QUICK WITH IRONIZED YEAST TABLETS

It used to be thought that many people were just naturally skinny, puny and inclined to be nervous. But today that idea has been proved entirely untrue in great numbers of cases. Thousands of thin, tired, rundown people have gained new naturally good-looking pounds, normal health and pep, new friends and enjoyment in life—with the aid of the Vitamin B and iron in these amazing little Ironized Yeast tablets.

Why so many build up quick

You see, scientists have discovered that today an untold number of people are underweight, rundown, often tired and jittery, simply because they don’t get sufficient Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without enough of these two vital substances you may look good, but do not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now you get these exact missing substances in these scientifically prepared, easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets. (It’s good to take them occasionally even if you are not underweight.) Each tablet will help thousands of men and women put on 1 to 2 pounds of much-needed, naturally attractive flesh. You become much more popular and sought after when you’re very trim. Make this money-back test

Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don’t eat better and feel better, with much more activity and pep—if you’re not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the pep normally attractive pounds, new energy and life you’re looking for, the price of this first package will be promptly refunded by the Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

TUNE IN ON JOHN J. ANTHONY’S GOOD WILL HOUR. See your local paper for exact time and station.
Thrilling new way gives teeth Brilliance, Sparkle...

Extra Care!

That Luster-Foam “bubble bath” in the new Listerine Tooth Paste does wonders in giving teeth the luster demanded of glamour girls before the studio cameras.

Blessed is the bride who’s found the Luster-Foam way of keeping a smile ever lovely for a husband’s approval.

LUSTER-FOAM in Listerine Tooth Paste forms a “Bubble Bath” of amazing penetrating and cleansing power

When a tooth paste can get thousands of men and women raving about it to their friends, and snapping it up to the tune of more than a million tubes a month—it’s got something!

In the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste, it’s Luster-Foam detergent. Born in the brain of a clever European scientist, this dainty magical ingredient is now incorporated in a tooth paste, to give super-cleansing in a new, delightful, different way.

You will love that foamy, aromatic bubble bath Luster-Foam creates when saliva and brush set it into gentle action. Its power to spread and penetrate is simply unbelievable.

That’s why it reaches hard-to-get-at areas where old dentifrices may never penetrate—the very areas where some authorities say from 75 to 98 per cent of decay starts. This surging “bubble bath” quickly attacks enamel-eroding films. The teeth soon flash with new brilliance. Hosts of acid ferments and decay-fostering bacteria are swept away in a sea of foam.

And all the while your mouth feels younger, fresher, cleaner—such is the stimulation of that gentle bubble bath. Try the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste. Now at any drug counter, in two economical sizes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO. St. Louis, Mo.

THE NEW FORMULA

P.S. Listerine Tooth Powder also contains Luster-Foam for November 1939
Jimmy Cagney giving one of the most outstanding performances of his career as the newspaper man railroaded to jail by a crooked political boss. George Raft, as a big time gangster, who actually meets what he calls "an honest guy," in Jimmy's is superb. (Jane Bryan, Geo. Bancroft.)

FOUR FEATHERS (United Artists)—Fine. When the English set out to make a film lauding the Empire, rest assured you're in for a colorful patriotic treat. Here we have a dramatic, breath-taking realism reproduction of Lord Kitchener's bloody campaign to win back the Sudan, with the heroes four officers in a swank regiment. Filmed beautifully in Technicolor, and acted right up to the hilt, this is a "must see." (Ralph Richardson, C. Aubrey Smith, John Clements, June Duprez.)

GIRL FROM RIO, THE (Monogram) —Fair. Although the plot of this is not new screen fare, it is always dramatic enough to be served for another helping. Movita plays the role of a South American singer who comes to New York to help her brother out of a murder rap. As a night club singer—in the right spot, of course—she is able to do this quite simply. There are some good songs, some good acting, and plenty of action. (Warren Hull, Kay Linaker, Alan Baldwin.)

HAWAIIAN NIGHTS (Universal)—Entertaining. Light and breezy and young as the morning is this filmusical telling the story of the son of a grouchy department store owner, who insists upon "living his own life." In other words, becoming a band leader instead of a merchant. Hawaii is the locale. There's plenty of swing music as well as a few romantic Hawaiian numbers. (Johnny Downs, Mary Carlisle, Constance Moore.)

IRISH LUCK (Monogram)—Good. Frankie Darro is cast as a bell hop in a large hotel that is used as an undercover exchange. He embarks on a grand adventure with the desire to be a detective on his own account, young Frankie does a bit of shrewd sleuthing which lands him in several precarious positions. Plenty of melodrama in this one, and some good comedy, too.

MAGNIFICENT FRAUD, THE (Paramount)—Good. Romance and intrigue in a mythical South American republic. When the President of this exciting country is assassinated, Akim Tamiroff, a French actor wanted by the police of his own land, impersonates him until the important deal is put through. (Patricia Morison, Ernest Cossart, Lloyd Nolan.)

MAN IN THE IRON MASK, THE (United Artists)—Fine. Adapted, but freely, from Alexander Dumas' famous novel, this is chuck full of romance, action of the swashbuckling school, and history in the making. Louis Hayward plays Louis the 14th of France, as well as the role of his twin brother, Philippe of Gascony. The excellent cast includes Joan Bennett, Warren William and Joseph Schildkraut.

ON BORROWED TIME (MGM)—Excellent. In which death, in the person of the serious Mr. Brink, is kept literally up a tree while "Gramps" Northrup lives on borrowed time long enough, he hopes, to keep his adorable orphaned grandson, Pud, out of the reach of grim Aunt Demetria. A film that you will long remember for its hauntingly beautiful philosophy on a subject so generally feared. Perfectly acted by Lionel Barrymore, Bob Watson and Ben Alexander.

QUICK MILLIONS (20th Century-Fox)—Amusing. This is a sequel to The Jones Family in Hollywood and has this already famous homespun family inheriting a gold mine and shack in the Grand Canyon. However, they find the shack is now a hangout for a gang of crooks, who are trying to gain access to the mine. It is pure hokum, but will entertain all lovers of the Jones Family. (Spring Byington, Jed Prouty, June Carlson, George Ernest.)

SECOND FIDDLE (20th Century-Fox)—Entertaining. In which our charming little skating star, Sonja Henie, is cast as a Minnesota schoolmarm! But wait a minute. An up and coming Hollywood press agent, played by Tyrone Power, discovers her and soon she is hard at work becoming a star of glamour girl under his expert tutelage. The skating and the Irving Berlin songs are "tops." (Rudy Valee, Edna May Oliver.)

SMUGGLED CARGO (Republic)—Fair. In which the California orange growers run up against an unscrupulous business man who wishes to force their prices down to meet his demands. The leader in which Ralph Morgan, the head of the orange growers, becomes involved, leads to the end of this dictatorship. (Rocelle Hudson, Barry Mackay, George Barbier.)

THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC (United Artists)—Fine. What with Jascha Heifets, one of the world's great violinists, playing several times during the picture, and with California's most accomplished children's symphonic orchestra getting in its crescendoes, so to speak, what does it matter if the story is hokum—it's enjoyable hokum, and you'll have a grand time following it. (Gene Reynolds, Walter Brennan, Andrea Leeds, Joel McCrea.)

THESE GLAMOUR GIRLS (MG M)—Fine. With Lana Turner as the taxi-dancer who makes High Society, only to find out men, and by the ultra-sophisticated Anita Louise you have an idea of what kind of plot situations this comedy is letting you in for. The excellent cast includes Jane Bryan, Richard Carlson, Lew Ayres and Ann Rutherford.

UNEXPECTED FATHER (Universal)—Fair. With variations this plot resemhes that of Bachelor Mother. Only here we have three comy actors, Dennis O'Keefe, Mischa Auer and Shirley Ross, acting as parents to a poor little orphan baby, in this case none other than that remarkable Sandy of whom you have heard so much favorable comment.

WINTER CARNIVAL (United Artists)—Fair. The annual Dartmouth winter sports events are reproduced here with a great deal of verve and excitement. But that's more than we can say for the plot of this year's Charge of this year's "oomp" girl, Ann Sheridan, who in the not so dim and distant past was Carnival Queen, with Richard Carlson playing head man in her dizzzy life. (Helen Parrish.)
To one woman
he gave his memories...
to another
he gave his dreams—
wild longings—
fierce desires
he dared not name...
for an interlude of
stolen love!
Could any woman
be content with
half a love?
Could any man
summon enough
for both?...
A vivid portrayal by

LESLEI HOWARD
star player extraordinary in

INTERMEZZO
A Love Story

SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL'S
great production introducing
the glamorous new Swedish star

INGRID BERGMAN

Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK
Leslie Howard, Associate Producer
Released thru United Artists
music lovers) but such was not the case at a cocktail party given recently by Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond in honor of Lily Pons, Andre Kostelanetz, and Dales Frantz. Music lovers were there in full swing (not Benny Goodman's kind of swing) and even if you didn't know a concerto from a canary it was still great fun. Jeanette, fresh from a vacation at Arrowhead, looked like a beautiful bronze statue—her face matching her dress perfectly. With all the wonderful things to eat and drink Jeanette kept nibbling at a plate of candy—what a girl she is for ice cream and candy!

"Pink" seemed to be the Hollywood motif that afternoon. Gorgeous Korjus appeared in pink and black clad. Janet Gaynor wore a green suit with a pink blouse, and Irene Dunne had on a very cute cut-out with a tip of pink excursions swooping down over one eye. After sitting with her back to a blazing afternoon sun for a half hour or more Irene Hervey—who gets prettier and prettier—had a pink neck and pink ears. We were in the pink, too, but it came out of a Champagne bottle.

Picture making in Hollywood:

Hollywood sweats under ninety-degree heat. Tyt Garnett was at a close-in in soft shoes, basket-weave trousers and an open-collared shirt, directs Loretta Young and David Niven on a sound stage at United Artists studios.

Miss Young wears a heavy ice-skating costume, woolen socks, heavy shoes, and a woolen cap. Niven is beautifully arrayed in a felt skating costume, with similar accessories. As Garnett calls for action, the pair climbs into an ice boat on a platform backed by a process background.

Both are willing. Make-up men take a last look at Miss Garnett. Garnett gives the signal for action. Through a huge canvas pepe is forced a blast of air. The sails of the ice boat bellow in the man-made draft.

"Thank heavens!" Loretta gasps. "I'd die if the sails didn't catch wind."

We had the pleasure not long ago of watching Hedy Lamarr fish. And Jeopress Creeper, she's even beautiful when she's fishing, though what with live bait dangling in her hair and fish scales clinging to her slacks she doesn't exactly look like a close-up from "The Lady of the Tropics." Hedy's best "fish story" is about the three barracuda and three bass she caught all in one afternoon in Catalina waters. And hubby Gene Macay seems to say just that.

The following we snitched from Irving Hoffman's column in the Reporter. It seems too good to be true—but Ann swears it.

Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor recently bought a new house. They decided to furnish it gradually—doing the upstairs first. "You can sit on the floor and look at blank walls," Ann said to Roger. "And your friends are real friends, they'll sit there, too. But you can't sleep on bare floors. We'll get the bedroom furniture first, then the downstairs." So they furnished the upper floor completely, and left the lower rooms vacant—except for a radio.

Roger had to go out one night to talk to a producer, and he and Ann dined out that evening. He left her at the restaurant, and Ann said she'd go home and sleep, AH. Roger wended his weary way homewards, saw that there was no light on upstairs, and decided his wife had gone to bed. He was about to open the door, when he heard voices inside, and he paused. "What kind of radio is this, Annie?" a man's voice said. "Let me get you out of here and into a decent place!"

"I can't, I mustn't," a woman's voice replied. "It wouldn't be fair to . . . "

"To that loafer, that orchestra leader!" the man scoffed. "That's silly. Ann, Silly! Come on, dear. Leave him a note and tell him what you've done. But hurry, he may be home any minute."

Roger was furious. He burst into the house yelling, "You're damned right he may be home any minute . . . " and then he stopped. The voices emanated from the radio, which Ann had forgotten to turn off when she retired.

If you want to make friends and influence people, according to Ida Lupino, just learn to tell fortunes. Ida claims she doesn't know a thing about palmistry, really, but she has the uncanny faculty of being able to look at a person's pair of mitts—a person she hasn't even seen before—and telling them the most amazing things about themselves, and things they know to be true. Poor Ida. She hasn't been able to enjoy a party since someone discovered she could "read palms." A party to her is just a series of hands stuck under her nose. And her most faithful companions are no more considerate than her party companions. When we visited her on "The Light That Failed" set not long ago great big halos of electricians and painters were scrubbing away at their hands so they could submit them to Ida. What kind of a woman is this! ROUND Colman claims that Ida gives a magnificent dramatic performance—and after the release of the picture she'll undoubtedly become one of the leading dramatic actresses in Hollywood. Look out, Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins.

Myrna Loy always insists on sitting in the right rear corner of the back seat of a car. She says it's some kind of carphobia, and the only phobia she has.

Baby Sandy seemed to have started a new trend when she played a boy in "East Side of Heaven" and became typecast as a New York City aphorist. Murray of "Typhoon" has cast a young male chimpanzee, Skippy, as a little girl ape in the picture. Skippy seemed to suck quite a bit over being made a sissy, however, and to assert his manhood the other day took a couple of socks at Dorothy Lamour who stars in the picture. Poor Dotty has now decided she is allergic to apes and won't go near one for love or money.
Everyone knows Mary is a whiz for work. She’s quick, she’s clever, she’s attractive-looking, too. Why, then, can’t she get a job—why can’t she keep one?

If Mary only knew! It seems a small thing—yet many a capable, charming girl loses out in business, yes—and in romance—because others haven’t the heart to tell her she needs Mum. Why take the needless risk of underarm odor? Mum so surely guards your charm!

Wise girls know a bath alone isn’t enough for underarms. A bath removes past perspiration—but Mum prevents odor to come. More business girls—more women everywhere—use Mum than any other deodorant. It quickly, safely makes odor impossible through a long day.

Save time! Busy girls find Mum takes only 30 seconds.

Save clothes! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics—so safe you can use Mum after dressing. Even after underarm shaving Mum won’t irritate skin.

Save popularity! Without stopping perspiration Mum makes underarm odor impossible all day long! Get Mum today at any druggist’s. In business—in love...guard your charm!
The first step towards hair health is a good brushing, and Sheila Darcy, of Paramount, uses firm upward strokes to stimulate circulation and polish her hair.

"Problem" Heads and Faces

I WAIT for every new Ginger Rogers picture with interest. For I know now that Ginger will introduce something charming and more than often very practical in the way of a hair-do. So many of Ginger's roles are those of modern girls. Formerly, Carole Lombard and Bette Davis did more with their hair than a magician with a pack of cards and a tall hat. Now, however, Ginger holds the hair-do spotlight. She has naturally lovely hair, to begin with, the first step toward personal appeal, if you ask me. This hair, however, is the result of constant and conscientious care to keep it healthy and beautiful. The all-seeing eye of the camera demands good hair for good photography, and the make-up studios know the importance of arrangement with regard to the shape of your face and features. There, in a nutshell, are the two steps toward making the most of your crowning glory.

To you who sometimes look in your mirror with discouragement, sigh and silently breathe a prayer for beauty, I wonder if it has ever occurred to you that you may already have it? None too obvious, perhaps; not cut to a standard pattern, but hiding there, awaiting only the emphasis of a certain line, a subtle touch of color, a change of hair to bring it forth? You may well wonder at the glorious changes you have seen in faces on the screen. All this, because keen, trained eyes saw how to accent a good

Some Aids In The Discovery Of That Beauty Of Which You Are Not Aware!

By Mary Lee

After her hair is set, she uses a comb to curl up the ends, for that natural, unstudied effect.
point, how to subdue a lesser one.

If you really want to restyle yourself, begin with your hair. The divinely colored, soft lustrous hair, we pass up, just as we do perfect faces. They are too much in the minority, and somehow it seems that most nice girls have problems.

First, let's try to develop really lovely hair to work on. A perfect permanent and a lovely arrangement are never a problem with this hair. Here, though, we are going to consider such everyday trials as:

Dry hair, usually dull, harsh and like straw. A new hat even emphasizes these points, instead of doing something for you. Often you bemoan its loss of rich color and shine and the embarrassing little flakes of dandruff that sift over your dark-clad shoulders...

Oily hair, which you wash often enough but which a few days afterwards returns to its flat, dull lifelessness. You worry, too, about a thick, oily type of dandruff that covers your scalp. This hair gives you the willies, and in spite of otherwise good grooming makes you look careless...

Extra-fine hair, a type you have to touch atop a three-year-old, but which on an adult is a distinct problem. Even a good permanent seems to cause these fine hairs to break or turn into a fuzz...

Your bleached or dyed hair begins to tell the truth. Its natural life and lustre are gone, its tone, once so beautiful, now looks artificial and in poor taste...

Now, every problem head listed above has something in common. These are known as "difficult" hair cases.

To return your hair to normal condition, to reveal some of its old beauty, I know of no better suggestion than making an appointment at once with your hairdresser for a Fitch Reconditioning Treatment. This treatment is the result of much highly scientific laboratory work and experimentation to discover the causes of prevalent hair ailments and to correct them. The treatment consists of an examination of scalp and hair, an elasticity test of your hair, an application on dry scalp and hair of that famous

(Continued on page 80)

Out of the hearts of its people...

... out of the very soil of America... a great director creates his most stirring, human drama... of an unsophisticated young man with a dream in his heart... of a woman who helps make his dream come true... and of the laughter, the love, the pain, and the joy they share in this everyday business of living! Stirring... in the seeing! Precious... in the remembering!

Enacted by one of the most perfect casts ever assembled!

FRANK CAPRA'S
MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON

Jean ARTHUR & JAMES STEWART

Claude RAINS - Edward ARNOLD - Guy KIBBEE - Thomas MITCHELL - Beulah BONDI

Directed by FRANK CAPRA • Screen play by SIDNEY BUCHMAN

A Columbia Picture

For November 1939

FRANK CAPRA'S
GREATEST
ACHIEVEMENT

JEAN ARTHUR & JAMES STEWART

Claude RAINS - Edward ARNOLD - Guy KIBBEE - Thomas MITCHELL - Beulah BONDI

Directed by FRANK CAPRA • Screen play by SIDNEY BUCHMAN

A Columbia Picture

for November 1939
Janet Does an Off to Yuma!

An exclusive interview with Janet Gaynor on her recent marriage to Adrian, the designer

By Liza

THERE I sat in my office trying to decide whether to pierce my heart with my scissors, drink my glue, or merely drop myself off the window ledge into a revolving splash in front of Grauman's Chinese Theatre. ""The Lady of the Tropics" was playing there, and Hedy Lamarr is one of my favorite people, and I wouldn't begrudge her picture a little extra publicity.) Then the phone rang.

"Hello," I said dully, expecting nothing better than a policeman's benefit.

"You can't be important," came a cute voice I recognized as Janet Gaynor's, "or you wouldn't answer our own telephone. However, I'll take a chance on you. Give your typewriter a day off and come on down to the beach and let's have girlish confidences."

"You're the only nice thing that's happened to me in days," I said brightening, "I'll be right down." So postponing my suicide indefinitely I left for the beach. I had a hunch it was about a wedding. To get to the Gaynor's little blue and white beach house (except it isn't so little) you have to drive to Venice and then for several miles along the Speedway (except it isn't a speedway) to the 1500 block. I was promptly shown into Janet's bedroom upstairs which faces the ocean and which has recently been

As the wife of Adrian, Janet confessed to Liza that she looks forward to a richness and fullness of living she never could have known if she continued to live just by herself like a hermit.
While she dropped handkerchiefs, eau de cologne, tooth brushes, stockings, perfume, handsomely tailored (Janet isn't the frilly type, thank goodness) robes and underwear around in the different bags, she prattled on about happiness, love and marriage. And I think she's got something there.

"For my part," she said, "I feel that what happiness any person may experience must have its origin in one's own capacity for happiness. Wasn't it Lin Yutang who told us about the Chinese big-wig of the seventeenth century who found the height of happiness on a summer's day in cutting open a big green watermelon as it rested on a scarlet plate?" (Me—I wouldn't be knowing about Lin Yutang, but Janet is a very erudite young lady.) "So you see, Elizabeth, happiness is really a personal thing.

"Marriage is a matter of free and deliberate choosing in this modern day. To most people it is a gamble for happiness. I have a feeling that, in marriage, no matter how unevenly the days move along, and they are bound to be uneven in this complex scheme of living, it is in the regular give-and-take of activities that the real worth while pattern is woven.

"With A and me—now here you have two distinct individualities with separate and mutual interests—but we share them, and both enjoy what we see is a rare companionship. We feel, too, that we are making an investment in faith, rather than the customary gamble for happiness. I sound awfully serious, don't I?"

She giggled, and she has a most infectious giggle. "Well, I am serious."

And happy too, I thought. I haven't seen anyone radiate such happiness in years.

"A and I both love to travel and both of us have done a lot of it," she continued. "We expect to do a lot more. Travel does something to a person. At least it is a liberal education. Surely, anyone who can possibly afford it travels those days. I always feel as if I had the inside of my head re-decorated when I return from a trip, even if it's only up to Yosemite or over to Boulder Dam. You give your mental house an airing and you feel so refreshed. And how would you like to travel from that cushion over to this chair—you're sitting on my favorite scarf."

I moved off of a very gay red scarf and handed it to Janet, thinking of the old days when Janet, with her burnished-copper hair, wouldn't come within a mile of anything red. But Adrian told her to wear red—and she wears it.

"When you go to another country, as we are doing—going down to Mexico City—you learn about other people, their aims, their principles, their folklore and their art treasures. A finds inspiration for his work in visiting other countries and has always been an enthusiastic traveler and sightseer. And you know me. All you have to do is barely suggest a trip and I'm practically on the train. Just imagine! Four weeks of browsing about in Mexico City and all that fascinating country. Isn't it wonderful! And the next time A can get away from the studio we are going to Persia. Both of us have always wanted to go to Persia. Oh, honestly, Elizabeth."

(Continued on page 66)
THE ROMANCE OF HOLLYWOOD FROM BATHING BEAUTIES TO WORLD PREMIERES!

IN
TECHNICOLOR

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
Production of

HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE

The most brilliant new note in entertainment!
A heart-warming drama of today filled with 1001 thrilling yesterdays!

starring

ALICE FAYE • DON AMECHE

J. Edward BROMBERG • ALAN CURTIS
STUART ERWIN • JED PROUTY
BUSTER KEATON • DONALD MEEK
GEORGE GIVOT • EDDIE COLLINS

Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS
Associate Producer HARRY JOE BROWN • Screen Play by Ernest Pascal • Story by Hilary Lynn and Brown Holmes
Based upon an original idea by Lou Breslow

A 20th Century-Fox Picture
Those new evening dresses that show several inches of flesh around the middle are becoming very popular in Hollywood. Joan Crawford and Paulette Goddard, who have slender waists and perfect suntans, were the first to go for the new style—and had all the plump girls drooling with envy.

Ann Sheridan bought herself one of the new evening dresses the other day and set her heart on wearing it to the Ann Warner party. But Ann has been so busy working, rushing from one picture to another, that she hasn’t had any time to get herself a sun tan. However, she was going to wear that dress or bust, so she solved the situation quite simply by having Westmore’s do a special job of simonizing on her exposed five inches. You can imagine what five inches of Ann, even simonized, did to the menfolk at the party.

Before he left for the East Louis Bromfield (who thinks that Hollywood has done right by his popular “The Rains Came”) offered a prize to anyone who would sort of accidentally set fire to Orson Welles’ whiskers. The bearded Mr. Welles is quite a startling sight at Hollywood’s smart premieres.

Mary Livingstone is very, very proud of her rhumba. She takes lessons continuously, even spent a small fortune on rhumba lessons from a professional dancer in the South of France when she and hubby Jack Benny were in Europe last. At present, she is enrolled in a rhumba
class in Hollywood, which also boasts of such celebrated pupils as Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, and Gracie Allen and George Burns.

"But heaven only knows," Mary lamented to us at a dinner party recently, "what good it does me to dance a perfect rhumba. The minute the orchestra starts playing rhumba music Jack bolts off the floor as if he were shot."

Hollywood has had its estates named "Rancho Mucha Costa," "Mortgage Manor," and even Edward Everett Horton's "Belly Acres" (he calls it that because he claims "belly laughs" enabled him to build it), but a new one has popped up. It's "Cirrhosis-by-the-Sea," all year beach house of handsome David Niven.

"I chose the name," David declared, "because it's so pretty."

David shares the house with Walter Davis, motion picture production man, and Robert Coote, an English actor. David plans to build a home of his own as soon as he finds the right girl.

Clark Gable is just an old softie. Olivia de Havilland made that discovery when she was working on "Gone With the Wind" with him. According to Olivia, (whose "Melanie," they say, is something out of this world it's so wonderful) there was an old worn-out horse, called "Marse Lee," used in the flight-from-Atlanta sequence. The horse was so skinny it's bones ruffled, but everyone at the studio had definite instructions not to feed it as they had to keep him starved looking for the picture. Clark just had fits every time he had to look at the poor hungry old nag. So, as soon as the picture was finished Mr. Gable ups and buys "Marse Lee" and turns him loose out on the Gable-Lombard pastures to eat his stom-ach full for the rest of his days.

DAVID NIVEN, handsome and romantic (currently playing a magician in "Eternally Yours") admitted to us recently that he uses a set of rules which he applies to decide whether or not he will "date" a girl for the second time. David, one of the most eligible young Hollywood bachelors, has very definite ideas about how young women should conduct themselves.

"I'm far from perfect myself, and definitely annoying to the weaker sex, I know," he said. "Furthermore, not only do I have a considerable number of bad habits, but a collection of phobias, also."

As far as the weaker sex is concerned, he never calls on a girl for the second time who:
1. Asks him to go shopping with her.
2. Asks him to carry bundles or packages of any kind.
3. Requests that he fill his pockets full of her personal impedimenta, such as lip-stick, purse, rouge, etc.
4. Is constantly asking him for a ciga-rette.
5. Makes-up in public.

"Those are pretty serious things with me," the British star said. "I can think of a dozen reasons why a girl wouldn't go out with me a second time—you'd be surprised to know how many haven't—and I'm no angel. But those are the rules, I stick to 'em, and I suppose they'll finally result in permanent bachelorhood for me." Well, girls, now you know.

Before leaving for Europe following the extremely gala premiere of her first Hollywood-made picture, "Nurse Edith Cavell," lovely Anna Neagle took time off to straighten out a Hollywood controversy concerning the correct pronunciation of her name. She is most often addressed, she says, as "Miss Nagle," while the true pronunciation is Neagle as in eagle. In explanation, she told a bit of family history:

"Anna Neagle is my mother's name, which I took as my stage name. The earliest known ancestor on my mother's side won his name by rescuing a child from the talons of an eagle. According to custom, his name became O'Neagle because he was Irish. The name has remained with the family ever since."

And by the way, just in case you're like us and always called it Edith Ca-VELL—you're wrong. The correct pronunciation of England's brave nurse who faced a German firing squad in Belgium during the War is Edith CAV-ell, as in ravel.

Before leaving for London Madeleine Carroll had this to say on the oft-debated subject of whether or not a married woman should work.

"It is a ridiculous idea that a woman must stay at home because she is married," Miss Carroll asserted. "If an unmarried woman can be a successful author, or painter, or sculptor, or musician—as so many are—nobody objects. But let a married woman take a job as a secretary, a teacher—even a clerk—and she finds herself, very definitely, a storm center.

"There is no question of 'stealing' a job, or keeping a man from working. You'll usually find that the married girl and her husband are carefully saving towards the time when they can have a home and a family. When they reach that point, their savings will put many men to work in the building of that home. If the girl chooses to continue working—then usually she gives employment to someone—maids, gardeners, cooks, some sort of household workers—to take care of her home for her.

"If a millionaire has a son," she pointed out, "no one objects when the son seeks employment, even though his father can support him. Why should a millionaire's daughter, or a woman in ordinary circumstances, be denied the same right to earn money?"
ONE of the most attractive young girls in Hollywood today is Ann Power, sister of the famous Tyrone. Ann was born on La Brea Avenue in Hollywood on August 26, 1915, which makes her exactly one year and four months younger than her brother Ty—who, incidentally, first saw the light, literally and not spiritually, in Cincinnati.

The first time I saw Ann she was in a picture frame on Ty's dresser in the bedroom of his beautiful new home out in Brentwood. (What was I doing there? Annabella was showing me around. Wouldn't you know!) Recently I had the pleasure of meeting her—a tall, slender girl with big dark eyes like her brother's—and over a crab salad and endless cups of coffee (she's a worse chain coffee drinker than Barbara Stanwyck, holder of the present championship) we engaged in a bit of idle chitchat, which wasn't idle very long.

Being one of those women (and there must be a million of us) who simply goes stark, staring mad over the very mention of Tyrone Power I tricked Ann into telling me some of the family secrets about that brother of hers, whom I suspected wasn't the little angel in his childhood that his pictures, with that cherubic expression, might lead one to believe. Ann and Ty spent their childhood and early teen age together romping over Southern California, with frequent trips to Ohio to visit a grandmother and aunts and uncles. As the twig is bent so grows the trees, or something. I always say, so I was eager to hear about the early traits of that Power kid who turned out well in spite of what some of the neighbors predicted.

“At the close of the war,” said Ann, “Mother was asked to take an important role in John Stephen McGroarty's famous ‘Mission Play’ which is staged annually in San Gabriel, California. She remained a member of the company for five years and Tyrone and I lived with her in the close-by town of Alhambra.

“While Mother was away at the theatre, Tyrone and I found plenty of mischief to get into. Tyrone had seen pictures in a book of some children in the East having a snowball fight. It looked like fun. But he couldn't find any snow in Alhambra. Oranges, he decided, would be just as effective as snowballs, and oranges, as you know, are quite plentiful in that section of California. He stripped a few trees and the battle took place one afternoon in the back yard.

“'It was girls versus boys, and ripe oranges were bursting all over the place, but mainly all over our faces. On my team was a little girl who didn't like Tyrone—the only little girl, or big girl, I ever knew who didn't like my brother—and she simply couldn't resist picking up a brick and hurling it at Tyrone's head. It clipped him on the forehead, he was knocked out cold, and the doctor had to take several stitches. After that he lost interest in oranges, but not in little girls.

“Mother had several pieces of antique furniture in our living room which she valued very much, a chair in particular, and for that reason we had been told never to play in that room. We had a tremendous back yard and front yard, but of course it had to be the living room that Tyrone and several little boys from his school chose for a very exciting football game one afternoon. In the excitement Tyrone kicked the chair instead of the ball and it broke in seven places. He knew Mother would be furious so he made me cross my heart and hope to die that I wouldn't tell, and then he proceeded to nail it together with some huge nails he found in the garage. 'It's so old,' he said contemptuously, 'a few nails won't be noticed.' But Mother did notice and Tyrone got a good paddling.' It seems that the 'trade' instinct came out in Tyrone at a very early age. He was always trying to 'sell' something, and if he hadn't become an actor he would probably have made one of those smooth talking super salesmen. (Mercy, he could have sold me anything!) His first venture in the business world was a lemonade stand on the front lawn. Ann squeezed the lemons and washed the glasses and swished at the flies. Ty watered the lemonade profusely from the garden hose, and sold it. People actually bought it—five cents a small glass, ten cents a big glass [Continued on page 62]
Ty Power

His younger sister, Ann Power, gives you the untold lowdown on that brother of hers who wasn't the little angel in his childhood that his cherubic expression invariably lead strangers to believe.

By Elizabeth Wilson

Tyrone always has been a terrible tease, according to his sister. As a child he had a vivid imagination. His folks called it fibbing. Even today when he is making up a beautiful whopper you can detect that quirk around his lips if you look closely. Tyrone is still loyal to old friends.
To herself, a woman's emotions are always important and she never tires of studying them," says Dorothy. "The mad hot chase for a man is the only real outlet certain women have for self-expression."

Exotic Dorothy Lamour, who should and does know all the answers on the subject of allure, herewith supplies them—and without mincing words.

Is IT one unique quality, or the alchemy of many that forms the magic elixir that makes a woman dangerous? Is the Lorelei song, which creates emotional havoc and writes enduring dramas, the same throughout the ages? Are the sirens of today gifted with the same sorcery that aided the Queen of Sheba in winning Solomon, Cleopatra in bringing the mighty Antony to his knees, and Good Queen Bess in keeping the dashing Essex dangling at her side? Or does feminine allure change with the times?

These, and many more were the questions I asked Dorothy Lamour, the screen's premiere interpreter of vampish roles.

Dorothy, as modern as tomorrow, insists that the realm of emotions defies rules and guide posts, because no two people have the same reactions, regardless of the century in which they live. She believes, however, that potentially every woman has the same emotional equipment, but that each molds it into a different pattern. Also, that no woman can awaken deep emotion without the capacity of experiencing it herself.

She's never quite recovered from the surprise of finding herself classed as superallurement. She insists it was all a mistake. Just a green kid, burning with ambitions, she jumped from singing ballads, with Herbie Kay's orchestra, into pictures with no emotional preparedness, and her very first scene before the camera was trying to win the affections of a lion. She was so terribly frightened that she gave a brilliant exhibition of primitive emotions that won her the scanty sarong, the picturesque costume of the South Sea belles, and the leading role in the picture "The Jungle Princess." In this, she went right on being primitive and was so altogether lovely, that Paramount studio hastily hunted up more jungle romances in which to star Dorothy and her sarong.

"My experiences are limited to my screen roles," said Dorothy, "but I give
them much thought and in trying to find the key to their reactions I read innumerable biographies of women whose enchantment made history. I've learned this. That human nature changes little through the centuries, and emotions remain the same; it is only our method of expressing them that varies.

"A woman's femininity is her greatest lure. There never was a time when men did not fall for frills, daintiness, fragrancce, curves—all the qualities in direct contrast to their own. Naturally, sex is of supreme importance; it enters into every human relationship, but men seldom like to discover it themselves. Mystery does its bit, too, and excitement that lures to conquest is fatal. Men have a limitless curiosity and a compelling yen to seek thrills amid dangers, if there is a reward waiting.

"No, it is no one weapon that the dangerous woman uses. She must have infinite resources, because she must meet every mood, every background, every challenge, and while many women are born with the come-hither qualities that attract men, others must cultivate them, but the result is the same. European men seek sweethearts, Americans like pals—companions to share their sports. In the Orient, women are toys—and slaves.

"To herself, a woman's emotions are always important and she never wearyes of studying them. The mad, hot chase for a man is the only outlet certain women have for self-expression. Maybe this all started when women were chattels, and the only means of gaining favors and privileges was to win over the 'head man!'

"Of course," (Continued on page 64)
JIMMY STEWART doesn't want to be President.
In fact, he doesn't even want to be a Congressman or the Mayor of Van Nuys, Studio City or any of the other Hollywood suburbs that elect stars as public officials.
For Jimmy has just completed 89 days of being Senator Jeff Smith in Frank Capra's production, "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington." For 89 days he made political speeches, shook hands with constituents and avoided lobbyists in Hollywood's letter-perfect reproduction of the nation's Capitol.
Then, to climax it all, Senator Stewart flew across the continent to make final scenes for the picture in Washington itself. After five days of that city's unbearable heat and humidity, Jimmy is certain that he desires no further contact with the public speaking and baby-kissing profession—a decision that definitely gives the babies of the nation something less to look forward to.
Goes to Washington

Though official Washington and the press went crazy over Jimmy and his films, he behaved like any other sightseer.

By David Tearle

While he would not want to adopt politics as a career, Jim does admit that playing the part of a senator has its points. Especially since the part was created by Frank Capra, the "great little guy" whose hits include "It Happened One Night," "Deeds Goes To Town," and "You Can't Get Away With It With You."

Actor Stewart was perfectly willing to talk about anything, but politics) between scenes in Washington. And despite the fact that his vacation began the minute shooting was completed, he ordained no impatience when clouds in front of the sun prolonged the work in Washington an expected two days to nearly a week.

That is the kind of a person that tall, lanky Jimmy Stewart is. Perfectly at ease with dramatic editors, reporters and cameramen, he logged his footsteps in Washington, he won admiration of them all. One editor described him as the most likeable and least "actorish" he had ever met. They all agreed that he was completely modest, thoroughly engaging man.

The 500 fans waited (Continued on page 67)

Below: Director Frank Capra discussing the script of "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," with Jimmy Stewart and Jean Arthur. Jimmy plays the part of a very young senator.

Jimmy got just as big a kick out of Washington, D. C., as Washington, D. C. got out of him. (The Lincoln Memorial impressed him most of all). It was his second visit. The first time was during the World War when, as a kid, he came to see his father who was then in the army.
JOAN BENNETT

Joan plays the title role in "The Housekeeper's Daughter," a spicy and romantic comedy, directed and produced by Hal Roach. Her character remains dark for the role and it's getting so you can't tell whether or not Joan looks like Hedy Lamarr or Hedy Lamarr looks like Joan.
JANE WYMAN

Jane's latest picture is "Kid Nightingale." She's also doing the Torchy Blaine series. St. Joseph, Missouri, is her home town and when she lived there she was known as Sarah Jane Folks, which happens to be her right name. She attended Columbia College in Missouri and was invariably leading lady in all of the campus plays. Ronald Reagan is still her No. 1 boy friend.
LORETTA YOUNG

Lovely Loretta's latest offering is "Eternally Yours," in which she is co-starred with David Niven. He plays the part of a magician, with Loretta as his assistant. She falls in love with him, becomes his wife and learns that it's quite a trick to hold your man in these gay days.
There's more screen excitement than ever you've seen before! America at its maddest! America at its merriest... the hotcha — the shock-crammed days men took ten whole years to lick!

Far the biggest of all, Zanmy's big hits!

Hollywood's Thrilling New Team! What a Treat for Their Fans!

The Roaring Twenties

Warner Bros.' Newest Dramatic Success, with

Humphrey Bogart • Gladys George
Frank McHugh • Jeffrey Lynn • Paul Kelly

Directed by Raoul Walsh
Screen Play by Jerry Wald, Richard Macaulay and Robert Rossen
From an Original Story by Mark Hellinger
When David O. Selznick saw Ingrid Bergman in a Swedish film entitled "Intermezzo," he was so fully impressed that he immediately bought the film rights and summoned her to Hollywood to play Leslie Howard in an American version. It was inspired bit of casting, for Ingrid and Leslie are as the unfortunate lovers. Edna Best is cast as his...
HENRY FONDA
and
CLAUDETTE COLBERT

From "Along the Mohawk," adapted from the best-selling novel of the same name, co-stars Henry Fonda and Claudette Colbert. He is the part of a young farmer in the Mohawk Valley during Revolutionary Days, who marries Claudette, a cultured Al-bany belle, and takes her back to hardships of farming. They are idly settled when the treacherous Iroquois raids start. All of which is about, but not quite, sufficient to break her spirit, thanks to Henry.

WHO'S THE HERO OF EVERY GAME?

Not the man who makes the goal—not the boys who buck the line—but energy. In play or work everyone needs it. Baby Ruth, rich in Dextrose, is a real source of food-energy. It's fine candy—and fine food for young and old. Have you had a bar lately?

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Candy bar that's rich in Dextrose

The sugar your body uses directly for energy
There never has been a better known name in pictures than Joan Crawford's. Nor has any actress ever worked more diligently to make her name famous. Naturally, along the bewildering road to fame one is called upon to make consequential decisions. Joan was no exception. She had to make many. Some turned out to be rather unwise, with discouraging results. A less spirited person would have given up, but not Joan. Just when the wiseacres would start whispering that her career was finished, she'd come crashing back with a brilliant performance, such as she gives in "The Women," and re-establish every bit of her enormous popularity. Maligned, misunderstood, nevertheless Joan courageously fights on to new and greater triumphs. No wonder we're proud of her.

The famous bath tub scene from "The Women," which Joan appears with Rosalind Russell. Joan's role is unsympathetic, but she plays it so convincingly you can't possibly hold ill will toward her. Accepting the part was one of Joan's smartest moves, as it again gives her the opportunity to show us an outstanding actress she
Farmer Gable and His Wife

THEY really live on a ranch, but Carole and Clark call it “The Farm.” It has fourteen acres in Encino, California, and they bought it from Director Raoul Walsh, who used to live there. Their house isn’t very large, but it’s built for comfort and informality. Carole and Clark did all of the furnishing and decorating themselves. There’s a large main living room with a small adjacent bar; a cozy dining room, off which is the kitchen and butler’s pantry; two small cellar rooms, one of which Clark calls his “gun room” and the other “the office” because that’s where they keep all bills and data about their farm. Upstairs are two bedrooms, two baths and two dressing rooms and that’s all. They raise chickens and flowers mostly. Clark has taken over the actual management of the place and knows exactly what he’s about, since originally he came from a farm. Just about every fruit and vegetable you can think of grows on the place. They couldn’t be happier, these typical farmers, which is well to remember as you see Clark in “Gone With the Wind” and Carole in “Vigil in the Night.”
He's Always Thinking of The Other Fellow

Because Joel McCrea never has forgotten how grateful he, himself, was when the other fellow lent a helping hand as he was struggling to establish himself in heartless Hollywood

By

Ben Maddox

Joel is always boosting the stock of fellow players. It was his pep talk that put Lew Ayres back in the running again. Jon Hall and Bruce Cabot owe their start in movies to Joel.
ONE of the girls who didn’t get into “Gone With the Wind” was Joel McCrea’s protégé.

You didn’t know he had one?

Neither did anyone else, including the sixteen-year-old herself!

She had come to the Selznick studio three times before, vainly trying to tell the very busy casting director that she could play the rôle of Scarlett’s sister Careen. She had been magnificently ignored, being nobody.

But when she walked in for the fourth time, bravely, in her best dress, her new hat, and smiling uncertainly, a miracle followed. An impressive, smart gentleman stepped up to her, briskly announced that he had been sent by Joel McCrea’s agent, and whisked her straight into the guarded inner office of the casting mogul. That important person looked at her with genuine interest. He would be glad to talk to her about the part. Why hadn’t she said she was Mr. McCrea’s protégé in the first place?

Dumbfounded, Beverly Andre started foolishly to open her mouth and wave her hands. Fortunately she remembered fluttering would be appalling at that moment. She swallowed hastily, and blurted, “Well, I really didn’t—I mean, I didn’t think it would make any difference, I guess!”

No difference? An appointment was immediately made for her to give a reading of the character before the director of the picture and David Selznick, the producer. She was carefully made-up, and gowned by the wardrobe department. In the end Ann Rutherford was assigned the rôle, but today a talented beginner is no longer stamped as merely an extra in Hollywood. She is on her way to amounting to something, having been seriously considered for a real part. She is still an unknown, but she blooms with a new confidence that is bound to bring her eventual success.

I asked Joel about her. A much bigger man physically than you ever expect, he twisted his huge frame in a dressing-room chair that is too small for him.

“Her father stands in for me. Her mother has been my secretary for two years. They would never ask for favors, but when I happened to hear that Beverly was in earnest about getting that part I did what I could. Why shouldn’t I?”

You’ve heard how cruel they are in Hollywood, how an ambitious person struggles against selfishness and cynicism. Joel confounds that prevalent theory. He speaks from his own experience. “If I decided to spend the rest of my life being appreciative to the people who went out of their way to help me I wouldn’t have enough time! I can think of at least eighty men and women right off who have befriended me.

“There was Sam Wood, the director, who liked me in a college show and introduced me to Gloria Swanson. She gave me a letter to producer Bill LeBaron. C. B. DeMille gave me my first contract. One after the other volunteered to assist me. I wanted to be an actor, I said so, and if you have potentialities and are sincere and open to suggestion I think you automatically win your opportunities. When I was doing ‘Career Man’ for Warners, recently, I remembered how I’d worked as an extra on their lot. Billie Dove was one of the top stars there then. So was Colleen Moore. I was playing a bit, a taxi driver, in one of Colleen’s pictures when she noticed me and asked John McCormick, her husband and the studio manager then, to test me. He did. His verdict was, ‘He stinks!’ I’m glad I didn’t smell quite that bad to myself. Later McCormick became an agent and wanted to handle me’.”

A star as well set as McCrea can choose his companions from among the wealthiest sophisticates. Regularly Joel goes hunting and fishing, and his buddy on these trips is not a man of influence, but Carl Andre, his stand-in. They pack back into the High Sierras where Carl swears, Joel is a genius at cooking a venison steak over a campfire. When Joel is not working, and is at home on his ranch forty miles north of Hollywood, Carl can keep up his riding in Hollywood—because he has “the grand horse Joel gave me.”

This democratic independence that distinguishes Joel is no new phase. The Arnold Grey chap- (Continued on page 60)
The fascinating story of how four totally different "unknowns" flew, overnight, to the heights of stardom!

By
Gladys Hall

ONE flew East, one flew West, they all flew into the Cuckoo's nest.... I don't know why I'm minded of the old nursery rhyme, it isn't really apposite, except that Brenda Marshall flew in from the Island of Negros in the Philippines. Linda Darnell flew in from Dallas, Texas. Brenda Joyce flew in from Kansas City, Missouri. Helen Gilbert from Warren, Ohio, and they all flew into the Cuckoo's Nest (which is Hollywood, of course) and right into the warm, feathered, snug and starry center of the nest, at that.

For not one of the girls had ever made a picture before and, Presto, Abracadabra and all that, Brenda Marshall landed in Career Man, playing opposite Joel McCrea; Linda Darnell became a famous name upon the release of her very first picture, titled Hotel For Women; Brenda Joyce "stuck in her thumb and pulled out a plum," as Fern, in The Rains Came, and Helen Gilbert...
flew spang into the arms of Mickey Rooney in Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever. No languishing in studio stock companies for the likes o' them; no extra work; no "bit" parts; no "B's"; no cooling off of heels while waiting for a break, a chance, a part, while the lag-gard months make a long year, as was the fate of Greer Garson, for instance, such as has been the fate of many trained actors and actresses. And if this isn't landing ker-plunk into the very featheriest center of the Cuckoo's Nest, you tell me...

Really, I never heard of such a thing. Or of such things. Here they are, these fledglings, these Unknowns, these babes, these novices, literally flying into the stars. Here they are, fresh out of rompers, their names on all movie-minded tongues before they had time to lisp the movie jargon themselves, before they even learned that a "dolly" is not a bisque plaything, that a "penguin" is not a bird but a dress extra in tails. . . . Here they are, with long-term contracts in their slim slacks' pockets, such acclaim and recognition and fat parts accorded them as only come, we have been wont to believe, to those who have sweated up the ladder, rung by rung. It's fabulous. It's fairy-tale stuff. It's unbelievable and—it's true.

And they flew in, all four of them, by different routes, from different backgrounds, with dissimilar types of beauty, with different luggage of hopes and dreams and abil- (Continued on page 70)
Meet Miss Connecticut Yankee

Rosalind Russell is a Waterbury, Connecticut, girl whose mother was vehemently opposed to any sort of theatricals.
By Ed Sullivan

For all her well bred gentility, Rosalind Russell knows what she wants and can fight like the very mischief to get it!

While they were filming "The Women," at M-G-M, Director George Cukor kept stressing the necessity for realism. Time and again, Cukor told Rosalind Russell and Paulette Goddard that their hair-pulling match lacked authenticity. "When you kick her, Paulette," suggested the director, "put some oomph into your kick. Hurt her." Paulette, thus encouraged, in the next take hauled off and kicked Rosalind Russell directly on the shin. "That's better," said Cukor, encouragingly. "Not quite right, but better." He took the scene again. Miss Goddard landed another well-placed kick on the Russell shinbone.

The next setup put the shoe on the other foot. Miss Russell was called upon to bite Paulette's leg as they struggled on the ground. For the behind-the-scenes records of Hollywood, let it be here stated that Rosalind bit the Goddard calf so heartily that it bled.

The incident is interesting because it is a fair summation of Rosalind Russell's career. The girl from Waterbury, Connecticut, well-bred and all that sort of thing, has succeeded in show business because when anyone figuratively kicked her in the shins, she literally always drew blood in the retort. In other words, Rosalind has never quit. She's been scared. She's been, at times, uncertain. But she's always managed to keep her chin up and muddle through. She's lost minor battles, but she has a habit of winning the major victories.

Her entire career served to steel her resolution. First, it was her mother's opposition she had to overcome in order to enroll at the Academy of Dramatic Arts. To the Connecticut mother of a family of daughters, the suggestion (Continued on page 74)
IT WAS turning dusk in Chelsea, Oklahoma—a city of 1,500 souls on Saturday night and thirty-five during the week. It was Tuesday and thirty-four of the regulars were getting ready for bed. The thirty-fifth sat in the railroad telegraph office, singing mournful songs.

A man opened the door, walked in. "Excuse me, son," he drawled, "hate to interrupt all this good music, but do you suppose you could send a telegram for me?"

The operator lowered as to how he could, took his feet off the desk and shoved a sheet of paper towards the stranger. "Jest keep on singin' while I write this," the newcomer said, moistening the pencil in his mouth. "You know the one that goes, 'la-di-di-la-la?"

The operator knew it, knew it well and before either of them realized it he had sung a dozen songs to the music of his guitar and the tapping of the stranger's foot.

"Vore wastin' time here, young feller," said the man, "that's too good a voice for a big town like this. Here, get this off before they close up the county."

And with that he handed the message to the operator. It was a we-got-lost-but-we're-safe telegram to the folks back home and it was signed, "Will Rogers."

The telegraph operator, who was none other than Gene Autry, came up for air a few minutes later and gasped, "Are you really Will Rogers?"

"Yep," answered Will with a grin, "hope it's all right with you. Now 'bout that singin'...

And for an hour more they talked,

Gene Autry was a small-town telegraph operator who liked to sing and play the guitar, until quite by accident he met Will Rogers.

By
William Lynch Vallee

Gene and his wife live in a brand new home of 14 rooms in San Fernando Valley on the outskirts of Hollywood. His ranch, where he stables his ten horses, is about four miles farther in the valley. Gene, a true westerner, was born in Tioga, Texas, where his energetic dad raised cattle, hogs and horses.
with Will telling him to strike out and face the world with his voice. All the while Gene sat with his mouth open, thanking his lucky stars that he hadn’t known that his idol was the stranger standing in the dim, lantern-lit office. If he’d known he couldn’t have gotten a note out—gosh!

“Right away,” says Gene, “we became good friends. His advice to me later on movie sets was just as free and just as good as it was in Chelsea. I,” and his hand tightened almost imperceptibly on a paper clip he was twisting, “I saw him a few days before he left on his fatal trip. He was a great man...”

He was a great man and he is wholly responsible for Gene Autry’s terrific success. The Autry man who made Republic Pictures what it is today would probably have ended his days tapping out freight orders in Chelsea had it not been for that lucky visit.

But to go back a bit—he was born in Tioga, Texas, on September 29th, 1908, which makes him just 31. His background, “way back,” is French and Irish and Autry might once have been “Autrie.”

Let Gene tell you about his father...

“My father owned a ranch where we raised cattle, hogs and horses. Since many of our customers were far away I’d often ride a herd into Chelsea for shipment by rail. The tapping of the telegraph instrument fascinated me; I determined to get a job there and learn to telegraph. The railroad got itself a hired man.

“I went to work unloading cars, sweeping up, helping the occasional passenger off from the train and learning how to work the key.”

Besides this, he studied the saxophone. But this was not for him, he decided, so he took up the guitar and everything fell into place. Feet on desk, hand on guitar and ear for any telegraphic tapping.

And so for five years the Frisco R. R. rented, very cheaply, the services of Gene Autry. That is, until Will dropped in and advised him to get out of town. Gene got it.

“I came to New York,” he says, “with the high hopes that everyone has and planked myself and my hopes down in a cheap hotel room. Every day we, my hopes and I, tried to sell our services to record companies and anyone who might possibly be interested in us.

“Things were blackest when I did get a chance. I was sitting in the reception room of one of the biggest recording companies when the receptionist asked me if I played whatever was in the black box. ‘Sure thing!’ I said, and played and sang a number for her. As I was finishing, two men came out. One was Joe Marvin, whom I’d met in Oklahoma, and the other, Leonard Joy, of the company. Mr. Marvin put in a good word for me and Mr. Joy let me cut a wax (make a record) next day.”

Autry was good, Mr. Joy told him, but he was nervous when he made the test recording, and it showed in the record. Joy couldn’t offer it to the company committee, he could only advise Gene to get himself some more experience. To get all the experience he could—stage, radio... There was an idea!

“Back home to my railroad job I went,” said Gene, giving the paper clip another shape, “and on the side I sang over a nearby radio station. My nervousness did go away and I was about to resign and start out again when the depression came along and helped me with my resignation.”

In New York for the second time he faced a mike in the Velvetone recording studio and then waited for the verdict. The verdict and three executives rushed in. He could stay in town if he wanted to, but if he did he had to make records for Velvetone.

Two weeks later Gene found his name on a Velvetone record list along with two other young comers, Kate Smith and Rudy Vallee. They were all very hopeful...

Shortly after this, Gene sang before a group of people and one of his audience, a Sears, Roebuck man, asked him to sing “Silver Haired Daddy of Mine,” a little effort of Gene’s. The man seemed to like it.

“A week after that he sent me a contract for thirteen weeks on the Sears, Roebuck hour (Continued on page 76)
John Garfield is an intense young man, burning with ambition to do things. He was afraid of Hollywood. Afraid that it would stifle his ideas, kill his initiative, soften him with money. He's just as intense now, but he has swung around about Hollywood.

"The fact that the Warners make such pictures as 'Juarez' and 'Confessions of a Nazi Spy' has given me a different view of Hollywood," he admits frankly. "I was proud to be in 'Juarez' and I was proud of Hollywood when I saw 'Confessions of a Nazi Spy.' Important productions like those, which take fearless stands on significant issues and really

"I was tired of being a lady on the screen," says Joan Crawford. Below: "Eventually, I'd like to do the sort of thing Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy do," insists Mickey Rooney. And Cecil B. DeMille states that the screen today is really far too drab.
contribute something to human welfare, certainly make detractors of Hollywood look a bit silly.

"They have made me want to stay in pictures, if the studio considers me good enough to do important stories that have real meaning and human value. Sure, I have certain roles in mind that I'd like most to play in pictures. I'd like to do the life of George Gershwin. I'd also like to portray the great German poet, Heinrich Heine. Then there's a story called 'Young Man With a Horn' that I'd love to do. I'd play a swing musician. But it wouldn't be a musical production."

"I'll probably not get to do any of those and it really doesn't matter. The thing that counts to me is the chance to do characters that mean something. "I've never disliked Hollywood. I can't actually say I like it now, because my roots are still pretty deep in New York. But I am becoming accustomed to it and I've found a lot in it to admire. It can do fine and big things in a fine and big way."

Don't soften, John Garfield. There's a faint sign of weakening in your words. And do I hear that you've gone Beverly Hills? Remember, you hit Hollywood full of fight and rebellion, fresh from struggling for years for your very food. If you soften, you'll lose your, shall we say, earthy eagerness? Your primordial zest. It's the quality that made Cagney, for instance. It also made writers like Jack London.

So here's my aside to you: nurse along that fear of Hollywood. Get it out and exercise it. It's priceless. In fact, it's Garfield. And, when you can't find it, you'll know you're washed up. You'll have gone soft.

JOAN CRAWFORD is at the crossroads of a spectacular, colorful career. Her adventure into what is really a secondary role of "The Women" will have far reaching consequences to Joan. She did it for a simple reason. Let her tell it:

"I was tired of being a lady on the screen. That's why, when I saw Clare Booth's 'The Women' on the stage, I was fascinated with the idea of portraying Crystal Allen when, as and if the picture were to be made. When it was purchased I literally camped on the doorstep of Producer Hunt Stromberg with my bid for the part.

"Maybe Crystal isn't too refined, maybe she has few, if any, saving graces, but at any rate she's a real person and one who gives excellent opportunities for making an audience react violently, even if that reaction is far from being on the sweetness and light side."

"Personally, I feel that it is a grand tonic for an actress to get herself thor-

A new and unusual feature of short, right-to-the-point interviews, coupled with a frank "reading-between-the-lines" of what each star has had to say

By Frederick James Smith

oughly disliked by her screen audiences now and then. Incidentally, don't get the idea that there aren't any men in this picture. True, you won't see any of the male gender, but their influence is unmistakable, from the first scene to the final fadeout. As a matter of fact, I think about 90 per cent of the conversations that go on between Miss Shearer, Miss Russell and the other members of the cast and myself, concern the men."

Joan realizes she has been miscast frequently in the last three years. She has a curious vitality, an animal magnetism that was frequently subordinated, or forgotten. Particularly, when Joan played a lady. She was right in venturing into the role of the tough Crystal Allen. She all but steals the film.

AFTER Raymond Massey makes "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" for RKO in Hollywood, with John Cromwell directing, he returns to play the Emancipator on the New York stage until next June. Then he goes back to Hollywood to make the other half of Lincoln's life, ending with the tragic night in Ford's Theater in Washington. This will be written directly for the screen by Robert Sherwood, who did the play. Massey always wanted to play Lincoln. As he puts it, "I've lived from hand to mouth all my life. I've never built for the future. But I always wanted to do (Continued on page 78)
"I never want to go home," said Lya Lys for the hundredth time, as she bounded out of "21" and headed for the Stork Club. By home, Miss Lys might have meant Germany where she was born in 1913, or France where she was raised, or Hollywood, where she had just finished work in another Warner Brothers' film, "The Return of Doctor X." But she meant Germany.

Nothing, she assured me, could ever induce her to leave America for Nazi Germany. In Hollywood she picked up the very explanatory word which she uses to describe America, "sensational."

Lya Lys (pronounced lease) never stops thanking her lucky star for guiding her to these happy shores. She loves everything about America. "I love American men, the way they dress, the way they talk and act," she declared. "I love American women. They are so much smarter, so much more chic," she said, with just the right French inflection.

"Look at the best dressed woman in any Paris restaurant and you have an American," she announced.

Lya had been in New York only a few days, but already had established herself as the darling of the Stork Club, that swank rendezvous of Cafe Society. Each time she swept into the room the orchestra would play her favorite tune, "Stairway to the Stars," and Lya would shake her golden head in time with the music. It was at the Stork that Lya told me something of her past.

"I was born in Berlin," she began. Then she got up and made me do a few turns to the strains of "Stairway to the Stars."

"My parents were Russian," she continued as the music subsided. "My father was a banker. He is dead. My mother is a doctor. When I was a child my parents moved to Paris where I grew up."

The waiter brought her filet mignon and Lya murmured, "sensational." A great many famous people moved in and out and Lya seemed to know them all. Columnist Louis Sobol greeted her, looked at me and wrote in his next day's column: "... Nicest job belongs to several young men connected with our picture companies. Their chief duty is to escort pretty film stars..."
Whirling Around With Lya

Escorting visiting movie stars, like Lya Lys, around Manhattan is nice work if you can get it and the author, who has it, tells you all about Lya

By

Bob William

around town. . . .” A while later Lya was introduced to Dorothy Kilgallen who smiled at me and next day wrote in her column: “. . . The Warner Brothers’ press agents have been wearing themselves out at the not-hard-to-take occupation of escorting Lya Lys, their new star, to the best night clubs in town.”

About two hours later, when the check was running along nicely at thirty-five, we started for the Cotton Club. There, whether by coincidence or design, the orchestra launched immediately into “Stairway to the Stars” and Lya climbed over the ringside ropes dragging me along like a streamer of confetti in the breeze and started to dance with a degree of animation to which I was not exactly attuned. In a few minutes Lya stopped dancing as suddenly as she had started and left me blinking foolishly in the spotlight’s white glare.

When the floor show came on, Lya stared speechless at the Beachcomber Dance in which the male dancer takes a whip to his partner. No sooner had the sepia review disappeared from the slippery floor when a blinding spotlight was thrown on Miss Lys’s golden locks and a gracious master of ceremonies introduced her from the floor. Lya blew some kisses to the guests and hurried out into the street. It was four o’clock and Miss Lys was too tired to tell me any more about her past. “Tomorrow,” I will tell you more,” she yawned.

“Tomorrow” turned out to be a Monday, the day on which Lya was to meet the Philadelphia press. Catching trains is not one of her hobbies. She ignores train schedules with alarming abandon. At nine thirty, when I nervously reminded her that the train was to leave at ten, Lya stopped combing her hair long enough to say “Silly, how can the train leave? I am not ready.” Somehow, the train did leave at ten and Lya and I were on it.

In the drawing room she stretched out her pretty legs and said she wished she were out driving her new convertible coupe. It seems that in Hollywood Lya’s favorite pastime is speeding through the countryside in the early hours of the morning with her hair flying in the cool wind.

“When I have enough money I am going to build a racing car,” she announced. Lya has owned and driven racing cars before. “First I shall build a midget racer,” she said. “Do you know how much a midget racer costs?” I guessed about four hundred dollars. “Four hundred dollars!” she sneered. “A little midget racer costs three thousand dollars!” This ended my interest in midget racers.

Getting back to the subject of pictures, Lya did a little reminiscing about her first experience in the cinema. It seems she never had much inclination toward an acting career until that fortuitous day on which she was returning to Paris from Monte Carlo. While sitting in the dining car, two tourists approached her and begged for her autograph. Lya protested on the grounds that she was not an actress, but the tourists would not leave her alone until she had signed her name. At the time, Miss Lys was studying law at the Sorbonne but this incident, she says, first put the acting bee in her bonnet.

In Paris she went to one of the large motion picture studios and asked for a job. When they turned her down she put on such an hysterical scene that it gained her the attention–(Continued on page 81)

Above: Lya is popular with reporters because she is so expressive and enthusiastic, which always makes for “good copy” for them. Left: Lya is next to be seen in "The Return of Doctor X," with Humphrey Bogart.
Marion Martin was formerly Broadway's most famous showgirl. Walter Winchell called her "the most beautiful" and photographers voted hers as the "perfect back" of all time.

PICTORIAL PROFILE of Marion Martin

Marion Martin lives in a secluded Van Nys ranch house about fifteen miles from Hollywood. She's an ardent churchgoer and her home is adorned with many religious pictures and statues. Above. Note the sign at the front entrance. Below: Her younger brother, Paul, whose education Marion has financed, is now studying for the priesthood. He visits Marion frequently and both have the time of their lives. Her mother is a former artists' model.
Although Marion is exceptionally fond of children, she never has married.

Marion's leopard skin bathing suit, right, caused a sensation in Hollywood. She loves California sunshine, but her white skin can stand very little exposure to it. Marion was a showgirl in Earl Carroll's Vaudities when she was but 14. Left: Takes singing and dramatic lessons and is keeping her fingers crossed. Rarely seen at night spots. Has never been linked with any special boy friend in Hollywood.

She's particularly proud of her gleaming, white teeth.

She drives a smart, but low-priced, convertible coupe. Never diets, loves to eat, but exercises regularly. Is an excellent cook and gardener, too.
FIFTH AVENUE GIRL
GAY AND SPARKLING COMEDY—RKO

GINGER ROGERS is the girl to keep your eyes on these days if you like to laugh. Fast on the footsteps of "Bachelor Mother" comes this laugh-binge, with a dead-pan Ginger funnier than ever. Ginger plays a gal who is down on her luck, no job, no nothing, but she can't seem to let her sad plight upset her too much. At the seal pond in Central Park she meets up with Walter Connolly, a Fifth Avenue millionaire whose business (Amalgamated Pumps) is all wrapped up in strikes, whose son prefers polo to pumps. whose debutante daughter is in love with the Capitalist-hating chauffeur, and whose wife is carrying on with younger men. It's his birthday, and he couldn't be sadder. He invites Ginger to celebrate his birthday with him at the swank Flamingo Club—and what a night of popping corks that is. He offers Ginger the job of moving into his home and subtly bringing his crazy family back to their senses. Naturally, the family thinks she is Daddy's "girl friend," which brings on much comedy. Veree Teasdale is perfectly elegant as the haughty wife, who stoops to a bit of conniving to win back her husband from "that woman." Competent are Tim Holt as the son who falls for Ginger, Kathryn Adams as the daughter and Jimmy Ellison, as the chauffeur. The amazing Gregory La Cava is both the producer and director of the comedy, so you just know it sparkles like a mountain of diamonds.

NURSE EDITH CAPELL
TRUE TO LIFE—Imperadio-RKO

THIS is the most impressive of the documentary films to come out of Hollywood—it's a straightforward, dignified, and intensely moving production which you must not fail to see. Anna Neagle, famous English actress, plays the English Nurse Edith Cavell, and gives an extraordinarily beautiful and restrained performance. Calm and compassionate the clean-cut Miss Neagle is said to be the exact prototype of the real Edith Cavell who faced a German firing squad during the early years of the war. The story is laid in Brussels during the German occupation in 1914 and tells with absorbing interest how Nurse Cavell, matron of a nursing home, helped the escaped prisoners and wounded soldiers of the Allies to get out of Belgium, into Holland, and back to their own countries. With three close friends—Edna May Oliver, an aristocratic old countess; ZaSu Pitts, the owner of a barge; and May Robson, a grateful grandmother—Nurse Cavell creates the famous "underground railroad" which for many months had the Germans completely mystified. But eventually through spies the German Military Service traps her and her three conspirators and they are sent to prison. It is decided at the Prussian headquarters that Nurse Cavell must be made an example of, so on deviously devised charges of espionage she is sentenced to death—the horrible death of a spy. It is Miss Neagle's picture. Simply and absorbingly directed by Herbert Wilcox, English producer-director, it is a powerful indictment against the incredible inhumanity of war. Contributing to its success are George Sanders, Martin Kosleck, Robert Coote and H. B. Warner. ZaSu Pitts playing "straight" for a change gives a note-worthy performance (Cont. on page 81)
HOLLYWOOD PREMIERE of "Wizard of Oz"

Screen celebrities galore flocked to the opening at the Chinese Theatre

IT WAS a festive evening as Hollywood got its first glimpse of Mervyn Le Roy's "Wizard of Oz." The "Merry Munchkins" gathered in the lobby to greet arriving guests, and assist with the broadcast of the proceedings. In clockwise fashion are Wallace Beery and his daughter, Carol Ann, at the lobby microphone; weird-looking Orson Welles and his wife; Bert Lahr, who plays the "Cowardly Lion" in the picture, with Margaret Schroeder to whom he's reported engaged; Edgar Bergen doing a Charlie McCarthy on the lap of the Robot in the lobby, with Mervyn Le Roy supplying the voice of the Robot; Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and his wife were among those who attended; Eleanor Powell tries to get the Robot to dance with her; and in the center, the "Mayor of Munchkinland" reads a proclamation of welcome to Virginia Weidler as she enters the lobby. Among others seen at the premiere were Eddie Cantor and his daughter, Janet; Virginia Bruce and her hubby, Director J. Walter Ruben; Allan Jones and his wife, Irene Hervey; Harold Lloyd and his family; and Ann Rutherford.

Photos by Gene Lester
So You're Going to College!

Above. A casual all-day-round dress suited for both campus and office. The long-sleeved crepe blouse is a deep, Hunter's green crepe, while the skirt is of smooth wool in shades of green, orange, yellow and black. The plaid is used diagonally with pleats stitched to a point below the hips. A wide plaid wool belt joins the dress at the natural waistline.

Left: For tea dates or for an occasional drive to town, shopping bent, Priscilla wears this extremely youthful dressmaker-type suit with a full gored skirt of rich wine-colored wool topped by a scalloped jacket of soft powder blue wool. The lapels of the jacket are faced in the wine colored wool, and her chic little felt hat, with its provocative veil, is wine.
Priscilla, the youngest and most vivacious of the famous Lane sisters who have made so many outstanding films for Warner Brothers, very gaily poses in some autumn fashions that should attract the streamlined 1939 student. Of course, the girl who works for a living could use these models with equal assurance that they are "just the thing."

Above: Just how smart huge checks can be this season is demonstrated by Priscilla in this trimly lined Princess coat in Japonica and beige tweed. The unusual double breast treatment is achieved by two large buttons at the natural waistline, and the collar is finished in Japonica velvet. Her pleated felt tam and other accessories are carried out in this shade.

Right: A smart version of the mismatched suit is Priscilla's favorite costume for football games and long drives into the country. The monotone black skirt flairs slightly and is topped with a fitted jacket of yellow and black tweed in a diagonal weave. Narrow black binding is used on the brief revers and pockets. A seven-eighths length swagger coat of matching tweed makes this an all-winter-long costume.
BLACK crepe is used for this exquisitely simple, figure-molding dinner gown which has Priscilla Lane reaching for the stars—or maybe it's the moon. Cut on the bias, the front is almost severely plain, with the tiny sleeves and shallow V neckline edged with gold kid. But the back, in compliment to this year's fashion decree, shows a lovely set-in panel to which the sides of the bodice and the back fullness are shirred. The train of this panel is also edged with gold kid. A lovely gown for that "heavy date."
A STRIKING combination for an evening gown is velvet and sheer wool. Priscilla Lane looks particularly distinguished in this model having a shirtwaist top of lustrous black velvet, while the flared skirt is plaided in brilliant tones of gold, green, cyclamen and deep wine. The belt of self fabric is crossed in front and fastened with two large buttons. This is the unpretentious type of after-dark costume which young girls adore. It is flattering, and at the same time so comfortable. And plaid is so popular!
A NOTHER month rolls around and the studios are in their seasonal doldrums. Of them all, the only one where there is much doing is M-G-M.

THERE are three big pictures going here. The first is "Remember" starring Robert Taylor, Greer Garson and Lew Ayres, directed by Norman McLeod. Lew works for a large chemical company. On a vacation to Nassau he meets, and becomes engaged to, Greer Garson. On their return to New York, Lew insists that Taylor, his best friend, meet Greer at luncheon. They arrive at the restaurant and, while Lew is exchanging greetings with the head waiter, Mr. Taylor is taking in the panorama, always with an eye for something intriguing. His eye falls on Greer, not knowing she is Lew's betrothed.

"Psst—psst," he whispers inarticulately to Lew. "What is it?" Lew asks in surprise. "Just the most beautiful girl I ever saw in my life, that's all," Mr. Taylor announces reverently, looking towards Greer who has risen and is walking towards them. "I'll introduce you," Lew promises magnanimously because that's the way his part is written. In real life he wouldn't dream of doing anything of the kind. He turns to Greer: "Miss Bronson, Mr. Holland. Linda—Jeff." "Hello, Jeff," Linda smiles.

As she and Bob stare at each other, Bob gulps. "Hello—Linda," he finally manages. "Well," Lew turns to Linda once more, "is he anything like you thought he'd be?"

"He's even more like I thought he'd be than I thought he would," she decides. "Well, Jeff, like her?" he pats it up to Bob.

"Portrait in Diamonds" is the title of the film from which this interesting scene is taken. Left to right are Matthew Bolton, Isa Miranda, John Loder, George Brent and Walter Kingsford. Isa is the Italian star.
"Mm-hmm," Mr. Taylor nods emphatically. "Like her well enough to marry her?" Lew prompts him.

"Mm-hmm," Mr. Taylor nods again and turns to Greer. "Will you marry me?"

"Hey, wait a minute," Lew laughs. "I meant me—I'm going to marry her."

"Sorry, old man," says Mr. Taylor, a gent of quick decisions (it took him and Barbara Stanwyck only two or three years to make up their minds), "but I'm marrying her, too."

"But she—she's the surprise I was telling you about," Lew interrupts.

"All right, then," quoths Robert, "I'll be fair about it. You can match me for her."

"Well, that's cozy," Greer puts in. "How about my getting in on this, too?"

"Okay," Lew agrees. "Got a nickel?"

Greer takes a nickel from her purse and hands it to Lew. Is this all I'm worth?"

"Now, you just stand there and look like a pretty girl being matched for," Bob soothes her. "Call it," he orders Lew. "What do you want?"

"Three martinis," says Lew to a waiter, ignoring Bob.

Bob uncovers the coin in his hand and shakes his head. "Sorry," he notifies Mr. Ayres, "you lose. But," he adds consolingly, "you came awfully close to being an awfully lucky fellow."

This is going to be one of those zany comedies and as far as I'm concerned, I'm more than ready for a zany comedy. All these biographies and railroad spectacles and frontier pictures and prison pictures have got me down. I'll read when I want to be educated. When I go to the theatre I want to laugh.

Norman McLeod collaborated in the writing of this story and he sketches the plot for me. It ought to be a humdinger—funnier even than "Bachelor Mother."

Then I hunt up Lew. "Are you waiting to meet Miss Garson?" he inquires sarcastically.

"I've met Miss Garson," I return. "I just came to say hello to you."

"Perhaps, you're looking for Mr. Taylor?" he suggests.

"I've seen Mr. Taylor," I retort. "I tell you I came to say hello."

"Oh," says Lew. Then, after a moment, "Hello."

"Go to hell," I shout, which is exactly what Lew wanted.

"One nice thing about you, Dick," he concedes generously, "in fact, I might say the only nice thing about you, you never change from one year to the next. Always quiet, even-tempered, easy-going—"

(Continued on next page)
I grin as I realize he has simply been trying to get my goat. "I've a clipping for you at home. I know you don't read the papers so I cut it out."

"What was it?" Lew asks suspiciously.

"I don't remember, but I have it. I'll mail it to you."

"Well, I'm sure it was a dirty crack or you wouldn't have bothered," he replies.

And I'm supposed to be the one with the nasty disposition.

** * * *

I LEAVE Mr. Ayres with his splenetic liver and proceed to the next set where Myrna Loy, whom I almost married last month (in a dream), and William Powell are working on "Another Thin Man."

If Myrna remembers the white hot passion that seared us like a flame last month (in my dream) she gives no sign of it. To her I am just another—and not a very familiar—writer. She extends a cool hand, saying, "Hello," she smiles a vague greeting.

"There ought to be a law," I begin hotly, "that when two people are involved in the same dream both of them should dream the same dream so they don't get talking about it." She asks a little uneasily, at the same time glancing toward the cop sulking in the background of every set.

And then I realize she doesn't know a thing about my dream—unless she read last week's Silver Screen, because it was all recounted there, not being a person to keep things to myself—least of all a near-marriage to Myrna Loy.

"If you'll stop goggling at my star," Mr. Woody Van Dyke, the director, interjects, "I'd like her for a scene in this epochal picture I'm filming. And when you see it, don't say I didn't warn you."

So Myrna leaves me with a sigh of relief and takes her place with Mr. Powell. C. Aubrey Smith, who manages both star and story, has received a threatening letter. He wants Powell to handle the case, but Powell wants no more deterring. Finally, Myrna persuades him to go down to the Smith estate on Long Island. But as the indignities are in store for Mr. Smith, he has the liquor cabinet locked up without so much as offering the Thin Man a drink (I know exactly how you feel, Bill). He wants Mr. P. sober when they talk. But Mr. P. is like me, he thinks better with a little stimulation. Seeing he is going to get no liquor, Mr. Powell refuses to think.

He sulks.

"What would happen to Nora's estate if anything happened to me?" Smith puts it up to Bill.

"Nothing's going to happen to you," Myrna whispers soothingly, putting her arms around him (and me within easy reach). "I promise you." She starts towards the dining room door with him.

"You go on in. I'll attend to Nick."

"Well, don't be long," Smith grunts, simply irritated.

He goes on out and she turns toward Bill, her hands behind her back.

"What do you think you're doing?" Powell demands, watching her grimly.

"Getting me another case?" he grins, but doesn't turn. "That old skinflint can afford the best detective in the business. He's just trying to get one for nothing. And you're betting him."  

"I don't know what you're talking about," Myrna murmurs, all wide-eyed innocence.

"No?" he barks, "then what was all that business at the door?"

"I was just picking his pockets," she explains, bringing her hands out from behind her and dangling the keys to the liquor cabinet in front of him. "I haven't been married to you for nothing," she explains dryly.

The scene finished, Myrna disappears into her dressing room and CLOSES THE DOOR without giving me a chance to remind her she had been married to me at all.

** * * *

I WANDER disconsolately to the next set. My spirits lift a little as I find An, that girl who has there also and Franchot Tone and John Miljan, who is seen all too seldom these days.

"Have a drink?" Ann invites me.

"Sure," I agree eagerly and her maid promptly hands me a coke. I glance at Ann merrily. Then I reflect, if it hadn't been for Myrna and her light-fingered, Bill wouldn't even have got that much so I muster up what grace I can and say "thanks," but I don't mean it.

Then the director calls her for a "take."

The scene simply has a wrangle between Mary Athol Hughes and Allen Josslyn. She tells him off in no uncertain terms, leaves him and steps out on to the terrace as Franchot and Ann come up. Allen grins sheepishly.

"The mighty Casey has struck out," Franchot jibes.

"Shame on you, Ted Bentley," Ann chides in much severity, "making eyes at that little southern girl is pining for you."

"He's a beast," Franchot proclaims cheerfully, "Not the faithful, home-loving type like me."

"We'll discuss that later," Ann decides skeptically.

I dilly-daily around awhile with Ann and Franchot and Mr. Miljan. Franchot is completely recovered from his illness and in fine fettle, but other studios are calling. One of them is—

** Universal **

IT'S always an event at this studio when Deanna Durbin stars in a new picture so this is an event. She is a new girl and the film is called "First Love." It's notable for something, too. Leatrice Joy who used to be one of the glamour girls of the screen appears for the first time in years in this opus. She plays the part of Deanna's aunt and Helen Parrish's mother.

Leatrice and Deanna have just been having a little set-to when Helen comes in in riding clothes.

"Mother," Helen complains, "you're paying more attention to Connie's (Deanna's) nonsense than you are to my plans for the party."

By this time Deanna is well on her way upstairs and Leatrice turns back to Helen. "I'm sorry, We were talking about your dress."

Deanna pauses on the stairs and looks down at them as they walk towards the living room, arm in arm. "Remember the one Chris designed that you said was too old for me to wear."

"Well, that's the one I want. Wilma goes in for sophisticated clothes and this time I want to go her one better."

Deanna turns and goes on upstairs to her room.

You want to get a load of Leatrice's costume in this scene. It's something. The fashion editor of Universal describes it this way: turquoise blue satin and bodice with an over-jacket that comes to the knees of blue and gold metal cloth.

** * * *

NOW we come to Basil Rathbone and Sigrid Gurie in "Rio." Mr. Rathbone is a gigantic swindler and Sigrid is his bride of two days. They are meeting Samuel S. Hinds, his banker (who has just found out all about it) at a restaurant. Hinds has told the police to come there and pick Basil up, but Basil doesn't know this. Victoria is sitting at the next table, out of camera range, is Basil's secretary.

Basil pours Hinds glass of champagne.

"You might as well pour yourself one, too, Reynard," Hinds says, a look of intense hatred in his eyes.

"You understand," Basil reminds him, a look of triumph in his eye, "that champagne is the wine of celebration—or offers it after a victory."

"Or as consolation for defeat," Hinds counters, raising his glass.

But Basil misunderstands him and thinks he is referring to his own defeat.

"Then it's all settled?" he whispers, raising his glass.

"Yes," Hinds answers. "It was not easy. You have one more chance."

Basil moves his glass towards his lips, then pauses and looks off towards McGagen and offers him a toast, too, to let him know everything is all right.

This is the most beautiful set of the month. It's the kind of night club you dream about, but never see. The tables are not jammed together, the atmosphere is one of elegance without being gaudy and in the centre of the dance floor is a huge fountain. Ferns dripping with water and sparkling in the light, grow all about the pillar in the center of it. Miss Gurie's gown, too, I beg leave to inform you, is well worth a once-over. It is silver lame which fits like a sausage skin that reveals po-lenty of glamour and an unequaled expanse of epidermis.

** * * *

THE last picture on this lot is called "A Messenger." It's a mixture of the Little Tough Guy and the Dead End Kids with William Benedict (the Will Rogers discovery) and El Brendel thrown in for good measure.

The scene they're shooting is not particularly important so there's no use going into details. We just go over to—

** Warner Brothers **

ASIDE from the pictures on this lot about which we have told you—"20,000 Years in Sing Sing," with John Garfield and Pat O'Brien, and "The Roaring Twenties," with James Cagney, Hum-
Iphrey Bogart and Jeffrey Lyna—there are "Lady Dick" and "Ride, Cowboy, Ride." The latter is a technicolor short starring Dennis Morgan. This short is being made as a sort of test to see if he is good enough to do "The Desert Song" when and if they ever get around to filming it. He is beautifully (he's singing today), he photographs handsomely and he's a nice fellow, so I don't know what more they want unless they're going to insist upon his acting, too. Well, he can even act, so there.

But the pièces de résistance in this short, as far as I'm concerned, is Esther Howard. If I had my way, Esther would play the character part in practically every picture that's made in Hollywood. Here she sits with a brassy blond wig on and a dress that proclaims her a member of the oldest profession.

"Ah, yes," she signs mockingly, "this time I'm Cactus Kate. These girls are all mine. Could I introduce you?"

"Well, no," I decline her offer. "I'll just sit and gab with you. Those are some swell jewels you're wearing. If they're yours we can get married. I'm in an amorous mood today."

"Alas, they're not," she admits. "But there's nothing small about me. Bette Davis went them as Queen Elizabeth and this is about as close as I'll ever come to the Academy Award."

At this point one of "her girls" gets into a row with one of "her customers" and Esther has to go about her duties (although this scene is not in the script), so I leave.

* * *

LADY DICK" features Morgan Con-way and Jane Wyman, to say nothing of Maxie Rosenbloom, Gloria Dickson and Dick Foran. It's a cops and robbers story, with Jane playing a lady detective. It's growing late so let's beat to—

Paramount

REMEMBER THE NIGHT, starring Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray, is in the tank today and the set is closed so you'll have to wait for this one until next month. Ditto, "Typhoon" starring Dorothy Lamour and Robert Preston, which is on location.

But there are still two shooting here.

ONE of them is "Untamed" (tentative title) with Pat Morison, Akim Tamiroff, Jane Darwell, Clem Bevans and Ray Milland.

Only the middle three are working today. The scene is a mountain cabin where Bevans is sitting in front of a fire, snow-blind. It's in the northern Rockies. Some people have evidently just left, because Jane turns back into the room curiously.

"I'd a killed 'em, Joe—the whole, dirty, lyin' pack of 'em," she shouts to Tamiroff.

But he pushes past her and faces Bevans. His voice is curiously quiet. "Smokey," he says to Clem, "why you not talk up? Why you not tell Mac he is a liar?" But Bevans only stared woodenly and says nothing, "You got a tongue, hey?" Akim yells, jerking him to his feet. There is no answer. "You 'fraid of Mac—that what keep you quiet?" he persists.

"Ain't afraid of nobody, an' dang well he knows it," Bevans says in a sudden, hot anger, turning away.

But Tamiroff follows, swings him around and pulls him close. His voice is dangerous. "You know something—hey?"

There is no answer so he begins shaking Bevans. "Is it—true—what—Mac—say?"

"Ye—some of it," Bevans admits sullenly.

"Smokey," Jane shrieks hysterically, "shat yer mouth!"

"Cut!" calls the director, and then, "Thats' all for today. Wrap 'em up."

So I never learn what happens to Smokey Bevans, but I'll bet it's something awful for Mr. Tamiroff is not a gent to be trifled with—particularly in pictures.

* * *

THE other picture going over here is "Portrait of a Dilly." It's with Isa Miranda, George Brent and John Loder.

This is almost the start of the picture and it's hard to tell what it's about. But the three mentioned and Matthew Bolton and Walter Kingsford are all standing about a desk looking at a little Tolu statuette.

"Looks just like Jack Lansfield (Nigel Bruce)," Brent opines. As a matter of fact, it does faintly resemble Nigel. "Oh! It's very odd," Isa exclaims looking at it admiringly, "and, somehow, attractive."

"The natives make them," Kingsford explains. He pauses and then is struck by a sudden thought, "won't you take it— as a souvenir of your visit?"

"Thank you," Isa beams. "I'd love it."

Bolton's eyes dart from Kingsford to Isa. His expression has become suspicious. "Mind if I take a look at it, Miss Falcon?" he asks, taking the statuette from her before she can object. "It's a little about native art," he continues. He turns it around, looking at it and suddenly his suspicions are heightened. Something within the statue definitely rattles, and the plot is on.

"You see," George grins when the scene is finished, "you can't get away with a thing these days."

I nod. "It reminds me of that song they used to sing in "Lilom" on the stage. Look out, here come the damn police, the damn police, the damn police are here!"

There's nothing more to see there, anyhow, so I truck on down to—

R-K-O

THE Hunchback of Notre Dame" is shooting, but Mr. Charles Laughton works only on a closed set and he's working today so you'll have to wait until next month for this one. I'll catch it some day when he isn't working. "Allegheeny Frontier," starring Claire Trevor and John Wayne is on location so that, too, will have to wait.

But there's another good picture going here called "Three Sons." The star is Edward Ellis ("A Man to Remember").

He has spent his life building up a big department store. His friend and assistant is J. Edward Bromberg. Every time a new son is born, Ellis builds an addition to the store, hoping that each of his sons will one day take over the department. He won't even sell Bromberg a part of the business, because he feels it belongs to his children. But when they grow up none of them wants any part of the store so he sadly divides the stock between the three pieces and the two older boys (the two other boys and the daughter) want only the money so they sell the stock and Bromberg buys it. At the end, years later, Ellis is about to die and he sends for his family. We meet them now in the huge living room of his home, the furni- ture shrouded in ghostly covers.

He comes in and looks at them wistfully. "So I've brought you back—back from the four corners of the earth," he says.

"We'd have come anyway, Gut'nor, if we'd known," Kent Taylor, the oldest redhead, says. "Kent is bigger, with a slight pot stomach."

"Well, there's not much I can say about you," Ellis goes on. "Maybe that's been the trouble. Not much one way or another. You just didn't have it. Well, I wanted to see you together once again. Don't seem so many years ago you looked so beautiful—so young—strong. Each of you part of me—my strength—my way of dreamin' things—my steadiness—my stubborn pride. He is speaking from a cloud of memories and doesn't seem to care much more: "Goodbye, Gene, strong old son. Goodbye, Bert that played on my knee. Goodbye, Phoebe, darling." He pauses, looking past them. "Goodbye, Freddie (Dick Hogan, the youngest son), prince of my dreams, wherever you are.

Dick is about eighteen. He is standing in the doorway with Bromberg. Bromberg motions him to go to his father. He does, sitting on the arm of his father's chair and putting his arm around him. Ellis pulls himself together for a second and "Still—partners?" he whispers to Dick.

Dick nods, his lips compressed. Ellis' face is peaceful now as he looks off toward the window. Dick looks, too—and is fumbling for words, trying to remember something from long, long ago. It is something his father once told him when they were watching the crowds through the store window: "See all sorts of things through that window—if you look hard enough," he whispers.

Scenes like that always get me down and this one is so beautifully played I don't feel much like kidding when it is over.

So I head for home, because at Columbia there is nothing shooting and the only things shooting at 20th Century-Fox are "Drums Along the Mohawk," which is closed tighter than a duck's belly and Jane Withers in "High School," which is on process and about which I'll tell you next month. That's all, folks.
He's Always Thinking of the Other Fellow

(Continued from page 37)

ter proves that.

Arnold was Joel's stand-in before Carl. But to go way back, when Joel was a kid, delivering papers in Hollywood, Arnold was a prominent actor and chum of Wallace Reid's. The two men asked Joel what he wanted to be. "Another William S. Hart!" he exclaimed. The years ran on. Wally Reid died tragically, and Arnold Grummer, a ladder-step above the rest, was further up. When he needed any kind of job it was Joel who, matured and a star himself, lent the helping hand.

But Arnold, like Carl, wasn't treated as only a studio dummy. He was Joel's buddy, too. Then, one day, the doctors stated that a prolonged rest in the warm Arizona desert was the only thing that could save the life of Arnold's wife. Quietly Joel went downtown and examined all the house trailers on the market. The most complete one was sent to the Grimmers. And so, with an affectionate farewell encouraging them, the two drove away in it. After settling his wife, Arnold had to return to finish a business matter. En route he suddenly died of a heart attack. Three days later his ailing wife, the woman of whom he'd said to Joel, "I wouldn't want to live without her," died.

Joel doesn't tell you of these things that make up much of his off-screen days. Nor are they common gossip. He doesn't expect them to be. Joel's eyes open, investigates calmly, and then when he is sure, acts. There are no preliminaries apparent on the surface, and no questioning of the other fellow's motives.

Undoubtedly Joel had an advantageous home life before he tackled pictures. Whatever we have been leaves its mark, and every wrong occurrence, no matter how minor, puts a lasting scar somewhere. Joel's parents thought so much of their youngest son that they set high standards for him. His father was the president of the Los Angeles Gas and Light Company, and his mother came from a puritanical New England family. Joel, consequently, had an attractive, intelligent background, and he was encouraged to select his future.

"Some men want money, some want power," Joel maintains. "I wanted adventure, and that's why I wanted to be in pictures. I saw that Hollywood was an unpredictable place, and that was swell. I want to be surprised. I couldn't stand anything cut-and-dried. Uncertainty is a challenge! That's why I've never been disillusioned about Hollywood. I counted on it being the most impulsive, astonishing place. And that's why I want to work and they'll let me in. You've got to think fast here!"

"The stakes we play for are big. So are the rewards. So far as the money I make goes, I always save because what's the use if it isn't used? But do you good some? When you can earn more than you have to spend to live, it seems pretty dumb to throw away what you may need sometime later on. But money in itself is unimportant, to me, and...

"I say the only tangible thing we have is our everyday chance to live fully. Who's ever able to bank on money or prestige? They get away from you."

"Frankly, I aren't half as 'settled down as you might imagine. We haven't bought a house in town because we don't want to be stuck with one. We rent, and move around. For the past two years we were at the beach at Santa Monica instead. But we don't want to be a slave of possessions, always looking out for them. That's why I've never had a boat. If you accumulate too much you're worrying about what to do with things."

"Joel stretched and yawned. "I've been driving into town, the pinch, getting up at six every morning. We're back there for awhile. I love it, and it's no whim. It's profitable as well as a pleasure. I guess I would have been a cowboy if I hadn't tried pictures. I didn't have an awful lot of ambition just the urge for an exciting, natural life that'd call on my resources. I'd never work in an office; six months of that and I'd go right out through the ceiling. But I love pictures. Acting itself is a business to me; if I don't deliver what they want I'm off the payroll. I don't plan to retire and devote myself to farming. When they ask me what I intend to do when I'm washed up here, too old you know, I say, 'I don't know.' And I don't. What do you suppose good dams Stone will do when he's through?"

"I thought," he laughed, "that I wasn't the type to marry. I was going to have freedom, come and go with no responsibilities. But I've had varied and colorful experiences ever after. Then Frances came on my horizon and I recognized that love is essential, too."

"To my way of thinking it's wonderful that Frances wants to go on with her own career and keep it up. I think that, today, women ought to do something besides keep house. We have three servants. Why should she vegetate?"

"We've had some grand trips together. We couldn't get away the first three years we were married, what with babies and both of us having contracts that interfered. But then we started off by going to Hawaii. I'd been there before when I did 'Bird of Paradise.' You know location pictures?"

"When my first picture I went clear to Alaska and had enough free time to meet real Eskimos."

"I don't like actual traveling. But when I get places, I'd like to stay in each one about three months, to know the people. I'd love to go to Norway and Sweden. I'd love to live in Canada for awhile, and in South America."

"The last time Frances and I got away we headed for the Berkshires for the New England. The president of the Union Pacific told me his private car was free. I told him I'd take the same train and he told us how his father had fought Indians and how he himself had risen from section boss. No woman had ever ridden in the engine of his new streamlined train; he let Frances and me go up there, and they averaged ninety-two miles an hour! When we reached Albany, Frances and I, we bought a car a senator had used only for a small mileage and we drove to Lake George, the Catskill Mountains, Storm Mountain, and on up into the 'Northwest Passage' country. We met the author of that book—I hope you've read it!—and saw the old forts."

"Then we got onto the side roads in New York State, where we'd never been, in the sparsely-settled neighborhoods the Mc- Crea's weren't identified as picture stars. "But when they discovered we were from California we were pried with questions. The kids would solemnly stop milking to quiz me on What's it like out there, huh?"

"We spent a week in Manchester, Vermont, at the hotel where we'd honeymooned. We stopped a few days in New York. Frances thinks it's marvelous, but after I've seen the new plays I'm ready to get out into the country. I'd enjoy pioneering. But no woman prefers the loneliness and hardship that means. From New York we drove on South to New Orleans. You miss so much if you stick to trains or the highways. We tried the backroads. They bring you to the real country. We saw three-day-old slaves. You see where Lincoln stood. It's a great experience. You can look over those graves, with their historical names, see those pine stumps, walk into that little bakery shop nearby, where the woman who had baked extra bread and pastries for the day when the address was given was accidentally shot by a stray bullet, just before Lincoln arrived. They've kept her bakery exactly as it was, and the chair where she sat when fate stepped in..."

"There's not much way down South to see something! Have you ever seen those fireflies they have? And the easy-going party spirit of the Southerners was amazing to us. Hollywood is hectic, but down South they don't worry and if a party is arranged for Saturday night no business interferes, everyone dresses for it, and they have a wonderful time."
**Active in Society—Busy Keeping House**

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**But they're both quick to grasp this exciting new "Skin-Vitamin" Care!**

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**Ion to Mrs. Mellon:** Do you find it difficult to protect your skin against sun and wind when you're traveling or just a lot?  

**Answer:** "Oh, no—my regular use of Pond's Vanishing Cream helps take care of that. I can smooth little roughnesses away with just a single application!"

---

**Question to Mrs. Moore:** Can a busy housewife find time to give her skin proper care, Mrs. Moore?  

**Answer:** "Yes. Pond's 2 creams make it very easy—inexpensive, too! I can get my skin really clean and fresh with their Cold Cream. Besides that, this famous cream now contains Vitamin A, which is certainly important to know."

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**Return from Paris,** her favorite of European cities, Mrs. Mellon on her Line dock. Customs inspector goes over her luggage.

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**Evensome out!** Big game of the season to Susy, Bill and their parents is between Pittsburgh and West Virginia, where Mr. Moore studied engineering.

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**Share the Theatre—** In Mrs. Mellon's lovely New York apartment, friends often gather for the supper.

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**Take 2 Thrilling Steps to Flattery**

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**Icebox raiding—** Climax to an evening of ping-pong, Mrs. Moore pours coffee, while her husband slices ham.

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**Everyone's favorite—** Mrs. James W. Moore, of Mt. Lebanon, Pa., takes advantage of the Friday food bargains. Her two young children have healthy appetites.

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**Get this Free**

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**Carrier's—Mrs. C. Henry Mellon, Jr., looks at a magnificent collection of diamond bracelets, Mrs. Mellon is Bulgaria in New York and Long Island society.**

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**QUESTION TO MRS. MOORE:** Can a busy housewife find time to give her skin proper care, Mrs. Moore?  

**ANSWER:** "Yes. Pond's 2 creams make it very easy—inexpensive, too! I can get my skin really clean and fresh with their Cold Cream. Besides that, this famous cream now contains Vitamin A, which is certainly important to know."

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**QUESTION TO MRS. MOORE:** Why do you think it's important to have Vitamin A in your face cream?  

**ANSWER:** "I studied about vitamins in feeding my children. That's how I learned there's one that's especially important to the skin—Vitamin A. Skin lacking it gets rough and dry. And now I can cream it right into my skin with Pond's Cold Cream!"
—though usually they didn’t bother to drink it.

Too much competition broke out in the neighborhood so Ty advanced to bigger and better things. He decided to rob the perfume seller. He and Ann gathered up all the milk bottles they could find and hid them in the garage. Then they squeezed dozens of flowers into the bottles and poured in water that had been slightly boiled. After "sleeping" a while the liquid was drained off and bottled. Ty packed them in his little wagon and began to canvass the neighborhood. Women, who simply couldn’t resist his smile, even at that early age, bought his perfume and were practically knocked out by the smell that came out of the bottles. After the first rush of suckers the perfume business went into a decline and the perfume maker declared bankruptcy and had to think of a new trade. He gathered up his mother’s magazines and books and sold them from door to door. She soon put a stop to that.

"Son," she said, "if you are so anxious to make money I will give you a regular job and pay you for it. If you’llweed the dandelions out of the lawn every day I will give you a penny for every fifteen dandelions." At an early age Ty became a professional dandelion weeder. No wonder the dandelions haven’t a Chinaman’s chance now on his spacious lawns out on his Brentwood estate.

"I remember," Ann continued, "the first visit we made to our Grandmother’s in Cincinnati. Tyro was completely fascinated, for some strange reason, by the high ceilings and the heavy doors and the Grandmother’s old fashioned Eastern house with the high ceilings seemed to awe him at first. But not for long.

Grandmother was entertaining a large and formal dinner party one night, and as a special treat Tyro and I were allowed to have ice cream in the library, while the guests were having theirs in the dining room. I was eating away joyously when suddenly I saw Tyro stretch out flat on his back on the couch, balance the saucer on his stomach, and with his spoon flip the ice cream toward the ceiling. After several flips that landed over his new suit and the couch he made the ceiling—in a nice chocolate splash. He was extremely enthused over his prowess. But Mother and Grandmother failed to share his enthusiasm. My brother is the only little boy I ever met who’d rather flip his ice cream than eat it.

It was during the stay in Alhambra that my father and the children called "Pet," came to look after them for several years. She was a kindly, intelligent woman who taught them not to be afraid of the dark, or of anything for that matter. The imaginative Tyro took her teachings right to heart and when the Doctor arrived to vaccinate him Ty boldly informed him, "You can hurt Ann, and you can hurt other little children.

But you can’t hurt me. Only God can hurt me.

The mysteries of religion he solved at a very early age, and quite satisfactorily, too. "Pet" would read to them every night before she turned out the lights in the nursery, usually several chapters from the Bible. One night she read the Twenty-Third Psalm. Ann, who was inclined to be a phlegmatic child, the exact opposite of her volatile brother, once asked her about the meaning. "What does the Lord—is—my—Shepherd—I shall—not—want—mean," she asked Tyro in the next bed. "It means," answered Ty, already half asleep after a hard day of "trade"—"it means that you don’t have to worry about anything. The Lord will take care of you. Shut up and go to sleep.

To this day Ty refuses to worry about anything. In the early days when he was trying to get a foothold in pictures, on the stage he was crooked at the plenteous, but he never worried. Even when his "best friends" gathered around and told him that if he married Annabella and his movie career would be shot to hell he refused to worry. Just smiled that famous Tyro smile—and married Annabella.

"Tyro has always been a terrible tease," Ann continued. "And as I was a rather serious child he took great pleasure in being teasing. Usually the teasing was innocent enough, but I will never forget one summer we spent in Ludington, Michigan. Ty would tease me because he could swim out to the fish nets in the lake, but I was afraid to. One day he coaxed me into a row boat with him and rowed out to the fish nets—where he proceeded to turn the boat over and allow me to get back to the shore as best I could. I thought it great sport that his poor sister was 'in a jam.' The following summer we spent with an Aunt on a farm out near Columbus, Ohio. My aunt had a white Spitz dog with a long coat of wooly hair, and that dog was the apple of her eye. Tyro found some cans of paint in the barn, and to help celebrate the Fourth of July he painted that poor dog red, white and blue. It had to be shaved, and my aunt was in hysterics.

"Tyro had a very vivid imagination when—when he was a child—except that we didn’t call it an imagination then—we called it fibbing. He was quite adept at it. Every day was April Fool’s day at the Powers. But in sort of self-protection I soon learned to detect when Tyro was fibbing. His face would be perfectly straight, but there would be a funny little quirk around his lips. Mother never could tell. But I could always. Even today when he is making up a beautiful whopper you can detect that quirk around his lips if you look close.

"My brother always wanted to know the ‘Why’ of everything. He would argue until he was blue in the face. But the minute you gave him a logical reason for something he accepted it without any further ado. He’s like that today. When we moved to Cincinnati and I started having dates he became a very protective brother. Ann can’t go out with a boy until I know him well," he would say, much too big and powerful for her. Even falling in love with my classmates at school and for years I played Farley for him and delivered his notes regularly every morning. He was very faithful, in his way, to his 'girls.' But the girl he seemed to have a consuming love for, was one he never met. She used to come into the drug store there in Cincinnati, where he was jerking sodas during summer vacation, and order banana splits. He never knew her name, and never dared speak to her, he was content to worship from afar. He has always been a very loyal friend, even as a small boy. He would loan the shirt off his back to a pal and think nothing about it.

Tyro has a grand habit, practically unique in the picture business, of remembering old friends. William Gallagher, his secretary, is a well known friend of Ty’s lean days in New York. And another example of his loyalty is directed towards his old housekeeper, Mrs. Noonan, who was his nurse when they were school days, Tommy Noonan. When there are trips to take and fun to be had Ty always sees to it that Bill and Tommy have a share in it. Annabella, fortunately, like Bill and Tommy too.

The best surprise I ever got," said Ann, "was when he lined the car tracks back of the San Gabriel theatre with the dead electric bulbs from the footlights. During the most beautiful and spiritual scene in the play there suddenly arose a series of explosions which frightened the audience right out of their seats. Mother did a little paddling on his seat. And ever since then he has had the greatest respect for audiences.

The worst trouble that Mrs. Power seems to have with her young son was making him relax. She’d make Ann and Ty remain sitting at the dinner table for fifteen minutes after a meal during which time she would combine a lesson in poise with one of diction. Ty, one of those nervous squirmers, still does the fifteen minutes the hardest in his day’s routine. Today Ty still sits for fifteen minutes, or more, at the dinner table after the coffee has been served. But it isn’t for the purpose of relaxing. It’s to show off his magic. He can make the silverware and the china do all sorts of mysterious tricks, and he never gets tired of amazing his guests. Annabella is the perfect wife. She never gives away the secret or kills a point.

The rumors are hot and heavy that the Powers are expecting their first heir in January. Ty will become a stepfather to four sons. And he wants them early in life so he can have that companionship with his sons that he never had with his father. Well, I guess his ‘best friends’ will rush to him now and warn him that he will lose his fan following if he becomes a father. But Ty, as usual, will refuse to worry about it. He still believes implicitly in the Twenty-Third Psalm.
Go get the facts and you’ll never use a heavy cream again! Young America knows a thing or two. In schools and colleges you’ll find a revolt against heavy creams... and a swing to Lady Esther Face Cream!

Heavy creams demand heavy-handed treatment... tugging at delicate facial muscles. Whether you are 18, 28 or 38—why chance looking older than you really are? Get the facts about my 4-Purpose Cream and give up old-fashioned methods.

The speed of life today puts new demands upon your face cream and calls for a cream of a different type. For heavy creams can’t fit the tempo of 1939 and modern girls know it. They were the first to pass up heavy, greasy creams.

Lovely skin brings its own reward—every minute of the day. For no charm is more appealing than a youthful looking skin. So give yourself “young skin care”—with my 4-Purpose Face Cream—and you will see that life is gay and romantic. Yes, that life is fun for every girl who meets each day with confidence in her own beauty.

Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream has its wonderful following because it is a modern cream. It goes on lightly and easily, thoroughly removes imbedded dirt—leaves your skin feeling gloriously smooth and fresh. Won’t you please follow the test I suggest below, and see if Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream isn’t the one and only cream for you?

Convince yourself... make this amazing “Cleansing Tissue Test” NOW!

Are you sure your face cream really cleanses your skin? Is it making you look older than you really are? Find out with my amazing “Cleansing Tissue Test.”

First, cleanse your complexion with your present cream. Wipe your face with cleansing tissue, and look at it.

Then do the same—a second time—with Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Now, wipe it off with tissue and look at that! Thousands of women are amazed... yes, shocked then and there... to discover dirt upon their second tissue. They see with their own eyes that my cream removes pore-clogging dirt many other creams fail to get out!

For, unlike many heavy, “waxy” creams—Lady Esther Face Cream does a thorough cleansing job without harsh pulling or rubbing of delicate facial muscles and tissues. It cleans gently, lubricates the skin, and (lastly) prepares your skin for powder.

Prove this, at my expense. Mail me the coupon and I’ll send you a 7-day tube of my Face Cream (with my 10 new powder shades). Start now to have a more appealing skin—to keep your Accent on Youth!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (49)

Lady Esther,
7162 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE
(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)
What Really Makes a Woman Dangerous?

[Continued from page 23]

continued Dorothy, “there are women who collect men’s hearts with the same zest and lust that the male hunter feels in adding to his jungle trophies—they are the ones to be called ‘dangerous.’ However, I believe, most women employ their charms and graces because they really want to win some man for their own, so they are justified. Now, men like excitement in their wooing, and if a girl can be modern and up-to-date, yet a bit old-fashioned, too, she’s bound to be a winner!

“My primitive, jungle characters, being free from inhibitions, are bold in the pursuit of love. With no traditions or ethics to guide them, they go after what they want without bothering with subtleties. They are more honest, more ruthless than a civilized sorceress. Also, more loyal, as well as more selfish.

“In ‘Spawn of the North’ I was a girl from the lowest strata whose emotions were elemental, and her beauty because it was exciting. She took what she wanted without counting the cost, then gamely paid the price. Now, in ‘Disputed Passage’ I’m playing the most thrilling role I’ve ever had. The girl is an American but has been raised by the Chinese and she’s become one with that race, except for the heritage of blood. There’s a beautiful romance between her and a young doctor and she follows the Oriental repression, giving little hint of turbulent emotions. Yet, the gliding body, the fluttering movements of her hands, her voice, her eyes, all speak for her. The people of the East have developed imagination to an almost visible point.”

Dorothy’s career is amazing, for this little girl from New Orleans has won top spots on screen and radio within three short years. Her pictures are theatre favorites, and as Charlie McCarthy’s girlfriend Dottie, on the N.B.C. Chase and Sanborn Sunday afternoon show, she’s won the world over. She’s had her ups and downs, her disappointments and her griefs, but they’ve left no mark on her radiant, sweet personality.

Dorothy has bought a beautiful home in Cold Water Canyon, not far from her predecessor in sorcery, Myrna Loy, who dropped her menace to become the Perfect Wife, and here she and her mother live quietly and happily. Dorothy should be dubbed the lovely vamp, for while she has glamour and mystery, with an exciting quality that grips the imagination, she’s soft and sweet, and ultra feminine in everything. She wears her long hair, that has escaped the modern shears, in a soft coil at her neck, with a ribbon here catching a few curls at the side of her face. She adores clothes, simple, dainty things, and her every movement is full of rhythm.

“I suppose the really dangerous woman,” continued Dorothy, at my urging for more particulars, “would create the suggestion of mystery, a devastating mystery that would haunt a man’s thoughts—stir him. She’d project a feeling of restrained fire, smouldering, ready to burst into flame, for this would create suspense. How would she do this? I’m sure I don’t know.

“Maybe, the Victorian woman knew more about the art of romance, how to win and hold her man. Whether her tactics would work today is a question, but the modern girl is something—something very precious. The old-fashioned woman knew that man is the hunter, that he likes to test his mettle, and is not apt to value anything too easily won.

“Every woman has her own special brand of allure and she should develop this, for a carbon copy of another’s charms is pretty flat. If one can be an Individualist, stand out from the surrounding crowd, that is the greatest of all assets because it suggests a mental or spiritual originality, too, that many kind of tricks and drab corners. We can’t be dangerous, or even interesting, with an inferiority complex, so we must acquire poise and self-assurance, and we should all cultivate charm, for it is the one lasting quality that it can’t be dropped when this?

“Beauty? Of course, it attracts. But you’ll notice that more often than not, men disregard this when falling in love for there are many other qualities more potent in stirring their emotions than a woman’s looks. More clothes-conscious than women realize, but they are intrigued by effect rather than detail.

“The emotional influence of clothes is very subtle, both for the wearer and those who see us, and offers a tremendous aid in creating moods and backgrounds; women should study this. When one permits her seductive abilities to lead her into tricks, she loses her man. Nothing in the world so frightens the male as to feel he’s the victim of any kind of trickery, I believe men are extravagant in their admiration of sincerity, honesty and good taste in women, and it is well for us all to remember this.”

Some women can cast one alluring glamour face like an open book can’t be glamorous because men thrill to the unexpectedness of the exciting personality that hints but doesn’t reveal. They revel in the adventure of discovering undercurrents. It is the hidden mystery in the smiling eyes of the famous painting of Mona Lisa that has made it the rave for centuries.

“Men yearn for love just as much as women, but they never let it absorb them, always retaining other interests and keeping their balance. Women are the foolish ones, for they emotionally toss all their eggs into one basket, and when the basket tips, as it usually does, they feel life is over.”

Dorothy stopped abruptly. Her own beautiful romance ended recently, when she and Herbie Kay were divorced after a few happy years. Different careers, prolonged separations, caused the inevitable drifting apart. At the moment, Dorothy feels she’s through with love and romance—it’s career now. But if ever a girl was made for love, for glamorous romance, it is Dorothy Lamour. She can’t escape it, it is bound to catch up with her again—some day!”

Beech-Nut

TRY ALL 6 OF OUR DELICIOUS FLAVORS
and see which you like the best. Besides the popular Peppermint, there are Beech-Nut Spearmint, Oralgum and 3 Flavors of Beechies—Peppermint, Spearmint and Pepsin.

7 SECOND MYSTERY STORY

"HOW DOES MARY STAY SO RESTED? SHE'S ALREADY DRIVEN OVER 400 MILES!"

HERE'S HOW she does it. She keeps a package of this famous Beech-Nut peppermint gum in the car. Great thing to relieve tension in traffic, says she.

One of America's GOOD HABITS

Silver Screen for November 1939
A “Neglected” Wife is almost always guilty of ONE NEGLECT

Francisca Gaal, the Hungarian beauty, has been faithful to her English lessons and now has mastered the language.

He’s Always Thinking of the Other Fellow

[Continued from page 60]

by a call. Goldwyn wished him to hurry to his home instantly. Expecting a calamity, no less, Joel rushed over. “Barbara Stanwyck hasn’t enough sex appeal!” Sam greeted him. Pointing his finger in Joel’s face, he added, “Has she for you?” Smiling wryly, Joel retorted. That’s hardly the point. She has plenty of appeal for Taylor and ten million women know he could do his own choosing!” Barbara Stanwyck got that part; the picture was “Stella Dallas.”

And then there is the touching story of the little old lady hitch-hiker whom Joel gave a ride to. He learned more of human courage when she refused to accept a gift of a suit for her son. She had asked him for a ride four years before, and he recalled that. Inquiring what she carried in the bags she was weighted down with, he discovered she was packing laundry back and forth from Hollywood to the country in order to support her son. She was making, this second time he stopped her, a number of extra trips to get him a decent suit for his graduation. Joel said he would like to buy the suit for him. “Who are you that you can throw away money?” she responded. “I work in pictures,” Joel said quietly. “Oh,” she nodded, “my boy sees movies. I was able to afford one once myself. I remember it well, The Birth of a Nation. But I couldn’t accept that, thank you very much.”

Joel doesn’t judge by appearances. He doesn’t miss much, as a result. Things aren’t always going wrong with him, because he isn’t always doing things the wrong way, and he gets a break at the drop of a hat in Hollywood because he thinks of the other fellow, as well as of himself.

Maybe he explains himself most accurately when he admits, “I hate to do anything that isn’t constructive.” Probe him about his method for maintaining his equilibrium and he grins, “I’m diplomatic to a degree, then I fight like hell!”

Let “Lysol” Help You Avoid This ONE NEGLECT

If there is any doubt in your mind about feminine hygiene, ask your doctor about “Lysol”. Some of many reasons why it has the confidence of so many doctors, nurses, hospitals, and wives, are ... 

1. Non-Caustic. “Lysol” in proper dilution is gentle, efficient; contains no free caustic alkali.
2. Effectiveness. “Lysol” is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions; effective in the presence of organic matter. 3. Spreading. “Lysol” solutions spread due to low surface tension, virtually search out germs. 4. Economy. “Lysol” is concentrated, costs only about 1¢ an application in proper dilution for feminine hygiene. 5. Odor. The cleanly odor of “Lysol” disappears after use. 6. Stability. “Lysol” keeps full strength no matter how long it is kept, or how often it is uncorked.

Lysol Disinfectant

1889—1939
50th ANNIVERSARY

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR “LYSOL” BOOKLET
LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP.
Dept. S.S.-911, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

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

Name

Address

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LOVABLE LIPS are free from LIPSTICK PARCHING

- If you want lips of siren smoothness—choose your lipstick wisely! Coty "Sub-Deb" does double duty. It gives your lips ardent color. But it also helps to protect lips from lipstick parching. It helps lips to look moist and lustrous.

This Coty benefit is partly due to "Theobroma." Eight drops of this softening ingredient go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. In seven fashion-setting shades: 50¢ or $1.00.

"Air-Spun" Rouge in matching shades, 50¢.

COTY
SUB-DEB LIPSTICK

50¢ $1.00

Eight drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.

Janet Does an Off to Yuma!

[Continued from page 17]

I look forward to a richness and fulness of living that I never could have known if I had continued to live always just by myself.

"But what about your career?" I asked in alarm. Too much happiness is a dangerous thing for a movie career.

"Oh, I don't know," said Janet casually. "Maybe I'll just be Mrs. A."

But I happen to know through my spy system—Mata Hari brought it to me in an olive in a Martini—that the little Gaynor has several very important pictures in mind. Janet has reached that very comfortable and easy position on the Hollywood ladder of fame where she can afford to be choosy.

Sure enough, the Monday following my Saturday visit to her beach house Janet and Adrian were driven by Janet's chauffeur, Clifford Mogale (who looks like a double of Charles Laughton) to Yuma, Arizona, where they were married by Justice of the Peace Ed. Winn in the San Carlos Hotel. Mogale, who has been with Janet for ten years, stood up with them. They immediately took the train for El Paso following the short ceremony, and then on to Mexico City. Two days after the marriage, I talked to Mrs. Gaynor who had already received a letter and three wires from her daughter and new son-in-law. They simply oozed happiness.

It was just about a year ago that Janet and Adrian started "going together" and had the Hollywood gossips buzzing away over a new, and rather unexpected, romance. Adrian, as you know, is Gilbert Adrian, a former Naugatuck, Connecticut, boy whose designing skill led him to Paris, New York, (where he created the costumes for Irving Berlin's Music Box Revues) and then to Hollywood, where, for a number of years, he has been designing clothes for Metro's most smartly gowned stars—Joan Crawford, Myrna Loy, Hedy Lamarr, Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, and dozens of other women. Adrian is only thirty-five but he is credited with having more influence on American fashions than any other designer in the country. Whenever a woman sees "Gowns by Adrian" on the screen she draws a delicious sigh of relief, knowing that she is about to feast her eyes on something really chic. Although always impeccably groomed, Janet had never been particularly clothes-conscious until she started "dating" with Adrian. She still clung to the curls and old-fashioned hair- dress that her fans loved in "Seventh Heaven." But Adrian changed all that.

Now she has one of the smartest clothes in Hollywood, and is recognized as one of the "best dressed" stars. Reds and browns Adrian feels are her best colors.

Janet and Adrian first met in 1933, when Janet was under contract to Fox Films. They wanted her to appear "different" in "Paddy the Next Best Thing" so Fox arranged with Metro to have Adrian do her clothes. Janet and he paid very little attention to each other. A year or so later Janet bumped into Adrian at a preview and didn't even recognize him. "Remember me," said Adrian, "I'm Adrian." Janet was quite embarrassed, and made a mental note never to meet a face in the future. When Janet was loaned to Metro by Selznick International for the lead in "Three Loves Has Nancy" Adrian was assigned to do her clothes, and this time Janet remembered him quite well. They lunched together regularly during the production of the picture.

Fourth of July, a year ago, Janet gave a small party at her beach house and invited Adrian. She tried a bit of "small talk," gay and inconsequential, and she tried a bit of flirting in the Hollywood manner, and suddenly discovered that Adrian wasn't the type to be trifled with. He was the most sincere person she had ever met in all her life. They found they had a common interest in many things, travel, travel books, and Yoga philosophy. (Yoga philosophy, in case you're dumb like me, has many wonderful beliefs: "Do not hate anybody, because that hatred which comes out from you, must, in the long run, come back to you." And "There is no happiness higher than what a man obtains through his attitude of non-offensiveness to all creation.") In the Bublicki restaurant on the Sunset Strip Adrian and Janet would listen to Russian music and discuss Yoga philosophy until the sun popped over the Hollywood hills.

When they return from their honeymoon Mr. and Mrs. A. will live at Adrian's beautiful home out in Toluca Lake. Adrian has a valuable collection of rare birds and monkeys—so let's hope Janet likes birds and monkeys.

Adrian also has a small ranch house in the desert near Victorville where they will spend most of their week-ends, and where they can completely relax and get away from it all." Although they are far from being anti-social neither Janet nor Adrian care for big Hollywood parties.

This is Adrian's first marriage. It is the second for Janet. Soon after she made "Seventh Heaven" young Lydell Peck, the son of a well known attorney in Oakland, fell madly in love with the screen Janet. He had known Bill Howard, the director, so he came to Hollywood and fairly drove Bill nuts until he had arranged an introduction. After a whirlwind courtship he and Janet married and he was given a job at the Fox studio as associate producer. They were divorced in 1933.

Janet isn't the demure little person you may think her at all. She has one of the grandest senses of humor in this town. And a wit that is second to none. Well, maybe, second to Adrian's. The Adrian quips are famous. The Glamour Girls on the Metro lot never complain about their fittings in his salon because they know that his humor will have them fairly bursting out their seams. Often, too often, he spoons to punning. But Janet doesn't seem to mind. So why should we?
Mr. Stewart Goes to Washington

[Continued from page 27]

over an hour at Washington Airport for a glimpse of Jimmy when he arrived. And although he had caught cold on the flight East, he took time to give autographs for cameramen and friends before leaving for his hotel.

An insistent girl reporter, a cameraman, and this writer got him out of bed the next morning. He was as amiable as if his sleep had been undisturbed. But he was completely firm about not discussing politics, the chief industry of Washington, and about not wanting to be a public official, even if anyone would vote for him (which he doubted).

"I just want to be an actor," he explained.

"I want to be as good an actor as I can, but I know I'd be a terrible politician!" As an actor, he was glad that he would be able to be a sightseer, too.

"This is my second trip to Washington, but I don't remember much about the first one," he said.

"That was late in the war, when as a kid I came here to say hello to my father, who was in the army. All I remember about that trip was seeing the Capitol and seeing my Dad."

As Senator Smith, Stewart had plenty of opportunity to see all of Washington's sights. The sequence filmed in the Capitol City was under the supervision of Slavko Vorkapich, Russian genius whose montage work and special effects have included the earthquake in "San Francisco," the cyclone in "Hurricane" and many other unusual scenes.

There is no earthquake in "Mr. Smith," although the new Senator does cause something of an upheaval in Washington's political circles. But it was necessary to show, on the screen, that Senator Smith had been sightseeing in Washington for five hours.

Cameras were set up at the Capitol, the Lincoln Memorial, the National Press Club, the Senate Office Building—and there was even a scene of Stewart boarding a Washington street car. The total of five days shooting will occupy but two or three minutes of screen time, but as photographed and mounted by Vorkapich, it will give a clear impression that the young Senator really covered some territory.

"The Lincoln Memorial is the most important of all," Stewart explained.

"As Jeff Smith, I don't know anything about Napoleon or Shakespeare, but, boy, do I know my Lincoln!"

A movie agent, overhearing him, hinted that Stewart in real life is much better acquainted with the works of Shakespeare.

Stewart grinned.

"I've never played Shakespeare. Everybody figured I would look terrible in tights. You know, my legs!"

"Stewart, it is obvious, doesn't take things seriously. His going away was disturbed only once, when he recalled five weeks of hard work which he and Jean Arthur put in learning to shag for "You Can't Take It With You."

"We thought we were pretty hot stuff, too," he recalled, "but they cut the whole thing out. And say, by a week later, I couldn't remember a single step. I liked it, too—wish I could do it now."

Stewart doesn't hold this against Frank Capra, however. He has complete faith in the director.

"Once he starts a picture, everybody connected with it knows that Capra is going to do everything possible to make it a hit. It isn't a case of making a film because you have to meet a release date."

"He's a great little guy, and when he's sitting there, you just naturally do your best. And if your best isn't good enough on that last shot, you know he'll be patient and there will be plenty more shots to give you a chance to come through."

Inevitable, of course, in any interview with Stewart is the question of his bachelorhood. He admits he would like to get married, but having just made ten pictures in a row, didn't see where he had had much time to look into the matter.

"I've been pretty busy," he explains, "but I can't say I haven't been looking. I don't care whether she's an actress or..."
not, but I do hope somebody to find the right girl.

That, of course, brought up the question of Washington women.

"That's funny," said Jim. "It's one of the questions a girl reporter asks Senator Smith in the picture. But I'm darned if I can remember what the answer is!"

That interview directed Med. Stewart, shaved, dressed, had some breakfast and repaired to the Lincoln Memorial, where cameras were being set up. The usual crowd of tourists who were visiting the Memorial had an added thrill. Many of them were invited by the Director of Black to take part in the scenes being shot. Old and young, they did their bit for the camera and "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" will be eagerly awaited by a number of Americans who happened to be visiting Washington that July day.

While set-ups were being completed, Stewart disappeared. A few minutes later he was located, his personal movie camera in hand, making an angle shot of the Lincoln statue.

After that afternoon's shooting was completed—and an unfriendly sun made progress difficult—Senator Stewart repaired to Washington's Variety Club, recreation center for Capitol showmen, and amazcd a small town exhibitor, three film salesmen and a Columbia distributor. In the lounge (not to mention a couple of publicity men) by pretty well refusing to talk about Stewart. He was more interested in hearing what the salesmen had to say about pictures than in delivering any speeches about himself.

It was all very valuable. Stewart insisted, this getting the slant of people far from the ivory towers of Hollywood and in close contact with the real movie public.

"I'm in something of a spot anyhow," Jim explained.

"You see, I figure I'm somewhere between the Gables and Taylors and Flynn— the big popular male stars—and the Donald Meeks and Edward Arnold's of the more specialized type of role."

"In Hollywood, they seem to have a hard time deciding what I am. Sometimes they call me a 'character juvenile,' sometimes it's 'character lead.' Sometimes it's just 'character!'

"So anything I can learn from you boys about pictures people like, and roles they enjoy, is worth a lot to me."

Completely overcome by a film star who wanted to learn something from them, the film men did their best to give Stewart the benefit of their experience. By dint of much probing, they discovered that he himself liked best of all his work for Capra and his role in an early picture, "Next Time We Love." And he wondered if a story like "Made For Each Other" wasn't too close to real life, too true, to make real entertainment for people.

He named as his own favorite players Spencer Tracy, Alfred Lunt of stage fame, Paul Muni, and Mayor of the other side— Margaret Sullivan. He also spoke highly of Jean Arthur, his leading lady in both "You Can't Take It With You" and "Mr. Smith." And for sheer good fun, he couldn't help but rave about "Hellzapoppin," which he had seen in a brief New York visit last winter.

But after the important business of discussing pictures and players had been covered, Senator Stewart relaxed completely and, in answer to questions, told some anecdotes about his pre-Hollywood days. He admitted to being born in Indiana, Pennsylvania, although nobody present had ever heard of it; talked about his student days at Pennsylvania, and at Princeton University, where he graduated with the class of 1932.

Most fun of all was his discussion of a summer vacation which he spent as assistant to a magician playing a Chautauqua. But that is another story. The assistant, it seems, had a hard time; Stewart, in person as in pictures, is a fun-loving rather slow-moving, drawing person. A magician's assistant has to move fast.

Jimmy recalled one night when he was walking on the stage to hand a guinea pig to the magician. Stretched from the stage center to the wings was a very important wire, invisible to the audience but in plain view to Jim. Not thinking, he ducked under the wire, making his presence pretty plainly known and the prestidigitator's embarrassment.

In another town, he recalled an incident that almost turned the magic act into a Sennett comedy. He and the magician were both on stage, raising a lady into the air and having her dance around a little. A local stage hand was entranced with a lever which, when gently pulled, worked an invisible apparatus which raised and lowered the lady.

When the magic passes were completed, the lady fainted. A quick glance in the wings revealed that the stagehand was fast asleep!

Stewart, by much coughing and shouting behind his hand, managed to arouse this hapless assistant. The local man realizing that he was far behind in his duties, grabbed the lever and gave one tremendous push, tossing the lady into the air faster than an express elevator and nearly knocking Stewart and his boss over in the rush!

The first week after his Chautauqua experience, Jim lost no time in looking for work behind footlights after his graduation. Small parts in several plays helped to get him started and it was then that he and another young man engaged an apartment in New York.

The other young fellow, by the name of Henry Fonda, rushed into the theater one day to announce that he had found the ideal home site for two far from wealthy actors. Jim went with him and added his approval. It was a fine apartment, and so reasonable.

They lived there a whole year before they discovered why the rent was so low. A murder in the block woke them up to the fact that it was not a side street but a gentleman known familiarly as "Dutch" Schultz, while adjoining them on the other side was the establishment of an equally famous character—Mister "Legs" Diamond! Jimmy still insists that his little studio apartment was rather little amazed by a hotel in the same block which kept changing its name.

They finally discovered that every time a murder was committed on the premises, this hostelry put up a new electric sign—and the basement was full of signs. Then they were moved from time to time and then
replaced as the house, under its old name, received unpleasant newspaper publicity! Before the evening ended, most of the Variety Club members were grouped around Stewart, laughing heartily at his anecdotes. But when he suddenly realized that his audience had grown and he was doing most of the talking, Jim proved very definitely that he would never make a senator. He yielded the floor at the first excuse and soon was on his way back to the hotel for dinner.

The rest of Stewart's visit to Washington was nearly as full as his first day. Whenever the weather permitted, shooting was resumed around town. One difficulty developed when it was discovered that scenes shot in Hollywood showing Senator Smith looking up at pictures on the walls of the Capitol were hard to do in reverse in Washington. The pictures he looked up at all hung at eye level, actually. And vice-versa.

This difficulty overcome—by one camera trick or another—further trouble was created by enthusiastic tourists who turned their attention from scenes of historic interest to Stewart whenever he appeared. It was a real task to keep the 'extras' interested in Washington's sights when they all wanted to stare at a Hollywood star—and no senator, not even Senator Smith, would have created so much interest.

Even official Washington became interested in the lanky visitor. One Senator—a man who expects to win the presidential nomination at the next convention—kept his secretary busy phoning the Stewart hotel room; Jimmy, much as he appreciated the interest, didn't have time to meet the real Senator. But he did find a moment, during the week, to call on a Princeton classmate and the two of them spent valuable time poring over pictures in a college photo album.

That, to Jimmy Stewart, was probably the highlight of the whole trip. For he is a friendly guy, who remembers his friends—and gets the biggest kick in the world out of being remembered by them!
"All Flew Into the Cuckoo's Nest!"

[Continued from page 39]

ities. Two are blondes and two are brunettes. Two of the girls are married, two are not. One of them never thought I'd become a major star! And the other never thought it when she was half grown up. Three of them come from families of very modest means. One of them is the child of a well-to-do father. One went to Dramatic School, three did not go to Dramatic School. You see, there are no hard-and-fast rules— you can't say "I'm married, what have I done?" or "my folks were poor, I didn't have opportunities—no, you can't do that yourselves; for these girls didn't.

If you are interested in Astrology, want to check your horoscopes with theirs, Linda Darnell was born on October 16th, 1921; Brenda Marshall on September 29th, 1915; Brenda Joyce on February 25th, 1918, and Helen Gilbert on July 4th, 1915.

If you'd like to compare your physical type to theirs, Brenda Joyce has fair hair, fair skin, blue eyes, weighs 112 pounds, is five feet four inches in her heels. Brenda Gilbert is fair, with golden hair, blue eyes, white rosepetal skin, stands five feet one-half inch in height, weighs 113 pounds; Brenda Marshall is very dark, gypsy dark hair, hazed eyes, olive skin, is five feet three inches tall and weighs 108 pounds; Linda Darnell is dark, too, though not quite so "brune" as Brenda, her skin is rose-olive, eyes a brilliant brown, hair matches her eyes, she is five feet four and three-quarters inches tall and weighs 109 pounds. All four girls are natural, as natural as God made them. None of them have "touched up" their hair. None of them have permanent waves. None of them use any street make-up save for a film coat of lipstick.

And now, suppose we let the girls tell their own stories of how they came to Hollywood, by what routes, via what qualities, breaks, ambitions or efforts. Then you girls who read may say: "If this is how they do it the way Brenda Joyce did or "I believe Linda's way is my best bet!"

For these girls have certainly proven, right handomely, too, that it can be done, that if all roads lead to Rome, then several roads lead to Hollywood, too. Four roads at the very least....four separate roads which they have taken, the two Brendas, Linda and Helen....

Brenda Marshall told me: "I always wanted to be an actress in a vague sort of way. But I was ashamed to admit it. Because I thought that wanting to be an actress implied being very beautiful and so was concealed. And I wasn't beautiful at all. I was a pale, thin brown child, sort of scrawny. No one in my family had ever been in the theatre. My father, Otto Peter Anderson (my real name is Ardis Anderson) owns one of the largest sugar plantations on the small island of Macon off the coast of Georgia. I was born and where I lived until I was nine years old. (Brenda is one movie girl who can boast a sure-enough "Sugar Daddy") I have one sister, a few years younger than I. My mother died when I was eight. And then when I was thirteen, Texas, my sister and I, and lived with our step-mother.

"I was a Junior in High School—the Alamo Heights High School, where Ann Sheridan was also a pupil a little before my time, before I ever really took up of becoming an actress."

"Up to that time I'd never even played at Make-Believe. I'd never made up little little plays and acted in them. I never did any of the things most actresses say they did when they were kids. I'd seen a few movies, but mostly very old ones, on the Island of Negroes. They never meant anything to me except just something to do. Well, when I was a Junior in High, I tried out for and got a part in a play called The Rosary. That was the beginning. That started me.

"After that one little play everything I did was directed to one end—the Stage. That little play is exactly why I am making Career Man in Hollywood today. The best performance given by the pupils of all the High Schools in San Antonio county. After I graduated from High I entered TSCW—the Texas State College for Women. I stayed only two years. I doubt that I would have got a diploma any way, since I took all the courses which don't do much for you by way of credits—speech courses, dramatics, painting, music and so on. I shunned sororities like the plague. I came and lived and breathed the Theatre. I even managed to break precedent, being the only Freshman to get a part in one of the Little Theatre plays, which is a senior course.

"At the end of my second year I quit college because I couldn't wait any longer to get on the stage. But I was faced with the great problem of how to get on the stage. I must get to New York, I knew that. That was all I did know. Dramatic School was one way. I supposed, but what Dramatic School? We had some friends who knew Arthur Hopkins and they asked Mr. Hopkins for his advice. He wrote saying that "the only Dramatic School to which I would send any daughter of mine is Madame Ouspenskaya's."

"That did it.

"I had a little income of my own, derived from some investments my father had made for me. Not much, but I wouldn't starve. I went to New York. I enrolled at one. Ouspenskaya's. And I am completely glad that I did. There are many ways, of course, but I think that if girls can go to the best dramatic schools, they should go. But better not go to any unless you can go to the best. And almost any one can go if they are willing to work for it. You can always try out for scholarships, you know, and keep trying out...you can do whatever you want to do, I believe, if you want to hard enough."

"It was two years with Mme. Ouspenskaya and I think she is the greatest living teacher of Dramatics. We had the most rigorous training. The discipline was fierce. And it was discipline I needed. I've never having had any. Richard Gaines (who is now playing Raymond Massey's part in "Abe Lincoln in Illinois") was Ouspenskaya's co-director. In the summer and fall I was taught at the American Academy of Dramatics, Peterborough, New Hampshire, to join the Peterborough Players, a sort of summer stock. Which gave me all kinds of experience. I played the leads in all kinds of the best, most teaching plays, Candida, The Guardsman and others. Then I was taught at the Academy with small parts. And while I was in Peterborough, two summers ago," smiled the young Brenda, "it was a case of 'pupil and teacher need no more that day', for Richard and I were married. No, I don't think I would go that way any more. Although it's a very good thing, I think, to have had the training. It was just the beginning...I think that the more 'fullness of life and living' we can have, the richer our work will be.

"Well, the next thing I did was to appear in the American premiere of Shaw's The Rock at Daly's Theatre in New York. All the first-string critics were there. We had a regular opening and all, and nice things were said about my work. Through that part I got several screen tests—nothing came of them. I was then out for M-G-M, which is best forgotten. One for 20th Century-Fox, which was forgotten. I just about gave up in despair, deciding that I would never photograph with a camera, when Paramount sent Artie Jacobsen, their ace talent scout, to New York to make some tests. I read for him and he was enthusiastic. I made a test for him and when I saw it, I was enthusiastic. I didn't think I could photograph so well. But not a word did I hear. Then I thought it was just no use. If that test didn't get me to Hollywood, nothing ever would.

"Time passed. Suddenly, a teleype message came through to Warner Brothers offices in New York. The studio had seen my test. The message read: 'Have Brenda Marshall fly to Hollywood on the 6:20 plane this afternoon to test for a Harvard production, Carole Lombard, bought an exterior of stockings,' laughed Brenda, 'and I flew! I got the part. I got a contract. I flew right into the Cuckoo's Nest, indeed! And it's all a hundred times more wonderful than I thought it would be, the whole career...I'm glad I had my dramatic school training, glad I had my experience on the stage. For once you get used to that camera, you have the same problems on the screen as on the stage, that's why the stage is the valuable preliminary training for the screen."

I said, "What one particular quality is most necessary to get a gal to Hollywood, do you think, into the movies?"

"Frankly," said the dark Brenda, "I think looks are unimportant. After all, there's not much call for young character actresses. But, given a fair amount of looks, I would say that Determination is the one necessary thing. For, if you're given an opportunity, you've got to use it...so that," said Brenda, "is how I flew into the Cuckoo's Nest!" * * *

Brenda Joyce told me, "None of my people were ever on the stage but all my family just love to talk! I was born in
Kansas City, you know. My real name is Betty Leab. I'm an only child which might be considered a liability since only children are supposed to be spoiled and a spoiled child might make for a petulant, temperamental actress. But I think being an only child helped me, in a way, being alone so much. Mother working most of the time, I read and read and read. And my reading has given me a background which helps you when you are in pictures. For instance, knowing something about India came in very handy for me when I played Fern in The Rains Came!

“When I was five, Mother and I came to San Bernardino to live and I went to Grade School there. Then we moved here to Los Angeles and I went to U.C.L.A. High where I was quite active in such extracurricular activities as being Vice-President of the Student Body and head of the Brush and Quill and other offices. I was quite good at dramatics and public speaking, too, and won a scholarship to the University of Southern California in 1936. After one semester there I transferred to U.C.L.A. I joined the Delta Gamma sorority. I think sororities help you, if you want to become an actress, and can afford them. You learn how to meet all kinds of people, how to talk with them on their own ground. If I hadn’t had my sorority experience when I met Mr. Zanuck as, all unbecoming to me, dear knows, I was so soon to do. I’d have wobbled so they would have had to carry me in—and out, no doubt!

“I always wanted to be an actress, always. I remember seeing Mary Pickford on the screen when I was very tiny and screaming right out loud in the theatre: ‘Oh, if I could only do that!’ All my life I’ve read every book I could find about the theatre. I read all the fan magazines from cover to cover. I see every movie, I do believe, that is made and I’ve seldom missed a legitimate show here in Los Angeles. As a small child I’d go about imitating every actress I saw on the stage or screen. I knew that I wanted, awfully, to be an actress. But how to go about being one, I didn’t know..."

“Well, I quit college after two years (this Brenda, too!) ‘I had done some dramatic work in college, mostly Shakespearean plays, but I started to work as a photographer’s model. I had to earn my living. Mother and I were apart then, for the first time. She accepted a position as house-mother in a boy’s school in the East. I got work as a model merely by looking up the names of photographers in the phone book.

“It took a little time and going-the-rounds on foot, but eventually I posed for shoe ads, automobile ads, toothpaste ads and so on. My picture was in Life a couple of times, advertising shoes. And let me tell you, girls, this kind of work doesn’t hurt you one bit if you are hoping to get into the movies. Because I learned, a very little later, that Mr. Zanuck had seen one of my photographs smiling gaily out of some advertisement and he remembered it because he thought I looked like he thought Fern looked and that was instrumental in my getting the part..."

Well, then I met an agent, Frances Ballie, through some tennis friends of mine. And she offered to take

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So, you see...one believes in marriage and career, one doesn't...one is all for sororities, one is all against them...and so on and so on...comparisons may be odious but they are illuminating.

Linda Darnell, who's already "clicked," said: "My mother had stage ambitions when she was a girl but her parents wouldn't hear of them, so I'm one of those girls who had their mothers' ambitions 'transferred' to them. The third from youngest in a family of four girls and two boys. Which is helpful to any girl's career because it sure knocks any conceit she may have right out of her! My full name is Linda Monette Eloya Darnell. My first job was as a file clerk in the Dallas Post Office for 30 years, so we didn't have a great deal of money, of course. From the very instant that I showed signs of wanting to sing and dance my mother just simply pounced on me and saw to it that I had dancing and piano lessons and, later, got into amateur shows and all. My first appearance on any stage, 'as they say, was when, at the age of 10, I played Rachel in an Easter play at school. I wore the most beautiful cheesecloth dress and cried all over the place at the proper moments, and adored it. When I was very little I thought only of the stage, not of movies at all. I didn't even care about going to the movies when Mr. Zanuck happened to be looking for his Fern. Anyway, Tom Moore, who was the star of so many movies before he became a stage and screen device, at Fox coached me for my test, which I believed was just for Stock.

"And here's where Luck does enter into it for me. I happened to make my test just when Mr. Zanuck happened to be looking for his Fern. Any way, Tom Moore tested me and tested me, laughing, crying, talking, walking. Then, one day, a cutter in the studio said to Director Clarence Brown: 'I wonder if you're Fern yet?' And Mr. Browne said 'No' and the cutter said 'take a look at this test, girl by name of Betty Leab.' And he did. And then Mr. Zanuck saw the test and remembered my face in the toothpaste ad or whatever it was, and I was signed to a long-term contract and went into The Rains Came. They tested 58 girls for that part of mine, at a cost to the studio of $40,000—think of it! It all happened to me within one week, which is miraculous to me.

"After The Rains Came I made Here I Am, A Stranger and well," laughed Brenda, "here I am...and not a 'stranger' at all but right at home, and comfy and happy even though it is so sudden, new and startling. I don't feel a stranger, because I've made friends.

"You asked me what quality I think is the most necessary to get a girl into the movies. Well, as I said, I thing circulating is it important to get you into a studio. After that I'd say that the ability to make friends is just about the most important success quality I know. Because the ability to make friends not only helps you in every phase of your work but it also means that you have some sort of personality, which is more than looks, more, even, than the ability to act.

"For the rest, I'm going to work my head off. I'm not going to get married, not yet—ever though I do go, with one boy, and one boy only, and have ever since we were in high school and college together. I don't think you can have your mind on husband and career at one and the same time, now that I have flown into the Cuckoo's Nest I'm going to nest right here. . . ."

It was Ivan Kahn, the talent scout who really 'discovered' me. It was just a year and a half ago that he came to Dallas and mother took me to see him. I thought, oh, he'll say the same old thing, 'You're too young.' But he didn't. He looked at all my photographs. He let me talk to him for half an hour and then he let me go away. And I thought, well, that is that. Six weeks later I had a wire saying:
How would you like to come to Hollywood, all expenses paid, just to make a test? I was so excited I almost broke my neck getting to the train! Mother and my little sister and brother came with me. Mary Healy and Dorris Bowden were on the train, too, also going to Hollywood to make tests for Mr. Kahn. That helped. We talked and had hot and cold chills all the way, of course.

"Well, we made our tests. The day after I made mine they called me and told me I was 'very good' but that I was too young and they couldn't use me. I could go home. I was just broken-hearted. I didn't believe the 'too young' business. I thought I just wasn't any good. It made it all the harder because Mary Healy and Dorris Bowden stayed. But I'd like to say one special thing to girls. It's this: Don't you believe them when they say that 'Opportunity Knocks But Once,' that you only get One Chance. It's not so. There are second chances, there are lots of chances and if you just keep your chin up and your ears to the door you'll hear Opportunity knocking again and again. . . .

"So back home we went, my mother and sister and brother and I, a sorry little foursome, to be sure. I just went to work again, harder than ever. I joined the Cathedral Players of St. Matthews Episcopal Church in Dallas, the Civic Theatre and the New League Theatre, too. And I kept listening and listening for that Knock again. And just one year to the day of leaving Hollywood the first time, I was back here again. This time one of Jesse Laskey's scouts found me and brought me to Hollywood to appear on Mr. Laskey's Gateway to Hollywood radio program. I was on the air twice, once I did a scene from Clarence with Edward Everett Horton, once I did a scene in which I played a gangster's Moll. I was in the finals, too. Then I made the screen test which was part of the agreement. It was awful. And again I had to go home! I didn't have enough money to stay here, you see. But before I went home I went to see Mr. Lew Schreiber at 20th Century and he saw how I had grown up since I'd tested there a year ago and he promised to send for me, and soon. So home I went again, pretty discouraged this time, convinced that I wouldn't be 'sent for.' But I was. And so, for the third time, I came back to Hollywood!

"At first they were going to let me test for the part of Fern in The Rain's Came. Then they saw Brenda Joyce and she was more the type. Then they tested me for the lead in Hotel For Women and when Gregory Ratoff watched me making the test, he grinned around and exclaimed, 'just another thousand dollars wasted!' But when he saw the test run on the screen—well, I went in the production, then and there. I got my contract, and after the picture was finished they put me into Drums and sent me on location and after Hotel For Women was previewed, they brought me back and took me out of Drums because, of all things, my part wasn't big enough.

"And so here I am. And I believe that naturalness is the most important thing a girl can have to get her a break in pictures. Because they're looking for new people, new faces all the time, not copies of old ones. It's a mistake, I think, to start acting like Jeanette MacDonald or Norma Shearer or anyone but just your own self.

"Well, that's how I flew into the Cuckoo's Nest," laughed lovely Linda. (so lovely she is, too, so breathlessly beautiful) "and every time I think about it, I nearly faint, it's so staggering, and I'm just blissfully happy right now, blissfully. . . ." . . .

"And here is the girl who flew into the Cuckoo's Nest straight off the strings of her cello. Here is the one who didn't want to be an actress, never once thought of being an actress, because she was a cellist and all her background was music, just nothing but music. Helen Gilbert was born in Warren, Ohio, went to school in Minneapolis and in Superior, Wisconsin. Her father, Vaughn Gilbert, was a concert pianist and a music publisher. And Helen studied violin and piano and then, one day, heard Pablo Casals play The Swan on the cello and knew what she wanted to be!

"I've never deviated from that wanting," Helen told me (you may note that not one of the four ever deviated once they found their Ambition). "I studied cello in Minneapolis. Then I went to Philadelphia, played for Felix Salmon, the great English cellist there, and won a scholarship to the Curtis Institute of Music. I graduated with honors and then

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I began to make a little name for myself, in concert and on radio, as a soloist, as guest artist on some coast-to-coast broadcasts.

"Then my mother became ill, lung trouble, and a warmer climate was necessary. I came to Hollywood with her. I felt, then, that the most terrible thing in the world was to leave my mother's illness, having to leave my work and come to Hollywood where, I knew, I would have to take a job in some orchestra, and give up my career on the concert stage, as soloist. I did play, as soloist, with the Los Angeles Philharmonic but such opportunities are very few out here and very soon I had to take a job with the orchestra at Columbia Studios. I began to lose my ambition and my dreams, playing Yankee Doodle, plunk, plunk, plunk, fifteen hours on end. Then my mother passed away . . . and, two years ago, I married. My husband is a Russian. He is a soloist with Morris Stoloff, musical director at Columbia. Well, I played in the orchestra here at M-G-M, and I watched most of the famous actresses upon the screen of the darkened sound stages while our music was being cued in to atmospheric backgrounds. But I was a part of my instrument, that all. An actress myself never once occurred to me! I am a rabid movie fan. I never miss any picture. But I have always been a fan, never movie-struck for myself.

"Then, one day, Director 'Woody' Van Dyke happened upon the sound stage where we were recording Sweethearts. He looked at me, just once. He suggested to our conductor that I be advised to make a screen test. I said no, thanks, I didn't want to make a fool of myself. Then Frank Lord, my husband, said to me, said that he could arrange for me to coach before I made a test. So I said, all right, why not, I'll try anything once!

"I coached with Lilian Burns here at M-G-M. I made my test, two little scenes from Florian, and within four days after I made the test, I had my contract and the next thing I knew I was being directed by Mr. Van Dyke in Anime Hardy Gets Spring Fever. And I call it Fate, in my case. Just nothing but Fate!

"Why, just imagine me, a few months ago, seeing the Hardy pictures, which I loved, and the next thing I know, Andy Hardy is making love to me! And I thought that coming to Hollywood was the End for me. Instead of which it's the Beginning, for I may do Florian. And now Mr. Mayer has assigned a special writer to write me, and I'm going to be a cellist—now I can be a soloist again, bring my music to the screen—now everything I ever hoped for in my life is coming true, in the very last place I ever expected, in pictures. And all I can feel now is gratitude and the desire to prove to Mr. Mayer and the others who have such faith in me that their faith is not misplaced.

"And that's how I flew into the Cuckoo's Nest," smiled Helen with the face-of-an-angel, "and I don't know what special quality is the best pass-key unless it's just that we should take Life as it comes, do what we have to do; believe that it can, indeed, be Darkest Before the Dawn. That's the best I can say because, in my own particular case, it was just Fate, it was meant to be, that's all.

..."

Meet Miss Connecticut Yankee

[Continued from page 41]
I married a Dentist's Daughter

First time I ever met my father-in-law, he was riding his favorite hobby.

"We moderns have lazy mouths!" he declared. "Our teeth get no real exercise on soft, modern foods. We all need Dentyne!

"Yes sir—Dentyne's special firmness provides the tough chewing we need! Stimulates active circulation of the blood in oral tissues. Helps the gums keep firm and healthy. Also—it flushes the teeth with an increased flow of saliva—and polishes them by gentle friction. Great gum, Dentyne!"

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DENTYNE CHEWING GUM

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

loaded her on the train to Hollywood, they wished her well and told her not to be upset by Hollywood. In the privacy of her dressing room, Miss Russell laughed merrily at the precautionary advice. She, who had out-talked producers in every office along Broadway, who had fought and bluffed and struggled to keep working every week of the year, wasn't apt to be discouraged by Hollywood.

Then Hollywood put the boots to her. Universal, at the time, was being run by the Laemmles. Miss Russell was ushered into the office of a high-priced executive on the lot. "This is Miss Russell, from the Broadway stage," explained the messenger who ushered her into the Presence.

"For two solid hours, I stood in that man's office," she recalls, with as close an approach to bitterness as she allows herself. "For two solid hours, I analyzed him. In all of that time, believe me, Ed, he didn't make one decision. His telephone rang continuously. He evaded every decision or delayed them. I could have seated myself, but I resolved to stand until this boor recognized my presence and asked me to be seated. At the end of two hours, he looked up and pretended to notice me for the first time. Then he made me re-introduce myself, pressed a buzzer and had a messenger take me to the office of a cameraman who had just been promoted to the rank of producer.

"The messenger took me to Mr. Freund's office, and muttered my name. Freund looked up. He was standing near a piano where a piano player was banging out a song. 'Give me a title for this song,' he demanded of me. 'What sort of a song is it?' I asked, trying to be helpful. At this logical answer, Freund tore at his hair with both hands and registered despair. He waved me into the outer darkness, so completely bewildered, I left that office.

"I wandered around and finally succeeded in having a dressing room assigned to me. The four walls of the dressing room rested on memory. I sat down and smoked a cigarette and decided that Hollywood was as daffy and insane as it had been caricatured, but that after I oriented myself, everything would be all right.

"Stage people in the east had warned me that, because of the tricks a camera could accomplish, it was vitally important to be made up correctly for your movie test. They had told me to establish immediate, and friendly, relations with the make-up man and the hairdresser. So I went over to Make-Up and introduced myself to one of the make-up men. I'm Miss Russell and some day this week, I'll have to make a test,' I told him. He nodded listlessly. 'I want you to take this and get yourself something,' I continued and gave him $25.

"What's this for?' he asked, pocketing the bills. I told him that I'd appreciate having him for a friend and doing whatever he could do for me. He assured me that he would take care of me. Then, I went to the hairdresser and I gave her $25. She said, 'Thanks, girlie.'

"The next day, they notified me to get ready for a test on the following day. Bright and early I got to the studio. I was nervous, naturally, but the knowledge that I had the make-up man and the
on the air,” said Gene. “The man was a vice president but I didn’t know it.”

Nor did Gene know that their thirteen weeks would lengthen to five years, which is just 247 more pay checks than thirteen.

But aside from radio, things were happening to the movies. Strange things the movies that Gene didn’t understand.

“The Legion of Decency was cleaning up the films,” he said, crossing one beautifully-booted leg over the other. “Westerns had been in a bad way since the advent of sound but here was their chance at a comeback. They were clean, cheap to make and more attention to sound was all they needed.

“A Mr. Herbert Yates liked my stuff and had taken an interest in me. So when Minton Pictures decided to make a Ken Maynard picture with a barn dance sequence in it, he suggested me for the singing. He was financing the company so he had a lot of influence.”

Yates had good judgment, too. Because later on he formed Republic Pictures (his Consolidated Films owns it) and Gene works for them, or they work for him—whichever way you put it.

“Got along pretty well in the Maynard picture, so they stuck me in a serial and Smiley and I . . .

You know Smiley, Smiley Burnette. Even if you’re only a half-way Autry fan you’ll know that Smiley is my fat and funny pal in the movies.

Smiley came into pictures because Gene sold the company on him. They first met in a small suburb of Chicago at a period when Gene was leading a five-piece band.

There was never any question about the quality of the band—it was fine—but one man objected that it wasn’t good enough. Someone spoke about a fellow who owned a radio station in this little town. He liked Smiley and asked, said Smiley.

“I went out to see him and when he grinned at me I laughed out loud. Smiley was clearing $12 a week and gas with the 100 watt station. His only customer was the filling station next door and they paid off with twelve bones and gasoline!”

He Took Will Rogers’ Advice

(Continued from page 43)
Gene said that Smiley, when he met him, was wearing "cackly" pants. Our Mr. Autry was not a very good judge of a nice, pleasant drawl. With that drawl goes one of the most natural, unassuming personalities yet to come out of Hollywood. Catch some of your temperamental movie people talking about someone else's fine traits and you'll find a perfectly good live reporter faces them with poised pencil. But Gene did.

"I went up to Smiley's house for a 'recital.' He played accordian nice and loud, guitar, hand-saw and mandolin and asked me to have a coffee. I'd like to but that I had to get back to town before 1940 and that he'd better pack up and come with me—for $35 a week and transportation. He'd have to furnish his own chuck.

"He opened with us New Year's Eve and he didn't know a thing about the band business. He was scared stiff but when they gave him a little applause on his first number he went right back and did another for them. Three of us got him down in his seat before he could start his seventh.

Smiley, he says, couldn't get used to restaurants at first. He'd buy a hot dog at a stand, a bottle of soda pop at the store and an apple from a man on the corner. Gene bought him a Sears, Roebuck suit and he couldn't sit down in it until they made him.

"We've never had an argument in all these years. Sure, he's much more sophisticated today, got a pretty newspaper gal for a wife and he even eats in restaurants."

And so it goes. Gene and Smiley have made 32 pictures, to date, for Republic. Gene has appeared in person in 1,750 towns in the U. S. and Canada. He owns a $1,500 trailer for his "Champion." The trailer has hot and cold running water, air-conditioning and a groom handy. He has won the Motion Picture Exhibitors' Poll three times running. He and Shirley Temple are under different classifications but his vote was 800, hers 600. His thirty hats cost $50 apiece and hold ten gallons to the drop. He won't endorse cigarettes ($100,000 reportedly offered) because kids imitate him.

He whips out songs all the time. That little "Silver Haired Daddy" number sold 100,000 copies, which ain't bad. He gets about 3,000 letters a week. His hoss gets some, too, and once whinnied over WKY, Oklahoma City. He fought with Republic once over salary and had them and the Jimmie Fidlers tearing their hair out by fistfuls. That has been fixed up now and Republic officials live in big fine houses and stay big prayers at night for Gene Autry.

He can still handle a telegraph key and when he hits a small town on a personal appearance tour he's as apt as not to take over the key in the station office. On the stage he does quite a bit of shooting Target was a target with a mirror; through his legs and almost any way. On the through-legs shot he purposely misses the first time—it excites the kids to see him vindicate himself with the next one.

But it doesn't always work that way. "I was grinning at a stage hand," he says, "as I aimed wildly for the miss-on-purpose shot one night. 'Bang!' went the pistol and 'whango!' I'd made a bull's eye!"

During this interview, he was in New York on his way to London, accompanied by his pretty wife and Mr. Yates, Republic's biggest big-shot. Don't think those officials in the big fine homes would let this man go to London without a proper escort!

They say that he was quite respectfully awed by Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia, who hails from out yonder, his self. The Mayor was in a prankish mood after a successful battle with his Council and kidded Gene unmercifully about a real cowboy traveling by plane. Gene might have been a pretty good answering teacher until a familiar Western Governor, happening in, broke the ice.

He reads his own publicity but he doesn't believe all of it and is excited by none of it. At the World's Fair, Ruth Mix introduced him as the man her father, Tom Mix, had given his crown to.

"Lots of people," answered Gene, "will remember Tom Mix as the greatest cowboy of all time."

He says nice things like that often, they say. He's gentle and shy. In fact it's sometimes hard to tell that this 170 pound, five foot ten-and-a-half gentleman with the hard-riding saviour of down-trodten maidens in the cinema. The answer is that he's probably both.

"I'm taking along a hoss for the Dublin Horse Show that they've never seen over there," he finished with the paper clip and tossed it, a bent wire, into the wastebasket. "It's a Palmino boss and he's a beauty! They're golden in color and about fifteen hands and three fingers high. Sure, there are bigger bosses but these fellers just seem to look taller than any other hoss. I think my pet will make them sit up and take notice, beoprahah!"

But aside from London and horse shows, it's what he's going to do when he returns that is the big thing for him. His company has lent him to Darryl F. Zanuck to make "Jubilo."

There's considerably more to that statement than meets the eye, because "Jubilo" was made twice by Will Rogers. It was one of his greatest pictures and in the first version, Will was a wandering seabound, in the second, a lobo.

"This is the greatest thing in my life," said Gene, half-closing his blue eyes. "To think that I, the small-town telegraph, pounder Will shoved up the ladder, am to do a picture what he made . . ."

It will be Autry's biggest picture, to date. It will get him into theatres that Republic can't sell to. And if he is so tremendously popular with his present handicap (not being able to get into certain big picture houses), what won't he do when he appears everywhere? Even now his films are previewed at Buckingham Palace for the little Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose.

There is a feeling strongly undercurrent in the industry that this man is Will Rogers' logical successor. And while there are many candidates for the honor it does seem in order that a cowboy (which Will was, too) succeed to the coveted title.

"I'll be thinking about Will when I step onto that 'Jubilo' set," said Gene. "I'll be remembering how he said, 'That's too good a voice for a town like this.'"

But Will won't be saying, as he did in Chelsea, "Yore wustin' time here. . . ." Not on the "Jubilo" set!

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J. H. Trencher, of Bealeboro, Me., writes: "I suffered for 10 years with acid-stomach trouble. Doctors all told me I had ulcers and would have to diet the rest of my life. Before taking your treatment I weighed 112 pounds and could eat nothing but soft foods and milk. Now, after taking You's Tablets, I weigh 171 pounds. I feel almost anything and feel perfectly well." If you suffer from indigestion, gas, bloating, heartburn, bloating or any other stomach trouble due to gastric hyperacidity, you, too, should try You's for prompt relief. Send for FREE Samples of this wonderful treatment, and details of guaranteed trial offer. Instructive booklet is included. Write PHILADELPHIA VON CO., Dept. 630-P Fox Bidg., Philadelphia, Pa.

Checking on Their Comments 

(Continued from page 45)

Lincoln. And I would like to play Ethan Frome on the screen, as I did on the stage. Outside of that, I have no driving ambitions. I'm just an actor." But let us fade-in on Massey's comments on Hollywood:

"The Deanna Durbins and the Shirley Temple's succeed on the screen, whereas experienced and able stage actors fail in films, because they can, without particular technical equipment, express a spontaneous emotion. The footlight actor is trained to resort to technical devices portraying emotions, and the movie camera shows them to be just what they are—carefully calculated moods.

"In the theater you take a role, study it, and slowly develop it during rehearsals. In fact, it goes on developing night after night as you play it and get to know the character better. You utilize your emotions in rehearsals, get the part shaped as it should be, and from that point on, you do it smoothly, with the right shading and the right emphasis and the right balance. You have the part down to a technical basis. You can't do it over and over again and continually feel the part. For you it is now a definite mathematical structure.

"In films you rush into a scene, the director tells you how it should be done, the camera is shoved in front of you, and a moment later you are playing it. Right there an inexperienced, highly emotional kid can succeed where a seasoned actor can't get his bearings. It is a fragmentary emotion of the moment, but the youngster feels it. With him, the camera is photographing an actual emotion. And audiences rightly realize that."

So there you have an analysis of why many an experienced actor fails before the cameras. And probably it is basically true. It is entirely reasonable. Just what will happen to Massey's Lincoln in films remains to be seen. But the stage star has explained away any possible failure in advance.

GLENDA FARRELL was in the East this past Summer playing in stock. She wanted experience. For she has ambition. She wants to advance. That's why she declined a good motion picture contract recently. Her reasons are direct and simple:

"I got tired of playing tough comedy babies. Sure, the work was regular, paid pretty well, too. But I think I can do more. I've been going pretty steadily since I was seven. Went to heaven as Little Eva in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' twice a day at the age of four. Did a lot of things since. Then, six years ago, the movies swallowed me.

"Ever since then I've been getting up at 6:30 in the morning, rushing to the studio, hurrying into make-up. Home at 8 or 9, an hour to study tomorrow's lines, then to bed. That's no life. If you play, it shows on your face. Worse yet, I was kept in the same kind of part. Tough, sly, girls with hearts of gold. Sometimes without the heart of gold. I got tired. When I asked for a chance at other parts, they'd say 'So what?' And I'd get another slangy answer like 'Baby, that's the life for you.'"

That's one of Hollywood's faults, Glenda. Typing. Most of the time it burns out a player, consumes her ambitions, leaves her forgotten by the wayside. Let's see what you can do as guardian of your own time. But suppose you said to a movie producer, if you could catch him outside of a conference. You'd say you wanted a coat. He'd say, 'So what?' And push all the buttons on his desk.

"I guess, when I come to think of it, I'm pretty in rebellion against "So what."

WHEN David Selznick shortly re-leases Margaret Mitchell's famous story, " Gone With the Wind," a little English girl, born in India, will be under the guns of Hollywood. For the comparatively newcomer, Vivien Leigh, landed her very actriee pressings to a movie colony longed to play. Is Miss Leigh, the Scarlett O'Hara of the film, afraid?

"Why, afraid?" returns Miss Leigh coolly. All that talk of hundreds of actresses trying for the part was publicity, a lot of it on the part of other studios. Actually less than a dozen made tests. Norma Shearer, who had considered the part, sent me a swell letter of congratulation after I was chosen.

"Got the role by chance. I came over from London to spend a single week in the Hollywood colony. One night I went to a party at Myron Selznick's home. He suggested that we go over to his brother's studio to watch the mimic burning of Richmond. Although they had not cast the principal roles, they were shooting some of the spectacular scenes. While we stood by, Myron Selznick said jokingly, 'How about a test for Scarlett?' I took the test next day and got the part. I started in January, worked twenty-two weeks straight with only five free days. I hardly saw anything of Hollywood. I was too tired after work to go about, and I slept through the free days.

"The film carries Scarlett from the age of sixteen to twenty-eight. It was easy
to look the part until about June. I’m twenty-two but even so the strain began to show then. I felt a million years old. I’d say to myself, ‘Now, can I look twenty-eight?’

“It isn’t as hard as you would think for an English girl to play a Dixie heroine. We English often drop our r’s and we talk in a lackadaisical way. The dialect came easy. Indeed, the director would tell me every now and then, ‘Not too Southern, Vivien!’ And those rumored quarrels with Clark Gable who played Rhett Butler. We finally came to joke about the reports. We’d say when we’d meet in the morning, ‘What’ll we quarrel about today?’”

Still, in spite of all her confidence, Miss Leigh is on the firing line—or will be, now that “Gone With the Wind” is to be released. The part will make or break her.

Although she has the most coveted role in years, Miss Leigh still is unknown. She went about New York recently unrecognized, even by World’s Fair unobserved. It will be different after the release of the picture. She will be a name and a face then, I trust.

Mickey Rooney comes of the theater. His father was long a burlesque comic. Mickey grew up back stage. And now he’s a Hollywood name while still in his teens. Very soon he’ll have to make the step from boyhood to manhood in film roles. Let him explain it.

“Naturally, after all that Andy Hardy has done, I’d be crazy not to want to play that part as long as the public wants to see it. It almost has reached the point now where I forget which is Andy Hardy and which is Mickey Rooney.

“For that matter, I think I’ve enjoyed every part I’ve ever played. I just do what the studio thinks is most suited to me. There’s been plenty of variety in my parts in the past and I figure there will be in the future. Eventually, I’d like to do the sort of thing Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy do. They’re tops with me among the man stars. Whether I’ll ever be able to match up to them, I doubt, but I’d like to try.

“Right now, I’m pretty excited about my part in ‘Babes in Arms,’ because it gave me a chance to do a lot of different things: sing, dance, act, play a few instruments. And it’s something like me, myself, because it has a background of the theater, where I was brought up.

“Maybe I’ll go into directing eventually. I’ve always wanted to. But I’d just as soon stay an actor until people get tired of looking at me.”

Little man, you’ve had a busy life. And the fact that you have that earthy Garfield quality has helped. It’s given a Puckish honesty to your Andy Hardy. It will help you make the step to grown-up roles. What’s adolescence to a Rooney?

Paul Muni wanted to play Bee-thoven—but he was a little afraid. Instead, he is doing James Hilton’s “We Are Not Alone.” Muni doesn’t want to be typed in spite of his hopes to play the composer. Let him tell you his reasons:

“It is just as easy and just as dangerous for an actor to become typed in the kind of stories he uses for his screen appearance as it is to become typed as an actor who plays only one kind of role. I do not want to become a ‘biography actor.’ To break the apparent chain of biographies—I have already made one of Pasteur, one of Zola and the current one of Juarez—I set out to find a lighter, modern story for my next picture.”

Of Juarez,” Muni has some interesting comments: “The parallel with present conditions in the world is too close to be ignored. I have fewer lines than are usually allotted to me in a picture. In the stage play from which the script was partially adapted, the character, Juarez, was an unseen force, an ‘off-stage presence,’ one who dominated the actors on the stage, but made no appearances.

“IT was not easy for either scenarist or actor to bring the powerful, behind-the-scenes character of the play into actuality on the screen. Every appearance and every brief speech was written and rewritten many times.”

Muni is a serious minded, slow-working, careful, conscientious actor. By pure force of hard work he has climbed to the pinnacle among Hollywood actors. It will be interesting, and a new kind of test for him, to try a modern fictional character, his first since 1935. He won’t have history as a bulwark—and the text will be worth watching.

Cecil De Mille, smartly attired in brown, paces his Plaza Hotel suite.

Then you’ll consider this good news: you can now buy EATON’S FINE WRITING PAPERS just as you do your fine linens, china or silverware... in OPEN STOCK styles... on a fill-in-as-you-need-it basis! Whether you buy sheets and envelopes at the same time or separately you can be certain of a dependable match over an extended period of time! Purchasing is easy, even by ‘phone or letter. You get GUARANTEED QUALITY AT A GUARANTEED SAVING... famous Eaton papers like Highland Linen, Petersburgh 1850, Shadonet and others... at 14% to 92% better values. Buy the OPEN STOCK way to cut out the waste of left-over sheets and “orphan” envelopes... and have smart writing paper that always matches!

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Miss Rosson, his secretary for 28 years and a sister of the Rosson brothers who are directors and cameramen,hovered about anxiously.

“The total gross of the pictures I have personally directed in the last fifteen years, up to ‘Union Pacific,’ is exactly $41,907,052.75,” he remarks meditatively.

“The biggest gross achieved by any of my pictures was reached by ‘The Ten Commandments.’ It ran over five million dollars. My first big gross was hit by ‘Male and Female.’ That went to a million and a half, a sizeable figure for its day.

“The screen today is too drab. It has grown a little dull, talking endlessly of money. That accounts for the vague of historical pictures. We want to get away from the everyday realities.”

You’re the grey fox of Hollywood, C.D., with your tremendous profits that sound like a whole day’s spending in the Senate. You do know your screen audiences. So, when you say you are going to do more history, you probably know what the public wants. The next picture may deal with the American Revolution, you say. Nobody has ever been able to humanize those decorative days on stage or screen. Everybody looks stuffed in those stiff uniforms and stiff petticoats, those wigs and peri-wigs. But, if anybody can do the trick, you can. Didn’t you, in “Union Pacific,” make a whole railroad take a bath? Remember the epic collapse of the water tower?”
Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo, which is then steamed into scalp and hair for a time, according to your particular needs. A thorough shampoo follows. One treatment like this and most unruly hair is then ready for a satisfactory permanent. In some extreme cases, two or three treatments may be necessary before a permanent and after, to really get the hair in good condition. However, most cases respond with one. A good suggestion then is a weekly shampoo with the Fitch Shampoo, and a Steam Treatment about every two months. That seems simple, expensive and well within the reach of every girl and small budget. A great many beauty shops offer this Fitch treatment; and if you take this advice, while you are getting your treatment ask your operator to let you read the Fitch book, "Reconditioning Difficult Hair." It will give you valuable understanding of your own problem and is very interesting reading.

I might add that some of the loveliest hair I have seen is regularly shampooed at home with this Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo. It is not only an excellent cleanser, but it allows you to wash away any traces of dandruff, but a revitalizer, as your shining, hair—looking hair will tell you. Ask the men what they think about this shampoo. Men, you know, demand very immediate and practical results from their grooming aids. And they get them in Fitch's.

When you next set your hair or have it set, see that Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic is used for this purpose. It has a certain lubricating effect and gives deep, lustrous waves. At Hollywood, I learned a little grooming trick, which you might try with this tonic. There is hardly a star, who, between shampoos, doesn't use a tonic on cotton for a quick cleansing of the face hairline an inch or two into the scalp. Get a piece of cheesecloth, soap suds and powder, have a way of creeping into this area. Quickly they dim the shine and color of hair close to the face, where it is so important. The quick use of your tonic here will keep that area clean and shining. If a cold or lack of time prevents you from using a shampoo, always use your tonic in this manner over your entire head for a temporary cleansing. Afterwards, brush your hair thoroughly, wiping the brush now and then so that oil and dust are not carried back to your hair.

I promise you a welcome surprise, if you try this Reconditioning Treatment—lovely looking hair. Then, what to do with it? Lovely hair should be worn to show its fullest beauty.

Hair styling is a problem. All girls know that. If you've wondered how you'd look with different styles, you can find out from the way you now wear it, but have lacked the courage for a cut and arrangement you might find unbecoming or difficult to care for, here is news! With every purchase of a bottle of Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo, comes free an intriguing package of Hollywood-try on Hair Styles, literally coiffure patterns in the form of cardboard cut-outs that try on as you would a new hat. Try them, study your face, decide just what smart, current style is most flattering to you. There are twelve up-to-the-minute styles. In six shades of hair, this color variation of special help to the girl who has felt responsible to lighten or darken her tresses. You'll be pleasantly surprised by this Toll that is not only fashionable, but shade for you, also. For girls who are weary of their present appearance, here is a quick-change idea that saves time, expense and disappointment. You'll enjoy this experience.

Now perhaps you've often looked at your face and realized that it is not entirely without grace and charm. Perhaps, also, you've felt that someone might take that face and accent it here, subdue it there, to add individuality and a harmonize such a defect of beauty not so classical beauty. If only you could consult someone at hand to consult! To your aid now comes Perc Westmore, a facial artist of a rare kind, who with one keen glance can tell you what to remember, what to forget, in your face, and show you, through make-up, how to achieve an ideal face, according to type. There are, says Mr. Westmore, seven basic types and the subject requires pages to cover. If you want a fascinating book, covering the whole subject of refashioning your face to its best beauty, then you will find intense interest and practical and artistic help in Mr. Westmore's "Perfect Make-Up Guide," for sale at any Woolworth store or at the New York offices, House of Westmore, at 730 Fifth Avenue, for twenty-five cents.

This is a very complete piece of work, profusely illustrated with star pictures and including a measuring wheel, by which you can type your own face. There is information on how to select your make-up colors—that is certainly a problem for most of us—and eye make-up and eyebrow styling, both so very important in the expression and appeal of your face. There are pages telling you how to analyze your face, how to accent or subdue features, how to reshape a contour through make-up, how to make your mouth lovely, and many other special ways of detecting and perfecting that beauty that is yours alone.

Surely no one is better equipped to write such a guide than Mr. Westmore, whose works of art are such screen faces as Bette Davis, Claudette Colbert, Sonja Henie, Loretta Young, Carole Lombard and many others. Rare, as Mr. Westmore will tell you, is the feminine face that hasn't some beauty just as rare, too, are the girls who naturally know how to dramatize and bring out that beauty. But this is an art that can be learned. I can think of no better way to spend a quarter than for this most helpful book. It is a long step toward becoming that girl you want to be.
Whirling Around With Lya

(Continued from page 47)

Lya told me all this twist New York and Philadelphia. When we got back to New York she found that she was to appear as guest star on a popular radio program. Radio doesn’t faze her. She took a copy of the script to the hairdresser and read it under the drier. Then she rushed off to the broadcasting studio just in time to go on the air. As usual, she was the calmest person involved. While waiting for her cues, she blew kisses to her friends in the glass-enclosed control booth. Her voice is low and rather effectual as it comes through the radio speaker. When we complimented her on her voice after the program, she confided that she could sing when the mood was on her.

After pecking into several restaurants around Broadway for dinner (she was very particular that night) we landed into a place called the Tavern, where, again, she seemed to know everyone. Lya likes plenty of ice with her food. She started by gulping quantities of ice water. When I warned her that ice water is not good for digestion when she turned on me and said, “Don’t tell me what’s good for me. My mother is a doctor, my uncles are doctors and all my aunts are doctors and they have been telling me what’s good for me all my life!” So we finished dinner and before going to the Waldorf’s Sert Room to dance I stopped off to buy some bicarbonate.

When the Waldorf palled, Lya began to yank for the Stork Club again. There she met Medvedev, whose face who had recently returned from Germany and who had written the story “The Man Who Walked With God” which is to be a forthcoming picture for Miss Lys. Lya told us how she had been detained by Nazi agents in Hamburg, how she had been taken off the train and accused of making derogatory remarks about the government and how her money and most of her belongings had been confiscated. Little wonder that she does not care to go home.

On the evenings that followed, Lya saw Katherine Hepburn’s performance in “The Philadelphia Story” and commented favorably on the leading lady’s wardrobe. Lya, herself, has impeccable taste in clothes. From the theatre we wrapped over to 211 to say hello to some of Lya’s friends and thence to the smart and corroborating El Morocco where Lya posed for some very candid camera studies. The best dressed women, Lya decided, were at Morocco—and all American, to judge by their studious air. It’s an interesting fact, an expressive mouth, that I said—with a smile—“What pretty lips you have,” and she replied with logic, “It is better that you should like the person, not the lips.”

The next day word came from the coast asking Lya to return for the filming of a new picture, called “The Fighting 69th.” Shortly before train time she startled her friends again by saying, “How can the train leave? I am not yet packed!” With the help of four friends and a professional valet she succeeded in putting her things into their respective containers. Through all the packing she calmly ran a comb through her long golden hair. I counted fourteen combs scattered about the suite. We arrived at the station with very little time to spare, but in the brief moment before the train pulled out Lya expressed her regret at having to leave the great city.

“But I’ll be back,” she added matter-of-factly, “for personal appearances!” She will too, if I have anything to say about it.

Reviews

(Continued from page 50)

HOTEL FOR WOMEN

Features A New Discovery— Twentieth Century-Fox

Well, if you were holding your breath for Elsa Maxwell’s screen debut, here it is. The famous party planner for one of her parties has burned itself on the screen for your delight, but it doesn’t look so hot, believe me. However, Elsa’s parties for the smart folk, in real life, so they tell me, are not so dull as the screen would have you believe. The debut honors of the picture, anyway, seem to go to Linda Darnell, Mr. Zanuck’s newest discovery, who has as pretty a face and figure as you’ll see in a month of Sundays. You’ll be seeing Miss Linda of Dallas, Texas, in bigger and better pictures. Linda plays a sweet naive young girl who arrives in New York expecting her back home boy to rush her to the altar. But he has gone for glamour and wealth in the shape of the boss’s daughter, so Linda is pretty crushed and is on her way back to Syracuse when she falls in with the sophisticated inmates of a smart New York women’s hotel. She becomes an artist’s model—and good old fashioned

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melodrama sets in with a seduction scene, a shooting, and Linda rushing to her boy friend's arms. The highspots of the picture属于 Arendt's character. A young Southern who plays a wise-cracking chorus girl who knows all the answers. A special award should be given Ann for rescuing pictures from the doldrums. Jimmy Ellison plays the long-suffering father of this child-话剧演员的，其中一位是André Barmet. Director Gregory Ratoff deserves better stories than this.

GOLDEN BOY
William Holden Surpasses Expectations

A DAPTED from the Clifford Odets' hit play of the same title, "Golden Boy" reaches the screen as one of the most powerfully dramatic pictures of the year—and lays itself wide open to an Academy Award. Magnificently played by Robert Mantan, there are moments of rare beauty, of haunting pathos; and, always, it is thoroughly absorbing. Will iam Holden plays Joe Bonaparte, the young Italian boy from New York's East Side, who has the gift of an artist and the body of a prizefighter. Columbus's search for a Golden Boy was second only to Selznick's search for a Scarlett O'Hara—and may it be said that their search couldn't have come out better. Young Holden, who was "discovered" at the Pasadena Playhouse, in this, his first picture, can climb right up on top with the old-timers. Giving Mamoulian and Barbara Stanwyck credit for his remarkable performance, it is a happy and total image of the whole thing. Barbara (beautifully photographed for a change, thank goodness) is excellent as the 'dame from Newark' who makes a fighter out of Joe Bonaparte, and then, in romorose, sends him back to his father and his violin. In the brilliant cast are Adolph Menjou as the fight manager, Joseph Calleia as the gangster, Beatrice Bliss as Joe's sister, and Sam Levene as Joe's highly amusing brother-in-law. But the greatest acting honors must go to Robert Mantan, who plays Joe's father, a heart-broken, beaten old man, who simply can't understand money when there are such beautiful things in life as music. You'll gulp and choke at all of Mr. Cobb—who, it might amaze you to know, is only twenty-seven years old! There is only one real fight sequence, and that is so dramatic and heart-breaking that women will like it as well as men.

THE STAR MAKER
Bing and A Group of Talented Kids

BING at his worst! Mrs. Crosby's little boy portrays the thrilling, true-to-life story of one of Broadway's greatest characters—Gus Edwards. It was Gus Edwards who wrote hit songs and turned them into hits. Only his name is Miss Jones to the theatre bookers he clicks big! Things are going along grand when "child labor" steps in and slaps him down—and just when he has his star pupil (Linda Ware) ready for the footlights. He turns her over to Walter Drake. A hit at Carnegie Hall, and eventually the "Star Maker" ties up with the newly discovered radio and finds another fortune. Linda Ware, Paramount's new discovery, who can hit notes that are simply beyond the reach of any other soprano, is advanced, publicity. There are a lot of cute, talented kids in the picture, and such old reliables as Laura Hope Crews playing a stage mother, and Ned Sparks a press agent.

THE WIZARD OF OZ
Wonderful, Whether You're 6 or 60—M.G.M.

THE kids will eat this up! And so will the grown-ups, too! L. Frank Baum's 'Wizard of Oz.' books have been childhood classics for years, and everyone known about Dorothy, the Tin Woodman, the Straw Man, and the wonderful land of Oz. Produced lavishly and in startlingly beautiful Technicolor, the screen version of "The Wonderful Wizard of Oz" is a real and exquisite fantasy of the original books. (Those old die-hard's who said that fantasy could not be successfully presented on the screen with human actors will now have to eat their words.) Judy Garland makes the dear little dog, gets blown away from her home in Kansas in a hurricane and finds herself in the land of Oz. Homesick, she wants to get back to her aunt and uncle in Kansas, but the only person who can "magic" her back is the Wizard who lives in the Emerald City. On her way to ask a favor of the Wizard, she has numerous adventures, and meets up with such charming people as the Straw Man (Ray Bolger), the Tin Woodman (Jack Haley) who wants a heart, and the Cowardly Lion (Bert Lahr) who wants courage. Good old Frank Morgan turns out to be the Wizard, and, in the musical comedy manner, grants the requests of Dorothy and her friends.

WHEN TOMORROW COMES
Not As Good As "Love Affair"—Universal

IRENE DUNNE and Charlie Boyer, the famous romantics of "Love Affair," are united again under the direction of John M. Stahl. The picture, unfortunately, is rather slow-paced and disjointed. The two popular stars are excellent, as usual, and deserving of a much better story. The handsome Boyer, who makes women flutter both on and off the screen, drops in at Karbs' Restaurant one night and is served a forty-five-cent special de luxe blue plate by waitress Irene Dunne. Once intrigued by Irene, as who wouldn't be, he follows her to a union meeting where she makes a stirring speech on the sisterhood of the working class. The next afternoon she spends an idyllic hour or so with him on his sailboat, and in the picture it is revealed that he is a famous concert pianist. They are caught in a hurricane on their way back to the city and find refuge in the choir loft of a small church. They love each other, but it's no dice, because Mr. Boyer acts as the husband in this case— but sane enough to hold on to him. The picture ends abruptly with one of the most beautiful love scenes ever acted.

STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE
Truly an Epic—20th Century-Fox

THERE is no hokum in this almost scholarly account of the famous meeting between Professor M. Stanley and Dr. Livingstone in "darkest Africa." The picture sticks strictly to facts. Even the colorful backgrounds are authentic. Spencer Tracy gives one of his best performances as the American newspaper reporter who is sent out by his newspaper editor (Henry Hull) to find the long lost Dr. Livingstone for a newspaper "scoop." Imagine his surprise when he discovers that the good missionary does not want to be found! He is greatly happy in the humanitarian work he is doing with the ignorant natives. Sir Cedric Hardwicke is perfect in the role of the kindly Dr. Livingstone, the most beloved man in Africa. Important in the cast are Charles Coburn, as the arrogant publisher of the London Globe; Richard Greene, his son, but Stanley's champion; Nancy Kelly, who becomes Stanley's inspiration on his physically impossible trek through the African veldt; and Walter Brooke, who is sent from London to accompany Stanley on all his hazardous trips. It is a story of a man who finds himself, simply told, and exquisitely acted.

LADY OF THE TROPICS
Hedy Slays 'Em Again—M.G.M.

THE great news in this picture is that Hedy Lamarr is not just a "flash in the pan" as so many of the professional be-betties in Hollywood predicted. "Beautiful, yes," they said after 'Aliger,' "but can she act?—no!" Well, pretty Miss Hedy now proceeds to make liars out of them. Not only does her beauty make her the most glamourous star on the screen today, but in this picture she proves she is a skillful actress (she does a Camille for twenty minutes that would tax even a Bette Davis) and a definite personality. As stories go 'Lady of the Tropics,' a little something for every body, an old story of an old story, is not to be looked down upon by one who ought to know better, is certainly no great shakes—but thanks to the splendid trouping of Hedy and Bob Taylor you don't realize just how trite it really is. Bob and Hedy make the creation of a pair of lovers and could ever hope for, and it's only a matter of time before they'll be teamed again.

THE OLD MAID
For The Ladies—Warner Brothers

BETTE DAVIS and Miriam Hopkins, Hollywood's best dramatic actresses are co-starred in this most recent adaptation of Edith Wharton's mosty merry old maids. The picture is sombre, long, and so unhappy that women that like to weep will have themselves a perfect field day. Director Edmund Goulding has managed to grab this story of a flirt and a miss—first seen as a heart-broken girl with tragic scenes where she is a Major concert pianist. They are caught in a hurricane on their way back to the city and find refuge in the choir loft of a small church. They love each other, but it's no dice, because Mr. Boyer acts as the husband in this case—but sane enough to hold on to him. The picture ends abruptly with one of the most beautiful love scenes ever acted.
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WHAT GOES ON IN HOLLYWOOD FITTING ROOMS

IRIA TURNER'S ADVICE TO ALL HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS!
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He first admired her Tartan Plaids but he lost his heart to her lovely smile!

Your smile is priceless—it's YOU! Don't neglect "Pink Tooth Brush". Ipana and massage makes for firmer gums, brighter teeth!

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For without a radiant smile, a girl wins not admiration, but indifference. Pathetic the one who spends hour after hour selecting the style that best becomes her—but ignores "pink tooth brush."

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The very first time your tooth brush "shows pink"—see your dentist! It may not be serious—but get his advice. He may say that yours is another case of "lazy gums"—gums robbed of vigorous chewing by modern, soft foods—gums that need the "helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

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Get a tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage show you how bright and lovely your smile can be!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
for January 1940
Hollywood Whispers

Like the rest of us, Jeanette MacDonald and Joan Crawford like to hear what's new

Poor Cesar Romero, usually cast as a "heavy," very rarely gets to kiss a Glamour Girl on the screen. In fact, Cesar will bitterly tell you that he hasn't kissed a gal on the screen since he kissed Marlene Dietrich four years ago in "The Devil Is a Woman"—which is a hell of a long time between kisses. But the other day he got a break. The script called for him to kiss luscious-looking Virginia Field, but passionately, for a scene in "The Adventurer and the Lady." It happened on the hottest day of Southern California's sensational hot spell (a mere 107° in the shade), but Cesar gave it his all. When Virginia came up for air, she fanned herself and muttered, "Whew, it's too hot for sex."

Ann Sothern knows exactly what she is going to buy for herself the next time she gets her option picked up! A high fence! One Sunday morning recently she decided that she would putter about in the garden in the back of her new home in Beverly Hills. So without bothering with hair, make-up, or anything, and in her oldest and sloppiest slacks Ann rooted and up-rooted and dug and pruned for hours. Finally she stretched herself out on the grass for a brief rest and discovered to her horror a photographer with a candid camera casually peering over the bushes at her. Ann gets goose pimples when she thinks what those pictures are going to look like.

Everybody to his own taste, and Lupe Velez' taste in dogs is for the little shivering hairless chihuahuas. She has one named Mr. Kelly who accompanies her in the crook of her arm wherever she goes, and practically shivers Lupe's friends into nervous wrecks. One of Lupe's friends, wishing to be polite, stroked the little fellow the other day and said, "And how is Mr. Kelly today?"

"That," said Lupe with great dignity, "is not Mr. Kelly. That is Mrs. Kelly. I bought him a wife!"

Rosalind Russell says that her engagement which was announced in the Hollywood columns recently is all a mistake. "I was wearing a huge diamond ring to be sure," said Rosalind, "but it belonged to the studio property department. I wore it in one of the scenes in my picture and forgot to return it before I left for dinner at the Derby. How did I know all the columnists were going to parade past my table and get ideas? If I'm engaged to anyone it's the prop department."

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REFLECTING the MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

JANUARY, 1940

Silver Screen

Lester C. Grady
Editor

Elizabeth Wilson
Western Editor

Lenore Samuels
Assistant Editor

Frank J. Carroll
Art Director

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COVER PORTRAIT OF PRISCILLA LANE BY MARLON STONE

Dear Ed:

Well, here we are with Christmas right around the corner again and me on my way to the five-and-ten to do my Christmas shopping. I'm probably only getting into Mr. Claus's hair, but if he wants to know what to bring the movie boys and girls in Hollywood this year I can certainly be Santa's little helper. A bracelet in gold and emeralds from Carrière is all right, of course, and a snappy new Duesenberg dripping in chromium isn't to be sneezed at—but there are other things that will be far more appreciated, believe me. If Santa Claus really wants to be nice about it he should bring John Wayne another "Stagecoach," and Hedy Lamarr another "Aligiers." Gene Raymond could certainly do with some good publicity for a change. It's really criminal how Gene, a swell all-right guy with a great sense of humor, has been kicked about by the Press lately.

And Santa can just cancel those sables he has for Joan Blondell right now, and bring her instead the role of May Flavin in the picture that is being adapted from Myron Bring's book of the same name. Metro owns "May Flavin," but I am sure Santa could do a little fingalaging with Mr. Mayer—it would make Joan the happiest gal in Hollywood. Even better than a new tractor the Clark Gables would like to have is the chance to make their home town—first there was "Gone With the Wind," which just wouldn't get finished, and then Carole had to have an emergency appendectomy, and then they both had to do another picture. Those grand orchestra leaders, Roger Pryor and Tony Martin, would like to have picture contracts, not because they are particularly crazy about smearing themselves with grease-paint, but because they want to live in Hollywood with their adorable wives, Aline Donald and Alice Faye, and can you blame them! I wish the Old Guy with the Whiskers could get around to giving Nancy Carroll a "comeback." A swell actress, but golly, she got awful breaks. Much more than a new mink coat Ann Sheridan would appreciate less oomph and better parts in pictures.

And how about Santa finding a good comedy script for Harold Lloyd whose hilarious antics on the screen are just what we need these days? And every movie exhibitor who refuses to run double features ought to get a nice big box of Corona-Coronas. It would be grand if Santa could arrange to have one of Bette Davis' pictures end happily for a change.

And me—oh, I really don't want much for myself. I'm strictly the unselshype. But if Santa feels that he just must give me something I would be perfectly content on Christmas morning to find Clark Gable in one stocking and Tyrone Power in the other.
Adventure with the shipwrecked Gulliver among the tiny people of Lilliput land... 25,000 of them.

Laugh till your sides ache at the antics of Gabby, the town crier, the little fellow who discovered the giant Gulliver but couldn't find himself in the dark.

Meet King Little and his terrible tempered rival, King Bombo. Meet the charming Princess Glory and her brave lover, Prince David... hear them sing their love songs, "Forever" and "Faithful."

See the tiny Lilliputian horses drag the giant to King Little's castle. See Gulliver, single-handed, capture the entire Lilliputian battle fleet!

Threat to those three spies, Sneak, Snoop, and Snitch. Meet Twinkletoes, the carrier pigeon... Meet them all... laugh with them... sing with them eight never-to-be-forgotten Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger songs: "Faithful Forever," "Bluebirds in the Moonlight," "I Hear a Dream," "It's a Hap-Hap-Happy Day," "All's Well," "We're All Together Now," "Faithful," "Forever."

"IT'S A HAP-HAP-HAPPY DAY"—Words and Music by Al. J. Neiburg and Sammy Timberg & Winston Sharples
And a Very Mary (Martin) New Year!

The Great Mary ("My Heart Belongs to Daddy") Martin... as the singing sweetheart of Victor Herbert's Broadway... Allan Jones, as the star who means it when he sings "Kiss Me Again" to Mary... The Great Victor Herbert's most familiar melodies as the glorious background for a love story as romantic as yesterday, as real as today.

A Paramount Picture with
Allan Jones · Mary Martin · Walter Connolly
Lee Bowman · Judith Barrett · Susanna Foster · Produced and Directed by Andrew L. Stone
Screen Play by Russell Crouse and Robert Lively · Based on a story by Robert Lively and Andrew L. Stone

For January 1940
BEWARE SPOOKS! (Columbia) — Amusing. A Joe E. Brown farce with Joe playing a rookie cop who gets in wrong on his wedding day when he permits a killer to escape. From then on he manages quite neatly to get himself mixed up in various sordid affairs until finally he is fired and has time to go off honeymooning with wife, Mary Carlisle.

BAD LITTLE ANGEL (MGM) — Good. This is what might be called a conversation piece—in other words it's quaint and charming. The time is 1880, the locale a small town in New Jersey, with Virginia Weidler, a bible-reading orphan who believes that she's a hoodoo to her series of foster parents. Prominent in the cast are Guy Kibbee, Ian Hunter, Lois Wilson, Gene Reynolds, Reginald Owen and Elizabeth Patterson.

DANCING CO-ED (MGM) — Good. The luscious Lana Turner has her first starring role in this story of a professional dancer who is "planted" in a university when a contest to select the most talented co-ed is given nation-wide publicity. When Lana meets Richard Carlson, who edits "her college's newspaper," she gets a change of heart and lets Ann Rutherford win the contest. This is as light and gay as the morning.

DAY THE BOOKIES WENT, THE (RKO) — Good. Joe (wanna buy a duck) Penner plays a cab driver who, among all his buddies, is the only one who doesn't gamble on the ponies. So, you can imagine the fun when Joe is chosen to go to Kentucky and buy them a racing pony of their own. Joe's choice is a nag who can't run unless he has an alcoholic drink—and for honest-to-goodness "belly" laughs you must see the race he wins. (Betty Grable, Tom Kennedy.)

DISPUTED PASSAGE (Paramount) — Good. Lloyd C. Douglas, who also authored The Magnificent Obsession and

what turns out to be the "maddest marriage of the century." (C. Aubrey Smith, Billie Burke.)

EVERYTHING'S ON ICE (RKO) — Fair. Sonja Henie's only cinema rival so far is little Irene Dare who certainly knows what to do when she puts on a pair of skates and gets out on the ice. The story surrounding Irene's first screen effort is not so good as her skating, but it has a cast of sure-fire comedians including Roscoe Karns, Edgar Kennedy and George Meeker, who furnish laughs enough to forget the plot.

FAST AND FURIOUS (MGM) — Fair. This starts out to be one of those off-shoots of THE THIN MAN ideas, but the plot finally succeeds in bogging down all the lightness, all the charming goofiness it started out with. Franchot Tone and Ann Sothern make a good husband and wife team, but both deserve a better break.

HEAVEN WITH A BARBED WIRE FENCE (20th Century-Fox) — Good. Although there are no big marquee names in this film, it stands up nicely on its own.

The Green Light, wrote the novel from which this story of life in a medical college is filmed. Akim Tamiroff is splendid as the Viennese physician whose life is wrapped up in his work, John Howard is fine as the student, and Dorothy Lamour is passable as the American girl reared in China.

ESPIONAGE AGENT (Warner Brothers) — Fine. So timely is this story of the foreign spy ring preying on industries and the morale of the American people, it is like a glaring headline in the morning's newspaper. It is exciting, informative, romantic! Jeffrey Lynn and Joel McCrea play young Washington diplomats, and Brenda Marshall, an attractive newcomer, a counterpartage spy.

ETERNALLY YOURS (United Artists) — Fine. A beautifully produced, artistically directed film with a plot that is lighter than gossamer, but thoroughly charming throughout. In it we have David Niven in the role of a sensational magician who whisks Loretta Young right out of the arms of her fiancé, Broderick Crawford, into his own and into
account since it has a good story, good direction, and, more important, an idea. The story concerns a hitch-hiker, thumbing his way to Arizona where he owns a worthless ranch, and the human derelicts he befriends on the way. In the cast are Marjorie Rambeau and Jean Rogers.

HONEYMOON IN BEX (Paramount)—Fine. A very gay, casual, and charming story is unfolded, with Madeleine Carroll playing the beautiful vice-president of a large New York department store who believes that independence and freedom mean more to a woman than love and marriage (till she meets Fred MacMurray.

HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER, THE (United Artists)—Fair. A broad farce, mixing up in one dish the newspaper game and the gangster racket. It all depends on the mood you're in, but we'd advise you to take it for all the laughs you can get. Laughs are a bit hard to get these days. Joan Bennett plays the title role, Peggy Wood is her mother, John Hubbard her heart interest and Adolphe Menjou and Bill Gargan two dizzey newspaper men.

MUTINY IN THE BIG HOUSE (Monogram)—Excellent. This is straight, uncompromising drama, superbly directed and acted. The entire action takes place in a state penitentiary and the nucleus of the plot is an actual prison riot that took place about ten years ago. Charles Bickford is splendid as the kindly priest who tries to keep alive the spirit of men reduced from names to numbers, and the supporting roles are equally well cast.

RAINS CAME, THE (20th Century-Fox)—Excellent. Adapted from the best-selling novel of the same name, this has been turned into an equally popular picture. Myrna Loy plays the role of the wealthy and spoiled English society woman who meets up with a former beau (George Brent) in India just before the rains come, devastating the land and also the lives of our principal protagonists. Fine cast includes Tyrone Power, Brenda Joyce, and Maria Ouspenskaya.

RIO (Universal)—Good. If it’s melodrama you’ve been seeking, here it is in abundance, with the plot leading straight from gay Paree to a dismal penal colony in South America. Basil Rathbone is the prisoner in Rio, with the exotic Sigrid Gurie as his wife and Victor McLaglen as his best friend, and the entire plot hinges on Basil’s dramatic escape.

RULERS OF THE SEA (Paramount)—Fine. About a hundred years ago two Scotsmen, one old, one young, had a brilliant idea that one day the Atlantic would be crossed by steam boats instead of sail boats and together they worked out their imaginative vision into a definite reality. Their stirring story is told here in intensely dramatic fashion, with Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Will Fyffe and Margaret Lockwood playing the principal roles.

WOMEN, THE (MGM)—Excellent. If you want to make an impression on a man, girls, better leave him home when you see this brutally frank satire on your own sex. Of course, if they really love you, they’ll know that you couldn’t be like that. Oh, no! However, you’ll both have fun when watching the absolutely amazing antics of this group of society women played to perfection by Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Fontaine, Joan Crawford and Paulette Goddard.

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Lady Esther's
7-DAY NAIL POLISH

For January 1940
The stars may say one thing and mean another, so let's read between lines and see

FRANK CAPRA says he was a bit worried about how official Washington would receive his "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington." There was a swank premiere before the National Press Club and political Washington, if we may believe reports, was a bit annoyed. The underlying theme perturbed some of the senators, some of the Congressional representatives, even one or two newspaper men. But let Capra tell the story—

"Thank God this is a democracy with freedom of speech. You can tell a story without fear. My theme was one of an honest boy bucking dishonest politicians and, being in America, I could tell it as honestly as I knew how.

"You say that I get a feeling of sustained excitement into a picture, similar to the successful old silent films. I try, I know. If I hit any measure of that, it's because one man follows the picture all the way through. The film is never jammed up with too many minds.

"What is the background for a successful director? I can only say that mine was least suited. I worked my way up from selling papers in order to get to the California Institute of Technology. I worked my way through, too. I'm a graduate engineer, not exactly a preparation for manufacturing entertainment. But, after the first World War, there was no work for me. I'd always been interested in writing. In fact, I had planned ultimately to write popular scientific books. Not able to get anywhere with that idea, I drifted into pictures.

"I like Mr. Smith best of my pictures. I think, I realize that I failed with Lost Horizon. It didn't come off and some day I'd like to remake it. It was my fault entirely. I wasn't ready to tell that kind of story. I'm really only at home in the American scene, with people I know.

"What will the war do to pictures? Since the foreign market is gone, it will force a cut in production costs, probably. That ought to make films better. Not so many bad ones will be made. With less to spend, studios will be more careful about ideas. The trend will be toward entertainment, rather than lavishness. Sure, the war will help. A kick in the pants is good for any art now and then. Another good thing about hard times in any art—it automatically strikes out incompetents."

Capra hits upon the keynote of his success when he tells how he worked his way up from a newsboy. He knows life. He understands humanity. And he's right when he says that too many bosses ruin a picture. That's why his pictures possess the sustained gusto of the old time silent successes.

WHAT'S it feel like to be the national Oomph girl? I asked Ann Sheridan out, in spite of a bad cold, she worked up quite a visible little sinuosity. In a moment she speaks huskily for herself. First let me repeat how it all started. It seems that Walter Winchell happened to mention that Ann had umph. Winchell spelled it that way. Taking his cue, the Warner publicity chief, Bob Toplinger, transformed her into the nation's Oomph girl.

"Tired of oomph? Of course, I am. People keep staring at me for oomph symptoms. They expect some sort of demonstration at any moment. I can just say one thing—whatever it is, if you haven't got it, don't get it. Naturally, I appreciate the publicity. It did a lot for me. No-

"I know of no two stars who enjoy working together more than Bill Powell and I," says Myrna Loy. Below: "People keep staring at me for oomph symptoms," laments misunderstood Ann Sheridan.

"I like Mr. Smith best of my pictures, I think," declares genial Director Frank Capra. "I realize that I failed with Lost Horizon. It didn't come off and some day I'd like to remake it. I wasn't ready."
body much had heard of me in crowded Hollywood. But it made the going tough. People expect you to radiate sex. Only the other day an amateur song writer mailed me a melody dedicated to me: 'I'm Crazy About This Oomphy Girl of Mine.' Fans wait outside the hotel and say, 'Just sign a photo 'The Oomph Girl!'

I wanted to see New York, but with the title of Oomph Girl I had to stick to the exclusive night spots. You know, places like El Morocco, the Stork Club and so on. And all the time I was longing to see the Brooklyn Bridge, to check on the Statue of Liberty and go up to the top of the Empire State Building. But that sort of lark curiosity is barred to an oomph girl.

"Ambitious? Sure. I'd like to learn to act. Some time I would like to be one tenth as good as Bette Davis. Then maybe I can live down that oomph."

As soon as my typewriter cools a bit (mention of oomp does that to the old machine), I want to tell Ann that she shouldn't worry about acting. Who cares? She's pretty and, in spite of her protests, I can't believe she hates the oomph tide. Oomph, or it or something akin, has turned empires upside down through the ages. And I've seen Ann melt such cynics as hardboiled publicity men and motorcycle scouts right under my eyes. Which proves, if anything, that publicity men believe their own phrases and cops are just human.

THOSE being desperate days, the great movie public wants to laugh—desperately. In ordinary run-of-the-basket years, Myrna Loy's playing of the worldly wife in search of emotional adventure in London Browfield's The Rains Came would have been hailed as fine acting. But nisic catalyisms such as sex on the loose, earthquakes and floods roll off the public knife like peas these days. The public has its own Grade A catalyism knocking at the door. So it awaits Myrna's return to comedy with Bill Powell. Says Myrna hopefully—

"Working with William Powell again is like visiting your home town after a long absence. For a brief moment, everything seems unusual and then suddenly you are right back in tune with all the familiar surroundings."

I know of no two stars who enjoy working together more than Bill and I. On the screen, it is natural teamwork. Off screen, it is the meeting of two kindred senses of humor. The gags we've sprung on one another have been widely publicized. They are all true and the reported fun we've had is equally true. I need only remind you that people don't kid persons they don't like.

"From the time we breezed through what we thought was a 'nice little picture' in 1934 and discovered that 'The Thin Man' was a box-office hit, until we finished Double Wedding just two years ago, we've made six pictures together. Working as a team has become more than second nature—it is now the normal thing."

"When Bill became ill, our movie partnership was temporarily dissolved. But not our friendship; my husband and I probably have no dearer friend than Bill. So, there was no 'long lost' renewal of friendship when we started 'Another Thin Man.' But there was genuine excitement and pleasure when I did my first scene again as Bill's screen wife."

Anyway, Myrna is back in her home town—comedy. And the public should forget her interlude. Our own liking of Myrna centers in the fact that she is true movie, entirely an outgrowth of pictures. I like to see our own film gals make good. I'm old fashioned like that. That's why I always have a cheer for the Crawfords, the Shearers and the rest of the real Hollywood nobility.

I LONA MASSEY faces her real test in the forthcoming Nelson Eddy musical film, "Balalaika." The producers, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, had enough faith in her to give her almost two years of preparation. Which is extraordinary, in itself. But nothing really means anything, except your approval. And Lona is awaiting your verdict. Let's let her tell her hopes—

"Three years ago I saw Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in 'Maytime.' It was one of the few movies I had ever seen. At the time I had been singing for two years in the Stants Opera in Vienna. 'Maytime' spurred my ambition to come to America. I cannot remember how many times I saw the picture, it was so often.

"I read everything I could find about America and Hollywood. I dreamed of"

[Continued on page 14]
Christmas Stocking-Fillers and Treasures for Her Tree

By
Mary Lee

Fragrance of perfume, possession of long-wanted gadgets, gifts that mean more beauty—these spell Christmas!

Above: Radiant Rita Johnson, with her gift of gifts, Max Factor Hollywood Color Harmony Make-Up Set for "her" type, plus five other requisites. This treasure is $6.53.

At left: The angels sing! And so will you when you see these Angel Notes by Eaton. Two convenient sizes of fine, pen-smooth vellum finish in one box—the semi-note and the thank-you note. Gracious sizes for the brief message. Semi-note size has colored border and tissue lined envelope; thank-you notes are in parcel with white border. Price $1.

Men's Oui, by Bourjois, pronounced "May We," and meaning "But Yes," is a challenge to male hearts. For it is crisp, gay, provocative, an invitation with a thrill of suspense. Even its package is flirtatious, and I assure you it causes reactions! Men's Oui comes in sizes from $1.25 to $10, every size with identical details of sophisticated packaging shown.
Hampden's Powder'd-Base takes on a holiday air because it is a beauty "must" when this gay and happy season rolls around. To go to a party with your complexion its loveliest and to know that it will continue that way for hours is a little private joy that users of Powder'd-Base all know. It is a real good-will-toward-girls thought to tuck this dainty package in their Christmas stockings. The price, 50¢ and $1.

"Vaniteen," by Princess Pat, is a streamlined vanity, resembling a golden candle. Press against puff and loose powder sifts out of the tip, while the base opens to reveal rouge and wee puff. "Vaniteen" is sheathed in a transparent case with flame-colored flare. Tiny wire loops it to tree. $1.

A practical gift that means pretty hands, and weeks and weeks of them, is this Christmas version of Jergens Lotion. The giant size is attractively cased to carry the season's greetings and an excellent skin softener and smoother. The Christmas price is $1.

When any girl leaves home, she needs a bottle kit, if only for a weekend or for a month. So Kleinert made a beauty for gift purposes, a gay affair of richly blended stripes, roomy, and just right for bottles, boxes and miscellany. There is a little bell at the end of the Conmar slide fastener—just for fun. The kit comes in a red lacquer box with green ribbon and holly. In notions or toilet goods sections of department stores. $2.

Very new is the gold and blue velour boxful of beauty by Tangee, opposite. It contains the incomparable Tangee lipstick, rouge compact, face powder and Tangee Amado perfume. The receiver will bless the thought that prompted a coordination of all her make-up in the correct tone for her type and added the grace of a lovely perfume. Here, indeed, is more beauty for a long time to come. The complete box is $2.50.

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MR. A.: Blow! I hate the very thought of having to take a cathartic.
MR. B.: You wouldn't, if you'd try Ex-Lax. It tastes swell—just like chocolate.

LATER
MR. A.: Hey! I feel like a million this morning! That Ex-Lax sure is great stuff!
MR. B.: You said it, pal! We've been using Ex-Lax in our family for more than thirty years!

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.

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for January 1940

13
Going to America. Then I decided that if my dream was ever to come true, I must do something about it.

Let's interrupt here to say that the Mogul of Metro, Louis B. Mayer, heard her sing in Vienna—and signed her. Over here, she was given one role, in "Rosalie." Then more practice.

"I did nothing but study for seventeen months, learning English, taking singing lessons, dramatic coaching and trying to make the most of my opportunity. I am interested only in my work. I live quietly with my Aunt Theresa. I rarely go to parties, because I need all of my strength for the work that is more important to me than anything else. I have no romances. I am not interested in romance. Now that my big chance has come in 'Balalaika,' I do not intend to sit back and congratulate myself. Instead, I will work all the harder. This, I realize, is just the beginning. I still have so much to learn and it is learning that makes me happiest. While I am not making a picture, I still must take fifteen hours of singing lessons a week to improve my voice. I am constantly trying to improve my English. My only ambition is to be worthy of the great opportunity America has given me. That means I must devote all of my time and energy to it."

Which is zeal, plus. Personally I'm cynical enough to believe that the movie public doesn't care a hang about zeal. It wants pleasant, personable amusement. The public can be heartless, too. It doesn't give a rap about your fifteen hours of singing lessons, Iona, I regret to report. That ol' devil personality will carry you a lot farther than hitting high C just exactly right. Relax, Iona—but hold your hat. Tell Aunt Theresa to hold hers, too. You're coming to a sharp curve in the road.

Nobody is more serious about things than a comedian. Let's consider Groucho Marx as Exhibit A. He's worried about the future of the films, along with the stage and radio. I caught him on the verge of tears in his luxurious New York hotel suite just before his "At the Circus" opened. Here was the world going all wrong and nobody giving a hang. So let's let Groucho give his hang—

"The movies need less restrictions, less hide-bound rules. They should be honestly describing what actually goes on in the world. Instead the films are held to the boy-loves-girl formula. Fortunately for the screen, the stage has gone stagnant and decadent. Look at the Broadway stage hit, The Little Foxes, which has been running for a year. An intimate two and a half hour study of a low blood-pressure middling class family of amazing meanness. Look at any New York musical show hit. Smutty and physical. I'm no prude, but I revolt at plain unadulterated, unimaginative dirt. But if the stage took its rightful place, the movies would have to fight for life—and have to fight hard.

"Look at the radio. You have all the restrictions of the movies, plus the sponsor. He's usually a manufacturer of wooden underwear who looks upon himself as an expert on what people want to hear. He's the reason why the shut-off knob is so important a feature of radio sets. No wonder they call it ether entertainment.

"One sponsor offered us an hour on the air each week. I told the man we couldn't be funny for sixty minutes and nobody else could be, either. However, spotted in right, timed right, at brief interludes, maybe, with the right material, we could do it. . . . Otherwise it would be synthetic suicide.

"If the radio was better, it would complete the massacre of the movies. As it is, the movies are just a bit better, just a bit honester and just a bit more amusing. But what about the future?"

A fair question—and Groucho's comments probably are true. That student of the dark side of things, Charlie Chaplin, doubtless would tell you the same thing. If you want to know the worst, consult your favorite comic. All clowns since Pagliacci have had breaking hearts.

ASU Pitts is one of the phenomena of the movies. She rode a phrase and a flutter to fame. Which, in itself, is a triumph of personality . . . or something. But, like everyone, ASU isn't entirely happy. Ambition still tugs at her sleeve. But let Miss Pitts speak in her own way—

"O-o-oh, dear! "I'd like to do something sincere and significant. You know, real acting. Oh, dear! But I'm a marked woman. I started in films way back in the old silent days. Let's see . . . about 1920. In 'The Little Princess' with Mary Pickford. I was Becky. I think she was called. I was coming along nicely after that. Acting, really acting. Erich von Stroheim gave me some fine breaks. Remember me in 'Greed?' A nice girl acting in front of a Plato sign. Von liked details like that, bless him. Then I did a lovely role in 'Sins of the Fathers,' with Emil Jannings, Ruth Chatterton and Jean Arthur. I seemed all set as a serious dramatic actress. For that matter, Mr. Jannings seemed to have a definite spot in American films. Then the films acquired speech.

"That was the turning point. I was cast in the second all-talkie, 'The Dummy,' with Fredric March, Ruth Chatterton and Jack Oakie. Words from the screen, those first spoken syllables, carried vast significance. If you remember, they kept me saying 'Oh, dear!' in moments of tension—and I became a marked woman. I've been saying 'O-o-oh, dear, ever since. I go on oh, dearing in everything but the news reels. I should think the public would be good and bored with me, but Hollywood thinks different, apparently, 'O-o-oh, dear!'"

And the ZaSu Pitts hands flattered hopelessly. In brief, La Pitts has become a symbol of amusing frustration. Sure of a laugh or two. And Hollywood has to be sure. It rarely adventures. That sort of thing costs too much. It can't take chances. So ZaSu has about as much chance of doing serious things as Paul Muni has of doing an unhistorical clown. Don't tell me that ZaSu had a serious role in Nurse Edith Cavell. English directors don't count in arguments like this.

Success hasn't gone to Brenda Joyce's head. She still goes to parties and premieres with the boy she went around with in school, Owen Ward.
Hollywood Whispers

[Continued from page 4]

Loretta Young and Jimmy Stewart are hand-holding again, and this time, their friends swear, they aren't fooling. With David Niven returning to England, Jimmy is one of the fortunate eligibles young bachelors left in Hollywood. Loretta, have a heart!

Sonja Henie and Alan Curtis can be found dancing away like mad in the popular Hollywood night clubs several evenings a week. Sonja likes dancing so much (or maybe it's Alan Curtis) that she has completely forgotten her former rule of no night clubbing while working in a picture. Sonja's small, brown-eyed and blonde, and Alan is tall, dark and handsome and they make a very striking couple.

Now that Miriam Hopkins has a Reno divorce, Director Anatole Litvak, her recent ex, is free to marry the Oomph Girl whom he has been dating constantly ever since Miriam took a plane to Nevada. When Ann left for a personal appearance tour in New York the attractive "Tola" found an excuse for showing up in the big town. The studio says it's marriage for their Oomph Girl, but maybe Miss Sheridan has a mind of her own.

Gregory Ratoff, who directed Tyrone Power and Jean Arthur in "Day of the Dolphin," discovered a slight error in his script girl had made. The cast and crew gave the girl, who has never been known to make a mistake, the raspberry. Ratoff was very angry and defended her with: "What's the matter, can't the poor girl make a mestake? Do you think she's infamable?"

Incidentally, at the end-of-the-picture party, the whole cast and crew decided to give Linda a gift for doing so well, Someone found out what she wanted most and they gave it to her—a handsomely bound Bible. and a fountain-pen! Her own had been left in Dallas in boxes packed for storage.

Nelson Eddy's songs in "Balalaika" will soon be heard by the public via phonograph records. He is singing "Ride, Cosack, Ride," "Volga Boatman," "At the Balalaika," and a love duet for a national phonograph firm, with the studio symphony orchestra conducted by Nathaniel Finstone.

One of the most charming of the Hollywood young couples' homes is that of the Louis Haywards (Ida Lupino). Perched comfortably atop one of Brentwood's highest hills, the white brick, English-type bungalow has one of the most expansive views in Southern California. The Haywards admit they have always inclined to cliff-dwelling, and here indeed they have achieved the peak. In furnishing the house they agreed to eliminate the Hollywood touch—"no mirrors, no white rugs." One of the first discoverees they made after moving in was that there was no dining room. They decided they could do much better without a play room than they could without a dining room, so the play room was renovated. Result, the most charming spot in the house—an old English inn-like arrangement, with a long rough wood table and wooden benches on either side instead of individual chairs. A round fire-place at one end, old hunting prints and pewter about the walls make Ralph Forbes' comment to Louis just about right—"All this and heaven, too, old boy? But definitely too much."

A bow to Gracie Allen for her explanation of why President Roosevelt moved up the Thanksgiving date. Says she: "I'll bet he did it so that he could give the Republicans the BIRD a week earlier."

W E wouldn't be surprised if the headline romance between George Raft and Norma Shearer has sputtered out. Virginia Peine is in the East, as the columnists report, but not to flee the scene of a broken romance. Unless my grapevine fails, Virginia is in New York to see Mrs. George Raft, and persuade her that she should agree at long last to give George a divorce. If she succeeds, and Virginia can be persuasive, look for a new Mrs. Raft, and not in the person of the former Miss Shearer.

Mrs. Louie, mother of Priscilla, Rosemary and Lola, is past being annoyed at the constant rumors that Pat is married to Oren Haslund, because it is becoming amusing. In the first place, says Mrs. Lane, Pat wouldn't get married that way. Marriage is too important to her. And in the second place, she has never kept a secret from her in her entire life. But the truth of the matter is that Pat hates to discuss her personal life, because it is embarrassing, and also because there is a bit of deviltry about letting peopleounder around and keep guessing.

Don't be surprised if the next few weeks bring revolutionary changes in the set-up of that biggest Sunday radio show. Nelson Eddy's withdrawal from the cast is only the first step in the sponsors' plan to revamp the show completely, building the show around a new program about Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy. Don Ameche, away from the program now to recover from a serious attack of ulcers, may be one of those affected. So may Dorothy Lamour. The sponsors have discovered that Dottie's sarongs don't show over the air.

Red has invaded the boudoir as well as the bright spots. Jane Bryan has a red wool coffee jacket with matching mules she wears over a red and white pin-stripped chiffon nightie. Then there's Gloria Dickson giving plenty of glow to her white satin lounging pajamas with a red taffeta negligee.

Ann Sheridan, being a redhead can't wear red, but she likes red. Ann Sheridan, being a redhead, can wear green, and she likes green. So she cleverly combines the two by keeping the dangerous shade away from her face. Her pet dress is a dinner gown swathed like Venus' drapes showing a red skirt, and a bodice, crushed sash and long tight sleeves in green.

And speaking of green, Greer Garson, Hollywood's most glamorous redhead, fairly stole the show at the premiere of "Babes in Arms" when she arrived—one minute before 'the lights went out—in a brilliant green jersey evening gown, high around the neck, and sweater tight. My, my! We're still gasping!
Will Bette Win Again?

Will the Academy Award Champions of last year again come through or has the competition in 1939 been too strong for them?

JUST a year ago this month, the 12,000 Hollywood individuals who are qualified to cast a vote in the deliberations of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences awarded the gold statuettes of 1938 to Bette Davis, for her characterization of Julie, in “Jezebel;” to Spencer Tracy, for his portrayal of Father Flannagan, in “Boy’s Town;” to Director Frank Capra, for “You Can’t Take It With You;” to Fay Bainter, for her supporting role in “Jezebel;” and to Walter Brennan, for his supporting role in “Kentucky.” Twelve months later, the jury of 12,000 (recruited from the Academy and the Screen Actors, Directors and Writers’ Guilds), assembles again to pass judgment on the $500,000,000 worth of pictures which were shipped out of the studios of the world last year and to select the blue-ribbon contributions of the creative artists.

Let us first regard the defending champions of 1938—Bette Davis, Spencer Tracy and Director Frank Capra. Miss Davis has fired four broadsides in defense of her “Oscar;” she has to her credit “Dark Victory,” “Juarez,” “The Old Maid” and “The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex.” Tracy has been only half as active with “Stanley and Living-

Spencer Tracy will depend on his performances in “Stanley and Livingstone” and “Northwest Passage” to win again. Other Academy Award possibilities are Paul Muni, James Cagney, Alice Faye, Vivien Leigh, Charles Boyer, Mickey Rooney and Carole Lombard. All have contributed topnotch performances especially Vivien Scarlett Leigh.
and Spence

By Ed Sullivan

and "Northwest Passage" summing up a year's work. Director Frank Capra rests his title defense on "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington."

It is obvious that challengers have no easy road here, if the champions elected a year ago are to be overthrown, and yet greater upsets have been scored. Miss Davis must overpower Vivien Leigh, in "Gone With the Wind;" Rosalind Russell, in "The Women;" and Irene Dunne in "Love Affair." Tracy must meet the title bids of Jimmy Stewart in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington;" Robert Donat in "Goodbye Mr. Chips;" Jimmy Cagney in "The Roaring Twenties;" Laurence Olivier in "Wuthering Heights;" Clark Gable in "Gone With the Wind;" Henry Fonda in "Young Mr. Lincoln;" Paul Muni, in "Juarez" and "We Are Not Alone," and Laughton in "Hunchback of Notre Dame." Director Frank Capra must resist Victor Fleming's "Gone With the Wind," Sam Wood's "Goodbye Mr. Chips," William Wyler's fine production of "Wuthering Heights," Edmund Goulding's "The Old Maid," George Stevens' routing "Gunga Din," Clarence Brown's "The Rains Came" and so many others.

Numerically, or rather mathematically, the odds are most in favor of Bette Davis waging a successful defense of her title, because no other [Continued on page 59]

Bette Davis has had a most active and successful year in films and seems certain to repeat as an Academy Award winner. Others to be considered are Irene Dunne, James Stewart, Robert Donat, Rosalind Russell, Henry Fonda, Jean Arthur, Ginger Rogers, Laurence Olivier, and Priscilla Lane. Jimmy Stewart and Robert Donat are the dark horses.
"I AM one of those women who, as the saying is 'missed the boat'... women who dream of a husband, a home, and children—and never get them.

There is never a morning as I start out for work but that I wish I could remain at home to look after a family. There is never a twilight but that my loneliness comes out of the dusk to sadden me as I open the door of my empty flat.

It wasn't always like this. Men used to find me attractive. Two wanted to marry me. Then some unexplainable change took place in me. I met new men of course, but somehow their interest was only momentary. I could not fathom the reason for their indifference then, nor can I now. To this day I do not know what is wrong with me. I wish to heaven I did. It's no fun being thirty—and alone."

"Is anyone immune?" An unusual case, you say? Nothing of the sort. Countless women and men are probably in exactly the same situation right now—and ignorant of the reason for it.

After all, nothing repels others and kills a romance so quickly as halitosis (bad breath). Sometimes it is due to systemic conditions, but usually and fortunately it is caused by fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. And Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such food fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes.

"Why risk offending?" The insidious thing about this offensive condition is that you yourself seldom realize when you have it. At this very moment you may be guilty. But why risk offending when it is so easy to take precautions by using Listerine Antiseptic?

You simply rinse the mouth or gargle with it every night and morning, and between times before social or business engagements. It freshens and invigorates the mouth and your breath becomes sweeter, fresher, more agreeable to others.

"It's my passport to popularity" If you want people to like you, if you want to get along in business, use Listerine night and morning and between times when you want to be sure you're at your best. This wonderful antiseptic and deodorant may be the passport to popularity that you lack.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.
Topics For Gossip

Alice Faye and Tony Martin were tickled pink when they discovered that they could buy the Jack Haley ranch out in Encino. The Haley ranch, practically across the road from the Gable ranch, was exactly what Alice and Tony wanted. No more apartment houses and rented Beverly Hills homes for them. On their second wedding anniversary, which they celebrated recently, they gave each other nothing but household gifts. (Alice gave Tony garden tools, a lot of mechanical gadgets, and a desk set, while Tony presented Alice with towels, luncheon and dinner sets, bed linen, etc.) But, as you read in the newspapers, they had only been in their new home a few days when it burned down! They are planning to re-build immediately.

All Alice's clothes, with the exception of a house dress and pair of bedroom slippers, were burned in the fire, so Alice is now wearing clothes she can borrow from the Twentieth Century-Fox wardrobe department—until she has time for a shopping spree.

That South American vacation trip that Don Ameche has been looking forward to for the past year—ever since Tyrone Power told him all about the wonderful time he had there—has been cancelled. Mrs. Ameche hasn't been well enough since Thomas Anthony Ameche was born to make the long trip, and Don wouldn't dream of going without her. So, he is spending his muchly needed vacation at home, with possibly a week's fishing trip in the High Sierras. Even movie stars have their disappointments.

Barbara Stanwyck played good Samaritan this month while driving along the east end of Hollywood Boulevard. A stalled street-car with half a dozen working girls looking desperately about for a way of getting to their jobs on time prompted Barbara to do a good deed. It was indeed a thrill for the gals, who were delivered promptly to their offices by none other than the famous Stanwyck.

John Payne has such broad shoulders the ladies can't
Last minute news in print and picture

believe it. One in particular, perhaps from Missouri, approached him at the Brown Derby, reached over and pinched his shoulder. "Just wanted to see if they were padded," said she, "My, that's wonderful!"

Newcomer Brenda Joyce nullifies everybody's prophecies that she'd forget her schooltime boy friend, Owen Ward, as soon as "The Rains Came" and "Here I Am A Stranger" were released and she became a celebrity. She's a celebrity all right, but Owen Ward, who attended school with her since they both went to San Bernardino Junior High School and U. C. L. A. together, is still her one and only escort. Brenda's current big thrill is the acquisition of her first fur coat, and what a time she had deciding against a silver fox and in favor of a kolinsky, which is more every-occasionish than the dressier silver fox. She got it wholesale or she wouldn't have been able to get one.

Victor McLaglen is the latest of the filmites to join the ranch owners. Vic has bought himself five hundred acres in Paris, a fertile farming land near Riverside, California. Vic is one star who is going to do what a great many have been earnestly promising, and only a few like Barbara Stanwyck have accomplished—breed fine horses. The McLaglen stables are already famed in the state for champion steeplechasers—and there's a tack room elaborately covered with ribbons, medals and cups to prove it.

Jane Withers who has—but definitely—attained the party-giving, and going stage, with emphasis on wearing long party dresses, was invited to one recently. Mrs. Withers, who always accompanies Jane, decided to let the Withers' secretary, Miss Josephine Rainey, chaperone Jane, while Mrs. Withers had a date with Mr. Withers. Miss Rainey, feeling her duties keenly, apparently kept warning Jane "don't do this or that." Jane whispered to George Ernest, "Gosh, they say all movie people have their 'yes men' but I certainly don't have my 'don't woman.'"

Lovely Virginia Field, one of the most talented of the screen's newcomers, has Hollywood's most ambitious five-year plan. In addition to her determination to become an important actress, Virginia is equally determined to become an important business woman. She wants to own a grocery store, an apartment house, and a restaurant. The latter she has already accomplished with the opening this month of a picturesque little English Inn named "Bit O'England" and located in the North Hollywood valley near some of the movie stars' ranches. The eatery has been doing stand-out business since its opening and with Virginia's astute mind for management and for accomplishing what she sets out to do, looks like the grocery store and apartment will be coming up—but soon.

Upper left: Gene Lester was right on the spot with his camera when Frances Langford gave her hubby Jon Hall a tweak on the nose at the Morton Downey opening at the Cocoanut Grove. Above: Bob Hope and Shirley Ross do a corny version of "Two Sleepy People" at a party Bob recently gave for Judy Garland at the Victor Hugo nitery in Beverly Hills.

Left: Joe E. Brown having a chin-tickling time of it with Beryl Wallace when called upon to take a bow at the Earl Carroll Theatre-Restaurant. Right: Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is serenaded by three senoritas during a lull on the set during the filming of "Green Hell." Not bad!
of your current favorites in Hollywood

Dolores Del Rio, who keeps the Hollywood style-conscious too busy matching her pace, has some exciting new tricks for Fall. One of them makes it possible to see Dolores even in the dark of night. She has had the buttons on a black ensemble painted with phosphorous, along with a necklace and clip. Another little nifty is a bracelet with a music box inside which plays 'Jingle Bells,' and still another is her custom of wearing a rare cacti blossom for an evening corsage instead of the proverbial gardenias and orchids.

Helen Gilbert and Lew Ayres are acting as if they are falling in love. Helen, who was discovered in 'Andy Hardy Has Spring Fever,' has recently started divorce proceedings against her musician husband. Lew and Ginger have been separated for years now, but never have done a thing about it. Maybe those dinner dates with Helen will call for a little action.

The turban rage is growing! Started several months ago by Joan Crawford who took on the wildest. At the 'Hollywood Cavalcade' premiere Joan appeared in a slinky black turban, Lana Turner in a white one, and Sally Eders in a gold one.

It's wedding bells any minute now for Margaret Lindsay and Eddie Norris (Ann Sheridan's ex). And ditto Richard Greene and Virginia Field.

Shirley Temple is having herself a wonderful time in her new picture 'The Blue Bird,' in which she has sequences in which she very meanly orders Eddie Collins, as the bulldog, around. After one particularly mean-toned scene, the whole cast and crew, Director Walter Lang, even Shirley's teacher, all kissed her resoundingly, Shirley-beamed more happily at this tribute to her villainy than at my applause she'd ever had.

Incidentally, on a recent hot Sunday, when Shirley was going swimming in her pool at home, her mother warned her to stay in the shallow water, since Shirley hasn't had enough swimming lessons to go into the deep end where it wasn't safe.

"If I make it safe, can I go in deep?" inquired Shirley. Absent-mindedly, Mrs. Temple said yes.

An hour later she saw Shirley in the 12 foot end of the pool, but safely. Shirley had gotten a couple of clothes line pulleys, hammered them into the pool at each end, expertly suspended a clothes-line, and tied a rope round herself attached to the long clothes line by another pulley. When she got tired of actually swimming she just toated along the deep end of the pool suspended from the clothes line! Talk about ingenuity.

Penny Singleton, "Blondie" of radio and film series, has turned into an amateur talent scout. Recently she (Continued on page 74)
What about make-up? Clothes? Smoking? Driving? Petting? The best ways to be attractive to boys. These are just a few of the questions which lush and lovely Lana, as one girl to another, intimately answers.

By Gladys Hall

Not so long ago, Lana was a student in Hollywood School. Merry Roy gave her a small part in 'Won't Forgive.' She's been a sensation ever since.
Advice to All High School Girls!

The thing is, I think that High School is just like life,” said Lana, giving the Serious Subject before as the double take. “I mean, it IS life, really. If you are successful in High School, really successful, by which I don’t mean just grades and things, but getting long with boys and girls, being a good sport without going off deep ends and all after that, it seems to me, you have a very chance of being successful at whatever you do in life . . .”

As Lana talked, she sipped her glass of orange juice, which was her lunch, in the M-G-M commissary. I gave her the double take, congratulating myself that I couldn’t have picked a better young person to discuss High School problems, pleasures and pastimes. For Lana, I thought, must have run the gauntlet, all the gauntlets there are. Lush and lovely as she is, she must have had to be darned regular to keep the girls from tarring her and feathering her . . . she must have had to keep her eyes on the blackboard and her mind on The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire to keep the boys’ eyes and minds, to say nothing of their ears, from rising and falling for her.

In Hollywood we are saying that the retiree of plush and velvet and yumminess and desirability once worn by Clara Bow and by Jean Harlow, has fallen upon the sublime shoulders of the little, tempting turnover—that honey-colored hair, the moonstone eyes, the satin-textured skin, the fruity lips, that “Perfect Figure” which weighs in at 109 delectable pounds, the 23½ inch waist-line, 35 inch hips, 34 inch bust, five feet four in height . . . how tell me, what geometric symbols could have been curved enough to keep the boys’ attention riveted on them?

(Author’s Note: High School boys please answer!)

Why, even now, with Lana all of nineteen, a seasoned little trouper, with They Won’t Forget, Love Finds Andy Hardy, Rich Man, Poor Girl, Dramatic School, Calling Dr. Kildare, These Glamour Girls and Dancing Co-ed to her screen credit, competing, as she is, with such rivals as Lamarr, Ilona Massey, Joan Crawford, Virginia Bruce, and engaged as she is, too, I had to practically sing “Shoo Fly” to Lew Ayres, Mickey Rooney, Jimmy Stewart, Franchot Tone and other lads who should have outgrown such goings-on, before we could be alone, Lana and I.

“I mean,” Lana was continuing, as the last masculine back sunk sheepishly away, “I mean, if you make a fool of yourself in High School, well, you may get over it, of course, but the chances are better for you if you don’t make a fool of yourself in High School. Things like Standards and Good Taste and not snatching another girl’s ‘man’, and dressing in good taste, and not going in for ‘bath-tub’ gin, and keeping your conversation clean, and not petting with the boys, and doing your job decently even if you aren’t exactly Phi Beta Kappa material—all these things are important in High School just exactly as they are important in later life.

“I feel pretty foolish,” said Lana, giving it her slow, deep smile, “to be giving ‘advice’ to anyone. Why, if I hadn’t gone and cut an Algebra class, if I’d brought my lunch to school instead of eating it in the cafe across from Hollywood High, I’d probably be taking a course in dress designing right [Continued on page 68]
What Goes On In Hollywood

Here are the undraped facts of how your favorite actresses behave in the studio fitting rooms which, unfortunately, always bring out the female in the best of them—and then pity the poor designers!

By Jerry Asher

HAVING lived in Hollywood since Lillian Gish nil on her first hang nail and devoted the best year of my life to telling the world what precious little pkins the movie stars really are, I'm afraid I hold no illu for our little world of make believe. It's awfully nice wo you can get it. (Try and get it?) But don't let it get. Personally, I recommend something simple and quentin the nerves. Like working in a boiler factory. Or drive steam roller.

Any studio job is tough. Just ask the man who runs But of all the unsung heroes in Hollywood, the designers cater to the stars' whims in the fitting room are prac fugitives from a padded cell. It's their job to convince a thousand dollar a week pixie that a shop girl just won be wearing silver fox capes. They have to fill in the b And cover up the bulges. They have to be diplomats, psy analysts, and the best liar's in the world.

Unlike any other branch of the business, there's some about the fitting room that brings out the female in the of 'em. All inhibitions give way. It becomes a personal The star invariably assumes the attitude that the whole is against her. She attacks a bolt of chiffon with the fur a Bull Terrier. She just knows the designer is saving out a thing extra-special for a rival Queen. Clothes must please producer. They must get the director's okay. The star her own pet ideas on how she wants to look. The "suffering" designer always winds up being the "heavy the case.

"Conditions" have improved since those good old days Jetta Goudal ripped a gown to bits and shreds. No le does Nancy Carroll deliberately wear a dress backwards—e shrieking to the front office that the designer is rup her career. Occasionally we have stars like Clara Bow.

Upper left: Designer Edith Head of Paramount confers with Louise Campbell on a costume. Left: Columbia's Robert Kalloch arranges a diaphanous evening gown worn by Vir ginia Bruce. Below: Adrian and Joan Crawford go over sketches of new gowns. Joan invites an audience during a fitting. She usually invites half the studio in to watch.
WOOD FITTING ROOMS!

ed on long jet earrings with bathing suits. And high heeled shoes for playing tennis.) Greta Nissen was another who ed designers to an hysterical quivering pulp. These gay are the dress for a fading era. But there's still never a dull moment in the fitting room. Some of the fits they throw are cause he's used to catering to super-colossal egos, Adrian elf is a quiet-mannered demon for diplomacy. He applies ion sense to intelligent reasoning and gets terrific results. Garbo has a fitting, Adrian fortifies himself in advance all his reserve will power. Garbo is usually very pleasant. t's always a fight to get her to wear smart clothes. When enters the wardrobe, she looks like anything but that ah-taking creature you see on the screen. Her costume sets of old slacks, dark glasses, sweater, scarf, a large hat covers her long straight bob. When she fits her dresses, refuses to remove the slacks. Invariably she picks up a fashion magazine and points out something she considers It's usually a dreary affair. Garbo's idea of a bright color e grey! When a fitting goes well, Garbo sends out to ear for her lunch. If she doesn't send for the lunch, she is to be alone.

When Rosalind Russell is expected in the fitting room, Adrian as he is going to have fun. He likes Roz because she's a good sport, and she isn't an ego-maniac. "She's glad to be gay and silly if she's supposed to," says Adrian. "Rosa- Russell has courage. She's courageous in her own life too. utside she would definitely think that Adrian and Rosalind nuts. "Did you feed your lions today?" Adrian asks in fousness. Rosalind answers, "I was going to. But Grandma ed so hard I let her do it just this once." They go on his for hours. Nothing they say ever makes sense.

Norma Shearer is always late for appointments. But she hourly and keeps changing the time. The full day is ed in advance, so this throws everything into complete sion. Norma is always very sweet and very patient. She ebrasses a designer during an awkward moment, as any stars do. Norma has a little habit of changing her favorite clothes after the costume has been worn in the e. Naturally the scene has to be taken again. Ofttimes has several costumes designed when she can't decide one to choose.

[Continued on page 60]
It's in the Star for Paulette

THE stars, I regret to say, are not down my alley. mean Gemini, Uranus, Aquarius, and such—not Gabi Taylor and Power, who, unfortunately, are not exact down my alley either.) I guess I know as little about the constellations as any person in Hollywood, but just the same, when it comes to forecasting a future for one Paulette Goddard it seems that I have hit it off word for word with Hollywood's favorite astrologer, Blanca Holmes in a neat bit forecasting recently in Sidney Skolsky's widely read column has to say of Paulette:

"Paulette Goddard: After many delays, her career really gets started and goes into high in 1940. She is studious and has learned plenty by absorption. She will fool even the critics. She is married to Charlie Chaplin. She has more intelligence than the average woman of her age."

Well, slap me down, that's exactly what I've been predicting about Paulette for the past three months. Ever since I saw "The Women" and "The Cat and the Canary." Ever since I talked with her at a couple of Hollywood parties. Maybe I should look into this astrology business. Maybe I've got the divination, or something.

Believe me, I've been in on plenty of discussions about who will be the Big Stars of 1940. It's one of the favorite topics of conversation in Hollywood. And with most folks saying "Lana Turner," "Judy Garland," "Vivien Leigh," "Janna Lupino" I have consistently said, "Paulette Goddard." Paulette has had a whole sleu of bad breaks, enough to make a regular sourpuss out of her, but she's tossed them off with a laugh. (And do think it's easy to laugh off Scarlett O'Hara.) She's about the hardest working gal in Hollywood, when it comes down to actual hours, and she doesn't consider anything too difficult or tedious if she thinks it will help her become a better actress.

She's learned plenty too, both by serious study and absorption. She's intelligent and she's radiantly beautiful (and what a figure)—a combination that rarely misses in any language. She's not a "new face" and she's been around Hollywood six or seven years, to be sure, but don't forget not even Be Davis became a star overnight.

So what with us practically in the lap of 1940, and present Miss Paulette going into high any minute now (no mon..."
After studying the heavens, a noted astrologer forecasts big things for Paulette Goddard in 1940, but the average moviegoer could forecast the same thing after seeing her in “The Women” and “The Cat and the Canary.”

By Elizabeth Wilson

Paulette, glorified by Ziegfeld, has one of Hollywood’s most perfect figures.

Business there, Gemini) we might just as well settle down to bit of dishing of the Goddard girl. Not that it hasn’t been me before. By the exclusive Santa Monica set. And the not exclusive Beverly Hills bunch. One of the most talked about people in Hollywood, Paulette herself does very little talking. She’d rather take castor oil than give an interview. But once it’s cornered she couldn’t be sweeter. She has a most infectious laugh. Pretty soon you are laughing your head off. It’s her idea of a satisfactory interview.

Someone once told Paulette that the best way to keep a writer from prying into your private life is to get the writer talking about herself. So I had hardly seated myself, pencil in hand, before Paulette with a gay little laugh began, “I’m very interested in people, aren’t you? I like to know what makes the wheels go round. What they are thinking, and what makes them the way they are. I can tell that you are deeply introspective, aren’t you—”

“Listen, Paulette,” I snapped her build-up short, “you pulled that trick on me before. Remember, I sat two hours at George Cukor’s party last week telling you all about my wheels. And you didn’t say me a darned thing about your wheels. Now it’s your turn to talk. Suppose you tell me where you got that wonderful poise and self-confidence?”

Please turn to page 62]
NAN GREY

Before Nan left her home town of Houston, Texas, she was known as Eschal Miller, which happens to be her real name. Legally she's now known as Mrs. Jackie Westropo, wife of the well-known jockey. She's kept very busy at Universal, her two latest films being "Tower of London" and "The Invisible Man Returns."
ROBERT PRESTON

Less than a year ago, Bob was an obscure film player. Then good fortune came his way and he made the most of the opportunity. His brilliant performance in "Beau Geste," with Gary Cooper and Ray Milland, won for him a co-starring role opposite Dorothy Lamour in "Typhoon."

But he's still the same unassuming Bob.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has a new beautiful blonde singing star in Ilona who co-stars with Nelson Eddy in "Balalaika." She made her screen debut many months ago in "Rosalie," and has acquired even more charm since then, which is saying a lot!
Unfortunately, there is only one Adolphe Menjou. All the studios want him. Columbia had him for "Golden Boy," United Artists snagged him for "The Housekeeper's Daughter" and now RKO-Radio for "That's Right, You're Wrong."
Allure in all its Splendor

Above: Magnificently blonde Jane Wyman is currently to be seen in "Kid Nightingale," a Warner Brothers picture. Left: Judith Barrett, the Venus from Venus, Texas, is featured in Paramount’s musical extravaganza, "The Great Victor Herbert." Below: Exquisitely formed Betty Grable, now separated from Jackie Coogan, has been disporting her charms of late for RKO-Radio Pictures and Broadway.
A magical Hollywood, beauty mart of all nations, one finds the exciting lure which warms and quickens the heart of a cold-blooded world.

Above: The enticing Ellen Drew, soon to be seen in "Geronimo!" is now at work in Paramount's "Women Without Names." Right: Luscious Rita Hayworth performed so capably in "Only Angels Have Wings" that Columbia Pictures decided definitely to groom her for stardom. Below: Glamorous Gloria Dickson contributes considerably to the success of "On Your Toes," the Warner Brothers musical.
We Point With Pride

gto

Joan Blondell

Below: William Frawley seems quite annoyed at the billing and cooing of Joan Blondell and Melvyn Douglas in "The Incredible Mr. Williams."

You may well expect another scintillating performance by Joan Blondell in "The Incredible Mr. Williams," in which she again appears with Melvyn Douglas for Columbia Pictures. Perhaps, you recall this entertaining twosome in the frightfully misnamed "Good Girls Go To Paris?" Joan was excellent. She modestly attributed her success to having so capable a comedian as Melvyn for her leading man. Her gay antics on the screen are precisely the tonic needed to fortify us against the world of today.
Sonja Henie continues to dodge Dan Cupid’s arrows, but intends to stand still some day and give him a good shot at her

SONJA HENIE was laughing. She couldn’t stop laughing, and was almost in hysterics. It was all because of the ludicrous gyrations of good-looking Robert Cummings as they rehearsed a comedy skating scene for her new picture “Everything Happens at Night.”

“When you do go down, it will be an awful fall—you’re so—so long!” gasped Sonja, measuring his six-feet something, with mischievous eyes. “I’ll not tumble,” grinned the confident Bob. “I learned all about balance during my years of flying.” Then, without warning, he put on a super-exhibition of waving arms, sprawling legs, and spinning torso that barely missed the ice, while everybody near the set shrieked in anticipation. Quickly, through magnificent co-ordination, he regained his equilibrium—and his grin was still intact.

“I only hope,” said Sonja, clinging to a snowy gate and weak from laughter, “that this sequence will be half as funny to audiences as it is to us!”

A few days later, in her dressing room, she told me: “We’ve had fun making this picture and it’s one of my happiest experiences. There was hard work, too. Every morning, all these weeks, I was up at a quarter to five, and we started work at eight. But there was never any worry, nor tension, and we finished four days ahead of schedule, which is a triumph.”

Director Irving Cummings, passing the door, stopped to say, “Sonja set a couple of records, too. In an emotional sequence with Maurice Moscovitch, who portrays her father, she played the longest scene of her career—it clocked five minutes and 38 seconds, and was filmed on the first take without a single hitch. That’s also the longest scene played by any actor at the Twentieth Century-Fox studio this year. Some little trouper,” he added, teasingly.

“Do you wonder,” said Sonja, “that I love movie work when my director says such nice things? Anyway, it is good to be back in Hollywood. As usual, mother and I spent the summer at our home in Oslo, Norway, where the war clouds didn’t reach us. Even during the three days we spent in Paris on our return trip, we heard nothing alarming, so you can imagine the shock when there was a command for a blackout on the Normandie the first night at sea.

“By the time we landed in New York, we decided [Continued on page 63]

Above: “I know that love and marriage are needed to make a woman’s life complete,” says Sonja.
Right: She loves to dine and dance with Lee Bowman. Lower right: Alan Curtis is a favorite escort.
Below: With Robert Cummings in “Everything Happens at Night,” her latest picture. It is only recently that Sonja has fre- quented the Hollywood night spots.
That's Jimmy Cagney's advice and he's always lived up to it himself, ever since the day he quit being a parcel wrapper in a department store to become a female impersonator in a chorus!

By
Jack
Holland

IF JIMMY CAGNEY had not been willing to take a chance shot at anything that came his way, he might still be working as a wrapper in a department store. Or he might have been a doctor. Or a manager in a department store. But he most certainly would never have been the personable Cagney of the cinema.

Becoming an actor was just another one of those unexpected events that have marked his career. The stage and the footlights were merely vague words to him. But he had to eat and he had to help support his family, so he made up his mind that he'd try anything at least once. Something would be bound to happen. It did. It threw him right into a business that was as unfamiliar to him as training tigers and lions would be to Hedy Lamarr.

Surveying the gentleman in question at the Warner Brothers studio one day at lunch, where he had just finished putting his new picture, "The Roaring Twenties," to bed. I could almost understand how fate had played such a big part in his case. The challenging chin, the pugnacious mouth, the scrutinizing eyes set him apart as a person whom you could very easily imagine taking life by the horns and saying: "Show me a thing I can't try once. Nothing has ever stopped me yet."

"I never had the least idea of becoming an actor," Jimmy told me in his quiet, direct manner. "In fact, I never had the slightest leaning toward the stage. It was just another one of those things that happen to guys like me."

"I belonged to a dramatic club when I was a kid, just to be with some of my friends. I might have gotten off a few dramatic excerpts here and there, but nothing was farther from my thoughts than becoming an actor."

"At this time, I had just graduated from high school and was working as a wrapper in a department store. I met a chap there who seemed to think I was all right. He had some

Above left: In "The Oklahoma Kid," his first western, Jimmy refused a double for the trick riding, claiming he'd done it before, but he hadn't. Left: He has played every instrument, some very poorly, but his pride and joy is his guitar which he plays well. He sings a bit, too.

Silver Screen
friends in vaudeville doing a cheap act—you know, chorus, songs, stuff like that. Fellows made up as girls were the chorus, by the way. One day, this man said that if I could dance, he could get me a job in the chorus with the act. And I'd be paid twenty-five dollars a week.

"Well, my wrapping was only netting me about twelve dollars a week, so I decided there was no time like the present to advance myself. I went to the manager of the act and applied for the job. 'Can you dance?' he asked. 'Sure!' I answered. Well, the next day I was in vaudeville.

"Maybe I was a fool for taking the chance, for I'd never danced a step in my life. Sure I had gone in for some ballroom twirling a little, and I managed to look presentable on a dance floor, but as for routine steps in a chorus, I didn't know a one-two-three from a kick. I managed to get through all right by getting some pointers from the other fellows in the line."

Jimmy didn't mention the costume he wore in this act, but you can use your own imagination as to the appearance of Female Impersonator Cagney. Who said he wouldn't try anything once!

Jimmy was able to get by this time because he had natural grace and a good sense of rhythm. In fact, by the end of the first week he did the routines better than some of the well-trained members of the chorus. Not that I mean to imply he was sensational. Far from it. He was adequate and that got him by.

The act lasted three months and it gave Jimmy a theatre fever. It wasn't a high temperature that he began to run whenever he trod the boards. It was merely a slowly mounting and conscious rise. To Jimmy, it had nothing to do with glamour. It was twenty-five dollars a week and better pay in sight that made him look upon the stage as a pretty good bet.

One day, the manager of the act [Continued on page 64]
HAVING a free day from studio work is a rare treat for Olivia so she starts for town in sprightly fashion, because she's got things to do. First, there's the marketing to be done and how she loves to do it! She stops at the grocery store and then at the flower shop which isn't far away. Olivia's next stop is at the fruit and vegetable market where she also visits the meat department. Her shopping for the day completed, Olivia is all set to do something that's been on her mind for months—visit the Griffith Park Observatory in Los Angeles. She skips into her station wagon, gets directions and is off!
SHE arrives and finds it a refreshing thrill to be able to get so marvelous a view of the beauty of California. She peers through the high-powered telescope and sees for miles and miles around. Olivia joins a lecture tour and learns many amazing facts about Mars. After several hours at the Observatory, Olivia returns home and, still full of the wonders of astronomy, goes to her library in the living room and gets out a book on the subject. When the evening of her holiday comes she is escorted by Director George ("Gone With The Wind") Cukor to the premiere of "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex" at the Beverly Theatre in Beverly Hills. Olivia appears in this film with Bette Davis and handsome Errol Flynn.
The Inside Info on Jiminy Cricket

Jiminy Cricket, one of the principal characters in Walt Disney's second full-length feature, "Pinocchio," comes of a long line of thespians. His uncle, Gerald Grasshopper, received wild acclaim in the Disney short production of "The Grasshopper and the Ants." His cousin Wilbur, who is Gerald Grasshopper's grandson, made his screen debut last spring in another Disney production, "Goofy and Wilbur."

Jiminy fell heir to one of the prize acting plums of the year by the tip of his antennae. He almost lost out to an ant!

The story men wanted an insect or tiny creature who would irritate and worry the puppet Pinocchio whenever he was on the brink of getting into trouble. Since Pinocchio is made of wood, they suggested an ant. That social little termite was a "natural" for the part.

Although the ant seemed a perfect bit of casting, his diminutive size presented problems. The artists found that he would be extremely difficult to animate and keep his size in proportion to the rest of the characters.

Walt reminded the boys that in the C. Collodi original story of "Pinocchio"—the tale of the marionette who comes to life—there was a cricket who warned Pinocchio against trouble. For this favor Pinocchio, who, while endowed with life, has still to acquire the true feelings of a little boy, killed the cricket. But the cricket's voice continued with him, through one thrilling scrape after another, acting as a conscience, endeavoring always by good counsel to counteract Pinocchio's natural bent for getting into trouble.

To Jiminy's good fortune, however, Walt and the boys, in their production, decided to let the cricket live and to build up the character considerably.

The Character Model department immediately was set to work drawing sketches of a cricket who would fit the role to be portrayed. In Disney's version of the story, the Blue Fairy, over-hearing the old wood-carver wish that the puppet he had carved could be alive, decided to grant his wish. She accordingly endows Pinocchio with life. To make him a real boy, with a sense of right and wrong, is beyond her power. This, depending upon how he lives, can be done only by Pinocchio himself.

But the Blue Fairy knows that Pinocchio, without a sense of right or wrong, will meet many temptations before he achieves the right to become a real boy, and charges Jiminy, who happens to be looking on from the old wood-carver's hearth, with the task of helping Pinocchio attain real boyhood. She promises Jiminy a gold badge if he does his job well. And with the super-elegant title of "Lord High Keeper of the Knowledge of Right and Wrong," she appoints Jiminy official conscience to Pinocchio.

In this connection, it is interesting to know that the choice of a cricket to play the role of a conscience was not a haphazard one. Of all insect life the cricket is best suited for the part. The human home is the favorite habitat of the cricket, and his song never rings so cheerily as when human companionship is near. The early Romans

Jiminy Cricket has more changes of expression than any character ever before seen in animated cartoons. The animators claim he was more fun to work on than the others in "Pinocchio."
Read how Walt Disney painstakingly created Jiminy Cricket, who's featured in "Pinocchio" and promises to become another sensation like Mickey Mouse or Donald Duck!

By Ronald Bryant

The next stage in Jiminy's creation presented him as an elderly soul—in a pompous heel-teetering manner. He was a frustrated opera singer with grandiose ideas. As the story progressed, the business Jiminy had to do really called for a younger character. So Walt defied the universal law of creation—which decrees that everything shall grow older from the moment of creation—by shaving years off Jiminy. And behold a gay, debonair young blade!

Jiminy started this life as a lean, lanky old cricket, with a long segmented thorax. As he grew younger, he also grew short and plumper and this thorax became more like a human torso. His feet and hands were made bigger—the better to put across the action. His cheeks were given a new and expressive roundness. His face wasn't always so mobile. When Jiminy was first created they found his long face was too stiff. About the only part of it to have some expression were the eyes. The artists discovered that if Jiminy were given the bloom of youthful, pliable round cheeks, he would be better off.

Jiminy might easily be called the man with a thousand faces! Shades of Lon Chaney! He has more changes of expression than any character ever before seen in animated pictures. There are sheets of model sheets demonstrating to the animators the complete gamut of Jiminy's facial abilities.

In re-arranging Jiminy's face, his mouth underwent a decided change. Before he was given a new mouth, dialogue supposedly coming from his mouth sounded as if he [Continued on page 63]

Jiminy's diminutive size presented great problems in the matter of his wardrobe. He's about the size of your thumbnail. He started life as a lean, lanky old cricket, but Walt Disney made him younger, shorter and plumper. In fact, he's a gay debonair young blade!
Mother Confides
About Jane

How does Mrs. Withers feel about Jane’s changing from a prankish child to a boy-conscious adolescent who loves clothes, perfume and her own way? Her philosophy may surprise you.

By Ben Maddox

Three weeks before Jane Withers’ mother took Jane to Hollywood, she kept an appointment she’d made to have her fortune told.

It was a secret, this consultation, even from Jane’s father.

What would the old negro mammy foresee? Solid Georgia business men went to that shack, ten miles from Atlanta, and swore by those predictions!

Jane only laughed as mother and daughter drove out Stone Mountain Road. But everything Mrs. Withers held dear clutched at her heart. Ruth Withers was positive she was doing the right thing in trying to get Jane into pictures.

Still some of their relatives felt she was deliberately breaking up her home. She knew she was just leaving Mr. Withers temporarily, until Jane had a contract in Hollywood. He’d agreed to send them West with enough money to last six months.

Slowly, solemnly, the old mammy cut her pack of cards and began to read them. She had no idea who this woman was, this small, gentle, brown-eyed, brown-haired lady from town. Yet she looked up sharply, breaking the languidness of the lazy afternoon, and said, “You are going to take a long trip. When this only child of yours is ten she will be a great success!”

This prophecy was reassuring. Yet dismaying, too. For Mrs. Withers was ready to leave and Jane was but five years old then.

Without telling a soul of this

Jane isn’t a kid anymore and in place of her dolls and pets prefers archery, dancing, and wants to attend college.

episode, mother and daughter boarded a train to crash the movies. Ruth resolutely decided she’d forget that many of her friends thought her too ambitious.

When Jane’s mother confessed this unknown story to me the other day I asked her if she had ever let the old mammy know how accurate her fortune-telling had been. Because Jane didn’t become a star until she was, actually, ten.

“I wrote her a year ago,” Ruth Withers declared, “and told her I certainly didn’t remember that visit to her. Those things are hard to understand, aren’t they?”

Still gentle, though she has been managing the fame and money that have poured in on Jane, this unspoiled movie mother showed me through the comfortably beautiful home success has bought.

“I was determined that Jane should have a chance to be an actress because I myself always wanted to act. This was my own suppressed desire. And quite liter-

Left: It was a long two-year struggle in Hollywood before Jane was finally given a decent role and a contract. Below: Mrs. Withers, who always wanted to be an actress herself, rehearsing a number with Jane.
ally it was suppressed. I couldn't do anything about it because my parents absolutely refused to listen to me.

"My strange notion" was considered absolutely ridiculous. My father insisted a girl belonged at home entirely; I couldn't even have dancing lessons. Any such outstanding ability as acting, any individuality like that was definitely forbidden.

I believe differently towards Jane. She showed a talent for imitations when she was little more than a baby. I believe a woman can be loyal to a husband and amount to something besides, so I encouraged Jane's earnestness to act. I mean—a woman can be a careerist!

"A month after I was seventeen I graduated from high school in Louisville and a month later I married and settled down in Atlanta. Yet in all the thrill of having a house and of being partied as a bride, I was honest with Mr. Withers. He agreed, before our marriage, that if we had a daughter and she had any genuine leaning for acting I could train her for a career. So when Jane was born I chose her first name because it would be good for theatre billing!

"I'd never have forced Jane to act," she added. "Pushing a child into some profession merely because a mother had an unrecognized bent for it is the height of selfishness. That's as unfair as ignoring potential ability and a child's longing to achieve. But I wasn't disappointed, for Jane sang before she talked and danced before she could walk. At two-and-a-half I enrolled her in a private dancing school and she began ballet and tap lessons then. At three she won amateur night contests in Atlanta theatres."

That led directly to the radio. For two years she was featured by an Atlanta station. Mrs. Withers took her to a movie and then Jane would mimic the star vocally after seeing a picture only once.

"When she was five she had gone as far as she could in Georgia, and I knew she could be amusing on the screen," continued Jane's mother. "It was an important decision to leave my home and husband. My marriage was very happy. We were comfortable; I had help, a car, a circle of nice friends. Mr. Withers was in charge of a national rubber company's office.

"But he remembered his promise to me, and so be and I planned a time and money limit for tackling Hollywood. If I failed with Jane I would be back. But," she smiled, "I must admit I didn't buy round-trip tickets. I knew that it would be Mr. Withers who'd be joining us!"

"I arrived in Hollywood armed with letters of recommendation to the chief studio executives, given to Jane by the Atlanta radio station, theatre managers, and newspaper critics. The first thing I did was to locate a small apartment and have a telephone put in. When no one called on the phone, when the letters made no dent, Jane and I went the rounds of the studios every day by street car and bus. I soon discovered I'd rented an apartment blocks from all transportation facilities."

"It was a two-year struggle before Jane was given a strong role, and a contract. When the six months were up I wrote Mr. Withers and explained Hollywood as I'd found it, telling him I still had the greatest faith in Jane and that all she needed was one real opportunity. Luckily for me and for Jane, he was big enough to trust me, to gamble longer, to hang on, too."

"While I was just persisting, Jane was in a private school for more dancing lessons. She also entertained at club benefits. I was forever hoping she'd be noticed at them. She was, but if you have no past screen record it is so difficult to get inside studio walls."

"After eight months, however, Jane got into a picture."

"As an extra. I was as excited as though she had a part; it might mean that elusive break. I stayed with her on the set. But then, when she was a baby I wouldn't go to a bridge or dinner party unless I could bring her along and put her to sleep at my hostess.'

"I can sympathize with all those tales about being cut out, of being the face on the cutting-room floor, for I scribbled an elated note to Atlanta about Jane's first movie role—which eventually materialized—and then she was only in a minute flash!"

More singing and dancing in neighborhood theatres in Hollywood at dozens of benefits, and Mrs. Withers heard that a Hollywood radio station wanted a lead for a juvenile radio review. Five hundred girls competed. Jane was chosen, and headlined the program for a year, all the while trying for picture parts. Then, one day, two hundred children were up for the role of the meanie in a Shirley Temple film. When Jane was rejected because she didn't have a box-office name, she cannily began doing imitations that bowled the casting director over, and she got the part which led to her big success.

"Today Jane has everything I've wanted for her. She has this career that intrigues her imagination; she's doing what she is qualified to do, establishing herself in a profession which will become even more fascinating as she matures.

"And I see no disadvantage in her life. None. True, she is shown with older people because of her work, but I've never let her suppose she was on any sort of pedestal. I've never kept her apart from other children. Just because she's in pictures she hasn't become artificial, or lost out on any of the joys of childhood. I bought twin beds for her bedroom so that every week-end [Continued on page 65]
NINOTCHKA
Garbo Has a Gay Time and So Will You—M-G-M

THIS is the picture in which Garbo laughs—and a mighty hearty laugh it is, too. But Garbo's laugh will be nothing compared with yours for this is the gayest, most sophisticated, and utterly delightful comedy that you have seen in ages. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch the picture is full of those quite famous and slightly naughty "Lubitsch touches." As soon as you accustom yourself to the fact that your favorite dramatic actress has turned comedian you enter right in the fun, and fun there's plenty. Garbo even pokes fun at herself by announcing in one scene "We want to be alone." And Garbo on a champagne bender, and with a hang-over, well really! The cleverly written story has to do with the arrival in Paris of three comrades of the Soviet Board of Trade who are there to sell the jewels of a one-time grand duchess (Ina Claire), who unfortunately for them, happens to live in Paris and happens to have for her boy friend a very smooth Parisian (Melvyn Douglas). Melvyn teaches the Russians how to get fun out of life, thoroughly demoralizing them, so an envoy extraordinary—Garbo herself—is sent to Paris to save the situation and sell the jewels. But alas, she, too, runs afoul of the smooth talking Mr. Douglas— and, alas, alas, falls in love with him. There are all sorts of merry complications with the lovers finally getting together in Constantinople where the former Soviet Board of Trade has opened up a restaurant. Now that Garbo talks, and laughs, what will she do next?

THE PRIVATE LIVES OF ELIZABETH AND ESSEX
Bette Davis Does It Again!—Warner Brothers

BETTE DAVIS as Queen Elizabeth, age forty, gives another of her superb performances and triple cinches ("The Old Maid" and "Dark Victory") the Academy Award again this year. This is the most difficult role that Bette has undertaken to date, but without one bit of quibbling or glamorizing she portrays Elizabeth as Elizabeth. [Continued on page 73]
Till Now!

The first of a startling series of private life experiences of certain Hollywood personalities whose identities, for obvious reasons, must be left to your own imagination.

By Elizabeth Benneche Peterson

"It wasn't long after that Sally became the target of Hollywood's whispering club and God help any one who finds herself in that position. The thing starts at house parties, cocktail parties and dinners, then hints come out in gossip columns and soon into front page headlines."

I SAW Carole Lombard to-day when I was going down to Encino to get my marketing done. My little rattle-trap car, new two years ago but old before its time because of the thousands and thousands of Hollywood miles it's climbed in those years, went right past the place Carole and Clark call "The Farm." The nice thing about it is that they mean it. They're not calling it that with their tongues in their cheeks.

Of course, I wouldn't call it a farm, but then I haven't got what Carole and Clark have. And sometimes I wonder if I had, whether I'd be as darn nice and simple about it all as they are. But I'll probably never have a chance to find out about that.

"Hi, there!" Carole called and straightened up from the garden patch she'd been kneeling in front of and waved a handful of weeds at me. "Listen," she warned, "if you're out to interview me I'm not going to say a word about our marriage or the way we feel about each other or any of that. As far as our marriage is concerned Clark and I are going to be known as poor copy to all you fan sleuths. But if you've come as a pal, well come right in and we'll gab. Tea'll be ready in a minute."

"I haven't even time for tea." I yelled as I rode by in a swirl of dust, having stepped on the gas when I thought I was stepping on the brakes. But then I never was mechanically minded.

Seeing Carole standing there in her slacks, looking so happy I knew she wouldn't be able to help telling about it. Made me wish I was out on an interview. "Gee, I'll bet I could have gotten a story out of Carole to-day." I told myself.

That was the fan writer in me talking. But the other me, the girl who's got sort of a conscience about promises and things glazed at the scribbler half. "Yeah, and so what!" she said. "You couldn't use it anyway if you promised Carole you wouldn't!"

So I felt better about going on my way and poking among the sacks of chicken feed and fertilizers at the market. Better about the promise I'd made my husband when we got married. Too. It seems he's an old-fashioned guy, that man I married. He doesn't want a gal who thinks, breathes and eats printer's ink, and who's always dashing off on an interview when he's got an afternoon off. His idea of a wife is one who's ready to play when he is and who'll turn out a beef stew and a chocolate cake for dinner and brag about how many eggs our chickens are laying. Yes, we bought a farm. Only ours really is a farm. Ten acres and a tiny hacienda you can just barely manage to turn around in.

But I felt like an old circus horse straining at the smell of sawdust. After all I'd spent ten years of my life writing about Hollywood and its people, knowing all of them, liking most of them, loving some and hating a few and thinking a good story was worth a dozen new hats with a carload of orchids thrown in.

I thought of the stories I'd written, the scoops I'd gotten. And then I thought of other scoops I couldn't do anything about and the stories I'd never written. The stories I couldn't tell.

And I remembered Sally Carruth. Only that isn't her real name. You wouldn't get that out of me by torture. And of the day she came to Hollywood. And of the day she left.

What a story that was and how I wanted to write it. I even had the name picked out. Hollywood's Girl Friend. That's what I was going to call it.

It wasn't that I had promised not to write it. For I hadn't. It was only that there are certain things you can't do and still be able to sleep nights. And even though my quota of stories was minus one that month and my editor was furious because I came back without the story he'd wanted and the landlord had to wait for the rent, I wasn't sorry I hadn't written it.

For if I'm writing with anybody's lifeblood it'll be my own and not someone else's.

I did write a story about Sally the first day I met her. Only it wasn't just about her. She shared it with six or seven other kids who'd been picked as companions. The Wampus Baby Stars were always worth a back-in-the-book routine story.

I didn't like her at all when I talked to her. It was a disappointment, because at first sight she was the one who appealed to me most. She was small and had one of those slim, rounded figures that even a woman could see was devastating. Her eyes were as blue as the lupines crowding the meadows, her hair was the color of the California poppies springing up beside them and her mouth was like a flower too, above her small pointed chin.

But you can't tell about little, appealing girls. Publicity was new to those kids and the rest of them were diffident and giggled a little when I asked them questions. But not, Sally. I'd never seen anyone who could push as well as that girl.

There wasn't anything shy about her. She was trying to be as palsy walsy as if we'd gone to the same kindergarten, and I resented it. Because I didn't take (Continued on page 70)
Visits to the sets and chats with the players about forthcoming flickers

M-G-M

OF COURSE, the Big Noise out here this month is "The Broadway Melody of 1940" starring Fred Astaire and Eleanor Powell, to say nothing of George Murphy and Director Norman Taurog.

More fun on this set. When I arrive Mr. Murphy is what might be called "glum." Seems he had a 1:00 o'clock call, but he was awakened by the assistant director in the middle of the night, so to speak (about 9:00 AM) and told he was needed on the set immediately. When he arrived he found he was "needed" by Frank Morgan who "needed" someone to play rummy with him. It was easier to stay than go home and come back again so George stayed. And, to show how Fate manipulates the strings, he has not only lost several hours' sleep but a tidy sum of money besides—about $2.65 to be exact.

Then I glance at Mr. Fred Astaire. He is wearing a sort of medal on a chain around his neck. I look closer and find it is a miniature dog-house with his name on it.

"What the—" I begin.

"He blew," a voice at my elbow informs me. I turn to find it's Norman Taurog. Norm means he blew up in his lines. Whenever a member of one of Norman's companies muffs a scene he has to wear this decoration all day to show he's in the dog-house. Which just goes to show what a swell director Norman is because I mean there are really very few directors who can kid with Mr. A.

Before I have a chance to chin with him (Norman, that is, not Mr. Astaire) the assistant says they're ready, so the artists take their places—all save Mr. Murphy and Mr. Morgan who continue with their rummy game, to Mr. Murphy's discomfort.

The scene is the waiting room of a top-flight Broadway producer who is casting for a new revue. Fred sits on an elaborate leather bench, flanked on one side by Joe Yule and on the other by Fritz Franchini.

"Hello," she beams at Fred.

"Hello," he answers with a sickly grin.

"What do YOU do?" she inquires.

"I'm a juggler," he answers, naming the first thing that pops into his head, wondering where she's been all her life that she has to ask what Fred Astaire does. He turns to talk to Joe when something attracts his attention. He turns to see Fritz balancing and twirling a couple of large rubber balls on the ends of her fingers.

"You try it," she invites.

From then on until the end of the scene life is one long embarrassment to Fred, because she performs one difficult feat after another, pausing after each to invite him to try it. And poor Fred can't even juggle a nickel so it will come heads when he matches Jerry Asher for dinner.

EXT we have "Northwest Passage," adapted from the novel of the same name. If you haven't read it by this time you should have so I don't aim to waste valuable space giving you the plot.

By Dick Mook

Pictures on the Fire!

Una Merkel and Marlene Dietrich square off for their amusing fight in "Destry Rides Again," which Dick Mook describes in detail for you.

Pat O'Brien, as the famous Father Duffy, with Jimmy Cagney, as a hard-boiled private, in "The Fighting 69th."
Mickey Rooney's father, Joe Yule, appears with him in "Judge Hardy and Son." His role is unimportant, but they have a good scene together.

This is a scene near the beginning of the picture where Spencer Tracy, Robert Young and Walter Brennan meet for the first time in the Flinlock Tavern. They're singing "Drink to Me Only Wi—ith Thine Ey—ees" in order to humor an old, drunken Indian guide (Andrew Pena) whom Spencer wants to get on the march again.

Originally, the studio planned to have a professional trio in to do the singing, but the result was too awful. So they decided to utilize their own talent. Didn't Spencer sing in "Captains Courageous?" Didn't Young sing in "Honolulu?" And didn't Brennan sing in musical comedy? So three guys who are swell actors give up acting for singing. After an hour's practice they're all tuckered out.

"The whole trouble," Spence moans, "is we're all trying to sing harmony and nobody is carrying the melody."

"There isn't a bucket around here big enough for the three of us to carry it in," Brennan quiets him.

"What difference does it make?" Young argues. "We're supposed to be slightly tipsy in this scene. People'll just think we're more tipsy than we're supposed to be—I hope."

"We better shoot it the way they've been doing it," opines Pena, who has been lying with his face buried in his arms on the table. "The way those three have been singing it would be enough to bring any drunk to his senses."

And King Vidor (who directs all too few pictures these days) agrees with him and shoots it.

"Get away from me, you bum," Spence squawks as I approach. "Your niece and nephew (his children) have practically grown up and wouldn't even know you any more it's been so long since you've been out to see them."

H E'S right. I promise to mend my ways and then saunter over to the next stage where Lionel Barrymore is disporting himself in "The Secret of Dr. Kildare."

Lew Ayres, as Dr. Kildare, has ordered Lionel to bed. Because he's been sent to bed in his personal quarters, the M-G-M property department have practically desnuded Lionel's dressing room. They've taken his etchings off his wall to hang them on the set. His etching press, phonograph and various instruments are scattered about, giving it more the appearance of his own dressing-room than a set. [Continued on page 56]

Flora Robson, George Raft, Jane Bryan and William Holden in "Invisible Stripes," a Warner Brothers Picture. Read how this was made.
His nurse, Laraine Day, is hovering around.
"I'd like a cigarette," Lionel begins, but instead of handing him one she goes to the foot of the bed and consults the chart. "Never mind the chart," Lionel snaps, "give me a cigarette."
"No cigarettes," she reads.
"Are you going to mind me or that fool piece of paper?" he demands.
"No cigarettes," is the verdict.
"Mary," he wheedles, very pleasantly, "I'm going to give you some advice. The great trick of being a successful nurse is to obey the rules and, at the same time, keep the patient happy."
"In MY book," Laraine replies, equally pleasantly, "it says: 'Obey the rules—period.'"

"Cut!" calls the director.
"Gimme a cigarette," Lionel calls.

"No cigarettes," Laraine reminds him in the same tone she used in the scene, but his stand-in, Frank Stevens, hands him one and holds a match. He puffs contentedly—for a moment.
"He's getting the set full of smoke," Al Gilks, the camera man complains.
"Darn a sick room anyhow," Lionel complains as he goes outside to smoke. "There's always a catch in anything that looks good," he adds, glancing meaningly in Miss Day's direction.

**THE last picture on this lot is "Judge Hardy & Son." Mickey Rooney and his father, Joe Yule, are playing their first scene together. I rub my eyes as I spot Joe. "I just saw you an hour ago on 'The Broadway Melody' set," I protestate to Joe.
"I'm doubling in brass," he replies, lapsing into carnivale lingo.
"Ready," calls Director George Seitz, so Joe leaves me to take his place.

The scene is in front of a tire shop. Mickey's car is parked at the curb. Joe is the tire shop proprietor. He looks like a retired prize-fighter. In fact, he is a retired prize-fighter—but his possibilities are dangerous. On the sideline he is unwrapping a beautiful new tire. Alongside is a woman box draped in a beautiful new tube at which Andy is staring, fascinated.

"Gonna be open on the Fourth of July?" Mickey inquires in what he hopes is a nonchalant tone.
"No!" says Joe, "but why not take 'em now?"
"If—I haven't got the cash right now," Mickey answers awkwardly, "but, enthhusiastically, 'my dad practically guaranteed I'd have fifty bucks on the Fourth.'
"Take 'em now—and pay me then. BUT—PAY—ME!" Joe admonishes him.

During the scene Mickey has been backing away from the camera. So has Joe.
"Say!" Director Seitz cuts in sarcastically, 'What's the matter with you two? Are you camera shy?"
"No," says Mickey, "but you wouldn't want me to steal a scene from my own father, would you?"
"Don't you worry about me, my lad," Joe interrupts. "I was stealing scenes before you were born. Remember that."
"Isn't he wonderful?" Mickey whispers to me. "Gosh, Dick—"
I only hope they make the "Father and Son" banquet at the Breakfast Club next spring.

There being nothing more to see on this lot, I betake myself to——

**Universal**

Two big pictures shooting out here. The first is "Green Hell" and I mean to tell you they really have a big cast for this one: Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Joan Bennett, Alan Hale, George Sanders, John Howard, George Bancroft, Vincent Price and Malt. The time is the present and the setting is the jungles of the upper Amazon in Brazil.

Alan is an archaeologist preparing for an expedition into the jungles in search of Inca treasure. Doug is the woman-hating son of a famous explorer who is in charge of the expedition in which is included, besides the natives, Sanders, Price, Bancroft, George Garrick, Frank MacDonald, Mala and Peter Bronte. Credits where credits are due, I always say.

For three weeks the party goes up the Javary River (you can find this on your atlas because in the Americas names don't change as often as in Europe) and then into the narrow, sluggish, mist-hung Snake River. You know all this old tropic atmosphere: jungle growth, terrific heat, huge alligators (and you must remind me to tell you sometime about the time I saw a big alligator in the Memphis zoo eat a little one), man-eating Piranha fish, anacondas, noxious insects, cannibalic Indians—and then the long trek through the jungle... rowing days with the men near the breaking point. They build their camp near some ruins and then, after a year of digging, they are rewarded by uncovering an Inca Temple. While exploring the temple they are observed by hostile Indians whose poisoned arrows seriously wound Price. One of the men is sent back for serum and returns, bringing not only the serum, but Price's wife, Joan Bennett. Of course, Price has died in the meantime, but that's part of the plot. Joan learns from Price's papers that he had an undiscovered wife and two children (the cad!).

Doug, the woman-hater, falls in love with the young widow. Who wouldn't? She looks mighty fetching standing there in front of the Inca Temple in her black hair, a knee length skirt, leather boots that come almost to her knees, and a neutral colored blouse.

Of course, once they've discovered a ruin the quest is practically over, because they only have to dig a little more to discover other ruins and it's time for Doug to push on. The future looks pretty bleak.

After Joan and Doug have stood there at the top of the steps drinking in THE BEAUTY OF IT ALL, Joan turns to him: "Where do you go from here—when all this is over?"
"That," says Doug succinctly, "I simply do not know."
"But," she protests with that devastat-

ing Bennett sarcasm which shines through even scenario writers' lines, "I thought your future would be so full you wouldn't have time to get it all in."

"One's future can't be entirely carved stone—and ancient gold," he admits despairingly. "It suddenly seems very empty to me," he continues looking lugubriously at her. "What do you suggest I do with my future?"

Joan is a lady—under contract (at a healthy salary) so you'll have to see the picture (and it shouldn't be a burden to you) to find out what she advises.

While waiting for the release of the picture, I mosey over to the next set which is——

**Silver Screen**
Will Bette and Spence Win Again?

(Continued from page 17)


Break down the year's female summary and you find these things: that Irene Dunne turned in her best performance of the year in "Love Affair;" Carole Lombard turned in her top work in "Made for Each Other;" Alice Faye's finest performance was "Hollywood Cavalcade;" Claudette Colbert was best in "Midnight;" Merle Oberon peaked in "Wuthering Heights;" Jean Arthur hit her easiest stride in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington;" Vivien Leigh scored most importantly in "Gone With the Wind;" Priscilla Lane, always excellent, was tops in "Dust Be My Destiny;" Ginger Rogers achieved a new comedy high in "Bachelor Mother;" Rosalind Russell was most effective in "The Women;" and Norma Shearer most versatile in "Idiot's Delight."

While the mathematical odds are a wee bit in favor of defending champion Bette Davis, because she made more pictures in 1939 than the most active of her rivals, by the same token, the odds are agin Spencer Tracy because he was less active than most of his competitors. Jimmy Stewart, for instance, made five pictures to Tracy's pair of flickers; Jimmy Cagney made four; Cary Grant made four; Tyrone Power made five; Gary Cooper made three; Fred MacMurray made three; David Niven made five; John Garfield made three; Mickey Rooney made four; Errol Flynn made three. Gable, Paul Muni, Melvyn Douglas and Charles Boyer, like Tracy, were limited to two flickers. Yet it is significant that Robert Donat, one of Tracy's most feared foes, made only one picture and delivered a rousing performance in it—"Goodbye Mr. Chips," and similarly, Laurence Olivier's one-picture challenge in "Wuthering Heights" was big-league in calibre. Similarly, Will Fyffe attracted attention in his one picture, "Rulers of the Sea." Lionel Barrymore had only one role, that of Gramps in "On Borrowed Time."

Out of Jimmy Stewart's five 1939 pictures came two splendid performances—his magnificent performance in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" having been preceded by another grand performance as Carole Lombard's young husband in "Made for Each Other." Yet it is the former performance that will be studied most intently by the Academy jury, because as the young senator from the west, the Princeton youngster delivered himself of a characterization that caused hats to be tossed in the air. Always before, Stewart's slow-drawing address, unrelieved by a change of pace, had cheated him of his dramatic greatness; but in this picture, Director Capra broke up that drawing delivery and injected fire into it and the result was electrifying.

Yet my mind goes back some months to the night of the preview of "Goodbye Mr. Chips," at the Four Star Theatre out here. On that night, Hollywood was certain that Robert Donat's performance established a new high-water mark for actors. Going up the aisle with Paul Muni, after the picture had finished, Muni said in all seriousness: "That is the greatest performance by the greatest actor on the screen!" Apart from Stewart, Donat and Laurence Olivier, we can determine these obvious facts about the other challengers: Cagney was best in "The Roaring Twenties;" Tyrone Power was at his peak in "The Rains Came;" Mickey Rooney was at his precocious best in "Babes in Arms;" Fred MacMurray hit a new high in "Honeymoon in Bali," John Garfield scored most forcefully in "Dust Be My Destiny;" David Niven divided his best work between "Dawn Patrol" and "Bachelor Mother." Paul Muni was splendid in "We Are Not Alone" and I liked his portrait of "Juarez;" Boyer was excellent in "Love Affair;" Melvyn Douglas turned in his top work of the year opposite Garbo, and Gable, both as Rhett Butler and the hoarse of "Idiot's Delight" showed a new mastery of his work.

These are the challengers and the specific pictures which they will rely upon in the Academy councils. Whether or not these will be sufficient to topple Tracy, who won in 1937 and repeated in 1938, is open to question. Undoubtedly, he is faced with the most difficult title defense any Academy Award winner ever has encountered.
Adrian calls Hedy Lamarr the "Good Humor Girl" because she constantly eats ice cream while she's fitting. She orders it for everyone in the room and watches them anxiously, hoping they'll leave some for her. Hedy is easy to please. She never complains as long as she has her comfort. To keep her from catching cold in the rain, Adrian designed a suit of rubber underwear for "Lady of The Tropics." Hedy had to be begged to wear it.

Luise Rainer is a bit on the bewildered side during fittings. She took everything Adrian said literally. Once when he designed a particularly sexy dress for her, the designer kiddingly remarked, "Luise, you're going to out-Harlow Harlow in this one." Luise refused to wear the dress. As a rule the Rainer likes clothes that are whimsically drab. She feels there is more greatness in the sackcloth and ashes side of it all.

Annabella is allergic to wool. Ina Claire is in a worry. But there's nothing wrong with her that a good imported label won't fix. Having worn gowns exclusively by Chanel and Schiaparelli, Ina is prone to get panicky with anything else. When Joan Crawford fits, the room looks like a miniature Grand Central Station. Joan likes an audience and usually invites half the studio in to watch. When she's particularly pleased, she behaves like a child with a new toy. When she tries on a suit, she stands in the middle of the room and whirls her arms around like twin propellers. Joan likes plenty of freedom. She'll pop the sleeves out every time unless they give it to her. Joan is a great one for changing Adrian's ideas—after she gets the clothes up to her dressing room.

It takes three designers to keep the Warner Brothers' stars well-dressed. Orry Kelly chats a lot with his people and refrains from being a poseur. Howard Shouppe "takes his cue from them" and treats the stars accordingly. "The minute they take their clothes off they get confidential anyway," Howard explains. Milo insults the stars—in a nice way. He believes brow-beating (kiddingly, of course) relaxes them. If they get jittery, he agrees with everything until he finally wears them out.

They all love Marie Wilson to come in for fittings. Marie is always rushing off to attend a luncheon for the Charles Boyer Fan Club. If they drag out a little number from the good will bag, she begins screaming her appreciation before it's half-way over her head. Marie is positively captivated by every gown. She always gasps: "It's be-e-a-utiful. Where did you get it?" Nine times out of ten Marie has worn the dress in her last three pictures!

Olivia de Havilland is superstitious. Pink brings her good luck. So they always hide a pink taffeta bow where even Olivia can't find it. Believe it or not, the streamlined Priscilla Lane has a modesty complex. She won't even untie a shoe until the fitting room is cleared of people. Priscilla and Rosemary have their fittings together. Priscilla (lovingly called "Beetle-brains" by her sister) hasn't much interest in clothes. Rosemary (lovingly called "Bird head" by Priscilla) insists, "Pull the waist in tighter. Make the skirt much shorter." (She's no fool!)

Ann Sheridan has no vanity. They have to force her to look in the mirror. She has no pet fashion innovations. But she won't go for high necks. Lola Lane stages a one woman battle against "those sweet pea prints." Jane Wyman fittings are just a series of "formals." (She was married to a dress manufacturer.) Miriam Hopkins is nervous when she fits. This makes everyone else in the room nervous too. Jane (the precocious) Bryan goes in for realism. She was positively intrigued with the idea of playing a mother in "The Sisters." Couldn't wait to dress like she was going to have a baby! With May Robson it's always "Young man, I have a cameo brooch at home that will just go perfect." Before she leaves, "Mizzie" Robson always gathers up a few short ends for her Christmas neckties. On account of those roles she plays, they refer to Margaret Lindsay's wardrobe as "A little white around the neck." According to witnesses, Dolores Del Rio once got so excited over a white fringe costume, she ran up and kissed herself in the mirror. Verree Teasdale started the vogue for odd hats. Once she wore a lamp shade. And got away with it.

Ever since Bette Davis tossed discretion (and her girdle) to the winds and romped off with those Academy awards, all the other stars are developing a great yen to be earthy and walk with the common folk again. Everyone gets a good night's rest when Bette is expected in the wardrobe. Her enthusiasm causes them to wilt in her tracks. Bette does her own research. Once and just once, they tried to talk her out of wearing a bustle when she was supposed to wear a bustle. Bette is a sentimentalist, too. She likes to wear old jewelry she buys at auctions. In "The Sisters" she wore her mother's watch and hat. So Orry-Kelly had to design the rest of her costume around them.

Robert Kalloch at Columbia has an amazing sense of humor. He refuses to take the stars as seriously as they take their fittings. For Barbara Stanwyck, Kalloch would pop his stitches. Barbara hates shoes and hats. She always wears mocassins at fittings. She defies you to slip...
You're right, it's Mary Martin and she's clowning through a ballet routine during a dance rehearsal for "The Great Victor Herbert," her first full length feature film.

a slip on her. Kalloch went to great lengths to design an elaborate honeymoon wardrobe for Barbara. Typical of the Stanwyck simplicity, she ended up by wearing some of her old stuff. Fittings with Barbara are constantly interrupted while she listens to some favorite radio program.

Anyone but Kalloch would have collapsed designing clothes for Luli Deste. The European star arrived with such little ideas as gloves made out of wood. Earrings out of straw. Kalloch knocked himself out creating for her an ermine-lined cape. But Deste insisted on rabbit fur! The cape was remade. Deste wanted beige rabbit. Production was already delayed. It all ended up merrily with the cape being sent to the make-up department every morning — where it was treated to a nice bath of beige grease paint.

Jean Arthur avoids the fitting room because fashions actually bore her. There's very little chatter when she does go through the ordeal. Accessories get in her way, so Jean won't use them. Most stars demand everything new. Jean liked the corded toweling robe Hepburn wore in "Holiday." It was right for a sequence in "Only Angels Have Wings." So Jean asked for it. Any other star would have insisted on having it copied.

Like Lily Pons, Jean Parker likes gowns that expose her mid-riff. When Kalloch does clothes for the little Parker he throws discretion to the wind. Jean is happy with such things as turtle neck sweaters with spangles. Or a bathing suit that is definitely peasant. Jean always insists on something for her head that "isn't quite a hat" — Kalloch has tried everything, including a palm leaf fan. For Jean's personal wardrobe, he designed a tennis visor with birds. Jean wore it to a barbecue.

Madeleine Carroll refuses to wear anything but genuine jewelry. So they rent the real stuff and hire two men to guard it. Irene Dunne isn't a bit hard to please as long as they make everything blue! Once Katherine Hepburn surprised everyone by announcing she was going to dress for a party being given at the end of the picture. Hepburn's idea of "getting all dressed up," consisted of getting her pants pressed for the occasion. For stars who have an "imported" complex, Kalloch has a collection of foreign labels. Even if it comes from the May Company basement, the star is made happy with an "imported" bungalow apron.

Eddie Stevenson at RKO can handle almost any situation — except Mothers who think their starlets are still innocent babies in arms. Eddie is a firm believer in allowing the star to express her own individuality. When Helen Broderick turns her hats around backwards, Eddie just sits there and beams. Eddie still wonders about Frances Farmer. Throughout all her fittings she just sat there and stared. ZaSu Pitts has a phobia about wearing any kind of jewelry. She won't even wear her own wedding ring and ZaSu has been happily married for years. Kay Francis was a bit confused when she came in for fittings. Originally Kay okayed patterns and materials while wearing smoked glasses. She was that amazed when she saw them with her naked eye. Five hundred beggar costumes had to be aged with acid, then sent to the "cleaners," for "Hunchback of Notre Dame." In Hollywood, movie beggars oftentimes smell much better than the pictures they work in.

Being a woman, Edith Head has the advantage over male designers. She can beat the stars on their own ground and honestly show them their bad "points." Edith started at Paramount fifteen years ago, as assistant to Travis Banton. She has dressed everyone from Kate Smith to Shirley Temple. One of Edith's pet aversions is movie manus who want to give their twelve-year-old moppets sex appeal! She specializes in little jobs like designing a bight for Barbara Stanwyck. She now would enjoy eating. Edith finally won out over the cow by making the hat of corn husks.

Edith has to lock the door when Carole Lombard comes in for a fitting. Carole is so popular everyone finds some excuse to drop in to say hello. In the meantime everyone has a fit — waiting. With Carole it's all completely free and very gay. When Gladys George comes in for a fitting, she can't tell alone the clothes until she acts in 'em. While Edith waits patiently, Gladys moans and groans and swoons on the fitting room floor — to see if it "feels right."

Claudette Colbert is allergic to metal clothes. Martha Raye is allergic to dog hair. Imagine Edith's embarrassment when an expensive "Sable" coat rented for Martha sent the comedian home for the day. When she dropped those famous Mae West curves, Edith had to be careful never to whirl a whistle in the dressing room and never give Mae pearls. When Dietrich came in for fittings she practically lived there for days. To date, Edith has designed every kind of a sarong for Dietrich's "lounging" but ermine. Her latest is "cloth of gold."

"Lucky" Natalie Visart they call her. She is the only woman designer in Hollywood who works exclusively on men. It's Natalie's job to costume those terrific torsos for C. B. De Mille. And she actually gets paid for being in the fitting room with Gary Cooper, Joel McCrea, Freddie March, Robert Preston, Ray Miland, and the rest.

Some of the secrets of Hollywood fitting rooms are too intimate to tell. You'd be that surprised to know who is padded where. Only the designers know. They have trouble enough without revealing the little secrets of their trade. There is one untold story on the casting of "Gone With the Wind." The star was auditioning for "Belle Watling." Never had a producer seen so many flat-chested girls in his life. In desperation they sent for a box of sponges. Each new girl was paraded back and forth dressed in the "Belle Watling" costume. The sponges helped to "round" her out to fit the part. Fortunately for all parties concerned, Ona Munson came along in the nick of time. The sponges were returned to the prop room!
assurance? I'd really like to know."

"I have a very wise mother," said Paulette, "her I have to thank for that. When I was a child my mother had to travel constantly and I had to go to a new school sometimes twice a month. In one day I'd go from the top of the class, but just as I was enjoying that delightful distinction we would move and I would enter a new school where, most likely, I was the dumbest kid in the class. I seemed to be always fighting for position. My mother realized how I dreaded these new schools, meeting new children and new teachers, and never knowing whether I'd be at the top of the class or at the bottom, so every time we moved and there was a strange school to face she would make me a beautiful new dress to wear my first day. Nothing gives a girl, even though she's little more than a baby, more self-confidence than a pretty new dress. And as I left for school every day I'd repeat to myself, 'You may not be the brightest, darling, but you're the prettiest.'"

"My mother also taught me as a child not to worry. 'Nothing is permanent,' she would say, 'so you might as well approach everything with a laugh.'"

Paulette is a very cheery person. She loves laughter and gayety. She loves fun. And this is probably the real reason that Charlie Chaplin fell for Paulette like the proverbial ton of bricks. Before Paulette arrived in Hollywood, the Chaplins were living in a $16,000 mansion in Duesenberg, the twice divorced and thrice shy Charlie roamed around Hollywood like a lonely lost soul, with a face that long. But Paulette has changed all that. She has taught Charlie, the clown, how to laugh. Instead of his friends call her "Sunny Jim." She likes it.

"When I feel a melancholy mood coming on," said Paulette, "I simply lock myself in my room, and stay there until it's over. I would never think of indulging in self-pity or other people when I am unhappy." Instead of telling you her troubles—which is a favorite indoor sport with the poor little put-upon movie stars in Hollywood—Paulette only tells you of her joys. She never asks for sympathy. It's indeed a pleasure to bump into Miss Goddard.

"But you can't always laugh," I said, "You do get mad sometimes, don't you?"

"But good, dear," said Paulette. "I have a very quick temper. They come to my eyes. And then, quick as a flash, it's all over. When I see publicity on myself that's rather revolting I hit the ceiling. I grab the telephone to call my lawyer and scream at the top of my voice (I used to scream when I was a little girl too, even before my lawyer answers the phone, I begin to laugh at myself. Anyway, there's not much you can do about bad publicity but laugh it off, is there?)"

"I feared her that there wasn't. I was never one to encouragement.

Paulette admits that she was awfully mad, at first, because she didn't get Scarlett, and well she should have been—especially when a fake announcement came out of the studio, or some place, that she had definitely been picked for the part. She was flooded with congratulations, wires, etc., and then in the midst of all the excitement it was announced that it wasn't true. 'It made a prize dope out of me,' she said. She doesn't admit it, but it must have grieved her to be left out of Hollywood, that she eased herself right out of the part. There she was, after months of testing, practically signed, sealed and delivered—as a matter of fact everything was set for the good agents to come with the Selznick agents about the contract—when Paulette gave a party, Paulette likes to give parties for "visiting English celebrities" (Charlie's English, you know) but this turned out to be a party which I bet she wishes she had never given. Among the "visiting English celebrities" that were feted that afternoon was one Vivien Leigh. When David Selznick got a gander at the Leigh girl over the teacups he demanded that she be tested immediately—and immediately she was signed for the part of Scarlett. Paulette, good sport that she is, bore it with fortitude. She might have said, "The English be damned" in private. It is to her credit that she said nothing in public.

It was like rubbing salt in the wound when several days later a big box was deposited on the Chaplin doorstep. When Paulette tore through the wrappings out jumped a girl all done up in hoop skirts as Scrooge, and for a moment one of those cruel Hollywood gags. The girl, one of the million candidates for Scarlett, not knowing that Vivien Leigh had been signed, had thought of this tantalizing way of getting herself presented to Producer David Selznick. The Selznicks live next door to the Chaplins. Someone made a slight mistake. Paulette, mad as hell at the time, fairly laughs herself sick about it now. "If I could have seen my face," she said, "when Scarlett popped out of the box!"

Paulette has one of Hollywood's perfect figures, but I don't have to tell you that. You've got eyes. She is five feet four inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. She has smiling blue eyes, dark hair with reddish tints in it, and a fresh, clear, always perfectly sun-tanned skin. Like Norma Shearer she always looks as if she had just scrubbed her face with soap and water. Her beauty treatments consist largely of getting lots of exercise. If she decides to learn something she goes at it with vim and vigor and usually masters it twice as fast as anyone else. She plays a good game of tennis, fences well, dances beautifully, and plays golf in the low 90's. (Last year she won the women's state golf club championship at Pheasant Cliff—Beach course at Del Monte, California.) She thinks up things to do around lunch time so she won't eat lunch. But at dinner she claims she eats "like a condemned woman."

There are those in Hollywood who say that Miss Goddard is as hard as nails. But her diction teacher says that she is one of the most emotionally sensitive pupils he has ever had. She will be reading Browning and suddenly she will burst into a flood of tears. Music can do that to her, too. And sunsets. She makes no particular claim to being an intellectual, but she is really one of the best informed of the Hollywood stars.

Paulette is definitely not one to talk about her past. There isn't so much as a routine studio biography of her in existence. (Even Garbo has a studio biography.) She likes to be known as the 'girl whom nobody knows.' But, unfortunately, for her mystery pose there are those 'who knew her when'—and those who knew her when don't mind talking. According to them Paulette's family settled down in Great Neck, Long Island, when Paulette was fourteen, a knockout for looks, and a talented dancer. When somebody from Hattie Carnegie's place offered her fifty dollars a week to model, she accepted the job and for a few months was the most languid of Hattie's languid models. Somebody there gave her a card to the great Ziegfeld, which she presented in the due course of time. He gave her seventy-five a week and she sat on the stage and looked beautiful while some tenor or other sang to her.

But the big excitement of the Ziegfeld show was that it went to Florida and there Paulette met a whole raft of millionaires and married an Edgar James—who soon afterwards she divorced.

With a hundred thousand dollar settlement, a Duesenberg, and some snappy clothes she arrived in Hollywood, put up at the Beverly Hills Hotel, become a platinum blonde, and got a job as one of the chorus in Sam Goldwyn's "The Kid from Spain." The best 'catch' in Hollywood at the time was Charles Spencer Chaplin. She caught him. About her personal affairs, or her association with Charlie she refuses to say a word. But invariably in the course of a conversation with her she will casually say, "That was just before I married Charlie."

Her great ambition (she claims she has no ambition, that she only wants to live a full life) is to become an actress, not just an actress, but a good actress. And a lot of hard work, and a lot of disappointments aren't going to frighten her away from her goal. As she said when she lost out on Scarlett, "Of course I'm disappointed. But why be sore about it? I want to be an actress—and I'm going to be a good one."

A thousand or more fans, plus Blanca Holmies, astrologer de luxe, plus yours truly, astrologer de trop, are forecasting that it won't be long now.
The Inside Info on Jiminy Cricket

[Continued from page 43]

were putting on a ventriloquial act. Incidentally, ventriloquism is another facet to this most remarkable creature. Snug in his little chink on the hearth, one searches diligently for the front, but it takes time to find it. It has been recorded that the sound of the cricket can be heard at a distance of 400 yards—almost a quarter of a mile! That's a lot of distance for so small a creature.

Although the animators working on Jiminy claim he was more fun to work on than any of the other characters in “Pinocchio,” they paid for their fun in difficulties arising because of Jiminy’s small size. In relation to most of the characters, Jiminy is about the size of your thumbnail. In some of the scenes he is shown sitting on the toe of Pinocchio’s shoe; lecturing to Pinocchio in the best oratorical manner from the petal of a Jack-in-the-pulpit; balancing on the rim of a silk-topper; teetering on a whale’s eyelash.

Jiminy’s diminutive size presented great problems in the matter of his wardrobe. Just so an opening of a picture he appears as a snugly-knit, well-dressed fellow; his clothes are drab and dusty, his top hat battered, his spats frayed, but with it all he retains a certain air of elegance. When the Blue Fairy elevates him to the exalted position of Sir Jiminy Cricket, she gives him regal raiment. Jiminy is particularly proud of his red umbrella. This red umbrella also served another purpose. Jiminy is so tiny that he couldn’t very well be seen to advantage in a number of scenes unless he had some color on him somewhere. With his brilliant red umbrella, therefore, he crawls out of pipe bowls, slides down violin strings, hops onto flower petals and is visible at once. As to a name for the character, suggestions were made from Cedric to Mar- maduko, but Walt said, “Why not name him Jiminy? Everyone knows that expression ‘Jiminy Cricket.’”

In connection with the name Jiminy, it has an interesting source. The word was originally “Gemini,” and was part of an oath taken in the Roman-Julian courts long before the starting of the custom of swearing on the Bible. Those who ‘By Gemini’ were accompanied by a raised arm. This meant that the person taking the oath resolved to speak the truth—and nothing but the truth.

Down through the centuries, the original oath has descended to a mild form of ejaculation; by word of mouth it has changed from Gemini to Jiminy.

Since Jiminy's role is that of a con- science, the name fits him especially well. With “Pinocchio” completed Jiminy has been nagging his boss to purchase Dickens’ “The Cricket on the Hearth” as a starring vehicle for him. So far, Disney refuses to commit himself as to his future plans for Jiminy. And Jiminy declares it “ain’t cricket!”

Still Laughing at Love

[Continued from page 37]

my brother must join us at once, but it took several phone arguments to convince him he should put his business in order and stay for America. We also sent for a maid to bring us up clean undergarments. It takes time for us to feel our immediate family is safe in Hollywood. But it is all very sad, very terrible, for we have relatives and many interests in Norway, and we shall miss our summer vacations in the old home.

Watching her I wondered how Sonja had ever escaped a serious romance. She’s made for love—so warmly feminine, so merry and altogether lovely. Yet through all her triumphs she remains heart whole. In the beginning, during those strenuous years when she was winning championships, she had the satisfying comradeship of her devoted father, her mother, and her brother, Lief, and this shut out the demand for other love. Then came Hollywood, with its exciting barrage of rumors every time she stepped out to dine and dance with a young man. This was disturbing at first, but she soon learned to shrug her shoulders and accept it as a part of the Hollywood life. Her friendship with Tyrone Power, which cracked the front pages as a “hot” romance, and spotlighted them both, turned out to be a very grand friendship and nothing more.

There have been other rumors of this and that heart interest, and recently some special emphasis from the handsome agent Vic Orsatti, so I asked, “What about romance—love?”

Sonja greeted the suggestion gaily, saying, “I still have no time for romance, and don’t expect to have it for a few years. But I manage a love affair. I flirt from hero to there, and divide my year into four parts: three months for a picture, three months for a skating tour, three months for another picture, then, three months for a vacation. Now, how could a romance flourish on such an erratic schedule?”

As for the Orsatti rumors, they were laughed away, too. They had made a pretty story, but they, too, turned out to be only rumors.

Vic is her agent. During the times they dined and danced before she went abroad, the chief topic of the conversation was her business affairs. It just happened that he booked passage on the Normandie for his vacation in Paris, on which ship Sonja and her mother were sailing for Norway. As he entered into the ship’s gaieties, and she spent the time resting, they saw each other just once. They dined together the last night. A few weeks later, Orsatti phoned her from Paris regarding contract matters and Sonja suggested that he fly to Oslo for the week-end, and they could talk things over. During the three days she spent in Paris on her return trip, she didn’t even see him. So, out of such fancy stuff are romances made.

Since her return, she’s been dancing with various young blades—“Golden Boy” Bill Holden, whom she met through mutual friends in New York, Jimmy Stewart, a favorite of all the girls, Cesar Romero, who holds the prize as the best dancing escort in Hollywood, Alan Curtis and others.

Said Sonja, “Someday, if and when I fall in love, I shall marry. Then, I’ll give up everything except the making of two pictures a year. I’m old-fashioned when it comes to marriage, I want it to be successful, and it must include a real home and children. Maybe I’ll fall in love with an actor, and maybe I won’t, but that doesn’t make the least difference, just so I am completely happy, a very deep love, and congeniality.”

She went on, confidentially, “I’ve been too busy, too occupied with my career to feel the demand for romance. But I know that love and marriage are needed to make a woman’s life complete, and naturally I want to experience all Life has to offer. I’m in no hurry, though.

For the first time in her life, Sonja admits she is vague as to her plans. When I asked her what came next, she hesitated, then said that probably, when she finishes the skating sequences for “Everything Happens at Night,” she will go on a short exhibit tour, returning to make another picture after the holidays. And here is real news: this may be her last tour—her mother is growing tired of them, and Sonja, herself, will welcome the added leisure this will give her.

Sonja’s mother is Irish. That’s where she gets her golden hair and the warm brown eyes that can flash fire or twinkle with merriment, with equal ease. But it was from her Norwegian father that she drew her enormous energy and determination, for Sonja never stopped until she was ten-time: world figure-skating champion, three-times Olympic champion, and the rhythm of her silver skates had echoed throughout Europe and America. Then, there being no more honors to win as a skater, she suddenly announced, “I’m going to Hollywood!” With her marked flair for showmanship, she made a spectacular entrance into the new world, and because of her brilliant talents, her good looks and sparkling personality, she quickly became the belle of the box-office.
Try Anything Once!

asked Jimmy if he could do any acrobatic tricks. Once more he pulled the supreme bluff and said he could. All the “acrobating” Jimmy had done was stooping behind home plate as catcher on a baseball team. In the spring, for a series of skating exhibitions that would be surrounded by all the glamour and picturesque trappings of Hollywood.

“Over there,” she explained, “they’ve never seen anything like that, and how they would love it. Naturally, we can do nothing like that now until peace comes to Europe.”

Sonja’s interests never flag, and plans or no plans, she fills every hour to the brim. She’s leased the beautiful hill-top home, with its magnificent swimming pool, that Jean Harlow built in Bel Air, and intends to enjoy some leisurely living. Now with her brother, Lief, here—and he’s a handsome fellow—there will probably be more social gaiety.

“I’ve been so busy,” said Sonja, “and refused so many invitations that my friends never expect me to accept, and there have been evenings when I wanted to dress up and go places, but didn’t have the chance. One just can’t pick up the phone and ask to be invited. I’m turning over a new leaf, perhaps I’ll become a social butterfly, perhaps there will be a romance that will give you a story. Not being bound around with plans, there’s no telling where I’ll burst out. Freedom can lead you into exciting paths!”

As I left her, Sonja’s gay, contagious laughter followed me and kept me smiling. That, in itself, is a word picture of Sonja Henie!

She looked me up and down and hired me. I mugged through that act somehow without any catastrophes.

“Finally, I even had to claim to be a singer. How I ever got by with that is beyond me, for I couldn’t carry a tune if it had handles on it. I might add that my ability as a singer was never featured, and that I found myself doing inconsequential patter acts—you know, typical song and dance routines.”

“Some people, I know, thought I was crazy. They were sure I’d be found out some day and that would end my blossoming career. But I figured I had nothing to lose. I wasn’t working, and I was finding out just what I should do about a future. Besides, I don’t believe in letting anything throw you, no matter how impossible it may seem at the time.”

After five years of appearances on and off the vaudeville circuits, Jimmy had developed some proficiency as a song and dance man. He was continually trying to improve himself, but he still never thought it necessary to take a single lesson. However, he realized he could not hope to make much money in vaudeville. There were too many better song and dance men. So he cast his eyes toward the dramatic stage.

One summer, he was in New York without a job. “Desire Under the Elms,” Eugene O’Neill’s epic story of New England, was playing to packed houses. Several of the members of the cast were leaving for vacations and were being replaced by unknowns.

A friend of Jimmy’s, Victor Kilian, who is now a Hollywood character actor, told him he thought he could place him in the juvenile lead in the show. So without waiting for any more information, Jimmy went to the producer to read for him.

Now, in case you aren’t familiar with “Desire Under the Elms,” it’s a dramatic tragedy that places a possible demand on the most seasoned actors. It would be almost unthinkable for an inexperienced person to read for even a small bit in it. But Jimmy, with his song and dance patter, his very few sketches in vaudeville behind him, went for the reading with every confidence.

The producer looked at him and said, “Well, you’re hardly the type for this play, but I may have a part for you in my new show opening next fall. It’s called ‘Outside Looking In.’ It’s based on Jim Tully’s life. You’ll be very good, you think, as Tully.”

Next fall, without a single bit on the legitimate stage to his credit, Jimmy read the leading role in the play and was given the assignment. The notices he got from the critics were all favorable.

With success almost assured, Jimmy suddenly decided to return to vaudeville after the play closed. And here he made his one big mistake. This venture cost him about a year’s setback in his career. But he had to work, and he didn’t see any point of wasting around for a break. He’d always made his own breaks.

One day, Jimmy got a letter offering him the job of staging and producing all the dance numbers for “Grand Street Folies,” a musical revue for the intelligentsia. Jimmy took the job, disregarding completely the fact that he had never even lined up a chorus, let alone stage a whole revue. But instead of backing down, as many would, he jumped in and then wondered if he could swim.
"I not only staged dances," Jimmy told me, "but I did some tricky specialties myself. I can't say that I was always at ease in this job, but somehow I pulled through. I have always been convinced that I must have been born under a lucky star!"

And so his career, built on a strange philosophy of refusing to admit anything so remote as failure, went on to greater heights. With his success on the stage in "Penny Arcade," Jimmy turned himself on his way to Hollywood. Once more to try something strange and alien. But behind him was his idea: "I'd have been a failure if I'd never tried anything, so nothing can throw me now."

"When I came to Hollywood," Jimmy said, "I wasn't in the least worried, largely because I didn't care whether I stayed or not. And I didn't try to philosophize on motion picture technique. To me, acting in pictures was the same as on the stage, except that it was, perhaps, more limited. I just took my script, forgot about cameras and other such matters, and tried to give the most honest performances I could."

"One important thing did happen to me in Hollywood, though. I had never really believed I was doing a job as well as it might have been done until I came into pictures. Then, for the first time after all the years of floundering around. I felt I knew my job—acting—well. All the chances I had taken were behind me. Hard work was the only answer to success now. Hard work of a much more exacting kind."

In "The Oklahoma Kid," however, Jimmy did his first western. And in it he had to do some fancy trick riding. So, once more, he called on his aged gag and said: "Sure I can ride—and good. (Of course, he couldn't.) He began to learn trick riding, he retired doubles for the dangerous parts of the film, and eventually turned out to be an acceptable—if not an astounding—horseman. The director wanted him to let someone else do the difficult riding, but Jimmy refused. He would not be stumped for the first time in his life. He had a record to preserve.

"What's this I hear about your having been a ballet dancer," I asked Jimmy, abruptly swerving the conversation from Hollywood to dancing again.

"Oh, that. Well, in New York several years ago, the Capitol Theatre had been featuring ballet on its bill every week. It was decided to augment the show, so illegally went out for ballet dancers. I was out of it the first time I applied.

"Now the only thing I ever done that even remotely resembled ballet were a few gag kicks in my own privacy. When I was given the job, I was just a little worried, for I was afraid I'd have to go first, or at least more than I could chew this time. However, it all turned out very well. I didn't have to do a single ballet step. My job was in the chorus doing a simple tap routine based on Irish jig steps. I don't know whether the ballet master ever found me out or not, but we became very good friends."

"Yes, I'm almost forgetting Jimmy's proficiency as a musician."

In his earlier and more tender years, one might have seen a red-headed younger sitting belligerently at a piano and pecking away at the keys. A tip of the tongue sticking out here, a frown caressing a furrowed brow, and awkward fingers getting all mixed up in the mess of white and black. And, to complete the picture, there was his mother standing beside him, beaming with each off-key note Jimmy struck.

"He felt his piano playing stopped after a year or two, but recently he bought a piano. He had never been able to forget that he had stopped before he had mastered it. "I play the piano to amuse myself," said Jimmy indifferently, "and just badly enough to annoy my friends. But, after all, it doesn't hurt to know something about it. The time may come when I might have to apply for a job as a pianist in an orchestra."

"Of course, my pride and joy is my guitar. I've been playing it for twelve years. I'm still trying. Oh yes, I amuse myself. But as much as I don't like to admit it, I'm still not very proficient."

A violin also rests in Jimmy's musical congregation. He had tried that, too. But he considered, the horrible wailings that he manages to squeeze out with each slide of the bow hardly testify to his success. With only moderate success as a pianist, violinist, and guitarist, he is now taking vocal lessons. Man of all trades—or tricks—"Cagney."

Then, too, there is the Cagney of the carpenter and stone-masonry trades. Why, he even built a log cabin for a friend. (Author's note: It's still standing.) And at his farm in Martha's Vineyard he is always putting around with stone work.

Between pictures he spends considerable time working long and hard in his position—and a responsible one it is—as vice-president of the Screen Actors Guild. Jimmy had finished his lunch and was just about to leave, so I thought I'd ask what he'd gained by his impetuous daring. "What have I gained?" Jimmy reiterated as he eyed the remaining tid-bits of his dessert. "A lot. First of all, taking the chances I have has kept me fed, and that was quite an item in the old days. Besides, it made me see the necessity of forcing myself to take advantage of any opportunity offered, regardless of its apparent difficulties. The very fact that I'm an actor today is due to my determination to eat and my insistence at not recognizing any pattern that fate may have mapped out for me at first."

"Isn't it true that success is so unusual. Any person can have the same amount of success if he doesn't sit back and wait for things to happen to him. If he claims experience where he has none, it puts him on his mettle. Things will happen to him a lot faster. And I've found out that breaks of the game seldom come to those who don't make themselves.

"Besides, I never took any chances. My bosses did."

**Mother Confides About Jane**
[Continued from page 45]

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George Murphy telling Fred Astaire a new story during the making of "Broadway Melody of 1940."

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she can invite a girl-friend to stay over with us.

"She played some pretty tough takes for awhile. But I wouldn't allow her to turn into a sophisticated brat. She's been accustomed to manners and she doesn't know there is any alternative. Only once have I suffered from a picture—a 'Ginger,' which was made several years ago, it took me two weeks to cure her of the slang she used for that character."

"During 1939 she's changed from a child into an adolescent. She doesn't wear ballets anymore. She used to dislike hairdressers, and now she wants a new 'coif'-ture everyday." When George Ernest said, frankly, that he didn't care for one of her hair styles she promptly abandoned it. "Her tomboy days are through," Ruth Withers always claims a shock to see how feminine she has gone. She used to see no sense to fittings, but now she stands patiently and offers her own ideas on line and color. One of Jane's non-professional friends, Jeanie Howlett, is a year older and taller. Jeanie's skirts are three inches longer. Jane has pointed out to 20th Century-Fox executives. In fact, she spent an hour pleading for "more fashionable" screen attire. There is some recompense in that Mrs. Withers has ordered a long party dress, and a hostess robe, and frilly nightgowns instead of plain pajamas—for personal wear."

Jane's slimming accentuates her graduation from kiddishness. In three months she added five inches in height and lost twelve pounds. Now five feet two, weighing an even hundred pounds, with a twenty-three rather than a thirty-one inch waistline, she can argue diet with the best of them. She is anxious to become a figure that a girl that height looks best in her clothes. She no longer eats nine rolls in a row.

She remains a collector, but of an entirely different range of "valuables." She
has switched from knives to perfumes, which is officially forbidden to use yet. Her bottle of “Shocking,” when last seen, was half empty and Ruth Withers admits, unofficially, that there have been some evenings when Jane has gone to bed reeking with perfume. Her dolls are now mementoes of childhood. Her zoo has been gradually disbanded. She had so many pets she had to get a license for keeping them all. Her deer, Dick and Dash, became too big and rambunctious.

Cactus, her donkey, twice strolled into the house and did considerable damage when the phone rang and frightened him, on both occasions. But then he jumped the fence, meandered over to Westwood Village, and kicked a vegetable stand over when the owner objected to his appetite for apples. They called Jane to come and get him! Her rooster, dubbed Leopold Stokowski, bit too many people. Ladybug, We Blues her heifer, mooed too loudly for the neighbors; but Henry Wilcoxon, her good friend, is seeing to it that Bess is not becoming beef.

“She’s decided,” said Ruth Withers, pouring tea for me, “that archery is fun than knife-throwing, that ballroom dancing is preferable to tree-climbing. Blood-and-thunder games are passé around here. If Jane doesn’t want to dance or entertain at the pool, she’s busily embrod-ering or knitting.

They’ve done over her bedroom to suit her. It had been a nautical red, white, and blue. Today it’s a delicate French pink-and-blue, with mirrored, ruffled tables in place of knick-knack cabinets.

“Is it making her happy I wouldn’t want her to be working at it,” Jane’s mother went on saying to me. “If there were anything about Hollywood which could hurt her, I’d take her away. But I haven’t been disillusioned about Hollywood. We believe in here. We’ve retained all of our old friends, and made so many new ones.

“Of course I don’t want her to be superficially sophisticated. I expect to prevent such a fate by holding our family’s own average for hard traits. Parents can set a pot ex- ample. I don’t behave in a way I’d disapprove of for her, nor does her father.

“What I’m endeavoring to do, you see, is to make her think and judge, on her own average, her own judgment problems.

“She’s blessed with a talent and she has persisted in obtaining the opportunity to follow her bent. But she is no better than anyone else. She’s a human being, first of all, and every one of us has an obligation to be kind. I started training Jane in kindness when she was four. Once a month, back in Atlanta, I’d let her go to supper at an orphanage. I’d allowed her to stay there all night afterwards. It was a treat for her, yet at the same time she was learning how other children lived and acquiring a democratic, generous outlook.

“When she wanted those pets here— and at one time we had chickens, dogs, cats, ducks, pigeons, a lamb, a pheasant, baby alligators, and a monkey and Texas red squirrels, besides the deer, donkey, and cow I told you about—I appointed her chief caretaker of them.”

Flowers appeal to her because she has had the privilege of tending her own flower bed. She planted it outside the kitchen window, figuring that the best site, for then she could chat with the cook while weeding and watering. Their cook, incidentally, is a Georgia import, having been Jane’s mammy during babyhood.

Jane isn’t washing and ironing doll clothes any more, but she is still attending to her own room when she isn’t on studio call, making her bed and straightening and dusting.

“I think a child should be raised to know that money isn’t to be squandered. Jane receives an allowance of six dollars a week, and we go to the bank where she makes out her own deposit slips to save money in that for her Christmas presents. I let her pick out all her gifts.

“Jane’s religious training has not been neglected. She’s won the cup at the First Presbyterian Church in Hollywood for bringing in the most new members to the Sunday School. She’s sung in the choir every Sunday, with nineteen girls who have no connection with the movies. I let her confer with the pastor and they se- lected an orphan to be cared for by church benefits she could support by direct aid from us. Jane enthusiastically passes on her clothes to this protegé and plans on how to advise her.

“Next spring we’re going to bring Jane’s cousin out from Atlanta, my brother’s daughter who is the same age as Jane, and who’s talented in singing and dancing. I don’t see why she shouldn’t have her chance, too. We can start her in as Jane’s stand-in. It is quite possible we may adopt her. Certainly if she wants to have a career in pictures we shall do all we can to help her!”

Such willingness to share is so rare in Hollywood that I particularly point out Mrs. Withers’ attitude. But then, that’s why she is the most popular movie mother in town, as anyone who knows the inside gossip will assure you. She doesn’t coach Jane in her lines, either; she discreetly leaves all that up to Jane and her director, and always has.

“I had my bad hours when I was dis-couraged and thought she should have her chance to show what she could do,” she frankly admits, “but how glad I am I didn’t give in to the blues! Mr. Withers and I were apart for awhile, but my own happiness has been guaranteed by my dream com-ing true.

“Right now I’m trying to temper Jane’s strong likes and dislikes and it’s rather a task. I don’t want to stop her from having a mind of her own. A successful person won’t be swayed by popular opinion, but must choose definitely as well as correctly.

“But if anything should happen to me I believe Jane, as she is, could carry on wisely for herself! She can be relied upon to make decisions of her own. And she knows from how hard we work that makes the wheels go round out here.”

What Mrs. Withers didn’t tell me about was how she hired Jane’s present stand-in, Kay Connor, of Vancouver, didn’t know what a stand-in was when she knocked on Withers’ door with her ad for an ardent fan, as her collection of eleven hundred pictures of Jane testifies. She was so sincere, her violin scholarship indicated such ambition, that before she left she had not only an autograph but a job and Jane’s friendship!
Kansas City Secretary

_but BOTH_ follow the same famous Skin Care

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**ANSWER:**
"No—why should I? Pond’s Vanishing Cream smooths away little skin roughnesses in only one application. I usually spread on a light film of Vanishing Cream before I go outdoors, too. Just for protection."

Send for Trial Beauty Kit
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Rush special tubes of Pond’s Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Cleansing Cream (quickly-melting cleansing cream) and five different shades of Pond’s Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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State: ____________________________

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Lana Turner's Advice to All High School Girls

[continued from page 23]

now, which is what I'd planned to do. I never thought of going into pictures, you know.

Then, as you know, too, how I ate my lunch in the cafe that day and a Hollywood trade paper reporter 'spotted' me and arranged for me to make a screen test. And just then Mr. Mervyn LeRoy announced that he had picked sixteen-year-old girl Lana Turner for the part of Mary Clay in They Won't Forget. He tested me, after he'd tested twenty-five other girls, too, and I was signed. And now I have a contract here at M-G-M . . . so maybe kids will say, 'oh, she should talk!' But whether I should talk or not, you asked me, Miss Hall, whether High School kids ever write to me and ask me questions. They do. So I'll just try to remember some of the questions they ask most repeatedly and then I'll say what I honestly believe.

"I'll get up steam first by talking about the "Little Things." For instance, lots of girls write and ask me what I think about High School dating. Because we all have so many experiences. I think they should or do I think they shouldn't? Well, my answer is: Have your make-up as simple as possible or you'll look as simple as possible! I used to use a lot of mascara and eye-shadow and red, but when I went to High School. Then, one day, I happened to get a look in a mirror out in the sunlight and I didn't recognize myself! I didn't know what that was I saw reflected in the mirror. I looked like something out of this world! I realize that then, not seductive as I had fondly hoped, but plain silly. And in horribly bad taste . . . like a Follies Beauty with all the works, in a convent.

"I never used mascara or eye-shadow again. I've never used rouge. I did use a little lipstick, bright, and that's all. And that's all I use now, off the screen. I think it's pathetic, really, for High School girls to try to look sophisticated and older than they are. We're all at least many years ahead of us when we must look older, and then old, whether we like it or not. And we have only a few years in which we can look really young. I think girls should play up their youthfulness and freshness and dewiness and all that, for all they're worth! After all, Youth is the most appealing thing in the world, and the briefest. I know that, now that I'm out of High School, out in the—out in the World!

"Girls often ask me how they should dress in order to be as attractive as possible. Well, I think that High School girls should dress as simply as possible. What's the use of buying a dress and can afford impromptu models and boys coats on you if she is poor and can afford only sweaters and skirts. I think that she should wear —sweaters and skirts! And I don't think there's anything more attractive for a youthful girl than than white cotton blouses . . . just so long as they're white and clean. If a girl wants to wow the boys—and what girl doesn't?—she can always wear her sweaters a little shorter and a little tighter than other girls do, her stockings a little sheerer, change her sweaters and coats as often as possible so as to avoid looking monotonous or as though she's wearing a uniform. And I think that girls should always look feminine. Even if a girl goes in for being the Good Sport type and wears mannish clothes or a skirt of that sort of thing, she should tack on a frill or two somewhere along the line of march just as a reminder that she is a girl.

"Lots of girls write me and tell me they are not especially pretty, can't afford to wear smart clothes, and want to know what is the best way for them to be attractive to boys. I guess I get more letters asking this question than any other. Well, my advice, for what it is worth, is this: Forget the 'being attracted thin dress, you and start out in High School life by being a Good Friend with the boys. After all, boys are shy, too, you know. You've got to remember that. And it's a very good thing to remember that and to really think that a lot of boys are more attracted to a girl who puts them at ease, makes them feel comfortable, sort of like their mothers and sisters make them feel, than they are by girls who act like Vampires. First, and most important of all, I'd say, laugh with the boys. A good laugh, shared, does more to draw a boy and a girl together than almost anything I know of. Then join the Public Speaking Class, if you can, and be able to talk a little. Remember what are the topics that are of common interest in the class.

"Also, and this is Very Important, be able to talk to boys about the things they like, football, baseball, car-racing, hunting, the sports you used to play and football games, wear the school colors, give it enthusiasm . . . a girl who takes an interest in the things that interest a man is usually aces with him."

"I said, that I looked on the lovely diamond on Lana's engagement finger . . . "now, you are engaged . . . and your Mr. Greg Bautzer is an attorney . . . do you take an interest in the Law, Miss T."

"Well," smiled Lana, "I don't go to sleep on it . . . "

"Perhaps the most important thing of all, then," continued Lana, "is to be a good dancer. For once you get the rep of being a hot dancer, you're all set. It doesn't matter how you look or how you dress, if you can swing it, you're in it. If you aren't a good dancer when you enter High School take some lessons, if you can afford to. If you can't afford to, then find some boys who is a good dancer, in-vite him over to the house, get him in a corner and go to it!

"I think," said Lana, then, judicially, "that if you laugh with a boy, take an interest in his interests and are a good dancer that is just about all that you can do about him. Then, if he likes you and you like him, it will work out into something.

"Another way to be popular with boys is to pretend you're 'in' things, even if you aren't. Boys are awfully herdish, I think, they shy away from anyone who is sort of out of the swim . . . and as I say, High School is like Life and we all know that we have to do a little harmless bluffing and then, just to cover up our shyness, we pretend that we've been bruised, sometimes, if they were left uncovered. So I mean, if some boy says to you, 'what did you do Friday night?' tell him, 'why, I went to the Grove, of course,' even if you didn't. When we went to the Garden night was High School night at the Grove. All the kids went there. In your town, or your city, it's somewhere else . . . but wherever it is, say that you went where the gang went, even if you didn't. Say it often enough and convincingly, yet casually enough, and the time will come when you won't have to bluff about it.

"I had a letter from a girl the other day . . . a sad, little letter. She wrote that she didn't know what was next, and we're one of the girls in her class would have anything to do with her. She sent me a snapshot of herself and I could see that she is very pretty. Well, I have a pretty keen idea of what's the matter with her, which she probably tried to snatch another girl's beau, without knowing that he had an 'X' on him! If you do that in High School you're blackballed as soon as it happens, and even before you know what has happened."

In Hollywood High, you see Friday night was High School night at the Grove. All the kids went there. In your town, or your city, it's somewhere else . . . but wherever it is, say that you went where the gang went, even if you didn't. Say it often enough and convincingly, yet casually enough, and the time will come when you won't have to bluff about it.

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cents, buy a pint of the poisonous stuff and think they’re pretty smart. And it IS poisonous stuff. I honestly believe that drinking is the baddest Bad News there is where kids are concerned. Compared to drinking, I don’t think that smoking is anything. After all, smoking doesn’t make you go mad and do terrible things that get in the headlines. Personally, I believe in letting kids smoke if they want to. They’re going to, anyway, and then when they’re cornered, they lie out of it. And it’s certainly a lesser evil to smoke.

“There’s the way some kids talk . . . it’s considered sort of ‘smart’ nowadays to say ‘damn’ and ‘hell’ and worse—to use profanity sort of casually. I got the habit for a time. I’d say, ‘oh, damn these lessons!’ and things like that. Then I went to a party one night and heard a girl who really swore . . . honey, I was never so ill in my life. It was like being vaccinated—it took!

“I think it’s a good idea,” said the lovely Lana, with a sudden, lovely gravity, “for High School kids to go to Church now and then, once a week, anyway. I must confess that I didn’t go very often when I was going to school. But I do go now. Sometimes on week-days, even. I’ll go into a church, often an empty church. It’s always so peaceful and quiet, you get a chance to have all the things you’ve done parade in front of you. You can ask yourself, ‘should I have done that or shouldn’t I?’ You can’t talk in church, you’re alone with your thoughts. When I have been in church I come out feeling as though I’d been thirsty and had taken a cool drink of water, I’m so cool and quiet inside.

“Girls write and ask me about ‘petting’—should they or shouldn’t they? If they do, what? If they don’t, what? I can answer this straight from the shoulder—DON’T! Don’t even pet with one or two boys. If you do, they multiply like rabbits. And if you do, your reputation will be High School property because the boys talk about girls like that. Whether they like it or not, they do talk. And nothing kills your popularity like that. The girls despise you for it. The boys despise you for it, too, and don’t let them kid you! It IS just like Life, you see, anything that is too easy to get is viewed with a shrug of the shoulder, a laugh behind the back, a certain amount of casual contempt. You’re just not taken seriously, that’s all. And every girl wants to be.

“I don’t mean that a girl and boy can’t honestly fall in love when they’re in High School. I know that they can, and sometimes do. I really believe that if a boy and a girl go through Junior High together, then go together through High School, too, that’s the Acid Test. That’s apt to be True Love. They have something there. Something that may last straight through their lives.

“But too often, oh, much too often, as I know, they are carried away by something so far from True Love it makes you shudder. For instance, there’s often a Post-Graduate hanging around a High School, a fellow who’s been there for five or six years. He’s pretty slick, naturally, knows all the answers, too, many answers. Newcomers are apt to be attracted to him and . . . well, I’d say to girls, ‘Stay Away!’ He’s too wise in ways which are not really wise at all . . .

“So many girls nearly wreck their lives before their lives have even begun . . .”

A few minutes later we left the com- missary Lana and I . . . She said, “I hope I’ve been some help to you . . . and to the kids . . .”

I said, “I know you have . . . and they’ll write and tell you so, I’ll bet!”

---

**PEPSI AND PETE** . . . THE PEPSI-COLA COPS

**HINT TO PARTY-GIVERS**

Expecting a crowd tonight? Then stock up with Pepsi-Cola. Everybody likes its better flavor. And the 6-bottle Home Carton is a real bargain. Each big, big bottle holds 12 full ounces.

**BUY THE CARTON**

**FILLS YOUR GLASS TWICE**

---

Priscilla Lane has some fun with unsuspecting Director Michael Curtiz.
even a bird's brain to see it wasn't me. She was loving, but her own name prunted in a magazine and a story about her in which the others would be just the supporting company.

Oh, she had a story, Sally had. All about her family being great shakes down in Virginia and she talked of befoz de wath and dead of mammys in cotton turbans and darkies playing banjos in the cotton fields. And she called me honey.

Now if there's one thing I can't stand it's being called honey by someone who's never been south of the Mason Dixon line. And all of the south Sally knew about she'd learned from popular songs and books. Oh, the accent was pretty good even if she did slip up now and then and get in a pronunciation that was as New York as Tenth Avenue. But she didn't know anything about the South, not the way it really is, the way I knew it when I used to spend vacations down there with my grandparents. It was just her bad luck that she first tried that story on a girl whose mother was a southerner and who had learned to whistle Dixie in her cradle.

Of course, I could have taken a crack at her in the story. But I didn't. She seemed too picayune even to slap down. So I gave the others a big play and dismissed her with a line and forgot her. At least, I thought I did. But it seemed Sally isn't the sort of girl who'll let people forget her.

It was just a few months after that I went to a preview out in Pasadena. I had on a brand new dress that night and a hat I'd hocked my soul for, and a beau. He was new, too, and I was trying so hard to be witty and entertaining that I wasn't paying much attention to the picture until he said, "Gosh! Look at that kid! Has she got anything or am I crazy?"

It was Sally. Wouldn't you know it? She only had a couple of scenes, but that didn't make any difference. If you've ever seen a Grade A, super-special picture snitcher, that was Sally. She had all the tricks of being noticed that seasoned troupers spend years in learning. But that predatory little wench had them down to perfection.

Even when she was only part of the background you couldn't help looking at her. She had a way of teetering on her toes, or twisting her hands or just turning quickly and smiling that wasn't to be ignored.

When her big scene came the whole house broke into applause. She asked for it. if you know what I mean. But she's what's known in old vaudeville parlance as milking an audience. Yes, I'm afraid Sally was a girl who could make even movie audiences applaud.

When the picture was over she made a triumphal parade down the aisle on the arm of Gregory Trent. That's not his name either. Yes, I know I'm an old meanie, but what are you going to do about it?

Greg was the glamour boy that season. He was six feet two and his bronzed skin was an ad for the California sun and he had the sort of smile every woman thought he meant for her and her alone. But that night there was no mistake about who his smile was meant for. Not with Sally clinging to his arm in that completely possessive way only clinging vines seem able to achieve.

Greg wasn't the only one who was captivated. The fans went for her the way they do for Crawford. Her arm must have been tired signing autographs that night.

Well, of course, nothing could stop Sally after that. Not that anyone tried to. She was God's gift to her studio. Her name was up in lights in her very next picture. I'd never known a rise to stardom so rapid.

But funny, it wasn't her success that gave her publicity, not her success in pictures I mean. It was her way with the men. I've never seen a star so completely beguiling to the boys as she was. She hooked every new glamour boy who came along. Not that they lasted very long, but as soon as one was gone there'd be another to take his place. You couldn't go anywhere without bumping into her escorted by some scion or leading man who was the fan heartbeat of the moment. There she'd be dancing at the Troc or dining at the Brown Derby or cheering the right team at Polo.

Maybe it was that figure of hers, or those wide apart blue eyes or that hair that looked as if a tiny golden cloud had drifted on her head. Yet I don't think it was that. Hollywood is full of girls who have one of those things, or all of them. It was something else, something even I who didn't like her could see.

You looked at her and you thought of a field on a sunny summer day and you could see daisies pushing up in the fresh, tender grass and you felt as if you were a kid again. And it seemed so real you could almost feel the stubbles biting into your feet as you ran barefoot through the grass. It was that young thing in her. It made you feel young, too, watching her. And if there's a man alive who can resist that feeling I'd like to meet him.

I'd watch her sometimes and get a lump in my throat. Then I'd remember I couldn't stand her and I'd be furious at myself for letting her get me.

Like that night in the Hollywood Bowl. I was sitting way, way up in back, partly because that was the seat I could afford and partly because I like the way the music just seems to fold around you back there and you feel as if you've found a corner of Heaven all to yourself. But I was playing that night and I sat there for a while after it was all over just letting myself go in an emotional orgy.

When I finally started to go I saw I wasn't all alone. There was a boy sitting on the arm of Gregory Trent. That's not his name either. Yes, I know I'm an old meanie, but what are you going to do about it?
He's Here....On the Screen....Radio's Rage!

THE OLD PROFESSOR

And His College of Musical Knowledge

In a Roaring Full-Length Feature

Comedy-Romance!

RKO RADIO'S SCREEN SCOOP OF THE SEASON!

KAY KYSER

ADOLPHE MENJOU

"That's Right - You're Wrong"

With MAY ROBSON
LUCILLE BALL
DENNIS O'KEEFE
EDW. EVERETT HORTON
ROSCOE KARNS
MORONI OLSEN

And KAY KYSER'S BAND
Featuring these prize pupils
GINNY SIMMS
HARRY BABBITT
SULLY MASON
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RKO RADIO PICTURE • PRODUCED and DIRECTED by DAVID BUTLER

Screen Play by William Conselman and James V. Kern

MAKING MUSIC!

MAKING LOVE!

"MAKING" HOLLYWOOD!

MAKING FUN!
around her and her face was turned up to his and it was all so breathless and tender and young. I felt like a heel disturbing them. But I was right on them by that time.

The girl turned sharply as if I stumbled my excuses in climbing past them and suddenly she tensed and held her head down as if she were avoiding having me see her. It was the gesture that made me look at her, so it really wasn't fault that I found her. Yes, it was Sally and she looked as if she had been crying.

If it had been anyone else I'd have wanted to put my arms around her, she looked so fragile and lost and bewildered. But that was probably the part she was playing that night I told myself.

"Hello, Sally," I said feeling mean and spiteful in wanting her to know I had seen her when she so obviously didn't want to be seen. "What are you doing up here among the rubble. Why aren't you down front with the rest of the stars?"

She didn't say anything for a moment, just looked at me sort of like a kid I had chased a hollywood from. I'd never felt like such a cat in my life. Then she smiled and began talking in that fake southern accent of hers and I wasn't sorry any more.

Oh, honey, how perfectly marvelous to see you all," she said and her voice went up and down in little ripples of charm. "This is your young man's cousin from Virginia."

Of course, she wasn't being smart. The young man was still more southern than she was. Only he wasn't pretending to be. He had one of those nice New England voices that make you think of crisp Autumn days and Thanksgiving and needling rugs when you go to football games and all the things you miss out here.

I liked him. Thin and tired looking and shabby as he was he had something that a lot of the glamour boys out here could envy. A quiet sort of charm and a dignity that made you forget him when he left and his suit shiny. And I despised Sally more than ever for the way she almost pushed him down the aisle and away from me. Smartly that I was. I knew she was ashamed of being seen with him.

I suppose it was because I was so boiling mad at the little snob that I gave the item to a Hollywood scandal columnist. He was glad to use it. Sally hadn't made a hit with any of the press. So I think that I read that Hollywood's favorite glamour girl was sneaking around corners with a studio electrician. I hadn't said he was an electrician, but give any story to a writer and you can bet that he'll improve it.

One of my pals at her studio told me of the call-down Sally had gotten in the front office because of it. And so I was prepared for the ice I got from her when I ran into her on the set a week or so later.

"Thanks a lot for acting as my personal press agent," she said. "Nice of you, especially since you're not being paid for it."

I said I was so glad she'd completely forgotten her southern accent. But I liked her better than I ever had before. There was a certain force about her, a forthright righteousness I never dreamed she had. She made me feel petty and small and all the things I despise.

"You know darn well he wasn't your cousin, Sally. God, as if that was any excuse for what I'd done."

"No, he's not," she said, and there really was a kind of dignity about her then.

She didn't say anything more. After all, what was there to say? And we both avoided each other when we met afterwards.

It wasn't long after that Sally became the target of Hollywood's whispering club and one of those people who finds herself in that position. The thing starts at house parties, cocktail parties and dinners, then hints come out in gossip columns, and finally if the whispers are bad enough and the star is unlucky enough it breaks into headlines on the front page of every newspaper in the country.

Sally was slated for the headlines, no doubt about that. There were whispers of the little snob had turned down an offer from somewhere and of Sally being seen in shabby clothes that were obviously a disgrace, changing half way from her special body lousseum to a shabby little cheap car she kept in a garage. But no one seemed at all willing to think she was the man in the case or even actually to know if there was. Even if there was a girl like Sally wouldn't be in love with the desert air.

The feature editor of a newspaper called me in. "There's a story there," he said. "Get it. It'll be worth something to you."

And he named a figure that made my head spin. Over five times the amount one of my stories usually brought.

Well, I went to La Quinta and although I knew it was silly I tramped through the hotels first, having lunch at one and cocktails at another and picking out the best ones for dinner, and staying over night. I was kind of tight when I'd gotten an handsome expense account from the paper. It was fun, but I wasn't finding Sally. I'd just taken a long chance on seeing her at one of them, knowing her fondness for the right places.

It was better than I thought she'd make a pretty poor detective, but I stayed a week- tramping up back roads and peering into the faces of every woman I saw, even one in a mother hubbard hanging out the wash. Then just when I'd about given up I saw her.

She was coming out of a little country store her arms piled high with packages, and she was wearing a faded gingham dress and no stockings and white sneakers. But she had still got on her curls, and she looked just the pretttest country girl I'd ever seen. My car trailed hers and when it stopped in front of a tiny white house I waited a minute before going on the porch after her and knocking on the door.

She had been smiling and the smile just seemed to freeze on her face when she saw me. She tried to close the door quickly, but then she saw I had seen the man sitting at the typewriter in the room behind her. It was the man she had been with at the Hollywood Bowl.

"Well, come in," she said then and I did and I don't mind telling you I began hating myself right then.

"Well," she looked at me with a little smile, "this is what you expected isn't it? You're getting quite a story aren't you."

The man got up and walked toward me.

"I'd like to introduce myself," he said and his voice was as cold and formal as I deserved. "I'm Sally's husband," he said.

"No, Don," Sally gave a little sob. "Don't say that. It isn't true. Let her think what she wants to. I can take it."

"Not any more you're not taking it," he said. "You've been doing it long enough. We're getting married."

She tried to stop him. But there was no stopping him now. He was like a man possessed in his frenzy to protect her reputation. So he told me about his first wife and of their divorce, and his voice softened when he came to the part about meeting Sally when she was dancing at a night club in New York and how she brought hope back to him and faith and all the things he'd lost. And he told how the little snob had turned down the offer from Hollywood, because he was going to marry him.

A newspaper man got hold of the story and wrote a feature yarn about the girl who had turned down Hollywood for love. And there was a magazine story and a picture story and an editor's the day they were married a woman was waiting for him. She was Don's wife.

She'd been taking alimony from him, but now she saw a richer field. She was a writer and she said she was tired of him and that she had known all the time her divorce wasn't worth the paper it was printed on. It had been the ace she was holding up her sleeve and now she could use it. For Don could be arrested for bigamy.

So Sally had gone to Hollywood knowing it was the only way to make the money the woman was demanding. And then she soon saw she was on a merry-go-round that wouldn't stop, for the more money she made the more Don's wife wanted.

All the time Don was telling the story he stood with his arm around Sally and there was a kind of glory in his eyes when he looked at her. And there were the things he didn't tell that helped, the things for myself, the typewriter and the batch of manuscripts beside it—and you could see how he had been driving himself trying to help and probably not succeeding. I looked at his shabby clothes and knew that he just couldn't take anything from Sally for himself.

And I thought of Sally and how predatory she had been. But it was different now that I knew why she had been that way. She had been married to him and that was to get ahead just as fast as she could. Only it wasn't for her ambition or herself that she was trying to get ahead. And I thought of the men she had been seen with and I wondered if it wasn't loneliness as well as the need for publicity that had sent her flying to all those places and if, when she danced, she had been pretending it was Don's arms holding her and, when she smiled, if it wasn't Don she was smilling at.

Oh, it was a story all right. My fingers were itching to get at my typewriter. I
never come my way. But it would break a girl’s heart and it might send a man to prison.

I saw her eyes pleading, but she didn’t say anything. She didn’t even ask me not to write it. Sally had learned you couldn’t trust anyone very much.

I wrote the story that night. About the man I had met in that little hideaway in the desert where she could cook and scrub and keep house to her heart’s content and how really at heart Sally Carruth was just like the girl who lived next door to you. No, of course I didn’t read it. It wasn’t printed. Editors don’t use sap like that. And instead of the big check I didn’t get any check at all. But I didn’t care. I slept like a log that night.

And two years later I was the only one at the station when Sally and her brand new husband were going back East. Hollywood wasn’t bothering with her, because she had shipped so terribly in her last two pictures. Maybe that was because she didn’t care if she was good or not, now that she had finally bought off Don’s wife and the desperate need to make money was gone.

May when you’re happy and contented you can’t act as well as when you’re driven and afraid. Maybe being just married and a bride had something to do with it, too. Anyway, it was a long time now since anyone had talked of Sally as the new screen actress.

Oddly enough, I never hated to see anyone go out of my life as much as I did Sally. I had grown to love that girl. I was crying partly because she was going and partly because I knew they were broke for, of course, none of us could know then that Don’s book was going to be on the best seller list that winter. We didn’t even know then that it was going to be published.

Sally was crying, too, and who could blame her? What girl wouldn’t be crying, leaving all the glory and success of Hollywood behind her?

Only Sally was crying because she was so darn happy she couldn’t stand it!

Reviews

[Continued from page 46]

really was at that period in history: a proud, vengeful, passionate, high-strung woman, by turns merciful and hard-hearted, but always the Queen of England. The picture is adapted in Technicolor from the Maxwell Anderson Theatre Guild play and tells the story mainly of the romance between Elizabeth and the ambitious Lord Essex, which ends in Essex losing his head in the Tower of London. Errol Flynn plays handsome, swashbuckling Essex, and my, my, my, he’ll fairly take your breath away in those Elizabethan costumes. Olivia de Haviland, looking like something too beautiful for this world, plays Pentecost, who also loves Essex. Donald Crisp plays Sir Francis Bacon, and Alan Hale the Irish rebel Tyrone. The chief plotters in the intrigue are Richard Attenborough, who is playing himself, Henry Stephenson and Henry Daniell. It’s an adult picture, as you’ve probably guessed. And you really shouldn’t miss seeing Bette Davis out-act Bette Davis.

HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE

How Filmland Drew—Twentieth Century-Fox

WHAT could be more interesting to us movie-going folk than a cavalcade of the movies? And that’s just what Darryl Zanuck has whipped up for us in beautiful Technicolor with lavish settings. The film begins with the early silent days and takes us up through the years to the first talking pictures. Included in the early history of Hollywood, of course, are those pictures made by David Lang, who also directed Pollyanna (Herkstyron playing himself), the slapstick Keystone Kop cycle, and the Mack Sennett Bathing Beauty films. Two black and white remakes of old time comedies, complete with piano accompaniment, are also worth the price of admission. The plot concerns Michael Linnett Connors (Don Ameche) a headstrong young Irishman who gets in on the ground floor of the movies, and brings to Hollywood pretty Molly Adair (Alice Faye) just in time to get plastered with pies. Together they traverse the history of Hollywood, its joys and its sorrows, its temptations, its humiliations, and its triumphs, right up to the time when Al Jolson sings in “The Jazz Singer” and starts a revolution in the cinema. Alice Faye runs the gamut from slapstick to intense drama and gives a perfectly grand performance. Alan Curtis, as the handsome young leading man who falls in love with Molly Adair and marries her, gets a break at last in this picture and will doubtless get better parts in the future. J. Edward Bromberg stands out as a fine villain, and among the supporting cast are Ben Turpin, Mack Sennett and Chester Conklin.

THE CAT AND THE CANARY

Good and Spooky—Paramount

BY FAR the best murder mystery that Hollywood has treated us to in a long, long time. A good dose of comedy, in the shape of one Bob Hope, has been injected into this old melodrama, and now along with the goose-pimplly thrills and chills comes some of the best laughs of the sea- son. Paulette Goddard is co-starred with Bob Hope and gives a fine performance as the young heiress who is almost scared out of her wits. Bob never has been better on the screen. The story, which you probably remember, takes place in a spooky old house down in the New Orleans bayous. Ten years after his death rich and eccentric Uncle Cyrus’ will is to be read in his home at midnight—and his relatives have gathered for the reading of the will. By the time Pauline Lord (Ginger Rogers) finds the sole heir, but ah, there is a second will naming another heir in case anything happens to the first heir. What a night she puts in, murder, secret passages, spirits, and things. Among the heirs—and I won’t tell you who— are John Beal, Douglass Montgomery, Elizabeth Patterson, Nydia Westcott and Bob, himself. George Zucco plays the lawyer and Gale Sondagard the Creole housekeeper. Plenty jittery.
INTERMEZZO
PRESENTING A NEW SCANDINAVIAN SENSATION—Sletszvick-International

INGRID BERGMAN makes her American debut in this beautiful and pleasantly emotional film that concerns a love affair in the life of a middle-aged musician. A native of Sweden, Miss Bergman is definitely someone to get excited about. Not since the arrival in Hollywood of the mystery-loving Garbo has there been so much excitement over a Scandinavian. The Bergman is beautiful in a strong sort of way, straightforward, and sincere, and as soon as Hollywood can lure her out of Sweden again she is set for a whole slate of pictures. Leslie Howard is cast as a world famous violinist who, home from one of his tours meets Miss Bergman and is giving piano lessons to his little eight year old daughter (Ann Todd). They fall in love and when Leslie goes on his next tour she goes with him as his accompanist. There follows an idyllic Mediterranean romance which is interrupted by a lawyer with divorce papers. Leslie, deserted by the heart-broken Miss Bergman, returns to his wife and children. Edna Best plays the wife. It's a beautiful picture, eloquently directed by Gregory Ratoff, and definitely not for the jitterbugs.

THE ROARING TWENTIES
Cagney goes to Town—Warners

IN "The Roaring Twenties," Warner Brothers' nostalgic flash-back to the prohibition, gangster era, James Cagney returns to the hard-hitting, fast-moving types with a film which made him famous and popular with motion picture audiences.

Mr. Cagney has occasionally protested such roles, but when he is persuaded to play one of them he turns in a bitterly true and invariably exciting performance. "The Roaring Twenties" as visualized on paper by Mark Hellinger, might possibly have been only another rootin', shootin' gangster film if Jimmy hadn't taken the leading role mainly in hand to make it a real characterization.

Priscilla Lane manages very well as a young night club singer who, strangely enough, does not love gangster Cagney, but Lawyer Jeff C. Lynn instead. Humphrey Bogart, still unrenowned and Frank McHugh, still funny, help materially. Raoul Walsh directed the exciting, bullet-punctuated story with all his old-time enthusiasm. This movie really moves.

BABES IN ARMS
JEUVNE JAMBOREE—M-G-M

NOTHING could be more welcome to tired old movie-goers than this brightest of musicals which fairly scintillates with music, comedy, and juvenile stars. The inimitable Mickey Rooney, who is rapidly becoming Box Office Star No. One, fairly walks away with the picture though he gets some pretty stiff competition from Judy Garland. Together those two youngsters are really something to write home about. Mickey Rooney does everything—he sings, dances, plays piano, mugs, and does some marvelous imitations of Clark Gable, Lionel Barrymore, and Franklin D. Roosevelt. The story harks back to the old days when vaudeville was

in flower (with a real honest to goodness shot of Mickey doing a tap dance in an old Educational short), but is quickly brought up to date. The children of the old-timers do a musical show out on the flying island which carries the eye of a New York producer and to the amazement of their parents they land on Broadway. Of course, Mickey is the director of the show and there are all kinds of calamities, particularly when Baby Rosalie (June Preisser) and a one time 'baby star' in the movies, decides to make her comeback in Mickey's show and buys her way in—thus depriving poor Judy of the lead. Betty Jaynes and Douglas McPhail share song honors with Judy. The stand-out songs are: "Babes in Arms," "Where or When," "I Cried for You," "Good Morning" and "God's Country." Among the few adults in the cast are Charles Winninger and Grace Hayes as Mickey's parents, and Guy Kibbee as an understanding judge. It's grand fun.

AT THE CIRCUS
HILARIOUS HEDGE FODGE—M-G-M

THE Three Marx Brothers, Groucho, Chico, and Harpo, use a circus background in their latest film. Kenny Baker owns the circus and is trying to get $10,000 to pay off a loan so he can keep the circus going. The Marx boys pitch right in to help him, and there are some very good gags and amusing situations. Highpoints in the picture are: when Harpo plays his harp, aided by a negro choral ensemble, and Chico cracks out with the Beer Barrel Polka on the piano. Florence Rice and Kenny Baker carry the love interest and Kenny sings one song, Groucho and Eve Arden have a swell scene where Groucho has to consult the Hays Office as to how he can get the money out of the top part of her dress.

20,000 MEN A YEAR
A COURSE IN AVIATION—
TWENTIETH-CENTURY FOX

THIS picture gets its title from the government's project to train 20,000 young men "Stagecoach" ratted across the western plains. This story is based on fact and tells of the efforts of the Allegheny Valley settlers (Pennsylvania on the eve of the Revolution) to protect their homes and property against the plunderings of the Indians. The coon-skin cap settlers are forced to take up arms against the British military who are illicitly selling firearms and whiskey to the marauding Indians, and the capturing of a British outpost is the high spot of the picture. Claire Trevor and John Wayne of "Stagecoach" reteamed again. George Sanders plays a British officer, and Brian Donlevy an Indian trader. Grand in minor roles are Eddie Quillan and Robert Barrat.

Topics for Gossip

[Continued from page 21]

Mickey Rooney, man about town, was prevailed upon by his studio to take Judy Garland to the premiere of their co-starring picture, "Babes in Arms." Mickey muttered something about "robbing the cradle," but complied.

After the opening, at which Judy looked every curve the glamour girl, Mickey was found by a group of his friends in the men's lounge in deep thought.

"It wouldn't be funny," he mused, "if, after all the women I've known . . . I married Judy!"

Una Merkel is doing all right in pictures—what with "On Borrowed Time" and "Destry Rides Again," the wonder is whether she will be loaned out even if the studios closed down: Hubby Ronnie Buru is an executive in the North American Airways Corporation which has just received a $10,000,000 order from Uncle Sam.

THE CIRCUS PRESS, INC., N. Y. A.
WINE, WOMEN AND SONG
FILL THE SCREEN AS M-G-M THRILLS
THE WORLD WITH ITS GAY, DASHING, MUSICAL TRIUMPH!

Behold the beauty of exotic song-bird Ilona Massey as she hears throbbing love-lyrics from impassioned Nelson Eddy! (His greatest role since "Naughty Marietta").

Balalaika

starring

NELSON EDDY
ILONA MASSEY

with

CHARLIE FRANK LIONEL
RUGGLES MORGAN ATWILL
C. AUDREY JOYCE DAKIES
SMITH COMPTON FRANTZ

Screen Play by Leon Gordon, Charles Bennett and Jacques Deval
Based upon the Play "Balalaika"
Book and Lyrics by Eric Moschwitz
Music by George Lasford and
Bernard Grimm
Directed by Reinhold Schunzel
Produced by Lawrence Weingarten

AN M-G-M PICTURE
Watch the change to Chesterfield
says DONNA DAE
CHESTERFIELD'S JANUARY GIRL
starring with
FRED WARING'S PENNSylvANIANS

FORECASTING MORE SMOKING PLEASURE FOR 1940

Chesterfield

Change to Chesterfields and you'll get what you want...real mildness and better taste. You can't buy a better cigarette.
HOW TO BRING OUT THE CLARK GABLE IN ANY MAN!

Clark Gable
and
Vivien Leigh
THIS prompt and frequent use of full-strength Listerine Antiseptic may keep a cold from getting serious, or head it off entirely . . . at the same time relieving throat irritation when due to a cold.

This is the experience of countless people and it is backed up by some of the sanest, most impressive research work ever attempted in connection with cold prevention and relief.

Eight Years of Research

Actual tests conducted on all types of people in several industrial plants over 8 years revealed this astonishing truth: That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and milder colds than non-users, and fewer sore throats.

Kills "Secondary Invaders"

This impressive record is explained, we believe, by Listerine Antiseptic's germ-killing action . . . its ability to kill threatening "secondary invaders"—germs that breed in the mouth and throat and are largely responsible, many authorities say, for the bothersome aspects of a cold.

Reductions Ranging to 96.7%

When you gargle with Listerine Antiseptic, that cool amber liquid reaches way back on throat surfaces and kills millions of the "secondary invaders"—not all of them, mind you, but so many that any major invasion of the delicate membrane is often halted and infection thereby checked.

Even 15 minutes after Listerine gargle, tests have shown bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7%. Up to 80% an hour afterward.

In view of this evidence, don't you think it's a sensible precaution against colds to gargle with Listerine Antiseptic systematically twice a day and oftener when you feel a cold getting started? Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

NOTE HOW LISTERINE REDUCED GERMS!
The two drawings at left illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.
Her "Teddy Bear" Coat caught his Eye—but her Lovely Smile captured his Heart!

Your smile is your prize possession—it's yours alone!
Help guard it with Ipana and Massage.

The right kind of sports coat will do things for a girl—but where are her charms if her smile is tragic, if her coat says "Stop" but her smile says "Go!"

For even the allure of a smart swagger coat is shattered if her teeth are dull and her gums are dingy. How pitiful the girl who spends time and thought on her clothes, and ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush."

Avoid this tragic error yourself! For your smile is yours—lose it and one of your most appealing charms is gone.

Never neglect "Pink Tooth Brush"
If your tooth brush "shows pink"—see your dentist. It may not mean anything serious. Often his opinion will be that your gums are lazy—that too many soft, creamy foods have denied them the vigorous exercise they need.

He may suggest, as so many dentists do, "more work for your gums—the helpful stimulation of Ipana with massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is designed to aid gums as well as clean teeth. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. The pleasant, exclusive tang of Ipana and massage tells you circulation is quickening in the gums, arousing stimulation, helping to make gums stronger, firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Use Ipana with massage to help make your smile as attractive and lovely as it can be.
DEAR ED:

Don't you get awfully sick of Glamour Girls and all their fro-frout and chichi and darling this and dar-ling that? I must say that when I am chafing and not sufficiently alkaline, which invariably happens when Whimsie Peter doesn't even show in the third at Santa Anita, I have a hard time sitting supine and letting them get away with all that phony baloney. Some day Miss Poppy-Pie is going to find herself flat on her face, and I'm going to find myself on a train going East. But there is one Glamour Girl who never gives me any trouble. Ann "Maise" Sothern. When I have that squeamish feeling inside and just can't take any more artificiality I al-
ways go running to Ann. She's a swell person, with a grand sense of humor, and right down to earth. Pretty, too.

So when I had "Visiting Firemen" to show around recently I told them I had an extra special treat for them and took them over to the "Congo Maise" set to meet Pretty Miss Ann. When we reached the set we found Ann covered from the tip of her shoes to her ears in mud, dirty, filthy, slimy mud. "Mercy, Ann," I whis-
pered. "I told them you were a down-to-earth girl, but don't you think you're overdoin it a bit?" Ann wiped a hand on page ten of the script and shook hands all around, "Believe it or not," I said, "she really is a Glamour Girl." The Visiting

Firemen weren't so sure.

"I look a mess," said Ann, and no one contradicted her. "I'm so dirty," she said, the mud oozing down her arms and legs, "that I don't think even Roger would love me now. But John Carroll loves me. He has to in that set." The bell rang, Director Hank Potter called "Camera" and my lovely Glamour Girl whom I was going to take such pride in showing off to my guests, began to walk through a mud hole.

She dunked herself five times, for a long shot, two mediums and two close-ups. She got drippier and drippier and dirtier and dirtier. Frank Tanner, the still man, muttered that never in all his years as a photographer had he seen a movie star go back in a mud hole twice—it seems that you have to lasso them to get them in once. Finally, Ann nuzzled the director gave her time out to dry off for a few moments before the next take.

"You'll die of pneumonia," said one of the tourists with alarm.

"I've got rubber pants on," said Ann. "I feel like Baby Sandy," She sloshed away to her dressing room with a parting remark to me. "I'm not doing this for Art," she said, "I'm doing it for money. You can quote me." Well, I always said she was a down-to-earth girl.
Nineteen-forty brings

DAVID O. SELZNICK’S production of MARGARET MITCHELL’S
Story of the Old South
GONE WITH THE WIND
in TECHNICOLOR starring
CLARK GABLE
as Rhett Butler
LESLIE HOWARD • OLIVIA De HAVILLAND
and presenting
VIVIEN LEIGH
as Scarlett O’Hara
A SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL PICTURE
Directed by VICTOR FLEMING
Screen Play by SIDNEY HOWARD • Music by Max Steiner
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Release

for February 1940
The Fred MacMurrays saved a lot of money on Christmas presents this year. In his work shop at home, Fred made Backgammon boards. He even carved the dice cups out of leather and burned on a design. Fred also made beautiful leather belts. For Bob Taylor he made a special wide western belt, complete with monogrammed buckle and studded stones.

Ever since John Beal proved he could do a sensational impersonation of Bob Hope, he has been the life of every party. When John was signed to do "Cat and the Canary" at Paramount, a mutual friend tipped Hope off. The first day on the set John felt strange and self-conscious. When they called Bob Hope for his first scene, Bob remained seated and cracked, "You might as well let Beal play my part, too. They tell me he's better at me, than I am as myself!" John's face turned so red it showed through his makeup. Now he swears he'll never try to impersonate another actor again.

Lucky is little Patrick Wayne to have Loretta Young for a God-mother. This makes the third child born to the John Waynes, who were married in the garden of Loretta's beautiful Bel-Air home. Loretta was also matron of honor at the wedding—which makes it look like Loretta has a steady job with the Waynes for all family occasions.

Here is still another story to prove what a recluse the one and only Garbo really is. The little stenographers on the MGM lot never get a chance to see the famous star, as her sets are always closed. So on Saturday afternoons the girls go over to the Jones Health Food Store in Beverly Hills. Garbo always comes in there to buy her supply [Continued on page 13]
BAD GIRL— GOOD GUY— GREAT PICTURE!!!

"REMEMBER THE NIGHT"

Only Mitchell ("Man About Town") Leisen could direct a scene like this.

"All you women are alike—anything to upset a guy."

"REMEMBER THE NIGHT"

"Know why you've looked at me the way you have, danced with me the way you have, kissed me the way you have? . . . because you're in love with me."

"That's no way for a good guy to talk to a bad girl."

Only Barbara (Union Pacific) Stanwyck and Fred (Honeymoon in Bali) MacMurray could bring you such a love story!

Barbara Stanwyck • Fred MacMurray in
"REMEMBER THE NIGHT"
Slick as "Honeymoon in Bali" . . . Explosive as "Midnight" . . . Romantic as "Love Affair"
with BEULAH BOND! Elizabeth Patterson • Sterling Holloway • Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN
Original Screen Play by Preston Sturges

Of Course,
IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE!!

for February 1940
Tips on Pictures

What to see and what to miss!

AT THE CIRCUS (MGM)—Good. The Three Marx Brothers—Groucho, Chico and Harpo—are starred in this hilarious hodge-podge of circus life. Kenny Baker owns the circus, but needs $10,000 to keep it going, a sum which the brothers immediately try to obtain for him with some very amusing results. Florence Rice and Kenny furnish the romantic interest, while Eve Arden is in for some swell laughs.

BABES IN ARMS (MGM)—Fine. All those wise guys who say that Youth isn't getting a break today should see this delightful comedy with music in which the young offspring of out-moded vaudevillians get their careers started in pretty breezy fashion. There are some fine, lilt- ing tunes, good dancing, some priceless imitations AND Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Charles Winninger and June Preisser.

BIG GUY, THE (Universal)—Good. A hefty melodrama, with a prison background, that packs a terrific wallop. Jackie Cooper does fine work as the innocent lad who is so eager for an education he gets himself hopelessly involved in a nasty prison break. And Victor McLaglen is equally effective as the guard who later becomes warden. Edward Brophy brings some much needed laughs and Ona Munson is good as Vic's wife.

CISCO KID AND THE LADY, THE (20th Century Fox)—Fair. Cesar Romero continues in the role of the romantic outlaw made so popular by Warner Baxter, and acquires himself nobly. The plot is familiar, of course, just another variation of the Robin Hood theme. (Marjorie Weaver and Virginia Field.)

DESTRY RIDES AGAIN (Universal)—Fine. Marlene Dietrich switches from Glamour Girl to Frontier Woman in one easy stride of those celebrated legs. As the hard-boiled entertainer in a saloon, she captivates us once again with her songs, just as she astonishes us with the vital manner in which she pulls out Uma Merkel's hair during a fist fight. This western has plenty of "guts," and you'll especially like Jimmy Stewart as the soft-hearted deputy sheriff. (Charles Winninger and Mischa Auer.)

DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK (20th Century-Fox)—Excellent. Like Allegheny Uprising, this film harks back to pioneer days when the Indians and the British both were making the Amer-

Brian Donlevy gets a bit of charming from the voluptuous Marlene Dietrich in Universal's "Destry Rides Again."

SONG POEMS WANTED TO BE SET TO MUSIC
Free Examination. Send Your Poems To
J. CHAS. McNEIL
A. R. MASTER OF MUSIC
510-V So. Alexandria Los Angeles, Calif.

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. 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¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

Priscilla Lane in a night club scene from Warners' "The Roaring Twenties," in which James Cagney also appears.
Underarms always perspire — even in Winter!
To avoid offending, make a daily habit of MUM!

No matter how cold it is outdoors, it's Summer under your arms. For underarms can, and do, perspire all year 'round. In winter as in summer, you need Mum!

Don't be deceived because you see no visible moisture. Chances of offending others ... of being tagged as "unattractive" — are often actually worse in winter, for then indoor living and warmer clothes make penetrating odors cling.

So don't label yourself ... don't rely on a bath alone to guard your charm. A bath takes care of past perspiration, but Mum prevents future odor.

More women use Mum than any other deodorant ... in summer and in winter, too. You'll find Mum ...

So quick! In 30 seconds you're through, yet you're completely protected.

So safe! Mum holds the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to any kind of fabric. And Mum never irritates your skin.

So sure! You can rely on the protection of a daily dab of Mum. And Mum doesn't stop perspiration itself (one reason why thousands of men have the Mum habit, too!) Get Mum at your druggist's today.

WOOLENS ARE A TRAP FOR ODOR! PLAY SAFE

Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary napkins because they know that it's safe, gentle. Always use Mum this way, too.

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration.
When Wintry Winds Blow—

They always bring problems—especially skin problems. Here are the answers to the questions probably confronting you at this very moment.

By Mary Lee

Winter skin should be beautiful! Brisk winds can whip a color to the cheeks that no rouge can duplicate; a diamond-clear atmosphere with a brilliant sun dancing on snow can reflect a sparkle in eyes equalled by love’s light alone. But, alas, this is ideal, a castle in the air, indeed. The more general situation is that skin is either dry, roughened and taut, or it has a listless, hogged-down look, slightly off in color and texture.

Extremes in weather cause definite skin reactions. And though you may truthfully attribute many skin dilemmas to wind and cold, you can attribute more to dry, indoor heating. Compare the time you spend outdoors now with the time you spend indoors, and then you will understand that good, rousing cleansing, lubrication and protection should play a twenty-four hour role, and not be reserved for special occasions.

Not long ago, I met Ruth Terry at a gay cocktail party in her honor. One look at Ruth left two lasting impressions—her fine skin, so clear, so pink and white, so young and soft, and her round grey-blue eyes, again so clear, shining and full of the joy of life.生. Talks with these younger players always bring to light the two important factors of physical beauty—good health and good, simple care of themselves. Ruth, like practically all the Hollywood actresses, uses cream and soap and water on her skin. But her skin beauty attests that she goes a little beyond just superficial, usual cleansing. You gather that she cleanses frequently; you gather, also, that when she washes her face, she washes it, that if she uses cream, she uses it with more than just a quick dab on and a quick half-way removal. There is the situation in a nutshell—how you use your preparations. If you would like to know more on this subject, drop me a card or a line, and I will have sent to you a grand little book—a simple, clear exposition of good skin care. This is without cost, of course. Just let me know that you’d like to have it.

Our popular brands of soap do a fine cleansing job, and I don’t think you can get along without them, interspersed with the use of cream. But balance this use; work out your own program. For many, this will mean a soaping soap cleansing at night, followed by a lubricating cream, and the use of a cleansing cream in the morning and throughout the day, as you renew make-up. Once you work out your own program, you’re on the way to better skin.

Aside from the good products that most of us know, there are many “specials,” ideally suited to specific conditions. Among them are the Kay Special Colloidal Sulphur Soap. Colloidal sulphur is a helpful corrective in the treatment of surface eruptions, and for skins that break out and misbehave, I think you’re going to find this soap the thing. The lather is
thick and creamy, the soap is mild, in hard, convenient-size cakes that last a long time. You'll find this soap at your favorite toilet goods counter; or let me know, if you don't. This soap is made by the maker of Kay Formula 301, which helps restore beauty and smoothness to skins marred by blackheads, eruptions and other such annoyances. You can use it as a powder base, and thus it does its fine work constantly. The soap and formula make an excellent pick-up treatment for those skins I mentioned—off color and off fine texture.

If you're just a "dry," then my first suggestion is a good, animated cleansing, followed by a rich lubricating cream. Elmo Special Formula Cream is a good friend in this case. You can almost feel it softening and smoothing, and I heartily recommend it where a good lubricant is needed. It is especially designed as a super-lubricant, and I think it is just that.

For those who like a cold cream, there is Sitroux Cold Cream that made its debut last year, along with Sitroux Finishing Cream. Both creams are made of the purest oils, and I find this Cold Cream ideal as a cleanser, because of its nice, light texture, and a fine softener when applied at night. In fact, one jar will serve these two purposes. You will find both creams in your chain stores, reasonably priced.

You can use quantities of any kind of good lubricant, cream or lotion, over large areas of yourself in winter and benefit immensely thereby in beauty and comfort. Use your face cream, or a special eye cream, if you prefer, generously about your eyes at night. Every "acial expression, every smile or frown "works" this tender skin about your eyes, and the drier it is, the more prone to little lines that in time become wrinkles. The neck is another part that weathers badly. How disappointing to see a fresh, smooth face, but a lined, coarse and darker-toned neck. Sweep up and down, with hand palms covered with cream or lotion, from collar bone to jawbone, and leave some lubricant on over-night.

Now hand cream or lotion is no luxury. You can get the finest for a song, yet how many neglect its use. But, as you probably know, when you begin to analyze any girl who isn't popular, or lovely, or in demand by the boys, you can check off one by one the little personal neglets that build, in total, unattractiveness. Modern hand emollients are so easy to use. Application takes a few seconds; they disappear; they aren't sticky and they don't get in your way. They do, however, give skin a soft moist quality, one secret of preventing dryness. If you are one of the good girls who uses a hand preparation regularly, then extend its use. Use it all the way up your arms to your elbows, rubbing extra in there. Use it, in extreme weather, from ankles and over knees, if you want soft, fine skin to shimmer through your sheen. And any time your body skin feels dry, after a nice, warm bath, a palmful or two rubbed over your entire body makes you feel oh so good and silky soft, as you drift off to sleep. Pump-roughened heels and chapped insteps respond well to this treatment, too. By way of news, if you like Hinds Honey & Almond Cream, then you might

Lady Esther says

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

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

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

What are these "Magic Fingertips"?

They are life-like reproductions of the human nail...made of celluloid. Each wears a true tone of Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish. You see instantly which shade flatters your hands...acents your costume colors. Choose your lucky shade, then ask for it in Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish at your favorite store. See how this marvelous new polish gives your nails gleaming, exciting loveliness for 7 long days. And just one satin coat is all you need!

FREE! Send For Your 12 Magic Fingertips!

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

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, 7162 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

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

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ADDRESS

CITY STATE

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

for February 1940
Tips on Pictures

[Continued from page 9]

famous concert violinist who temporarily forgets his wife (Edna Best) and family when he meets Sigrid, a student of the piano. Their brief, but altogether charming love affair, will leave a haunting memory in your hearts.

MEET DR. CHRISTIAN (RKO)—Fine. This homespun story of a small town doctor who sacrificed a brilliant career as a surgeon in order to help the poor and underprivileged will appeal to all lovers of the simple, honest things of life. Jean Hersholt is just right as the doctor; Paul Harvey properly blustering as the flinty mayor; Enid Bennett (remember her?) charming as the mother of the two incorrigible kittens and Patsy Lee Parsons. You’ll like it.

NIGHT OF NIGHTS, THE (Paramount)—Fair. Even with such capable players as Pat O’Brien and Olympe Bradna playing top roles—and with the delightful assistance of Roland Young—this drama of backstage life fails to make the grade completely. However, it does have its moments. Other interesting players in the cast are Reginald Gardiner, George E. Stone and Murray Alper. A surprise of the year.

NINOTCHKA (MGM)—Delightful. A Garbo film is always a treat, but when Garbo goes comedienne it’s an occasion. Especially with Ernst Lubitsch directing!

The story is a satirical take-off on a small group of Soviet Russians sent to Paris to sell some rare jewels confiscated from a former Grand Duchess (Ina Claire) whose boy friend (Menyn Douglas) fails for Garbo. Soviet Envoy Evgeni Grizelov.

PRIVATE LIVES OF ELIZABETH AND ESSEX, THE (Warner Brothers)—Fine. Pomp and pageantry at its best, with Bette Davis turning in a beautiful characterization of Queen Elizabeth during the period of her exciting, but emotionally devastating, romance with the swash-buckling Lord Essex (Errol Flynn). Fine cast includes Olivia de Havillard, Donald Crisp and Alan Hale.

CONCENTRATE is so THE (Warner Brothers)—Exciting. The clock is turned back for us to the post-War days when the world was run ragged by prohibition, gangsterism and the Great Depression. It all adds up to a fast-moving, hard-hitting film with Jimmy Cagney at his best as the ex-soldier turned gangster, Priscilla Lane as a night club singer, and Humphrey Bogart as a ruthless killer.

SECRET OF DR. KILDARE (MGM)—Wonderful. O’Neill (Conrad Nagle) and his beautiful wife (Jeanette MacDonald) and their snobby young assistant in this latest Dr. Kildare film, but once again, good as Avvy is, Barrymore holds the spotlight. (Helen Gilbert.)
Hollywood Earfuls

[Continued from page 6]

for the weekend. So the little girls get healthy and get to see their idol at the same time.

When Ronald Colman's "Light That Failed" is released, fans will get their first glimpse of Muriel Angelus, who made such a hit in the New York stage production of "Boys From Syracuse." In the short time that she has been in Hollywood, Muriel has made such an impression with studio co-workers—The gang on the sets have nick-named her "Muriel Angel-Puss."

Their second wedding anniversary was indeed a gala occasion for Margo and Francis Lederer. When she won out over one hundred and fifty actresses and got the lead in Sidney Kingsley's "The World We Make," Margo flew to Boston to celebrate her anniversary and share her good news with her husband. When she arrived at the theatre where Francis Lederer is breaking feminine hearts in Katharine Cornell's "No Time For Comedy," Margo was stopped by the stage door man.

"I'm sorry miss," he explained. "But you'll have to wait your turn. Mr. Lederer's room is so packed there isn't any more room. You'll have to stay here until some of the other ladies come out!"

That was a terrific rib that George Murphy pulled on Fred Astaire. Albert Morin, an actor who is also a professional "insulter" was told to go to work on Fred.

Right in the middle of one of the big "Broadway Melody" dance numbers, Fred was stopped by Morin. That annoyed Fred to start out. Morin, posing as a new studio designer, informed Fred that all his costumes were so terrible, they had to be made again. Fred assured Morin that he had personally okayed the costumes and they were everything he hoped they would be. Morin then proceeded to tell Fred that his taste was bad, that he didn't know anything about costumes or what looked good on him. The usually mild-mannered Astaire was fit to be tied. Just when he was about to explode, George Murphy stepped in and exposed the gag. Fred took it like a good sport, but heaven help the Irish when he gets even with George.

Ever since Madame Maria Ouspenskaya moved her famous school to Hollywood, Jean Parker had been wanting to meet the Russian actress. Finally, a mutual friend brought "Mousie" (as George Brent calls her) to Jean's house for dinner. Jean was so excited and anxious to make the evening a huge success. So she sent out and bought up all the heavy Russian recordings in Hollywood. For hours Madame sat patiently and listened to the mournful music. Finally, Jean turned to her and asked if there was any particular piece she wanted to hear.

"There certainly is," answered Ouspenskaya. "Will you play—"Sea Food Mama"?"

Adrian and Janet Gaynor have solved the problem of entertaining their mutual friends. One evening Janet will have all those she is fond of and the next evening it will be Adrian's turn. The happily wedded pair also happen to have many friends in common whom both have known for many years. So on week ends they have them in.

Anyone but the gallant Gary Cooper would have been furious at this fan. Gary was looking out of the Chinese Theatre, when the fan walked up and asked for an autograph. Gary graciously consented and held out his hand for the pen. The fan flew into a rage.

"It's your business to carry a pen," he stormed at Gary. "Now you won't be able to give me your autograph." Topper to the story is this. Very much concerned, Gary stammered out an apology and promised he would never be caught in such an unforgivable predicament again!

At the age of twenty-nine, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., admits that he could retire for life if he wanted to lead a lazy man's existence. Not so long ago those Hollywood wise heads predicted that Doug was all washed up. Today he is one of the three highest priced players on the screen.

Ever since he announced he was going to build a house poor Cesar Romero hasn't had a moment's peace. Salesmen, solicitors, insurance brokers, gardeners and garbage men ring his door bell and call him on the phone at all hours of the day and night. Cesar changed his private number and it still keeps up. What he doesn't know is that Ray Milland, Franchot Tone, Burgess Meredith and his other friends have framed him. To make everything perfect, Franchot gave Cesar a kitchen shower!
Often the stars say one thing, but mean another, so let's "read-between-the-lines" practically all of his letters, makes this clear to me. He frequently wrote, using almost the same words: "All I've ever wanted is the opportunity for the calm contemplation of poetic ease."

"That's what I've wanted all of my life, a quiet little place somewhere where it's not crowded. Where there are no worries, no jealousies, no fighting, no quarrels, no constant striving for something that isn't there. But what I've had most of my life is a battle. Sure, I know John Paul Jones."

Maybe John Paul Jones was the Jimmy Cagney type, even though the famous seaman of the 1770's never knew about gangsters, or gats or grapefruit. It's a comforting thought. Heroes of the Continental era tend to appear like overstuffed fables. It's nice to know that John Paul had the nervous Cagney punch. I can see him now, pushing his way into the Serapis and shooting out the lights of the officers' mess. All the time just seeking the calm contemplation of poetic ease.

DAVID NIVEN was worried when I encountered him in New York. Hollywood press agents had made such a to-do about Niven returning to fight for the mother country that he finally felt he must do something about it. So he decided to go to England and see. Would his old regiment, the Highland Light Infantry, need him? He didn't know. I asked him what he thought an extended time out would do to his young and freshly developed career.

"With my sort of stuff I doubt very much if it could matter. It would be fatal to a glamour boy to be off the screen more than a few months. I'm not a glamour lad, thank heaven.

"I'd hate to lose what I've climbed into. People seem to think I casually dropped into success. Not a bit of it. I had my tough spots. I remember trying to get a chance on the other side in the London Films' production of 'Henry VIII.' They took a lot of photographs and then handed them to me. 'There are the stills,' they sighed politely. 'Judge for yourself.'

"Then, over here, I did a bit in 'Barbary Coast' at United Artists. They threw me out of a window into the mud—and later spelled my name Nevins in the cast. Then I said, 'Goodbye, my dear' to Elissa Landi at Paramount in 'Without Regret'—and it was goodbye. Nobody asked me to come back for another role. Edmund Goulding, the director, helped me get

"That's what I've wanted all of my life, a quiet little place somewhere where it's not crowded. Where there are no worries," says Jimmy Cagney.

"Heaven knows," exclaims Dorothy Lamour, "I'm thankful I was given the opportunity to wear six inches of Polynesian print and thereby become a movie star." Right: States Orson Welles, "What I don't like about Hollywood is the gang movie—and I don't mean the Dead End Kids, I mean the assembly line, method of manufacturing entertainment."
Don't waste too much on the memory of the public, Davy. Look at all the idols of yesteryear playing bits in the background of 1940 films. It's all very well being a pious, youthful edition of Ronald Colman but keep at it, or look out. The public's memory is as short as a forgotten star's bank account. You have to stay in there and keep punching, or else.

ORSON WELLES, the Mercury Theatre actor who scared part of America half to death with a radio broadcast about men from Mars landing in New Jersey is out in Hollywood to make a movie. The RKO officials are putting up a sizeable sum to let him have a free hand in directing, producing and editing a Joseph Conrad story sans all studio supervision.

"Ever since I came out here Hollywood people who know what they're talking about have been telling me what's wrong with motion pictures, and none of them agree. As far as I can see, the medium itself is almost limitless. My guess is that the men at the top are not as much to blame or, let's say, they're not as unnecessary as the men in the middle.

"Any big business, I suppose, has to support its quota of executives, but selling a movie isn't the same thing as making it, and the two fields of endeavor should logically be separated one from the other. A publisher contributes almost inevitably to the delinquency and degradation of literature when he interferes with the writing of the books it's his business to market. Now selling motion pictures is a business, but making them is a profession. I suggest that, since books are written by writers and not by their publishers, motion pictures should be made by directors and not by their producers.

"What I don't like about Hollywood is the 'gang' movie—and I don't mean the Dead End Kids. I mean the assembly line method of manufacturing entertainment that has developed in the last fifteen years or so, and I share this prejudice with practically everybody whose craft is the actual making of a movie and not the job of 'supervising' it, or this business of selling it. When too many cooks get together they find usually the least common denominator of dramatic interest. And what does the consumer get out of the huddle system? He gets the double feature."

It is apparent that we have the big studio production muddlers reeling—now that outspoken Orson has taken a few cracks. But the bearded Mr. Welles is treading on dangerous territory. He doesn't know picture technique, which is poles apart from stage technique. He's to do a big film without anyone intruding upon his scheme. And all Hollywood is waiting on the sidelines, enchanted by his beard and his temerity. Laying odds on his chances, too. We shall see, we shall see.

DOROTHY LAMOUR has ridden to success in a sorong. Like all humans, [Continued on page 60]
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 pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your bowels won’t digest. It just decays in the bowels. One blocks up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks drab.

It takes those good old Carter’s Little Liver Pills to get the bowels moving. The little green drug makes you feel “up and up.” Gentle, yet amazing in multiple daily doses. Ask for Carter’s Little Liver Pills by name. 10c and 25c at all drug stores. Rubberly refuse nothing else.

Get the “Inside” On the Stars!

with the amazing new MOTION PICTURE TEL-A-FAN for 1936—the almost marvel device that tells you INSTANTLY—the Real Name, Height and Weight, Coloring of Hair and Eyes, Married or Single star, Birthplace and Birth Year of 200 of the World’s greatest screen players. Just a simple twist of the alphabetically-arranged dial and all of this information is yours—AT ONCE! There is nothing else like this copyrighted new TEL-A-FAN, yet no really informed fan need be without one. Four—remarkable through the invention device—it is mailed to you for only 25c in mail. Think of it! For only 25c in mail! You’ll never again need to search for statistics or busy fans. Just wind, twist, turn, glance—and you have the facts.

Above: Andrea Leeds watches Mrs. Roosevelt cut thePresident’s birthday cake. Left: Errol Flynn with the President at a horse show, in Washington, D. C., in which Errol rode the President’s horse.

WHEN the 58th birthday of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt is celebrated on January 30, Hollywood will play an important part in the celebration, just as it has in the past four years. As dances and entertainments are held all over the United States, a group of your favorite movie stars will give liberally of their time and talent to aid in the fight against infantile paralysis.

Since January, 1936, when Ginger Rogers took off her shoes and danced for the President in the Oval Room of the White House, stars of the silver screen have been invited to Washington for the birthday celebrations there—and have been White House guests at a birthday luncheon. For a few days, Pennsylvania Avenue takes on theaspect of Hollywood Boulevard, with stars such as Errol Flynn, Robert Taylor, Frederic March, George Brent, Annabella, Janet Gaynor and numerous others liable to pop out from behind the nearest diplomatic car.

But do not think for a moment that these visitors from Hollywood receive presidential honor and reams of publicity for nothing. They must give lavishly of themselves in order to make certain the success of the Washington celebration, which annually adds more than $50,000 to the national fund to combat the dread disease—poliomyelitis.

The official round of activities in the Nation’s Capital includes, besides cocktail parties, receptions, broadcasts, dinners and visits to Capitol Hill, personal appearances at the balls held in seven leading Washington hotels and at the midnight stage shows in two downtown theaters. In addition, one or two of the stars at least must drive over to Baltimore, Maryland, or Alexandria, Virginia, to add appearances at dances there to the list of appearances for the evening.

“It’s like playing a week of vaudeville in one night,” a theater-wise star once said.

He was right. Playing ten shows in one short evening is a full schedule indeed. A star who makes the rounds needs all of the energy he can muster, for the trek has been known to tire even the indefatigable Mrs. Roosevelt, who makes appearances everywhere the stars do.

Many of cinemaland’s brightest figures have made the jaunt, however, delighted to honor the President and happy to do their bit in the fight against paralysis. They grin and bear up under the strain of the night’s activities, which begin at 9 P.M., and continue until 4 A.M., or later.
Ever since Ginger Rogers took off her shoes and danced for the President, movie stars have played an important part at his Birthday Ball by David Tearle

1936, when Ginger Rogers inaugurated the custom of Hollywood participation in Washington's celebration. Ginger happened to be spending a six weeks' vacation seeing shows in New York when it was suggested that she come to the Capital—and come she did.

On her arrival, Washington drama editors were surprised to discover that Ginger was not a redhead, but a blonde. She startled fans, too, many of whom thought it was Jean Harlow who was greeted with such ceremony at Union Station.

Most astounding of all was Ginger's confession, at a press luncheon, that she got blisters on her feet from dancing so much in pictures.

"I'm afraid I never was cut out for a dancer," she declared.

But when she visited the White House, the President did not seem to believe her denials.

"How about a little dance?" he asked.

Whereupon Ginger pulled off her slippers and danced—to the applause of the President, other [Continued on page 62]

For Dull, Drab, Lifeless Looking Hair

Any shampoo will remove dirt and dandruff, but that's not half enough. Dull, drab looking hair needs more than a shampoo. It needs laurel and a little bit of color (like rouge to pale cheeks) to hide that lifeless condition—then it will be full of sparkling colored highlights.

The New and Improved Golden Glint Shampoo and Rinse will give your hair this intriguing effect, leaving it amaranthine clean—free from dulling, sticky, unrinseable shampoo scum (same as both the scum left in the hair after most shampoos-making it shine like glowing satin. Then it adds a tiny color tint, hiding drab, mousey looking hair by replacing those appealing, soft, glowing colored highlights that are so adorable in a child's hair.

Like rouge to pale cheeks the New Golden Glint Shampoo and Rinse gives the hair a healthy, peppy look, but it won't run off. It's really thrilling to have hair as appealing as a baby's curls. And it is just as safe to use as makeup because the color effect isn't permanent— it washes out completely.

In two minutes and for only a few cents the hidden lights in your hair will appear to have been reborn— glowing again with soft, colored, dancing highlights. Have cleaner, brighter, more radiant hair. Get the New and Improved Golden Glint Shampoo and Rinse at any drug, department or 10c store. Beautiful hair is the charm of irresistible women. Shampoo and tint with Golden Glint.

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CHECK SHADE OF YOUR HAIR

[ ] Brunette [ ] Blonde [ ] White or Platinum [ ] Brownette [ ] Auburn [ ] Laitste (Colorless)

Name

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City and State

for February 1940
THRILLINGLY ON THE SCREEN! Those stirring days of minstrels and river boats...when a great and stormy love put America's joys and sorrows to music and gave us the songs we took to our hearts forever!
OLIVIA De HAVILLAND is still blushing. It seems that she and the Brian Ahernes and several members of the English colony were gathered at dinner, and as usual were discussing the war, mines, submarines, etc. "The safest way to go to Europe now," said Olivia with great aplomb, "is on the Countess de Frasso." Dead silence. "I—I—mean," stuttered Olivia miserably, "the Conte di Savoia." She'll never live that one down.

The Nelson Eddys are denying those stork rumors. And everybody says, except the Tyrone Powers, that the bird is flapping its wings over the Tyrone Powers. And the Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., heir arrives in April.

Curious Hollywood has been trying for weeks to discover the identity of Linda Darnell's boy friend. At last—he's discovered! His name is Jaime Yorba, he was born in Spain, and has been in Mexico City studying to be a civil engineer. He and Linda used to have dates in Dallas, Texas, when Linda was in high school there. According to Linda he was, and is, her number one boy friend, and he's coming to Hollywood soon to visit her.

Constance Bennett is simply melting them to their shoe-tops with glamour on her present personal appearance tour in the East. She does twenty-eight appearances a week and wears a different gown at each show. The stage-door-johnnies are so generous in their adoration that Connie's dressing-rooms don't begin to hold the orchids. Anyway, Connie is having some experiences. She was arrested in Cleveland for holding up traffic when she made her chauffeur
stop in order to sign autographs for four kids who had been dogging her car for blocks. In another city, sixty-three high school girls stormed the hotel where she was staying, bribed their way up to her suite, and tried to sell the maid on letting them take a peek at her while she was sleeping. According to intimates, Connie is getting the kick of her life out of this tour—and, according to critics and press notices, so must everyone who sees her.

Virginia Field is never without her mad money. Instead of the proverbial charm bracelet, "Ginnie" wears one containing varied sized frames into which may be slipped nickels, dimes and quarters. She keeps the coins highly polished, and the effect is completely novel—and practical. Richard Greene, of the dimples, is still head man in her life.

Well, really now, George Brent can't be everything to every woman. But one week-end recently, mind you just one week-end, he was reported visiting Olivia de Havilland at Coronado Beach, beaing Greta Garbo at Palm Springs, and welcoming Bette Davis home in Hollywood. Well, really, he's not that good.

The fans pile into the Florentine Room at the Beverly-Wilshire these evenings to see Marlene Dietrich and Jimmy Stewart dancing every dance.

If Tyrone Power shows you an old tin can that looks like a megaphone and asks you pathetically if you don't think it would make a wonderful lamp, for heaven sakes don't agree with him. He's only kidding, he's one of the best hiders in Hollywood. "You'd be surprised," says Annabella, "how many people agree with him when he shows them that horrible old tin can." Well, Annabella, don't forget it's a yes-trend, full of yes-people.

From a clipping in a Hollywood newspaper, anent the War: "No longer can Irene Dunne have her Czech-Slovakian filets of anchovies. Or Joan Bennett her pate de foies gras, with truffles or Perigord. Or Wally Ford his favored Polish hams. Even Dorothy Lamour's Norwegian herring and Isabel Jewell's Russian caviar may be war casualties."

Mercy now, doesn't it just break you up! Those poor, poor, movie stars.

The most embarrassed man we have ever seen sat next to us at the Shrine Auditorium recently when the San Francisco Opera Company gave out with "Rigoletto." All the music lovers and movie stars were gathered in worshipful silence. It was just as the curtain was parting and the man next to me leaned over to pick up his program. The buttons of his coat caught in Jeanette MacDonald's hair—and caught good. For a while it...
emed that nothing would ever release him from Jeanette outside of a nod snipping with scissors. In all the confusion and fuss we are delighted to report that Jeanette, a devout music lover, kept her sense of humor.

Although Joan Fontaine was twenty-two years old on her last birthday there were only twenty-one candles on her birthday cake.

Frank, her Filipino butler, who is an avid student of American etiquette, maintained serene when the error was called to his attention.

"But I'm twenty-two, Frank," Joan protested.

"Sorry, missy," was Frank's reply. "Blue Book says American ladies ke only twenty-one candles on all birthday cakes."

For the first time since she made her debut at the age of three, Jeanette MacDonald will appear in Philadelphia, her home town, during her concert tour this Spring. The citizenry wasted no time proving how they felt about Jeanette. Four months before her scheduled appearance the town's largest auditorium, where her concert occurs, was completely sold out.

Speaking of movie stars, says Mark Hellinger who did all right by "The Roaring Twenties," two female movie youngsters sat in the Brown Derby the other night and discussed a woman star with whom they were working.

"What do you think of Miss X?" asked the first.

"Some people think she's awful catty," the second youngster snorted.

"Catty!" screamed the first. "Why she's so catty that they're afraid to have her in the same room with a canary."

Rumors persist that Dolores Del Rio and Cedric Gibbons are going to all their marriage off. Anyway, Dolores returns to the screen in the newest Wally Beery picture at Metro, and according to those who have seen the "rushes" she is even more glamorous than ever.

Best kid crack of the month: Robert Montgomery's three year old son got angry with his nurse who wanted him to eat something he didn't want. Said Skipper: "I'm mad with you. I'm going on a diet and you can't come along."

Ever since she worked with Marlene Dietrich, Una Merkel refers to herself as "Legs" Merkel. She even had a sign made for her dressing room door. In typical Merkel fashion, Una cracked: "The difference between Marlene and me is—she doesn't have to put up signs."

Ann Sothern tells this one on herself. She has been under contract at MGM since last June. Because she always [Continued on page 70]
The author, a personal friend of Clark's, not only tells, in her gay and amusing way, what makes him tick, but also how to get your boy friend to tick the same way!

By Elizabeth Wilson

To MY way of thinking, and it's pretty good way, though I haven't been done by Rodin, we have to ask ourselves, what does this country needs is definitely few politicians and more Clark Gables. Life can be as dull as ditch-water, when suddenly I see What-A-Man Gable and immediately have a strange feeling in my tummy, my heart goes flutter-flutter in two-four time, and my spirits, which were lolling in the gutter, are catapulted to the thrilling heights of Mount Olympus.

Yes, let's face it. I get a lift out of Gable. I—and thousands of other girls. Worse luck.

I didn't have to be a Philo Vance to discover that there are droves of women in the United States, all the way from Maine to California, who fairly swoon with ecstasy at the very mention of Mr. G. And I didn't have to have the long beak of a hoopoe bird (something picked up in a cross word puzzle, no doubt) to dig up all the disconcerting facts about his universal s-e-x (Junior might be listening) appeal. That two-fisted guy with the handsome mug is the Dream Boy of three-fourths of the women of America—and of the women of other countries too, perhaps, but I'm an isolationist so we won't go into that. But don't let him catch any of your jealous males calling him a Dream Boy. He'll kick you in the Francisco.

Alas, there is nothing private about my romance with Gable; so come on in everybody else has.

Clark Gable as Rhett Butler in "Gone With the Wind," is actually a Command Performance because, when David Selznick announced he would make the picture, he was flooded with letters from women all over the country demanding that Clark Gable play the part of Rhett Butler or else.

Below: Clark with Vivien Leigh who plays Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone With the Wind," most talked of film in years. Their love scenes are exceptional.
When I read in the newspapers that David Selznick had bought "Gone With the Wind" and was in the process of casting it I gathered up my sledge hammer, which I have found to be far more effective in asserting the power of the press than my typewriter, and rushed out to Culver City to tell Mr. Selznick that Clark Gable should play the part of Rhett Butler or else. But Mr. Selznick had already been told. And good. His desk was covered with thousands of letters from women who assured him in plain and fancy English that they wouldn't go near his old picture unless Gable played Rhett Butler. That made DOS wince. Gable is the hardest-to-borrow actor in Hollywood. Metro has him under one of those steel contracts with iron bindings that nothing less than a mint can open.

Poor Mr. David had to shell out plenty. He also had to let Shylock Metro release the pictures and cut in on the profits. And all because the women of America—my competition—wouldn't let anyone play Rhett Butler except Clark Gable. Talk about your command performances. The King and Queen have nothing on us. Incidentally, this is the first time there has been a command performance on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Selznick agrees with me, and heartily, when I say that there should be more Clark Gables.

And I'll tell you something else too that I found out while snooping around. Do you know that two-thirds of the scripts and scenarios submitted to the studios are written by women, and invariably are written with Gable in mind? Just in case the producers are dopes the authors usually mark their scripts: "Hero to be played by Gable." It seems that when women sit down to write they may dream up an oil man, an aviator, a newspaper reporter, a racketeer, a Great Lover, but he's always the Gable type. (The psycho-analysts call it Wishful Thinking.) And pardon me for pointing, but it does seem to me that even Margaret Mitchell had Mr. G. firmly in mind when she was running off "Gone With the Wind." Rhett Butler, as Mr. Selznick found out to his expense, is Clark Gable.

So what with all this dreaming and Wishful Thinking going on, and all these gals having to take it out in writing, I realized more and more that what we really need in this country is a whole flock of Clark Gables. If we girls could get together and bring out the Clark Gable, if any, in our boy friends we'd have something. When we've brought out a few Clark Gables we can go "Y-an, y-an" at Miss Lombard, we hope. But it's not so easy to make a What-A-Man out of Any Man.

First, what makes the Great Gable tick? I talked it over with Miss Lombard, but she didn't seem at all interested in bringing out any more Gables, and why should she be, so I talked it over with the We Want Gable girls—waitresses at Carpenter's drive-in, salesgirls at Magnini's, Junior Leaguers at Perino's, and several top Glamour Girls who would give their eyeteeth for a crack at C. G. —and they seemed very interested. I must admit that a few of them went a bit catty on me and suggested that perhaps it would be easier to do something about Lombard—arsenic or ground glass or something similar—but I have been very fond of Carole ever since we arrived simultaneously in New York on a milk train five or six years ago. No movie star had ever done that before. After such a heart-warming experience I couldn't exactly bring myself to do her in.

Well, it seems that the things that make Mr. Gable tick, the things that make him so desirable to us gals, are his naturalness (Continued on page 70)
It looks as if Warner Brothers definitely have another Bette Davis in Jane Bryan after her excellent performing in "The Old Maid" and "We Are Not Alone." Nevertheless, Jane is quite dissatisfied with herself and doesn’t mind telling you just what her reasons are.

"Now why can’t I be a combination of Hedy Lamarr, Jetta Goudal, with Garbo’s eyes... Marlene Dietrich’s legs!" laments Jane Bryan. "I want to be exotic!... I get so tired of people saying 'a frank, open face' when they describe me. I have no style, no personality. And I hate my temper!"

By

Gladys Hall
I LOOK in the mirror," said Jane, stabbing savagely at the heart of a rose or a doe or whatever the devil it was in the complicated piece of petit-point she was doing, I look in the mirror and what do I see? Not what I'd like to see, you can bet! I see a too-round, peculiar face, with eckles on it. I see a too-wide smile. I see a too-peculiar pose. I see drab hair. I see eyebrows which are just eyebrows, not there, not arched or questioning or bird-wingly or anything. I take a few short steps away from the mirror and . . .

Jane threw down the pretentious petit-point. She got up from her chair (in which she had been sitting tailor-fashion) and, in brown slack suit and scarlet leather slippers, scorned herself zinging the air like those sparklers children play with on Fourth of July. She executed a few steps around her dressing room in which we were sitting. As a matter of fact, we were using Jane's dressing room for a confessional, wherein Jane was to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about herself.

She was saying: "Please notice the grace about me. I love my grace . . . I never enter a room or leave one without mocking over a chair, a piece of priceless bric-a-brac or a debility. I never enter the Green Room here on the lot for an inch that I don't collide with someone, head on. One day I angled plunk into Zorina. It would be Zorina." (Jane, who dores ballet, particularly adores Zorina, and is an ardent fan of hers.) "Into Zorina," groaned Jane loudly, "who wouldn't hang into anyone, not even if she walked through a deck of cards. I must have a lot of calcium in me," she added. "I never reek any of my bones!

"Now, why, why can't I have natural red hair like—well, like Greer Garson. Hair like a flame, boy, if that could only be said about me! I've heard that when people have accidents or sudden shocks their hair sometimes turns white. I'd throw myself over a precipice if I thought that by doing so my hair, old mouse that it is, might turn red!

"Now, why," Jane continued to demand, "why can't I be a combination of Hedy Lamar, Jutta Goudal, with Garbo's eyes, oh, those eyes, and Marlene Dietrich's legs! I want to be exotic. I want to be tall and silvery and sort of emaciated. I want to be the type who wears wonderful clothes and drapes and jewels. I want to be five feet six inches instead of my stubby little five feet three. I get so tired of people saying 'a frank, open face' when they describe me. I loathe being called an ingenue. I like to be young. I know the value of being young, and the brevity, but I don't like to be icky-young.

"I want to have shadows on my cheeks, hollows," moaned Jane. "I want to look as though I might have come from French Indo-China and meant no good by it! I want to have a voice like Margaret Sullavan's, sort of husky, sort of a 'fog' quality. I want to sing husky French songs, the way French girls sing them, the way Jean Sablon sings them. I want to look intriguing. I want to have a sort of Mata Hari sinisterness about me.

"But I guess," sighed Jane, "I guess I'm doomed to janiness. Not for nothing, I fear, was I born Jane O'Brien, born right here in Hollywood, a girl with three kid brothers who would probably tear her limb from limb if she even suggested French Indo-China in the back-yard, a girl whose first appearance on any stage was as a bouncing snowball in a school play, a girl who likes hot fudge sundaes and dill pickles, a girl who can cook and sometimes does, a girl who is described in her own studio biography as 'a genuine a sample of Irish-American girlhood as you could find anywhere.' Such a girl," groaned Janey so loudly that Eddie Albert, passing by, called out.

"Girls, Girls, anything wrong in [Continued on page 60]
In "The Light That Failed," starring Ronald Colman, Ida gives a truly remarkable performance. In fact, one that should win acclaim for her.
Teaming Cary with Rosalind Russell in "My Girl Friday" is guarantee of sprightly comedy throughout this interesting re-make of "The Front Page."
Born in Dublin, Maureen O'Hara, who has the feminine lead in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," which stars Charles Laughton, is a typical Irish lass, with a wealth of chestnut hair, flashing green eyes and a sparkling personality. She is a protege of Charles Laughton who considers her one of the finest actresses now to be seen on stage or screen.

MAUREEN O'HARA
Hollywood gobbled up another outstanding radio favorite when RKO-Radio signed Kay Kyser, professor of the College of Musical Knowledge, to star in its production of "That's Right, You're Wrong." It's the expression Kay uses when anyone gives him the wrong answer. Ginny Simms, Kay's vocalist and girl friend, also appears in the film.
Laurence and Joan are cast as Mr. and Mrs. Max de Winter in the Selznick Production of Daphne Du Maurier's "Rebecca." Joan is the second wife who is continually haunted by "Rebecca," the first Mrs. Max de Winter, a character who never appears in the film. It is the best role Joan yet has had, whereas Laurence is expected to surpass his fascinating characterization in "Wuthering Heights."
The first of the series of Cisco Kid pictures which Cesar Romero will make for Twentieth Century-Fox is called "The Cisco Kid and the Lady." Virginia Field is featured prominently. In stepping into Warner Baxter's boots as the Cisco Kid, Cesar has a difficult assignment, but his past performances merit it and undoubtedly he will prove equally as popular, if not more so, in this romantic role.
Olivia's latest offering is "Raffles," a Samuel Goldwyn Production, in which she appears with David Niven. Olivia, on loan from Warners, had a merry time making "Raffles" since she and David have so grand a sense of humor.
PRISCILLA LANE
ROSEMARY LANE
LOLA LANE
GALE PAGE

The 'Four Daughters' are now the
"FOUR WIVES"
(It's a Four Belle Picture)

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

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

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

Produced by
WARNER BROS.
And Now Showing
YOU'VE probably seen Brenda in "The Rain Came" or in "Here I Am a Stranger." If not, be sure to see her in "Little Old New York," her forthcoming picture in which she appears with Alice Faye, Fred MacMurray and Richard Greene. Watch her perform and you'll realize that Darryl Zanuck is correct in stating that Brenda is destined to become one of the screen's greatest stars.
WHEN Bobby Breen recently turned
thirteen he gave a party. All the kids
invited had to come in the costume
of their favorite comic page character. In
clockwise fashion: Sliding down the ban-
nister are Bobs Watson, who came as "Prince
Valiant" and Delmar Watson, dressed as
"The Little King." Gloria Jean, as Wilma
from "Buck Rogers," is watching and host
Bobby Breen is waiting to catch the sliders.
Gloria and Bobby sang a duet together, as
one of the highlights of the party. Virginia
Weidler was toggled out as "Olive Oyl" and
Bobby Mauch as "Popeye." They played
games, one of the most popular being a
horse race which had 'em all cheering, espe-
cially Bobby and Virginia. Looking at the
"funniest" are Gene Reynolds, as a Keystone
Cop, and the Watson kids. Virginia did an
"Olive Oyl" dance. The refreshments, as
expected, were well received. Lined up are
Gloria Jean, Terry Kilbourne and Edith
Fellowes. The finger sucker is Bobs Watson.
IT Certainly PAYS TO BE DIFFERENT!

Adolphe Menjou is Hollywood’s iconoclast who refuses to bow down before traditions, superstitions and beliefs—a rebel in a colony of Yes-men!

By Ed Sullivan

Dapper, shrewd, talented, he is the iconoclast of the motion picture industry. As you read this piece on Adolphe Menjou, his wife Verree Teasdale will be preparing to light the candles on his 50th birthday cake, because his birthday falls on February 18. Of those fifty years, he has spent twenty-five of them, a full quarter of a century, making pictures. He has made ninety-six of them and plans to run his string up to 150 before he checks out.

I said that Menjou is Hollywood’s iconoclast. The dictionary points out that an iconoclast is an individual who "breaks images," refuses to bow down before traditions, superstitions and beliefs just because they are aged-in-wood. Menjou is a rebel in a colony of Yes-men. He disagrees with quite a few of the sacred Hollywood traditions.

In particular, he disagrees with the age-old belief of actors that "billing," the size type in which an actor’s name is spelled out in programs and in advertising, is important to the player’s professional career.

"In ‘Woman of Paris,’ which Chaplin directed," says Menjou, in a crisp, staccato voice, "I wasn’t even listed in the

Left: With Mrs. Menjou, better known as Verree Teasdale, at the Hollywood preview of "The Roaring Twenties," not so long ago. They are extremely devoted to each other.

Below: Going over the script of "That’s Right, You’re Wrong," the Kay Kyser picture in which he’s featured, with its rotund director, David Butler. Directors like Adolphe because he never takes himself too seriously.
There was no mention of me in any form, and yet my role in that picture made me important overnight. I learned then that the only important thing in this business for an actor is to get a good part and give a good performance in it. If the public likes your work, they'll find out who you are. If they don't like your work, it's better that you're not identified."

In twenty-five years in Hollywood, Menjou has had ample opportunity to regard the passing scene and the principal actors who have paraded across the celluloid horizon.

"The amazing thing to me," he reflects, "is how few people in this business can handle success. I've known a lot of actors, writers, directors and producers when they were poor and were nice people. Shortly after they acquire fame, wealth and all the rest of it, they become Napoleons or Don Juans and retain the worst features of each. They become self-mesmerized and delusions of grandeur set in. A case in point was the late Rudolph Valentino. I worked with him and despite all of the nice traditions about him, I found him to be absolutely impossible. He really had come to believe his publicity. There are hundreds of others who have reacted in just such asinine fashion. Success seems to get a half-Nelson on people and throw them for the full count."

I asked him to tell me something about his personal and family background.

"Well, my father was French. My mother was Irish, from Galway. Dad was a famous Parisian chef. I think that he knew more about food than any person I've ever met, and he had a great affection for it. I mention [Continued on page 71]

Adolphe has earned over $3,000,000 in movies, and is world famous. Below: Dorothy Lovett seems quite amused at Adolphe's nonchalance during scenes of the film, "That's Right, You're Wrong."
She Still Has Too Much Sex Appeal!

Mae West is back and will have the censors hopping, because she hasn’t changed a bit!

MAE WEST sat gingerly on the edge of her dressing-room chair, so as not to crush her bustle. She sat bolt upright, so as to keep those stays where they belonged. And with that caressive Westian drawl, she said, "Funny thing. Six years ago, I predicted the return of corsets and bustles. It got a laugh. The wisecrackers said, 'If everybody wore 'em, where would Mae West be?' Here I am, and"—she tilted one eyebrow—"I still have something the other girls don’t have."

Practically everything Mae says has a suggestion of some sort tucked away in it. This remark opened up some promising possibilities.

She was in a good, provocative mood. She had just come from the set of the opus tentatively titled "My Little Chickadee"—the first West picture in two years,

Left: Mae wore a black wig as Mlle. Fifi in "Every Day’s a Holiday." Below: Says Mae, "I still have something the other girls don’t have... theirs is their looks and looks change. Mine isn’t just my looks. It’s something special."
By James Reid

and something of a natural. It not only offers Mae as a sultry torch singer of the 1880's, on the loose in the Great Open Spaces, where men were men and women were something to fight over. It also offers, as her mate in misadventure, that bombastic Timid Soul W. C. Fields.

The set had been the interior of the little red schoolhouse in the he-man town of Greasewood City. The local editor, convinced—after one buggy ride—that Mae was an Eastern damsel of culture, had asked her to try to teach the younger generation of Greasewood City something. (The regular teacher had had a nervous break-down, trying.) So here Mae was, and her largish pupils, all male and all agog, had asked her to teach them some arithmetic. With a casual undulation of her bustle, she had strolled to the nearby blackboard, intimating, en route, that she had some ideas about figures. By the time she reached the blackboard, three steps away, they also had some ideas.

That bit of business was to be only a brief flash in the picture. But, even in the briefest flashes, Mae is irrepressible. Other sirens turn on the sex appeal to fit a situation. No matter what the situation, Mae can't turn hers off.

Censors say that she has too much sex appeal. And every time they say so, look at what happens. The masses—men, women and children—rush to see her. Why should she try to stop the rush?

Some women have sex appeal some of the time, and some of them don't have it any of the time. Mae gets charged with having it all the time. That doesn't hurt her feelings. (P. S. It doesn't hurt the gate receipts, either. All forty-eight states are strewn with the box-office records she has broken.)

Anyway, year in and year out, Mae keeps right on being provocative, blithely ignoring the bluenoses. She can afford to, being the only actress who ever has received $300,000 for one picture, plus a percentage of the profits. She must have something besides corsets that the other girls don't have.

Having made an insinuation to that effect, she leaned one elbow on the dressing-table behind her and smiled—irrepressibly.

"The other girls and I," she said, "are selling the same thing. Glamour. Sex appeal. Whatever you want to call it. Only we aren't selling the same brand. They're all offering one brand; I'm offering something special. Theirs is kind of perishable. Mine isn't."

"Theirs is in their looks, and looks change. Mine isn't just in my looks. It's in my eyes, my voice, my hands, my walk. Things I'm going to have as long as I can breathe.

"You know what happens when most girls get movie chances. Studios take them aside and say to them, 'You've got to have more sex appeal.' They're told what to wear and how to wear it. They're given new hair-do's and lessons in make-up. They're hustled into the gallery to make some snappy leg art. They're told to go out with this romantic-looking gent or that. Studios do everything they can think of to bring on the sex appeal. But what's been happening to me ever since I came to Hollywood? Studios have been saying, 'We've got to hold Mae back.'"

She even has to hold herself back.

"Off the screen, I have to change my voice, and watch every little thing I do, so people don't get the wrong impression.

"Now that line—'I'm up 'n' see me sometime'—is an example of what I mean. Those are six pretty ordinary words. They've been said millions of times by millions of people. But the way I said them in 'She Done Him Wrong' started something.

"Ever since, people have been looking for sex in anything I might say."

Most of the glamour girls don't have to struggle [

"Off the screen," admits Mae in her Westian drawl, "I have to change my voice and watch every little thing I do, so people don't get the wrong impression.

[Continued on page 68]
Betty Made It
The Hard Way

Many of the newer crop in Hollywood got there thru good luck. but Betty Field deserved her chance in films

By
William Lynch Vallee

As for the stage—boasted of herein—her record reads well. She was in the London company of "She Loves Me Not," (she was sixteen and it was 1934) "Page Miss Glory," "Three Men on A Horse," "Boy Meets Girl" "Room Service," "Angel Island," "If I Were You," "What A Life" and "The Primrose Path." A pretty neat record.

What inclined the young lady toward the stage, back in Boston where she was born, isn't any clearer to her than it is to any young girl who wants to act. One printed story about Miss Field gives this credit to the Massachusetts' Priscilla, a relative of hers. Priscilla, as you 'll recall, is the one who told John Alden to speak for himself. But that brings us no nearer to a reason for the terrific longing for the sock and buskin in the heart of Betty Field.

She is also related, the story goes on to

MISS BETTY FIELD is no relation to Mr. W. C. Fields, who spells his name with an "s." Nor is she any relation to, let's say, Greta Garbo or Joan Crawford—unless it's that she's a movie star, too.

But our Miss Field has something that they have not, and that is a crackerjack record in the legitimate theatre—established before she was the twenty-one that she is now.

You probably saw her at the Bijou Movie Palace the other night as the ingenue in "What A Life," opposite Jackie Cooper. Or at the Star in "Seventeen," again opposite Master Cooper, who does seem to get around. Maybe it was "Of Mice And Men," with Burgess Meredith. You must have seen one of the three if you're a half-way movie fan and it's almost a certainty that you found her a more-than-competent actress.

Although only 21, Betty's stage experience is amazing. She plays any type of role well. For example, you wouldn't think the Betty (left) in "Seventeen" with Jackie Cooper is the same Betty (right) in "Of Mice and Men" with Burgess Meredith.
Betty was only 16 when she went to England to appear in the London company of "She Loves Me Not," a big hit in 1934.

say, to Cyrus Field, the man who laid the Atlantic cable. That was an extremely worthwhile job for which Mr. Field eventually received due credit—but was it good theatre?

"Maybe it's the Irish from mother's side," said Betty over a tremendous salad bowl. "Or then again, maybe it's because mother took me to a lot of kid plays. Things about bad boys ending up as lemon pies—not very strong stuff but a start in the right direction."

Mrs. Thomas Mitchell took Betty and her own daughter to see the capable Mr. M. act in a play called "Night Stick," vintage of 1927. Little Betty was so overcome by it all that the sight of Mr. M. lumbering on stage snapped something inside and she yelled, "Oh! There's your father!" Mr. M. still thinks it's pretty funny.

In her back-yard plays Betty co-starred herself with a mop. The mop was always handsome and never stole scenes or missed cues. And it was easily transportable from city to city as the girl and her mother moved from Boston to Forest Hills to Porto Rico to Morristown, New Jersey.

"By the time we had reached Morristown I was going to high school," Betty explained, now well into the salad and going great guns. "Mother would take me to the Saturday matinees of the Roland G. Edwards' stock company. After the show we'd wait in the alley to see stars like Florence Reed and Bert Lytell come [Continued on page 64]
PENNY’S a peach . . . we phoned and asked for a series of acrobatic poses . . . Penny said she hadn’t done acrobatic dancing for so long, she mightn’t be able to oblige . . . but she’d try anyway . . . that is, if we’d wait till she did her marketing . . . she shopped at one of those help-yourself places . . . two most interesting things she bought were a loaf of Italian bread and a pair of you-know-whatitis . . . both of which you see.
Penny was Dorothy McNulty on the musical comedy stage... had few equals as an acrobatic dancer... you can see from the photos she hasn’t lost the knack... she loves to clown around, as you can notice... Penny’s now divorced from Dr. Lawrence Singleton... has a three-year-old daughter named Dorothy... Penny likes to do all her own housework and marketing... Her “Blondie” pictures are sensational box-office attractions... Penny’s one of the best natured people in Hollywood... has never been happier since she became a blonde... said she never enjoyed posing for pictures as much as for these... it gave her a chance to exercise... and work up an appetite.
Her Name Was Galatea

Another of the untold stories in the private lives of Hollywood personalities!

Tania Corey, who was sitting next to me, smiled. She has a smile that begins in her eyes and hardly ripples her generous mouth and is all the sweeter because it has a touch of sadness in it. Tania is one of my favorite girls in the whole world and one of the loveliest. She has hazel eyes flecked with gold that look like bits of star dust, and her smooth black hair folds around her small head like dark wings. But for all the smallness of her and for all her appealing femininity Tania is one of the most successful career girls in Hollywood. No, she isn't a star. But she is the answer to a star's prayers. Tania is tops as fashion designer out here. She is the reason for the glamorous clothes the stars under contract to her studio wear.

Tania Corey isn't her real name. But all the other things I've said about her are true.

"I miss you, too," she said looking at me. "But I envy you from the bottom of my heart. You're riding your luck. Hang on to it."

That's almost exactly what she told me morning, and spent the day on them too.

But I didn't grin because I know why Tania feels like that. And I remember the awful day that made her feel that way too. You see, life began hurting her a long time ago when revolution came to Russia. Tania has a title of some sort. I heard it once, but I've forgotten it. Maybe that's because Tania wants to forget it. After all when a girl of six has seen her father shot because of his title she would want to forget that once she was a countess or a princess or whatever it was Tania was called. And then, too, when a woman loves a man the way Tania loves Bill Corey I guess she prefers his name to any title in the world.

Tania and Bill had been married a year when I first met them. They had everything two people could want, love and good looks and youth and success. Bill was a top flight director and Tania was first assistant to the fashion head of the same studio.

When you saw them arriving at the studio together chuckling over some little thing.
There were unexpected consequences when Tania, a Pygmalion-minded fashion designer, created a Galatea who was far too alluring.

joke they had between them, holding hands absolutely unabashed and kissing each other goodbye outside of Tania's office and not giving a damn who was there to see them, they made you think everything you'd ever heard about love was true. They were head over heels in love and didn't care who knew it.

Only once did I hear anything that could be vaguely described as a quarrel between them. And even when I say vaguely I'm exaggerating. For though their words came furiously, their eyes were shining with the excitement that always lay there between them.

"And do you know what that Bill wants now," Tania said as I walked in on them. She has a quick way of talking, her hands moving as fast as her lips and she was shrugging her slender shoulders in make-believe annoyance. "He wants me to give up my work."

"Why not?" Bill said in that lazy voice of his that was such a contrast to Tania's impetuousness. "I love this gal and I'm selfish. I want her home when I'm there. Do you know what? She was at the studio until three this morning."

"Listen, Bill," Tania leaned forward and her eyes were shining. "Some day I'll give it up. And then we'll have a baby," she checked herself laughingly. "No, we won't have a baby. We'll have a dozen babies and we'll have enough money so that none of us will ever starve or be cold or afraid."

"Listen to the gal!" Bill scoffed. "My salary isn't exactly peanuts, you know."

"No," Tania said gravely. "But we have to spend so much of it. Hollywood is so wonderful but it is so expensive, too. And what about the time when maybe you won't make it any more. Hollywood is full of people who thought that it would always rain gold pieces for them. I want security.

"Lucky young American that you are, you haven't wandered up and down the streets clutching your mother's hand and crying because she is crying and because you are hungry. And you haven't shivered with cold in a room without heat and sat up all night helping your mother embroider for the fine dressmakers and knowing the money when it came would only take care of a few days' food and there wouldn't be any left over for coal or clothes. And being afraid all the time, you don't know what that means either."

No, Bill, when we've saved enough so that we'll never have to worry again for the rest of our lives I'll stop. But not before."

Bill took her in his arms and his blonde head was pressed close against her small dark one. And I could have told Tania something then, for I saw his eyes. And they were hungry eyes. People don't starve for food alone. [Continued on page 76]
"Too many women try to learn about men from other women," confides vivacious Wendy Barrie, who's a real menace to masculine peace of mind in Hollywood.

Left: Wendy has a dance rehearsal with Edward G. Robinson on the Columbia lot. Below: Wendy with Reginald Gardiner, whose name was linked with Hedy Lamarr's before her marriage to Gene Markey.

By
Helen Louise Walker
WENDY BARRIE had been in Hollywood for two or three months when suddenly the feminine contingent began to sit up and take notice—bristling slightly the while, one noted. It wasn't that she was—yet—an immediate menace to those in the very top spots of the profession. It wasn't just her beauty or her smart clothes. We'd known about those from the beginning. It was simply that practically overnight she had calmly assumed first place on the list of Young Ladies Young Men Want to take Places. She had become Hollywood's first belle. And this during a season when there weren't nearly enough eligible men to go round anyhow. No one had suspected her of these talents at first. What in the world had happened?

Wendy says, with a twinkle, "You can learn a lot about men and how to get along with them—from men, if you'll pay attention. I began learning almost before I got here."

You see, she had met a man on the ship coming from England. He was British and handsome and he was on his way to Hollywood, too. There were, one supposes, the usual moonlit nights and the two of them with enormous plans for fame and fortune and excitement and, oh well, you know! And pretty soon they were both here in Hollywood and, among the sea of new faces, his looked to Wendy like a familiar and trusted one. So they saw a lot of each other and Wendy introduced him to the new people she was meeting because, somehow, he didn't seem to be making new friends as fast as she was. It was all great fun.

"And then, you know," she says, with real horror in her eyes even now, "I found that he had been exploiting my friendship, trying to make money because of it, here and there! He had even said unkind and untrue things about me. He had estranged some of my new women friends. It was really a dreadful blow! He had warned me not to trust women too far. I wound up not trusting anyone."

Wendy withdrew into a bitter little shell and brooded. It wasn't fun meeting new people any more. She went into her first Hollywood picture, "It's a Small World," so tense, so taut that she could scarcely work at all. Spencer Tracy was the star. "He was so kind to me," she recalls. "I couldn't see why—then. He helped me to relax by making me laugh, making me talk and forget my self-consciousness. He encouraged me and advised me and coached me. I began again to feel that there were nice people everywhere.

"Then something else happened. An old friend of the family who was aware of what had been happening to me, gave me a real lecture. 'If you're wise you'll save a lot of heartache by learning one masculine trait,' he told me. 'Learn to take people, especially men, at their face value and keep matters on that basis for a long time. Enjoy them. Try to make them enjoy you. But don't give your heart away or your close [Continued on page 72]"
George Gives His Side of It—and How!

George Raft, who's been accused of being far too temperamental to get along with, denies the accusation.

By Robert McIlwaine

There are three sides to every question—your side, the other side and the truth! You've never heard George Raft's side of things. His studio's? Yes. In fact, heretofore, everyone's but his, including casual bystanders on Hollywood Boulevard. They all know how difficult George Raft was. They hadn't, however, ever heard of George's reasons for acquiring such a reputation.

Even among writers Mr. R. wasn't too well thought of, because he'd give no interviews. Well, that was Raft's way of trying to keep peace. He couldn't pan his own studio and, with things as they were, he certainly couldn't be complimentary. So, he kept silent.

But there's an old saying—"Never trouble trouble, till trouble troubles you." Well, George, until going to Hollywood, always had adhered to this and seemed to get along fine. He'd always set his own routines and no one criticized. But the minute he donned make-up and stepped in front of a camera everyone told him what to do and how to do it. Now this was fine, too, until they started steering Raft the wrong way. Then it was time to call a halt. George is a good business man and knew it would ruin his career in pictures if he didn't speak up.

No one can deny that Raft, after a promising start, had more than his share of mediocre movies. When no change was forthcoming, that's when the fun really began, or, to be more accurate, the fireworks started.

Through no fault of his own, George Raft found himself on the spot in Hollywood. So he fought. And won! But for a while it didn't look as if he would.
Usually a man of few words, and those simple ones, George wasted no time in clearly speaking his piece.

And then began his “A.W.O.L.” departures from the studio sets which became more and more frequent. For, at the slightest provocation, George would lace up his shoes—with the famous heels—throw in a couple of suits that have been reputed to make Jacob’s ‘coat of seashells’ look high off. Was it any wonder that his studio dubbed him unruly? No more so than his refusing to be washed up by a series of unsympathetic parts in bad stories.

“Why, you know, it was bad enough to play the worst kind of guys,” explained George, “but then they began giving me every unknown cutie on the lot to try out as a leading lady. I’m no miracle man and how they expected me to carry an inexperienced actress and myself, too, is beyond me.

“I begged them to lay off and give me a break. If I had to play with amateurs, at least the studio could do was give me parts where I could justify my bad actions. I pointed out that in my most successful pictures I had a sympathetic role. That’s why the public liked me. Because I was a bad guy who eventually went straight. But they’d hear none of it. They knew best. They wanted me to be a guy that had no good qualities at all. An out-and-out thug. I don’t like that. It was something that had to be corrected or George Raft wouldn’t be in pictures much longer.”

And George was determined to stay in pictures. He’d come a long way from his lowly start in a Tenth Avenue tenement district in New York City. He’d been a prize fighter, a baseball player and a dancer. As a boxer he fought for two years without startling success. As a ball player he was an outfielder on the Springfield (Mass.) Eastern League team, but was dropped after two seasons because his batting average didn’t compare favorably with his fielding average. But as a dancer George did go places. Literally and figuratively, because he not only danced in the leading cities of the United States, but in all the capitals of Europe. He was one of the world’s fastest dancers. Director Rowland Brown convinced George he could be just as successful in motion pictures as he was as a dancer. So George gave up his dancing shoes and went to Hollywood. And eventually found himself on the spot, through no fault of his own. So he rebelled.

“Why, I remember,” continued George, “having a friend send me the print of a French film called ‘Algers.’ Not just the script, mind you. The completed picture. I was interested in the role of Peppe La Moca and had taken an option on the American rights, hoping I’d have a chance to do it for my studio. I took it into the projection room and showed it to the powers-that-be. Well, they couldn’t see me in ‘Algers’ for high hell. Said it wasn’t my type role. Can ya tie that? I was plenty burned. I didn’t speak to them for quite a while after that. I was afraid of what I might say. But finally I figured it was pretty silly to be always fighting and dropped in to see them again. The first thing they did was tell me I’d been assigned to appear in a sea picture with Gary Cooper. It was called "Souls At Sea." I read the script and could see immediately that as usual my part was awful and would do me nothing but harm. Why they had me ruining the girl and stealing pennies from Gary’s pockets while he was out for the count. I refused to play the part and again we agreed to disagree. They decided to get someone else to do the part. That was okay with me. It was a gentleman’s agreement. If I didn’t want to play it that was okay with them, too. Next thing I know the publicity department sends out the news that I’ve deliberately walked out on the picture at the last minute and seem to be just as temperamental as ever. Then I really went to bat with them! They finally agreed to make drastic revisions in my part and change the ending. So I did the picture.

“If you remember there was a kid in it named Olympe Bradna. I discovered her for them and what did they do to her? Gave her roles she wasn’t suited for. And she was a kid who could have gone places in the right roles.”

With a sigh of despair, Raft continued, “The next thing I did was take twenty-five grand of my own money and buy the screen rights to ‘The Earl of Chicago.’ I begged them to do it for me. It’s not right for you, George,” they said. But, honestly, the story was a natural for me. And there’s a million laughs in it, too. Natural situ- [Continued on page 73]

Right: George, former boxer and ball player, still keeps in tiptop physical shape. Below: At the races with his favorite girl, the wealthy Virginia Peine. Norma Shearer is just a friend, he insists, whenever the gossips link their names.
FIRST LOVE
CINDERELLA COMES TO TOWN—Universal

DEANNA DURBIN is growing up. In this picture she successfully hurdles the jump from adolescence to sub-deb age. She has a real first love and a real first kiss. It's all quite Cinderellaish, but it's with such freshness that you have to be a mean old sourpuss to complain. Deanna plays the poor relation of a rich and insufferable family of society snobs. When she graduates from finishing school she has to make her home with this insufferable family who are very nasty to her—but, in the good old tradition, she wins the love of the servants who proceed to get her to a big party where she meets Robert Stack, who gives Deanna her first kiss. Helen Parrish plays her snooty debutante cousin, and Leatrice Joy (who got a big welcome back at the preview) her snooty socialite aunt. Eugene Pallette plays the gruff old uncle who softens under Deanna's wholesome young charms. In the course of the picture, Deanna sings "Home Sweet Home," "Amapola," and "One Fine Day" from Puccini's "Madame Butterfly." It's her sixth successful picture. Which is quite a record for a star in Hollywood.

DAY-TIME WIFE
MARITAL DISCORD A LA MODE—Twentieth Century-Fox

TYRONE POWER, America's Heart Throb Number Two, departs from his weighty historical characterizations in this picture and becomes once more a gay, carefree and amusing young man. And a mighty handsome one, too. Teamed with him in this sprightly comedy is Linda Darnell making her second screen appearance—remember her debut in "Hotel for Women?" Linda has beauty and fresh-ness and proves herself a good troup-er. The story is the one about the wife who decides to do something about her hus-band and his secretary. So she gets a job as secretary to another business man, who just happens to be one of her hus-band's clients. Of course, the foursome turn up in a night club and complications follow, as well as some gay dialogue. A crack on the husband's head eventually straightens everything out beautifully. The picture is well cast, with Binnie Barnes playing a snooty girl friend, Wendy Barrie Ty's secretary, and Warren William Linda's boss.

[Continued on page 75]
Finagling Among the Stars

A marvelous new brain teaser which will have you frantic if you don’t know your stars very well

ARE you a “finagler?” In the words of Funk & Wagnalls, do you “like to achieve your purpose by artifice or trickery?” If you are the kind of person who peeks when playing solitaire then this game is for you. And your conscience need not bother you, for in this game hidden stars, it’s legitimate to chisel!

You need not start these puzzles at the beginning and go through the various stages to the answer. Just pick up your clues anywhere that’s convenient, then piece them together to get the solution.

Here’s the way it goes:
EXAMPLE: Begin with half of a child’s cry for its father; add a view, as of an avenue; subtract half of a child’s expression for “thank you”—to get the little lady who has been many times called the screen’s best dramatic actress.

SOLUTION: DA plus VISTA gives DAVISTA minus TA equals DAVIS (Bette).

That’s all there is to it. But if the going gets too tough, you may fall back on the last resort of all finaglers—just peek on page 75 for the right answers.

1. Begin with a reddish-brown color; subtract an injury from scalding; and add an effort—to get the singing star who was discovered by the late Will Rogers.

2. Begin with the way you serve hen’s fruit on toast; subtract what your bad tooth did before the dentist pulled it; and add the state of your health when you’re not sick—to get a suave gentleman of the screen.

3. Begin with what a creditor will do to you if you don’t pay up; add something that is trim and shapely; then subtract the word meaning to or toward—to get the actress who played a waitress in “When Tomorrow Comes.”

4. Begin with a cog-wheel; subtract the organ of hearing; and add a synonym for competent—to get the he-man star who lives with his wife on their 14-acre farm.

5. Begin with a word meaning an apprehensive mood; subtract an offer to buy; add two verbs of action; then subtract a conjunction—to get the comedian who is beloved for his charming, hesitant manner.

6. Begin with what a brave man is noted for; subtract a word for else; and add the first name of that Tracy fellow—to get the singing Yankee who recently played in a picture with an ex-Olympic winner.

7. Begin with an enclosure for small animals; add a luxurious white fur; and subtract something belonging to me—to get one of the male stars of “Beau Geste.”

8. Begin with the sixth tone of the diatonic scale; add the first name of a comedian by the name of Herbert; subtract a letter in the alphabet that an English cockney is always dropping; and add 2000 pounds—to get the name of a famous English actor.

[Continued on page 79]
Off To The Sunny South

Rosemary Lane models some lively sports costumes for the girl lucky enough to say goodbye to wintry winds.
LEFT: Rosemary adores bright colors and this plaid gingham play dress is carried out in red, yellow, blue and orange. The full skirt is shirred at the waist and tied with a matching gingham sash, while the short blouse exposes a bare midriff. Left center: A dark blue and white checked cotton skirt with slit pockets and suspenders is worn with a casual white linen shirt and a short-sleeved flag-red linen bolero. Below: The very latest in tennis dresses is white silk jersey with a full flared skirt and comfortably loose blouse. Right: Knee-length culottes are the thing this season. These are slate blue sheer wool and have a wide band of lastex shirring directly in front, giving them a full-skirted appearance. The long-sleeved tailored blouse is striped in slate blue, plum and white. (See next page.)
Rosemary is one of the vivacious Lane Sisters now starring in Warner Brothers' "Four Wives," a sequel to the popular "Four Daughters." She is the one who sang so beautifully, and planned for a brilliant career.

LEFT: A simple day-time dress of the type so necessary for resort wear when active sports are out for the moment. The flared skirt is of black and white checked silk taffeta, and the fitted white over-blouse is of heavy white linen trimmed on the tiny collar, cuffs and peplum with handmade Irish lace. Truly very attractive.
ROSEMARY lets her great love for bizarre color combinations run riot when it comes to slacks' outfits. Left center: Her full slacks and kid playshoes are of white which contrast strikingly with the hip-length blouse of light-weight wool jersey in a zig-zag design of green, red, orange, blue, yellow and white. Her miniature pillbox with its graceful back drape is of the same zig-zag material. Below: A smart slacks costume of silk seersucker with the trousers and trim bolero striped in oxford grey and white and worn with a bright green silk jersey blouse and sash. Right: For motor- ing or sight-seeing Rosemary likes this suit, the skirt of which is light weight navy blue gabardine striped in dusty pink, matching her pink gabardine tailored jacket. A tailored pale grey silk shirt is worn with this and a pink bandeau of the gabardine, instead of a hat.
WHAT a month! I get back from a vacation, that wasn't a vacation; only to find "The Rains Came" in Los Angeles when they weren't supposed to and the Chamber of Commerce is having conniption fits, having practically guaranteed to tourists that it only rains here in January and February. Everyone had been writing me the studios were dead and they're simply humming and, most treacherous of all, the James Cagneys, who were supposed to go to their farm in Martha's Vineyard while I was away, so I could visit them there (but didn't) are leaving almost as soon as I get back. The only consolation is that the Pat O'Briens haven't yet got into their new home so I'll be here for the house warming. None of this, however, has anything to do with the pictures that are being made so we'll get on to that and start with—

"You see them?" asks Dr. Paul Ehrlich of Emil, who answers, "Of course, I see them. The little red rod-like shapes are the tubercle bacilli." The doctor is Edward G. Robinson; Emil is Otto Kruger. It's a very important scene from "Dr. Ehrlich."

Watching them film important forthcoming productions, giving you actual dialogue from interesting scenes and chatting with the players who are featured in them...
Mr. Crosby, Mr. Bob Hope, and Miss D. Lamour are still engrossed in “The Road to Singapore.” I’ve already told you about that one, but I drop on to the set to say “hello.” “Hi, S.R.,” Bing calls, spotting me. “I can’t come out to shake hands as I’m trapped in here with Lamour.”

“Well, what are you kicking about?” I argue. “Many a man would sell his soul to be in your seat, and you’re even being paid for it.”

Miss Lamour squeals with delight and the rest of the cast and crew haw-haw so I retire on that one and proceed to the next set where—

GOOD Old Siwash” is shooting. When I was a kid (yosh, I can’t be that old!) the Siwash college stories were all the rage and here, after all these years,

Paramount is bringing them to the screen with “Golden Boy” Holden as the hero. This scene is right at the beginning of the picture where Holden is on his way to Swash College. It’s on the train and James Seay (pronounced Shay), captain of the track team, is trying to pledge Holden to his fraternity. But Philip Terry (of another fraternity) has had a wire from a “brother” telling him to nab Holden as Bill’s old man has plenty of dough. So Terry and Richard Denny are browsing through the train looking for Bill when they spot him with Seay. They go back into the next car (where Seay’s berth is) and strew the clothes out of his suitcase all over the aisle, then send the conductor looking for Seay to tell him. As soon as Seay leaves Holden to see about his clothes they slip into his empty seat.

“You know who that man is you were just talking to?” Terry demands.

“Sure,” says Bill cockily. “Name’s Andrews, captain of the track team. Mighty good fellow, too!”

“It’s not really our affair,” Denny whispers confidentially, “but he’s one of the slickest confidence men in these parts. Works the same game every year.”

“Gets hold of new students,” Terry takes it up, “offers to take them to his house, borrows money and skips to work another college.”

“He’s a smooth article all right!” Denny rushes on. “Why [Continued on page 80]
"On Location" with Joan

Exclusive Photos by Gene Lester

Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and other players in "Strange Cargo," went to great discomfit in order to bring you vivid realism.

These location scenes were taken on the beach at Pismo, California, which is 200 miles from Hollywood. The cast reported for work at 7 a.m., but had to wait around an hour until a wintry fog lifted. Above: In front of the portable, roofless dressing rooms (which can be assembled in a few minutes) are seen Clark and Joan, the former surrounded by a few of the locals and Joan busy knitting, with a script girl and a secretary. Right: Clark had plenty of duckings during the day's work. Below: Joan gets a rubdown from Abdullah, Clark's masseur. Lower right: Clark, John Arledge and Director Frank Borzage discuss the big fight scene.

Right: Only two "takes" were required for the fight scene, but for the close-up Clark had to fall into the water eight more times! Some fun, eh?
and Clark

Below: The fight scene in which Clark gets knocked into the water by Albert Dekker. Joan has back to camera. John Arledge is inside boat. J. Edward Bromberg stands at side. Clark is in water at left.

Above: Ian Hunter with Joan walk across the dunes as the camera, on a track, follows them along the sand. A huge spotlight, for balanced lighting, also was continually focused on the moving figures. Nevertheless, Joan was chilly in her skimpy, tattered dress.

Left: Clark's stand-in lies in icy water as camera is focused. Below: Clark in same position for actual shooting.
Checking on Their Comments

[Continued from page 15]

she isn't satisfied. She wants to do Serious Things. You know, act. When and if she acts now, nobody notices. But let Dorothy tell you—

"I hope people won't misunderstand what I'm about to say about sarongs. Heaven knows, I'm thankful I was given the opportunity to wear six inches of Polishian print and thereby become a movie star. Because of my sarong I can wear mug and gold lame gowns now in private life, but secretly nobody knows how tired I am of wearing a sarong. I've been wrapped up in one of those darn things so many times I'm beginning to question my ancestry. Things have come to such a pass that whenever I'm cast in a picture, the studio immediately begins searching the local zoos for the meanest, nastiest oorang to follow me about the jungle.

"I've just for once I'd like to go through a whole film dressed like Park Avenue. Scheming around in one primitive print after another certainly makes a girl appreciate those little numbers Hattie Carnegie whips up, and if things are looking up, because in 'Disputed Passage' I got as far as a pair of long, slinky, Chinese pajamas and, since I'm not the type that gives up easily, I'll just wait around and some day I'll get my chance.

"In the meantime, I'm seriously considering going to court to obtain an injunction to protect my rights to the sarong. I've found a gold mine in my little Malayian wrap-around. The other movie girls can have their Oomph, but I'll keep my sarong."

There, there, Dottie, it's all sarong. But, when you stop to consider, how many can act (more or less) and how few can wear a sarong (more or less). Stick to your South Sea step-in and let the ladies without lyric knees wrench our hearts. Dottie, you're our idea of a double feature.

HOW does it feel to be married to a screen idol when you yourself are a film luminary, up close to the top in your own right? Does jealousy get mixed with the order of the day? I asked Barbara Stanwyck, married to Robert Taylor, a couple of days after they arrived in New York on a long delayed honeymoon. Said Barbara:

"I like it—so far. It's like having a—a

Her Own Worst Enemy

[Continued from page 25]

there?" "Such a girl," groaned Janey again, "hasn't much chance of being a Mata Hari, either in real life or on stage or screen. The deep, dark heart of one grined Janey, "doesn't photograph!"

Eddie Albert had just passed by, and Janey had referred to her "heart." I hastily added two and two together and made one, and said to Janey: "I read that you and Eddie are romancing, aren't going to get married, are . . . ?"

"Married?" screamed Janey . . . she yells things at you, yells (I am sorry to say this, Jane), just like school-girls do when they get excited. "Married? Me? Oh, heavens, no! Oh, no! I know it was printed in the movie columns and it's so embarrassing. There I am, working on the sets with Eddie all the time, in Invisible Stripes, in Brother Rat and the Baby, and how do you suppose it makes me feel? Ridiculous, that's how. I feel a fool. And there's not a word of truth in it. We've gone out together several times and that's that. Why, even if I wanted to get married, which I don't, but, and if I was shooting, I wouldn't be worth any husband's board and keep. I wouldn't have time to say 'I do.' Do you realize that since last February I've made seven pictures?" Jane ticked them off on her fingers. "Marry Who Dared," she said. "Each Dawn I Die, The Old Maid, Glamour Girls, We Are Not Alone, Invisible Stripes, Brother Rat and the Baby . . . well, really," she sighed, "the things people can think of . . ."

"I didn't like myself a bit in We Are Not Alone in spite of all the kind things that were, incredibly to me. said about me. I saw the sneek preview. That face up there, that accent, I was so disappointed in me I could have died!"

"I could go on about my faults so long we'd be here until doomsday . . . but they are such sappy little faults, not sins that are scarlet, not burning temptations which have not been resisted. One of my worst faults is my vagueness. About time I have more idea of time than a humming bird. About people, too, their names and faces and where I have met them and all that. I'm so vague, I'm almost rude at times. I have no style, no personality. That's a fault, too. I've just discovered it. A fault corrected. I suppose that my very worst fault is my fear of people. A fear which is getting worse and worse when, with experience, it should be getting better and better. What have I to enter a room full of people I never know what to do or what to say, never know what to do with your eyes and hands, never know whether to stand up or sit down. All I can think of is—quick, a razor and a bucket.

"I'm superstitious only about bears and rain. I mean, I believe that bears are good luck for me, that's why I sleep in a room full of Poohs. I just have to have them around. And I know all that good things happen to me in the rain. The first time I ever rode on a train, which, at the age of six was my dearest ambition, it rained. The first time I remember knowing that Santa Claus was coming, it rained. The first day I went to school in a new red sweater and skirt it rained. The night I appeared in . . . a lightning rod. No indeed, I don't mind. Not even when the girls crowd around and push me aside and demand his autograph. Besides they ask me now and then, too.

"Our real problem lies in adjusting our home life to our work. We never see each other until 7:30 o'clock at night—if we're lucky, and there's no luck shooting on either of our schedules.

"I'm up at 5 or 5:30 in the morning, at the studio by a quarter to 6. Bob is asleep then. He needs all he can get. I'm off at dawn because I have to go through a long period of make-up. And a hair-do. Bob doesn't get up until 7 or 7:30. He can sleep on the powder and grease paint. And just comb his hair.

"Then, when we meet at dinner, we have a rule against discussing studio problems. But afterwards we have to learn our parts for the next day's shooting. Bob absorbs his easily. It's harder for me. I'm a slow study. So we can play but little, unless we both happen to be between pictures. That's just happened. Can marriage survive all this? We're working hard at it and hoping."

Maybe that lack of breakfast table dynamics has its influence on Dottie's heavyset and marmalade mix with difficulty. As for the rest, marriage in Hollywood probably has as good a chance as anywhere. It all depends on the folks involved, the breaks, the real honesty on both sides.

Green Grow the Lilacs at Jean Muir's workshop, where I studied drama, it rained, and as I think you know, it was when I made my debut in that play that a talent scout from Warner Brothers saw me and asked me to come to the studio to make a test.

The day I made the test it rained. The day I signed my contract with Warner Brothers it rained. It rained all the time we were making Marked Woman. It rained the day I made my most difficult scenes with Bette Davis in The Old Maid. It rained the day I first met Bette Davis which was, of course, gosh, yes, a day in my life! The first day we were on the set of We Are Not Alone, and I was scared almost speechless because I knew that part was going to change everything in me, we had a freak rain, right in the middle of summer it was. I took it for a good omen, that rain.

"When I found out that I was going to New York last year, my first trip to New York, it rained. I expect that when I fall in love, when I know that this is it, then, and only then, and only then, I know there isn't," laughed Janey. "I'll run like sin. This is as good a time as any, I guess, to further denude myself of glamour by saying that I have no ideal man. You know, the way girls picture him in their minds, in their hearts. I haven't the vaguest idea what it is, and I know what I want him to look like . . . but I do say," said Janey, raising her head proudly, "I do say that I have intuitions and sound instincts about people and so I think I'll know him when we meet . . ."

"Oh, I forgot to mention two other things I hate about myself. I hate my stubby, junky little fingers. They're so little they're no good for anything. Why [Continued on page 74]"
Miss Margaret Biddle, attractive young daughter of Mrs. Henry C. Biddle of Philadelphia, enjoys one of society's smart indoor polo matches.

The younger social set loves skiing. To Margaret, a "spill" is just part of the fun, and she has a good laugh at her companion's expense.

QUESTION TO MISS BIDDLE: Miss Biddle, does a girl looking forward to her thrilling debut year take any special care of her complexion?

ANSWER: "Oh, a good, regular beauty routine is terribly important! I use both Pond's Creams every day of my life—Pond's Cold Cream to cleanse and soften my skin night and morning, and freshen it during the day. It's all wrong to put new make-up on top of old, so I always give my skin a good Pond's cleansing before fresh make-up."

QUESTION: Doesn't an afternoon of skiing make your skin rough and difficult to powder?

ANSWER: "No, it really doesn't. You see, I spread a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream over my skin before going outside—for protection. When I come in, I use Vanishing Cream again. It smooths little roughnesses right away—gives my skin a soft finish that takes powder divinely!"

QUESTION TO MISS BOARMAN: What does a good complexion mean to a high-school girl, Miss Boarman?

ANSWER: "It means plenty! No inferiority complex—and loads more fun! And it's so easy to help keep your skin in good condition! Pond's 2 Creams seem to be all I need—Pond's Cold Cream to make my skin clean and fresh looking, and Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth it for powder."

QUESTION: Miss Boarman, your make-up looks as fresh as if you were just starting out for a dance, instead of just going home. How do you do it?

ANSWER: "I have a system! Before even touching a powder puff, I cleanse and soften my skin with Pond's Cold Cream. After that, I smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for make-up foundation. Then comes powder. It goes on like velvet and clings for ages!"

BOTH Young Moderns CHEER THE SAME Thorough SKIN CARE

Why should Phyllis worry about General Chemistry and English themes when Brookside Pond is frozen over and she got new hockeys for Christmas?

With the last strains of "Home Sweet Home" at the DeMolay "Formal," Phyllis and her date hurry to be "first come, first served" at Fall's Cabin.

Prominent Sub-Deb

Popular Senior

Miss Phyllis Boarmen is a much-dated senior at East Orange High School in N. J. School basketball games are social as well as athletic get-togethers!

SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

POND'S, Dept. 788-GBB, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and 3 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. Enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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members of the official family, newspaper writers and radio men.

So successful was Ginger’s visit that in 1939 Washington frequently requested more stars from Hollywood to swell the attendance at the birthday balls. They sent Jean Harlow that year to captivate official and unofficial Washington with her charming personality. Robert Taylor came, too, and so did Marsha Hunt, Mitzi Green, and John Trent, the latter a handsome air pilot newly selected for the Hollywood buildup-up. Sir Guy Standing arrived for the ceremonies, too, before his first appearance he caught flu and was forced to spend a week in a Washington hospital. Also on the guest list was Joe E. Brown, but he never arrived. Flying East, his plane was downed by fog. He was on a mission toward Washington by chartering a private plane, but that, too, was forced to land. It was reported that Joe’s yells of disappointment rang through the Midwest, for he had brought with him a birthday cake and a special horoscope for FDR.

Those who arrived and stayed out of the hospital had a hectic visit. Both Jean Harlow and Robert Taylor had bad colds, but both managed to stay on their feet to take the lead in the round of events.

The day before the birthday, they attended the usual round of press luncheons, receptions, dinners, and so on. At midnight, they were taken to the Federal Bureau of Investigation for a tour personally conducted by John Edgar Hoover. At 12:40, Jean Harlow was missed by the rest. The G-Men found her curled up in a big chair in Hoover’s office—sound asleep.

1937 was the year that added a new hazard for feminine guests visiting Washington. At the Capitol, Miss Harlow was kissed by Senator Reynolds. Immediately, a photographer suggested that Robert Taylor be kissed by a Representative and kiss a Congresswoman. Taylor refused—but firmly.

That night all of the stars laughed when President Roosevelt, about to be photographed by newswoman cameramen, spoke to Taylor: “Is my hair on straight?” he asked.

When the flying visit was completed, all of the stars left Washington with pleasant memories. But perhaps Washington’s most pleasant recollection was of a grand girl refusing to be licked by a cold or a tough schedule. That was why many a Washingtonian felt a deep personal loss a few months later when gallant Jean Harlow died.

In 1938 the President was 56, and the largest group of stars yet to attend his birthday party arrived in Washington.

Janet Gaynor, who had just made “A Story of a Girl,” arrived in the presidential car—“Cute as a button,” the President described her. Immediately, sage showmen at United Artists announced that Miss Gaynor would appear shortly in a new picture. The title? “Cute As A Button.” But it has never been made.

This was the year that Eleanor Powell joined the celebration. She assumed something of the glamour girl mantle and was soundly dismissed, not by one, but by two Senators.

Belle of the ball was Zorina, dancing lovely who had just completed “Goldwyn Follies,” which marked her film debut. She charmed femininity lovers by her personality; male writers just gaped at her beauty.

One of the most popular visitors was Louise Fazenda, whose appearances won warm applause everywhere.

The arrival of 1938 was Frederick March, just recovering from a siege of gripe. But, accompanied by Florence Eldridge, his wife, he made every scheduled appearance.

Ray Bolger tapped merrily through the celebration of the first year, causing several critics to wonder (in print) why Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer didn’t give him a dancing role in pictures. Now, two years later, they are still wondering.

Joe E. Brown, who had started twelve months before, finally arrived in 1938—by train, and minus cake and horoscope, which had expired. Brown squeezed Louise Fazenda during the stars’ tour of the White House. A photographer snapped the pair of them inspecting the President’s private bathroom.

“Goodness, I hope they kill that picture,” Louise squealed.

In 1938 the younger element of Hollywood was represented by Tommy Kelly and Ann Gillis, stars of “Adventures of Tom Sawyer.” FDR grinned at Tommy, gave Ann a big hug.

At the Capitol, Eleanor Powell and Ray Bolger gave lessons in the Susie-Q and Big Apple to Senators Caraway, Pepper and others. A newsreel photographer suggested they come out on the steps and Big Apple for the camera.

When they got there, they found the lens being monopolized by Lady Nancy Astor and her guests. They waited.

“Anyhow, I bet she hasn’t got rhythm,” said Eleanor to Kay.

The celebrations that year ended as usual with the Gold Plate Breakfast. The Secretary of War danced with Zorina, much to the envy of lesser males, and everyone in sight tried to win a dance with Eleanor Powell.

The celebration of 1939 goes down in history as the year Errol Flynn stole the spotlight and lost his pants . . . fortunately, not at the same time. Besides Errol, the visitors included George Brent, Andrea Leeds, Annabella, Ralph Bellamy, Lili Damita, Bruce Cabot, Lionel Stander, and two repeaters—Eleanor Powell and Mitzi Green.

Some 27 officers and 225 men of the 5th Marine Regiment aided police in keeping autograph hunters in line. The President was 57, and the celebration, as always, was a mad rush for the guests of honor.

But about Errol Flynn’s pants:

The trouble began the minute Flynn arrived in Washington. He was scheduled to ride the President’s horse in the Birthday Horse Show at Ft. Myer two hours after his arrival—but a hasty check-up failed to reveal any riding breeches. The pants were lost, strayed or stolen.

While Flynn charmed the press and ate a hasty supper, a worried major telephoned the cavalry post at Ft. Myer. At the last minute, a courier dashed into Flynn’s suite with borrowed breeches. Miraculously, they were a good fit. And the star of the horse show arrived on schedule.

But Flynn’s trouper trouble was only beginning. That night, when he was presented to Mrs. Roosevelt, the First Lady invited him to dinner at the White House Sunday evening.

Came Sunday evening, half an hour before time for the dinner, and it was discovered that the Flynn evening trouers were badly mussed. They were dispatched to a presser immediately, but the minutes began ticking away.

Five minutes before he was due at the White House, the star of “Robin Hood” was nonchalantly sitting in his hotel room, beautifully decked out in white tie, tails, even a top hat—but no pants. Again, only a last minute arrival saved the schedule. Outside of his difficulties in assembling a complete wardrobe, Flynn was the favored star of all those who attended.

But there were plaudits too—and plenty of them—for all of the rest.

Andrea Leeds was asked by one interviewer if she planned to marry Edgar Bergen during 1939. Her answer might disconcert her new husband, Mr. Howard. For she said:

“If I marry anyone this year, it will be Charlie McCarthy.”

Luise Rainer was 1939’s representative on the sick list. Her visit to Washington was halted in New York, where she went to the hospital with a high fever.

Zorina’s honors for accents were assumed for the season by Lili Damita, who was quoted by a staid Washington newspaper as having charmed dancers by announcing “So oppy to mit you all.” Lili had other difficulties than accents, however. The year seemed a dangerous one for the Flynn wardrobe, for Lili’s gown
Try this ACTIVE lather facial for 30 days

The ACTIVE LATHER of Lux Soap gives thorough care. Pat it gently into your skin.

Next rinse with warm water, then a dash of cool. ACTIVE LATHER leaves skin really clean.

Then dry the face by patting lightly. Remember men adore a lovely complexion!

Women everywhere find this bed-time Beauty Care really works!

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

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

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

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Barbara Stanwyck
Star of Paramount’s “Remember the Night”
A Helping Hand From Hollywood

[Continued from page 62]

had a train—and at one hotel, a heavy masculine foot descended on it.

When Lili took a swift step, off came the train. So while Errol told stories to the crowd, Lili (behind a screen) had her train replaced by a busy maid.

At the White House, Annabell’s dewy loveliness impressed the society writer found only one person to whom she might be compared—The beauti-

ous Ethel DuPont Roosevelt, who was present with her husband, Franklin, Jr.

George Brent amazed Washingtonians with his love for fresh air. A radio inter-

viewer, revising a script for a broadcast with Brent, conferred with the star in

his hotel room. Washington is cold and damp in January, but Brent had a win-

dow as wide open as it would go. The radio man had difficulty writing, he was shivering so much.

One of the most appealing of all the stories of this most recent celebration concerned Eleanor Powell. Returning for her second year, she missed a motorcycle policeman who had been her special escort the year before.

She was told that he had been hurt and was in the hospital. Whereupon she

found time, in an already overloaded pro-

gram, to pay a visit to the hospital and

make a surprised cop very, very happy.

Perhaps the funniest story concerns a

male star whose name is best not re

vealed. When the middle of the evening

arrived, and he drove up to the White

House for the presidential broadcast, he

noticed there was a little time to spare.

Then he made a suggestion to one of

his escorts, the escort told the chauffeur,

the chauffeur told the motorcycle cop,

and the cavalcade (which had already en-

tered the White House grounds) moved out again.

With sirens screaming, the party rushed

to the streets to an all-night restaur-

ant on the waterfront. It was probably

the first time in Washington’s history that

a limousine and police escort dashed

to- across town in order that a tired Holly-

wood star could grab a quick one.

Names of the Hollywood headliners who will come East for the 1940 celebra-

tion had not been revealed when the article was written. But it is an axiom

in show business that you must not let down—and that each succeeding show

must top the last one. So it is that Wash-

ingtonians are looking forward to an influx of celebrities in a few weeks. And the

fight against infantile paralysis will re-

ceive another big contribution—from

Washington and from Hollywood.

Betty Made It The Hard Way

[Continued from page 41]

out. They were dream people to me.

“Someone told me that Mr. Edwards’

secretary lived in the hotel next to the

theatre. I peppered her with letters that

ran the gamut of entreaty.”

The lemming had a lot of fast-springing

ability, apparently, until they had chased the hap-

less secretary up a tree—from which she

was, however, able to phone little Betty
to appear before the impresario, ready to act.

“I showed up early with all the makeup

I owned in a shoebox. The play was to be

the stock company’s version of ‘Shanghai

Gesture,’ with Miss Reed playing her

original part. With Miss Reed there I

didn’t expect to star but neither did I ex-

pect to end up as a Chinese girl behind a

screen!”

She got lots of the same, after that. Any play that had a part where someone

was glimpsed between eye-blinds and

heard even less, was sure to require the

services of our heroine. All of which is

more than fair to a theatrical newcomer.

And, besides, she did finally achieve fame in the Edwards’ troupe as a hysteri-

cal maid who rushed into the drawing room to

find Sir Montague Baggesnages lying

flat and as cold as a bottle of pop. Her

scream was the best thing heard this side

of Bangkok, India.

The scream did it. High school was al-

right for sissies who didn’t adore maps

that looked like Cyrano de Bergerac, but

for Betty Field, star extraordinaire of

the Edwards’ Theatrical Titans, well...

“I enrolled in the American Academy of

Dramatic Arts, in New York City. We

acted out plays, accepted criticism and

were packed off to see the right people

act. Are such schools of real help? I don’t

really know.” She paused to remedy a bad

situation. There was no salad on her plate,

some in the bowl.

“I don’t think play producers pay much

attention to the schools but some agents

do. I do know that I’m the only girl in my

class who’s working. One of the boys, Gabo, is directing movies; he did

“A Man To Remember,” which was a

picture to remember. My teacher, Charles

Jellinger, is lionized by people like Rosal-

lind Russell and Jimmie Stewart when he

visits Hollywood. Did you know I didn’t

graduate?”

She didn’t graduate because she was

busy learning an understudy part in “Sing

And Whistle,” which had Ernest Truex

for its star. When they were passing out

diplomas and speeches she was sitting in

the wings of the theatre, hoping bad things

for a certain actress. Nothing happened.

Miss Field had finished the salad bowl.

She searched hopefully for a few spears

of chives or lettuce, gave up and ordered

dessert. A large cake.

‘I was sixteen and thrilled when I was

sent to London to work in ‘She Loves Me

Not.’ It was fun but I was dying to get

home to the fat parts waiting for a girl with

continental experience.”

The fat parts, however, were just

around the corner for her, prestige to the

contrary. She took a few lines in “Page

Miss Glory,” and then accepted grate-

fully the understudy jobs that turned up.

This was a trying period. She lived in

cheap hotel rooms, she washed her stock-

ings out every night and she ate at the

Maison Nedick, an eating place well

known to beginners in every profession in

New York.

“At one time I lived with a girl and her

two brothers in two rooms,” Miss Field

was now engaged seriously with a piece of

cake. “The girl and I slept in the bed-

room and the boys in the living room.

They got up at 5:30 to go to work in

New Jersey while we slept a proper late

theatrical sleep. They’d come in tired

and ready for bed and we’d be in the

living room entertaining. So the boys

would troop into the bedroom and go to

sleep. After our guests left we’d wake up

the boys, they’d go to their living-room

beds and we’d take over the bedroom. It

was fun...”

Meanwhile she was the perennial under-

study, disappearing in three or four shows

at one time. But not once did celle or

housemaid’s knee, or any of the other

maladies she dreamed up, inconvenience

those she understudied.

And she had to know all of the lines

and business correctly and not go stale in

any of them even though she never got a

chance to play them. Twice people were

sick enough for a rehearsal to be called

(by Field) but each time they recovered

enough to come limping in just in time
to go on. This shows what prayer will

not do... But this acting in the dark was not to

last forever. She tried out for a road com-

pany—George Abbott was forming to put

[Continued on page 66]
How much more you can get in a suitcase if things are folded nicely than if they're wadded up and tossed in! And this same principle makes a Kotex* sanitary napkin less bulky than pads made with loose, wadded fillers...

Kotex has a soft, carefully folded center (with more material where you need it...less in the non-effective portions of the pad). So naturally— it's less bulky! Less apt to chafe, too...for Kotex is entirely sheathed in cotton before it's wrapped in gauze!

Why be self-conscious! With Kotex your secret is safe! Pressed ends (patented by Kotex) never make embarrassing, tell-tale outlines...the way napkins with thick, stubby ends so often do!

And—for complete peace of mind—remember this. Between the soft folds of Kotex there's a moisture-resistant panel! A special safeguard...newly developed by the Kotex Laboratories!

Kotex* comes in 3 sizes, too! Super—Regular—Junior. Kotex is the only disposable sanitary napkin that offers you a choice of 3 different sizes! (So you may vary the size pad according to each day's needs!)

All 3 sizes have soft, folded centers...flat, tapered ends...and moisture-resistant, "safety panels". All 3 sizes sell for the same low price!

"You scarcely know you're wearing it!"
on "Three Men On A Horse" in Boston. "I tried out for one part," she says, "and got another. A better one, it was the feminine lead, the wife of the greeting-card Longfellow. Joyce Arling created the role in New York and when she left the company they shifted me into that spot."

When "Three Men On A Horse" closed she fell into the part of the girl in "Boy Meets Girl" for four weeks in New York and a whole season on the road. Then, in succession, she appeared in "Room Serv- ice", "Angel Island" and then "What A Life," opposite Eara Stone, himself one of the theatre's up-and-coming. After six months with this she was cast as the ingenue in "The Primrose Path," an effort very slightly dated to primroses. Paramount's director, Tom Reed, saw her in it playing opposite Russell Hardie and signed her up quickly. (Richard Watts Jr., the acidulous critic, said she was humorous, engaging and even touching in that part.)

If you stop to consider that this girl is only twenty-one now and that she has forged up without benefit of agents (except for movies), you're apt to hear yourself doing a low whistle of astonishment. Miss Field, though, is not the pushing type. For more specific statistics, let it be known that she is the daughter of George and Katherine Kearney Field. She stands five feet five. Her eyes are brown. Her hair is brown. She really does ride, and often. Her present apartment once belonged to an artist and he painted the bathroom full of nudes. She says she wants to wash the nudes too, everytime she bathes.

At the interview she was wearing a brown tailored suit and brown hat. She wore little makeup and practically no jewelry—only a leather bracelet and leather cuff links in the cuffs of her waist or shirt, or whatever a shirt is called when it rides itself on a woman's back. Suddenly she remembered that two other interviewers had seen her in the brown ensemble and gosh, people would think that she didn't have another suit, a blue one at home in the closet. Miss Field has a blue suit at home in the closet—after.
She loathes walking and the subway, but has a passion for sightseeing buses wherever she goes. She loves Helen Hayes and collects all the Hayestana floating about. One cutely concerns Monte Woolley, the star of "The Man Who Came To Dinner," currently on Broadway. Woolley was seated in the office of a throat specialist, exhibiting a sore throat. "Oooohoo," belowed Woolley in his upper register to show the doctor how he felt and at the same time occupy the center of the stage. "Woooooh," he roared from his lower register, "you see, Doctor, I accomplish nothing today!" With that a door flew open and a mousey-cute creature peeped her head in from the next office, saying pertly, "Melbe not, you've broken three windows in here!" Naturally it was Helen Hayes.

At this writing Miss Field was in New York on a six month's leave from Hollywood and rehearsing with the ill-fated "Ring Two," a play concerning an old actress who moves to the country and has servant trouble. Backstage to visit her was Hollywood's Louise Campbell. They worked together in stock once, in Ivoryton, Connecticut.

Some time before the Ivoryton business, Betty was learning more about stock and acting in upstate New York. Perhaps, the best part of the engagement was that they had time to study the different stars who appeared with the company. One afternoon, watching Miss June Walker work onstage, she became so absorbed in Miss W's performance that she unconsciously drew her knitting from her bag and started the sleeve of the sweater she was making—and she was sitting in the front row. "Young lady," Miss W. interrupted the play, "if you must knit, I insist that you do it in the privacy of your home!" Miss F. was mortified, to say the least.

It was this unashamed enthusiasm, plus her youth, that made them call her "The Kid." When she went to London she found that she was older than most of the young crowd in the theatre and so she lorded it over them and no one mentioned the odious nickname. Hollywood isn't quite sure whether to take it up or not.

"Paramount is so big," she confessed, "that I felt lost for a long time. After all, I was in at the incipientancy of the theatre, where a small group sits on the stage and works out problems. I think that maybe I liked the Hal Roach lot a little better because it's smaller."

Vastness isn't the only surprise she encountered in Hollywood. For over a year and a quarter she had played the part of Barbara Pearson in "What A Life" without any noticeable complaint from anyone. Naturally she thought she knew Barbara pretty well, at times almost too well. So you could have knocked her down with a studio cobweb when the makeup man handed her a dental brace and said: "Hook it on, Honey." She thought he had mistaken her for someone else but one look at her script told her the awful truth—the benificent Barbara of the stage was the homely Barbara of the screen! Shades of Adolph Zukor!

"But," and she grinned, "everything worked out alright by the time they loaded the second reel into the camera. Off came the brace—I wore one once myself—and they waved the hair they had kept straight, and what a relief!

"But I like the movies. I enjoyed making 'Seventeen' better than 'What A Life.'"

And while "Seventeen" was officially a B picture, I think Paramount did an 'A' job on it. Perhaps it's because everyone loves the story of Willie Baxter and Lola Pratt. I wish I could have seen Ruth Field do the original Lola, twenty years ago.

At the age of one, Miss Field would most likely have registered her approval of the goings-on on the stage with violent chirpings. Now at twenty-and-one she herself was playing Lola in "Seventeen" but she was not the Lola Pratt Mr. Tarkington wrote about nor the one Miss Gordon portrayed.

In this 1939 streamlined edition, automobiles, radios and false eyelashes on Miss Pratt figure into it. Genesis, the colored servant, is briefly in and out, and the bread-and-butter-and-applesauce of little sister Jane is seen but not referred to. Willie's 'Ye gods and little fishes' has lost the "and little fishes." Willie's father's tails are too big for him he says but they fit the much smaller Jackie Cooper perfectly—but that's Hollywood for you.

As Lola, Betty introduces something that Mr. Tarkington, for sure, has never even remotely heard of. It's a method of talk called, variously, "ski-talk" or "delayed-talk" and it goes like this: "Where'll it get you—in the end?" The dash indicates a pause and the voice goes up on what follows the dash. Some more of the same: "What are we having for dinner—mother?" and "What's that in the road—ah!" and "What should I do when my wife drinks—likker?" Colonel Stoopnagle is reputedly the originator of it.

Flopit, the dog, is not Miss Field's own, really. Her mother has a kennel full of Irish water spaniels in Morristown and she shows them at all of the best shows, including Mrs. Hartley Dodge's annual dog show. No, if Betty had a dog it would be an Irish water spaniel.

But Betty Field's success is her own, definitely, and it seems more than likely to be a growing and ever-growing thing. She will have three movies about and she will be back in Hollywood working on other productions.

You could do worse than make book on Miss Field. . .
Lady Esther says,

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She Still Has Too Much Sex Appeal!

(Continued from page 39)

to be less sexy in private life. But Mae does. She has more than her share of sex appeal. She always has had.

She was a saucy blonde of six when she first felt stage boards under her feet. The boards were in a vaudeville house in her native Brooklyn. The occasion was an Amateur Night. She sang, danced and did imitations. And she had something, even at the age of six. She vamped the judges into giving her second prize. The next week, she won first prize. The third time she appeared, Hal Clarendon, who had a Brooklyn stock company, went backstage, met her—prize-fighter Jack West—and talked him into letting little Mae delight the customers of the stock company.

Clarendon changed his whole repertoire to include plays with child parts. Weeks when he didn’t have parts for her, she went on solo between acts, doing songs, dances and imitations of Eva Tanguay, George M. Cohan and other headliners of the day. She had talents as a mimic. Later, those talents were to make her a writer. She could visualize personalities, picture what they would do in any situation, what they would say and how they would say it.

She was the wonder child of Brooklyn for five years. By that time, she was 11, and too big for child parts, and not big enough for ingenue parts. She passed the next two awkward years in public school and dancing school. Then she started haunting vaudeville agents. She finally got a bookkeeping job as a child dancer, with Harry Richman as her pianist. Shimmy-dancing, if you remember, required an eloquent chassis. That, Mae had. Age 14.

When she was 16, she played her first Broadway role. The character was a baby vamp. Sex appeal was demanded—and delivered. When she was “about 19,” she wrote and starred in her first play. It was titled “Sex.” Just that. No more—and no less. And did Mae ever live up to the title? The play ran two years.

She earned her reputation so young that, by the time she got around to Hollywood and picturing the Gay Nineties in “She Done Him Wrong,” there were those who thought she had lived and loved in the Gay Nineties, herself.

Hollywood didn’t have to manufacture a personality for Mae. She already had one.

“I play myself,” she told me, “a little exaggerated. That’s why I write my own lines. I don’t like writing. I love acting. So I try to find someone who could do my scripts and let me sit back and just be the star. But I know my own personality as no one else does. I know what’s natural for me to do and say, and what isn’t. That’s important. If you want audiences to enjoy what you’re doing, you’ve got to enjoy it yourself. You’ve got to be natural. You can’t be forced.

“I won’t do a scene unless I can feel it. I won’t say a word unless it fits me. So they call me ‘the most temperamental woman in Hollywood.’ I can take it. I’ve got experience behind me, backing me up. I know that when you strain for an effect, you usually don’t get it.”

When June Lang returned to Hollywood from personal appearances in the middle west Hal Roach, Jr., dated her right away.

Few stars have screen personalities that are unique, individual. Charlie Chaplin is one. W. C. Fields is one. And Mae West is another. And what is the secret of being the only one of a kind? It seems to elude the other glamour girls. In fact, it seems to elude practically everybody. You see, practically everybody is trying to become something he isn’t, and the secret is: Be yourself, as much as possible.

People may have said a lot of things about Mae, but they’ve never been able to say she isn’t herself.

She was born with a lusty sense of humor. What did she do about it, when she discovered she was also born with a large supply of sex appeal? Did she try to put a check on the sense of humor, so people would take her more seriously? She did not. “What was the fun of having sex appeal, if I couldn’t get any laughs out of it?” Mae wanted to know.

She kids about having more sex appeal than the censors are willing to allow—but it isn’t this sex appeal that draws in the customers half so much as the zest she gets out of it. That’s what makes her human. Which most screen sirens aren’t, for most of them are putting on an act.

On the screen, Mae drops wisecracks and double-meanings by the gross—but it isn’t an act because her characters don’t say anything that she wouldn’t be capable of saying herself, under similar circumstances.

Her characters, for example, don’t use slang. Mae doesn’t, herself. They don’t use big words, either. “I know a few,” says Mae, “but they don’t become me.” Mae, herself, doesn’t say “ain’t,” though her characters do because Mae has fun expressing her personal belief that a girl can know all the answers, even if
she doesn't know her grammar.

One of the funniest things about Mae on the screen is that, in her bravest moments, she still has elaborate dignity. That isn't an act, either. Off the screen, she has even more dignity. With sex appeal like that, she has to have—in self-defense.

Most sirens are all alike. They operate on the theory that all they need to get their men is sex appeal and a thorough knowledge of feminine wiles. Mae's sirens are different, because they're realistic. They operate on the theory that the men may also have some wiles, and it's a good idea to keep a sharp lookout. Mae, herself, is a realist. Business dealings with men have made her that way. "I have my tricks, and I feel as if they must have theirs, so I kind of watch them."

Mae's sirens are franker than most. But, then, Mae is franker than most women. Being a business woman has made her that way, too. Taught her that you get results faster, dealing with men, if you don't beat around the bush.

Her big ambition is to play Catherine the Great. She was to do so last year, but the picture would have cost a fortune, and business conditions were sour—so it was called off until some future date. (That's why you didn't see a West picture last year.) The reason for her interest in Catherine is: "She went down in history as a woman who always got her man. And she had a lot of them. Smart men. I'd like to show how she must have done it. She couldn't have done it on looks alone. She must have been smart, herself."

Mae's sirens have an unusual attitude for sirens. Their attitude toward any man is: "When I want you, I'll call you." They put across the idea that they're in no hurry to be won. They'd like to look around a little longer. Mae is like that, too. She says she has never married because: "I've never met the man who made me feel 'This is the last man I want!'"

Her sirens aren't jealous of other women's attractions. Neither is Mae. Let the other girls have all the glamour they can get. She will still have something that no other woman alive has—that Mae West personality.

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**Silver Screen for February 1940**

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**Honey Beauty Advisor**

"Children's Chapped Hands Need Real Soothing Comfort"

- **Cron, I'll Raise You**
- **OK—Get Set**
- **Wait for me—I want to race too**
- **Honey, if you don't mind, I'll treat my own dry chapped hands. To minds, surely, is soothing**
- **Goodbye—my hands look smoother already**

**SOFT, ROMANTIC HANDS FOR YOU**

Hard-working hands need a fine, extra-creamy lotion. And Hinds is just that—extra-creamy, extra-softening! It coaxes back the soft, thrilling look that dish water, harsh cleaners, snow, and wind take away. Quick comfort for chapping and chafing—quick loveliness for your work-abused hands! Hinds Honey and Almond Cream contains vitamins A and D. S1, 50c, 25c, 10c. At toilet goods counters... NEW! Hinds Hand Cream—fragrant, non-sticky, quick-softening! In jars, 10c and 39c.

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**Burns and Allen**

Columbia Network—Coast to Coast

Wednesday Night's Fan Night with

7:30-8:00 E.S.T. See newspaper radio columns for exact time on your local station.
his he-manness, and his sense of humor. That's what we've got to bring out in our boy friends. Now I don't wish to crown it over you other dames too much, but for the past few years I've had a chance to know Clark pretty well—during his courtship of Carole and now out on their ranch in Van Nuys where they are so happily married. And I must say I've never met a more natural guy in all my life. There isn't the slightest bit of movie star chi chi about him, not a single affectation. None of this "now you've been admitted to the Royal Presence and aren't you impressed!" stuff.

He doesn't feel that he's the greatest actor God ever made, not by a long shot, he feels that he has just gotten a string of good breaks, and what a lucky guy he is. He's the first to tell you that he was "lousy" in such and such a picture, that he "hammed it up good," and that he's "just a farm guy at heart." He definitely isn't Little Theatre, and he isn't acting for Art, he's acting for money with which to stock his ranch and buy knick-knacks for his little bride.

As a guest in his home you are made welcome, and comfortable. If you want to prop your feet on a chair and drop ashes on the floor and let your glass make rings on the table it's all right with Mr. G. and the Missus. The Gable ranch is certainly no mausoleum, and neither is it a pig sty, it's simply a gay, friendly, comfortable home, where guests can be as natural as their host and hostess.

Dogs and cats are all over the place. Clark is fond of both. In the course of the visit you'll have to see his collection of guns, his saddles, and his new tractor. If you stay for dinner you'll probably have delicious hominy grits, fried chicken, and biscuits with gravy. You won't hear any Hollywood gossip about what Glamour Girl so and so said to Glamour Boy so and so at the Trocadero Saturday night (the Gables are homebodies), but you'll hear plenty about the hunting trip he and Carole took over the week-end, and how Clark gets his better shot than he is.

All man—that's Gable. None of that Pretty Boy stuff and nonsense. Unlike the other leading men at his studio (I won't call names) he isn't at all fussy about his publicity and never re-touches his pictures. "Okay," he says, "so I look like a mug." Virile, adult, and handsome, he's been toughened plenty by the years of hardship that preceded his success, years in lumber camps, side shows, and pounding the sidewalks looking for a job. He's no softie. Except when it comes to his heart. He has a great understanding of people. There's no sloppy sentiment there, and no affectations are worn on his sleeve. His fists are as agile as his brains. No wonder women come every walk of life go mad about him.

He doesn't believe in that old cobwebby adage that woman's place is in the home. Carole's place is anywhere she wants it, and it doesn't hurt his pride at all that often she makes more money than he does. The main idea is not to be so darned serious about things, but to get fun out of life, which is over much too soon. And believe me, he and Carole get it. His grand disposition, aided by a sense of humor second only to Carole's, certainly makes Mrs. Gable's lot an easy one. There's never a dull moment with those two.

Now that we know the secret of Gable's fatal fascination—his delightful natural-ness, his rugged masculinity, and his love of fun—all we've got to do is bring it out in our boy friends, and maybe we'll have a new crop of Gables. (If you hit gold, do let me know, and I'll be right over.)

Strangely enough, men don't resent Gable the way they do the other Great Lovers of the Screen. "That Nelson Eddy," they'll say, "Phooey." Or "That Robert Taylor, he stinks." Yet they seem to have great respect and admiration for What-A-Man, they call him a "regular guy," and they crowd in to see his pictures just as eagerly as women. I'm sure a lot of them would like to be Clark Gables themselves. They probably fancy themselves Gables already. So all you have to do is drop a subtle hint here and there. "Mr. Gable," you might say when your George, who is quite a show-off, orders an elaborate dinner in French at the Brown Derby, "Mr. Gable always orders steak and potatoes." Or when your Louis who is inclined to be a sissy (his mother's fault, no doubt) insists upon going to fashionable Palm Springs to coddle a fancied cold you might say, "Clark Gable spends his week-ends fishing in the snows of the High Sierras. Maybe you'll bring out a latent Gable. (Or maybe you just won't see George or Louisa again.) But honestly, with all the boys just dying to be Gables you shouldn't have any trouble.

But me now—I never get a break. I chose Henry for the Great Experiment and I exposed him to all the Gableisms for weeks. I had him smoking a pipe instead of cigarettes in a long holder, I had him riding horses, planing alfalfa, and riding on the roller coaster at the Venice Pier—when he'd so much rather have been dancing at the Trocadero. I had him eating grits, collecting guns, mending saddles, and dashing off to the County Fair with a picnic lunch. I had him wearing turtle neck sweaters, letting a lock of hair fall across his forehead, and turning in his beautifully tailored slacks for dungarees. I made him stop boasting, stop being sentimental, and stop admiring girls who talked baby talk. But still he wasn't a Gable. "I've tried hard enough to bring out the Gable in you, goodness knows," I said dejectedly one day, "but, honey, you're no Gable." "Maybe," he said brightly, "it's because you're no Lombard." I think he's got something there.
It Certainly Pays To Be Different!
[Continued from page 37]

his because it explains how I came to have been born in Pittsburgh. Steel millionaires in that city, who had met my father in New York, established the Duquesne Club in Pittsburgh on condition that he would go there and supervise their food.

It was as an indirect result of his father's culinary interests, too, that Menjou went on the stage. From Pittsburgh, he elder Menjou was lured to Cleveland to act as chef for Cleveland millionaires, but the project floundered and Adolphe, who was then attending Cornell, decided to leave school and contribute some money to the support of the family. He always had been interested in the theatre so he joined up with vaudevillian Ernie Care and made his stage debut in a vaudeville theatre at New Britain, Conn.

"That was in 1912," he tells you, "and the movies then were one-reel novelties. Vaudeville acts were sandwiched in between the one-reelers and I remember standing backstage and watching the images on the screen, in reverse. In our dressing rooms, we discussed this new-fangled medium of entertainment. A few thought that motion pictures would become important; most of us ridiculed this infant apprentice of the arts. I certainly never thought the movies would earn me $3,000,000 in the next quarter of a century, make me famous all over the world and enable me to gratify all of my ambitions. I often think back to that New Britain stage."

If there was one person who looms more importantly in Menjou's recollection than any other, that person would be the late Louis Wolheim.

Menjou, at Cornell, not only studied under Wolheim, who was a professor of mathematics; he also enjoyed the dubious distinction of being hit on the chin by the irate professor and knocked down a flight of university stairs. It originated in the decision of a group of undergrads to play a practical joke on Wolheim while he was making his toilette. Menjou, unfortunately, was the one elected to open the door and shout ribald insults. Wolheim, who was a giant in stature, lost his temper and smacked Adolphe on the button, sending him head over heels.

Twenty years later, curiously enough, Wolheim was again to affect Menjou's career in a manner much more dramatic. Wolheim had turned from a college professorship to the stage as a protégé of the Barrymores and he had won wide acclaim. As a result of his popularity, Wolheim had been picked to play the role of the managing editor in "Front Page" for the movies.

On Feb. 18, Menjou's birthday, Wolheim's death shocked the country. As a direct result, Lewis Milestone, who was to direct the picture, selected Menjou to take over the role which his ex-professor was to have played. It was a startling substitution—the dapper Adolphe taking the role of the burly Wolheim and the movie industry guilefaced at the incongruity of such casting.

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friendship, or your trust, don't come to depend on anyone until you know something about him. You'll be more interesting to men, believe me, if you don't trust too easily.'

"I thought about his advice a good deal. I had been hurt. But I was feeling much better!"

It was just about then that Wendy began to blossom and that Hollywood became increasingly aware of her as a real menace to masculine peace of mind. She began to be seen at all the smartest parties, in all the gayest clubs, escorted by a succession of the most desirable men in Hollywood.

"And I found out," she says, "that you can learn something about how to attract men from everyone you meet when you pay attention. One of the first—especially for an actress—to learn is to share the spotlight even if there are only two of you in the room!"

There was one man who had baffled Hollywood's brightest sirens. The ones with the emeralds, the sable coats, the air conditioned limousines and the peacock-satin-and-silver drawing rooms. He was handsome, well-to-do and had made a brilliant start on a distinguished career. But the best efforts of orchidaceous beauties left him looking embarrassed. He went to parties occasionally and sat in corners looking miserable. Wendy annexed him placidly one afternoon at a garden party. How?

"The poor dear wanted to talk," she said, "Everyone had talked to him and none of it had made much sense. He didn't understand the Hollywood jargon about contracts and good and bad roles and what things were worth which, if you may. He thought the women were all beautiful, but he didn't understand much of what they were saying. He was simply starved for talk!"

Of all others that once he had started, Wendy didn't understand too much of what he was saying, either, if indeed she bothered. But she looked bright and interested and after a time she made an effort to understand. She didn't posture or show him how much she'd learned. She didn't pass him. She just gave him some steady stare to make him realize how important and desirable she was. She listened to him and he didn't seem to talk more. And the next thing anyone knew, the catch of the season was dogging her footsteps.

"I learned something about being completely natural, too," she went on. "From another man. He had invited me to the opera. I was tired and feeling a little perverse. I announced suddenly that I didn't want to go to the opera. 'I want to go to the beach and get a hot dog and ride on some silly thing and throw rings at canes and then come home.'

"He was delighted. We had a lovely, silly evening. Later when he invited me to a symphony concert and I said I really wanted to go, he sighed with great contentment. 'Now I know you really want to hear it,' he said. 'You never know whether women go to hear good music because they want to hear it or because they want to wear the kind of clothes they wear to hear it. Now if I take you somewhere, whether it is to hear good music or eat a hot dog, I'll know you are going because that is what you will enjoy doing.'"

So what I learned from him was a lesson in sportsmanship. If a man invites you to go somewhere, asks for the privilege of sending you flowers and spending money for your evening's pleasure, you ought to repay him by enjoying it genuinely. If you don't enjoy it, you shouldn't accept—just to impress other people or show off your new clothes or any other silly reason like that. You're cheating.

Wendy hasn't experimented with marriage as yet, so she doesn't have any ponderous theories upon how to make a success of that hazardous state. But she has some ideas.

She is pretty young but she has learned how to take direction on stage and screen from sometimes irascible gentlemen; she has learned to listen to advice from busy men and she has learned how to get along with temperamentally leading men without too much friction. Add to that the fact that she has been undoubted belle of the Hollywood younger scene for a long time now and you'll have to admit that she knows her way around!

"Little things are so important—the tiny things that you might overlook," she opines. "When I was first in Hollywood, I wondered why men here paid so little attention to the small courtesies which are made an art in Europe. The single red rose to celebrate the date on which he met you, or things like that."

"A man once told me, 'Not only men but women are too busy to keep track of things like that. You might send him a rose and her house would be filled with flowers she had bought herself. Besides she might have been working on the set all day and she wouldn't know the date and would wonder what the rose was for.' That is too disconcerting to risk."

"Well, if you are too busy to remember things like that then you're too busy to be alive at all. No wonder the men don't pay you those small compliments which every woman loves. Maybe modern women don't care enough about pleasing men to work at it."

It takes some thought, you see. And some understanding and imagination. Wendy thinks it would take the same things, only more of them, to make a success of marriage. If you can learn to play badminton to please a man, then you should be able to learn to make an omelet with the same object in view. I take time and money and a myriad of fittings and hairdressers and furriers and jewelers to make you ready for an evening on the arm of one of Hollywood's glamour gentlemen. Perhaps it takes only a gay house coat and a cozy arranged living room to make you ready for an evening at home with a husband. But the fact, the honesty, the humor and the sportsmanship required must be almost identical.

"I only know what I've learned about men—from men," she repeats. "Too many women try to learn about men from other women!"

If Wendy can make the success of marriage that she has made of being a belle in Hollywood, the man for whom she says "I do" should certainly consider himself a lucky man.
George Gives His Side
Of It—And How!

[Continued from page 49]

picture. I told him I didn’t want the role because it was just the sort of part that was making me unpopular with movie-goers. I wanted something with sympathy attached to it. He said he’d let me make two pictures with sympathetic roles if I first made ‘Dead End’. I wanted to make the pictures with the good roles first, so naturally we never did get together.

For seven months I kept turning down rat parts. I was beginning to get worried. Wasn’t there some studio which could appreciate that a sympathetic role for me would do them just as much good as it would me? Well, Warners came along with a proposition. The sort of thing I’d been waiting for. They offered me a gangster part, true, but there was sympathy and reason behind the role. And I could justify myself before the final fade-out. That’s more than I got before. The picture was ‘Each Dawn I Die’, with a swell cast, headed by James Cagney, with expert direction, besides.

“My latest picture is ‘Invisible Stripes’, and that’s going to be well received, too, because it’s dorn good entertainment. Next I’ll do ‘The Patent Leather Kid’ for Warners. I’m plenty happy. I’m now getting the kind of roles I like, and the kind that the public likes, too.

“Can you blame me for squawking before? At least, I kept my pеeves to myself until the big blow-off. Maybe if I had given the public my side of the picture it would have been smarter. But the way things have worked out, for me now I’m perfectly satisfied. And I hold no grudges. Bygones are bygones.”

So far as romance is concerned, George had little to say except that Virginia Peine is still the loveliest girl in the world to him. He discounted the stories about himself and Norma Shearer.

“We’re just good friends.”

George lives a comparatively quiet life. Although he spent a good many years as a night club entertainer, he now avoids such places.

The mantel of his spacious suite in Manhattan’s famed Warwick Hotel was lined with a varied array of the finest in whiskies. Every kind and class, besides two huge bottles of choice champagne. But they were strictly for the use of his guests, because George never drinks. For that reason he claims his friends omit him from many of their parties, unless they just intend to play bridge.

Now that his battling days are over, George seems quite content. The chip on the shoulder is gone. He smiles more readily and doesn’t mind being interviewed. His clothes have become much more subdued, too. They’re quite in keeping with his mild-mannered self.

In fact, the George Raft who refused to play roles he knew would be harmful to his career, and had the courage to fight it out till he won, is definitely a much nicer person because of it.

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

For devastating glamour...
get that modern natural look!

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

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

Eye color, you see, is definitely
related to the color of your skin tones
and that of your own skin tones
and that of your own skin tones
and that of your own skin tones
give you that modern natural
look that men prefer!

Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick
at drug and department stores—only 35¢ each. 63¢ in Canada.

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Ave., New York City
Please send me tryout Makeup Kit containing generous
choices of harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick.
I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

My eye color: [ ] Brown [ ] Blue [ ] Hazel [ ] Gray

Be sure to check color of your eyes!

Name:

Street:

City:
"Eyes of Romance"

WITH THIS AMAZING
NEW WINX

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

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

WINX Mascara (Cake or Cream), Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow in the new Pink packages are Good Housekeeping approved. Get them at your favor-ite 10¢ store—today!

Now DOUBLE Your Allure
with New WINX Lipstick!

Your lips look youthful, moist...the appeal men can't resist! 4 tempting col-
ors. Non-drying. STAYS ON FOR HOURS. Raspberry shade is fascinating with Mauve
WINX Eye Shadow. Try it! At 10¢ stores, today!

WINX Lipstick! MAJIC HARMONY! with WINX EYE MAKE-UP!

Her Own Worst Enemy
[Continued from page 60]

can't I have hands like Bubbles Schulski, Wayne Morris' wife, long, willowy fingers and such nails! And I hate my temper. It comes so hot and hard and fast that it makes me ill, makes me sick all over when, just as hot and hard and twice as fast, it goes away again.

"I'm not temperamental, darn it. You have to be sort of sultry and smoky to be temperamental. I just get mad—Irishmad, about things. And I'm stubborn. If I think I'm right about something I'll talk and argue and argue and talk until I've either won over wrong or proved that I am right.

"I haven't any of the frivolties that make other women entrancing, unpredictable, fascinating, inscrutable and all that. I don't go out very much, on dates and things, you know. I don't like to go out. I do love to dance, but you have to have in a room full of people and that stops me. Now and then I go to the Beverly-Wilshire to dance because Ray Noble has a wonderful orchestra and my desire to dance to his music occasionally overcomes my fear of all the others who will be dancing to it, too.

"My hopes," said Janey, ruefully. "are these: I hope I can travel all I want to travel. I hope I can read all the books I want to read. I hope I can go on the stage and do all the kind of things I want to do. I hope there will be time for all of this . . ."

"This is the truth, the whole truth about myself, as I see it," sighed Janey. "If I said one other thing, I'd be telling a lie. I suppose," she added, bitterly, but ordering some cokes at the same time, "I suppose if I'd just handed you my studio biography with the words 'as genuine a sample of Irish-American girlhood as you could find anywhere' underlined, it would have saved us both a lot of time. I suppose that is the description of me, poor me . . ."

(But it isn't a description of you, I thought to myself, and what you have told me, so honestly, isn't the whole truth about you, either . . . not with what can be seen in those gray eyes, not with the quality you gave in We Are Not A' One, not in those full lips. But I won't tell you what I'm thinking, I thought, for why disturb so l...i...p...it a well of truth when truth is the mystery, the strength and the allurement you have, but do not name?)

It Certainly Pays To Be Different!
[Continued from page 71]

"They called me 'the French dancing master,' at that time," recalls Menjou, "and the jibes flew thick and fast. It was predicted that the picture would be a terrific flop because of my miscasting. I don't think that any success on the screen ever gave me such a swell sensation, because everyone had turned thumbs down on me in advance."

I asked him to tell me the picture which in his estimation was the most significant in Hollywood history. "A Woman in Paris," directed by Charlie Chaplin in 1923," he answered quickly.

"The day after that picture was completed, the moving pictures started on a new cycle. It revitalized an industry that had run out of ideas. Chaplin took an old formula and attacked it from a modern viewpoint. Charlie has done a lot for movie fans as a comedian; but I think his direction of that picture was the most important contribution he ever made."

I asked Menjou to tell me his most amusing recollection.

"It was a football game, rather than a movie," he grinned. "Cornell was playing Amherst at Ithaca. Barney O'Rourke was one of the Cornell ends, a huge fel-
low. He intercepted a kick, fell on the bunt, and there was a tremendous exp-
losion. In falling on the ball, O'Rourke capsized it. Stunned by the accident, he scrambled to his feet, picked up the flat-
tened badder and ran thirty yards with it, in one hand. I've never heard such an uproar. The officials, puzzled by this precedent case, called time out for de-
liberation and finally ruled that the home team must supply a new ball and that

the 30-yard gain must be cancelled. We yelled ourselves blue in the face, from the stands, but the ruling stood as issued."

Menjou, nearing his 50th birthday, to-
day is one of the top semi-stars of the
movies. At present, he is attempting to
get Hollywood stars to dress correctly. His last picture was with Kay Kyser, the radio band leader, Kay's sloppy attire flabbergasted Menjou. Before Kyser left town, Menjou had him wearing decent- looking suits.

"Clothes don't make the man, of course," agrees Menjou, "but they cer-
tainly help."
Reviews

[Continued from page 50]

FOUR WIVES
CHARMING SEQUEL TO FOUR DAUGHTERS
—Warner Brothers

"FOUR WIVES" takes up where "Four Daughters" left off and is a grand family picture with plenty of heart appeal. The Lemp family are all there, Claude Rains as Adam Lemp, May Robson as Aunt Etta, and the four attractive daughters, Priscilla, Rosemary and Lola Lane and Gale Page. Lola has married banker Frank McHugh and Gale has married florist Dick Foran. Priscilla is about to marry symphony conductor Jeffrey Lynn when she learns that she is going to have a baby by her former husband, Mickey Borden. (Mickey Borden, you remember, was John Garfield who was killed in an automobile accident in the first picture.) The thought of her first husband clings to her mind and almost destroys her marriage with Jeffrey until he, sensible guy, orchestrates Mickey's symphony and thus frees her from the past.

Of great interest is Eddie Albert's entrance into the series. Eddie, who was such a sensation in "Brother Rat," plays a young doctor who eventually gets hooked by Rosemary, and such a pleasing personality has Mr. Albert that he easily steals every scene he is in. There are perfectly wonderful bits of humor and plenty of heart-tugs. You'll be crazier than ever about the Lemps. Three of the daughters end up as mothers in this picture, and Rosemary gets a husband—so where do we go from here?

TOWER OF LONDON
FOR YOUR DARKEST MOODS—Universal

ENGLAND during the bloody reign of the ambitious Richard III. Brilliant pageantry, royal intrigue, bloodshed, galantry and romance. Direct from the pages of history is this medieval drama without benefit of any softening up for those of us who are inclined to be squeamish. That superb actor, Basil Rathbone, gives a great portrayal of the ruthless Richard whose lust for power stops at nothing, and certainly at a little thing like murdering relatives who might stand in the way of the throne. Splendid performances are given by Ian Hunter as King Edward IV, Vincent Price as the Duke of Clarence, Frances Robinson as the Duchess Isabel, Barbara O'Neil as the Queen, and Miles Mander as the elderly King Henry. John Herbert Bond and Ronald Sinclair play the little princes in the Tower (remember how you used to cry over them in your history book) and John Sutton and pretty Nan Grey look after the romance. Boris Karloff as a ghastly, sinister executioner is not the type of person you'll want to meet in a dark alley.

THE AMAZING MR. WILLIAMS
HILARIOUS MYSTERY YARN—Columbia

HERE'S one good long loud and lusty laugh for you. Wait—just wait—until you have seen Melvyn Douglas all done up in a woman's clothes and acting

[Continued on page 82]
THOUSANDS REJOICE AS THEIR SKINNY BODIES FILL OUT

SKINNY GIRLS HAVE NO ATTRACTION FOR MOST MEN

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

Many thin, rundown, nervous men and women who had tried several other tonics without apparent results—who could hardly look at food, slept poorly and were always tired and jittery—report gains of 10 to 25 pounds in but a few weeks, wonderful new pep, fine appetite, sound sleep, steady nerves through simply taking these amazing little Ironized Yeast tablets.

The reason is simple. Scientists have discovered that great numbers of people are skinny, puny, tired and nervous only because they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without these two vital substances you may lack a pettie and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

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

Try them on money-back test

Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don't eat better and feel better with much more strength and pep of yours and continued that Ironized Yeast will give you the normally attractive flesh, new energy and life you have wished for, the price of this first package will be promptly refunded by the Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga. Only by sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast, and not some cheap inferior substitute. Look for the seals on each tablet. That assures the genuine.

Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at any drug store on the line and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a free copy little book on health, “Props About Your Body.” Remember, results with the first package—or your money refunded. At all druggists, Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 262, Atlanta, Ga.

TUNE IN ON JOHN J. ANTHONY'S GOOD WILL HOUR.

Her Name Was Galatea

(Continued from page 45)

It was a couple of years after that Tania had arrived as she was coming from one of the sets where I'd been interviewing Hollywood's latest contender to the title of Valentina's successor.

"Oh that Bill! He's as blind as a bat," she said. But her eyes were saying, 'Isn't it wonderful!" When they showed a girl just took a test for a part in his new picture. And Bill looks at it and says, 'She won't do. She hasn't a thing!" And she has. She's marvelous. She's just the girl he needs and he can't see it. Come with me, I'll show you.

We found a projection room that wasn't being used and Tania asked the operator to run off the test for us. "There," she said as the girl walked into the scene.

"Don't you see what I mean?"

I had to admit I couldn't and that I was entirely in agreement with Bill. The girl was awkward and unsure of herself and she was full of 'a classical little mannerisms I couldn't stand and she wasn't even pretty. But her face was too square and her eyes set too close together and she was so thin that her height was ungainly. She could act. I had to admit that. But she didn't have another thing.

"But look at her with your imagination, not your common sense," Tania insisted. "Now what do you see?"

"The same girl I saw the first time," I laughed. "No, Tania, for once I think you're dead wrong. That girl would have no more chance of getting anywhere on the screen than I would."

"I'll show you." Tania got up as the lights flashed on and walked excitedly around the room. "Some day both Bill and you will know I'm right."

When Tania was away no one in the world could shake her out of it, especially when that idea is centered on helping someone. Tania has helped more youngsters get on their feet than any other one person I know. Maybe it's because there's too much of her in all of us and all of us want her's determined to make life easier for everyone else.

The next afternoon when I stepped in to see Tania for some hints on Hollywood under-study to that I needed for a story I was writing, the girl was there.

"This is Alice Crane," Tania introduced her. "At least, that's what she thinks her name is. But it isn't. Her name is Galatea."

Then she laughed at the girl's surprised stare.

"Haven't you heard of Pygmalion," she said. "He took a piece of cold marble and out of it he carved the most beautiful woman in the world. And when he had finished his statue he couldn't hear to think so lovely a woman should be without life so he prayed to his gods and a miracle took place and she lived. And he called her Galatea. That's why I say your name is Galatea.

But Alice Crane still looked bewildered. For all the imagination or understanding she had, she might as well have been carved out of marble, too.

It made it easier for Tania that the girl was under contract to the studio, one of those thirty-five dollars a week contracts that usually end with the girl or boy going back to the oblivion they came from. But don't forget, you fans have Robert Taylor now because of one of those contracts. And every studio hopes that a new shining star may come from one of the youngsters under them. So I went into the front office she didn't have to fight very hard to get permission to take Alice under her wing.

The first thing Tania did was to design a dress for the girl and I had to admit after I saw her try it on that I was beginning to have possibilities. She had been too thin before. Now, under Tania's magic, her thinness had become slenderness and there's a world of difference between those two descriptions, even if they don't look the same thing.

Funny how a few tucks flaring into fullness above them could give that soft, rounded look to Alice's flat breasts and how the neckline draped under her chin in a soft collar added fullness to the little that had looked... well almost scraped now."

"Now pull your shoulders back and stand straight," Tania told her. "No girl yet has ever looked shorter by slouching about. I must get her to have a good straight line time or another. And why should you want to look small when it's the tall girls clothes are really created for?"

The dress was only the beginning. Tania spent weeks on that girl, supervising the designs that gave Alice that grace showing her how to walk with that long swinging step and how to talk and how to move slowly instead of in those quick nervous gestures.

She hadn't told Bill what she was doing. That was all she wanted to be her surprise. "I want you to be there when he sees my Galatea," she giggled. "Can't you see his face? Come early tomorrow. I'm taking her to the make-up department then and... well you just wait until you see her. I know exactly what I want them to do."

It was breath-taking watching the transformation of that girl. A new hair do piled softly on the top of her head, with her small ears showing, and her face that had been so broad become a gentle oval. Eyes penciled at the outer corners and outlined in violet shadow suddenly became wider as they were pulled away from the centre of her face and drew attention to her delicately moulded cheek bones that had seemed too broad before.

But it was her mouth that brought the greatest change.

"I want it full and tender and yielding," Tania had demanded and looking at the thin, straight line of the girl's mouth it was impossible to believe that it could be accomplished. But it was. Lipstick applied with a brush instead of a lipstick can work wonders. And it worked wonders now as it widened the thin outlines of her mouth so that it became generous and sensitive and lovely.

"There now!" Tania looked at me triumphantly. "What do you think of Galatea now?"

I couldn't say what I really thought, not with that girl looking at me. Oh, she was lovely enough standing there but I
couldn’t help feeling it was a shell I was looking at and not a human being at all. I knew Alice Crane wasn’t any of the things she seemed to be. I thought of her eyes as they really were, predatory and shrewd and I saw them now wide with an innocence I don’t think that girl had the day she was born.

“You see it now, don’t you?” Tania said exultantly. “Look! This is what I mean!”

She picked up a doll that had been lying on one of the chairs, a baby doll with a short dress that showed two tiny feet so lifelike that you couldn’t believe it wasn’t real, and she put it in Alice’s arms.

The girl looked down on the doll. She didn’t have any emotion of her own, I am sure of that, but she could simulate other people’s emotions so that there was a brooding loveliness about her that made me think of a madonna I had seen once in a church in Italy.

And it didn’t make any difference that the baby wasn’t real or that the girl wasn’t real. They seemed real even to me who had seen the miracle performed. And when Bill came in and saw the girl I knew that they were very real to him. He looked at her and suddenly I was afraid. Afraid for Tania and afraid for Bill too and for love and all real things. For Bill looking at that girl wasn’t a director looking at an actress. He was a man looking at a woman.

Maybe it was the baby in her arms. Bill had always wanted babies. But I don’t think it was that alone. It was her face with its really lovely planes coming into their own at last. It was her eyes wide and childlike. But most of all I think it was her mouth with its promise of tenderness and understanding.

I looked at Tania and wished I hadn’t. Something was dying in her eyes as she looked at him. Sometimes I think she really said goodbye to Bill in that moment. Tania wasn’t an actress. The things she felt were real. And she had no subterfuge with which she could cover up her emotions.

“There Bill, didn’t I tell you,” she said. But there was no exultation in her voice at all. Only that dull, flat pain that for once Bill did not hear.

It was a month later that Bill gave Tania the diamond bracelet for their wedding anniversary. Tania had always teased him about forgetting anniversaries and birthdays and for not being the type to give unexpected presents or send flowers.

But now it was as if Bill couldn’t give Tania enough presents. He was always sending big, expensive bottles of perfume and lingerie and flowers. But they didn’t make her happy. Her face became a tragic mask as she tried to be happy over them. You see, Tania wanted Bill’s love, not his conscience.

And the thing that made it all the more heartbreaking was the way Bill tried to combat his feeling for the girl. It was as if he were holding his emotions in leash, as if he were driving himself to hate her so that he would no longer love her.

He drove Alice as the most hard-boiled director in Hollywood would have hesitated to drive anyone. And Bill had always loved her for his patience with everyone, especially newcomers. Nothing she did could please him. He was merciless in his criticism and sometimes he stormed at her and sometimes he laughed at her.

But I was there the day she suddenly broke and ran from the set in tears. I saw Bill go after her and pull her back and then as if he were doing something he couldn’t help doing he put his arms around her and held her a moment. And I saw his eyes and there were tears in them.

He didn’t say a word when he came back to the set again. He looked mad and muttered something under his breath about little fools who couldn’t take it. Maybe he was fooling himself. But he wasn’t fooling me. I had seen his eyes.

Tania called me soon after that and asked me if I’d go to dinner with her.

“At the Troc,” she said, “I’m going to be a free woman again and I’m celebrating.” And it was all the more heartbreaking because she tried to be so gay.

I’ve never seen Tania so vivacious as she was that evening, calling gay little greetings to everyone she saw and laughing so much and so hard that I knew she was afraid if she didn’t laugh she would cry. I wished myself miles away. It was awful seeing her reach down in her heart and pull up the pride she was holding to so desperately.

And then the thing happened. A girl was singing and the song she was beginning was “My Bill”!

You know the song from “Showboat,” the song Helen Morgan sang in that heart-breaking voice of hers. And you remember the words of that song, don’t you?
Look Sweet and Neat
at breakfast in
Bob Pin & Ribbon
Coiffure . . .
double-breasted,
puff-sleeved
housecoat.

And you know too how songs can tear
at your heart the way nothing else in this
world can and smash it into pieces.
Tania reached for my hand under
the table and held it, so desperately did
it hurt. And I thought of the little girl who
had clung to her mother’s hand and who
had been afraid. I’d have given anything
I owned to stop that song. For I knew
the words and I knew what was coming.
Tania couldn’t take any more. She got
up and ran from the room and I followed
her, hating the knowing looks and the
little buzz of conversation that followed
us as we went.
We got into Tania’s car and neither of
us said anything. Then she began to cry
and I put my arms around her knowing
all the time that any comfort I could give
didn’t mean a thing and that I didn’t
mean a thing either. That nothing at all
mattered, to Tania but Bill and that Bill
was gone forever.
“It’s over,” she whispered at last. “It
was so beautiful but it was only a dream.
Bill tried, but he couldn’t stand out
against her. Oh, it’s funny, isn’t it, think-
ing I was going to marry her all this
time it was a Frankenstein monster that
destroyed my love. I should be laughing,
shouldn’t I?”

Hollywood wasn’t surprised when Tania
went to Reno. But I don’t think the break-
up of any marriage out there caused more
real concern than this one. Everybody
loved Tania and Bill. And I think they
still loved Bill and felt sorry for him,
for anyone could see that he wasn’t happy,
even though he would sit looking at Alice
as if he could not look at her any other
way. But everybody despised Alice. I
think all of them knew for what she
was. For no matter what one hears, there
is loyalty in Hollywood and don’t think
there isn’t.

Bill and Alice were seen everywhere to-
gether at first, and then after a while we
began to see Bill alone and he looked like
a man who was seeing ghosts. There were
whispers of the two of them having words
when they were together and rumors of
another marriage case and all the other
odds and ends of things you hear when
two people seem about to split.

And it was strange that it was at
the Troc their break-up came, just as it had
been there Tania’s break-up had come too.

They were quarreling and suddenly Bill
got up and left. And he didn’t turn even
when Alice called something after him.
The doorman said afterwards that Bill
looked as if he had suddenly gone crazy
when he got into his car and drove off.
But then people are always saying things
like that after something has happened.
Anyway it wasn’t more than a quarter
of an hour after he had left that Bill’s
car smashed into a tree and went rolling
over the canyon edge.

We read about in the papers the
next morning and for a day or two we
didn’t know if Bill would live or not.
Tania called me from Reno and I met
her at the airport when she came and I
was crushed with her all during that awful
night when we thought Bill was going to die.
And Tania told me things that night she
has never told another living soul. The
sort of things any editor would love to
print in a story, even if Tania wasn’t a
star. But I couldn’t write that story. I
couldn’t use Tania’s tears for ink.

And I was with Tania that morning in
the hospital room when she became Bill’s
wife for the second time. She had gotten
her divorce decree the day before the ac-
cident, but that wasn’t important. She
had never really stopped being Bill’s wife.
And somehow it didn’t even make any
difference that Bill would be an invalid
for years, maybe for life, when you knew
Tania was there to look after him.

One of Tania’s best friends was in tears
when she talked to me about it after-
wards.

“How can she take him back now that
he is helpless and is only there because
he needs her so desperately? How can she
take another woman’s leaving?”

You see, she thought what the rest of
Hollywood was thinking that Bill was so
lazy in love with Alice that it was losing
her that had made him drive so recklessly
that night.

But I know how it really was, for that
was the story Tania sobbed out to me
the night we thought Bill was dying. You
see, she felt it was her fault. For Bill
had called her on the telephone an hour
after she had gotten her decree and told
he was breaking with Alice that eve-
ning. And because Bill is a soft guy, with
a heart that can pity even a woman he
has grown to hate, he asked Tania what
he could say to the girl so that he would
not hurt her too much. And Tania had
told him what everybody knew and what
Bill really knew now, too, that nothing
could really hurt Alice very much, that
maybe her pride could be hurt but never
her heart.

And then she had said, “Hurry Bill.
Hurry and get it finished and done with.
And then come to me just as fast as you
can!”

The doctors say now it is only a mat-
ter of months before Bill will be working
again and that he’ll be as strong as ever.
And I’m the only person outside of Tania
and Bill who know of the nursery they’ve
furnished and that they’ve even picked
the name for the baby they are planning
to have as soon as Tania can give up her
position. That won’t be long now, with
Bill getting well so fast.

Tania is going to save again for the
future. Only this time it won’t be money
she is planning to put away. She knows
how little that can mean now. No, the
things Tania are saving are the things
she can keep in her heart and not in a bank.
Finagling Among the Stars

[Continued from page 51]

9. Begin with an alcoholic liquor distilled from wine; subtract the first name of that Devil; add a solid condition of water—to get the comedienne famous as an infant on the radio.

10. Begin with a word meaning remote; add a loud, prolonged sound; subtract a deity; add such a quiet small boat; and add an English measure of 45 inches—to get the actress who plays wise-cracking parts.

11. Begin with an Indian's greeting for "hello;" add an intensity of passion or affection; and subtract a word for either—to get an English star who is also an associate producer.

12. Begin with a head and neck-guard of chain mail; subtract what Uncle Sam allowed you to trifle with; and add the 7th letter of the Roman alphabet and a French Marshal under Napoleon—to get a "tough guy" of the films.

13. Begin with everything; add a synonym for embrace; subtract a string composed of two or more strands twisted together to get a real smart girl who has a screen reputation for dumbness.

14. Begin with the last three-letter word of the slang expression "to take it on the chin;" add a military force all lined up; and subtract an affirmative vote—to get the star who recently played opposite Robert Taylor.

15. Begin with something larger than a twig but smaller than a limb; subtract a place where cattle and horses are reared; and add what you might say if someone stepped on your toe—to get the name of a silent glamour star.

16. Begin with a word meaning merry; add the pole discovered by Peary; and subtract the sound made by one who lies when saying "G—" to get the star who recently married a famous studio dress designer.

17. Begin with a source of artificial light; subtract a distressed or complicated condition; and add something pertaining to you—to get a languorous star who is noted for her abbreviated costumes.

18. Begin with a red-breasted bird; subtract the opposite of out; and add a male offspring—to get a grand old lady of the stage who can be tragic or funny at will.

19. Begin with a word meaning the legal profession; add that which means to convey; subtract a vehicle for use on a railroad; and then add a greater quantity—to get one of a family of noted actors.

20. Begin with a person other than me; add the best way to hold stocks in a rising market; and subtract an interrogation point to get the actress who is one of the prettiest and most popular in the screen colony.

**Topics for Gossip**

[Continued from page 21]

2. POACHED minus ACHED leaves PO plus WELL equals POWELL (William).

3. DUN plus NEAT gives DUNNE minus NT equals DUNNE (Irene.)

4. GEAR minus EAR leaves G plus ABLE equals GABLE (Clark).

5. MORBID minus BID leaves MOR plus GO and RAN gives MORGAN minus OR equals MORGAN (French).

6. VALOR minus OR leaves VAL plus LEE equals VALLEE (Rudy).

7. COOP plus ERMINE gives COOP-ERMINE minus MINE equals COOPER (Gory).

8. LA plus HUGH gives LAUGH minus H leaves LAUGH plus TON equals LAUGHTON (Charles).

9. BRANDY minus ANDY leaves BR plus ICE equals BRICE (Fanny).

10. FAR plus ROAR gives FARROAR minus OAR leaves FARR plus ELL equals FARRER (Glenda).

11. HOW plus ARDOR gives HOWARD minus OR equals HOWARD (Leslie).

12. CAMAIL minus MAIL leaves CA plus G and NEY equals CAGNEY (James).

13. ALL plus EXTWINE gives ALLENTWINE minus TWINE equals ALLEN (Gracie).

14. LAM plus ARRAY gives LAM-ARRAY minus AV equals LAMARR (Hedy).

15. BRANCH minus RANCH leaves B plus OW equals BOW (Clara).

16. GAY plus NORTH gives GAYNORTH minus TH equals GAYNOR (Janet).

17. LAMPLIGHT minus PLIGHT leaves LAM plus OUR equals LAMOUR (Dorothy).

18. ROBIN minus IN leaves ROB plus SON equals ROBSON (May).

19. BAY plus CARRY minus CAR leaves BARRY plus MORE equals BARRYMORE (John).

20. YOU plus LONG gives YOULONG minus LO equals YOUNG (Loretta).

**Silver Screen for February 1940**

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**Topics for Gossip**

[Continued from page 21]

brought her lunch from home and eats in her dressing room, Ann has never been in the studio commissary. When they decided to make "Congo Mauzie," Director Henry Potter was assigned to carry on for Ed Marin, who did such a wonderful job with the original "Mauzie," Potter called Ann on the phone and asked her to meet him in the commissary for lunch. At the ap-

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THREE BIG FEATURES!
Exclusive in the February issue of Screenland—now on sale at all newstands!

MUNI GOES TO TOWN!
Mysterious Muni deserts Hollywood for Broadway after seven years! What strange story lies behind this news? Ida Zeitlin, celebrated filmmaker, writes you the answer to this question and many others. February Screenland!

DANCE SECRETS OF POWELL AND ASTAIRE!
Eleanor breaks down and tells you all about herself and her famous partner. Fred! Did Fred have a feud with Ginger Rogers? What happens when the King and Queen of dancers team up? Who's boss? February Screenland!

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Will Hedy Lamarr divorce Gene Markey in 1940? Will Deanna Durbin marry Vaughn Paul? Will Clark and Carole re-

mains in Hollywood? NORVELL makes startling predictions! The renowned Astrologist offers you a free 1940 horo-
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FREE SAMPLE OF WOMEN!

PICTURES ON THE FIRE!
[Continued on page 57]
around, "I'll leave you to amuse your- selves. That's all."

"No, Irby," Errol says slowly, "that's not quite all. You have me hanged on a cliff—if the South lasts that long. In fact, you'd better. Because, if I ever run into you again, anywhere—any time, I'm going to collect for that tunnel, every last foot of it!"

It seems funny to see Flynn and Randy glaring at each other during the take and then, as soon as the director calls "Cut!" to watch them, Flynn with his arm around Randy's shoulders as they discuss the scene with the director.

The other picture over here is "Dr. Ehrlich," starring Edward G. Robinson.

Eddie, as the doctor, has discovered the tuberculosis bacillus. His friend, Otto Kruger, is looking at the germs under a microscope, when Robinson, in one of the most bewildering make-ups I have ever seen, rushes in. He looks like Muni in a gold-finished Studio of Zola and Pottermunt and he acts like Muni in all of his pictures put together—grunting and wheezing and snacking his lips. But he's gone Muni one better: he's added a cough.

To my mind there aren't two duller actors on the screen than these so I have a sigh of relief when the scene is over and set sail for—

M-G-M

Several pictures going here. The most important is "Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep" (tentative title) starring Joan Crawford and Clark Gable.

Just at present, Clark has escaped from the prison. Joan is a cafe entertainer who is forced to live in durance vile with a horrible character named Marlow (Bernard Nadell). Gable comes to their shag and is stealing some food when Nadell spots him and is about to knife him. Joan is heartily sick of Mr. Nadell, sees her chance and bangs him on the wrist with a heavy iron pot. He drops the knife and Gable drops him.

"Do I say 'thanks,' baby—or were you just workin' at someone?" Clark mocks.

"Don't thank me," she rejoins quietly. "I didn't give you a thing. All I want is to get out of here and you're goin' my way. So I played you. The minute I find somebody good' faster than you—"

"You won't," he interrupts. "Come on."

They're making a close-up of Clark, and Joan offers to sit outside camera range and cue him, but he says he doesn't need to be cued—that he can re-ac without it. "Then I can go knit," she says happily. It was pretty swell of her to offer.

On her way to her dressing room she sees me. "Dick!" she says warmly. "When did you get back? Did you have a good time in New York?"

"I had a horrible time in New York," I tell her. "Katharine Hepburn is in a hit play."

"How awful for you." Joan murmurs in mock sympathy, well knowing my aversion for Miss Hepburn.

"Oh, I had my revenge." I remark airily, "by visualizing Maude Evans in the part and thinking how much better she would have been."

"Tch, tch," says Joan noncommittally.

I take a close gander at Joan and gasp. She's all done up in checkered gingham with frizzy hair, etc. "Why," I exclaim, "you're back to Sadie Thompson."

"The set is now closed to visitors," she announces firmly. "Good day."

Sadie Thompson is a lady Joan tries valiantly to forget, but she's onlyuding about the set being closed.

Next comes "New Moon." Probably all of you have heard the unforgettable "Lover Come Back To Me." Well, here it is, folks. The scene they're doing today is unimportant. Jeanette MacDonald has just arrived in New Orleans to look over a plantation left her by an uncle. Her over-seer, John Miljan, has been showing her about the place. Except for Florence Rice, there is no one in pictures who wears colonial and ante-bellum costumes as becomingly as Jeanette and she is really beautiful. Nelson Eddy, who plays opposite her, isn't working today.

Next comes "Florian." Florian is a horse and not the Florian Slappey of Mr. Octavus Roy Cohen's short stories. Florian is a Lipizzan horse—a breed that is born black, changes color and turns white when four years old.

The Earl of Chicago," featuring Robert Montgomery, has just finished. "Congo Maiaie," featuring Ann Sothern, has just started so that can wait until next month. So can "Young Tom Edison," starring Mickey Rooney. And that winds up M-G-M for this month. But there's still—

20th Century-Fox

Little Old New York," starring Alice Faye, Fred MacMurray and Richard Greene, is on a closed set today so that'll have to wait. But we still have—

Everything Happens at Night" (tentative title), starring Sonja Henie. I'm in luck because Sonja is doing a skating routine. I don't know what the set represents, but it's beautiful—a sort of colonade with dark blue hangings and silver stars dangling on strings in front of the curtains. In the centre is Sonja skating by herself. Poetry of motion, physical poetry, symphony in rhythm.

R-K-O

Ginger Rogers is just starting a new picture so that can wait. "The Marines Fly High" is suspended on account of the death of Director George Nichols. So that'll have to wait. Left is "Mexican Spitfire" starring Lupe Velez.

Turning to the telephone to find where all else I have to go I find "The Westerner," starring Gary Cooper, at the Samuel Goldwyn Studio is on location so that'll have to wait for that. Ditto the two pictures at Universal—"Charlie McCarthy, Detective" and the W. C. Fields-West epic. And I think you'll agree that the last three mentioned are well worth waiting for. So long, now.
like a sissy. Not that ho-mans Douglas has been a boy so far, is impersonator, merely no, but it's the only way he can catch the "phantom slugger." You’ll roar with laughter. This is another of those mystery comedies that Joan Blondell and Melvyn Douglas, directed by Al Halk; have made famous. This Joan, who certainly knows her comedy, plays the secretary to the Mayor, and she is out to snare Detective Douglas. She has him just at the point of marrying her when a snake charmer gets married. From there it’s up and tuck between duty and love with Detective Douglas. The murders and the laughs pile up quicker than you can count them, and there’s one hilarious episode after another. Helping out with the fun are Ruth Waud, Edward S. Brophy, Clarence Kolb and Donald McBride. It’s a field day for the comedians.

OUR NEIGHBORS—THE CARTERS

Just "Plain Folks"—Paramount

HERE'S a story about a small town and small town people that will fairly wrap itself right around your heart. Frank Craven plays "Doc Carter," a small town druggist, who has been run out of business by big chain stores and their cut rates. The "Doc" has a wife and five children and he puts up a proud fight to keep his little family together. Just when he, a heart-broken middle-aged man of 48, has made up his mind to surrender one of his children for adoption in a wealthy family, an old-time friend comes to aid him in his struggle with the chain stores, and saves the day. There are a lot of "Doc Carters" in this world. There are laughs, tears, and a terrific performance by Fay Bainter who begins to act where all other actresses leave off. Also in the cast are Edmund Lowe, Genevieve Tobin, and a little kid named Mary Thomas who is simply grand.

GERONIMO

The Indians Are Coming!—Paramount

HERE'S an action picture with all the grand sweep of pioneer history in the Apache country of the Southwest. It's the story of the last great Indian campaign when the famous Apache Chief, Geronimo, defied the United States Army and terrorized the pioneer settlers of Arizona and New Mexico. The picture tells how General Grant appointed a trusted general to make peace with Geronimo, how the peace efforts failed, and how Geronimo massacres the Army when the general leads it out of the safety of its encampment to rescue his son who is being held captive by the redskins. There's plenty of torture, massacre and destruction. And if it's Indians you like, honey, this is your dish. Ralph Morgan plays the general and William Henry his son. Gene Lockhart is excellent, as usual, as an Indian agent and Andy Devine makes a first rate Indian. J. Edward Fenton is the hero, and Chief Thundercloud, a real honest-to-goodness Indian, is Geronimo.

REMEMBER?

A Screw Comedy—M-G-M

GREER GARSON, the famous "Mrs. Chips," is co-starred with Robert Taylor and Lew Ayres in this, her first American-made picture. The story is on the whimsy side and is all about two young men, Bob and Lew of course, who are in love with the same girl who, in turn, is embarrassed. Lew is engaged to marry her, but she elopes with his pal Bob. They are happy for about six months of married life, and then they quarrel over Bob's business hours. Then good old Lew has to give them a potion (don't ask me the ethics on that) which makes them forget everything and start their romance all over again. There are many bright episodes that will have you in stitches, and, unfortunately, some episodes that are more bumpy than bright. Bob Taylor, in a rather silly role, proves a excellent comedian and rates much, much better opportunities. Miss Garson sort of gets lost in the goings-on. We who love our womanly Mrs. Chips are a bit aghast to find her in a one hole. Billie Burke plays her vague mother role, and Laura Hope Crews a slightly screwy aunt. Also in the excellent cast are George Barbier, Henry Travers, Reginald Owens, and Richard Carle. Lew Ayres gets some kind of an award for being the Best Boy Scout of the year.

THAT'S RIGHT—YOU'RE WRONG

A Treat For Swing Addicts—RKO

THIS is the picture in which Kay Kyser brings his famous radio program, Kay Kyser of Musical Knowledge, to the screen. And when Kay's College of M.K. is on the screen it is top-notch entertainment that will delight you no end, but before he goes into his radio broadcast there is a long stretch that's a bit on the dull side. However, the ending makes up for everything, and the Kay Kyser fans will be hysterical with joy. Kay plays himself, and the story tells how he happens to bring his band to Hollywood, how his band, swell guys back home, "go Hollywood" in a big way, and how Kay Kyser's picture gives him the well known run-around in order to break his contract. But here the picture does a switch, and swings into some swell comedy and first rate entertainment. In a grand supporting cast are Adolphe Menjou as the producer, Ray Robson as Granny, Eddie Everett Horton and Hobart Cavanaugh as a screevy writing team, and Lucille Ball as an ambitious Glamour Girl. Ginny Simms of the Band sings several songs most pleasingly, one of them called "Chatterbox" in the hit class.

WE ARE NOT ALONE

For Your "Most See" List—Warner

PAUL MUNI tries a new characterization in his latest picture, that of a kind-hearted, humanity-loving, impractical English doctor, and proves once more that he is nothing short of a genius when it comes to acting. The picture, adapted from the book bydigest, from the book of the same title, has all the dignity, warmth and heart appeal of the book, which, under the excellent direction of Edmund Goulding, it has faithfully followed. The atmosphere of the snug English village is admirably recreated and against this background is told the story of the little Austrian dancer who innocently brings tragedy to the quiet, compassionate doctor. Jane Bryan plays with genuine simplicity and sincerity little Leni who gets such a bad break out of life, Flora Robson is magnificent as the doctor's neurotic wife. Excellent are Una O'Connor as the German-hating malicious maid, and Raymond Severn as the doctor's nervous, precocious, young son. It's a picture that is bound to move you considerably.

ANOTHER THIN MAN

Bill Powell Returns—M-G-M

CLAP hands, here come those delightful people the Nick Charles again, and never were we so glad to see anyone. William Powell, after a long absence from the screen, once more plays that charming super-sleuth Nick, and Myrna Loy is his sophisticated young wife who doesn't want to miss out on any of the fun, no matter how daring. The story, of course, and does his usual scene-stealing, and this time he is aided by young William Powell, still in diapers, who plays the healthy offspring of Mr. and Mrs. Charles. There's a mystery to be solved, naturally, and quite a few people get knocked off before Bill, closely pursued by Myrna, gets enough clues to run down the murderer. There are grand comedy sequences, one in which Myrna finds herself having to rub a bumbus with a passionate young Latin, and another in which Bill pretends to "pick her up" in a cheap rooming house, much to the delight of a raucous landlady who's never seen such a fast worker. The mystery is indeed a mystery. Adding to the complications are Sheldon Leonard, Virginia Grey, Ruth Hussey, Muriel Hutchinson, Harry Bellaver and Abner Biberman. Marjorie Main is excellent as a landlady. Otto Kruger plays the assistant district attorney. Nat Pendleton on the dim-witted detective, and it's poor C. Aubrey Smith who gets murdered.
Stop . . . Look . . . Compare these two pictures of the same girl. Hair, nose, mouth, complexion — exactly alike. Everything the same, except her eyes. It's easy to see what Maybelline eye make-up means. The difference between blankness and beauty. Between dullness and sparkle. Between hidden charm and instant attraction!

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"U. S. Gov't methods have made crops better than ever...and Luckies always buy the choicer grades," says James Walker, 19 years an independent tobacco buyer.

Here's a 30-second interview with this veteran tobacco expert...

Q. "What are these methods of Uncle Sam's?"
Mr. Walker: "They're scientific ways of improving soil and plant food...that have helped farmers grow finer tobacco in recent years."

Q. "And that's what has made tobacco better?"
Mr. W: "The best in 300 years...even though crops do vary with the weather."

Q. "You say that Luckies buy the 'Cream of the Crop'?"
Mr. W: "They sure do. The best proof is that they're the 2-to-1 choice of experts not connected with any tobacco company—warehousemen, auctioneers and buyers. For my part, I've smoked them 10 years."

Try Luckies for a week. You'll find that the "Toasting" process makes them easy on your throat—because it takes out certain harsh throat irritants that are found in all tobacco.

You'll also find out why...WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—it's Luckies 2 to 1
A Doctor Tells
THE INTIMATE SECRETS
OF A PRIVATE NURSE

The first authentic, “inside” revelation of the cloistered, code-bound world of woman’s most intimate profession—probing deeply and dramatically the souls of those bitter women who know men too well, yet must somehow find love in the midst of terror, toil and disillusionment.

THE WORLD-FAMOUS AUTHOR
OF “THE CITADEL”
Bares the Heartache
and Despair of Women
the World Calls Callous
in a story even more search-
ing and absorbing than his
first great success—made
trebly vivid and exciting by
three brilliant stars.

CAROLE
BRIAN
ANNE
Shirley

"VIGIL IN THE NIGHT"
From the Brilliant New Novel by A. J. CRONIN

With JULIEN MITCHELL · ROB'T COOTE
BRENDA FORBES · PETER CUSHING
Produced and Directed by GEORGE STEVENS
PANDRO S. BERMAN In Charge of Production
Screen Play by Fred Guiol · P. J. Wolfson · Rowland Leigh
RKO RADIO PICTURE
Her Pinafore Frock said "Linger" but her Lovely Smile added "For Keeps"!

Your smile is your own priceless "exclusive"—Help guard it with Ipana and Massage!

Address straight out of Vogue or a hat from Harper's glamorous pages can give a girl the proper start. But there's nothing like a lovely smile to complete the journey—straight into a man's heart.

For not even a "sixth sense" in style can win for the girl who lets her smile become dull and lifeless... who doesn't take proper care of her teeth and gums... who ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush."

Take a leaf out of her book—and profit from it! For your smile is you—lose it and you lose one of your most appealing charms

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"
If your tooth brush shows a tinge of "pink"—see your dentist! It may mean nothing serious—but find out. Very likely, his verdict will be that your gums need exercise—need the chewing that soft foods deny them. Like many dentists, he may advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean the teeth but, with massage, to help the gums. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Feel that wonderful tang, exclusive with Ipana and massage. It is pleasant proof of circulation awakening in the gum tissues—stimulating gums—helping to make them firmer, healthier.

Get a tube of economical Ipana today. See what Ipana and massage can do to add more lustre, more charm to your smile!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

For March 1940
DEAR ED:

Movie stars are the crazierest people. (Or is that lifting too much from Lew Lehr?) But I love 'em. I don't think I'd know how to attend a perfectly respectable dinner party now where the service was impeccable, the guests behaved, the host and hostesses were dull, and nothing happened. Imagine suddenly glancing at your finger bowl at dinner and finding a live gold fish swimming around in it, with a key necklace and a swish swish! Well, that's exactly what happened at Tyrone Power's and Anabella's the other night. I was that surprised I choked on my wine and had to be slapped on the back by Dick Powell (that was all right, too). Barbara Stanwyck and Joan Blondell did double takes that were better than anything they have done on the screen, and Barbara turned white and nearly fainted dead away. "Gold fish," I thought, "are rather un-expect- ed at the dinner table to be sure, It isn't Yale. But why should Barbara let it throw her?" I soon found out. Bar- bara's little fish had chosen just that moment to have its fishes! Tyrone was delighted at our confusion. He is such a tease. He admitted that he and Anabella had sat up nearly all night trying to figure out a gag that would startle us. He hadn't exactly counted on motherhood.

Several nights later at the Dick Powell's, Jack Benny upset a glass of water in Barbara Stanwyck's lap (everything happens to Barbara) and Barbara had to remove her Hattie Carnegie and finish dinner in a crash towel, which gave quite a South Sea Island effect. During coffee in the living room later Fannie Brice decided that her foot hurt so she slipped off her slippers and Robert Taylor gave her a foot massage. You can be quite sure that my foot, immediately, but immediately, began to hurt, too. I'm no sluggard.

And of course, there was that wonder- ful night that Claudette Colbert slid a half broiled chicken accompanied by little peas into the lap of a very formidable foreign ambassador. And that never-to-be-forgotten night at the Walter Lang's when Bill Powell waltzed in quite gaily, lifted the turkey and its silver platter right off the table, and disappeared into the night. The next day the platter was returned with a ham on it—and pinned to the ham was a note which read, "Few people indeed can do what I have done. I have turned a turkey into a ham. Bill.

Never a dull moment among the movie stars.

The Opening Show

THE LETTER FROM LIZA

The Opening Show

Lester C. Grady

Elizabeth Wilson

Lenore Samuels

Frank J. Carroll

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Volume Ten

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Reflecting the Magic of Hollywood

Lester C. Grady

Elizabeth Wilson

Lenore Samuels

Frank J. Carroll

Editor

Assistant Editor

Art Director

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FRED ASTAIRE
ELEANOR POWELL

"BROADWAY MELODY OF 1940"

THE WORLD'S GREATEST DANCERS IN THE WORLD'S GREATEST MUSICAL SHOW!

with
GEORGE MURPHY - FRANK MORGAN
IAN HUNTER - FLORENCE RICE
LYNNE CARVER

Screen Play by Lew Gordon and George Oppenheimer • Lyrics and Music by Cole Porter
Directed by NORMAN TAUROG
Produced by JACK CUMMINGS
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
Hollywood Earfuls

What's being buzzed about the gayer activities of your favorites

WHAT'S this about Lana Turner and Greg Bautzer ducking in and out of previews? At "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" preview the other night one of our spies reported that Lana and Greg arrived at the Pantages Theatre along with the other stars, posed in the foyer for the photographers, and then slipped out by a side door before the picture started. (Maybe they just can't stand Charles Laughton, we thought, giving them the benefit of the doubt.) But according to the publicity boys it's an old stunt with Lana and Greg. They get a lot of pictures taken of themselves, and don't have to see a preview. Tut, tut, Lana, is that nice?

Sonja Henie and Alan Curtis, still a tireless twosome. Below: Paullette Goddard and Bing Crosby as a team lost to Ruby Keeler Jolson and Bob Hope in a recent charity golf match.

Tyrone Power has recently bought an amphibian plane which he piloted himself. He and Annabella plan to fly to New York in it as soon as Ty finishes work in "Dance With the Devil," the picture he is making with Dorothy Lamour. Whether Dotty cuts her hair or not seems to be no concern of Ty's—but Twentieth and Dotty are having quite a feud over those long locks.

Shirley Temple is as thrilled as she can be because she has a bit to do in the school play at the Westlake School for Girls—where she is going to school for the first time in her life. Before she's always had a private tutor at the studio, Shirley brought a "boy friend" to the school dance the other night. The girls agreed that he was "nice," but not tall enough to dance with. Shirley will have to find some taller boy friends.

When he read the script of "Shooting High" Gene Autry promptly vetoed the scene in which he was supposed to kiss Marjorie Weaver, his heart interest in the picture. One of the columnists ran a story to that effect in a newspaper, so when it came time to take advance stills on the picture, Marjorie Weaver walked into the portrait gallery, and with boy waiting to be introduced to Autry kissed him smack on the mouth, and said, "So you won't kiss me, huh?"

Autry gagged that he didn't deserve the kiss. But he still insists that he will do no kissing on the screen—says he's not the type and all his kid fans want him riding and singing, not romancing.

Alice Faye has just received a letter from a former waiter who used to take great delight waiting on her at the Victor Hugo in Beverly Hills. The waiter, a Frenchman, is now on the Maginot Line. "We have named one of the big guns after you," he wrote Alice, "We call her La Petite Alice. Because when she goes into action she will slay them."

Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul have already bought property in Bel-Air on which to build their home when they are married. Contrary to rumors their engagement was not announced on Deanna's recent birthday—but it will be announced any minute now.

And now it's Eleanor Powell and Randy Scott. Randy gets about almost as much as that Rooney boy.

Isabel Jewell's steady escort at late supper at the Beverly Brown Derby is Cridly Butler, eastern socialite and writer. Following the "Balalaika" preview, Isabel wore a diamond-studded mistletoe hair clip.

Cesar Romero has been dividing his time between beaing Ginger Rogers (she's going social again after a year of being Hollywood's number two hermit), Loretta Young, Nancy Kelly and Roberta Molineaux Cooper. He and Ann Sheridan are

[Continued on page 65]
ONLY RUDYARD KIPLING COULD WRITE SUCH A ROMANCE... ONLY RONALD COLMAN COULD PLAY SUCH A ROLE!

"Laugh, you little fool, laugh... for I'm giving you something you've never had before... A soul... on canvas!"

To those who believe in romance, Paramount dedicates this glorious film re-creation of Kipling's never-to-be-forgotten story of Dick Heldar, artist, adventurer, gentleman unafraid. For this is romance, the romance of far places, Abu-Hamed, Khartoum, Port Said, London, and of the men who fought for glory beneath the desert sun... but more than that... the romance of that strange wilderness which is the heart of man.

Ronald Colman

in RUDYARD KIPLING'S

"THE LIGHT THAT FAILED"

A Paramount Picture with

WALTER HUSTON
Ida Lupino • Muriel Angelus • Dudley Digges
Produced and Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN
Screen Play by Robert Carson
Based on the Novel by Rudyard Kipling

for March 1940
A CHILD IS BORN (Warner Brothers)—Fair. While Geraldine Fitzgerald and Jeffrey Lynn turn in fine, sensitive characterizations, the atmosphere and theme of this yarn hurt it almost from the start. The scene is a maternity ward of a city hospital, and practically all the feminine characters are just about to become mothers. Distinctly not for the kiddies.

AMAZING MR. WILLIAMS, THE (Columbia)—Amusing. One of those light, comic mystery yarns in which the blithe and nonchalant detective is forever on the verge of marrying the girl of his dreams when his interest is once again focussed on a new "case." The two charming people in this case are Melvyn Douglas and Joan Blondell.

ANOTHER THIN MAN (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)—Good. Although we're happy to say How-de-do to Bill Powell again as Nick Charles, and Hi There to Myrna Loy as the Perfect Wife we can't say that this sequel to that mystery yarn par excellence, "The Thin Man," catches up with it in pace or charm or story. It does make a gallant effort, though, and you won't go away too disappointed.

DAY-TIME WIFE (20th Century-Fox)—Good. One of those inconsequential, but amusing plots (no matter how often repeated) about the wife, jealous of her husband's secretary, who decides to get a job and a new heart interest of her own. Well played by Linda Darnell, Tyrone Power, Binnie Barnes and Warren William.

EVERYTHING HAPPENS AT NIGHT (20th Century-Fox)—Fair. Here we have two rival reporters, an Englishman and an American, searching for a missing Nobel prize winner in Switzerland. They run into vivacious Sonja Henie instead and she amazes them with her wizardry on skis and skate. Also, her father turns out to be the man they're seeking. Plenty of action and romance in this. (Ray Milland—Robert Cummings.)

FIRST LOVE (Universal)—Excellent. Deanna Durbin's first grown-up role is a Cinderella one with a fairy-tale charm that makes one hate to see it end. Again she delights us with her beautiful singing voice and wholesome personality.

(Continued on page 14)
Use cosmetics all you like—but don’t risk Cosmetic Skin

Try Loretta Young’s ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS for 30 days! Clever women everywhere find this wise, gentle care really works—helps guard against the dullness, little blemishes, enlarged pores that mean Cosmetic Skin. Use Lux Toilet Soap during the day for a quick freshener, and at night to give skin the protection of perfect cleansing—protection it needs to stay lovely. Begin your ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS now! For extra economy, buy 3 cakes.

YOU want to have smooth, soft skin. So don’t fail to remove dust, dirt, stale cosmetics thoroughly—don’t risk Cosmetic Skin. Use Lux Toilet Soap regularly.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
FOLKS expected W. C. Fields and Mae West to battle on sight when they began to co-star in Universal's "My Little Chickadee." According to rumor, they haven't. Mae has had her own way rewriting her lines to suit herself, Fields forgets all his own and those of everybody else, anyway. And improvises as he goes. To be positive about what Mae and W. C. thought of each other, I put the question to them.

Fields, I suspect, paused a bit when he replied: "The public thought I was going to fight with Miss West about our picture but, on the contrary, I regard her as my bosom friend." Then he went on, "After what I've been through in my life, wrestling with a mere goat for a scene in 'My Little Chickadee' was a cinch. Why, I've done things which make that look like sissy stuff. Like the time I had to let a lion chase me and was supposed to duck out a side door. But when I got there the door was nailed shut. That really gave me a few uneasy moments. But a goat—poof!"

"The public thought I was going to fight with Miss West," says W. C. Fields, "but on the contrary, I regard her as my bosom friend." Wow!

"I hadn't played in enough pictures during my four years at Metro to beat my fear of the camera," admits Allan Jones. "You can't succeed, you can't do anything, until you lick the camera."

The stars may say one thing in an interview and inwardly mean another, so let's check back and read between the lines.

"I am sure that 'My Little Chickadee' [Continued on page 15]"
WHEN you’ve got the sniffles, a chill, and your throat feels irritated, it’s a sign that germs are probably at work in mouth and throat.

Sometimes they can be killed in sufficient numbers or kept under control so that Nature can halt the infection... throw off the cold.

If you have any symptoms of trouble, start gargling with full strength Listerine Antiseptic and keep it up. Countless people say it’s a wonderful first aid and 8 years of scientific research back them up. Tests during this period actually showed fewer and milder colds for Listerine Antiseptic users... fewer sore throats, too.

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of the secondary invaders—germs that many authorities say help to complicate a cold and make it so troublesome.

Actual tests showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7% even 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle. Up to 80% one hour later.

In view of this evidence, don’t you think it is a wise precaution to use Listerine Antiseptic systematically during fall, winter, and spring months when colds are a constant menace to the health of the entire family?

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS

The two drawings at left illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%. 

FOR COLDS AND SORE THROAT

for March 1940
NO WONDER Tampax is traveling fast and Tampax users growing. In addition to the new converts to Tampax, many part-time users have now become whole-time users, in view of the new Super Tampax size, 50% more absorbent than Regular Tampax.

Perfected by a physician, Tampax is worn internally for monthly sanitary protection. The wearer is not conscious of it, but can keep up her regular activities without fear of any chafing, wrinkling or showing of a "line." No odor can form; no disposal problems.

Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, hygienically sealed in individual containers, so neat and ingenious your hands never touch the Tampax at all! Comfortable, efficient, compact to carry in your purse.

Three sizes: Regular, Super and Junior. At drug stores and notion counters: Introductory size 20c; but large economy package saves up to 25%. Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.

Bela by a Designing Lady

Make-up and costumes should add to your natural beauty and personality, thinks Lupe Velez.

"Beauty with a bang" is the best description I know for Lupe Velez, currently starring in "Mexican Spitfire." There is a pleasantly startling and awakening quality in Lupe that makes you open your eyes and take notice. On my very first visit to Hollywood some years ago, Lupe was the first star I met and I recall lunching with her in the M-G-M restaurant and marveling at her exotic beauty. There is a campo quality to her skin, a fire in her eyes that glows and dims like live coals, and an amazing vivacity to her lips that reveal white, even teeth.

The instincts of the designer and creator are strong within Lupe. Had she not achieved fame and fortune in Hollywood, undoubtedly her career would have been that of dress designer. She turns this designing instinct toward beauty, too. When I first met her, she was causing much comment and admiration by her luminous make-up. Lupe was one of the first to leave her skin au naturel in its pristine beauty—indeed, polishing her skin by rubbing it with a Turkish towel to make it shine—and concentrating make-up on eyes and mouth, alone.

For those with beautiful skin, this fashion is still good. Beautiful skin is truly rare, and those blessed with it should reveal it to the utmost. This means a faint, faint use of rouge and a powder very fine and light of texture to accent the natural quality of that skin rather than conceal it. A powder that answers these requirements, in my opinion, is Coty's "Air Spun" Face Powder, light as mist, because of the terrific spinning and mixing through which this powder goes in huge cylinders long before it reaches you in the familiar and cunninig powder puff box. The use of a light weight powder also gives a younger, softer effect to the face. It will stay fresher looking longer, too, and when you must, you can re-powder more frequently without giving your skin a dull, dead look. The whole art of using powder lies in applying it.
very generously, evenly over the whole face, then dusting away most of it. You can use a powder brush or a piece of fresh cotton for this.

Lupe has another strong point for beauty—one that girls pray for—long lashes. Very glossy they are, too, without benefit of mascara. This brings up an idea for brow and lash allure that we seldom see—brows and lashes that shine with vitality, as does beautiful hair. There are two ways to achieve this special beauty point. One is to use a lubricant on your brows and lashes at night, and apply it with the eyebrow brushes that come for this purpose. Lacking the special brush, a mascara brush will substitute, though not so well. When your face is nice and clean at night, give your brows a good brushing with some "vaseline" white jelly, olive oil, castor oil or one of the branded brow and lash lubricants. By brushing your brows, you can train them into a more interesting and even line, and you can keep the tiny hairs of both brows and lashes in better condition. The second is to brush both brows and lashes with a similar lubricant after your make-up is on. Even if you have beautiful brows and lashes without benefit of art, powder clings and dims their color and lustre. Use a tiny bit of lubricant only. Lupe says, "Always brush the upper lashes upward, the lower downward, so that you form a frame for the eyes." I've seen girls move their mascara brushes back and forth on lashes, which only gives a made-up, matted effect, and is not for beauty.

Flashing, white teeth, like Lupe's make any mouth charming and expressive. They make a smile a smile, and they, somehow, add conviction to the words a mouth utter. Everyone cannot have those decided white teeth, any more than everyone can have blonde hair. But everyone can make teeth sparkle, for that is a matter of cleanliness. Thorough night and morning brushings, of course, with a good dentifrice. Interweave brushings increase cleanliness and certainly add that assurance of mouth immaculacy. Just as I always advise soap and water and cream for skin cleanliness, I feel that we might well balance our tooth cleaning, by using alternately perhaps a paste, powder or liquid. If you like the liquid method, you are going to like Cue, a new liquid tooth cleanser. It's deep ruby, foams delightfully, cleans thoroughly and leaves your mouth fresh as a flower. It may be had in chain stores and drug and department stores.

The girl with real mouth beauty in mind will keep on hand dental thread and a good mouth wash. When teeth are crowded or crooked, the use of dental thread is advisable for removing food particles, particularly at night. Dentists, however, ask that you use the thread carefully and do not let it cut the gums. A mouth wash needs no urging. I am sure. It should be as much a part of one's grooming as a bath. Listeners, of course, gets a big bouquet from this department for its splendid mouth refreshing and breath corrective results.

To further enhance mouth appeal, apply lipstick carefully, and be sure the tone is right for you, regardless of whims in color fashions. Better a lovely mouth

[Continued on page 17]
Prominent in the cast are Robert Stack, Helen Parrish, Eugene Pallette and Leatrice Joy.

FOUR WIVES (Warner Brothers)—Fine. Babies provide the leitmotif of this successor to the popular Four Daughters film, and, while it is not as spontaneously gay and diverting, it combines a pleasing mixture of fun and pathos all its own. Cast again includes: Priscilla, Rosamond and Lola Lane, Gale Page, May Robson. Claude Rains, Jeffrey Lynn, Frank McHugh, Dick Foran. Eddie Albert is a welcome newcomer.

HIS FRIDAY (Columbia)—Fine. A remake of the famous Front Page—best remembered of all newspaper films—is bound to draw criticism from those who dislike having Hildy Johnson’s role metamorphosed into a woman’s role. But the plot has been altered cleverly to meet the feminine character and, as played by Rosalind Russell, you’re bound to be entertained. Cary Grant, Ralph Bellamy and Gene Lockhart make up the excellent cast.

JOE AND THE OTHER CALL ON THE PRESIDENT (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)—Amusing. The rather unusual idea of a couple of “average citizens” actually getting admitted to the sanctum of the president of these United States in order to present the sad case of another “average citizen” forms the plot of this yarn authored by Damon Runyon. As played by Ann Sothern, William Gargan, Lewis Stone and Walter Brennan, we can assure you plenty of fun.

NO PLACE TO GO (Warner Brothers)—Fair. Adapted from the play Minnick, by Edna Ferber and George Jay Kaufman, this tells the somewhat weepy story of an old veteran who leaves a soldier’s home in order to live with a wealthy son. After many amusing and some heart-rending episodes, he decides to go back to the home. Fine cast includes Fred Stone, Dennis Morgan and Gloria Dickson.

OF MICE AND MEN (United Artists)—Not for the squeamish. Although the censors have modified the ribald boldness of the original book and play of this title, it can be said that John Steinbeck’s story of migratory laborers in California has been transported faithfully to the screen. Burgess Meredith plays the dreamer, Lon Chaney, Jr., the half-wit, Betty Field, the rancher’s wife and Charles Bickford, the mule Skinner. It is not exactly pleasant entertainment.

OUR NEIGHBORS—THE CARTERS (Paramount)—Good. Small town people always seem to find a warm spot in themselves in our hearts—and the Carters are no exception. Frank Craven plays “Doc,” a druggist whose business has collapsed after the advent of chain drugstores. There are plenty of laughs, some tears and a number of good performances. (Fay Bainter, Edmund Lowe, Genevieve Tobin.)

REMEMBER? (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)—Fair. Greer Garson (the famous Mrs. Chips) is co-starred with Robert Taylor and Lew Ayres in this somewhat screwy farce about married life. Bob and Greer marry and when they start “straining at the leash” Doctor Lew Ayres prescribes a love potion which, apparently, starts them off on the right track again. (Billie Burke, Laura Hope Crews.)

ROLL, WAGONS, ROLL (Monogram)—Good. Made to order for lovers of the Great Open Spaces is this newest western starring Tex Ritter. It has two Indian fights, plenty of action via the pioneer-covered wagon route, and romance, of course—the girl in the story being attractive Muriel Evans.

THAT’S RIGHT—YOU ARE WONG (RKO)—Amusing. Swing addicts, and that means Small and Big Fry, will have a time for themselves at this film in which Kay Kyser, the popular exponent of this type of music, leads off with his famous band. There’s a plot, too, but if you don’t like swing, better choose another film. (Adolphe Menjou, May Robson, Lucille Ball, Edward Everett Horton, Ginny Simms).

TOWER OF LONDON (Universal)—Fair. “Off with his head” seemed to be the favorite phrase used by those in command during the dark and bloody reigns of medieval English kings. The famous Tower, in those days, was not only a prison, but the home of the ruling house and this film gives you an idea of how Richard the Third gratified his lust for power. (Basil Rathbone, Ian Hunter, Boris Karloff and Nan Grey.)

TWO THOROUGHBREDS (RKO)—Fine. The poignant story of an orphan boy and the motherless foal he nurtures is told in such a sensitive way that, for all its simplicity, this is one of the stand-out films that has come along unheralded and unsung, like A Man To Remember. Little Jimmy Lydon is perfect as the boy. (John Breck, Marjorie Main.)

WE ARE NOT ALONE (Warner Brothers)—Splendid. When you feel that you can stand facing the realities of life, see this, but not when you’re in an escapist mood. It is a simple, beautiful but heart-breaking tale of a charming English country doctor whose compassionate interest in a lonely Austrian dancer brought tragedy down upon their heads. Excellently played by Paul Muni, Jane Bryan, Flora Robson and Una O’Connor.

Silver Screen
Checking On Their Comments
[Continued from page 10]

will be my best picture, because it is the eighth one in which I have starred. And
ight has always been lucky for me.
never have gone after this number, but
whenever it comes into my life I know
everything is going to be all right."
But not a word from Mac about Mr.
Fields.

The result of the West-Fields co-starring
effort will be interesting. I suspect that
Miss West has outlived the garish shock of
her first sexual success, that Fields is a
little hard to get down to scheduled,
premeditated comedy. And it's practically im-
possible to catch unpremeditated funmak-
ing in films. Still . . . we'll see. Film
postmortems are dangerous. You never
can tell.

D ID you ever think of the problems
of a singing star in the films?
They're double-barreled. Ask
Jeanette MacDonald. According to Jean-
ette, it's a cinch just to act in films. You
merely get out in front of the cameras
and do what the director tells you. But
if you're a singer—Listen to what Miss
MacDonald says:

"The path of a singing star in films is
more difficult than that of a dramatic
actress because the singing star must be
equal to a two-fold career. She must act.
She must sing. She spends double time
on every screen role. In addition to act-
ing before the cameras, recordings and
sound tracks must be made. She is called
upon to rehearse, not only her dramatic
scenes before the cameras, but her various
songs away from the studio. During the
making of a film she has little, if any
time to herself. Rehearsals and record-
ings, coupled with the regular duties of
the screen including costume fittings, in-
terviews, pictures and the like, make
twenty-four hours a day much too brief
a time to cover the required territory.
"As far as roles are concerned, there
are two which I am anxious to portray.
One is already in the offing, as a matter
of fact it will be my next picture. That
is the character of Moonyeen in 'Smilin'
Through,' a story which always has been
my favorite. In the operatic category my
choice falls upon 'La Traviata,' a role
which I someday hope to do."

Think twice before you criticize a sing-
ing star after this. Think of the problems.
But I'm not for opera on the screen, if
that's what Jeanette is contemplating in
regard to 'La Traviata.' Opera stories
usually are mildewed melodrama with the
characters bursting into lovely melody now
and then. No, no, Jeanette, not 'La Tra-
viata.' Tell us 'tain't true.

HENRY Koster has directed five of
the seven Deanna Durbin successes
under Producer Joe Pasternak. The
Pasternak-Koster combination has be-
come something of a Hollywood tradi-
tion. Koster is a 34-year-old Ber.
in newspaper man who took to writing
scenarios, sold one to Pasternak, fol-
lowed that producer to Paris, Budapest
and on to Hollywood. Becoming a direc-

Lady Esther
7-DAY
NAIL POLISH

"Get 12 SHADES—FREE—of
my 7-DAY Cream Nail Polish"

Each shade is on a "Magic Finger-
tip" which you can try on right over
your own nail! Find your lucky shade!

NO LONGER need you wonder about
which shade of nail polish you should
wear—which shade is loveliest on your
hands! For now you can try on all the new-
est shades—right at home—before buying
a single bottle of polish!

It's all done with my Magic Finger-
tips! I'll gladly send you free a set of my 12
Magic Finger tips. Each is shaped like the
human nail—made of celluloid—and coated
with a different shade of Lady Esther 7-Day
Cream Nail Polish. You simply hold each
Magic Finger tip over your nail—and in-
stantly you see which shade gives your
hands enchanting loveliness—goes smartest
with your costume colors.

Choose your lucky shade, then ask for it
in Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish
at your favorite store. You'll be thrilled
with this rich, cream polish that gives your
nails flattering beauty for 7 long days!

Send for your 12 Magic Finger tips!
Let your own eyes reveal the one nail pol-
ish shade that gives your hands enchanting
grace and beauty! Clip the coupon now.

12 shades FREE! *

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)
LADY ESTHER, 7162 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your Magic
Fingertips showing all 12 different shades of
Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish. (51)
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
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If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.
LOVELY MAKE-UP always


POWDR-BASE

GIVE YOUR LAZY LIVER THIS GENTLE "NUDGE"

Follow noted Ohio Doctor's advice To Feel "Tip-Top" In Morning!

If liver bile doesn't flow freely every day into your intestines—constipation with its headaches and that "half-alive" feeling often result. So step up that liver bile and see how much better you should feel! Just try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients with constipation and sluggish bile. Olive Tablets being purely vegetable, are wonderful! They only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods but also help elimination. Get a box TODAY. 15c, 30c and 60c.

Here's Amazing Relief For Acid Indigestion

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

"I don't want to get typed. It's dangerous for a director as an actor. Hollywood is dangerous enough. You get pushed into a groove, you shoot all day, you sit at story conferences, you watch rushes, you chat with your producer beside a swimming pool—and you stop seeing life. You use up your little stock of experiences, your store of touch with reality. That's why Hollywood wears out directors in three or four years. It wrings them dry, throws them in the alley.

"To me there are just four notable American directors who have wrenched that: King Vidor, Gregory La Cava, Frank Capra and Leo McCarey. They haven't been shunted into machines. Hollywood hasn't burned them out.

"I don't believe, for instance, that movies should grow out of Hollywood or out of a director. One is a big calculating machine, the other is a daily panorama of the world's tragedy. Audiences want to smile, to be touched gently, most of all to forget their miseries for at least two hours.

"Don't misunderstand me about Hollywood. It's been magic to me. But it is a great walled city producing the world's entertainment. It demands you away from things. Away from life. I'd like to make pictures in New York where you have a chance of keeping your sense of values. A great city puts you in your place."

Mr. Koster has been doing a graceful job of dramatizing Deanna Durbin as Deanna Durbin. Let's see what he can do with one of those other things that avoid the heartaches of life. Maybe that's the function of films—dodging life. But somehow I have my doubts.

LET's turn from Director Koster's theory that Hollywood sells its workers from life and the world. Veteran Lewis Stone says Hollywood is perfect for the actor, who, since the beginning of time, has been a mountebank traveling from town to town, a homeless adventurer. Listen to what the Judge Hardy of the films writes me:

"Hollywood is the ideal place in which to work and to live, because the two are so perfectly combined. It is all right to spool about the California climate, but where would you find one more conducive to normal living? Motion pictures, being a high pressure business, require adequate relaxation for balance. We actors find that, not in outside interests, but in our homes, for in Hollywood the actor has found a permanence he never has known before, an opportunity to settle down to a quiet and entirely everyday life.

"As for myself, I have never been more completely satisfied as an actor. The character of Judge Hardy, who is a daily surprise to me, has given me a feeling of achievement in doing a job that I feel is worth doing. I was on the verge of retiring when the part bobbed up, a simple and innocuous role on the surface. Now I can't quit, nor can I disassociate myself from the judge, even if I wanted to. The greatest personal pleasure, from playing an American father in a scene so typically American, has come in the sentiment of my fan mail. It has given me something to live up to. Rather than flattering, this has been a humbling experience, a career to which I may have had many compensations."

Nice for a veteran, say I, but highly dangerous for a young actor. That quiet, everyday life beside a bathing pool breeds complacency, kills initiative. Witness the players and directors who fade out so quickly. No, I say, I want Director Koster on that point. Hollywood is a habit forming drug. It gets you before you know it. And there's no cure.

OUTSIDE of the National Theater in New York City is an electric sign indicating that Tallulah Bankhead is playing "The Little Foxes." The play—of a hard, strange Southern family—is one of the hits of the season. Tallulah will appear Wednesday between matinée and evening performance. She talked rapidly and candidly of herself and her hopes.

"Sometimes I want to do motion pictures again. Soon, too. I didn't take them seriously enough before. I had a lark. I was younger than I am now, less experienced, too. Hollywood was a new game, I'm afraid. I want to go back, knowing what I know now about acting, and take another shot.

"I can't right now, of course. The Little Foxes is a hit, one of the dramatic successes of the season. I've had my flops, but this is a real hit. It will take me on tour next season. After that, God willing, I want Hollywood and my new chance.

"I've worked intensively, furiously all my life. And I have nothing to show for it, except my name in lights. Not even $300 a week. After I pay a part of my salary away to meet income taxes, after payments are made on an annuity, I'm strapped. I have to show for my career are two Augustus Johns paintings that I, alone, bought myself and one of Gerald du Maurier, one of the great actors of our generation. And a diamond ring which usually is in hock. Sometimes—and soon—I want a home in the country. A little place, if I can keep my head. Yes, Hollywood could be very nice."

I doubt if La Bankhead would be happy in a little home in the country. It's too far from Broadway and life. Even her marriage to John Emery hasn't changed her so much. Tallulah likes to take up causes. Tallulah lives hard—and Hollywood needs more players who work in frenzied, uncalculated fashion.

ALLAN Jones broke away from Metro to move over to Paramount. Metro he was under the shadow of Nelson Eddy. Nelson got the choice singing roles. Jones was a sort of spare tire used now and then. Studios often hold promising young actors in reserve, just in case. But here, just for instance, wanted to do bigger things, got restless—and secured a release from

S I V E R  S C R E E N
Beau

ity by a Designing Lady

any day, than a new, smart color, but one not suited to your face. And try to have your mouth color tie in with your general color accents, like rouge and nail tips. Revlon has recently done a grand job for girls who can’t decide between nails and lips, and for those who want a new and extra-satisfactory Revlon lipstick to match every Revlon shade of polish. You can create a lovely picture by these harmonized or matched lips and nails; or, no matter how lovely the tones you use individually, you can create a confusion of color when you don’t use them in harmony.

Back now to our designing lady, Lupe, for a moment, to see how else she turns her designing instincts. This time it is to clothes. “The right wardrobe should flatter, express and build up the wearer,” says Lupe. And there is a rule to be guided by in choosing your clothes. Lupe says she has “ondrads” of evening gowns, because these she loves best of all. Well, maybe she hasn’t that many, but so they look to her.

Here is an idea that clever girls might duplicate. A blue crepe of street length has a square cut bodice, caught with crystal and sapphire clips. So far so good. But this frock has another life, for Lupe has designed a floor length, wrap-around skirt to be slipped over the frock for gayier moments. Now, that is designing!

There’s also a day outfit that might give you some ideas. A black velveteen bodice is cut on vest lines and fastened with a double row of brass buttons. A circular, peasant skirt is made of red and white gingham checked wool, with bag and tiny neck scarf to match. A similar outfit, but in the black velveteen bodice and checked skirt (only the skirt was black and white) was worn recently by thirteen-year-old Jane Withers when I talked with her in New York. The idea is smart, whether you’re thirteen or twenty-six!

While Lupe keeps on designing in her own bright way, let’s see what some of the good manufacturers have recently designed for our beauty.

Last year there was introduced a new perfume, Francisca Gal, by name, after the player. It was lovely and a success, that now there is a new perfume by the makers, called Joan Blondell, in an effervescent, lilting mood, like Joan, herself. It is a scent that earns you many compliments, and it costs but a song. And that goes to show that fine manufacturing need not necessarily mean that you pay and pay. Joan Blondell perfume is in your chain stores, and it is truly lovely and lasting.

Recently, I saw a smart fashion show but regret that the models’ backs were not up to the costumes they wore. Frankly, too many had poor back skin. That is one of the most disillusioning sights—beautiful clothes, but not the skin to show them off. A very new product is Miner’s Patti-Pac Cake make-up. You simply dampen cotton, rub on the cake and apply to your face, neck, arms or back. Then facial make-up is applied and a light dusting of powder over the rest of you. You wonder at the appealing smoothness Patti-Pac creates, and you bless it for hiding those little irregularities, and you bless it also for remaining on so well and creating the illusion of a fine, smooth skin. This is really something to try, and, I’m glad to say, the trying does not hurt your pocketbook, for you’ll find this in chain stores.

Correct, so far as possible, every beauty deficiency you have, like a poor skin, or dry hair or breaking nails. Meanwhile, be sensible and use the fine aids that are provided for remedying the condition temporarily. They save the situation for the moment, and it is on precious moments that our future fortunes often hang! This, all wise girls know.

“Vigil In The Night” is serious, but Carole Lombard has fun between scenes.

his contract. Come his hit in Paramount’s “Victor Hatz.” Listen to what Jones told me in his Paramount Theater dressing room during his New York personal appearances:

“I haven’t played in enough pictures during my four years at Metro to beat my fear of the camera. You can’t succeed, you can’t do anything, until you lick the camera. It stands there grinning at you—and it’s petrifying, believe me. I hadn’t made a picture in eighteen months when I landed on the Paramount lot. One single shot cured me in ‘Honeymoon in Bali!’ A great camera swung at me on a long boom, ran right up into my face—and I was cured. I’d lost my fear. I suddenly discovered that I could be myself.

“I want to sing more roles. I’d like to do a South American gaucho in a musical play of the pampas. Sure, romantic, charm stuff. No costume pictures, though. They’re dangerous—and usually slow. People, I think, want songs, but they want them in fast tempo films.”

Allan Jones hit upon one of the dangerous things of Hollywood when he summed up the problems of the second-string player held in reserve, in case the star kicks up in his contract, gets sick or starts to slip. These spares are on every lot, drawing salaries and getting nowhere. Jones had courage enough to buck the system. More power to him!

EX-LAX MOVIES

A Skeptic is Converted

ANN: I dread taking this awful-tasting medicine. It always leaves me weak as a kitten.

RUTH: You’re just plain foolish to take a cathartic like that. Try my stand-bys... Ex-Lax!

ANN: Why, this tastes just like fine chocolate! But will it really work?

RUTH: Yes, indeed! Ex-Lax is thorough and effective — yet it doesn’t upset you.

ANN: Thanks to you and Ex-Lax, I feel wonderful this morning.

RUTH: I knew you would! In our family we all use Ex-Lax!

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

10¢ and 25¢

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Twentieth Century-Fox presents
Darryl F. Zanuck's production of

LITTLE OLD NEW YORK

A spirited belle of the brawling waterfront, headlong in love with handsome Robert Fulton, fighting the whole town to win his heart and share his glory... in those boisterous, romantic days when little old New York was new and life was really living!

FAYE MACMURRAY GREENE

BRENDA JOYCE
ANDY DEVINE
HENRY STEPHENSON
FRITZ FELD

Directed by HENRY KING
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith
Screen Play by Harry Tugend
Story by John Balderston
Based upon play by Rida Johnson Young

Spectacular entertainment from the producer and director of "In Old Chicago", "Alexander's Ragtime Band", "Stanley and Livingstone", "Jesse James"!
TOPICS FOR GOSSIP

Above: Director Frank Capra and wife try to get Adolphe Menjou to look at our camera at the Victor Hugo. Upper right: Herbert Marshall chats with sad-eyed Ann Sothern at the smart Beverly-Wilshire.

FOR the second successive year Joan Crawford has been awarded the title of "the most co-operative star of the year" by the Hollywood Press Photographers, and at a luncheon at the Metro studio where she is now working the flashlight boys presented her with a silver cigarette box. Bette Davis was runner up. And not far behind was Rosalind Russell. Good for Joan and Bette and Roz. They know a guy has a job to do and they don't consider themselves too important to help him.

And speaking of Rosalind Russell, when she dropped into the Brown Derby for a bite of lunch and a story conference with Director Howard Hawks, the photographers gathered around for a picture. But Rosalind pointed to her hair in curlers and promised to come in the following evening and pose as long as they wanted her to. Which she did. And that's why the camera boys are crazy about Roz.

In "Strange Cargo," the Crawford-Gable flicker now in production, Paul Lukas, who is one of the neatest and most fastidious actors in Hollywood when it comes to clothes, has to look like something that has been washed up out of the sea. They've started calling him "Filthy Lukas."

Below: Radio executive Bud Ernst looks big enough to kid around with Errol Flynn at La Conga. Lower right: Director Anatole Litvak tells a gag to ex-wife Miriam Hopkins and Bruce Cabot.
Is this a romance between Greer Garson and Lew Ayres? They've been constant diners at the Beverly Brown Derby lately. And there's no prettier girl in town than Greer, with that lovely red hair (and natural, too) and beautiful complexion.

Miriam Hopkins is following the Hollywood tradition and has been out dining and dancing frequently of late with her ex-husband, Tola Litvak. When she isn't with her "ex" she's usually with Bruce Cabot, one of the foremost men-about-town.

Ever since Hedy Lamarr stepped out to a Navy Ball last fall with a diamond that big in the part of her hair Hollywood has become diamond conscious. Paulette Goddard wears a diamond hair clip that is something out of this world, and both Dorothy Lamour and Joan Bennett have rings that practically blind you with their brilliance.

Dorothy Lamour has shifted from Robert Preston back to WynnROC amore, which seems to be the real thing. And Madeleine Carroll, Rosalind Russell and Pat Morrison are all fighting over tall dark and handsome Richard Halliday, story editor at Paramount, who recently arrived in Hollywood from New York.

With the public asking for more Hedy Lamarr pictures, Metro has decided to take "I Take This Woman" off the shelf and remake about 65 percent of it. To the original cost of $600,000 they will now add $300,000. So it had better be good. In it Hedy tosses aside her "glamour" which did well by her in "Algiers" and "Lady of the Tropics" and plays the domesticated wife of Dr. Spencer Tracy.

When we stopped by the set to visit with Hedy Lamarr the other day we found ourselves practically knee deep in make-up. Hedy had decided, while she was waiting for her scene, to make-up the script girl, the hairdresser, the wardrobe girl, and someone from Kansas who was just visiting the set. This is one of Hedy's weaknesses. She feels that she just must improve everyone's looks. But she's so naive about it that you really can't resent it. So don't be surprised when you are introduced to Miss Lamarr to hear her say, "How do you do. You have the wrong lipstick on."

It is said that Paul Muni was offered $2500 weekly for playing the lead in Maxwell Anderson's New York play, "Key Largo." But Mr. Muni decided that $750 would be quite sufficient for him and informed the management that they could spend the rest on hiring other actors. When a movie star turns down money that's news!

One of Jack Benny's favorite gags on the radio is to invite a lot of celebrities to a party and have none of them show up. He has pulled this gag on his radio program several times lately, and the other night it snapped back at him. Just as he and Mary Livingstone were sitting down to a quiet little dinner at home the doorbell rang and in galloped Tyrone Power and Annabella, Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor. [Continued on page 56]

Peggy Moran, featured in Universal's "Oh, Johnny How You 'Can Love,'" takes a cute little spill during her roller-skating.

Top: Phil Harris expressing elation over the news that he's to appear with Jack Benny in "Buck Benny Rides Again." Center: Speaking of Benny, here he is (wearing glasses) with his wife Mary and the Ray Millands at the swanky Hollywood premiere of "The Great Victor Herbert." Bottom: Smiling Pat O'Brien sits between his wife and Brian Donlevy at the same premiere.
Left: Spencer Tracy, with an unidentified companion, doing a bit of night-clubbing. Left center: Johnny Weismuller lends an ear as Rosalind Russell warbles a ditty at the Rudy Vallee opening at the Victor Hugo. Lower center: Richard Greene chatting and dancing with his girl friend, Virginia Field. Below: Loretta Young, obviously enjoying herself, with Cesar Romero, who's certainly the most popular man-about-town. Lower corner: Allan Jones and his lovely wife, Irene Hervey, at the Hollywood premiere of his new film, "The Great Victor Herbert."
If you don't believe so, then you must read the story of Ilona Massey, the screen's newest singing sensation, whose intelligence is just as much in evidence as her captivating blonde beauty.

By John R. Franchey

Ilona Massey was born in Budapest, Hungary, of humble parentage. Says she, "I wish I could tell you I'm the daughter of a Hungarian count or, at least, a baronet. But actually I'm a peasant." Below: A gay scene from "Balalaika" and Ilona in the garden of her Hollywood home. As yet, she's unmarried.
Brains Do Go Together!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer’s Ilona Massey is as natural as rain and just about as great a blessing.

In a profession where hocus-pocus and the grand manner are as taken-for-granted as Hollywood’s heavenly climate, the lady whose dramatic high-voltage did so much to make “Balalaika” fairly crackle, stands out like cynical Mr. Shakespeare’s “good deed in this naughty world.”

She loathes display, has a downright dislike for giving or receiving flattery, abominates gossip and insincerity, refuses to exhibit bad manners or lack of consideration and is bored with gadding about so’s to be seen.

What makes her resist going the way of all flesh (or Hollywood) is the fact that she remembers her unromantic and drab yesterdays when she wasn’t the object of such unabashed sighing and swooning as critics and fans are showing her today. Not only that. She also realizes that a celebrity’s perch is a precarious one and that all that distinguishes a star from a has-been is a lightning toboggan slide down the wrong side of the hill.

You see, Ilona Massey was cradled in poverty and shot skyward only because she had made up her mind that nothing short of the pinnacle would content her.

“I wish I could tell you—if it would make you happier—that I’m the daughter of a Hungarian count or, at least, a baronet. But actually I’m a peasant.”

It’s a fantastic story. Will you hear it? Budapest is the wrath of a wonder city which shakes its head and refuses to believe that yesterday was yesterday and that a World War has reduced a city of gaiety and beauty and music to a memory.

It was here that Ilona Hajmassy was born, the daughter of a humble citizen who had hardly more than time to watch his blond moppet make her first solo flight across the room before he was called to the colors to take part in a Putsch of the Austro-Hungarian empire against the Russian legions. He was captured and held a prisoner of war for three years.

He was a broken man when he returned and was sent to convalesce in a local sanitarium. Meanwhile, down from the North blew the icy winds. The Hajmassy’s, like helpless robins, shivered in their little flat and wondered about the morrow. Ilona’s older sister hit upon an idea. They would make dolls and sell them to a jobber. It sounded swell. Mrs. Hajmassy made the plaster torsos and sewed the miniature garments. Her two offspring stuffed the dolls and did the beauty work on the faces and hair.

The wolf was staved off. But in a photo finish.

Come spring and Ilona had become a demon with a needle. Not long afterward, Mrs. Hajmassy, back to the wall, apprenticed Ilona to a dressmaker. It was a drudge’s job and nothing more. Ilona, blithe and bouncing, tramped around town toting garments, chasing errands and stitching dummy get-ups.

It was a woeful existence for all hands.

“I could never forget those days,” she’ll tell you today, “I saw mother working twelve and thirteen hours a day. She never had any pleasures, nor did she have any recreation, [Continued on page 58]
Although a jolly good fellow in private life, Charles Laughton's screen specialty is villainy. He's convinced it serves as an object lesson of what not to do.

By William Lynch Vallee
There have been many arguments as to which of the Lane Sisters is the most beautiful. At the moment our vote goes to Rosemary, who gets prettier every day and is soon to be seen with her sister, Priscilla, in "Three Cheers For the Irish"—which the Lanes are!
"Little Old New York" undoubtedly will be another terrific box-office smash for Alice. Appearing with her in this colorful production are Richard Greene, Fred MacMurray and Brenda Joyce. A cast worthy of any production! And it's all in Technicolor.
ANN SOTHERN

Ever since Ann's return to the screen for M-G-M she's deservedly become one of the big current favorites. "Maisie" was so well received that Ann's completed a sequel called "Congo Maisie" which also should be top-notch entertainment for us all.
Although rather over-shadowed by Marlene Dietrich and Jimmy Stewart in "Destry Rides Again," nevertheless, Irene's loveliness was not to be denied. Irene's a grand bet, capable and deserving of better roles than the small ones she's getting.
One Day Soon
they’ll all be saying

"Let’s go see
‘The Fighting 69th’"

Let’s see ‘The Fighting 69th’! Because if ever a movie moved this is the one! There’ve been exciting films before—but not this kind of excitement! You’ve laughed loudly and long in the theatre before, but never louder nor longer than this time. And there will be a teardrop too... but the kind of tears that bring cheers when it’s over!

Let’s see ‘The Fighting 69th’ and see grand screen stars like Jimmy ★ Cagney and Pat ★ O’Brien and George ★ Brent give to their parts from their hearts; for of all the roles they’ve portrayed, of these they’ll be proudest ever!

Let’s see ‘The Fighting 69th’ because ‘The Fighting 69th’ brings you history’s heroes—the story of their glory, which, once seen, no girl can help but cherish.

James Cagney • Pat O’Brien • George Brent
in ‘The Fighting 69th’

with
Jeffrey Lynn • Alan Hale • Frank McHugh
Dennis Morgan • Dick Foran
William Lundigan • Guinn “Big Boy” Williams
Henry O’Neill • John Litel
Directed by William Keighley

Original Screen Play by Norman Reilly Raine, Fred Niblo, Jr., and Dean Franklin • A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

A new Warner Bros. success
We've paid tribute to Shirley Temple before on this honor page, but once again, because of her performance in "The Blue Bird," she is more than deserving of it. Being honored is nothing new for Shirley, having been acclaimed over and over throughout the world. Yet, with all the glory, she still remains a lovely little girl who likes to play jacks. In growing up she has lost none of her sweetness or naturalness and never played a role more convincingly than she does throughout "The Blue Bird."

Leona Roberts with Shirley Temple in a scene from "The Blue Bird," a Twentieth Century-Fox Picture.
IN MAKING "Virginia City," it was necessary for Warners to send the cast "on location" to Arizona's famous Painted Desert, and its Hopi Indian Reservation. Errol Flynn, Randolph Scott, Humphrey Bogart and the rest of the players were tremendously thrilled by it all, though it meant roughing it. Above: Director Michael Curtiz describes how he wants a certain scene played between Errol Flynn and Humphrey Bogart. Right: Big Boy Williams uses the glass plate in a camera as a shaving mirror. Lower right: Make-up Artist Ward Hamilton gives Errol Flynn a dirty neck. Extreme lower right: Alan Hale, Errol and Big Boy Williams show no concern for superstition!

Above: Humphrey Bogart's wife, Mayo Methot, visits with her husband during the location trip. Right: One night Errol Flynn was guest of honor at Arizona State Teachers' College ball and selected, crowned and danced with their queen, Alice Moore. Below: Randy Scott chats with Errol while awaiting a scene.

"On Location" with Errol Flynn

Errol, who loves the great open spaces, felt the making of the desert scenes for "Virginia City" was a vacation!
NOTHING is more hidden in Hollywood than a movie star's bad blunders.

For a very specific reason, too. You, their dear public, might be disillusioned! And if you are no longer an admirer, another idol's profitable box-office draw goes prematurely boom and the studio has to start making one more little one into a big one.

But don't the big shots of the screen world ever stumble? Haven't they ever been guilty of committing foolish errors? You bet! Sometimes they've behaved downright stupidly. And then they've found themselves in a situation you wouldn't envy. Consequences keep bobbing up to haunt them. They may try to laugh it off, but when they were on the spot they determined to conduct themselves differently thereafter.

But you seldom learn of a star's lapses because, according to the tradition, Hollywood people must be carefully glamorized so you'll conclude they have never slipped and done the wrong thing.
We all make mistakes from time to time and screen stars are no exceptions as you can see from some of the inexcusable things they've done and for which they are now terribly sorry.

This is the kind of news only completely honest and courageous players want printed far and wide and not too many picture names come under this category.

Still I think it's a person's mistakes, no matter who or where he is, and how he manages to maneuver out of the unfavorable pickle, that gives you the truly real idea of what he's like. Press agents have to protect; pals, naturally, are loyally defensive. Actual facts, however, do speak loudest and they needn't be misconstrued.

To jump right into some surprising actual facts, did you know that Clark Gable wasn't always the way he is to-day? Perhaps you supposed everything about his past had been brought to light by now. But no. What's been unmentioned is that he was Conceited Actor Number One. He had such a swollen opinion of himself, put on such an act, that he was a thorough pain!

And it's a pretty safe bet you haven't read reams about the unforgivable manner in which Mickey Rooney snubbed Wally Beery. There's the closed chapter in Madeleine Carroll's life; it concerns the days when she was on the direct road to failure, definitely, because she was busily copying Marlene Dietrich's tricks. Any girl who has chased a man, and has had to cover up her interest when he didn't reciprocate in the same degree can appreciate the predicament the otherwise smart Sonja Henie walked smack into. Lana Turner, unintentionally, talked too freely at her second interview and she's going to remember that always.

Ray Milland didn't hesitate to break up his marriage, like a spoiled child, when he encountered job trouble. Joan Blondell has an every-day fault which she hasn't conquered yet, though it nearly ruined her chance to get to Hollywood.

Irene Dunne, the spirit of graciousness, let her temper go at a hairdresser's swank establishment; she little realized how her voice was carrying and how her impatience had threatened her legend. Margaret Lindsay, on the other hand, hurt her career by being too much of a lady.

The astonishing story of Clark Gable's almost disastrous case of swelled-head-ness is not mere gossip. For it came to me straight from Clark's own lips. Since he has the reputation of being the most regular star in all of Hollywood, I couldn't have been more amazed. I have never heard anyone refer to Gable except with genuine liking—fellow stars, who could easily be jealous, to the lowest workers, who have to grin and bear many a delusion of grandeur. So when Clark, one recent afternoon in his dressing-room at M-G-M, said, "Sure, I've made most of the mistakes in the book, but the worst one was when I figured I was the greatest guy who ever lived!" I was all attention.

He smiled from ear to ear, in that characteristic way of his, leaned back in the comfortable chair he's partial to, and continued frankly, "There's nothing worse than a rank egotist, the bird who presumes he knows it all. I know—for I was Exhibit A! It got so they ducked when they saw me coming. Seriously, it was 'Here comes that ham again—let's scram!'"

"You see, I'd finally stepped into the leading man's shoes in a stock company in Texas. I'd been on the ragged edge so long that when I clicked with the customers out front I felt I was the long-awaited answer to everybody's prayers. I became the magnificent gesture. I pulled all the personality plugs out at once. They clapped, they thought I was exciting. Believe it or not, so did I—in short order! I was ready to take on New York at the end of that season. Mr. Gable, the McCoy hot stuff from Texas and parts West, landed a lead in a Broadway play which was a hit. That was all I needed to make an ass of myself. I was wonderful, from any angle, and I conducted myself accordingly. You can get away with that for awhile. Then comes the awakening."

[Continued on page 66]
IN HOLLYWOOD these nights, along with your squab stuffed with wild rice, you get a generous helping of Norma Shearer and George Raft. Why, there hasn't been so much excited chit-chat under the silver candelabras with the no drip candles since the good old days when stars became red in the face and screamed at each other like hardans over who-will-play-Scarlett.

Whether Norma Shearer will marry George Raft or not is nobody's business, really. No one should be even vaguely concerned, except Norma Shearer and George Raft. But that isn't the way we do things in Hollywood. I should say not!

We're just one big happy family, loving as the day is long (the next time I see Miriam Hopkins I'm going to paste her one right in the pass), and intensely interested in each other's private affairs, especially those affairs which involve le cœur. And if we can give each other a good going over at the dinner table, don't think we won't. It's the small town in us.

The consensus of opinion (I haven't a Gallup poll, but I do all right) seems to be that Norma Shearer will not marry George Raft, this month or any month. Of course, there were a few Individualists who said "oh yes she would, lucky girl," and a couple of Communists who said George wouldn't marry an aristocrat—they were hopelessly confusing Norma with Marie Antionette, which is a pity. I didn't say anything and I didn't get invited back.

As far as I can gather from dinner table talk it all works down to being a matter of tradition. Norma Shearer has long been acknowledged not only "the first lady of the screen," but also "the first lady of Hollywood." They say that Norma is very proud of being "a first lady" and wouldn't jeopardize her position in any way. Marriage to George Raft, a former hoofer, would definitely be a
jeopardy, as they quaintly call it.

They say that Norma is "society," and belongs to that exclusive little group presided over by producers' wives, a group that many a social climbing star has tried in vain to crash. George Raft is not "society" (what a dreary word, but you'd be surprised how important it is in Hollywood), and he doesn't know any producers' wives, in fact he doesn't meet the producers themselves except when he storms in to their offices to tell them what they can do with their lousy pictures.

They say that Norma likes a bit of swank, you know, finger bowls, white tie and tails, long dull dinners with visiting English playwrights. But good old George likes his steak and French tried at the Brown Derby, without any fuss or bother. And they say that Shearer is Shearer, and Raft is Raft, and the twain might meet, but they'll never marry. In fact "they" can't figure out how Norma and George even met.

Well, now that I've told you, in a nutshell, what "they" (you know, those Hollywood people picking Shearer's bowes along with the squab's) say, I might as well tell you what Norma and George say. Which isn't much. And extremely cautious. Norma and George prefer to call their romance friendship. ("Friendship" is a pain in the neck to us fan writers. How often, oh, how often, have we been handed: "We are only friends, really," and the next day Miss Tootsie-pie and her boy friend elope to Yuma.) Anyway, Norma has told the Press, when cornered into having to tell them something, "I met Mr. Raft casually in Hollywood. I know of no one who has nicer manners. I admire Mr. Raft for his spirit of humility."

And George has told the Press, under duress to be sure, "Miss Shearer and I are just good friends."

Well, I have told you what Hollywood is saying, which is too much, and I've told you what George and Norma are saying, which is too little, and now I'll tell you what I am saying. And after a little scene I witnessed the other night I think I have plenty to say.

Me—I'm not easily taken in by Hollywood romances. I know too much about them. It's generally pour la publicité (Remember Mary Boland in "The Women") But one night, not long ago, I was seeing a friend off to New York on the Chief at Pasadena. Claudette Colbert was there, and Gregory Ratoff, and the fans were crowding around for autographs, so I sort of strolled away looking for the lily cups and water fountain. I ran right smack into Norma Shearer giving George Raft a fond farewell, and fond, too. They didn't see me and I didn't think it exactly the right moment to ask them if they were enjoying their beautiful friendship. George was leaving on the Chief for a personal appearance at Cleveland, and then on to New York for a few days, and Norma looked as if she

[Continued on page 72]
THE Irish women, connoisseurs always have said, are the most beautiful women in the world. They always add firmly "bar none."

Never having visited Ireland to check the connoisseurs (my sex being what it is, I'd probably be looking for Erol Flynn, if I did go) and having a second generation dash of Irish blood myself, I've never contradicted, nor even argued the point. Maureen O'Sullivan always stopped me, anyway, whenever I felt like protesting a bit in favor of a Swedish miss, i.e., Miss Garbo or Miss Ingrid Bergman; whenever I had a mind to mention an Austrian killer-diller like Hedy Lamarr; a French savoury like Danielle Darrieux; an English beaut' like Madeleine Carroll; or one of our own Rosebud Garden of Girls, Virginia Bruce, say, or Loretta Young. For Maureen O'Sullivan, far lovelier off the screen than she is on, is as shiningly beautiful as a bit of Irish Lake dropped from Heaven.

I'm glad, now, that I never did contradict the pedants of pulchritude. For I hadn't seen nothin' yet. I hadn't seen Maureen O'Hara. And not until Ireland sent us this one of her indescribable daughters did the term "bar none" take on meaning and fact. For bar none, Maureen O'Hara is the most beautiful thing in female form these beauty-blinded eyes have ever seen. And when you earn your daily bread, as I do, looking upon the Dietrichs, Masseys, Lamarrs and other divinities, you do become sort of jaded, if you know what I mean. You sort of welcome a Kate Smith, a Patsy Kelly, an Edna May Oliver—plain girls and women who permit you to take off your blinkers.

It really takes something to make you break out in a rash of adjectives, superlatives and exclamation points, living the life I live. Well, I've broken out! For you can bar all the extravagant beauties I have mentioned, and throw in one or two of your own, and you'll still be lagging along in an effort to describe the beauty of the nineteen-year-old Laughton protege, Maureen O'Hara.

Leopardine is the adjective that first occurred to me as I watched Maureen. I don't think there is any such adjective. Or rather, there wasn't, but there is now. For Maureen has tawny, golden-tawny hair which springs from her head, luxurious, like a mane. Maureen has golden, tawny golden eyes. I've read about tawny eyes and golden eyes, in books. I've never actually seen them before until I saw Maureen's. She has a golden skin, strong white teeth, a carved and chiseled mouth.

All I can say is, it's just as well for coherence that a woman is trying to write this story of Maureen because if a man attempted the description he would be bogged down, his blood pressure up to 250, his temperature flitting with the delirium point.

No wonder, I was to think, when Maureen told me the story of her life, no wonder she has always got what she wanted, when and how and as she wanted it. No wonder gods and men stand by, with nothing better to do than cater to the will and wishes, the ambitions and dreams and desire of the young O'Hara. For there isn't a mortal man, worthy the name of man, I'd wager, who wouldn't rip the moon out of a stormy sky for Maureen. There isn't a woman who wouldn't step aside for Maureen, if she knew what was good for her. No wonder Charles Laughton didn't waste any time signing her to a contract, once his eyes beheld her. No wonder Hollywood isn't wasting any time. No wonder an ace director said to her: "After The Hunchback of Notre Dame is released all Hollywood will be talking about you, after you've made Bill of Divorcement, all the world will be talking about you!"

In three words: She is beautiful.

"... banshees," Maureen was saying. "I believe in banshees, of course I do. I've heard them. I should say I've heard her. For there is only one banshee, you know. And do you know the definition of the word banshee?"

I said that I did not. I did not even know how-come she had got started talking about banshees, of all unlikely topics. She must have got around to it while I was lost in contemplation of the tawny,
golden eyes and matching hair... nor was I to discover that the beauty which is more than Helen's has a spiritual side, too?

"Ban," Maureen was enlightening me, "means 'woman.' And 'shee' means 'fairy.' So, a fairy woman is the literal definition of a banshee. She is white in appearance and with very long hair. You hear her scream when there is to be a death in the family. One Christmas, it was, when I first heard her scream.

"Now, everybody spends Christmas at our house, outside of Dublin. It is the meeting place of the clans, our home. On this Christmas night there were fifteen of us in the house, mommie and daddy, us six children, my grandmother and several aunts and uncles. I was upstairs just going to bed when I heard this most blood-chilling, loud, frightful scream which no mortal ears could help but hear if it had been mortal itself.

"An instant later, my dad rushed up the stairs and into my room. My sister and I were just getting into our beds. He said, 'Did you hear that, now?' And I said, 'Yes, I did,' and my sister said, 'No, I heard nothing.' Then we knew, for sure, what our frozen blood had already told us. Then we knew it was the banshee. For [Continued on page 70]

Maureen O'Hara's natural beauty is unequalled in Hollywood. She is to be starred in a re-make of RKO's "Bill of Divorcement." Below: Taking it easy on the huge set of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," her first American picture.

Already all of Hollywood is acclaiming the beauty and talent of Maureen O'Hara, who's name is destined to be famous all over the world

By
Gladys Hall
GLAMOUR, like the Graf-Spee, was scuttled in the closing months of 1939.

From the cinematic days of Theda Bara up to the last days of 1939, the motion picture conceived and projected Glamour along lines that were fairly stereotyped, and which had two speeds. In first speed, the glamour girl slunk across the screen as a slinky addition to an all-star cast. In second speed, the glamour girl became an ethereal, wraith-like person who was detected moving up and down winding staircases casting glances full of meaning at the male members of the cast.

The projection of glamour reached such a stage, about 1937, that the process of photographing a glamour girl became a highly-specialized industry. To get the proper effects, the cameramen diffused the lighting and used "scrims" and silks and other hocus-focus so that the heroine's soft features became almost gelatinous. So removed from contact with the common herd were the glamour girls that M-G-M actually built advertising campaigns around such a phrase as "Garbo TALKS." Now it has been established rather conclusively that the mere act of talking less or more routine, but so well had the glamour girls been ballyhooed that such an advertising campaign actually got results, and very ordinary actresses were so well exploited that the industry and the world stood in awe of them.

Had this conception of glamour endured, by this time an amazed world would have been regarding billboards that read: "GARBO EATS," — "GARBO BREATHE." But just as the bottom fell out of the stock market in 1929, the bottom fell out of the glamour market in 1939. With a world crisis at hand and the country more engrossed in "Grapes of Wrath" than in the memoirs of Sally Smirk, there developed suddenly the most profound and complete don't-give-a-damn about glamour and glamour girls that this industry ever experienced. All of a sud-

Above: Marlene Dietrich as "The Blonde Venus," when glamour really counted. Right: Marlene in "The Devil Is a Woman." Below: Greta Garbo decidedly let her hair down in "Ninotchka" and gave her best performance.
Down Its Hair

Den, and apparently overnight, movie fans at large didn't give a whoop whether Garbo talked or forever stayed mute. This is not an academic conclusion, but a fact revealed by diminishing box-office receipts. On another front, the public apathy toward glamour was indicated by the inability of Marlene Dietrich to get a job in any picture studio.

This was a fine how-de-do to the movie makers. A staple product no longer was wanted by John Public, which finally had come of age and was more interested in pop-eyed Bette Davis, who could act, than in girls who struck beautifully sexy poses.

The movies have survived disasters such as this because in a pinch the studio bosses and their laborers know that if the public suddenly loses a taste for strawberries and cream, the economic solution may be to serve strawberries without cream. So the movie producers, seeing that the bottom had been ripped out of the glamour market, determined that the alternative sales policy was to make the glamour kiddies let down their hair and romp. It was the success of this right-about-face that prompts this article.

Consider the [Continued on page 68]

Marlene Dietrich, Greta Garbo and other queens of allure have found that the old order has changed and what was once considered overwhelmingly intriguing, no longer seems to appeal

By
Ed Sullivan

Above: Marlene would like to get another script like "Destry Rides Again." Left: The gay Marlene who laughed at glamour in "Destry." Below: Garbo as the overly exotic "Mata Hari," famous spy during the World War.
Mary Martin left Hollywood for success on Broadway and then was besieged to return to Hollywood for greater success. Left: As Mary appears in Paramount's melodious operetta, "The Great Victor Herbert."

Mother Knew Best!

If it hadn't been for her mother, Mary Martin would probably be baking bread and teaching the Texas tiny tikes the buck and wing. But Ma Martin had vision and a little yen to see beyond the horizon of Weatherford (inhabitants 500) and a big yen to see her Mary famous. She knew her beautiful baby had something—as did the picture producers later on—but just what or where it lay lurking, Mother didn't take time out to ponder, for, as you've probably already gathered, Mrs. E. M. is a "woman of action."

Even when it seemed to Judge Martin that his favorite daughter was well established with her dancing school, it was Mother who conpired with Mary to make a trip to Hollywood each summer. Then later, it was these same two who talked Mary's father into letting her remain in the film capital for at least two months, in which time they felt sure she'd land a big job.

"I was pretty well satisfied with my dancing school at first," Mary explained, as we marveled at her close resemblance to Claudette Colbert. "I guess the thing that intrigued me was to make a success of it—or anything—in a town like Weatherford. You see, it's a small place and a
Instead of being a screen star, sprightly Mary Martin might still be a small town dancing teacher in Texas, if it hadn't been for her mother's advice

By Robert McIlwaine

church-going one. They don't hold with too much frivolity. So, after beginning with a few small children, I was more than pleased to enroll some of the adult members of the community. The school actually flourished. In fact, I had three branches established when Mother suggested I give it up for a career in the theatre. However, if we'd known the struggle ahead I'm sure I'd be right in Weatherford now coun't: One, two, three, kick!"

But, she's not and that's what makes her story a good one. It was this same home of Mary Martin's that played host to the premiere of her first cinematic vehicle, The Great Victor Herbert. A town, Mary says, where the "four hundred" are really only five hundred—which is the seating capacity of the local theatre! But listen to Mary's account of the way things stacked up.

"Anyway," she began, flashing a smile, "when Mother and I persuaded Pop to let me have a crack at pictures, a friend and I drove to Hollywood and pitched tent. Then I began job sleuthing, and was I a mean Sherlock! Why, there wasn't a casting director on the coast who was safe from me. In fact, I was often tested after breakfast, rejected by lunch and completely forgotten by dinner! Every studio in the gold-derided town felt I was a prospect. But evidently they weren't prospecting that season.

"Somehow, I wasn't discouraged though," Mary explained seriously. "For each day would bring a promise of something in the near future. And each week I'd write home saying, 'Next week I'll have a good job lined up so you won't have to send me any more money.' This went on for months, until Mother finally came out to see just what was going on. She arrived to find practically nothing was happening. It was then she decided that maybe, after all, it would be all right for me to sing in one of the hotel bars. Before this, she'd cast her eyes heavenward, secretly thinking anyone doing this was going to the dogs—but fast! Well, I began in the Roosevelt Cine Grill and, after my opening night, Mother packed up and headed for home. If I was going to rack and ruin, she wasn't going to stick around and watch it."

Laughing as she reminisced, Mary paused to explain that we shouldn't underestimate Mom. For this sagacious lady had seen the manager before departing. Indeed, they had a perfect understanding, it later developed.

"Each time I sang the manager stood nearby with his arms folded and watched me. Gee, at first I thought the guy was protecting the patrons from me! I wasn't permitted to sit at any of the tables or drink with the guests. It suited me personally, but it did irk the star performer in me that I wasn't given the chance to refuse. Well, later on I found that it was Mother's idea—not his!"

Mary's next payin' assignment was arranged with Mother away off in Texas. Here she didn't fare so well and frankly admits that she was bored stiff having to sit with the cash customers and appear gay and sparkling-eyed far into the night. For it seems the Club Casanova operated while gentle folk slept. An all-night jamb, as it were. Anyway, Mary thought she was doin' okay till one Christmas eve, while waiting for the late show.

"I was sitting in my dressing-room and got to thinking of Christmas away from home. It was my first experience and I was frankly homesick," Mary confessed with a grin. "On the spur of the moment I decided to shoot the works and phone home. Mother answered. 'Mary,' she said, 'what in the world are you doing up at this hour?' Before I thought I'd told her I was waiting to go on in the last show. She exploded, 'It's seven o'clock here and five there, and, you're still working? Where?' I told her and—that was all! She hung up the receiver with one hand and reached for her hat with the other. Mom collected a pal, hopped in the car and drove all night! 'California or bust' was her slogan. You can bet she yanked me out of that club and put me back into 'society'—looking for a job!"

What Mary didn't say was that Mother is a grand gal, of the gay May Robson school and was nabbed for speeding by the law, en route. She didn't mind the experience a bit; in fact, thought it was fun. Why, even the officer who made the pinch seemed that friendly! And, too, they had a darn pleasant chat and broke the monotony of the long drive.

Anyway, shortly after Ma's arrival, Mary was back pounding the pavement and chanced upon her voice teacher from her school days. It was this gentleman who advised Mary to study seriously for six months before looking for another job. After talking it over, her Mother suggested they tack Pop. He was shown the light and agreed it might be a good idea. He'd at least have Mary settled and his wife at home for the next half year, so the deal was on.

Her next [Continued on page 73]
The Girl Who Looked Like A Star

It actually happened in Hollywood, this private-life story of a girl who learned to her sorrow that it is fatal to resemble another already a star —yet it brought her happiness

By
Elizabeth Benneche Peterson

On the set, she made him run errands for her and hold her make-up box while she lingered over the sacred ritual of touching up that lovely face.

Something happened to Jack then. An expression, almost of disgust, came into his eyes.

"Right then and there I saw that Glenda resembled Lyda, but really was the things she looked, honest and brave and tender, just as Lyda, who looked those things, too, wasn't . . ."

It's a long drive from Encino to Hollywood when the car that's taking you is a few thousand miles or so the worse for wear, and you've got to go slow because the rear tires are apt to pop any minute. But it's worth it when it's a gala Hollywood evening that's waiting at the other end.

We could have managed the new tires if it hadn't been that our first wedding anniversary had coincided with the collapse of the old ones and Ken, that's the man I married, thinks an orchid corsage and a dinner at the Victor Hugo are a more fitting commemoration of the first milestone than a couple of rubber hoops for the car.

And I'll have to admit that I didn't lay a straw in his path. It was like old home week walking into the Victor Hugo and seeing everybody again. There were Joan and Dick Powell grinning over something one of them had just said, and looking like a couple of kids off on their first date instead of an old married couple of three years standing, and there were Priscilla Lane and Oren Haglund pretending not to see all the curious. "I wonder if they're married or not" glances flung in their direction, and Loretta Young and Jimmy Stewart so engrossed in each other that it was enough to make anyone believe in Hollywood rumors.

"Do you miss it terribly?" Ken asked, a little guiltily I thought since he was the one who had taken me away from it all.

I laughed and shook my head. But I couldn't tell him how nostalgic it was, like hearing an old song heavy with memory or going back on a visit to the home town or coming into a room where a lot of pleasant things have happened after being away from it a long time.

For I saw Glenda Olcutt and I thought of the story I had stumbled on once and how I had hated to let it go unwritten. But there hadn't been any choice. Not with a sweet kid like Glenda sobbing out her heart to me.

It was funny how I first met Glenda. It wasn't long after "It Happened One Night" had made every studio in Hollywood wish it could happen to them, too, and everybody out here thought they'd only have to board a bus to ride high
with adventure. Everybody was taking bus trips those days and so, of course, copy cat that I am, I had to take one, too.

I took one coming from New York, fifty miles or so from Hollywood, and the first person I saw when I chambered aboard was Lyda Crane. That's not her name, of course. I'm choosing it because it's the one name I can think of that is most unlike her own.

It didn't surprise me to see her there. Of course, Lyda would be snatching at anything that smacked of adventure. She is the greediest human being I know. She's greedy for money and fame and possessions and love, or rather the emotion that passes for love with her. All of which adds up to the fact that she's greedy for life and I don't think she would stop at anything to make it more complete.

So if a bus trip had given Claudette Colbert a bang up screen romance with Clark Gable, what couldn't it give Lyda in the way of a real adventure?

She had dressed for the part, too. I've often thought the main reason for her sensational success is the attention she gives to details. So here she was in a shabby little suit and a hat that couldn't have cost more than two-ninety-eight in any bargain basement and a suede bag that had begun to rub off in patches. But, and this was funny, she hadn't bothered to disguise her appearance at all. Her hair was fixed the way she always wore it and if she had changed her makeup at all it was only to make her look more the way she did on the screen than she usually does away from it. That was like her. I thought, unwilling to give up her identity for anything, even an adventure.

I took the empty seat beside her.

"Caught in the act, Lyda," I laughed. "You might as well admit what you're up to, my gal."

She looked as if she were going to hug me.

Oh, do you see it, too?" she asked exuberantly. "Do you think I look like Lyda Crane? I'm so crazy about her and everybody tells me I'm her image. That's the reason I'm going to Hollywood."

It wasn't an act. The girl was not Lyda. She was Glenda Olcott.

"It'll make it easier for me looking like her, won't it?" she went on excitedly. "You know, I almost feel she's my sister. Oh, I try so hard to be like her in every way. She's so wonderful, isn't she? I suppose you know her very well."

I couldn't tell the kid what I really thought of Lyda so I let that go. But I couldn't let the other thing go. I couldn't let her go on thinking she had Hollywood clutched in her hand because of her resemblance to one of its most glittering stars.

"Listen," I said, feeling as if I were murdering Santa Claus, "you do look like Lyda Crane and that's the worst thing that could have happened to you if it's a screen career you're after. There are girls who look like Garbo and Joan Crawford and Carole Lombard working behind soda fountains and waiting on tables here in Hollywood but you won't find any of them in the studios. The front office doesn't want them and the stars don't want them and the fans don't and that makes it unanimous. The best thing you can do is to hop the first bus going home and stay there."

But Glenda only shook her head. [Continued on page 76]
GONE WITH THE WIND
THE SENSATION OF THE YEAR—Selznick-International

WELL, here it is at last, the long awaited “Gone With the Wind.” And, thank heavens, you can’t possibly find fault with it. It really is the most wonderful, magnificent, and truly marvelous picture that you can ever hope to see—why it fairly takes your breath away it’s so good. And no sourpuss can say that Hollywood messed up Margaret Mitchell’s superb novel of the Old South because the picture is Margaret Mitchell’s book right down to the last comma. The film runs about four hours long, and is divided into two parts, with a brief intermission so you can stretch your legs, but even with all that footage you hate to see the end. Judging from the number of books that have been sold since it was first published everybody has read “Gone With the Wind,” so there is no point in even mentioning the story here. The attractive and English Vivien Leigh, as everybody also knows, won out in the heated who-will-play-Scarlett contest, and gave a flawless performance of the conniving, selfish, rebellious, loving, hard-hearted Scarlett which is Margaret Mitchell’s heroine to the life. Clark Gable, the people’s choice for Rhett Butler, also gives a performance that is nothing short of brilliant. We who drool over Gable, will drool more than ever after seeing his Rhett Butler. A third magnificent per-

Left: Vivien Leigh as Scarlett O’Hara and Hattie McDaniel as her mammy in “Gone With The Wind,” just about the best film ever produced. Below: Olivia de Havilland about to plant a kiss on David Niven’s lips in “Raffles.” But look—

formance is given by Olivia de Havilland as the gentle and long suffering Melanie—in fact, there are those who will insist that Olivia steals the picture. Fourth in fine performances in the picture, in our opinion, is that of Hattie McDaniel as Scarlett's Mammy. Raves should go to everyone in the cast—you have to be awfully fussy or pick flaws—with some kind of extra special raves to Oma Munson as Belle Watling, Leslie Howard as Ashley Wilkes, Laura Hope Crews as Aunt Pitty Pat, Harry Davenport as Dr. Meade, Butterfly McQueen as Prissy, Thomas Mitchell as Gerald O'Hara and Barbara O'Neill as Scarlett's mother. The Technicolor is better than Technicolor has ever been before. David Selznick, the producer, and Victor Fleming, the director, can well afford to take bows.

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME

SPECTACULAR PAGEANT—RKO

VERY much on the heavy side is this re-make of Victor Hugo's immortal classic. If you like majesty, immensity, and Old World pageantry this will be right down your alley, for it is spectacular to the nth degree. Mainly, it is the story, as you know, of the deformed bell ringer of Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris in the Medieval Ages. Of the strange tenderness that comes into his life when a gipsy girl gives him water after a public flogging, and how later he saves her from being hanged as a witch. If it was only as simple as that. Charles Laughton appears in his muchly publicized make-up and is quite the most grotesquely horrible thing that you ever laid your eyes on. People who don't like Charles Laughton will have a wonderful time not liking him in this role of Quasimodo. The bright spot of the picture is beautiful Maureen O'Hara's interpretation of Esmeralda, the gipsy girl. Maureen, fresh from Ireland, makes her Hollywood debut in this picture, and proves herself as fine an actress as Mr. Laughton said she was. Harry Davenport plays the king, Sir Cedric Hardwicke the king's high justice, Walter Hampden the archbishop, Edmond O'Brien the poet Gringoire, Alan Marshall, Captain Phoebus; Thomas Mitchell the king of the beggars, and Minna Gombell his queen.

[Continued on page 75]

Above: Don Ameche and Andrea Leeds in the tuneful production of "Swanee River" which also boasts of Al Jolson. Right: Leon Errol, Lupe Velez and Earl Hodgins in "Mexican Spitfire," which is slapstick in the most enjoyable manner.

Below: Darned if David didn't up and plant a kiss on Olivia's lips instead. Olivia is also one of the big hits in "Gone With The Wind." Right: Charlie McCarthy does a bit of snooping on Edgar Bergen and Constance Moore in the film "Charlie McCarthy, Detective."
"Spring Will Come Again"

Inspired by The South American Way, Joan is all ready to go into a rhumba or something in this brilliant flowered silk evening gown showing a bare midriff. The abbreviated shirred bodice is of ivory mousseline de soie bordered with the exotic print that fashions the full shirred skirt. Her ornate necklace, bracelets and earrings add a gay note, as does the sleek red silk headband with its twisted, jeweled knot. In the classical Grecian mode is the black crepe dinner dress modeled by Joan above. The black cord girdle is finished with gold tassels to correspond with her distinctive gold novelty necklace. Long sleeves make this suitable for many gay, but informal occasions.
When Noel Coward wrote this lovely song for his operetta "Bitter Sweet" he must have had someone like Joan Bennett in mind. For she looks as young and fresh as the spring in these costumes designed for her in her new film, "House Across The Bay."

Although the month of March actually heralds in the Spring, cold weather sometimes has a habit of sticking around with us a while longer making "what to wear" a problem. Joan Bennett's in-between-seasons wardrobe (shown on these and the following two pages) should help solve it for us, though. For street wear she has chosen the type of tailored suits that, in a cold pinch, could be worn under loose fur coats, and, for evening, one long-sleeved dinner gown that is as practical as it is chic.

For that quiet hour or two before dressing for dinner, or for just relaxing for the evening, it is nice to have a graceful housecoat like this one designed for Joan. It is of soft white flannel and is worn with a canary yellow chiffon scarf. An interesting addition is the yellow suede make-up kit which snaps onto the belt. Handy when unexpected visitors arrive.

Some boudoir ensembles are so entrancing these days they are often mistaken for evening gowns and (at right) Joan is wearing one of them. The nightie is of nude colored crepe lavishly lace trimmed and over it is fastened an exquisitely cut negligee of white marquisette.
(Left) For the first really warm days this two-toned suit of Joan Bennett's is ideal. The skirt is black wool cut with only a slight flare and is topped with a short, fitted jacket of mustard colored wool piped in black. It is collarless and worn with a black wool scarf. Her draped turban is of mustard wool and her gloves, shoes and handbag are black suede.

(Right) Tailored house pajamas of wool are a "must" when the calendar says it is Spring but the cold winds of March still blow through the house. Joan's are the very last word in trim smartness. The trousers are cyclamen and also the scarf, while the jacket is yellow, monogrammed in cyclamen, two colors which contrast beautifully with Joan's interesting new coiffure. They say she's brunette for keeps, now.
Recalling the frock-tail coats of several years back is this rose beige wool that is dressy enough for swank luncheons or cocktail parties. The cutaway has one button and is piped in beige velveteen and worn with a beige crepe crisscross vest. A veiled velveteen hat with a variation of the snood and brown suede accessories complete this very stunning outfit.

This kelly green suit is excellent for traveling or just for taking a walk down the avenue. Made of wool, it sports a jacket with wide revers and a white blouse embroidered in a strawberry design of red and green. An off-the-face green crepe turban, so becoming to Joan's type of beauty, and brown suede accessories make this costume an eye-catching one.
By Dick Mook

Off-the-record facts and chats about important films you'll soon be seeing

With Christmas once more behind us (Allah be praised!) the big noise in town this month is at—

Universal

The cheers and buzzahs out here are over the W. C. Fields-Mae West picture, whimsically titled "My Little Chickadee." The plot is rather far-fetched and doesn't make much sense, but who wants sense when they can have these two stars? Me? All I expect from them is laughs and I've never seen a picture of either of them has made that hasn't had laughs galore.

The time is 1885. Mae and Fields are married, but it is the town boss and crook (Joseph Calleia) who has caught Mae's errant fancy. Calleia has had Fields made sheriff and is tossing a banquet in his (Bill's) honor. But, alackaday! Joe sits at the head of the table with Mae beside him while far down at the other end of the room, his back against the wall (the closet wall, I might add, for the door to the closet has been opened to make room for his chair) sits Bill—the guest of honor.

Calleia is on his feet. "Ladies and gentlemen," he begins, "I am not going to make a speech. In fact, we are not going to have any speeches tonight. We're just going to have a good time and enjoy it. I give you our new sheriff and his lovely lady—Sheriff and Mrs. Tillie." He bows—but not to Bill. His gallantry is for Mae.

The scene finished, Mae retires to her dressing room—Bill to his chair. Eddie Cline, the director, is buzzing around when Mr. Fields hails him. "Yesterday," W. C. complains solemnly, "I noticed one of the girls on the set with six strands of hair hanging down one side of her face. Today there are only five, even though it's the same scene. The close-ups won't match with the long shots and you'd better do something about it." He dismisses Mr. Cline with a vague wave of his hand and turns to an Indian in full

Top: Joseph Calleia and W. C. Fields drink a toast to Mae West in a scene from "My Little Chickadee" which Dick Mook describes. Above: Walter Brennan, Gary Cooper and players in a scene from "The Westerner." Gary is one film star who always has time for friendly words between scenes.
regalia. He is so absorbed in the Indian he doesn’t see me and I resent it. So I begin making inquiries about the Indian. It turns out he is not an Indian at all, but George Moran, formerly of Moran & Mack, “The Two Black Crows.” Time sure works changes.

The other picture on this lot is called “Oh, Johnny. How You Can Love” and its title is taken from the song “Oh, Johnny Oh, Johnny, Oh!” The studio thinks this is a swell title, but I don’t because by the time it gets to a theatre as half of a double bill it will appear on the marquee as “Oh, Johnny, HVCL,” but that’s their little red wagon.

In this opus you’ll get thrills and chills galore plus Tom Brown, Allen Jenkins, Juanita Quigley, Donald Meek, Isabel Jewell, Betty Jane Rhodes AND Peggy Moran who revived the popularity of the title song.

For the first time in many a moon there is only one picture going at this studio about which I haven’t already told you. That one is “And It All Came True,” which is [Continued on page 78]
I F YOU are worried about your dinner parties not being a success, don't bother to call up Elsa Maxwell. All you have to do is to be able to share either Fannie Brice or Gracie Allen with her George, and your guests will laugh themselves silly right through their soup, their leg of lamb, and into their coffee. Never have you heard such wonderful stories as Fannie Brice and George Burns can tell, and by the hour. Gracie doesn't tell so many stories, but she is very able to give her Georgie Porgie when she thinks that he might be "going a little too far" are enough to throw you into convulsions.

Joan Davis is probably the only gal in Hollywood who prefers going to sleep counting goldfish. Literally. She's very fond of watching them, so when her husband, Si Wills, added a new bedroom and sunroom to the house he had a glass wall built between the rooms with a five foot aquarium there. Joan can watch and count them as she lies abed.

Joan is very proud of a beautiful hand-hooked rag rug she purchased for the new bedroom, and when six-year-old daughter, Beverly Wills, came home from school Joan called her upstairs to see the new hooked rug. Said daughter Beverly, "But, Mamma, you shouldn't even steal rags, you know!"

Considering she is Twentieth Century's best glamour bet Linda Darnell certainly gets herself into very simple and unglamorous jams. The other day she went marketing at a nearby serve-yourself grocery store for her large family (her mother and three sisters and brother, all from Dallas, Texas, are here with her, and there are no servants) and when she got a bottle of milk out of the market ice chest she slammed the door on her finger, which bled so profusely that Linda fainted dead away. No harm done, however, except she will lose the nail.

For a midnight snack Clark Gable likes nothing better than to open up a can of tomatoes, put salt and pepper on them, and swallow them down.

The most in love people in Hollywood right now are Olivia de Havilland and the tall and genial Tim Durant. When Olivia plowed out of Glendale for the gay "Gone With the Wind" doings in Atlanta, Tim was at the airport with a face way down to there. Looking at him you'd have thought that Olivia was flying to the end of the world forever, and not just to Georgia for two days.

Dolores Del Rio, who returns to the screen after two years' retirement in "Arouse and Beware" with Wallace Beery, is so beautiful in her make-up of the Russian girl, that she is breath-taking. Undoubtedly, this role will make a new cycle for the Latin star who only a few months ago announced to a news service that unless she could find the ideal role in which to return to the screen within a few months she could be considered permanently retired.

Incidentally, every month goes by without a bright new fashion angle from Del Rio. She appeared at the Lust and
Fontaine shows in a black gauze and black coq-feather bracelets.

A kiss on the cheek is W. C. Fields un-failing welcome to Mae West whenever the latter arrives on the set to begin the day's shooting. A kiss on the cheek is better than a stab in the back, as Confucius says.

Shed a very feminine tear for Penny Singleton, who is one of the world’s most restricted women. She can’t wear her hair the way she wants to. A year ago when Penny signed her contract with Columbia Studios to portray “Blondie” in the series of picturizations on the famous comic strip, she signed a clause to the effect that her hair, both on and off the screen, would be worn exclusively as “Blondie.” The studio requires Penny to have her hair dressed once a week in the studio make-up salon, and by the same girl who originally designed it.

Deanna Durbin’s favorite between meals snack is a hamburger sandwich and a milkshake.

Virginia Weidler took a week to knit Mickey Rooney a necktie. The colors are so riotous that Mickey is afraid to wear it for fear of being kidded, still he doesn’t want to offend Virginia.

Five years ago when Constance Bennett announced she would become a motion picture producer in the near future, Holly-wood thought it was just one more star’s ambitious dream that would never materialize. But in the interim, the Bennett has been mighty busy and plenty is materializing. During her brief stay in the East Connie completed a successful personal appearance tour, signed for the lead in Noel Coward’s play “Easy Virtue” and completed plans for her own production unit in New York. Present schedule is to make three pictures, in only one of which she will appear. And if you don’t think Connie knows what this producing game is all about remember that for years she has numbered among her friends some of filmdom’s most successful producers.

Do you want Mae West on a platter? Well, here’s your opportunity. Mae West, accompanied by Gene Austin with Candy and Coco and the Holiday Singers, male sextet, has made a recording of “Willie of the Valley,” a number which she sings in her new starring picture with W. C. Fields, “My Little Chickadee.”

Bob Breen, whose family announced recently his retirement from singing roles for two years while his voice changes, has a marvelous answer for folks who confront him with the usual Hollywood line, “What are you doing these days?”

“I’m between voices,” grins Bobby.

Victor McLaglen is proud of his financial investment in a messenger service, run by five young boys between the ages of twelve and sixteen. The thriving little business operates in a suburb near Los Angeles, and received its start when Victor gave a motor-bike to an ambitious young boy who wanted to make some spending money after school nights. The boy now has four assistants, and insists upon paying Victor a monthly dividend. Vic puts it back into the business in advertising.

And if you really want to lose weight Dick Powell suggests that you go on a personal appearance tour and play five shows a day. Dick broke all kinds of records on his recent tour which was the most sensational to any Hollywood personality. But it certainly wasn’t play. Dick worked so hard he lost twenty pounds!

Above: Ann Rutherford has her little joke as she’s snapped with a boy friend, Chuck Issacs. Left: Dorothy Lamour takes her seat beside Bob Preston at the Biltmore Bowl, but spent most of the evening dancing with Wynn Rochamore. Below: Four movie doubles applied to Earl Carroll for his new revue, (l. to r.) Jeannette McDonald’s, Myrna Loy’s, Lorelta Young’s and Barbara Stanwyck’s.

Below: Marlene Dietrich seldom laughs heartily, but Jimmy Stewart evidently knows just how it’s done.

For March 1940
Beauty and Brains Do Go Together!

(Continued from page 21)

whatevery. So I determined, then and there, I would never live that kind of a life.”

What did she do about it?

Anyone else would have felt it rash to dream of anything more elegant than making a good burglar who had run a wine-shop or, perhaps, owned a modest theatre in town.

Not Ilona.

She was skipping along the street wrangling to herself, and wondering what the worst was coming to when a fabulously tall man tapped her on the shoulder and said:

“Pardon me, but you have a lovely voice.”

“Thank you,” she stammered right back at him. “You see I sing. That is, I’m studying for the concert stage.”

Prophetic fib! That very same day she began inquiring around for a teacher who would coach her in the art of love than profit.

And the die was cast.

Henceforth what money was not needed to pacify the butcher and baker and the landlord went into singing lessons. By this time her sister had mastered the mysteries of Gregor short-hand and had become expert at pommeuling a typewriter. This talent boosted the intake and the fledgling nightingale was able to complete the vocal ground course.

Then she decided to try her wings. She stole a silver poisoned, pocket full of dreams. Lordly dreams, no less. Dreams of fame and fortune—boundless fame, fabulous fortune.

Did anyone want a wonderful singer? It seems no one in all Budapest showed the slightest excitement. In desperation she buttonholed the general of the Budapest Light Opera Company, and told him she wanted a job, practically anything at all. Moved by her plea, he took her in her word and put her on the payroll. But not as a singer. As a lovely hoover!

“I was a dreadful dancer,” she likes to remember nowadays, “so dreadful that the director shoved me back in the third row so that the audience couldn’t get too good a view of me.”

And so it went for two years, learning new dance numbers, acquiring an occasional new costume and then the eternal pirouettes and kicks. Untill it dawned on her that the dream within her was fading.

Had she endured privation in vain? Had she practiced for hours on end merely to end up as a dancer whose salary would not permit her the luxury of caricature home?

Like a sign from high the inspiration came to her to try Vienna. Here, truly, was the altar of song. Here stalked the ghosts of the Straussians, Haydn, Mozart and Bach.

Vienna did not welcome her with open arms. No one seemed to care. Out of lost hope she finally called up a friend and begged him to get her some sort of an audition. He did, With the Volksgar. She learned the entire score of an opera in eight days so as to be able to wow the magnificoes. After she had poured her heart into her try-out, she was brokenhearted to find them shaking their heads.

“Your German is frightful,” the director said. “You’ll never do.”

She swore to herself that one of the great Beethoven that she’d improve her accent. Let them give her a few days. They settled on one week. Again she sang. Like a true Teuton this time. The magnificoes smiled. And signed her up.

She made her debut in “Tosca,” a meteoric blouse tidal wave of sight and song who intrigued the critics, one of whom was to write the next day that “the lady listed on the programs as Miss Ilona Hajasmayy is soothing to the eye, magnetic to observe and nothing short of magnificent for daring to make her debut in so taxing a role as ‘Tosca.’”

Undeterred by this critical grousing, Ilona Massey tried the more important Stadt’s Opera.

The verdict was as follows: Unquestionable talent and rare beauty but more training needed which should be started by undertaking small roles.

She shrugged and prepared to start from the bottom. Wasn’t there a proverb about oak trees emerging from little acorns?

But she didn’t relax and wait for fame to come to her. She went out to meet it half way.

First she had some pictures of herself made (but striking!) and carried ’em to the Vienna office of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, manned by Mr. Bernstein.

Would Mr. B, please send them to America so that his studio could have a look?

Mr. Bernstein made it plain that it sounded too much like shadow boxing. Instead he said he’d hang on to the pictures and if any of the important Metro boys came to town he’d pass them around.

“Now you could have floored her with the Empire State Building when the postman called around a few days later with an invitation to attend a tea in honor of a star whom they recently signed.”

She came, of course, and so did Metro’s Ben Thau who is the studio’s mower and shaker. The inevitable happened, you may have guessed. Mr. Thau said, roughly, “You ought to be in pictures—with M.G.M. that is.” And Miss Massey said, quiet like, “I think you’re right.”

Which is where we came in, if you’re still awake. First there was a small part in “Rosalie,” then an eighteen-month vacation and finally the go-to-town role in “Balalaika.”

It is the remembrance of this epic struggle that makes Ilona Massey what she is.

“When you are faced with a struggle against the odds, you do one of two things,” she is convinced.

Either you are discouraged and you give up or you go all the way and fight. If you win out and reach your goal, that’s only part of the battle. The important thing is not to lose your soul in the process.” This, with emphasis, from Miss Massey.

Metro’s crowning philosopher is a singular somebody, an almost-platinum-haired sylph with a figure that outlasts the legendary sylphs. She walks like nobody else in a sort of gliding motion, and who can meet you gives you her hand a warm grip just as though she meant it and didn’t regard you as a bore she had to put up with for the nonce.

She says she’ll meet you at four and she arrives at 3:58. She’s hospitable to a fault. She wouldn’t dream of being otherwise. Why, she even entertained two high school chudes in her hotel suite at tea, simply because they had called up to pay their respects.

Cardinal sin in her lexicon is ingratitude. Do her one favor and she’ll do you seven.

Right before our very eyes she almost brought tears of joy (and of surprise) to the eyes of a Metro publicity man when she presented him with gifts for his kinmates during their very New York trip. She blushed at his stammering “thank you.”

This same feeling for human beings is expressed by her one ideal beyond making a success out of her career, which she once confided to a friend.

It was to create a girls’ school where unfortunate lassies would be given a new vista of life. When she finds the money, she’ll do all this without fanfare, without mention in the press.

In Hollywood she’s just as unique. She doesn’t tramp around in the spotlight’s bright glare. She’ll stay at home with a book or maybe she’ll write letters.

She adores America. Her taxes to the government she pays with a kl-yi-yppeep.

“Where in all the world but in America would I get a chance like this?” she asks you disarmingly.

She’s amazed at how wonderful life is over here, especially how education is available for the asking. She never gets tired of reciting how pleased she is that her aunt, who stays with her in the movie capital, gets free night-school lessons in English.

“She talks more like George Bernard Shaw every time she returns,” Miss Massey swears.

This identical level-headedness she maintains in everything she does. She admits that she’s intrigued by long dresses on the sleek and tailored side and when she’s dancing in one (with the right partner) she’s fairly in the groove.

But she doesn’t get them from Paris. Not at all. And they aren’t costly, either.

And, for day-time, she wears dresses that cost $14 or maybe $15.93 and thinks they “more than satisfactory.”

She thinks the glamour business is fantastic, not to mention funny.

First, she’s not too sure she knows what it means. Her own standard of evaluation is the inner man or woman. Glamour-girl’s clothes. Next, give her the ho-humars. In a spirit of inquiring here, she’s named her plug-ugly English bull-dog “Glamour-girl” and assures you that the dog is really glamorous—glamorous of soul.

[Continued on page 65]
Miss Elizabeth Stuyvesant Fish, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Fish of Washington, D.C., is a popular debutante. Here, she and some of her Delhi friends primp between dances.

Miss Janet Holden of Cleveland, Ohio, has been working for almost two years in one of Cleveland's leading department stores—an ambition to be a buyer some day.

**Question to Miss Fish:** Miss Fish, when do you believe a girl should begin guarding her complexion with regular care?

**Answer:** "The younger the better! I think if you want a nice skin when you're older, you have to take care of it when you're young. That's why I began using Pond's Cold Cream when I reached my teens. Every girl wants a lovely complexion! Using both Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream every day helps to keep mine clear."

**Question to Miss Fish:** Would you describe what each Pond's Cream does for your skin, Miss Fish?

**Answer:** "Yes, of course. Every morning and evening I use Pond's Cold Cream to freshen up my face. These regular cleansings help keep my skin looking soft and healthy. Pond's Vanishing Cream serves an entirely different purpose. I use it before powdering to give my skin a soft finish that holds powder smoothly for hours."

**Question to Miss Holden:** In your opinion, Miss Holden, what things help most in a career girl's success?

**Answer:** "Interest in her job, willingness to work and a good appearance! But nothing cheats your looks like a dull, muddy skin, so you can bet I'm always sure to use Pond's Cold Cream to keep my skin really clean and soft. I can count on it to remove every trace of dirt and make-up!"

**Question to Miss Holden:** Doesn't the wind off Lake Erie make your skin rough and difficult to powder?

**Answer:** "Well, Cleveland is mighty breezy, but little skin roughnesses don't worry me a bit. I just use another Pond's Cream to help smooth them away... by that I mean Pond's Vanishing Cream. And besides smoothing and protecting my skin, it's perfect for powder base and overnight cream because it's absolutely non-greasy!"

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**Writing Sales Slips**

A Sunday ride in an open car is fun—but chilly! When her young man suggests stopping for "frank" and hot coffee, Miss Holden thinks it's a fine idea.

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**But Both Help Keep Their Skin Fresh and Young Looking with Pond's**

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**Question to Miss Fish:** For a Washington debutante on a constant round of parties—this spring Miss Fish is the busiest season she has known.
Unsolved Blunders of Hollywood Stars!

[Continued from page 37]

"Unfortunately for me, my second Broadway show was a hit, also. But when it wound up my burst of super-luck was over. I wondered if I was in one deep after another. Of course, I had an unlimited supply of alibis. When the boys from the newspapers waxed sarcastic in their reviews, I knew that all critics were screwy. I didn't snap out of it until I had few Romeo and did it again to a silent audience. I was in one deep after another. Of course, I had an unlimited supply of alibis. When the boys from the newspapers waxed sarcastic in their reviews, I knew that all critics were screwy. I didn't snap out of it until I had few Romeo and did it again to a silent audience."

"When I suddenly saw myself for what I was I understood why I had so few friends. I was so ashamed of the book I banded developed into that I swore I'd effect a violent reformation. I began to listen to well-meaning advice. I quit pretending I was an improvement on the Barrymore boys and Rome. When I was thirty, I began to walk the line and be a likable person." So that's why Gable is invariably regular in Hollywood; he wouldn't have his fame, fortune, and Carole if he weren't.

They claim that Mickey Rooney is a new boy. This is going to be sweet music to Wally Beery, if he ever wants to catch up on Rooney data. For there was that morning at M-G-M which Wally hasn't yet been able to stamp out of his memory. He's frankly as plain as an old boot and a slinger, Wally is, and as kind-hearted as they come. He wasn't at all prepared for the rude rebuke the kids star briefly dished out to him. They met for the first rehearsal of the picture's chief scenes, Beery, a top name for twenty years, was going to have the talented lad as a team-mate. Wally was all set to be helpful, and a veteran of his type can give plenty of pointers.

Mickey blew in, proceeded to be all terse business. Wally is accustomed to only half memorizing his lines for such a rehearsal. He glanced at the script a couple of times. Mickey rose to his five-feet-four, announced loudly, "If you don't know your lines I can't waste my time!"

And before Wally could catch his breath Master Rooney studiously shut the door. They say Mickey fashions his course after Gable's. Perhaps he'll run across Clark's confession here, and prof it by it. Someday he may apologize to a man others respect.

Imitation may be the supreme sort of flattery in some eyes, but one never finds Madeleine Carroll copying any other woman. For better or worse, she's sticking to her own hunches about her own quite individual self, "I practically cut my throat!" she exclaimed to me, over a luncheon table at the Brown Derby the other day. "My publicity asserts that I'm chaste. I hope I am. But, believe me, there was one phase when I was anything but judicious.

"It was back in England. I'd done sev-
Paris APPROVES THE COLORS

Paris openings forecast the big news in feminine fashion... Cutex nail shades forecast the big news in fingertip chic!

In Paris new Cutex nail tones are checked against the latest color news.

Wear Cutex and your nails are as glamorous as your Paris-inspired frocks!

America PERFECTS THE WEAR

CUTEX gives you tops in style and wear in the new Cutex Salon Polish!

The new Cutex GADABOUT is a gay, dashing red-rose red. The new Cutex CEDARWOOD is a young, mauvy pink. Both are perfect foils for the new colors featured at the Midseason openings.

GUARANTEED TO WEAR LONGER

Try Cutex GADABOUT and CEDARWOOD—at our risk! If they don’t wear better than any polish you’ve ever worn, simply return the bottle to us. We will cheerfully refund your original purchase price. (Offer good for 1940 only.) See all the smart Cutex shades today—at any toilet-goods counter.

Northam Warren, 191 Hudson St., New York, N. Y.

NEW CUTEX Salon Polish

HIJINKS—True red-red.
GADABOUT—A gay rosy red.
OLD ROSE—Rich, flattering rose.
CEDARWOOD—Lighter—soft, mauvy rose.
CAMEO—Fragile mauvetinted rambler pink.
HEATHER—Grape-rose.

From the Cutex Sand Machine a steady stream of sand falls on a glass plate coated with Cutex Polish... much harsher treatment than you give your nails in daily wear.

In the Cutex Immersion Test, Cutex Salon Polish withstands for long periods the destructive action of salt water and of hot water containing strong household cleaning preparations.

The Cutex Sun Lamp is used to test sun-fast qualities. You can expose Cutex to brilliant summer sun for days, and it will “take it” without fading or changing color.

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HEATHER—Grape-rose.
Villainy As You Like It!

[Continued from page 25]

a soft shirt, nondescript, and a tie, also nondescript. The outfit was completed by black shoes and blue socks that didn't seem to go with anything.

But—tartorial quibbling aside—no one can criticize the Laughton voice. Here he was, wasting beautiful diction and ear-delighting tonal nuances on a telephone conversation mostly about the fourth row orchestra—shades of Shakespeare! He laughed at Great Britain, because British, said: "Rights! I shall put in for them straight away." Translated it meant that he was going to reserve some theatre tickets without delay. The English are so hard to understand.

The sitting room in which we sat was in much too neat order, if his reputation means anything. Of course, the three cleaning people who fled out as we arrived may have had something to do with it.

On a radiator stood a portable radio; he likes the "wireless." On the floor near the desk lay an expensive record-playing machine on which he plays acetate records made of his recent broadcasts. The desk itself was stacked high with papers and photographs, obviously enough lay a short section of railroad track. It was a bit of the rails on which the Santa Fe's Chief, with the Laughtons aboard, had met with a small accident. The marks of a similar article on his desk were laid down by a camera and appeared as a pattern due to the fact that the accident had "polarized" it—a scientific state of affairs considerably beyond the combined knowledge of the actor and the interviewer. At the moment of the accident Mr. Laughton was in the dining car and his only complaint is anent the sugar bowl that disgorged its contents into his lap.

Just back of the rail (we're still on the mastel), a cartoon from Punch was propped up. This Hitler looking through a sheaf of portraits of various Laughton screen characterizations, Bligh and worse.

"I wonder," Hitler is saying, "how Laughton will do me?"

By this time Laughton had finished his phone conversation and was rolled up again on the divan. "Elsa and I are here for a few months between pictures," he said. "We had intended to do one with Leo McCoy, but then he had that automobile accident. Great director, McCary; did 'Ruggles Of Red Gap,' for Paramount, y'know. I liked Ruggles. Fine character."

At this point we should all take time out for a sigh. For how are we going to be scared by Laughton's posturings as a Nazi when we know all along he's a genial guy? He likes Ruggles, he hates Bligh. He could spit on Nero and he wouldn't harm a hair on Carole Lombard's head in real life (neither would we). Alas and several alacks ...

Laughton refers us to that of Quasimodo, the hunchback first made famous by Lon Chaney in the silent version of "The Hunchback Of Notre Dame." The Laughton version was made during the Hollywood heat wave and one afternoon on a desert set where he crawled up to 132 degrees. Off-set it hovered around 107 most of the time, making the Laughton mattress hot all the way through. The door-knobs sizzled so everyone stayed in one place or rather, kept his own.

But, in spite of all this he kept his temper. There is no authentic record of Laughton temperament, rather a deal of jollity and a bit of a twinkle in his eye.

"They hked perhaps for his ability to work hard and do it well and be nice about it. Perhaps the nearest approach to anything like temperament occurred when Laughton's Mayflower Productions was making "Jamaica Inn," about ten days before Alfred Hitchcock. And with that director the picture was delayed. There was one last sequence to shoot that would normally take two weeks.

But this evening Laughton had finished a long tough sequence and both Hitchcock and Laughton's partner, Erich Pommer, knew that Laughton was planning to rest the next day. That would have been quite acceptable in the normal course of things but under the circumstances, impossible. Hitchcock, fearing a exploitation of the moment, offered Pommer for help. Pommer could think of only one thing to do. He walked up to the actor and without trying to be at all subtle, barked: "Charles, you'll work tomorrow and every night until the scene is done."

Laughton glared at him and jumped to his feet. "I'll do nothing of the sort!"

He yelled. "I need rest and I've got to study the scene. What do you take me for? I'm part owner of this company!"

And with that he threw his script to the floor. "I'm going home!"

"And just because of this, Erich, I'm going to spend a week in the country. Now, what do you say to that?"

All right, Charles," answered Pommer, "after all, it's your own money this time."

Laughton glared at him. Then he started chuckling and broke into a broad grin.

"You've got me there," he admitted. "This is probably the first time in the history of picture-making where an actor's walking out would have cost him money instead of the producer." He nodded. "I'll be down at nine in the morning."

Actor and producer. Not bad for a young-feller-me-lad born in Scarborough, England, somewhere around time to make him about forty now. No, not bad for a rapper who started life as a hotel clerk (clerk) at Claridge's Hotel in London in order to learn the business. The war took him out from behind the desk and after the fighting was over he decided to study dramatics at the Royal Academy, eventually landing the role of Oskar in "The Government Inspector." From then on parts came to him in all the major roles in "The Cherry Orchard," "Ali! On The Spot" and a host of others.

He did a quantity of Shakespeare at the "Old Vic," too. "I faintly stank in Macbeth," he says. He thinks Clark Gable should do "Macbeth" because he's got stuff, and "that bronze." For himself he would like to do "King Lear."

While playing the role of Mr. Prohack, in the play of the same name, Laughton met and married another hero, herself an accomplished actress. He won the Academy award in 1933 for his work in "Henry the VIII."

He made his first American appearance in Gilbert Miller's Broadway production of "Alibi," and then appeared in "Macbeth" Broaday production of "Fateful Alibi" and then returned to London for a vacation which was halted by an offer from Hollywood.

It was Laughton who discovered Maureen O'Hara, the eighteen-year-old pretty from Ireland's Abbey Theatre. "We were ready to help her with little bits of acting advice when we made 'Jamaica Inn'—oh, hello my dear, this is Mr. Joe."

Mrs. Laughton, (Elma Lynne) had had arrived. He made the necessary introductions and answered the phone. It was still in regard to the theatre and tickets. This time they almost agreed that it should be next week and the eighth row center, but it was left at a call-you-back-Joe thing."

"Where was I?" he asked, burrowing into the divan. "Oh yes, Maureen. Well, there was Leslie Banks, Emlyn Williams and I ready and willing to advise her. But after the first day's shooting we had to leave and I'm convinced that this was a bad move."

"I'm a good man, 'Did you see her?' That's what makes, us think we have something in the gel."

He locked an apprehensive eye at his red-headed spouse, who stood efficiently, if a bit wildly, tossing papers. We sat on the great pile on the desk. He shrugged his shoulders as though to say, that's the way they all act. Leaving Miss O'Hara, he went on to say that producers at Hollywood, and I'm convinced that this was due in large part to the feeling that a man and wife can interpret those intimate little details of married relationships, and even courtship relationships, in a way that would be impossible to persons who have just been introduced to each other by the director.

"I don't see any reason why, when stage audiences have accepted married couples like Alfred Lunt and Lynne Fontaine; Sir Seymour and Lady Hicks, E. G. Marshall and Mrs. E. G. Marshall, and I'm convinced that this was due in large part to the feeling that a man and wife can interpret those intimate little details of married relationships, and even courtship relationships, in a way that would be impossible to persons who have just been introduced to each other by the director."

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Mr. Lunt and Miss Fontaine have their own little problem in married life, however—owing to Mr. Lunt's career.

"And you're right, "Miss Fontaine. "We both have our own little problems. Here's mine:"

He sighed. "My problem is trying to figure out which comes first. Do I do a picture a year with my wife and his and I'd like to see the Marches doing one together. Feels they all know each other's every little mood."

Because he likes radio and because he has a little time on his hands, this man who admits he's lazy about many things, but not his profession, has been acting as radio announcer with Mrs. L. They did the "Benedict 'John Bunyan's Boy,' " and the Burgess Meredith "Pursuit Of Happiness" air show, to such tumultuous in-person and telegraphic applause that they decided to do something of the late Thomas Wolfe's—a bit contrasting the American way with others. The Laughtons spent
Lady Esther asks

"Is GRIT in your face powder robbing you of your loveliness?"

Unpopularity doesn't just happen! And no one thing takes away from your charm as much as a face powder that won't cling smoothly—that gives you a "powdery look" because it contains grit! Why not find out about your powder?

When you make your entrance at a party, how wonderful to make it confidently! You can—if you use Lady Esther Face Powder! For no longer need you be a slave to your powder puff. Put on Lady Esther Face Powder at 8 o'clock...

Right in your own teeth you have a testing laboratory! Grind your teeth slowly over a pinch of your present powder (be sure they are even) and your teeth will detect for you the slightest possible trace of grit! But...

What an amazing difference in Lady Esther Face Powder! This superfine powder is free from all suspicion of coarseness or grit! When you smooth it on your face, your skin takes on a luminous, satiny look... a new loveliness!

Try the famous Lady Esther "Bite-Test"

Test your Face Powder! Place a pinch of your powder between your teeth. Make sure your teeth are even, then grind them slowly upon the powder. Don't be shocked if your teeth find grit!

Now, brush away every trace of this powder and the grit it might contain, and repeat the test with Lady Esther Face Powder. Your teeth will quickly tell you that my face powder contains no trace of coarseness or grit! You'll find it never gives you a harsh, flaky, "powdery" look... but makes your skin look satin-smooth... flatters your beauty.

Find your Lucky Shade, too! For the wrong shade of face powder can make you look older. So send today for all ten thrilling new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, at my expense. Try them all... don't skip even one. For the powder shade you never thought you could wear may be the one right shade for your skin—luckiest for you!

10 shades FREE!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

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Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

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Silver Screen for March 1940

Try Flavor-Town's delicious gum and don't be tense when crises come

... for Beech-Nut Gum is always refreshing and restful. There are 8 delicious kinds to please your taste — Peppermint, Spearmint, Oralgum and 3 flavors of candy coated BEECHIES, Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin. Below is the "flavor" town of Canajoharie, N. Y., famous for Beech-Nut quality and flavor.

Beech-Nut Gum

One of America's Good Habits

ten days rehearsing a script that took exactly fourteen minutes on the air.

"Funny thing, that," he began. He obviously didn't dare look at the papers of state and whatnot being gulped into the wastebasket. "We'd rehearse the show up here at night, fine. Go over to the studio next day and it would sound forced, artificial. Back here next evening, good again. Why so?"

"Darling," interposed Mrs. Laughton, holding up a sheet covered with minute writing that couldn't possibly be read from further away than a foot, "do you want to save this?"

"Yes, dear. It's very important," he said firmly, not even looking at her. One sheet was going to stay on the desk. "Let's see, why so? I gave it much thought and finally the solution came to me. At the hotel we relaxed in comfortable chairs, like this," he indicated himself so that anyone interested would know that he was relaxed, "at the studio we stood before a microphone; still, ill at ease."

So just before he was to go on the air he appeared before the studio audience, dragging a tremendous arm chair with him. He told them frankly what his theory was. Said that if they had any laughing to do, to do it then because he had too much respect for Wolfe's stuff to let anything spoil this show.

No one so much as tittered. So he sank into the chair, drew down a mike and fell to acting. The show was a big success.

"Matter of fact, I found out that that is the way Wolfe himself worked. He used to sprawl deep in a big chair, pad and pencil in lap, and as fast as he finished a page tossed it onto the floor. The telephone bell rang again. "Is it about the tickets, Elsa?" It was, and he went into a telephonic huddle again.

He's going to do a scene from the diary of Samuel Pepys over the air soon.

"Going to do some Pepys," he said, pronouncing it, correctly, "peeps," and then saying "pepp-ies," possibly thinking that We Americans said "pepp-ies." Being reassured that we hadn't tempered with Sam's name, he went on, "Elsa and I are going to do a husband and wife scene where we have one hell of a fine fight." There might have been something in the glance he directed at his paper-curling wife.

If this sounds like too much talk about his air work remember that you can't pin this man down to any one medium of expression. He's got to be up and acting somewhere or he's not happy. He'd do a play in a minute if he found one he liked.

Arriving at the bottom of the pile, Mrs. L. produced a letter from an old friend of theirs and read it aloud. Up on his feet, with the speed and grace of a deer, popped this large gathering of flesh and in no time at all he was another person. He must have caught a perfect likeness of the letter-writer because Mrs. Laughton collapsed on his neck in tears of laughter. Then, arm in arm, they walked over to the window and looked out over the Manhattan sky line.


"We like our New York friends very much," he said passing cigarettes around. "You wouldn't know most of them. They're people we've accumulated over years, in the business and out. Oh, you might know a few like the Freddie Marches, Buzu Meredith or Ruth Gordon—but mostly they're friends because they like us and the other way round. They call us up all of the time." Hardly necessary, that last.

These two people are very much like "Mr. & Mrs." in the funny. He likes Hollywood, she doesn't very much. He can't cook but she can. He likes to eat but doesn't go in for the fancy stuff. Mostly things like steak and kidney pie and roast beef and yorkshire pudding—like any other Britisher. Both of them are fond of Charlie McCarthy and the assisting Mr. Begyen; Laughton has worked with them. At home in England, over weekends, he does some amateur gardening, coming out mostly in radishes and small truck. He even wields an axe and chops down trees, probably grunting: "Take that, Bligh—take that, Nero!" He wakes up decently cheerful but it takes her a while to get going.

They own three hotels in England. They know what a good investment a hotel can be. Besides, they'll always have a place to lay their heads, come adversity. They have no pets. They like Picasso. They like Christmas. Christmas with lots of snow and even icicles if they can be managed. There is no truth in the rumor that because both play scary roles they sit around at home trying to scare each other. Quite the opposite.

The whole thing seems to boil down to this. Don't let the kids read this or you won't be able to scare them to sleep by telling them that Charles Laughton is curled up in the corner.
Over a passage of years, the studio had succeeded in mesmerizing itself through its own publicity releases. Therefore, when Director Ernst Lubitsch, who was fighting for survival, too, persuaded Greta to indulge in some slapstick comedy in "Ninotchka," the town bowed low before him. Lubitsch had no difficulty in gaining his point with Garbo. She knew, this very astute business woman, that she had to stock up with new goods. By the same token, Lubitsch knew that he had to sell a new line of goods to an audience that was fed up with sophisticated clichés.

Lubitsch's awareness of his position at the crossroads had been underscored by his last picture at Paramount with Marlene Dietrich, which ended both of them at that company. Completely unaware that the parade had passed by, Lubitsch turned out a sophisticated Continental trifle that distinguished itself by never finding a common denominator. Movie fans looked at this and could find no point of appeal, no point of relation to their lives and stayed away in vast multitudes. Critics started dissecting the "Lubitsch touch" and found it inept and dated.

So when cigar-smoker Lubitsch got the chance to direct Garbo at M-G-M, he was just as anxious to save his career as hers. Luckily he wasn't stubborn about it. The critics said of his last that it wasn't down to earth. "Ninotchka" was right down to ground level, in its kidding of Russian communism. Lady Luck also took a hand. At the very moment the picture was released, Russia impugned itself before the world by invading Poland and threatening Finland. The picture could not have been timed for release at a more propitious moment. It injected adrenaline into the veins of the heroine of "Camille" and the director-refugee from Paramount's Gower Street studio at a time when observers believed their professional pulses had stopped beating.

If you remember pale, ethereal Greta Garbo as she coughed through seven reels of "Camille," then see her in "Ninotchka." If you remember languorous Marlene Dietrich swooning in a moonlilt garden in "Desire," I urge you to rush to your nearest neighborhood theatre and get a load of her in "Desire Rides Again."

It always has been Carole Lombard's professional boast that she is one star who doesn't mind getting heaved into a creek for the sake of her art. You have seen La Lombard with the hair plastered down her cheeks as a result of such dunkings. From now on, however, Miss Lombard will have to think up something new because Garbo and Dietrich are taking prat-falls, engaging in saloon brawls and anything else that directors can concoct in the campaign to unfrock glamour. Not only Garbo and Dietrich! In "Hollywood Cavalcade," one of the more subtle dramatic passages found glamorous Alice Faye stopping one of Buster Keaton's custard pies with his good-looking face. In Joan Crawford's picture with Gable, you will see Joan dishevelled and stained by swamp-water.

In "The Women," Rosalind Russell is slammed by Paulette Goddard and retaliates by biting the calf of the shapely Mrs. Chaplin.

The glamour girls, after dwelling in Elysian fields and subsisting on caviar and honey, suddenly have gone to a bread and water diet, not because these genteel-reared creatures dislike caviar—but the public does.

What will happen to glamour, from this point on, is not difficult to predict, because the Hollywood mentality is about as easy to gauge as a chain letter. As the result of the successful comebacks of Garbo and Dietrich, who tossed glamour overboard and let down their hair, every studio will make every heroine submit to a kicking around. They will be hit by grapefruit, kicked in the posterior, drenched, insulted, etcetera, until such time as the public gets fed up with this. Then the scale will adjust itself and the heroines again will become delicate objects of affection.

Only one thing however, is positive. For the next five years, glamour girls as we knew them, will never reappear on movie screens. Movie press agents will shelve such adjectives as "erotic," "mysterious," "intriguing," "ethereal." Stars will not be likened to orchids in the press releases and the aura of awe will not be used as a smoke-screen for some time to come. The glamour girls have learned that the public likes spinach, and spinach it will be until the public insists on a new table d'hoire menu.
of all the fifteen people in the house, only my dad and I had heard her scream. And it was impossible not to hear her scream, if you understand me. It was possible, too, and this was how we knew. One week later my grandmother died. This has happened to me three times. This has happened to my family seven times. Well, in heavens, when you hear it like that, what else can you believe?

"The leprechaun, now, is a tiny, little shoemaker. And he is supposed to know where the pot of gold is hidden at the end of the rainbow. He wears a red jacket, they say, and a green cap with an owl's feather in it. I have never seen or heard the leprechauns. I have heard the banshee. And so, I do not believe in the leprechauns. And do believe in the banshee. I am very practical, you see."

So, she was practical, too, was she. I thought. A head on her shoulders. huh, and what a head and, for the matter of that, what shoulders! may she began at once, then, to demonstrate her practicality by giving me what I had come after, the story of her young life. "I was born," she said statistically, "on August the 17th, 1920. I am one of six children, two boys and four girls. I am the next to the eldest. And I am the plan one of the family." (God save us, I thought, reverently, from the other O'Hara's, then, for if they are more beautiful than this next-to-the-eldest they'd scatter the present galaxy of Hollywood stars to the four black winds of oblivion.)

"My elder sister," Maureen was continuing, "has a decisive, no-nonsense-about-me way of talking. She is a nun, a Sister of Charity. We always knew what we wanted, we O'Hara's. We were both very tiny, my sister used to say: 'When I grow up I shall be a nun.' And I would say: 'When I grow up I shall be an actress.' Well, she is a nun and I am an actress. And that is the way it is with us, and has been forever."

I was the biggest tomboy. I am not, now, the frilly type. I like to play with boys better than with girls. I loved football and boxing and wrestling. I am strong, very strong, like a lioness. ... (No a leopardess). "I loved knocking at people's doors and then running away before they could open them. I never made many friends, I don't make many now. I went everywhere with my mummy and dad and there were six of us and we were enough. I was a blunt child, blunt almost to the point of rudeness. I told the truth and shamed all the devils. I didn't take discipline very well. I would never be shouted into silence. If someone had slapped me, I would have bitten her! I guess I was a bold, bad child, but it was exciting. When I went to the Dominican College later on, I did not have beaux as the other girls did. There was one lad who liked me very much who waited me two years. He told me at last that he had never once dared to speak to me because I looked as though I would bite his head off if he did. I always said 'yes' and 'no', like that, shortly and abruptly.
might say, and my father took care of the sports, the wrestling and boxing and football. I went to private schools when I was very little and then I attended the Dominican College and Burke’s famous School of Elocution. I won an association with Burke’s and also the college Medal of the Year. We have all the medals in Ireland, we O’Haras,” laughed our Miss O’Hara, “we always entered the Feisiane, which is the Gaelic word meaning Festival. Everyone enters, in Ireland, the contestants being from the age of one to one hundred. Everybody sings and dances and the O’Haras, all of them, sing and dance, too. And the medals we have, the lot of us!”

So, now it goes swiftly, the life of young Maureen O’Hara. When she was twelve she was taking parts in radio broadcasts originating in Dublin. When she was fourteen she was a member of the Abbey Players. And a member in very good standing, it’s said. She was seventeen and a half when, at a party following an Abbey Theatre presentation, she met Harry Richman who urged her mother to take her to London for a screen test.

“I thought it was the American blarney,” said Maureen, “but when we went to London, mommie and daddy and I, I made a test for a London producer. It was not a nice test of me. Father said ‘No’ to that and told us to pack up and we would go home. We were all packed and just ready to catch the boat for Ireland when the phone rang. It was the studio calling again. Mr. Laughton had seen my test, I was told, yes, Mr. Charles Laughton, and he believed that my possibilities had not been photographed and would I be so kind as to make another test for him? I made the test and we caught our boat for home and I started on a holiday. It was the Christmas holiday of 1937. I went touring around the country in an old pair of shack and no shoes. I go barefoot whenever I can because I like the feel of it. I was not thinking much about the test. I didn’t care very much. I was not him struck. I had never been a movie fan. I saw just about three pictures a year. They were Laughton pictures and Laurel and Hardys. The day after I started on my holiday I had the wire from Mr. Laughton. He asked me to return to London. He offered me a seven year contract.

“I went back to London and we signed the contract. No, I was not nervous when I met him. I have never been nervous in my life, not of anyone or anything have I ever been nervous. I do not have any nerves, I suppose. And so I do not have any fears. I did not get the swollen head, either, because so great an actor had sent for me. You can’t get a swollen head when you are brought up in a family of six. I just talked with Mr. Laughton about plays and the Abbey and paintings and books, and the contract was signed.”

It was not until January of 1938, however, that Maureen started to work in Jamaica Inn, playing the part of Mary Yellan, as you doubtless know, and more than confirming Mr. Laughton’s snap-the-whip judgment. During the months between the signing of the contract and the beginning of Jamaica Inn, Maureen studied dancing and diction and voice, read

(Continued on Page 82)

“JUNE LANG and ROBERT KENT—two popular Hollywood stars! Her soft hands are beguiling—as yours can be, if you use Jergens Lotion.

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Four generations of women all over the world have eased periodic pain by taking 4 to 6 tablespoonsful of Doctor Siepert's Angostura bitters (aromatic) in a little water, hot or cold. It gives gentle, soothing relief—it is not habit-forming and it is pleasant to drink. You can get a bottle of Angostura at your druggist.

AND I USED TO BE SUCH A SAUSAGE IN THIS DRESS

Look at the Fat I've Lost!

Now you can slim down your face and figure without strict dieting or back-breaking exercises. Just eat sensibly and take 4 Marmola Tablets a day, according to the directions. Marmola Tablets have been sold to the public for more than thirty years. More than twenty million boxes have been distributed during that period. Marmola is not intended as a cure-all for all ailments. This advertisement is intended only for fat persons who are normal and healthy otherwise and whose fatness is caused by a reduction in the secretion from the thyroid gland (hyper-thyroidism) with accompanying subnormal metabolic rates. No other representation is made as to this treatment except under these conditions and according to the dosage as recommended. We do not make any diagnosis as that is the function of your physician, who must be consulted for that purpose. The formula is included in every package. Start with Marmola today and win the slender lovely figure that is rightfully yours, really cared, and plenty, whether he came back or not.

It had been announced in the columns in the evening papers that Claudette Colbert and George Raft were both leaving (but not together, oh my no) for New York that evening, and the station was filled with photographers. But so secretive was Norma's "goodbye" to George that not one of the flash-light boys caught a picture of them together. They didn't even know Norma was there! Well, I must admit I had been a bit wary before, but after the "first lady." romance was strictly on the level. Neither of them wanted it publicized. And when movie stars don't want their romances publicized that means it's the real McCoy. And besides—a star doesn't put herself out to drive all that weary distance from Santa Monica to Pasadena, and back, just to see a casual friend depart on the Chief.

If you ask me, and no one has, I don't think that Norma and George were ever in love with each other. And I think that when George arranges a settlement with his wife, from whom he was separated long before he even became a success in Hollywood, Norma and he will marry.

A loud chorus of "no, Norma would never do that," from tradition-loving Hollywood. But I say to hell with tradition! I have known Norma for a long time. Not intimately. But I know her rather well. I have never discussed it with her, but I have gotten the idea these last few years that she is awfully bored with being "the first lady of the screen" and "the first lady of Hollywood." Really now, can you think of anything more dreary? Those titles put Norma in the enviable position of a "first lady of the land." Poor Mrs. Roosevelt gets criticized plenty because she doesn't live up to the tradition of being a first lady. And so I don't think she will marry when she actually kicks over the traces.

Perhaps, some years ago when she was an up and coming movie star, when she married the late Irving Thalberg, whose genius as a producer has never been equaled, perhaps Norma then did get a great kick out of being the "first lady." She had had a hard struggle in New York. She knew all about cooking coffee over a gas jet and trying to get snatches of sleep between the roar of elevated trains. She knew the agony of hoping, hoping that the next agency would have a job for her. There had been rebuffs, lots of them.

Norma had played the game the hard way, and won, the more credit to her. So, naturally, there was no question of the honor, the encomium, the glory, the deference paid a "first lady." Not to mention the hand-kissing, the boot-licking, and the bowing and scraping. It was fun, for awhile. But queens get bored with being queens, and Norma got bored, just as the boy, were not impressed, and if you only knew the stuffed shirts she had to put up with you certainly wouldn't blame her very much.

It was four years ago, I believe, that Norma popped a question at me one day that led me to believe that she was rather fed up with this "first lady." business. "Why is it," she asked me, and petulantly too, "why is it that you, other writers, all the people at the studio, all call me Miss Shearer? You call Loretta Young, you call Myrna Loy Myrna, you call Rosalind Russell Roz, but me—I'm always Miss Shearer. You'd think I was a million years old. Everybody or my set, even the script boys call me Miss Shearer, I don't understand it." She explained to her that as the first lady of the screen, and the wife of the Boss, she didn't stand much chance of being called by her first name, much less a nickname. it was based on her name—"Miss Shearer, I don't understand it."

Norma is a very friendly person. She likes to have people like her. She is very sensitive, and when she finds a person who is in awe of her she immediately assumes that the person doesn't like her and worries about her doing something, but I think Norma would throw it over in a minute in exchange for a good batch of comrades.

When she isn't busy being a "first lady," and believe me, she is less and less busy being a "first lady," Norma is one of the most gloriously down-to-earth people you'll ever meet. And a hell of a lot of fun. She likes to giggle, she likes to stand on her head, she likes to say silly speeches with silly gestures, and talk about doing mad, crazy things—which of course, she never does. "I would like to go," she says wistfully, when she sees a group of people starting off for a madcap evening, not at the best places, "but I guess I better not go to the lady." (However, Mr. Raft is changing that. While in New York, Norma went to Coney Island with George, ate hot dogs with mustard, and big droopy ice cream cones. She even went for a ride with him in an Old Fiat."

The Shearer-Raft romance, which has had Hollywood so a-gog, started in New York last summer when Norma was on her way to Europe with the Buyers. Norma and George had met in Hollywood, "casually," as Norma expresses it. In New York George phoned Charles Boyer, a friend of his, and asked what he was doing that night. "I'm going over to the Fair with my wife and Norma Shearer," said Boyer cordially, "want to come along?"

"Sure," said George. The Fair wasn't hard to take. Neither was Norma. In fact, so intrigued was George that when Norma and the Buyers sailed for France George was right there on the same boat. When Norma returned to Norma in the Fall, George sent roses, and called her up. Ever since they've been dining together, dancing together, and seeing pictures together. Norma likes to get out all the old pictures George made years ago and run them. They like it just fine.

George is really a swell guy. He has more real friends in Hollywood than any other actor. Every employee at the
Edna Best introduces Baby Bobby Quillan to Snow White, one of the doves in "Swiss Family Robinson."

studios where George has worked can tell you something grand that George did for them, or for some one who needed help. The fact that he still speaks Broadwayese, still knows the same mob, and is still passionately interested in baseball and prizefights, despite his being a top-flight screen star, is all to his credit. There is nothing phony about George. He is truly a gentleman. Norma couldn't do better.

Yes, those two ought to hit it off right well.

venture proved to be the real basis of Mary's amazing "over night" success. Having completed months of study, our heroine felt she didn't have the voice to sing "the good stuff good," as she puts it. And so when she got her opportunity to appear at the Trocadero for evening, she gave 'em opera—via the swing alley!

"I'll never forget that Sunday night as long as I live," breathed Mary. For a little of the old thrill is reborn each time she recalls that memorable experience. "I'd prepared two encore, since I only had a five minute spot. Well, I didn't get off for forty-five! I'd exhausted everything, including myself. You see, it was one of those Sunday nights when everybody that was anybody in the movie industry was present.

"When I finally came off, one of the waiters handed me a note from Larry Schwab, a Broadway producer, inviting me over to his table." Mary paused to catch her breath and remark on that 'bit of the ole South' that seemed to creep out in her speech when she least expected. "After powdering my nose I started out and ran into the manager. He asked me how I'd like to sing there regularly. I was so dumbfounded I said, 'Gosh, yes' before he could bat an eye.

"Then when I talked to Mr. Schwab he offered me a contract. I signed—so fast he couldn't change his mind, then agreed to report in New York as soon as I'd finished up at the Troc. That was my night of nights and even now seems hard to believe. But, I finished up and headed for New York, racing across the country during the hottest summer I've ever known."

Lighting a cigarette, Mary inhaled deeply and thoughtfully blew the smoke out as she told of her first appointment on Broadway. "As soon as I checked into a hotel and freshened up I went around to my producer's offices. Imagine my surprise when no one there had ever heard of me. They coolly informed me he was away and not expected back for a couple of weeks. I was panicked and the secretary took pity on me and listened to my tale of woe. It developed she remembered writing me in California. Further, that it was to notify me the show was indefinitely postponed. I'd missed the letter by a day and had come all the way thinking I'd go right into rehearsal."

"It only took a few days of this unfamiliar New York to put me on the phone. I wanted to go right home, but Mother said, 'No, Mary, you stay right there on the ground. Don't leave now after you've gone that far. Something is bound to happen and you'll never land it unless you're there.'"

"As it happened, Mother certainly

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any subject. YOU CAN write the words for
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Many of those sneering, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or 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 toxins and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3-5 poisons a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubules and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start causing backaches, rheumatic pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes show there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 60 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubules flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Since then things have been happening so fast that Mary can hardly believe her name is Martin. In fact, she often reads what she has done, or is to do, long before she knows it herself. The one thing she did hear first about herself, however, was her movie deal. She had, in fact, accepted "John Hancock" before a soul was told.

Crushing her cigarette in a nearby ash tray, Mary turned to us and said, "During the run of the show almost every movie company offered me a contract. "Yes, those were the days," she reflected. "I was very lucky back then, for I think it would have been equally good for any number of girls who could do it. I was just very fortunate to get it."

"I'd like to do 'Kiss The Boys Goodbye' next. Mother claims it's a natural for me, so it must be. What do you think?"

Untold Blunders of Hollywood Stars!

[Continued from page 60]
BALALAIKA
RUSSIAN OPERETTA—M-G-M

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LAP hands, here’s a new Glamour Girl, and we can always use a new Glamour Girl on the screen. After a false start, the beautiful and blonde and very, very cleverly by a pretty word (for sexy) Ilona Massey gets into her stride in this picture—and the Viennese girl becomes a star overnight. And all the Nelson Eddy fans can cheer lustily because Metro certainly does right by Nelson this time. He plays the hunk himself and gives it everything. The story’s on the operetta order and is all about the Old Russia in the days of the Czars, the War of 1914, and the Revolution. Nelson is a Czarist Prince who masquerades as a young street-walker for his effort to win the love of a cafe singer, Ilona Massey, whose father and brother are leaders in the Revolution. Charlie Ruggles, Nelson’s former orderly, opens the Balalaika restaurant in Paris and here you have the pleasure of seeing Russian New Year’s, Frank Morgan, Lionel Atwill, Dailies Frantz, and Joyce Compton stand out in well-written parts. Above all, the picture is rich in music and you will be treated to such delights as, “The Volga Boatman,” “Scheherazade,” “Dark Eyes” and “Silent Night.” Fine entertainment, this.

RAFFLES
THE AMATEUR CRACKSMAN RETURNS—United Artists

THAT suave, fascinating and utterly captivating young man-crook, known as Raffles, is with us again. David Niven falls heir to the role of Raffles, once sacred to the memory of Ronald Colman, and fits it to a T. When David meets the beautiful (and how beautiful she is!) Olivia de Havilland he decides to give up his side line of robbing the rich to give to the poor and become a respectable young man. But Olivia’s brother, who is in trouble and to help him David goes after the magnificent rubies of Lady Muriel in Scotland Yard. Olivia is in love at first sight and from that on it is a battle of wits between our most charming gentleman crook and the police. The ending comes as quite a surprise—does the Amater Cracksman return at seven or does he make his escape? Figure it out for yourself. Every detail in the cast of this fine production are Dame May Whitty, Dudley Digges, E. E. Clive, and Lionel Pape.

CHARLIE McCARThY, DETECTIVE
PLENTY OF FUN—Universal

HERE’S your favorite radio entertainer, Charlie McCarthy, turned detective. Charlie and Edgar are entertainers in the Club Gardenia, and, returning to their dressing-room one night, find themselves with a dead man, who isn’t dead. They call in their pal, Robert Cummings, a newspaper columnist, and together they revive the dead man, and find out from him that there’s a lot of dirty work going on. At a garden party where Edgar and Charlie and Mortimer Snerd are entertaining, Louis Calhern, a powerful publisher, is murdered, and Charlie just can’t hold out any longer. Much to the annoyance of Detective Edgar Kennedy, Charlie starts an unofficial investigation all his own. Plenty of excitement and plenty of laughs. Detective McCarthy is hot stuff.

SWANEE RIVER
LIFE OF STEPHEN FOSTER—20th Century-Fox

HERE’S a grand blending of story and song that is bound to please both the ear and eye. The story is about the life of Stephen Foster, one of our greatest early American composers, whose songs today are known and loved by everyone. His songs make up a large part of the picture, and you’ll be completely charmed by hearing once again such favorites as “Oh, Susannah,” “Old Kentucky Home,” “Jeannie With the Light Brown Hair,” and “Old Black Joe.” Don Ameche plays Stephen Foster, Al Jolson plays the minstrel who sings many of his songs, and Andrea Leeds plays his loving wife who is forced to leave him when, while out, she has to take care of her child. This starts him down the ladder. When he is just about down and out, his wife returns to him and gives him inspiration for his last big song, “Swanee River.” You’ll thoroughly enjoy the quiet simplicity and beautiful music of this picture.

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED
COLMAN AT HIS BEST—Paramount

AWFULLY, awfully British this one, with almost an entire all-Briton cast. But if you liked Rudyard Kipling’s somber story of the Sudan and a young war painter who gradually went blind you’re bound to like the screen version—it has all the mood, atmosphere, and flavor of the original. Ronald Colman plays the young artist who, after a campaign in the Sudan, where he received a sabre wound from a Fuzzy Wuzzy, returns to London and is acclaimed as a great artist. When he realizes he is facing blindness he is inspired to do a great work, a Melancholia, which is destroyed, the day he goes blind, by his street-walker model in a fit of fury. Completely blind he manages to return to the Sudan and ride to his death in a cavalry charge. Colman gives a grand performance as the artist, but has to share acting honors with Ida Lupino’s “Bessie,” about the most horrible little tramp that has come our way since Betty Davis or Minnie Maddern. Merideth Angelus plays his selfishly ambitious girl friend, and Walter Huston and Dudley Digges are his faithful friends. Serious it was when Kipling wrote it, and serious it still is.

JUDGE HARDY AND SON
THE FORMULA IS CHANGING—M-G-M

SOMEBODY, and somebody ought to be spanked, has seen fit to mix a lot of pathos in with the laughter in this newest of the Judge Hardy series. It’s so much fun to laugh at Andy Hardy and the Judge’s delightful family—why make

(Continued on page 52)

Reviews

[Continued from page 49]
TEETHING PAINS
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The Girl Who Looked Like a Star

[Continued from page 47]

“No, I won't go home,” she said. “Maybe you're right and maybe you aren't. Things don't always have to go by rule. I'm going to make a success, just wait and see. And besides, I'll make a fortune out of a couple of pictures, and the first time, "I haven't the money to go back . . . yet."

She made me feel the way I do when I see a stray kitten or a homeless dog, as if I had to take her right home with me and look after her. I had to give myself the mental picture of Lyda, and if I adopted every stray that came my way I'd soon have to be looking for someone to adopt me. And I'm afraid girls without funds trying to buck Hollywood are just as numerous, I tried to be hard-hearted but in spite of myself the impulsive words popped out of my mouth.

“You'd better come along and stay with me until you find something to do.” That was when I began really to know Lyda.

“I didn't know anyone could be so generous,” she said, “but of course I can't do that. I've got to stand on my own feet. Don't worry about me. I'll be all right.”

And the way she looked when she said it made me know that she was going to be all right. Right then and there I saw that Glenda really was the things she looked, honest and brave and tender, just as Lyda who looked those things too, wasn't any of them.

When I first met Lyda I was completely taken in by her looks. Her face is such a brave face, such a true one. But there's nothing true or really brave about Lyda. Oh, she can stand up to things all right if she has something to hold her up. But I don't gain anything from her, and I'm no braver.

Not in the way I could see Glenda was.

You've seen Lyda's eyes in Technicolor, such a misty, tender blue they look like violets with the dew still on them. But there's nothing about Lyda's face but a hard streak in her that stops at nothing. She'd sacrifice anyone to get the slightest advantage for herself.

Her mouth, full and sweet and generous is the mouth of a girl warm and impulsive, a giving mouth, not a taking mouth at all. But I'd seen Lyda look at someone with her eyes half closed, and her mouth tender and yielding when she was being the most ruthless, and so I'd come to know that the lovely promise of her face meant nothing.

Now Glenda was making that promise come true. The more I saw of that girl the better I liked her. She didn't ask for help or for pity either. I'd see her after a hard day looking for work and she'd be as happy and laughing as if she just landed a big part. Again and again.

“And they say Hollywood is full of ‘yes men,'” she giggled. “I'd love to meet them. All I hear is ‘no.'”

In the end, of course, she went the way of so many hopeful youngsters, who find their dreams shattered just as far from the reality of frustration and disappointment, and got herself a job in one of the department stores in downtown Los Angeles. She was still laughing, still gay, but underneath was the ache of her failure.

Lyda had just finished a picture and I invited Glenda to the preview. She got a terrific, sweet, gentle little gauze who rushed at her with their autograph books as we pushed our way into the crowded lobby, but just as she was trying to explain that she wasn't Lyda a cry went up from the crowd around the entrance.

There stood the real Lyda. She was wearing the first silver fox evening wrap to make its bow in Hollywood and there was a king's ransom in jewels encircling her lovely throat and slender wrists. She was so lovely standing there with her warm smile and her eyes shining as if little candles had been lighted behind them, that she made even me, who knew her, believe that she meant it when she spread out her arms in that impulsive, eager way, as if she were taking all of us up her heart.

"Isn't she wonderful!" Glenda's voice sounded awed and it was uncanny looking at the girl beside me and seeing that same lovely face in replica. It was like looking into a trick mirror that had bewitched a silver fox wrap into a cheap little sports coat and a circle of jeweled flowers into a shabby hat, leaving only the wonder of that face untouched.

"Gee you look like her," one of the fans whispered. "I thought you were her in disguise."

Even the way this fan looked at Glenda, as if she couldn't understand how she could have been so fooled, even the unconscious cruelty of her words couldn't down Glenda's excitement. There was the unusual crowd about her, always, and the way her eyes were for no one but Lyda. She tensed as the picture started and Lyda made her first appearance.

You probably all saw the scene that followed, maybe you remember it. It's the one in which the popular leading man I'm going to call Jack Kildrane, though that isn't his real name or his screen one, played opposite Lyda in that devastating love scene that upset all the Hollywood rules by coming at the beginning of the picture instead of the end. The critics raved over that scene and it was the first time most of the film colony knew that Lyda had grabbed off a new love interest for herself.

For only a man really in love could look at a woman as Jack was looking at Lyda. Only a man at once tortured and exulting in his love could put so much feeling in the way he held her small pointed face in his hand, in the way his mouth found first her forehead, then her eyelids and finally her lips.

The little rushing murmur that always sweeps through an audience when it is genuinely stirred rippled through the theatre. I turned towards Glenda and then I was sorry I did for it was almost like a shock, a sound that's so innocent of all guile showing the thing that was happening to her. Of course I didn't really know it until afterwards, a long time afterwards, when Glenda sobbed...
out her heart to me, but I sensed it then. Glenda was falling in love as only a girl like Glenda can with no thought of herself.

I felt I had to warn her. She was so vulnerable, so defenseless. Girls like that are always at such a disadvantage when their emotions are involved. But it was one of the hardest things I ever did.

I kissed her love with Lyda,” I whispered. “She told me all about it the other day when I interviewed her.”

“Oh.” She tried to smile. “He’s grand enough for her, isn’t he?”

A few days afterwards when I sat in Lyda’s dressing room listening to her harangue against her stand-in who was leaving to marry a man in her home town.

Of course it was the perfect opportunity for Glenda but I hesitated, remembering her eyes when she had looked at Jack Kildrane. I’ve always had a horror of playing God. Usually it turns out that what you’re really doing is playing the devil. I’ve seen so many lives hopelessly tangled through mistaken kindness. But in the case of Glenda, wearing out her youth behind a counter and dreaming impossible dreams and I felt I had to give her the one chance she could possibly get in Hollywood.

So the next morning Glenda came along with me to the studio and everybody gasped as they looked at her. And for once Lyda wasn’t able to mask her emotions. I could see she hated Glenda for daring to look like her. Yet there wasn’t a thing she could do but agree with everybody that Glenda was her perfect stand-in.

I’d never thought much about what a stand-in must feel before. But now I saw how heartbreaking it could be for a girl with ambitions of her own to spend those long tedious minutes on the set while cameras are focused, lights experimented with, make-up checked on. Just to stand, maybe to walk a little under the cruel heat of the high-powered lamps and then to have to step aside while the star walked into her line. No, the stand-in was Glenda I noticed things I never had before. Her intenstiy as she watched Lyda’s every move, the way her head would lift or droop in exact rhythm to Lyda’s every motion and how her lips silently repeated the words Lyda would be heard speaking.

And I noticed the difference, too, when it was a love scene she was watching. Glenda tensed every time Jack took Lyda in his arms. At first her eyes held a hushed rapture as if it were her mouth Jack was kissing. But afterwards that changed and then was only the hurt of her denied longing.

That was after she had begun to suspect what everyone else there knew, that love to Lyda meant only conquest and that it wasn’t her heart reaching out to Jack, but hers and her vanity. And Lyda’s vanity was insatiable.

She was playing a game with Jack and it was as if she couldn’t think of enough spiteful little ways to humiliate him and show how much he valued her. She made him run errands for her and hold her make-up box while she lingered over the sacred ritual of touching up that lovely face.

But these weren’t the things that really mattered. A man in love doesn’t stop to think he’s being a fool of himself. Even though they made the rest of us furious, I didn’t think Jack himself gave a thought to them. The thing that hurt him was the way she had of looking at every man on the set from the director down to the casual visitor and promising them things with her eyes while Jack watched her with that stricken look in his eyes.

One day she went further than she ever had before. A bank had come from New York one of those without studied dexterity when expenses and loans and box-office returns are relegated to cold facts, and Lyda, knowing how powerful he was, had set herself to the pleasant task of beguiling him.

There had been whispers of them being seen everywhere together and Jack showed his unhappiness. But only Lyda could have staged that little scene in the studio when she rushed up to the banker one day and kissed him in front of everyone. Of course kissing more or less casual in Hollywood just as dangerous is when it is said to everyone from the prop boy up to the studio head. But there wasn’t anything casual in Lyda’s kiss and there wasn’t anything casual in the way she said darling, either. She meant them as much as Lyda can mean anything.

Something happened to Jack then. An expression, almost of disgust, came into his eyes. I think for the first time he was getting a hold on himself and it seemed to me that the end of his love for Lyda was almost accomplished now that he had actually come to the place where he no longer wanted to love her. He left the stage and so, naturally, he didn’t see Glenda’s eyes fill with tears.

She wasn’t needed on the set just then and I saw her leave, stumbling a little as if she wasn’t quite sure where she was going, and I started to go after her. Then I stopped for I saw her crying in a corner behind a pile of dismantled props and Jack was coming towards her.

Afterwards Glenda told me she thought Jack knew who she was, and that it wasn’t until after he had kissed her and whispered Lyda’s name that she knew it was a mistake—it wasn’t her he was kissing after all.

Even knowing it she couldn’t break away from him. It was enough in that moment to be held in his arms, to feel his lips on hers, even though she knew that it was Lyda he was really holding in his arms, that it was her lips he thought he was kissing.

“Lyda,” he said and he kept whispering the name over and over again so that it became a litany on his lips. And then he said: “Why aren’t you always sweet like this. You’ve given me peace, darling.”

It was a story for any writer’s hand, that scene. I thought of the story it would make and how I could write it using Glenda’s mingled emotions of rapture and despair to point that poignant scene. But how could I take Glenda’s generous heart and shame her before herself and the man she loved.

So I didn’t write the story and I didn’t say anything the day Jack talked to me.
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Silver Screen for March 1940

CONFESSIONS

of AN

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either. He was tight or he wouldn't have

said the things he did. He isn't the sort

of man to wear his heart on his sleeve.

It happened a day or so after the pic-

ture was finished. I saw him at the Troca-

dero sitting by himself at a corner table.

I knew what had happened that morning.

All Hollywood was buzzing with the story

that the banker and Lyda had taken the

same plane for New York and she was

wearing a new bracelet and a corsage

so huge it dazzled even the press agent

who had hurried to the airport, in an

effort to stop her.

I went over to Jack. I couldn't stop

myself. He looked so bitter and alone.

"Listen," I said, sounding more hard-

boiled than I felt, "no woman is worth

all this and certainly Lyda isn't. Don't

you know she isn't real? She's a delusion,

a lovely, exciting dream, but that's all."

"You don't know Lyda," he said. "No

one understands her, not even I." He

hesitated a moment before he spoke again.

He sounded as if he couldn't keep it to

himself any longer, as if he had to talk

about it to someone. "You know I al-

most hated her once and I thought those

things about her, too. In those few min-

tes it was as if I was free again. You

don't know what it meant to me to be-

long to myself again, being able to reason,

to see things clearly. You probably won't

understand, but it was just a few minutes

after that I found the real Lyda. You

can imagine what she was like then. Not

exciting at all, just tender and so sweet

she would spoil a man for any other

woman. I never knew there could be such

peace in love. It wasn't words you know.

She didn't say a thing. It was something

so much deeper, so much truer words than

could ever be." Then I held my tongue which

is unruly enough at best. But I couldn't

say anything. I couldn't tell him how it

really had been.

But life has a way of writing its own

endings. It was a few days afterwards

that Glenda got a rush call from the

studio. The director was dissatisfied with

the shot of the last scene and since they

couldn't reach Lyda they had decided to

try Glenda in her place.

Joe made an excuse to be in the studio

that day; for I didn't know what might

happen and I wanted to be there if

Glenda needed me.

Jack looked shaken when he came on

the set. Afterwards I heard how they had

worked to sober him up, of the quarts

of black coffee they made him drink and

the guerrelling hour he had spent in the

gymnasium with a trainer and a masseur

pounding him back to sobriety again.

But even at that he still looked pretty

shaky as he started to rehearse the scene

with Glenda.

I don't think he realized what was hap-

pening the first time he kissed her, only

he relaxed a bit and his eyes lost some

of their bitterness. Then as they re-

hearsed the scene again, his arms holding

Glenda tightened and he said something

that wasn't in the script at all.

"So it was you," he whispered.

You probably think Jack was swept off

his feet again. But he wasn't. He had

been hurt too deeply to believe in a

woman so easily again. It took weeks for

him even to make Glenda his friend and

it was a long time before he spoke of

love to her.

The day they flew to Yuma everyone

thought he was marrying her because he

was still carrying the torch for Lyda and

he was putting this girl, who looked so

much like her, in her place. But no one

thinks that to-day. You couldn't see those

two together as I saw them to-night at

the Victor Hugo, with four happy years

of marriage behind them, and not know

the truth.

Jack had fallen in love with a woman's

face once, but this time he had fallen in

love with the woman herself.

Pictures on the Fire!

[Continued from page 55]

what I call a swell title.

My friend, John Garfield, refused to do

this picture, but I hope it was because of

his part rather than because of the

script. It should make a grand comedy.

The scene is laid in a brownstone

house which was built by the Victory

Company about 1860. Today, in 1940, nothing

has been changed—except the ownership.

When rich Miss Minerva Randolph died a

spinster, she left the house intact to

acidulous Maggie Ryan (Una O'Connor),

the family cook, and plump Mrs. Taylor

(Jessie Busley), an incurable romanticist,

once Miss Minnie's maid. Una has a

dughter (Anne Sheridan), Mrs. Taylor's

a son (Jeffrey Lynn).

Anne is a singer and dancer who knows

her way about. She has just returned

to her home once more—without a job. Una

is soaking her feet in a tub of hot water

when Anne comes in.

"A fine way to come home," Una sniffed,

"jolting all the neighbors out of their

beds."

"They'd have been a darn sight more

jolted if I'd lost my argument with Mr.

Myers on the frost stoop," Anne retorts.

"Shut up!" Una snaps. "Sometimes I'm

almost glad poor Miss Minnie, God rest

her soul, is dead. At least, it saves me

the shame of having her know my own

story, so much nearer to being a burlesque.

"I am not!" Anne comes back, vig-

erously brushing her hair. "I'm a good

girl."

"You're not!" Una explodes. "You don't

act like a good girl, you don't talk like a

good girl and you don't dress like a good

girl.

Anne fings the brush down and turns

on her mother. "Listen, Ma! I act the

way I please, I talk the way I please and

I dress the way I please and you can't

stop me. But, technically, I'm a good

girl."

"I don't believe it!" Miss O'Connor

announces flatly.

"Holy rolling zippers!" Anne shrieks,

"that's about the size of it. My own

mother! Of all the people in the world,

my own mother is the only one who

doesn't believe it!"
CHESTER Morris and Richard Dix are working in "The Marines Fly High." I haven't seen Chester in months, but he's looking fine despite the separation. "What goes?" I inquire briskly.

"Same old thing," he responds amiably. "First Dix and I were marines, then sailors, then soldiers. Now we're back to the marines again. Only this time, to give the plot a different twist, I get the girl."

The girl is Lucille Ball. I have said repeatedly that Lucille is one of the real wits of Cinemania. Now, I add, she is also one of its really good actresses. And Lucille is no stranger to the Bing Crosby broadcast, when she did a girl with a Bronx accent, argue with me. Just now she is baiting Stiffo Dunia, who is also among those present.

Chester and I sit listening to her in amusement. "What time is it?" he asks me suddenly.

"Ten thirty," I answer. "Dick, I'm divorced!" he says quietly.

There isn't much I can say. Chester and Sue used to be among my closest friends—two of the few people in Holly—wood who really mattered to me. And if ever there were two people who were meant for each other—who were right for each other—it was those two. I've not seen much of them in late years, but I haven't forgotten them. I don't know what caused the divorce—whose fault it was. I only know there should have been some way of avoiding it."

"I'll see you later, Chet," I tell him and move over to—

PARAMOUNT

IT'S a somber month for me. First the scene Lombard and Anne Shirley put on, then the Morris divorce and now at Paramount the only picture shooting is "The Way of All Flesh": one of Emil Jannings' greatest successes and the picture that catapulted Ruth Chatterton to screen fame. In that picture also was Barry Norton, the most popular unstarrred player of his decade. Now Akim Tamiroff is playing Jannings' role.

It's about a family who meets a—siren and he has his skids, ending up in the gutter. In the beginning, he's a minor executive in a bank. This scene is the beginning of the picture.

Tamiroff is sitting at his desk, signing letters, etc. He reaches for the stamp box which has both stamps and money in it. Rapidly he totals its contents and an expression of horror comes over his face. He looks thoughtful for a moment and then calls "Timothy!"

Timothy is a young boy, who has been running a duplicating machine and watching Tamiroff out of the corner of his eye. Now he is a picture of abject misery as he comes towards Tamiroff.

"Here is your salary check, Timothy," Akim says gently.

Timothy reaches for it, but Tamiroff holds it, looking down at it. "Five dollars," he muses. "What do you do with this money?"

"I give it to my mother," he explains.

"She gives me twenty-five cents a week for spending money."

"Um," Tamiroff reflects. "Not very much, is it? Must sometimes run..."

CALLouses

SWISS Family Robinson" is working. While there are no really big stars in this picture there are a lot of well-known players and everyone of them a fine actor—Thomas Mitchell, Edna Best (MRS. HERBERT MARSHALL), Freddie Bartholomew, young Tim Holt, Burt Quillan (the two-year-old nephew of Eddie Quillan), John Wray, Fred Kohler and one of the earliest film idols—Herbert Rawlinson. The book is a classic and was adapted by Gene Towne and Graham Baker.

The scene they're doing today is not important so there's no use going into it. We'll get on to the next set where—

G INGER Rogers has just started in "The Primrose Path," so we'll let that one go until next month. We still have "Vigil in the Night" on which Carole Lombard has been toiling for lo these past months."

"The Mook!" she screams, catching sight of me. Carole's repression is all for her acting, not for her private life, and I flush a lobster red as everyone on the set turns to stare at me. But she gives me a big hug for I haven't seen her in a long time and I turn even redder—this time with pleasure.

Almost at the end of the picture, they're filming one of the first scenes. Carole is a graduate nurse in an English hospital saving a small boy with a severe case of diphtheria. Weary after a twelve hour vigil, she greets the arrival of her younger sister Lucy (Anne Shirley), a student nurse who is soon to receive her diploma. Anne's heart isn't in her nursing and, thinking the boy is getting along all right, she slips out to the kitchen for a bite. During her absence the boy chokes and dies. Returning, she is horrified and runs after Carole. Carole immediately tries artificial respiration, but it's no use.


Anne jumps to her feet, hurrises to a medicine cabinet and fills a hypodermic needle which she takes to Carole. Carole gives the hypodermic but she keeps on breathing and continies with the artificial respiration. Anne slowly backs towards the other cot, still watching Lombard. Carole, realizing the boy is gone, places his hands on the bed, then slowly backs towards a chair.

There are no two finer actresses on the screen than these two and I wish I could put across on gold paper the drama they pack into this scene. When it's over I don't feel much in the mood for the banter I usually enjoy with Carole.

As I prepare to leave she says, "I'm almost through with this picture. Call me next week and we'll have lunch together." I nod and move on to the next set where—

SWISS Family Robinson" is working. While there are no really big stars in this picture there are a lot of well-known players and everyone of them a fine actor—Thomas Mitchell, Edna Best (MRS. HERBERT MARSHALL), Freddie Bartholomew, young Tim Holt, Burt Quillan (the two-year-old nephew of Eddie Quillan), John Wray, Fred Kohler and one of the earliest film idols—Herbert Rawlinson. The book is a classic and was adapted by Gene Towne and Graham Baker.

The scene they're doing today is not important so there's no use going into it. We'll get on to the next set where—
short. Then what do you do?"

But Timothy stands there, too unhappy to speak, his eyes on Tamiroff's hand and the stamp box. "You borrow it, perhaps?" Akim suggests.

"Yes!" Timothy bursts out, and "I'll pay it back, too!"

"Sit down, Timothy," Tamiroff orders and then, as the boy sits in a chair, he goes on reflectively, "it's a dreadful thing to be a thief."

"A thief?" Timothy shouts. "I said I'm going to put it back—and, besides, I only took fifty cents."

"Fifty cents or fifty dollars," Tamiroff broods, "it makes no difference if it is not yours." He pauses. "And it is especially wicked for you, Timothy—because you hold a position of trust." He pauses, again and then, "About thirty years ago a boy ten years old went to work for this bank for only two dollars a week. His parents were very poor and he had to give all his money to his mother. He got no spending money. And it was a difficult thing to be working in a bank surrounded by money. He used to wonder sometimes if he could just borrow a little to buy some of the things he had seen in the stores. He was tempted to do so. But. He conquered those temptations—and he went on working at this bank for twenty years—twenty-five years. The little boy grew up and one day the people in the bank gave him a present. He takes out a watch. A beautiful gold watch with something written inside the case." He hands the watch to Timothy who reads: "Presented to Paul Kraiz in recognition of twenty-five years of faithful service—by the officers of the Linza National Bank." "Some day," Akim continues, "you may have a watch like this—but not if you take money out of the stamp box."

"I'll never do it again, Mr. Kraiz," Timothy says. "I'm sorry, I know I was wrong."

"I'm sure of that, Timothy," Tamiroff agrees. He reaches in his pocket and takes out a fifty cent piece. "Look, I put fifty cents in the stamp box and you pay me five cents a week. And we tell no one."

I am almost as relieved as Timothy when this scene is over. How that man plays it! In the past I have an uneasy feeling I've said he was an uninteresting actor. But no one who sees this scene or who saw him in "Disputed Passage" would think I knew what I was talking about. I don't believe I did. I can only apologize and say "You're swell, Mr. T." And that, I guess, takes care of Paramount this month. We proceed to——

United Artists

Two swell pictures shooting here—"The Westerner," starring Gary Cooper, and "My Son! My Son!" with an all-star cast.

The scene on the first named is near the beginning of the picture. In fact, it is Gary's first appearance. He rides into a little town in the western end of Texas. Immediately he sees a sign in his horse's stable, and brings before a corrupt little judge (Walter Brennan) for trial as a horse-thief.

The scene is too long to give the dialogue, but it is really humorous and was made to order for Gary Cooper.

For instance, when he is brought before the judge, Brennan says, "What's your name? Any name will do because you won't be here long anyhow."

"Is it all right if I use my own name?" Gary inquires.

He knows he's a cinch to be convicted so when the jury goes out he pulls a gold dollar from his pocket and tells the judge (who is also the saloon owner and bartender) to buy the jury a drink. Then he inquires if there is any rule against the prisoner having one, too. "Nope," opines Judge Brennan, "we don't aim to inflict no cruel or inhuman treatment on our prisoners—not even when they're cattle thieves."

He sets a bottle before Gary and immediately the little that spills burns a hole in the bar. But Gary drinks it 'as though it were nectar. "What do you call this?" he grinned mildly.

"Rub 'o the brush," Brennan tells him. "It should have been called "Rubbed off the brush"—the shellac brush."

Gary and the rest of the troop have just got back from a long location trip, and they're all tired. But Gary, who is socially if not philanthropically the most of the most courteous and cordial people I have ever met, comes over and tells me all about the trip. And when Gary talks when he could be sleeping (between shots) — well, the accolade has been bestowed.

* * *

After such a compliment, as I mention along towards the other set, I wonder if I should speak to common people.

But when I get to the set of "My Son! My Son!" (an Edward Small production) and see Louis Hayward and Henry Hull I decide I must try to keep my head and not let recent attentions affect my judgment.

The scene they're doing is at Waterloo Station during the World War. Louis is Brian Aherne's son and he (Louis) is by way of being a thorough-going heel. He is the light of Aherne's life, but he has quit speaking to him. Madeleine Carroll, revealing the secret, who is one of the most courteous and cordial people I have ever met, comes over and tells me all about the trip. And when Gary talks when he could be sleeping (between shots) — well, the accolade has been bestowed.

"He won't see me," he surmises. "It was like running a knife through me to have him tell me he had nothing to say to you," Hull chuckles.

There is a moment's silence during which Hull looks at Louis miserably and then the station master blows his whistle. Brian pulls himself together. "Go back, Dermot. Go say goodbye to your boy. Tell him—to—to take care of Oliver for me."

Hull turns sadly away not trusting himself to speak.

This was one of the most powerful novels of the year and I have a hunch the picture is going to be just as gripping——
just as heart-wrenching.

"Hey, you lug," says the British Louie, lapsing into our best American slang, "why don't you ever come up to see us?"

"How's Lupy (Ida Lupino, his wife)?" I inquire, ignoring the question, because this business of getting together is a game Louie and I have been playing for years. Whenever we meet we exchange phone numbers and one is always going to call the other one next day—but we somehow never do.

"Have you seen her in 'The Light That Failed,'" Louie enthuses. "If she doesn't get the Academy Award for her work it'll be because of bigotry—or something. She's sensational. Hey, where you going?"

"Give her my love and tell her she can have my vote even before I've seen the picture. I've got to get out to—"

**M-G-M**

**ONLY** two pictures out here I haven't already told you about—"Arouse and Beware," starring Wallace Beery, and "Young from Edison," starring Mickey Rooney.

I would as soon think of missing a Rooney picture as I would a cocktail party. Mickey can make even a trite story come to life and when he gets hold of a really good part there are few, if any, actors on the screen who can top him.

In the picture he plays Edison as a boy. In this scene he and his sister (Virginia Weidler) have been banished from the close, hard-working community and was promoting her. In the cloakroom Mickey pulls a bottle of hydrochloric acid from one pocket and a bottle of concentrated ammonia from another. He nonchalantly mixes them to see what will happen. He finds out. There is an explosion and the school house is on fire.

You can imagine what Mickey will do with a part like that!

**S**

**THE** other picture doesn't move me to such heights of enthusiasm, but it will doubtless entertain you. Every time I think Dolores Del Rio is safely out of pictures someone brings her back—and here she is again. Likewise, here is John Howard. I do not mean to cast any aspersions on Mr. Howard's ability, but why a studio with two capable leading men like Robert Young and Alan Curtis should borrow Howard to play a part either of their own actors could play just as well is something I cannot figure out.

Withdrawn from something that is strictly none of my business (although they can't stop me from thinking) we find Howard and Beery (two Union soldiers during the Civil War) making their tortuous way back to the Union lines. Howard is idealistic, but Beery has had his fill of war and wants to get as far away from both armies as possible. Their only chance of getting anywhere is a map Howard has and Beery is slyly trying to worm out of him all possible information.

"Got our trail figgered out, Lieutenant?" he asks. Howard nods. "You kin tell right off which is Russian and which is American writing?" he persists. Howard, grimly amused, nods again. "Think-a that! Wally exclaims. "You shore must be sharp."

"You're pretty sharp yourself, Sergeant," Howard smiles.

"Me?" Beery echoes depreciation, and then, as though he had just had a sudden idea, "Look! You just point out to me which is the way we go—the woods and cricks an' whatever landmarks, and I'll say 'em back to you—then, when I get 'em learned proper I can scout ahead and clear the trail for yuh—hours that?"

"I wouldn't figure on going off alone if I were you," Howard rejoins after a moment's pause. "You couldn't make it without the map—and I'll read you that a piece at a time."

He grins as Wally reverts to blinking superstition that his extraordinary astuteness should have been penetrated.

Messrs. Beery and Howard can get out of their mess as best they can for I'm leaving them flat and proceeding to—

**20th Century-Fox**

**TWO** pictures here, too—"Shooting High," starring Jane Withers and Gene Autry, and "Dance With the Devil," starring Tyrone Power, Dorothy Lamour and Edward Arnold. The latter is just starting so I'll tell you about that one next month.

The other is Jane's most pretentious picture to date and it also marks Gene Autry's first appearance at a major studio.

Jane has been painting their front porch, but she paints with more enthusiasm than discretion and they have to call in a professional painter (Autry) to finish the job. Here he and Jane are, painting away, happy as a couple of larks, with Jane singing "Shanty of Dreams."

That girl is one of the most versatile kids I have ever seen and it wouldn't surprise me to see her doubling for Sonja Henie in an ice-skating sequence or for Doris Day in a ballet number.

I stand chatting with Mrs. Withers while the scene is being shot. And then Jane comes up and thanks me for some flowers I sent her in New York. "I'm glad you got out today," she adds cordially, "because that scene you just saw is the last one in the picture. We're through!"

And all of a sudden I realize that I'm through, too—for this month. Bye now.

Una Merkel saw the Hollywood premiere of "Destry Rides Again," in which she is featured, with her mother.
REVIEWS
[Continued from page 75]

us cry over them? Of course, by now, even those who came in late know that the one and only Mr. Mickey Rooney plays Andy, and that Judge Hardy and his wife are Lewis Stone and Fay Holden, and his sidekick is Cesar. The Cesar Kid, little Ann Rutherford continues to be his best girl. In this picture Andy has all kinds of financial and romantic troubles, which are fun, and a near tragedy when her mother almost dies of pneumonia, which isn’t fun. The gags are not as good as in previous films; the Southern-accented Margaret Early, and the long-legged Leona Maricle are the girls who manage to get poor Andy into some embarrassing situations.

CISCO KID AND THE LADY
A Mexican Robin Hood—20th Century-Fox

Cesar Romero takes up where Warner Baxter left off in the Cisco Kid series. The 20th Century-Fox has recently decided to resume. And with Cesar in the saddle the Cisco Kid now has far more romantic appeal than he ever had before. When that old menace Robert Barrat murders a prospectors to get his rich wife, Cesar and the Kid slip in to thwart his nefarious plans and save the name for the prospectors’ orphaned baby. There is much battling back and forth, with plenty of gunfire, but the Kid eventually wins. He falls in love with a pretty school teacher, but when he finds out she loves another he switches to a gay gal in a dance hall, who saves him from capture. Hokey, but fun. Marjorie Weaver is the school teacher, and Virginia Field the dance hall dame. Highlight of the picture is a tango danced by Cesar.

THE MEXICAN SPITFIRE
Enjoyable Slapstick—RKO

EVERYBODY said the success of the picture, "Hollywood Cavalcade" would start a round of slapstick comedies in Hollywood, and sure enough it has. And what fun this one is!

The gay, rambunctious Lupe Velez and Leon Errol are teamed again and when it comes to broad gags, and double takes, and good old rousabout comedy those two are hard to beat. Lupe is right in her element, as a ruffian thatCsar’s tango, her antics, Leon, of the rubber legs, plays a dual role, that of Uncle Matt, and that of the veeldy velldy British Lord Epping. The plot’s screwball, but has to do with Lord Epping signing a contract and then eloping into the arms of her boy friend, Donald Woods, against the opposition of Elizabeth Risdon, as Mrs. Matt. There’s a patry throwing sequence at the conclusion that will make Buster Keaton’s mouth water.

NICK CARTER, DETECTIVE
MODERNIZED NO END—M-G-M

Metro has bought up the screen rights to the adventures of Nick Carter, the famous magazine detective, so it’s a cinch that we are now in for a Nick Carter series on the screen. The role of Nick is played by Walter Pidgeon, and the equally famous Bartholomew the Bee Man is played by Donald Meek, both of whom are excellent in their parts. Nick’s changed a lot since Grandma’s day and has gotten himself all modernized and become an aviation expert. He’s big potatoes as a sleuth and is out to catch the spies and saboteurs in the California airplane plants. There’s a thrilling scene in which he attacks a lot since Grandma’s day and has gotten himself all modernized and become an aviation expert. He’s big potatoes as a sleuth and is out to catch the spies and saboteurs in the California airplane plants. There’s a thrilling scene in which he attacks the spies seeking to escape with valuable blueprints. Rita Johnson plays the girl friend, and Henry Hull the inventor. Stanley C. Ridges again is the villain.

GULLIVER’S TRAVELS
FOR CHILDREN—OLD AND YOUNG—PARAMOUNT

This is quite the nicest thing that has happened to us movie goers since “Snow White.” Max Fleischer, with Dave Fleischer directing, proves conclusively that Walt Disney is not the only genius who can make cartoons in Technicolor. Dopey, Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse have a rival—his name is Gabby, and he is a most bombastic little guy with a hot temper and a lot of gab. Personally, we liked Snitch better (Snitch and Sneak and Snoop are spies and saboteurs against the Lilliputians), but Gabby is the leading man. “Gulliver’s Travels” is adapted from the Jonathan Swift book, which delighted us so much as children, and tells Gulliver’s adventure in the land of the Lilliputians where he is washed ashore from a shipwreck. To the Lilliputians of course Gulliver is a giant, and the most striking scene in the cartoon is where they swarm over him and try to tie up his tremendous body. But when Gulliver wakes up he assures them that he is their friend and aids them in their war against the Refuscans. There’s a delightful romance between Princess Glory and Prince David, who have such important people as Jessica Dragonette and Sammy Robbins for their singing doubles. King Harry and King Bombom are not too hot, but you’ll go crazy over Twinkletoes, the carrier pigeon—and Snitch, of course, with his red hair and droopy drawres.

THE GREAT VICTOR HERBERT
A TREAT FOR MUSIC LOVERS—PARAMOUNT

HERE’S an extra special treat for everyone who loves beautiful melodic music, definitely not highbrow. Paramount has delved into the almost in-exhaustible library of Victor Herbert operettas and has come up with us, against an elaborate and effective background, certainly the most tuneful and popular of the songs. Outside of the music, which alone is worth the price of admission, the picture introduces to screen audiences a very attractive light and lovely operetta. One Mary Martin from Texas, who last year had Broadway talking about her plenty when she sang “My Heart Belongs to Daddy” in “Leave It to Me.” Miss Martin accompanied her song with a dainty strip tease. In “The Great Victor Herbert” she doesn’t remove a thing, except possibly her hat. The picture is also noteworthy in that it gives Allan Jones, a most personable young man and talented, too, his first big screen opportunity. You’ll be seeing, and hearing, a lot more of Mr. Jones. Ditto Miss Martin. Both have nice fresh new contracts.

"All the World Will Be Talking About Her!"
[Continued from page 71]

everything she could find to read, visited art galleries and fell in love. After the London premiere of Jamaica Inn Maureen had her first foretaste of what she is doubtless going to get in avalanches here in Hollywood—the cheering, the pursuing, the besieging of the film fans. On that spectacular night of the London premiere, the story is told how the milling crowds separated Maureen and her mother from her father . . . how, three blocks from the theatre, Maureen looked through the car windows, persistent autograph fiends were still following her on foot . . . how she stopped the cab and said to her mother: “One of those men may be father. And if it isn’t, if it is someone who has loved me through that bad time, I shall walk back and give it to him.” And she did.

Heavens above, a heart, too . . .

And so it was that when RKO Studios secured Charles Laughton for the title role in The Hunchback of Notre Dame, when they were investing millions in their adaptation of the famed classic, and were planning to trust its leading roles only to top-ranking, well-known stars, Charles Laughton took the role, and took my word for it that she’s star material I’ll send you a print of Jamaica Inn. If that doesn’t convince you get someone else for the heroine. But please don’t cast the role until you see how she can do it.

Five minutes after Jamaica Inn was screened in a studio projection room, the RKO producer, Pandro S. Berman, had Laughton on the trans-Atlantic phone. “You are right,” said Mr. Berman, “how soon can you both be in Hollywood?”

And so, accompanied by her mother ("mommy wouldn’t have let me come alone, naturally") and by Mr. and Mrs. Laughton, Maureen O’Hara, fresh out of her first and only picture, came to Hollywood to play the feminine lead in one of the biggest productions in history. One hour before she sailed she married her young production manager. Now, whether she married in haste and will repent, is his latest his not for me. You aren’t in her marriage as soon as she can get back to London; that she will marry again, over here. They are rumors unfounded on any statement from Maureen. If I meet her “next personal” I may say that when she is able to do something definite about it, she will. And then, possibly, she will say what there is to be said, no more, no less.
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"—and don’t forget your PASSPORT to POPULARITY"

WHAT difference does it make how attractive, how well-dressed, how witty you are, if you’ve got a case of halitosis (bad breath)? It’s the one thing people will not pardon—... a fault that stamps you a walking nuisance... and a condition that you yourself may not detect. Often it’s due to fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth and there’s a remedy for this condition.

The soundest bit of advice any girl or man can receive is to rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic before any social or business engagement. Almost immediately your breath becomes sweeter, purer, more agreeable. It may be just what you need for your passport to popularity and success.

Strikes at Major Cause
Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth, said by some authorities to be the major cause of breath odors, and then overcomes the odors it causes. It takes only a few seconds to do this and it’s such a delightful and pleasant precaution. Your entire mouth feels healthier, fresher, cleaner. Anyone may have this offensive condition at some time or other without realizing it and therefore unwittingly offend. Don’t take this unnecessary chance. Use Listerine Antiseptic before all social and business engagements at which you wish to be at your best.

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Before Business and Social Engagements... use Listerine Antiseptic for Halitosis (bad breath)
A New Easter Bonnet can Halt a man but a Winning Smile can Hold him!

Your smile is yours alone... far too precious to risk! Help guard it with Ipana and Massage!

The eye-catching smartness of a new Easter bonnet—how quickly it captures a man's glance! But once his attention is halted, it takes a bright and winning smile to hold him.

For no girl can make a lasting impression with a dull and dingy smile. Don't let yourself in for this tragic mistake. Never neglect your teeth and gums. Never dismiss lightly that warning tinge of "pink" on your toothbrush.

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"
If your toothbrush "shows pink"—see your dentist at once! It may not indicate anything serious, but let him decide. Often, he will tell you your gums have grown tender, flabby from lack of exercise. And the fault frequently lies with our modern soft foods. His verdict may simply be "more work for those weakened gums"—and, like many dentists, he may suggest the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

For Ipana is designed not only to clean the teeth but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Feel that delightful tang, exclusive with Ipana and massage, as circulation awakens in the gums—stimulates them—helps make gums firmer, healthier.

Get a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to have a smile you can be proud of!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
for April 1940
DEAR ED:

There is something very incongruous about me being at one of Dame May Whitty’s very hot British cocktail parties—but there I was, and invited, too. My escort, one of those low vulgar people, made quite a point of what he should call Dame May Whitty, and imagined my embarrassment when I heard him say, “Howya, Dame.” I gave him the brush-off as quickly as possible and when last seen he was telling his Fu Manchu story to Nigel Bruce who said, “Very amusing, old boy,” and didn’t understand a word of it, I hope. I certainly pick ‘em.

Anyway, there I was up to my ears in English, with a few intellectuals thrown in, just to confuse me further. I never before met Boris Karloff out socially, but if I expected a Dracula I was certainly disappointed. Mr. Karloff is very shy, hardly speaks above a whisper, and loves to talk about his dogs, of which he has dozens. Herbert Marshall (known as Barr), looking more handsome than ever, was there with his Lee Russell whom he will marry just as soon as his divorce from Edna Best is final. I talked a long time with Vivien Leigh (and would be talking still if Alec Woollcott, the Man Who Came to Dinner, hadn’t barged in), who is definitely one of the nicest things that ever happened to Hollywood, Vivien said that her only criticism of “Gone With the Wind” was that it didn’t show how hard she worked for more than six months without a day off. She and Larry Olivier are all enthused over their tour of “Romeo and Juliet” which will start in April—they really love the stage those two. And each other.

Brian Aherne and Joan Fontaine arrived with sister Olivia and immediately every detachable man in the room crowded around Miss Melanie. Olivia’s easily the most popular girl in Hollywood. And what an actress, when given the opportunity. Brian has to do retakes on “Vigil in the Night” and Joan has to do retakes on “Rebecca” and then they are both off to New York to do a stage play. It will be Joan’s first visit to New York, and first appearance behind the footlights, so you can just imagine how thrilled she is. Chatted with George Cukor who has lost sixty pounds, which infuriated me no end as I can’t even lose one. I had to use a little pressure, but I finally managed to make those two grand actresses, Flora Robson and Una O’Connor, speak to me—the English theatre I have noticed isn’t as palsy as the American theatre. But I must admit I’ve never had a more cordial and amusing hostess than Dame May Whitty. I must get her into my gang.

Liz

Silver Screen

The Opening Chorus

Liz attends an extremely English kick-off party in Hollywood

Hollywood Earfuls

What they’re currently whispering about your favorites

Checking on Their Comments

Frederick James Smith

The start may say one thing, but inwardly mean another

Tips on Pictures

Mary Lee

Even beauties like Lucille Ball have their problems with it

Topics for Gossip

The latest news and photos of Hollywood happenings

We Point with Pride

Dick Mok

Dialogue and facts of important pictures in production

Special Features

Here’s a Cute Trick!

Marilyn Monroe tries one with a rubber horse and has a time of it

Art Gallery

Brian Aherne and Laraine Day

Susan Hayward

Enticing!

Cover Portrait of Jeanette Macdonald and Nelson Eddy by Marland Stone

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Screen Play by Lawrence Hazard • Directed by Frank Borzage
Based on the Book "Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep" by Richard Sale
Produced by Joseph L. Mankiewicz

for April 1940
HEDY LAMARR'S flooding fan mail has forced the star to hire two extra secretaries to help answer the letters. These secretaries report a new quirk in fan picture requests. The girls are writing in asking for both a front view photo and a profile—which can mean only one thing: they are wanted for purposes of duplication.

Any minute now the country is going to be over-run with Hedy Lamarrs. Remember when every other girl you saw was a Jean Harlow, or a Joan Crawford?

The girl fans, according to the secretaries, ask mainly about Hedy's eyes. They want to know what Hedy does to enhance her brilliancy. The answer is "Nothing." Hedy was born with them that way, lucky girl.

Right now a new theme is cropping forth in the letters. Hedy wears long, sweeping peasant dresses which have struck the fancy of her fans. The girls want to know the color, material, and patterns.

Fearful that a nation of girls in Hedy Lamarr peasant dresses might look strange, Hedy's friends are begging her to give out with more glamorous attire in her public appearances.

At a party at the Trocadero recently Hedy and her husband, Gene Markey (who used to be married to Joan Bennett),

Hollywood Earfuls

What's being buzzed around about the gayer activities of your favorites

and Joan Bennett with her new bridegroom, Walter Wanger, met, and spoke, for the first time in months and months. It's common knowledge that Hedy resents Joan changing the color of her hair from blonde to brunette and looking more like Hedy Lamarr than Hedy does herself. For hours the photographers tried to fenagle Joan and Hedy into a group so they could take their pictures together. But neither Joan nor Hedy showed the slightest interest in being together.

Bob Hope says that now that Joan Bennett has married Walter Wanger, Hollywood has lost its Lone Wanger.

Claudette Colbert has just returned from a ten-day skiing vacation at Sugar Bowl, Norden, California, which will soon be giving Sun Valley, Idaho, some stiff competition. It snowed for five days and the guests in the little hotel were completely snowed in. "It was great fun," said Claudette. "The lights went off, the telephone went dead, the food gave out, and finally I had to put on my skis and ski through a blinding snowstorm five miles to the village to bring back the groceries. My, it was fun."

Isn't it amazing what movie stars will do on a vacation and call it fun! If the lights had gone out in the Colbert home in Holmby Hills, and the telephone gone dead, Claudette would probably have had a fit and given the light company a pretty piece of her mind. And you can just imagine what would have happened if the cook had asked her to run over to Beverly Hills and bring back a few groceries. But Claudette's just like the rest of us. What's fun on a vacation is just a darned nuisance at home.

Greg Bautzer, popular young lawyer, likes to boast that he has a habeas corpus on Lana Turner. And a mighty pretty corpus it is.

Speaking of dancing, newest competition for the rhumba and conga is the "Vassoviano," which Dolores Del Rio is teaching her friends. It's a traditional Mexican.

(Continued on page 17)
Oh, the “Road to Singapore”
Is a picture you’ll adore . . .
If it’s laughter you are after
You’ll be rolling on the floor . . .

Join us somewhere East of Suez
On our tuneful tropic tour . . .
And you’ll lose those winter bluez
As your heart thrills to Lamour . . .

Bing and Bob

Just a couple of hitch hikers
on the “Road to Singapore”

Paramount presents

“ROAD TO SINGAPORE”

BING CROSBY • DOROTHY LAMOUR • BOB HOPE

with Charles Coburn • Judith Barrett • Anthony Quinn • Jerry Colonna

Directed by VICTOR SCHERTZINGER • Screen Play by Dan Hartman and Frank Butler • Based on a Story by Harry Hervey

SARONGS . . . SARONGS . . . AND MORE SARONGS
SWEET POTATO PIPER • CAPTAIN CUSTARD • TOO ROMANTIC • THE MOON AND THE WILLOW TREE
SONGS . . . SONGS . . . AND MORE SONGS . . .

for April 1940
Checking On Their Comments

By Frederick James Smith

Left: "Bette Davis was lucky not to be cursed with beauty," declares Anita Louise. Lower left: "I wore six inch heels built into special shoes, so that I had to navigate like a toe dancer," explains Lon Chaney, Jr., about his role in "Of Mice and Men." Below: "When I got off the boat with my little child, my Pia, the press agents were upset," surprisingly admits Ingrid Bergman.

ANITA LOUISE rises to remark that beauty is a terrible handicap, a dreadful drawback to a Hollywood career. After I caught my breath, Anita went on to say—

"Beautiful, but dumb! That's what they say. So you're put in the background, like a lovely piece of furniture, to dress up the scene. You never get a decent role. You're cast for the hero's quiet little sister or the heroine's selfish, but pretty, cousin. The directors just can't visualize you as being able to think or act. So you go on playing marshmallow morons. Hand you a real role, the kind you can get your teeth into? Well, hardly.

"In all my Hollywood career I've had just two roles with anything to them. I did a murderer's way back in 'The Firebird.' And nobody asked me to blink my eyes and look angelic in 'The Glamour Girls.'"

"Bette Davis was lucky not to be cursed with beauty. So was Katharine Cornell. They had a chance to get roles on the screen and on the stage. They'll last. The career of anyone cursed with a nice face is just for the moment. It's just a flash in the pan, and I'm not joking. Hollywood is surfeited with loveliness."

So, as I write, Anita has quit Hollywood for the moment to find the right answer to it all. She's been making personal appearances, playing the harp of all things. Still, that's probably rebellion of a kind against sweet roles. But I disagree with the lovely Anita. What's cleverness and ability to a lyric face and a sym-

LET YOUR FRIENDS IN ON THE TAMPAX SECRET!

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NITA LOUISE rises to remark that beauty is a terrible handicap, a dreadful drawback to a Hollywood career. After I caught my breath, Anita went on to say—

"Beautiful, but dumb! That's what they say. So you're put in the background, like a lovely piece of furniture, to dress up the scene. You never get a decent role. You're cast for the hero's quiet little sister or the heroine's selfish, but pretty, cousin. The directors just can't visualize you as being able to think or act. So you go on playing marshmallow morons. Hand you a real role, the kind you can get your teeth into? Well, hardly.

"In all my Hollywood career I've had just two roles with anything to them. I did a murderer's way back in 'The Firebird.' And nobody asked me to blink my eyes and look angelic in 'The Glamour Girls.'"

"Bette Davis was lucky not to be cursed with beauty. So was Katharine Cornell. They had a chance to get roles on the screen and on the stage. They'll last. The career of anyone cursed with a nice face is just for the moment. It's just a flash in the pan, and I'm not joking. Hollywood is surfeited with loveliness."

So, as I write, Anita has quit Hollywood for the moment to find the right answer to it all. She's been making personal appearances, playing the harp of all things. Still, that's probably rebellion of a kind against sweet roles. But I disagree with the lovely Anita. What's cleverness and ability to a lyric face and a sym-
The stars may say one thing and inwardly mean another, so let’s check and find out phonic figure? Who are the best remembered ladies of history? The Helens of Troy, the Mantenons, the lovelies who upset kings and generals.

LO CHANEY, JR., says he liked playing the slow-witted Lennie in "Of Mice and Men" because it reminded him of the old days. At twelve, the Junior Chaney was a migratory fruit picker such as John Steinbeck pictured in his play. But things were tougher in that lazy, un-social minded era. Listen to Lon’s comments:

"We workers had no cook shacks or bunk houses then. We did our own cooking, when and if we could. And we slept under the trees. Usually wrapped in a blanket. We got a dollar a day—and liked it. So, you see, it was easy for me to understand the problems of Lennie and his pal.

"Lennie was built up from my own height of six feet, three and a half, to six feet, nine. Padded to weigh an extra sixty pounds or a grand total of 285. How did they get the height? I wore six inch heels built into special shoes, so that I had to navigate like a toe dancer. The very first day of shooting we worked over eight hours making the escape of Lennie and George from the armed posse, the shots you see at the very opening. This was a wild run over freshly plowed ground, we did it over and over, you can imagine how my muscles felt that night. I really thought I was licked in my first real role, but somehow I managed to get going next day, aching muscles and all. I remembered all the things—strap and braces and trick contrivances that my father had worn to get bizarre effects and how he'd work it: 'him without a mumm—I made myself stick and do my best.'"

Chaney, Junior, was eight years trying to find a place for himself in films. The name of Chaney meant nothing in forgetful Hollywood. So he battled for a chance. Stunt man, bits, tiny roles, anything. Tossed off dozens of clifs, did hundreds of falls from galloping horses. And he had many a tough moment without a job. But he was bent upon living up to the Chaney tradition. Now he seems to have arrived. He’s worked hard and deserves your plaudits. Step up, Junior, and take a bow.

WHAT is the Lubitsch touch? I put the question across a Hotel Ambassador luncheon table in New York to Ernst Lubitsch, himself. If anyone could explain it, he ought to be able. But did he?

"You wouldn't ask a magician how he does his neatest piece of legerdemain, would you? How he makes that lady vanish is his secret, isn't it? Is it fair to ask me then? Seriously, it's just looking at life with a kindly eye. And, I hope and [Continued on page 14]

Why risk frowns when you could have kisses?

Win—and hold—his love with lasting charm! Keep safe from underarm odor—each day use Mum!

"And he fell in love with her for life!”
A story-book ending? Not at all! Lasting love comes in real life too... when you’re lovely to be near always... when you’re wise enough to let gentle Mum guard your charm each day! Frowns—or kisses... just which you get depends on you!

So don’t take chances. For where is the girl who can dare risk underarm odor—and expect to get away with it?

Don’t expect even a daily bath to prevent underarm odor! A bath removes only perspiration that is past. To avoid odor to come... more women use Mum than any other deodorant. Mum is so dependable—keeps underarms fresh all day!

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Because Mum is so safe...and so dependable...more women use it for sanitaryaphael than any other deodorant. Try Mum this way, too!

Mum TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

f o r A P R I L 1 9 4 0
ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS (RKO) — If the name of Raymond Massey hasn't meant much to you, it will after you see the man give the best portrayal of Lincoln ever seen on screen or stage. Gene Lockhart as Stephen Douglas; Alan Baxter as Lincoln's law partner; and Ruth Gordon as Mary Todd head a superb supporting cast. There should be a law for more pictures like this.

A CHILD IS BORN (Warner's) — The picture is very much in keeping with its title, so that it is definitely not for the entire family. It's not the sort of thing a young couple about to be married would especially enjoy seeing. Though Geraldine Fitzgerald is in it.

ADVENTURE IN DIAMONDS (Paramount) — Just in case audiences wouldn't be interested in Isa Miranda, Italian importation, Paramount borrowed George Brent from Warners to be her leading man in this tale of a diamond thief and his charming accomplice in South Africa. It was a wise move and gives sparkle to an ordinary plot and dialogue.

BROTHER RAT AND A BABY (Warner's) — If this picture doesn't make a star of Eddie Albert we'll be greatly surprised. It's grand and hilarious comedy without letdown and Eddie's right in the midst of all of it. Priscilla Lane, Jane Bryan, Wayne Morris, Ronald Reagan, Jane Wyman and a wonder-child, Peter B. Good, all contribute to make it a prize laugh-getter and gloom chaser.

CALLING PHILO VANCE (Warner's) — James Stephenson turns in a top-notch job in the title role despite a story which is none too convincing. You may have seen this flicker once before when it was called "Kennel Murder Case." Henry O'Neill, Edward Brophy, Margot Stephenson and Sheila Bromley are also in the cast.

CITY OF CHANCE (20th Century-Fox) — You'll thoroughly enjoy this melo-
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. . . COLUMBIA,

WESLEY RUGGLES

Too Many Husbands

starring

JEAN ARTHUR
FRED MELVYN
MACMURRAY
DOUGLAS

Directed by WESLEY RUGGLES • Screen play by CLAUDE BINYON
Based on the play by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM • A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Watch for it at your favorite theatre!

for APRIL 1940

[Continued on page 16]
Lucille Ball, featured in RKO-Radio Pictures, gives practical, easy-to-follow ideas to acquire glamour.

Lucille Ball looks glamorous. That was my first impression when I met her late one afternoon in a photographer's studio. She had been posing since two in the afternoon; forty shots had been made; she had changed her costume, adjusted the red-gold curls, redone her lips, and wet them (a preliminary to every photographic smile), at least a dozen times. Nevertheless, she could still look glamorous the instant the photographer said, "Ready."

Always expect a shock the first time you see a star. Either you see a normally attractive person, so far removed from screen glamour that you are slightly amazed; or you see a person so much, much more of everything than the screen can ever show, that you are positively speechless. Lucille Ball has the advantage of the startling color of a Titian type, and so her person gives you so much more than ordinary photography ever could. In this color lies much of her glamour. Her red-gold hair has an airy, shining beauty. Her eyes are very blue and wide, with an expectant, questioning expression. They are eager eyes. Her up-

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Even Glamour Girls have beauty problems and Lucille Ball frankly talks about hers

By Mary Lee

per lashes are long and darkened with good effect. I can conscientiously use the word "alabaster" to describe her skin. One other Hollywood star I know also has this skin, Margot Grahame. A skin so fine, so fair, so flawless that it looks almost transparent. A beautiful skin to have; a real problem to care for.

At first, Lucille posed in a black velvet robe de style, with a long, white fox evening coat. There was a jeweled bib neck-lace at her throat, and several matching bracelets at her wrist. For some color shots, she held two gigantic and gorgeous orchids, although she does not care for them for personal wear. Later, she changed to an evening gown of cloud pink, with a very bouffant skirt and a precious fitted jacket of iridescent sequins. The pastel flters of that jacket were beautiful with her hair and skin. Outside the dressing-room hung a saucy red jacket, the edges bound in black braid, and a simple lemon yellow wool frock. These, I guessed belonged to her day-time wardrobe.

I asked Lucille how she kept that hair so bright and shining.

"My hair has had to take a lot," she said. "The color has been changed many times for pictures. However, I find that constant brushing is my answer. When I can't have it done, I do it, myself. Once a week, I have a castile shampoo followed by a vinegar rinse. When I'm under a drier, I usually knit or study my lines."

A simple formula for beautiful hair, and sufficient for many. More brushing, and there'd be more beautiful heads. For those who want a good castile shampoo, let me suggest Conti's Barcelona Castile Shampoo. It contains pure olive and other mild oils, and gives hair a lovely, lustrous and youthful look. Any of the prepared brightening rinses or vinegar or lemon may be used afterwards.

"I know," continued Lucille, emerging from a glamour pose of thrown-back head, with half-closed eyes and parted lips, "you won't approve of my skin care, because I steam my face. I am a cream girl, and I first remove all make-up. Then I wring a cloth out of warm water, hold it to my face and apply fresh cream. I smooth this on and let it stay as long as possible. I remove with tissues, rinse first in warm water, then in cold. This seems to keep my skin in good condition."

There is no one set skin care routine for all. Here, let me add, that every skin is a case unto itself. Some do well on soap and water alone, especially the young; some need more creams, while the majority need a combination of both cleansers — some of each. Lucille likes the Dorothy Gray creams. There are, among others, three splendid cleaners. Cleansing Cream is liquefying and is recommended for normal and oily skins. Salon Cold Cream is both a cleanser and a softener and is ideal for medium dry skin. For real dries, there is Cream 683, which is also very

[Continued on page 69]
like to think, with a degree of intelligence.

“The screen has been growing up in the fifteen years I have been making pictures over here. It got into long pants with the coming of sound. Now films are so vastly superior to the so-called legitimate theatre that the comparison is starting. The once dignified stage is shoddy, it is dirty, it makes its points with a sledge-hammer. Now and then a superior play is written. A season is lucky to have one. The films are infinitely superior in tone, in mental calibre, in progress. Consider the number of intelligent pictures emerging from Hollywood in twelve months.

“Our trouble lies in getting good stories. Hollywood consumes such a vast amount of material each year. The stage can not supply a fraction of it, fiction writers can not begin to meet the demand. That is why we all are searching frantically for ideas all the time. Look at me. I have signed to make three pictures for United Artists, I start on the first one— and I still have not hit upon the story I want to do. I am just hoping against hope that I will locate it.”

Lubitsch puffed upon his huge cigar. No director, it is obvious, can be good without good material. And conditions are tougher now than ever before. Europe is too busy making war to write good dramas. So the Lubitsch touch has to wait, warned but hopeful.

I ADMIRE Hollywood rebels, turning up their pretty noses at filmdom’s flitty luce. Take Constance Bennett. She kick’d over the traces, in a graceful, nice way, of course, to try her luck on the stage in a revamped Noel Coward comedy. Connie never had been before the footlights. Did they deter her revolution? Not a bit of it. Says she—

“It all depends upon how sure you are of yourself. Acting, I believe, is the same on the stage as in the movie studios. In fact, I think the stage is easier. You know your working hours. It’s less demanding. The results are immediate. No camera is right under your left eye, recording exactly how tired you look for all the world to examine later in a tremendously magnified close-up covering a great screen.

“I suffer from vitality. Maybe I should say I enjoy vitality. I want to do so many things, and there’s so little time in the zone of human life to do it all. For years I’ve wanted to produce my own films, not necessarily with me in them. I want to film stories I like. And I’m going to do it, starting next summer. I shall make my pictures in New York. I’ll go back to Hal Roach to do another Topper yarn if it develops. I’m going to do things on the stage whether or not the critics like me. I manufacture cosmetics and skin foods. That’s the business woman in me. That other side. I’m taking it real. That lesson I’ve neglected my voice in the rush of Hollywood. Maybe I’ve let romance occupy too much of me. But I’m still young so that will go on, I’m afraid. Or should I say, hope?”

I staggered away from the lovely, sleek Constance pretty exhausted. Burning ambition consumes even an innocent bystander. Not that it isn’t laudable. But just how Connie can play matinées and evening performances, watch her cosmetic business, guide a movie production company, and take time out to fool about in leaves I was baffled. Ambition can become a menace. Glance at the Napoleons and the Hitlers. Adolph, you know, devotes spare moments you are wasting. But he’s a piker alongside Connie.

I ASKED Clark Gable if he felt it dangerous to work so long in one single film such as ‘Gone With the Wind.’ Fans forget easily. Will the role of Rhett Butler, no matter how colorful, be strong enough to hold Clark at the top, to overcome the long months of getting him on celluloid? Gable writes thus:

“Rather than being dangerous to work too long in one picture, I can say from experience that it is of definite value to an actor and makes for a superior film. There is no substitute for adequate and careful preparation. ‘Gone With the Wind’ proves this. From an acting standpoint the play forms itself to a production schedule, which enables him to become thoroughly acquainted with the character he is portraying and develop the characterization to the fullest extent of his ability. I do not believe that working too long on one film is any menace to a career. If an actor makes one role stand out and remain memorable, he has certainly profited as much as if he made four pictures over a similar period. There is no truer saying in Hollywood than that an actor is no better than his last picture. And, if working for more than a year in ‘Gone’ has menaced Vivien Leigh’s career, I could stand a lot of menace.”

So there you are, Clark is willing to stand or fall on Rhett. A recent exhibitor poll conducted by The William H. Halsey, a trade paper, found Gable still among the first ten stars, No. 4 to be exact. And he had only two films released in 1939, “Idiot’s Delight” and “G.W.T.W.” Which shows the potency of Gable’s personality. Absence only makes the fans’ hearts grow fonder.

BECAUSE she had played the role of the little musician in the Swedish original, David Selznick brought over Ingrid Bergman to play opposite Leslie Howard in “Intermezzo.” After she finished her job, she went back to Sweden. Then—surprise!—Hollywood discovered she was an outstanding hit. So they brought her back. Once again in New York, Miss Bergman told me:

“When I got off the boat with my little child, my Pa, the press agents were up—so I didn’t see them. I say, dazzling to fans. But I would not leave her in Sweden. I could not. She is so—so—darling. And I was to be away so long.

“Yes, I am doing Joan of Arc. So they
I want to do her. She was so earthy, so spiritual, so great, so magic. It is a tremendous role. But whether or not I am ready... That's a question. My English, it is not sure. I have to think before I speak. In Swedish there is no effort. I can concentrate on my acting, words take care of themselves. And you need a great deal of experience, a perfect command of language to do Joan adequately. That is why I am back in America so quickly. To perfect my English, to study, to prepare. I hope...

A forthright, simple actress, just twenty-three years old. She had made a number of films in Sweden. But you can understand her honesty about herself as Joan of Arc. It is, as she says, a tremendous role. Still, in spite of being a Swede, she has the basic qualities of a Joan. Provided she keeps her simplicity in the face of the liberal Hollywood education for which she is headed.

P.S.—Please, Ingrid, hold to that honest directness.

When you see the film version of Robert Sherwood's "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" watch for the capture at Harper's Ferry of John Brown by a young Union officer named Robert E. Lee. Give a good look at gaunt Mr. Brown, for he's none other than Director John Cromwell himself. Why? Let Cromwell comment:

"I played John Brown because I couldn't get the actor I wanted for the role. That was the last sequence we made for the film—and I did the part because I have. Sure, we shifted time on Brown's capture, putting it a year ahead of when it actually occurred. We had to do it, to build for dramatic effect.

"It was a joy directing Raymond Massey, who is such an able actor and who has made such a complete study of the Lincoln character. We had something like six hundred extras on the set when we filmed the famous Lincoln-Douglas debate. These extras cheered and reacted according to signals while we were shooting. So, when the cameras stopped after Lincoln's last words on the slavery question, there was a breathless hush and then a tremendous cheer from the six hundred. It was a spontaneous, honest tribute to fine acting.

"The selection of Ruth Gordon for Mary Todd came about oddly. We were considering many players and mentally rejecting them. Something wrong each time, to our way of thinking. The idea of having Miss Gordon do it suddenly occurred to me. I suggested her to Bob Sherwood. Then, oddly, I discovered that Sherwood had offered her the part when the original play was about to be produced. Miss Gordon rejected it then.

"As for me, I'm infinitely grateful for the opportunity of directing 'Abe Lincoln in Illinois.' But it makes everything I think of doing completely trivial."

Which leaves Director Cromwell with his own problem. Meanwhile, I suggest you see this newer—and more rounded—Abraham Lincoln. Cromwell did a big job in a big way. And remember the cheers of the six hundred extras when you watch Abe win his debate with Stephen Douglas.

Tell me, anyway. Of course, I am afraid.
dles an important role capably. Morgan, of course, is his usual highly amusing self.

HIGH SCHOOL (20th Century-Fox) — Jane Withers is the daughter of a wealthy ranch owner who decides she’s had enough private tutoring and that high school would be just the thing for her. For a while it looks as if he should have kept the private tutors, but eventually it turns out that the old man was right. A swell picture. Joe E. Brown, Jr., is in it.

HIS GIRL FRIDAY (Columbia) — Stick Rosalind Russell and Cary Grant in the same picture and you just can’t help getting superlative entertainment. This remake of “The Front Page” starts off with a bang and keeps banging gaily away until the all-too-sudden end. There are laughs galore and action aplenty. Recommended without reservations.

INVISIBLE MAN RETURNS (Universal) — If you’re anxious to have your spine tingled, here’s the thriller that can do it. Vincent Price is excellent as the Invisible Man who has difficulty returning to visibility. Sir Cedric Hardwicke does nice work as a villain and Nan Grey is the girl friend of the Invisible Man even though at times she can’t see him at all.

LONE WOLF STRIKES (Columbia) — The Lone Wolf comes out of retirement for a friend to get back a priceless necklace which has been stolen. He gets the necklace back, but the friend is murdered by another gang of crooks. This puts the Lone Wolf on the spot with the suspicious police. Warren William is again praiseworthy as the Lone Wolf.

MAN WHO WOULDN’T TALK (20th Century-Fox) — This is a remake of “The Valiant” which started Paul Muni on the way to screen fame. Lloyd Nolan has the Muni role and gives a brilliant performance as the confessed killer who refuses to divulge his identity or motive.

MUSIC IN MY HEART (Columbia) — Tony Martin gets his first starring role in this small-scale musical, and acquits himself nobly. Rita Hayworth, a gorgeous looking newcomer, plays opposite. They meet in a taxi accident and fall instantly in love, even though she’s on her way to marry another man.

MUTINY ON THE BLACKHAWK (Universal) — A good melodrama must have action and this Richard Arlen-Andy Devine co-starrer certainly lives up to the rule. It’s about slave running and how Richard Arlen, as Captain Lawrence of the U.S.A., breaks it up by staging a mutiny on a slave ship.

REMEMBER THE NIGHT (Paramount) — Fred MacMurray and Barbara Stanwyck in a refreshing story of an assistant district attorney and an attractive girl crook he is prosecuting. Realizing that he’s losing the case he has it adjourned and takes the girl back home to Indiana.

Tips On Pictures

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to visit his folks over the Christmas holidays. All of which mean amusing complications.

SHOP AROUND THE CORNER (M-G-M)—Margaret Sullivan returns to the screen to co-star with Jimmy Stewart in this Lubitsch directed story of the lives of the employees who work in a fashionable gift shop run by Frank Morgan. Jimmy, as a clerk, has been writing love letters to a girl he has never seen, little realizing it is Margaret, who also works in the shop. The picture is just about over before she finds it out.

SIDEWALKS OF LONDON (Paramount)—Charles Laughton and Vivien Leigh are in this engaging, British-made film of buskers, the sidewalk entertainers in London who entertain waiting theatre crowds and then pass the hat. Although Laughton takes major honors, Vivien Leigh is a close second.

SLIGHTLY HONORABLE (Walter Wanger)—This murder mystery is good enough to cheer about. It’s based on a novel called “Send Another Coffin,” which gives you an idea of the ingredients. Pat O’Brien, as a wise-cracking lawyer, tops the list of players which include Ruth Terry, a darling newcomer, Broderick Crawford, Alan Dinehart, Phyllis Brooks, Eve Arden and Claire Dodd.

SOUTH OF THE BORDER (Republic)—Gene Autry is at his best in this story of a government agent sent to Central America to stop a brewing revolution which eventually would threaten Pan-American peace. Cast includes June Storey, Smiley Brunette, Duncan Renaldo and Lupita Tovar. The picture gets its title from the song of the same name.

THE BLUE BIRD (20th Century-Fox)—Evidently the budget took quite a spanking in the making of Maeterlinck’s immortal fantasy, because it could not have been more magnificently produced. Shirley Temple is the star of this story of the search for the Blue Bird of Happiness. It’s lovely to look at and grown-ups should enjoy its lavishness just as much as children.

Hollywood Earfuls
[Continued from page 6]

dance originally introduced in that country by the Empress Carlotta. It has plenty of oomph and swing—at least, it has when Dolores does it.

Penny Singleton and her kid brother went dancing recently at a beach ballroom, and Penny practically wound up with another career on her hands. She and her brother were doing a classic boom-pa-daisy in the center of the floor when a man with a cigar in the corner of his mouth walked over, tapped her on the shoulder, and said, “Hey, sister, how’d you like a six weeks’ contract doing that on the vaude stage?” Penny thanked him sweetly and ran like mad to the nearest exit.

Something new in finger nails? There always is in Hollywood. The newest is Patricia Ellis’ spectacular nails—long and pointed and tipped with white and silver enamel.

Victor McLaglen, filmdom’s most ambitious rancher, relieved the unemployment situation up Fresno way recently when he put over twenty-five men to work at crop- ping, pruning, and planting on his ranch. It is Victor’s plan to put his new country holdings on a high paying basis from the crop standpoint, as well as to breed and sell fine horses. The quarter-mile race track on the property has been converted into a show ring for Vic’s horse bartering.

When Bill Powell calls up his friends now he always says, “This is William Romeo Powell speaking.”

Bill has received a lot of kidding because he married a girl young enough to be his daughter—but he can take it. He didn’t even wince when one of his best friends sent him a wheel chair and a high chair for a wedding present. And if the Mickey Rooney crack, “He’s a suaver man than I am,” annoyed him he never let on. Since his marriage to young Diana Lewis, he has been to every party and night club in town and had the time of his life—Bill hasn’t been so gay in years, and it’s good for him.

The new “sex appeal” rave in Hollywood seems to be Ilona Massey. Ever since her screen hit in “Bulldozer,” the young men about town have been trying to date Ilona and take her dancing at the popular night clubs. But Ilona spent most of her time down at La Quinta in the desert where she studies English and rides horseback. The cowboys think she’s the best thing that ever happened to them.

If they weren’t so much in love it would certainly be cause for divorce. Clark Gable, who had rather win a prize at the coming Pomonola Fair for his poultry than a gold award at the Academy Dinner for his acting, recently bought some chickens from an Eastern farmer. By the time they were delivered at the Gable ranch out in the Valley they cost Clark approximately thirty bucks a piece. Clark was grooming them for the poultry exhibit, and could almost see the blue ribbons he was going to get at the Fair, when he was suddenly laid low with a stiff throat and had to go to the hospital for a few days. While he was away, nice little wifey Carole took a look at the chickens one morning. decided there were far too many chickens in it, and proceeded to distribute Clark’s prize chickens to sixty needy families in the Valley. When Clark heard about it he said, “I hope they realized they were having a thirty dollar chicken dinner.”

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Directed by Walter Lang • Associate Producer Gene Markey
Screen Play by Ernest Pascal • Additional Dialogue by Walter Bullock

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Now at popular prices. Watch for it at your favorite theatre.
**Silver Screen Topics for Gossip**

Could Olivia De Havilland be dreaming of Jimmy Stewart at this "Gone With the Wind" celebration which finds Laurence Olivier, Vivien Leigh and Producer David O. Selznick so very gay?

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**Left:** There's no holding back with Ginger Rogers when she really wants to laugh. Her night clubbing companion is Walter Plunkett. **Right:** Bette Davis exchanging pleasantries with Hedda Hopper at a costume party of the Basil Rathbones. **Below:** Mr. and Mrs. William Powell—the former Diana Lewis—attend the Franco-British Relief dinner-dance at the Coconut Grove. Cute, eh?

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**LOVE** was ever thus. On a Wednesday Joan Bennett told several of her close friends that her romance with Walter Wanger was as cold as Greenland's icy mountains, and that she never, never, never expected to see him again. On a Thursday night they had dinner at the Beverly Brown Derby (just so she could tell him that she never, never, never expected to see him again) and right in the midst of the chef's salad they decided to fly to Phoenix and get married. On a Friday they were married at the Arizona Biltmore. They left the Derby in such a rush that Wanger forgot to pay the check. When the waiter asked if the check should be sent to Mr. Wanger, Bob Cobb, who owns and manages the Brown Derbies, decided that such an important dinner as that should certainly be "on the house."

Joan has made no bones about the fact that she has been "after" the popular young producer for some time. So when she married him in Phoenix she sent the following wire to her mother in the East: "It was a hard fight, maw, but I won."
At the Franco-British Relief dinner-dance at the Cocoanut Grove, Mickey Rooney was present with his mother. His hair is long because of his role in "Young Tom Edison." Below: Norma Shearer attended the Hollywood premiere of "Gone With the Wind" with George Raft.

At a reception given for Joan, one of those embarrassing moments occurred. Two people sitting near the door were discussing another recent Hollywood marriage, and one had just said disgustedly, "He asked everybody in Hollywood to marry him before he asked her." On that line Joan and Wanger entered the room. There was an awkward pause. And then Joan said, "Well, you can't be talking about Walter and me. Heaven only knows, I had a hard enough time getting him to propose to me."

When Ann Sothern had her appendix removed recently she discovered that the doctor had made the incision in the shape of the letter T. So now she calls herself Torrid Tessie. Her family, like all families, were very interested in the flowers the movie stars sent her at the hospital, and wanted to know who sent what. "What did Mr. Mayer send?" her sister asked excitedly.

"White orchids and red roses, there on the dresser," said Ann from her bed of pain, while the family ohed and ahed. A few minutes later when the doctor dropped by on his rounds she introduced her family as the "appraisal committee."

Romance notes: Jimmy Stewart, who certainly gets around, is getting around this month with Olivia De Havilland. The romance started when Jimmy escorted Olivia to the "Gone With the Wind" opening in New York. The romance got off to a fine start, but back in Hollywood again Olivia divides her time between Jimmy and the ever faithful Tim Durant.

Golden Boy Holden is the constant escort these evenings of Brenda Marshall, the prettiest of the Brendas, including Brenda Frazier.

Now that the Phyllis Brooks romance is deader than a dodo.
handsome Cary Grant alternates between Louise Stanley and Margot Stevenson.

Lola Lane and Dick Purcell have discovered one another and are getting into that Hawaiian mood at the Blossom Room where Harry Owens' orchestra plays "Sweet Leilani" several times an evening—by request.

The first disagreement to occur between Jane Withers and her father cropped up recently, with Gene Autry being named as the cause. The singing cowboy made Jane the happiest girl in Hollywood when he presented her with an exact duplicate of his own famous powder blue cowboy Stetson hat.

The next time Jane saw Gene she was in a lather. "Didn't your dad like the hat I gave you?" asked Gene.

"Like it?" said Jane indignantly. "Why he tried to take it away from me. At his age, wearing a cowboy hat!"

It isn't true that Hollywood and Los Angeles folk have no star dust in their eyes for film stars just because they see them so often in the flesh. Take Jeanette MacDonald's case. She will make her very first concert appearance in Los Angeles, winding up her 1940 tour, and advance ticket sales reported a complete sell-out three weeks after the announcement.

Even movie stars get thrown off sets, so I guess we the public shouldn't feel too badly when it happens to us. Eric Von Stroheim went temperamental in a big way the other day and had Alice Faye tossed off the "I Was An Adventuress" set. Alice has a great admiration for Zorina's dancing technique and when she gets out of her corsets (as Lillian Russell in "Lillian Russell" Alice wears the most sensational corsets there have ever been in Hollywood) she (Continued on page 56)
Screen stars have a serious and often difficult task in bringing up "fatherless" children. Many prominent actresses have children, either their own or adopted or proteges, and are faced with the complicated problem of rearing them in the rather odd community of Hollywood without the help of the youngsters' fathers. Constance Bennett, Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford are among such mothers.

Miriam Hopkins was sitting on the beach one day last summer while her eight-year-old son, Michael, romped in the surf with some other youngsters whose acquaintance he had made only that afternoon. Presently he returned, munching an apple, and sat down with her under the big umbrella.

"Were they nice boys?" she inquired. "Did you have fun?" Michael said, "Ye-ah. Only they asked an awful lot of questions."

"What kind of questions?"

"Oh—well, they started by asking me if you were a movie star."

"What did you tell them?"

Michael's brow wrinkled with a worried frown. "Well, I told 'em yes. I couldn't help it—because you are! I had to, didn't I? Then they started to ask a lot of other silly things."

Miriam assured him that he was quite right to say, "yes," when people asked whether she was an actress. But she was a little thoughtful, too, thinking of Michael's worried frown. And when autumn came she took young Michael off to Tucson and installed him in the Arizona Desert School for Boys where out-of-class interests are focused on horseback riding and hiking and other masculine pursuits and where most of the youngsters never heard of a Klieg light or a close-up.

"I want to keep his perspective normal if I can," she ex-
You hear a lot about "movie mothers"—the ambitious women who drag their tots from casting office to casting office making prodigious efforts to thrust them into the Hollywood whirlpool. It's curious—or is it?—that the women who are themselves part and parcel of all this glitter and glamour make almost as strenuous an effort to keep their own tots away from the excitement of the picture colony.

A number of prominent actresses—bachelor mothers of Hollywood—have children, either their own or adopted, or they have young protégés and are faced with the complicated problem of rearing them in this rather odd community without the help of the youngsters' fathers. Your star with a child must try to keep that child's life on a normal basis, following a normal routine, when her own life is subject to the necessities of a studio which may keep her at work until four in the morning and request her to be ready to go to the desert for a four weeks' location trip tomorrow.

How can she arrange his life so that it will be peaceful while her own life is so strenuous? It's something she has to think about a good deal. How to give him a sane perspective? Miriam's Michael never has been to a circus or a picnic or a motion picture theater. He never has seen his mother on the screen. Miriam thinks there are too many celebrities, too many people, too much dust (Continued on page 70)
A Prediction

By Ed Sullivan

Tracy says that I was the first writer ever to come out and predict stardom for him. That was as far away as the September, 1936 edition of Silver Screen, in which I named him “The Best Bet of the Year.” The first time he and I met in Hollywood, Spence said: “I’ve got a copy of that magazine article. You’ll never know how much it meant to me at that particular moment—and you’ll never know how much I hoped you were right.” I take very little credit for the prediction; anyone who saw him in “The Show-Off” and didn’t realize his talent must have been stone-blind. In “discovering” Tracy, I rate about as much credit as the fellow who saw the Kohinoor diamond and knew that he’d found something.

Hollywood never doubted that Tracy was a potential star. Winnie Sheehan realized his great talent when Tracy was at the old Fox studio, but Tracy, in those days, was what Olsen and Johnson describe as “a ba-a-a-d boy.” For some unknown reason, the Milwaukie Irishman at that time had dedicated himself to the task of emptying all the whiskey flagons on the west coast, and was proceeding to the task with great enthusiasm, and not a little success. Pretty nearly everyone goes through the same trying period that Tracy was encountering, but in this business, you can’t drink and maintain your standing with directors and producers who are working against time. If a picture is expected at the Music Hall in New York on a specified date, it had better be there. Tracy, delaying pictures, because of his collegiate impulses, was marked down as “unreliable” and in this town of Hollywood, that is the most damaging of all faint praises.

At just what point of his career Tracy figuratively and literally was sobered by his responsibilities, I don’t know. Four years ago, when he was suggested for the role of the priest in “San Francisco,” the
That Came Doubly True

Forecasting is a hazardous thing, but the writer felt mighty certain back in 1936 when he was the first to pick Spencer Tracy for stardom.

suggestion was hooted, on the grounds that he wouldn't be believable as a priest. His biggest booster for the role was Joe Breen, of the Hays' office. Tracy not only made the part believable; he converted it into one of the exquisite portrayals of the screen. Other actors, when they don a clerical collar, just ride along on the momentum of priestly garb and attempt to look soulful. Tracy made the priest of "San Francisco" a warm, living portrait.

In "Boys' Town," he did the same thing differently. It was those roles that gave Tracy a definite slant on what the moving picture business was all about. "From now on," he says, "I will play only those parts which give the audience a 'lift.' Life is too short and film is too perishable to waste your time in roles that don't mean anything. If I can do roles that send an audience out of a theatre feeling uplifted, I've accomplished something important." Because of that new slant on things, Tracy balked at "Northwest Passage." He didn't want to play Major Rogers in the last stages of his career, when Rogers had gone to pieces mentally, physically and morally. "I'll play him up to the point where he has achieved his objective," said Tracy, "but I'll be damned if I'll play him when he becomes a drunkard. Audiences won't want to see him in that stage of his life."

Not that he shies away from realism. Tracy makes the point that often, realism better were avoided, in that it serves no purpose. Realism for a purpose, or directed at a certain goal, is one thing; realism, for the sake of morbidity, has no point. I'd say that he was 1,000 per cent correct.

On April 5th, (Continued on page 64)
"Once the acting fever gets into your veins it never leaves you," insists Dolores Del Rio, who, in returning to the screen, is determined never again to be a slave to a film career.

By Maud Cheatham

ALWAYS, Dolores Del Rio will be the heroine.
She's one of the few stars who is more beautiful off the screen than on, for the camera, with all of its magic wizardry, never has captured the sheen and delicacy of her complexion. Nor that elusive vibrant quality—that aliveness, that sets her apart from all other film actresses.
She's more exciting too, than any role she ever played, and her own life holds enough drama for half a dozen stirring motion pictures. Now, after an absence of a year and a half, she's returning to the screen to co-star with Wallace Beery in "The Man from Dakota," a powerful Civil War story.
Talking to her in her blue and white dressing room at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio between scenes, I wondered why this girl—young, beautiful, wealthy, and happily married, should consider it worth her while to again be swept into the picture game. Was it because of feminine restlessness? Was it a longing for applause? Or was it the joy of self-expression? So, I asked her—why?
"I do not consider that I ever left the screen," Dolores replied gaily. "Once the acting fever gets into your veins it never leaves you. My interests always will be tied up with motion pictures. The reason I have not been appearing in films is simply because the roles offered were not right for me. I do not want to play a part, no matter how important, unless it is wholly suitable. That old feverish ambition, that driving desire to forge ahead at any price, to reach the top, to appear in as many productions as possible, is gone. I had all that. I enjoyed a dazzling stardom and its triumphs. Also, its bitterness, for a film career can be very cruel. I'm as ambitious as ever, but it has taken another trend. From now on, I want to build only on worth while portrayals, always with a hope of contributing a lasting impression on this frail business. Today, I pick and choose, and when I'm offered a part that appeals to me, I'm wildly enthusiastic, for it's like an adventure into an exciting new world.
"Every hour of this picture has been fun—real fun!" Dolores went on. "The familiar routine has a thrilling novelty because I haven't been doing it steadily. We're working hard, many night scenes, fighting through muddy jungles, wading rivers, and other hardships, but I love it and wouldn't miss one of the experiences. It is no glamour role I'm playing for only in the first scenes am I smartly dressed. Quick tragedy comes and I'm forced to join two soldiers trying to escape to the Union lines. From then on my face is dirty; my dress in shreds,
and my hair tossed to the winds—but there's opportunity for dramatic acting. It's exhilarating. I feel as if I were on an emotional holiday, trying out reactions that have been lying dormant.

"Yet, despite all of my enthusiasm, I still say I never want a term contract, and never again will I become a slave to a film career; its fame is too elusive to satisfy. One picture a year, perhaps two, if the roles are suitable, would please me. This would keep me in close touch with the movie world I love, yet permit me to live my own life which is very precious to me."

When I asked what husband Cedric Gibbons, art director of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, thought about her return to the screen, she promptly admitted, "If it makes me happy, that is all he asks. I'm sure Cedric is proud that we share this profession which is so dear to him. He always approves of anything that stimulates one's interests. Also, I'm not neglecting my home. My maid and chauffeur have been with me nine years, the cook for five, and they take over magnificently while I'm away."

Life has ever moved swiftly for Dolores. Already, she's touched the heights, and the very depths of emotional experiences. Born in Durango, Mexico, into a wealthy and influential family, she was educated in Madrid and Paris. Then, before she was seventeen, she married Jaime Del Rio, and took her place as a popular hostess in Mexico City society.

"Odd," said Dolores, following a thoughtful pause, "that my life should be changed—by a cup of tea! It all happened following a particularly festive bullfight one Sunday afternoon. A friend phoned asking to bring some American acquaintances to my home for tea. I hesitated for we had other plans, but finally, I told him to bring them. The guests proved to be Edwin Carewe, Hollywood motion picture director, and his wife. Before Mr. Carewe left that evening, he asked me to come to Hollywood and make a picture. At first, we laughed a great deal over the suggestion, then because we were bored, and both yearned for excitement, Mr. Del Rio and I decided to come and see what it was all about."

Amid the wonders of this new world, Dolores made her first picture, "Joanna," then was given the part of Charmaine in the season's biggest production, "What Price Glory?" which swept her into a sensational overnight stardom. Barely eighteen, with the world at her feet, she admits she lost her head. It couldn't be otherwise. No young girl could have possibly kept her balance under such an avalanche of sudden, spectacular fame.

(Continued on page 64)
BRIAN AHERNE

Brian continues to be awfully busy, scarcely finishing "Vigil in the Night," with Carole Lombard, when he was working with Madeleine Carroll in "My Son, My Son!"
LARAINÉ DAY

Speaking of "My Son, My Son!", the important role of Maeve is played by Laraine Day, featured in the popular Dr. Kildare series. Intimates call her "Rainy Day."
SUSAN HAYWARD

Paramount has no brighter prospect than Susan Hayward, the sprightly lassie who did so well in "Beau Geste." Her popularity keeps increasing. "Mystery Ship," with Ray Milland, is her next.
West of Dodge City There Was No Law
And There Virginia City Lay!

ERROL FLYNN

Here—and brilliantly—is the
breathless saga of the gal-
lant 73 who charged through
the boldest adventure of
America's law-forsaken
West...history's epic of the
City of Gold that was built
upon the load of bullets. Its
story is true—and its stars
make it too thrilling to miss!

MIRIAM HOPKINS

Such a story and such
irresistible enter-
tainment has rarely
been screened before

A New Dramatic
Success by
WARNER BROS.
Producers of
'The Fighting
69th'

SCOTT HUMPHREY
BOGART

FRANK McHUGH* ALAN HALE
GUINN "Big Boy" WILLIAMS

Directed by
MICHAEL CURTIZ

Original Screen Play by Robert Buckner • Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros.-First National Picture
ALTHOUGH not considered a star, nevertheless, character actor Thomas Mitchell is more than deserving of the honor. Few, if any, of the so-called Hollywood stars can match his histrionic ability. You've marveled at his performances in "Hurricane," "Stagecoach," "Mr. Smith Goes To Washington," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," and "Gone With The Wind." His handling of the important role of the devoted father in "Swiss Family Robinson" is equally as marvelous. Mitchell has been a playwright, director and producer and, undoubtedly, we'd have pointed with pride to him in any of those fields, too, had he chosen to remain. Perhaps, some day he'll return to them.
Here is glorious Ginger's first big comedy-drama since "Stage Door," made by the same producer-director, famous Gregory La Cava!

The story of a girl who didn't know a thing about men—and a mother who knew too much. But one little osculation in a motorcycle rumble seat turns her from a tomboy into a glamour girl, and starts her on a manhunt that makes males quail! Look behind the fun, though, and you'll find gripping human heartache that will give you tears to laugh through.

Above: Could one be more all to Robert Young and Ruth Hussey as she looks into his eyes in this entrancing moment from "Northwest Passage"? Clark Gable and Crawford co-star in "Strange Cargo," judging by this evocation of escapism it's a film certain not to be missed.
Enticing!

Upper left: Tullio Carminati whispers words of endearment to Madeleine Carroll in "Safari," but her heart is for Doug Fairbanks, Jr. Above: Isa Miranda being terrifically appealing with John Loder in "Adventure in Diamonds." Left: John Justin and June Duprez as the lovers in "The Thief of Bagdad." June is the sleeping-dead Princess who comes slowly back to life as Ahmad the Prince awakens her.
FLYNN in a contemplative mood. Flynn sitting still for five minutes, for 'eavens sake! Flynn brewing a cup o' tea in his portable dressing-room on the set of Virginia City. Flynn in a self-analytical mood, Flynn meditating aloud, Flynn talking to himself... is something to write home to the folks about, thinks I. So I will. And here goes:

Flynn was saying, stirring the cream into his tea, long legs stretched comfortably in front of him, relaxed, eyes contemplating the ceiling, obviously talking more to himself than to me...

"... from the gay, stimulating person I once never had any doubt I was, I found, the other day, that I was boring the hell out of myself. And so what, I thought, must I be doing to others? Echo answered when, at a recent party, I began to tell a story and found myself thinking, suddenly, Blimey, what a bore I am!—and broke right off in the middle of the story and—not one word of protest! Take that back, there was one—a nice, polite damsel did ask me to go on!

"But that gave me pause. Say, Flynn, old man, old man, I said to myself, you've been in Hollywood for five years now and maybe it's time you turned the coat of yourself inside out and had a look at the seams, at the way the thing's made, how it's wearing...

"So, I just tore into the question of being a bore and found that I not only bore myself, but that I am also becoming very impatient of persons or situations which I find intolerably dull. Whereas, I used to be a very polite person, bearing with bores with gracefulness and glared eyes, I now find myself looking a dullie right in the eye, and saying oh, hell and walking away. I don't hold this against myself, however, because I am not offended when others say 'oh, hell!' as they walk out on me.

"But why all this dullness, pro and con, I ask myself... and decide that the life of Ease and Plenty, which is the life of a movie star, let him beef as he may, is getting me down a little. What do I want to do about it? No-no, I'm NOT going to say the life of Adventure again! If ever I dive for pearls again, it will be into Tiffany's. If ever I live on a primitive island again it will be with hot and cold running water, an electric generator and modern plumbing! No, not again, not ever again for me... the mere thought of setting out in a little boat, with no money... in fact," sighed Flynn, "it horrifies me! Nor have I the least desire to go back to the little tyrannies of life, the overpaid butcher's bill, the watch in the pawnshop and all that. Why, since I've been in America, the mere thought of going down the subway stairs daunts me... once a favorite mode of travel, the subway, I now expect to be conveyed hither and thither in a palanquin or something.

"So what's the matter with you, Flynn? I'm asking myself, What do you want? Well, some zip, for one thing. I'm unzipped. I'd like to have a little more fun in my pictures, for instance. I'd like to have many, many more laughs in my pictures. Betty laughs. I think everyone needs to laugh more these days and I'd like to be one to provide the supply for the demand. When we made Elizabeth and Essex I had to fight like the devil for that slap on the fanny I gave the good Queen Bette. They wanted to cut it out. I wanted it left in, or on...

"I want more fun in my work and also, I want to work. I'd rather like to do a stage play. I'd like to be compelled to use my teeth in attacking a part. On the other hand, and isn't it all confusing, I did work in Elizabeth and Essex. I even learned my lines! I studied my scenes and was positively Muni-ish in my effort to get under the skin of the man... it was a great mistake. I'll never do it again. I haven't seen the picture yet, may never see it, but I know what the critics said! One of them remarking that, apart from anything else Elizabeth might have done, her performance was more than justified when she cut off Flynn's head! Another critic remarked that my performance was surprising, because I really seemed to have my mind on what I was doing, for once... hereafter, I'll keep my mind where it belongs. Which is NOT, presumably, on what I am doing!

"It's the life of Ease and Plenty," Flynn continued to soliloquize, "it's this mooching along the Milky Way that's dulling the razor's edge for me. It's this being a movie star compared to which a mama's boy leads the life of a hardy frontiersman. I contemplate myself (Continued on page 62)
"But why all this dullness, pro and con, I ask myself... and decide that the life of Ease and Plenty, which is the life of a movie star, let him beef as he may, is getting me down a little. What do I want to do about it? No, no, I'm NOT going to say the life of Adventure again!"

Grilling! "I found that I was boring the hell out of myself," says Errol Flynn, "and decided to find out why!"
She Didn’t Wait for Lady Luck
THIS is a story for people who believe in luck, who think if they just wait long enough and wish hard enough Lady Luck will come along and tap them on the shoulder and—presto!—they'll be famous!

For this is the story of Dorris Bowdon, who didn't believe in waiting for Lady Luck at all. And if anyone had a right just to sit and wait it was Dorris. After all wasn't she the seventh child of a seventh child and doesn't that spell L U C K in any language?

And on the surface it certainly looks as if Luck were working overtime for her. Two years ago, she was a student at Louisiana State, sharing a room on the campus with two other girls and saving every penny she could spare for the blue sweater she had set her heart on having.

Today, she held court in her suite in the Waldorf Towers, one of the grand suites usually reserved for Hollywood celebrities, and there were flowers everywhere, huge chrysanthemums reflecting the tawny tones of her page boy bob and that bowl of camellias accenting the smooth whiteness of her own small face.

There she sat, a slim girl in a cherry red dress with wide apart hazel eyes that looked as if they belonged to a girl who could take anything in her stride, even success.

A little over a year ago she was playing bit parts in pictures. Today, she had won acclaim in the most talked-of-role in the most talked-of-picture since Scarlett O'Hara in “Gone With the Wind.” That certainly sounds like luck, doesn't it, a girl, practically unknown playing Rose of Sharon in “The Grapes of Wrath.”

In the beginning, Dorris thought it was luck, too.

Here she was on her way to Hollywood, expenses paid and a screen test waiting at the other end, one of the two lucky girls picked by a Twentieth Century-Fox talent scout. It was the chance she had been dreaming of since she was a child and used to study recitation and give performances for her playmates in the back yard of the little red brick bungalow in Memphis. It was the thing she had kept telling herself would happen when she was studying dramatics at Louisiana State.

But now that it had come she was frightened. For the wishing and dreaming and planning were different from the reality. She felt numb and cold as if something awful had happened to her instead of wonderful.

Her beau had driven into New Orleans with her and they sat on the train trying to make (Continued on page 60)

Dorris Bowdon, of “Grapes of Wrath,” realized you mustn't wait for Lady Luck, you must go and find her

By
Jane MacDonald
In order to preserve their marriage and keep themselves from being talked about, married movie actors have specific regulations.

By Elizabeth Wilson

Wedlock, I always say, should be more radiant and more blissful, and certainly more permanent, in Hollywood than anywhere else in this not so civilized world, including Bali. All the attributes to a happy marriage are enjoyed by Mr. and Mrs. Movie Star—they are young, they are handsome, famous and financially well fixed. They can thumb their nose at the landlord if they have a mind to. They never have to worry over how to cook a wolf. And as there is no place to go in Hollywood at night, except home, they find it very difficult indeed to be anything else but constant. (The way of the transgressor is not an easy one in Hollywood, all rumors to the contrary.) The gods and goddesses cavorting on Mt. Olympus couldn’t have a more perfect set-up than the gods and goddesses of Hollywood.

To an outsider, say, casually, from Brooklyn, it would seem that these young people live in holy and legal wedlock in the sight of Heaven, Will Hays, and wandering candid cameramen should be the happiest married couples on earth. They’ve got all the breaks. They have none of those minor worries which usually bring on major tiffs. Hymen never looked lovelier than he does in Hollywood.

With the odds a hundred to one in favor of marital happiness why then are there so many divorces in Hollywood? Why can’t the sun-kissed boys and girls make a go of it? Why aren’t the married movie stars the happiest, the most delightfully free people on earth? Why? Simply because we won’t let them be. We just won’t let Mr. and Mrs. Movie Star live like normal human beings.

We’ll lay off of Mr. and Mrs. John Public because John is a clerk at forty dollars a week. looks and lives like thousands of other husbands, and he’d have to murder his wife before he could make a front page. But just let those married movie guys, Clark Gable or Bob Taylor, or Tyrone Power, do something, or say something, and it’s all over the radio, the newspapers and the magazines—not to mention everybody’s dinner table.

Of course, Clark and Bob and Ty might have only been doing their Boy Scout deed for the day when they gave that pretty girl a lift to the nearest
gas station, but you can bet your bottom dollar that no one will believe that. (And no matter what you do in this town, someone sees you.) It’s human nature—and heaven only knows it’s too late now to do anything about human nature—but it’s so much more fun to believe the worst of people than the best. And when the people happen to be celebrities, well, that’s a picnic. If you’re a Hollywood husband don’t think, in a million years, that you’ll ever get the benefit of one single itsy-bitsy doubt. The lady you were seen with last night may be your Aunt Susie, but to nosey Hollywood she’s a Mystery Woman, and there you are.

Yes, indeed, those married movie stars turn grey over little things that an ordinary husband wouldn’t bother to give a second thought. Everything is magnified in Hollywood. In their desperate efforts to preserve their marriage and keep themselves from being talked about the boys have concocted a sort of set of morality rules for married movie stars. And just in case you expect to be a Hollywood husband some day you might like to know the rules by which you’ll have to abide. They’re not so difficult as bridge, perhaps, but plenty difficult. And if you try to be an Individualist, and snap your fingers at Hollywood’s morality rules, the Hays office will get you if you don’t watch out.

One of the happiest husbands I know in Hollywood is Ray Milland. Ray has been married for eight years to the very attractive Muriel Weber, and as eight years in Hollywood is a long, long time there isn’t a chance in the world that marriage breaking up. Ray is not the young-man-about-town type—as a matter of fact he is so content to come home at night, have dinner with his own wife, gaze into his own fire, and play his own symphony records that Mal (that’s what he calls her) very rarely accepts party invitations for Jack (that’s what she calls him). Now you’d think that a guy, even a handsome one like Ray, who loves his home and fireside that much just wouldn’t get himself gossiped about. But you’re wrong. Poor Ray has been gossiped about, and plenty.

Ray has much more charm than most of the Hollywood stars. And that charm combined with his easy graceful manners and an innate British politeness has made a sucker out of him many a time. If Mal didn’t love and trust him so much she could get awfully upset (and upsetting in Hollywood always lead to a pretty bit of tiffing behind closed doors) over the gossip she hears and reads in the papers. But fortunately Mal is an intelligent young woman, as well as a beautiful one, and she knows Hollywood.

In as much as Ray is a happy husband, and runs his married life so smoothly, I thought he’d be a good one to talk with about these morality rules for Hollywood husbands. Ray learned the rules the hard way. So he’s not breaking them any time soon.

Rule number one has to do with fans. Now every male alive likes female admiration. And actors, of course, fairly live on it, in fact they have been known to live for weeks without food, but not without admiration. All the Hollywood stars, including Nelson Eddy, take great pride in their fans and will practically knock themselves out in order not to offend one. But hardly a week passes but what an adoring fan will get the object of her affections into hot water. (Even

(Continued on page 58)
Adventuress

SOME women want only the quiet peace of their hearthsides. They serve their families day in and day out, praying that nothing unusual, no mishap, will disturb the familiar pattern of their lives. But, not Osa Johnson! Straight from the altar to adventure, at seventeen—that was the lot of Mrs. Martin Johnson—exploring, side by side, with her fearless husband, up crocodile-infested rivers, deeper and deeper into the heart of the jungle, wild animals threatening—at night, the heavy-scented air of Africa closing in, mysterious, ominous—and Osa Johnson loved it. They went by foot, camel caravan and automobile across the veldt. They sailed over 17,000 miles in the South Seas in a 37-foot sloop. They flew 30,000 miles in Borneo, and 60,000 miles over the Dark Continent, and never had an accident, though there were no landing-fields. Then, one day a few years ago, the Martin Johnsons took their first trip on a scheduled air-liner in their own United States. There was a crash and Osa Johnson's husband was separated from her by death, thus ending their colorful career of more than twenty years together, exploring the far corners of the earth. But, Osa Johnson carried on. And, today, she is honored as the First Lady of Exploration. She is famous as an author, is a smash hit as a lecturer from coast to coast.

Osa Johnson is carrying on, alone, the fearless explorations she started with her ill-fated husband, Martin.

By Everetta Love
If the coast, and known the world over as movie star and producer. We were seated in her office when I talked with her. This was at the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Avenue—a far cry from her home in the wilds, and, looking at Mrs. Johnson, feminine right down to the tips of her absurd three and a half shoes, I could hardly believe that she had nerves of iron—that her finger on the trigger of a gun spelled death to the fiercest of animals.

This was the woman of whom Martin Johnson said, "I have thought many times how lucky I was—Osa has all the qualities that go to make an ideal traveling companion for an explorer—pluck, endurance, cheerfulness under discomfort. In an emergency, I would trust her far sooner than I would trust most men."

Her modish red dress was straight from Paris, and her tiny black hat was tilted smartly over one eye. A chic antelope bag was at her side—always the African touch! Yes, there was no doubt that she deserved her place as one of America's best-dressed women. But, peering down from the walls above us were the denizens of the Dark Continent, savage reminders of this woman's skill and daring. Shot for meat, she told me, and not for trophies. Her eyes sparkled with interest as she talked, and her smile was as friendly, as cozy as my next-door neighbor's.

(Continued on page 66)
The Girl Who

Another in the series of untold Hollywood stories about an actress who didn't reckon with youth

By Elizabeth Benneche Peterson

SPRING is here and the desert is in bloom again. All day long cars have been whizzing past our ranch on their yearly pilgrimage to see that tender miracle of fragrance and color. Limousines and jalopies, trailers and roadsters follow each other on the road. A boy and girl with romance in their eyes, just went by in a new yellow car as gay as a daffodil and close on their wheels came a whole family in a year one touring car crowded with babies and picnic lunches and laughter and all of them looking as if they had spring in their hearts.

And me digging madly in the garden, raking leaves away from our first perennials and being so absorbed in things to do in a garden that for once Hollywood was as far away in my thoughts as it is in actual mileage. I didn't mind then that my note book and pencil were laid away in moth balls and the dust was settling on my typewriter. It was such fun just to dig and feel the earth slipping through my fingers and to feast my eyes on the little green shoots coming up from the handful of seed I'd planted months before.

Then I heard a horn honking and I looked up as a car slowed down passing the house. A man waved to me and there was that quick glimpse of him and the outrageously pretty girl sitting on the seat beside him before the car gathered speed again and was gone. It was only after they were a mile or so down the road that I realized who he was.

"That can't be Bill Powell," I thought.

But it was. And now that I had seen him again I could understand why everybody was so happy about his marriage to little Di ana Lewis. Everybody who knows Bill adores him. His vitality and charm and grand sense of humor have made him extra special out in Hollywood. That's why, when all those things left Bill for awhile and sorrow and illness came to him all of us felt it so keenly. You see he had given of his happiness so freely that we couldn't help but feel that some of his sorrow belonged to us, too.

So you could understand that seeing Bill his old self again, smiling and happy and tanned with sun and health, I felt like singing as I went back to my digging. Spring seemed more glorious than ever now that it had come back to Bill again. It's funny about spring. Sometimes you think you've lost it. Sometimes you think you'll never find it again. Sometimes you forget about it completely. But as gentle and fragile as it is there is something indestructible about it.

And I thought of Magda who had forgotten about spring, of Magda who looked as if spring was eternally in her soul,
as it was in her face. She is small and her hair is as delicately gold as the sun on one of the first spring mornings and her eyes are as soft as pansies and the color of them, too, when they are neither blue nor purple, but a borrowing of each. Of course, Magda is not her name, but the rest of the things I've said about her are true.

It was always such a shock when you looked at Magda to realize she had been in pictures twelve years. The fans probably don't realize that. For back in the silent days she hadn't really come to the foreground at all. Sometimes she'd have a scene or two in a picture and sometimes she played the younger sister and a couple of times she was even cast as a little girl of twelve. No one dreamed then she was over twenty so that when her big chance finally came and the talkies made a star of her no one realized she was over thirty.

I only knew it because of a slip she'd made. It was the first time I'd met her and we talked about everything under the sun as a star and a writer will on an interview. That's how we fan writers get to know the stars if we're meeting them for the first time, to understand them and get the feel of their personality.

She mentioned an actress, a glamorous woman who is alive only in (Continued on page 72)
In the Spring

Young Girl

It lightly turns to thoughts of clothes, because if her young man's thoughts are of love she wants to look her loveliest, such as Deanna Durbin does in these creations she wears in "It's A Date."

Reflective of the locale of Deanna Durbin's latest film, "It's A Date," is this charming ensemble, created by Vera West. The fitted coat of beige roder wool has hand-sewn bubbles of red yarn. It is worn over a beige crepe dress with sunburst pleated skirt and blouse with fijiish of tiny stitched tucks on the bodice. Both dress and coat underline the trend of simple neckline, smooth fit and elbow-length sleeves.

The huge hat Deanna wears is a Hawaiian straw of red, white and blue, set on bandeau of red crepe. She carries beige suede gloves and beige envelope bag as added touch.
Deanna's culottes are khaki-grey wool covert cloth. Pressed with military crease front and back the wide flare of the trousers gives the effect of a skirt fitting smoothly over hips to high waistline. She wears a persimmon colored cashmere sweater over which is worn an antelope jacket of beige. The lizard belt of her skirt repeats the brown tones of her suede and leather platform oxfords. Ideal for sportswear.

This smart spring street costume has a military dash. The silk crepe dress has a blue and white diagonally striped flared skirt topped by a solid white blouse. The brief jacket is of matching blue radier wool with military cut softened by rounded lines of lapels and pockets. Gold hazelnut buttons decorate the pockets and finish the sleeves. Her pillbox hat is composed entirely of white lace straw shaped in flower clusters with wide navy grosgrain streamers at back. Deanna carries a white bag and gloves and wears navy and white sports shorts, a favorite with Deanna.
Expressive of lively youth is this early spring formal. It is one piece cleverly styled to affect a jacket and skirt. Stone blue faille silk comprises the top with snug fitting bodice drooping over the hips. The wide flowing skirt is of multi-colored striped faille with the blue tone predominating. Fullness is brought to the front and the fabric of the skirt is employed at the lacing of the bodice.

The new spring trend in hostess gowns is evident in this Vera West creation worn by Deanna Durbin. It has a wide circular skirt of navy and white polka dot with dropped band at the waistline piped in white. The skirt fabric continues upward to the white crepe tailored blouse in a decorative note of bands finishing in double flap pockets.
The beauty of beige wool cashmere lends itself to the perfected tailoring and casual tone of this spring coat. Its significance is in the smooth fit and clear cut lines. Twists of brown leather form the buttons which fasten the front and decorate the four patch pockets. The attached hood lends a note of softness with its banding of beige and brown angora yarn. This coat is also for fall wear.

This slack outfit combines the new color notes for spring. The gabardine slacks are the grey blue of military fabrics, straight tailored with a suggestion of drape at the waistline. Red and white silk crepe composes the blouse which features full-length sleeves and high pockets. A natural leather belt is worn rather snug at the waistline.
THE BLUE BIRD

THE screen version of Maurice Maeterlinck's immortal fantasy, which has delighted both children and adults for years, will take your breath away by its sheer loveliness and fairyland beauty. There has never been a picture before quite so beautiful and so dazzlingly gorgeous as this one. It was quite a delicate job to bring the elusive spirit of Maeterlinck's story to the screen and great credit should go to Walter Lang for the excellence of his direction. The story of the adventures of Mytyl and her brother Tytyl, accompanied by their dog Tylo, and their cat, Tylette, the latter two changed by the Fairy Berylune into human form, in their search for the Blue Bird of Happiness, is well known by everyone. Shirley Temple gives her best performance as Mytyl and little Johnny Russell makes a precious Tytyl. The personifications of Eddie Collins as the dog, and Gale Sondergaard as the cat, are especially brilliant. Helen Ericson as Light is the most beautiful girl you've seen in a long time. Perfect are Spring Byington as the mother, Nigel Bruce and Laura Hope Crews as Mr. and Mrs. Luxury, and Cecilia Loftus and Al Shean as the Grandparents. The Land of the Future (where Mytyl and Tytyl meet all the little children who are yet unborn) is the most delightful of the sequences and fairly wraps itself around your heart. Special praise should be given the original scoring of Al Newman. Even if you don't like fantasy, don't miss this.

ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS

ADAPTED from Robert E. Sherwood's famous play of the same title "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" is easily one of the finest pictures that ever has reached the screen. Magnificently directed by John Cromwell and produced by Max Gordon, with Raymond Massey as Lincoln, the picture is as close to perfection as any picture can be. In the picture, as in the play, Abraham Lincoln is depicted as the human being he really was—kindly and courageous, but also shiftless and unambitious, a man who had to be fairly driven to his destiny. Massey's portrayal of Lincoln is so great that he not only looks and acts like Lincoln, he is Lincoln. His is one of the great performances of all times. The picture starts off with Lincoln in the days of his youth when he first left his log cabin home to make his own way in the world, and carries him up to his election as president and his departure from his Springfield, Illinois, home for the White House in Washington. Broadway's well liked actress, Ruth Gordon, makes her first screen appearance as Mary Todd and gives a superb performance. [Continued on page 65]
ABOVE: Marilyn Merrick, who's appearing in "It All Came True," the new Ann Sheridan film, decides to ride one of those rubber swans. Right: She gets one leg over. Left: Looks like she's actually made it and is ready to ride. Hold on, Marilyn!

Here's a Cute Trick!

RIGHT: Ooops! Marilyn's slipping a bit. Steady, Marilyn. It'll be a cute trick if you can do it. Below: Splash! Off she slips and back into the water. It's more trouble than riding a bronco, but twice as much fun. Lower right: She laughs it off and decides to quit. But Warner Brothers has high hopes for Marilyn, as an actress, ride a swan or not!
"I've had good luck and I wouldn't change a thing," says Bing Crosby. "Fate licks some people and takes care of others in spite of themselves."

"If I had my life to live over again, well, since things have turned out the way they have, I'd be pretty silly if I said I'd try to make them any different. Yet I'd certainly hate to have one of my sons do some of the fool things I did when I was a young squirt! It was plain luck—with some pretty smart people advising me—that saved me from coming a lot of croppers. And I can't take credit for that! Still, I wouldn't change anything now. Not the way things are."

Sober-sided people have been shaking their heads over Bing Crosby and his goings-on practically ever since he can remember, predicting that no good could possibly come of whatever he was up to at the moment. Why 'way back when he was in his teens and spent the money he had earned picking apples on a down payment for a set of drums instead of a good school suit, folks were pretty impatient with him. But to the amazement of everyone he earned enough money with those drums to buy all his clothes from that time on and to pay his way through preparatory school, besides.

"I didn't finish college although I had the chance," he [Continued on page 76]
"If I had it to do over, I'd change a lot of things," claims George Brent. "It isn't Fate or luck or any of those things that controls what you do."

If George Brent had his life to live over again, the chances are that he wouldn't be an actor at all! And if he had done what he thinks now he should have done, he would have missed the most exciting and colorful years of his entire life. His early mistakes brought him adventure and fun, but he still considers them mistakes. Later on he was to make graver errors which cost him much in heartache, and still others which delayed his success and the fruition of his bright plans.

George, you know (or did you?) spent his boyhood in Ireland in a vast stone farm house on the River Shannon. There he herded sheep, dug peat, hoed potatoes, and listened to the old men's tales of gallant battles of an earlier day. Sometimes he played hooky from the little country school and lay on the green river bank fishing and dreaming great dreams of derring-do.

Orphaned at eleven, he was snatched abruptly from this peaceful way of life and plunged during his most impressionable years into a maelstrom of violent activity and confusion, when he and his older sister were sent to live with an aunt in New York [Continued on page 77]

Below: George in a love scene with Isa Miranda in "Adventure in Diamonds." Lower left: Although one of Warners most active players, George always takes time out for relaxation.
THE big noise around Hollywood this month is at

R.K.O

A BUNCH of important pictures shooting here. First, there's "The Primrose Path" starring Ginger Rogers and Joel McCrea with an imposing supporting cast. It's adapted from last year's best seller, "February Hill." A broken-down family living in the shanty section of Monterey, California, are the Adamses. The family is comprised of the indomitable and outspoken Grandma (Queenie Vassar), her daughter Mamie (Marjorie Rambeau), who is the breadwinner of the family, Mamie's broken-down husband (Miles Mander), her two daughters Merle Oberon and George Brent in "We Shall Meet Again." Right: Anne Shirley and John Garfield do a scene for "Saturday's Children." Below: Fred MacMurray, Joan Arthur and Melvyn Douglas in "Too Many Husbands."

(Ginger Rogers and little Joan Carol). Marjorie makes a living for the whole family through her numerous "boy friends." She and Queenie look with some concern on Ginger who shows no interest in boys and wanders around the neighborhood lonely and unhappy, taunted by the children of more respectable families. Deciding to go to the beach, she thumbs a ride from Henry Travers who owns a little gas station and lunch counter. His grandson (Joel McCrea) runs the place. Joel is quite smitten with Ginger. She pretends to be the daughter of rich par-
Visits to the sets to watch the stars make scenes for their forthcoming pictures

By Dick Mook

ents and her line completely fools Joel.
At home she is teased about her mysterious boyfriend until she can stand it no longer and runs away—to Joel—telling him her family wants to send her East to school. He thinks her parents are ashamed of him—a cheap gas-pumper—and, unknown to Ginger, goes to call on them. That's where I come in.

He's standing speechless with surprise as he gazes around the dump. "Well, don't look so surprised," Queenie snaps. "Ellie May (Ginger) musta told you her pa was a souse."

"Well, she didn't," Joel retorts.
"Well, we're just like you see us," Queenie comes back. "We ain't no better and we ain't no worse."

"Who works in this family, anyhow?" Joel demands suddenly.
"We ain't on relief," Queenie replies tartly, and then she puts the heat on him: "What are you—a millionaire?"

"No, I ain't!" Joel defends himself. "I mighta known," Queenie retorts disgustedly.

"Is that why you put Ellie out—because she wasn't marrying a millionaire?" Joel explodes.

"Who said we put her out?" Queenie bursts out. "I don't know what kinda fairy tales she's been tellin' you, but she walked out by herself and besides," coming close to him and speaking impressively, "she took my best pair of slippers!"

"I'm beginning to get the idea," Joel says slowly as he picks up his hat and leaves.

What a grand picture this should make! I wish you could see the set they've built for this shack. Never—anywhere—have I seen a more dilapidated looking dump. The outside has been "aged" so it looks

[Continued on page 79]

Deanna Durbin and Kay Francis in a scene from "It's A Date," which Dick Mook watched being made and here-with gives you the dialogue he heard. Right: Adolphe Menjou and Maureen O'Hara in "Bill of Divorce-ment." The dialogue of this scene is also given to you. Below: May Robson, Billie Burke, Mascha Hunt and Alan Marshall in a particularly amusing scene from "Irene."
Clark Gable and his wife, Carole Lombard, attend the gala Hollywood premiere of "Gone With The Wind."

More romance notes: Rosemary Lane and Buddy Westmore are sizzling again.

George Brent has finally discovered the oomph girl and he and Ann Sheridan are now in the throes of a romance. George is almost as talented as Jimmy Stewart in his ability to flit from one glamour girl to another. Bette Davis, his hot romance of this time last year, is now going places with Robert Foulk, New York stage director.

Fay Wray and Robert Riskin have been going places together, and ditto Chester Morris and Pauline Bryson.

Vivien Leigh and Larry Olivier, the most in love people in Hollywood, will marry as soon as those divorces are final. In the meantime they are planning to chuck the movies temporarily in the spring and go on tour with "Romeo and Juliet."

Ida Lupino, who reads cards and predicts amazing things for her friends who ask her advice, comes by her psychic ability naturally. Ida's paternal grandmother told Ida's father that one day somebody would invent a mask through which air could become purified and which would save many lives. Ida believes that the crude little sketch she made at the time for Ida's father might have been the original drawing for today's modern gas mask. Well, we wouldn't be knowing about Ida's grandmother, but take our word for it Ida's card reading is out of this world, it's so wonderful.

When beautiful Hedy Lamarr goes out of an evening she wears a great big single diamond in the part of her hair. It's a vogue a lot of gals would like to follow—but they ain't got the diamonds.

No chance of Linda Darnell losing that figure of hers. Several times a week she goes bowling with Robert Shaw, and there's nothing better for the figger than bowling.

Well, we thought we had seen everything, but we guess we haven't. Louis Hayward, who collects watches as a hobby, now has a watch in the top of his door key.

Nelson Eddy is just about to start on another concert tour of twenty-eight cities. And all seats in all twenty-eight theatres have long ago been sold out. Nelson was severely reprimanded in a national radio magazine recently because his fans had been resenting the fact that he didn't sign autographs for them after he left the theatre. That's rather unfair, Nelson thinks, and he wants to explain why he can't sign those autographs.

"I sign autographs by the hundreds every day," says Nelson, "but when I'm singing I have to be a little careful. I get on the stage and for two solid hours I sing and I sweat. And then when I leave the theatre if I stop out in front to sign autographs I get a cold, and there goes my meal ticket until I recover."

And so you Nelson Eddy fans mustn't get annoyed if Nelson gives you the brush-off. He's not trying to be high hat. He's just trying not to catch cold. He's even been stopped by rabid autograph hunters in a pouring rain.

Billie Burke will be a delighted grandmother any minute now. And there couldn't be a younger looking one.

1940 is going to be a great year for husband and wife teams. Joan Blondell and Dick Powell start things going in April when they co-star in "I Want a Divorce" for Paramount. Then Metro will follow with a picture co-starring Clark Gable and Carole Lombard, and another with Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck.

(Continued on page 82)
We interviewed Miss Calhoun . . .

**QUESTION:** So many Georgia girls have "peaches-and-cream" complexions. Miss Calhoun. How do they do it? It's easy to see you have the answer!

**ANSWER:** "Well, really, I'd say Pond's 2 Creams are the answer—at least for me! Morning and evening I cleanse my skin carefully with Pond's Cold Cream to make sure every trace of make-up is removed. And before putting on fresh powder, I always spread on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream."

**QUESTION:** Do these two Creams do anything else for your skin?

**ANSWER:** "Yes, much more. You see, besides cleansing, regular use of the Cold Cream softens my skin and brings a warm glow, and the Vanishing Cream helps protect it against weather—smooths little roughness away, too!"

We talked with Susan Medlock . . .

**QUESTION:** Isn't it a tough beauty assignment to hurry straight from a newspaper office looking fresh enough to "cover" a society party?

**ANSWER:** "No, because I always keep jars of the 2 Pond's Creams right in my desk—ready to freshen up my complexion in a jiffy. Pond's Cold Cream is just perfect for a thorough, easy cleansing. It leaves my skin feeling so sweet and clean—and soft! Then, before make-up, I use Pond's Vanishing Cream."

**QUESTION:** Do you mean you get a quicker and better effect with your make-up when you use both Pond's Creams?

**ANSWER:** "My, yes, and I'll tell you why: Pond's Cold Cream cleanses and softens my skin. Pond's Vanishing Cream is a different kind of cream—it's a non-greasy powder base that takes make-up smoothly—keeps it mighty nice for hours."

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Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquifying Cream (quickly-softening cleansing cream), and 2 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 50c to cover postage and packing.

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Morality Rules for Married Movie Stars

[Continued from page 41]

worse, into the newspapers.) So one of the morality rules for married movie stars in Hollywood is “Beware of Fans.” The movie star wants to be polite, the fan wants to express her admiration, but mercy me, the results are invariably quite messy. Remember the fan who camped on Cary Grant’s doorstep? And the fan who tried to sue Clark Gable for a pretty penny?

Well, nothing terribly embarrassing like that has happened to Ray, he’s really only met the nicest kinds of fans, except on two occasions, but those two quite innocent occasions had so many reverberations that he’s very wary now. Several months ago he found two very attractive blondes waiting for him outside the Paramount gates. He gave them his best smile, and wished them a good afternoon as he drove away in his car. He noticed soon afterwards that they had jumped into their car and were following him. In Beverly Hills there was a loud racket, though they kept it up in his car that they had had a flat tire. Feeling responsible, for no reason whatsoever, Ray turned around and drove back to help them fix the flat. But it seems there was no spare, and anyway they wanted to get into car and take Ray to some club, and wouldn’t Mr. Milland be sweet and take them. They piled into Ray’s car and Ray dropped them off at their hotel. That night at the Trocadero he ran into Barbara Stanwyx’s “friend of his and Mal’s” who kiddingly said, “Those were very pretty blondes you had out this afternoon, Ray.” A stooge for a columnist heard it, and before another sundown it was all in the lowdown columns. All this Ray was saying, “Poor Mrs. Milland, such a sweet, lovely girl, too.”

On a recent location at Big Bear episode number two occurred. There was one of those Junior League girls in the cast, you know elegant Society stooping to be a movie actress. The girl took a shine to Ray (maybe it was the Milland charm, or maybe it was just because he was the star of the picture and the only person she considered important enough for her to associate with), but anyway she found Ray about as responsive as a wooden Indian. But one night he went into town by himself, and was peacefully enjoying an ice cream soda at the local drug store, when a couple of dames who evidently had had more than an ice cream soda, moved in on him. “You gotta take me home,” one of them kept saying, every time he’d try to shake them. “You’re no gen’man unless you take me home,” I’ll tell the newspapers Ray Milland’s a gen’man.”

“I can’t take you home,” Ray insisted, and then with a burst of inspiration, “I have to take my wife home.” “I don’t believe you’ve got a wife,” was the plastered one’s retort.

“I have,” said Ray glibly, “See the girl buying cigarettes. That’s my wife. Goodbye now.”

Well, the girl buying cigarettes was Society Menace Number One, and Ray had to take her by the elbow and show her out of the drugstore and into his car. It seemed a good idea at the time, but a few days later Ray discovered that he had only fallen from the frying pan into the fire. There was plenty of whispered chitchat all over the “location” about Mr. Milland being with Miss Stanwyx. So the other night. And of course it wasn’t long before all Hollywood heard about it—and suspected the worst. All the women were saying, “Poor Mrs. Milland.” And she’s expecting a baby, too.

And it had to be that Society girl, the one girl I simply loath,” Ray sighs dismally when he tells about it.

Another morality rule for married movie stars is “Beware of public appearances—without the wife.” You’ll notice those married stars are very cautious about appearing in public unless they have the little woman right by their side. You rarely see a picture of Clark without Carole, Bob without Barbara, Dick without Joan, Ty without Lillian, etc. When Fred MacMurray’s old orchestra, with many of his pals still in it, played in Hollywood not long ago, they invited Fred to wave the baton one night for old time’s sake, and attend a party afterwards. But Lillian was ill that night and couldn’t go, so Fred promptly turned down the invitation. Naturally some of the boys immediately called him high hat—but a movie star had rather be called high hat any day than have rumors started about his marriage.

Ray is usually very cagy about having his picture taken with a girl because he knows from experience that it will be the picture that appears in all newspapers and magazines and causes a lot of gossip. But even Ray was taken aback the other day when ducking into a drugstore he got caught only a few weeks ago. As a publicity stunt for Paramount he flew to New York with the print of his English made picture “French Without Tears” and delivery of copies to the exhibitors there. He would only be in New York one night so he agreed to go night clubbing with one of the Paramount executives. There were no women at the table. But the next morning there appeared in the New York papers, to be picked up later by the Los Angeles papers, a picture of Ray Milland and Anita Colby, beautiful model, dining at the El Morocco. Miss Colby had been seated with her escort at the next table, but the way in which the smart photographer managed to snap that picture you would have thought that she and Ray had been dining and chatting together all evening.

But the unhappiest cut of all happened several years ago when Robert Taylor was married in England. England, Ray and Mal had Barbara (that was before her marriage) over for dinner and after dinner they decided to go over to the Palmerow where Artie Shaw’s band was holding forth in the best jitterbug manner. Everyone was on the dance floor, and Ray couldn’t dance, but she urged Barbara and Ray, who love to dance much more than they love to eat, to get out on the floor with the rest of the jitterbugs. The next day there appeared in a gossip column a little item to the effect that Bob Taylor had better hurry back from England because Barbara and Ray Milland were striking up a romance, and had spent the entire evening together at a night club. Not even a mention of Mrs. Milland. So of course all the women went, “Poor Mrs. Milland. Such a charming girl, too.”

Another morality rule is “Beware of friends and relatives in public.” Even though you’re the favorite movie girl, or you’re the little girl next door, who has known him since he was knee high to a duck, don’t feel bad if he doesn’t take you places when you visit Hollywood. He wants to, poor gen’man, but it is simply too embarrassing for him to be seen with you, even if he knows what people will say. Ray walked right into that one only a few months ago. On the boat returning from England he met a young woman he had known in London years before, and naturally he wanted to take her to the lobby and escort her to the elevator. Out of the elevator, from the Florentine Room, popped three Glamour Girls who immediately raised a pretty eyebrow—and just sort of casually dropped by to see Mal the next day.

And of course Mal will never forget the day that Mary Livingstone and Dorothy Lamour called her to tell her that there were rumors about town that Ray was planning to divorce her and marry Joan Crawford. Ray had been to Joan’s often, nearly every Sunday night to be exact, but Mal had always been there, too. Mal happens to be one of Joan’s closest friends.

Still another morality rule is “Beware of lunch with your co-star.” Ray’s been on the level from nine to six it is all right for Little Miss Tootsie-Pie to be in your arms, on your lap, all over you, and no one thinks anything about it. But if Mr. Married Movie Star even so much as shakes hands with Miss Tootsie-Pie after they have left the studio there is bound to be a scandal. Everyone wants to believe that a good-looking star is in love with his lovely leading lady, and that those so beautiful screen kisses are real, and so if the two of them can just be seen together off the screen that’s all the more reason to know. It is a romance. They really are in love. It is all right for Ray to lunch with his co-star at the studio commissary, but if he’s found dining at a restaurant with her, that’s something else altogether.

So you can see that the life of a married movie star isn’t exactly a bed of roses in Hollywood. No wonder they abide by those morality rules, even though it often makes them seem high and cold and haughty. Everyone wants to know how careful they are they still get talked about almost every time they poke their puss out of the front door. But what can you do about it?
“Have you ever wished for a
BRAND NEW SKIN?
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Just beneath your present skin lies a Lovelier You! Help reveal your new beauty to the world with my 4-Purpose Face Cream!

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Will it be more glamorous, asks Lady Esther? Will it flatter you—be soft and lovely—make you look more youthful? Yes, says Lady Esther, that new-born skin can bring you a new-born beauty—if—

If only you will let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you to free your skin from those tiny, invisible flakes of worn-out skin that must be removed gently before your new-born skin will be revealed in all its glory!

For these almost invisible flakes of old, worn-out skin can be the thieves that steal your beauty. They leave little bumps you can feel with your fingertips—keep your powder from going on smoothly—they can make your complexion look drab and dull!

Let my 4-Purpose Cream lift that veil! Gently and soothingly it wafts away each tiny flake—cleanses the very apertures of your pores—loosens embedded impurities—leaves your complexion softer—lovelier—more glamorous!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream
All the better if he’s a specialist on the skin. If you have a vitamin deficiency—follow his advice. He will be a strange physician indeed if he tells you to try and push anything like vitamins or hormones into your skin with your face cream!

Ask him if every word Lady Esther says isn’t absolutely true—that her cream clears away the dirt, impurities, worn-out skin, and accumulated grime concealing your new, young skin about to be born!

Then, try my face cream at my expense. Use it faithfully for thirty days. See what a perfect base it makes for your powder. See how it does help reveal your glamorous new skin—how it does help keep your Accent on Youth!

Please Accept Lady Esther’s 10-Day Sample FREE!

The Miracle of Reborn Skin
Your skin is constantly wearing out—drying up—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—clearly crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!

FREE Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream: also ten shades of Face Powder, free and postpaid.

Name __________________________________________________________
Address _________________________________________________________
City __________________________ State _____________________________

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

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (44)
Lady Esther, 7102 West 56th St., Chicago, Ill.
She Didn’t Wait for Lady Luck

[Continued from page 39]

conversation and not succeeding very well, as a girl and boy will when the only thing they can think of is the fineness of the good-byes they’ll soon be saying.

"I was in tears," Dorris said slowly. "And scared to death. Maybe it would have been different if it happened that first time when another talent scout had paid attention to me. He was on the long hunt for Scarlett O’Hara and I was so excited after that I thought I could even eat or sleep or think. I was keyed up to it then, so sure something would come of it. Not Scarlett O’Hara... that was too impossible. But something else. hadn’t he said I had a pretty profile? hadn’t he said he would keep me in mind and taken my photograph back to Hollywood with him? I watched the mail box for months before I stopped hoping.

"But this time I put a guard on my emotions. I refused to get excited when the scout saw me in the college play and complimented my performance. I kept telling myself nothing would come of it. It’s funny how they all go through the same routine, I thought, complimenting my looks, asking to keep my photograph, telling me I’d be good. Even when I was one of the eleven girls invited to the banquet he gave in New Orleans at the end of his southern trip I told myself it meant exactly less than nothing.

"And I was glad I hadn’t allowed myself to get too wound up about it when over a month passed and nothing happened. Then, when I was up to my neck in the final semester exams, the telegram came:

"Report for screen test in five days"

"That didn’t leave much time for thinking, of course. I called up my family in the south and told them all about it, and packed my trunk and said goodbye to my friends and left. And here I was and the train was going to pull out in fifteen minutes.

"I was looking around for Mary Hendy, the New Orleans girl who had been picked with me, when I heard a band and saw a crowd arriving. It was almost like Mardi Gras time with everyone throwing handfuls of confetti and bright streamers. It was all for the girl who stood in the centre of the crowd, the pretty girl with the dimples in the corner of her smile who seemed so confident and poised as she stood waving to the crowd, a corsage of seven orchids dripping from one shoulder and a cluster of rosebuds pinned on the other.

"I was so impressed I could hardly stand it as I stood with my nose to the window watching the glamorous celebrity who had just arrived. I was just trying to figure out which Hollywood star she was when I picture this as I began to recall, Mary!"

"Then someone shouted. ‘But there’s another girl going! Where is she?’"

"I heard my own name called and my beau took my hand and pulled me through the crowd in the train and out on the platform. Someone lifted Mary up beside me and now that she was close to me I saw she wasn’t really confident or poised at all and that her smile was trembling."

"Hi, Dorris,’ she whispered. ‘I’m so scared my knees are knocking together.

"Here,’ she suddenly realized I wasn’t wearing any flowers, ‘wear these,’ and she pinned one of her corsages on me as the cameras started clicking.

"That was the beginning of a friendship that was going to mean so much to both girls. All across the continent they talked, each of them scared to death and trying to bolster the other’s confidence. Then at Hollywood there were more newspaper men and the two girls smiled for the cameras again wearing the corsages that had been carefully preserved on ice.

"Everything was going so beautifully. Their screen tests went over with a fanfare of praise and their future success was almost guaranteed. In glowing terms they had to pinch themselves to be sure they were awake.

"‘Aren’t we the two luckiest girls in the world?’ they told each other.

"They were breathing with the luck that had come to them. It seemed terribly important then to be signed as contract players at fifty dollars a week. They rented a small furnished apartment and bought a second-hand car to take them to and from the studio. The first time Dorris appeared in a picture she was so excited as if she were playing the lead instead of atmosphere.

"But as time went on she began to be restless.

"I began to feel as if I were through,” she said. “Maybe it was silly of me, but I couldn’t think of myself as a rank amateur just beginning a career. You see our University plays were very important in New Orleans. Even touring companies and the Thoroughbreds studied them carefully. Our plays took the place of the professional theatre. Everyone dressed for our first nights and sent flowers to the principal players and the newspapers sent critics and gave us publicity and interviewed us as if we were professionals.

"I suppose I’d lost my perspective entirely, but I began to feel like a leading lady who had suddenly been demoted to playing bits. And it didn’t help any to read my own home town papers from Memphis and see the glowing reports they were printing of my progress in Hollywood. You know a small town is almost like your own family. Everyone looks upon you as if you belonged to them. I’ve always been so glad I was born and brought up in a small place rather than a big city like New York or Chicago. It’s so heart warming.

"But now I began to see the other side of it. I’d feel myself blushing as I read that I was appearing in such and such a picture and if I were a star instead of one of a mob scene.

"It was when newcomers were signed that I felt unhappiest. They were so sure they had arrived, so hopeful. They felt all the things I had felt in the beginning.

(Continued on page 68)
She was a Jewel of a Wife... with just one flaw

She was guilty of the "ONE NEGLECT"
that mars many marriages... "LYSOL" helps avoid this

EVERYONE admitted that Mary was beautiful, charming... a perfect housekeeper, cook, and mother. Why should her marriage have turned out badly?

She had failed in just one thing. One neglect had robbed her of the daintiness her husband loved. Do YOU use "Lysol" for intimate cleanliness?

Even the most tolerant husband finds it difficult to forget or forgive a wife's carelessness about feminine hygiene. More women should follow the "Lysol" method. "Lysol" is used by thousands of doctors, nurses, clinics, hospitals. Probably no other preparation has been so widely used by generations of women for feminine hygiene. "Lysol" is preferred because...

6 Special Features of "LYSOL"

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

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

Name
Address

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Errol Flynn Gives Himself a Grilling!

[Continued from page 36]

with a certain amount of self-contempt, I must say. I always feel a little bit ashamed, I’d blush if I had a blush left in me, when I take them checks. Then why don’t I duck out? I don’t want to! I know I’d be a fool, materially, to walk out of a gold-mine that’s paying dirt.

“But the trouble is, they spoil us, they pamper us in a hundred ways. If we’re late on the sets, for instance, they don’t dare say anything to us, not to US. Well, they should say something to us. They should bawl hell out of us. They bawl hell out of everyone else.

“On the sets there are service boys at hand to light our cigarettes for us. If we get thirsty, there are boys at our elbows with coke, milk, hot coffee, orange juice. Only thing they don’t do is hand us a bottle, nipple attached, and feed us.

“When we’re on location, the luxury of the most effete civilization are brought along. The desert cacti are cushioned. We are asked, Mr. Flynn, do you mind if someone rides in your car with you? Why the blazes should we mind? Are we in purdah? It’s the studio’s car, anyway!”

“On location with the ‘Virginia and the Virgin’ group in Flagstaff, Arizona, a schoolteacher with three of the kids in the picture was parked in the car Reserved for Mr. Flynn one day. As we approached the car, Big Boy Williams and I, the teacher and the kids went into a dither, preparing to make hasty exits. Maybe it was my beautiful, sensitive nature, but I could just hear those kids thinking, ‘Here comes the Greatie, Biggie Movie Star, let’s scram!’ Of course, I told them to stay where they were.

“Nothing, I find, upsets me more than being treated like a Big Shot. That’s why I like doing these westerns.... those cowboys don’t give a damn for any one of us. If we’re all right, they’ll decide that and maybe talk to us some. I really make a job sometimes... if we play our cards right.

“One nice, little trait raises its pretty head in my changing character.... I’m becoming a thousand per cent more tolerant than I used to be—of people that dislike me. When I first came to Holly-wood, first realized that I had made enemies, that some people didn’t like me, I was worried, definitely. I was confused. I didn’t know, then, that as soon as people treat you like a Big Shot, you’re a gone goose. More and worse, when they did treat me like a B.S. I didn’t know what to do about it. I backed away from it. Instead of letting down my hair, I made it more difficult for myself by drawing into myself. I became a strange character, even to myself. If I’d said, boys, I’m the sensitive type, all this is hurting me, they’d have given me the oh-yeah treatment, and the horse laugh. Now I’ve lost my sensitivity. Now I don’t draw into myself any more. I wear the thing on my back. Now if anyone gives me the incentive, I say oh, for gosh sake, shut up! and—the enemy ranks have dwindled.

“I have Big Boy to thank for an awful lot. He’s a wise old so-and-so, right down to earth, is Big Boy, another Will Rogers in his salty, sane philosophy. I met him first when we were making ‘Dodge City.’ The third day on the set we were horsing around, he made a crack. He said to me, ‘you know, I thought you’d be a so-and-so.’ And that was the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

“So, Flynn, I say to myself, unlike the leopard you’ve changed your spots in some small way, even perhaps in a hundred, for instance, you haven’t changed friends. The same old gang still goes. You’ve made some new friends, I hope, but not at the expense of the old-timers.

“You still stay away from rushes. You never see any of your rushes. Scared? Naw, not you. you’re just waiting for Bank Nite in the projection room, then you’ll be there....

“I’ve got past the spending spurge.”

Flynn continued, impartial now as to whether the ceiling, or me, was his audience... “the spending spurge which attends the nativity of most stars. I bought a ranch, a yacht and a gold-mine when I first got my mits into the Holly-wood do-re-mi. So now I’m sort of savv-y up. I still have no interest in clothes. My mother thought I was a lost soul. She said so when she was here some months ago. She deployed my manners and my language and the hours I keep. But she did let me wear the Ten Best Dressed! I still can do without almost anything so long as I’m eating well. It’s the old feed the soldiers well and keep them happy theory. I have no hobbies except my boat. I don’t collect anything. I have no extravagances, really, except food and wines. I do indulge a passion for wines, good, old wines, the right wine with every course at dinner. I love to eat, not very much or rather, not very often. I eat only one meal a day, and I think I’ve got it down to a science. Now, if Damita were here she’d be saying something like this at this point, ‘Yeah, and you’re fussy about your food, too, Flynn,’ she’d be saying, ‘don’t hedge, you know you are.... you’ve got to have the best in meat, the best in your job of that!’

“Now, if Damita were here she’d be saying something like this at this point, ‘Yeah, and you’re fussy about your food, too, Flynn,” she’d be saying, ‘don’t hedge, you know you are.... you’ve got to have the best in meat, the best in your job of that!’

“Maybe,” said Flynn, “maybe it’s advancing years, maybe it’s age coming in maybe it’s because the thirtyes have got us.... I’d be interested in having children and a home. I’ve had a lot of women, that I’d had children five years ago. Why do I want children? I ask myself that and answer—for companionship. Not that I’d get companionship, I suppose, no one ever does.

“Then there’s women.... well, I under-stand women better than I did five years ago, I’ll say that to the world. I’d have to because five years ago I didn’t understand them at all. I couldn’t talk to them. They used to scare hell out of me. I was a dull man’s man. But mine pictures with women, with different
women, gives you an understanding of them, bound to. You find yourself in all sorts of different situations with women in the various scenes in pictures. And even if it is just play-acting you absorb a certain amount of feminine lore, at that, I get along with women now, I no longer say the wrong thing, well, not often, or nothing at all, I have a couple of good women friends.

"How else have you changed, Flynn? I ask myself. Well, I once was tense, on fingers' edge, when any strange or embarrassing situation came up. Now I don't care. I not only don't care but I take a malicious delight in creating embarrassing situations just for the hell of it. Now I get a lot of fun out of being in the middle of a situation and walking out on it, leaving the protagonists to figure it out. "I tell myself, admiringly, that I am acquiring poise. I entertain the hope that one day I may be as good as the old roué in Paris who, the story goes, met up with his wife one day just as he was helping his mistress out of a cab. Now, most men would have ducked. But not our old roué. He made them both a sweeping bow and said to his wife, 'My dear, I want you to meet Miss Floozy Floobottom,' and then, the introduction effected, he added, and now I am sure you ladies must have a lot in common to talk about,' and, with another gallant bend from the waist, he stepped back into his cab, and was off. That illustrates my point exactly. That was enjoying, maliciously enjoying, a situation and leaving it right in the middle. The touch 'you two ladies,' raises it to classic height.

"For much the same reason, in much the same wicked way, I now enjoy parties. Big parties. Hollywood parties. I used to loathe them. That was the self-conscious thing. Now," said Flynn, his eyes meeting mine for the first time since he began his self-addressed monologue, "now I'm crazy about parties. And that's this sardonic thing. I have such fun going to parties now, setting people at each other's throats, sewing sinister little seeds of discord, doubt, distrust, seeing how much fur I can make fly and then walking out on it when it's all nicely under way.

"Which makes me ask myself, Flynn, are you a kindly soul? And the answer is, No, No, I'm not. I'd like to be kindly, I mean to be kindly, but I find myself being a—!

"I have a feeling," said Flynn, "that I am marking time. For what, or why, I wouldn't be knowing. When I first came to Hollywood I sort of kicked it around, before it kicked me, if you know what I mean. I said, at first, it's an interlude. It's just another adventure. I'll skim the cream off it and be on my way. I don't say that now. Because, as I've remarked, I'd be a fool to try anything else, a fool to quit this life of Ease and Plenty, to go after callouses instead of the silken cushions and the minions to do my bidding.

"So you really like it, then, Flynn, old softie, I say to myself, you really lap it up, don't you? And the answer is, You bet. You bet I do. It's been a fascinating five years. I can only hope that the next five years will be as full. I'm grateful for every minute of it. I ought to get down on my knees for all of it. And I will. But not here. Not now—the floor's too hard.

"But have you improved, Flynn? Is my next and last question in my self-catechism. And the answer comes, clean cut as an intaglio, NO! Definitely NOT! If I had improved, I wouldn't be here. I'd be out after that hard work I say I want. I'm not out after it. I was a pretty nice guy when I came here. I didn't believe in Santa Claus, but I wouldn't have been knocked for a loop if the old boy had popped out of the chimney. Now, I never more than I should. Instead of the kind of easy tolerance one should have, I'm a mixture of the cynical and the sardonic. Which is not very nice.

"So what, then, does it all add up to? Am I sadder or wiser than I was five years ago? Well, it varies, I answer myself, it varies. It goes around. And somehow it doesn't matter as much as it once did whether I'm happy or unhappy. And this, a little birdie told me, a little birdie who is the dead spit of an owl, this may be, can be the beginning of all wisdom. I think of other people's problems more than I used to do, I think of other people's happiness or unhappiness, which is something I was always too excited, too erratic to do before. Maybe this is the beginning of something...

Flynn brought his gray eyes to rest on the second time during the soliloquy. "Come around in ten years," he then invited, hospitably, "and maybe I'll be a nice guy again by that time..."
Success followed success. She became completely absorbed in her career, nothing mattered to her outside of this charmed circle. Then, at the very height of her world, her world began to crash about her. Jaime Del Rio died during a visit in Germany. Her contract with Edwin Carewe came to an end; there were distressing legal complications. The talkies took the screen and type of her in unsuitable characters. With her luscious Latin beauty and her accent, producers were convinced she belonged in sarongs, rather than Parisian costumes, and she realized she was having no chance to prove her versatility as actress. All in all, she was a dangerous point.

But she had courage, superb courage. She did a daring thing, almost a fatal procedure in Hollywood; she remained off the screen for more than a year rather than continue playing roles she felt would send her into oblivion. It was a terrific gamble, but acting was too dear to her to let it slip without a fight.

At last, she was given a good part in "Flying Down to Rio," followed by "Wonder Bar," then came "Du Barry," a beautiful costume drama that will always rate as one of her favorites. So again, she was launched on a successful career. But she had learned her lesson.

"I learned the hard way—through experience. A lot of Dolores, and it didn't work for me. I've decided I won't allow ambition to smother me with its seeming importance. Never again would I be in the position where life stopped if anything happened to my career. That's a terrible hurt—I know, because I had it. I've learned to cultivate a variety of interests and discovered there were other things in life besides personal achievement. I'm grateful I learned this lesson early enough to profit by it, for today I'm living more fully than ever before in my life."

As we talked, the room became dusky with the early twilight and Dolores' rich, radiant beauty stood out luminously against the greyish shadows. A bowl of huge white chrysanthemums at her side, flashed in contrast; it was a picture to remember.

"The second great change in my life," she was saying, "came as suddenly as that first one that swept me out of Mexico into Hollywood, and a career. This was my meeting with Cedric Gibbons. Though I worked for twenty-seven weeks at the M-G-M studio, and he designed the sets for the picture, I never even caught a glimpse of him. It was just one of the odd situations.

"Then one night, I attended a dinner dance at Marion Davies' beach home. I was wearing a lovely new evening gown and feeling particularly festive and noticed that a gentleman, a very handsome one, too, kept looking at me all during dinner. I decided he must be a new actor who had come to town, for you see, we always think a handsome man must be an actor. After dinner, Marion brought him over and introduced him, and in that split-second, something very wonderful happened to Cedric Gibbons and me that changed our lives. We walked out onto the white marble terrace overlooking the ocean—the air was warm—it was bright moonlight; indeed, it was the perfect setting, the perfect time, the perfect thing Cedric, with all of his artistry, could not have planned anything more romantic."

Tracy will be 40 years old. It was in a house on Logan Avenue, Milwaukee, that he was born forty years ago. His dad was in the trucking business, and making enough money to send Spencer to college, a rare thing in those days. War interrupted college, and Spencer served a hitch at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, outside of Chicago. In the same camp was violinist Jack Benny. After the war, Tracy went to Ripon to complete his college career, and it was his inclusion on the Ripon debating team that went on a tour of eastern colleges that persuaded him of the appeal of the stage.

His stock company experiences were important for two things: (1), he married Louise Tracy, New Castle, Pennsylvania ingenue, at Cincinnati, while she was playing opposite him in "Buddies;" (2), he got his first Broadway play under George M. Cohan. He says that Cohan, most natural actor on the legitimate stage, taught him more about show business than anyone else.

Tracy is a queer mixture of qualities. He is a born "kidder," and yet one of the most worrisome of actors. He never receives a script without venturing gloomy forebodings about it. The part is wrong, it will be unbelievable, audiences won't like it—he has a regular rigmarole through which he goes, and invariably, the script which filled him with such gloomy thoughts develops into a fine picture. Perhaps, this is because he believes implicitly that if you are good as his part, "Great parts make great actors."

"Ed," he has told me time and again, "I don't care how competent an actor is—he isn't any better than the lines they gave him to speak."

His career has been studded with great parts. The part of "Killer" Mears, in the stage presentation of "The Last Mile," was a great part, and he was great enough in it to win a movie contract. The part of "Capitán Couraggio," was a great part, and he was great enough in it to win an Academy Award. The part of Father Flannagan was a great part; it won him a second Academy Award. Against this background of roles, Tracy can be pardoned his skepticism over each new role; after all, he knows a great role from experience with great roles.

In the past several years, Tracy has become thoughtful. No longer is he the gay, irresponsible Broadway youngster who had Hollywood guessing what he'd do next. John Steinbeck's novels have played an important part in the transformation, and Tracy's realization of his responsibilities as an Academy Award winner has altered him, too. Louis B. Mayer, boss of M-G-M, also had something to do with this new Tracy. It was Mayer, who accepting the Academy Award for Tracy the first time, praised him for Spencer's sense of disciplining his acting, accepting the role right now, no matter how alluring it might me, because this trip with Cedric is more important than any screen success. This in itself, shows you how my values have changed. Once, you couldn't have dragged me away before the preview, I would have awaited the verdict, feverishly, then began worrying over the next picture. Today, I get a keener joy out of my work than ever before because I am not chained to it. I love it, but I don't feel it in its place. Perhaps, we might call my present plan a happy interlude, or an exhilarating encore!"

A Prediction That Came Doubly True

[Continued from page 25]

"I don't remember that we talked, but I know we watched the white spray of the breakers against the wall and thought I had never seen anything so lovely. Everything was so right. Neither of us was interested elsewhere, so perhaps we were in the mood for love. Cedric is a man of action, so we were married two months later, on my birthday, August 3, in the old Spanish Mission at Santa Barbara. That was eight years ago."

Cedric built a picturesque home in the Santa Monica Canyon, where they live as romantic a scene as they can give the screen. They've kept the flame of romance burning, retaining all of those enchanting qualities of courtship, and utterly refuse to let their marriage become prosaic, or a mere matter of habit.

"I manage the home," said Dolores, proudly, "but Cedric is the head of the household. He pays the bills and makes all the decisions. That is as it should be. I approve of the husband being the dominating factor in marriage for it means emotional security, which in turn, means happiness."

"When I finish 'The Man from Dakota' we leave on a two-months' vacation, visiting Mexico City, Cuba, then on to New York. So, yes, against the wall and thought I had never seen anything so lovely. Everything was so right. Neither of us was interested elsewhere, so perhaps we were in the mood for love. Cedric is a man of action, so we were married two months later, on my birthday, August 3, in the old Spanish Mission at Santa Barbara. That was eight years ago."
Reviews
[Continued from page 50]

The huge cast is excellent, even to the atmosphere players. Stand-outs are Gene Lockhart as Douglas, Mary Howard as Ann Rutledge, and Alan Baxter as Lincoln's law partner.

HIS GIRL FRIDAY
Hilarious Newspaper Yarn—Columbia

This is the new version of "The Front Page" and we don't mind saying that it is much better than any of the old Front Pages you might find hanging around. Some bright young man, and he should be given a pat on the back, had the perfectly elegant idea of changing Hildy Johnson, the ace reporter, to Hildegarde Johnson—and the change is nothing less than a stroke of genius. As Hildegarde, Rosalind Russell is simply wonderful. She not only plays a smart young reporter, but she actually looks like one, and thanks to her the picture is much funnier than it ever was before. Roz, at the start of the story, has just divorced Cary Grant, managing editor of her paper, and is now engaged to marry insurance agent Ralph Bellamy, the type of guy who wears rubber bands and carries an umbrella on a clear day. Cary immediately decides he wants his wife back, and incidentally his star reporter who has that famous "woman's angle," so he goes to work on poor unsuspecting Ralph Bellamy. One screamingly funny situation follows close on the heels of another. The dialogue is fast and furious and as snappy as the censors will allow. It's another hit for Rosalind Russell and Cary Grant. Excellent in a vivid dramatic bit is Helen Mack. In the swell cast are Gene Lockhart, Ernest Torrence, Porter Hall, Roscoe Karns, Cliff Edwards, Regis Toomey, and Clarence Kolb.

THE FIGHTING 69TH
Another Cagney Triumph—Warner Brothers

This is the story of the famous American World War regiment, the "Fighting 69th," which, composed mostly of New Yorkers, sailed for France shortly after America's entrance into the war. The picture introduces such real characters as the late Father Duffy (played by Pat O'Brien), the late poet Joyce Kilmer (played by Jeffrey Lynn), and Wild Bill Donovan (played by George Brent). But the key character in the film is fictional—it's that of Private Jerry Plunkett (played magnificently by Jimmy Cagney). Jerry is a tough guy at the Camp Mills training camp, but when he arrives in France and sees the horror and mutilation and blood in the front line trenches his courage crumbles, and smart aleck little Private Plunkett becomes a yellow coward. He is loathed and despised by the brave guys in the 69th—that is, all of them except Father Duffy, who remains his friend throughout all his cowardly disgraces, and eventually enables him to die a hero on the battlefield. Besides the magnificent characterizations this is a praiseworthy war picture, showing war terrify-

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Adventuress of the Jungles!

Small wonder she enchanted the natives of the South Seas and of Africa, so that they became docile subjects for Martin Johnson’s camera. Osa’s cheery smile was always there. But there were times when it faltered—when she wore just a brave mask to hide her terror.

On their very first adventure together, the Johnsons missed a horrible death only by a matter of minutes. They were captured by cannibals when they scorned the advice of British government officials. Seem, he learned through his native boys, who acted as interpreters, that Nagapate, the chief of the tribe, was a short distance away in the bush, and, forgetting about danger, Martin and Osa plunged into the dark jungle, followed by three carriers with their photographic apparatus.

The trail was quiet and beautiful, but they knew that men were hidden in the wild, because above the trees here and there, they could see faint wisps of smoke. Each marked a savage camp-fire. Could that be where they were cooking the “long pig?” The Johnsons began to feel uneasy.

“Let’s get out of this!” Martin cried, suddenly. But it was too late. Four armed savages blocked the trail, as their arrows aimed at them threateningly, their eyes terrifying, promising the white couple the horrible fate that Father Prin had warned them about. They would be roasted alive and eaten. A ring of black, cruel faces glared at them, surmounted by hideous chomping. They were lost, on the island of the fiercest cannibals known to man. The end of the adventure—“long pigs!”

From the circle stepped an enormous tall savage, the fiercest-looking of all. Hopelessly, Martin held out the presents he had brought. Nagapate (it could be none other than the chief) spurned the gifts, without so much as a look. He gave a signal, and the prisoners were seized. Martin was dragged in one direction, Osa, half-fainting, in another. But suddenly, as if being enacted in a movie, they saw a British gun-boat steaming into the harbor below—a genuine, real gun-boat! It was a miracle!

Martin began to talk fast and furiously. He was talking for their lives, in the few native words which he had picked up. He knew that Nagapate was afraid of the gun-boat, and he convinced him that the boat had been sent there to protect them. The chief released them, and they began to run for the beach, stumbling and panic-stricken. They knew that Father Prin had been worried and had sent the boat for them. But their own boat had been pulled into a little inlet, and the patrol-boat, not seeing them, had turned. But suddenly, as if being enacted in a movie, they saw a British gun-boat steaming into the harbor below—a genuine, real gun-boat! It was a miracle!

The Johnsons were terrified, because the cannibals had seen the boat leave, too—that, they knew from the sudden call of the “boo-boos” (drums) across the island, as they feared that their men, as they raced madly. Fortunately, their natives had waited for them, and they poled in rapidly to their assistance. They dragged Martin and Osa into the boat, where they lay exhausted, and as they pulled the boat away, frantically, the savages poured out of the jungle onto
the beach. Osa Johnson’s face was white, as she finished telling me the story.

"After all the years, I cannot forget the terror of that experience," she said.

This was the Johnsons’ first safari, and probably their closest, with death. But, in spite of the danger, they could not escape the fascination of the South Seas. They went again and again into the stronghold of Nagapate, apparently winning him to friendship eventually, and bringing back priceless movies of the savages. But, the South Seas remain the most treacherous spot on the globe.

Though everything appeared all right on the surface, the Johnsons never felt quite easy with the cannibals. And, why should they? Once, they left Nagapate’s village hurriedly, when they discovered that a great fire had been built, for which there was no explanation, and an old native had come up to Martin and begun to pinch and poke him, expounding—no doubt, to see what kind of "long pig" he would make!

And, there is the story that in Malekula only a few years ago, a British official and his entire bodyguard of native soldiers were murdered, and presumably eaten.

Yes, there is no doubt that the South Seas were the high spot of danger in the Johnsons’ career.

But, Osa Johnson soon learned to take great hazards and risks in her stride. Danger was all in her day’s work, and she dismissed it with her cheery, unfraid smile. Many times, there were narrow escapes from death when they were filming animals.

For instance, a wild buffalo broke from a herd and charged Martin, as he cranked his camera, and, Osa, who was covering him with a gun, fired wildly again and again, then ran, as any woman would do. Of course, any man, too, "I’ll bet you! But, when the excitement died down, there were two dead buffaloes. Osa never missed, in a crisis. There was the leopard she shot that leaped into their blind, and another leopard she killed when Mr. Johnson’s father stirred the beast out of a clump of bushes. It leaped straight at Martin and Osa shot it, again saving her husband’s life. The trophies of these adventures were the heads that now furnish a sinister decoration for Mrs. Johnson’s office walls.

"When I first began tending the flashlight at night in the lion country, I don’t mind saying that I suffered terrifically from fright," she said. "The lions often came up alongside of the truck and sniffed at the tires and even at the body of the truck while I lay there on a cot, ready to explode a flash that would show them at the kill we had stalked down near the cameras as bait to attract them. Of course, I learned to set many automatic flashes, but the best pictures are obtained when you trip the flash yourself. And, Martin taught me to whistle just before I pulled the thread that set off the flash. The sound caused the animals to look up, all alert, which added materially to the picture."

Bites from her wild animal pets have been another jungle hazard which Osa Johnson faced, for she would have pets. The bite of a gibbon ape, on her thumb, set up an infection that would easily have caused the loss of her arm, if not her life, had it not been for the fact that they were able to fly 400 miles each day to have it dressed. That was in Borneo.

There is a disease, of course—the dread tse-tse fly—that is an African scourge. Yet, contrary to common belief, approximately only one fly in ten thousand is a conveyer of sleeping sickness, it is estimated. It is absolutely imperative, however, to keep in good health on safari, and the Johnsons were very lucky, in that respect.

There was one close call, however, which brought Osa Johnson the closest she ever came to death alone. This occurred when she and Martin attempted to climb Mt. Kenya, one of Africa’s highest peaks. At an altitude of 13,000 feet, Osa was stricken with pneumonia. Had it not been for the heroism and self-sacrifice of Mr. John E. Wilshusen, now a resident of Detroit, she would have died.

This man was, at that time, representing an automobile company, in Africa. He cut a road through the bamboo fastnesses up the mountain, often holding his two-ton truck to the slippery cliffs with ropes, and managed to get Mrs. Johnson and her husband, who was suffering from an acute bronchitis, down that mountain, and then, without sleep, he drove four hundred miles to Nairobi and back, with a doctor and drugs, for Mrs. Johnson, who was too ill to be moved. This lasted over a period of nine days, during which the only sleep he had was the catnaps he snatched at the wheel.

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NOXZEMA
A different sort of narrow escape for the Johnsons occurred on one of those trips to the New Hebrides, in the South Seas. They were anchored one night in Port Sajndich, in a little boat. This is the way Martin Johnson described it: "At about three o'clock, Osa and I, who slept on deck, were rudely awakened by being thrown into the scuppers. We pulled ourselves to our feet and held tight to the rail. The ship rolled and trembled violently. Though there seemed to be no wind, the water boiled around us and the trees on shore swayed and groaned in the still air. Captain Moran and his brother came rushing from their cabins. The black crew tumbled out of the hold, yelling with terror. There was a sound of breaking crockery. A big wave washed over the deck and carried overboard everything that was loose. The water bubbled up from below, as if from a giant caldron and fishes leaped high into the air. After what seemed to be half an hour, but was in reality a few minutes, the disturbance subsided. We had lived through an earthquake!"

This was not one of the small, almost daily affairs of the islands, but, an earthquake of gigantic proportions. They were lucky to be alive!

"One harrowing experience that I really look back upon with a shudder," Mrs. Johnson said, "occurred when I went into our storage tent for a couple of cans of corn for dinner. As I moved a case to get at the cans, imagine my horror when a giant cobra rose up with its hood spread to attack me. I screamed, and the black boys came running. They killed the cobra, moved the case and uncovered a nest of 22 little cobras. A mother. A dozen little ones, the bite of any one of which would have been fatal! Maybe you think we didn't clean that tent out in a hurry!"

Yes, the little 16-year-old Kansas girl that Martin Johnson married found more than twenty years of excitement and adventure at his side. Through it all, she ground the camera, faithfully, pulled the trigger of her gun, with unerring aim, played her ukulele and sang to entertain him and with the friendship of the savages, and, invariably, made a home for her husband in the heart of the jungle, on the plains, in the South Seas, wherever they stopped long enough for housekeeping.

"There are vegetable gardens all over Africa which I planted," Osa laughed. "Would she like to go back and see how they're getting along? Of course, she would! And, she will be going soon—back to danger in the Dark Continent—without Martin Johnson, but still following her destiny, for the First Lady of Exploration accepts it as her destiny and without fear.

"There is much work which we started together which I still have to complete," she added. "I am carrying on, as I know Martin would wish me to do."

**She Didn't Wait for Lady Luck**

[Continued from page 60]

Then I'd look at the girls and boys who'd been contract players for years and nothing had happened to them. There they were still playing bits, still delighted when their options were lifted and they could go on being atmosphere.

"I felt as if I'd been shunted onto a side-track, doing nothing.

"Then one day I decided I wasn't going to wait for chance any more, that maybe there wasn't as much to luck as I'd thought. When I was through early one day I didn't go on home to rest or read or go shopping. I went around the studio introducing myself to the directors and telling them about what I'd done in our college plays. It wasn't easy. I began to feel pushing and predatory and conceited, but I made myself go on with it.

"One day I mustered up a little more courage... it's funny how courage comes more and more to your aid when you just grit your teeth and try... and I went straight to Sol Wurtzel's office. He's the producer of the B pictures, you know, and I thought I might have more chance with him. But his secretary told me I couldn't see him without an appointment. Then as I left his office the door of John Stone's office opened and his secretary came out.

"I could hardly believe my ears when she asked, 'Do you want to see Mr. Stone?'"

"She thought I had an appointment, so I pretended I did. And it just happened that he was casting one of the Jones Family pictures and was looking for a girl to play one of the leads. And I got it."

Things happened quickly after that. Luck came into the picture again. Darryl Zanuck went into a projection room to see "The Great Waltz" and, as he was a bit early, he saw the end of the Jones Family picture which I still have to complete," she added. "I am carrying on, as I know Martin would wish me to do."

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Glamour
[Continued from page 13]

soothing. They are all priced the same, and it is wise to choose the type suited to your needs.

When I asked Lucille about a make-up base, her answer was emphatically in the affirmative. She is enthusiastic about the Max Factor Pan-Cake Make-Up, and it is surprising how many letters come to my desk from readers, mentioning this make-up with great satisfaction. This, as you may know, is a compact cake form to be applied with dampened cotton or applicator. The effect is truly lovely and lasts a long time. Lucille uses a little rouge and a clear red lipstick. At this point I might add that the two high fashion color combinations for Spring are yellow with red (you need a red lipstick) and gray and hot pink (you need a hot pink tone in lipstick). There is a new tone in the Don Juan lipsticks, Military Red, a red so young, so gay; as inviting as April itself. You will find the Don Juan lipsticks in your better drug and department stores. And directions give you a trick for making them stay on.

And now, Lucille, may I tell you something? I noticed that bandaged thumb. I noticed how you had to adjust your hands for those pictures, so it wouldn’t show. You told me you had torn a nail badly, and something interrupted my suggestion which would have been, “Try Nail-On.” This is a mender of torn nails, or split or broken ones. In fact, you can even attach the tiny piece that breaks off. It looks like a clear polish, and literally glues you together again. You can use your polish right over the mend, and it saves pain, embarrassment and many a manicure. All busy fingers should keep a bottle at hand.

Again, Lucille said, “You probably won’t approve, but I mix my bath accessories without any regard to scent. I use one scent in soap, another in Eau de Cologne and another, maybe, in dusting powder. I find the milder use of perfume in them really doesn’t clash. And I love foam baths. I particularly like those scented with pine, though my other accessories may be floral.”

At this point, I thought I should get more personal, so I asked Lucille, now very languorous and lovely before the camera, if she had any serious problems concerning her appearance. I couldn’t guess what they might be, if any. But her answer was a great, sweeping sigh, and these words: “I have two faults that have made me very unhappy. I am too tall and my forehead is too low. At times, these points have really worried me. I know what it is to be young and self-conscious about appearance.

“I’ve worked seriously to get myself out of unhappy moods. I’ve found two ways. One is dancing, and I don’t mean with a handsome partner, but just turning on music and getting up and floating about by myself. Sometimes I dance to a symphony, sometimes to swing. It doesn’t matter, though I find the symphony more inspiring. Then, I find that being on high places and looking down makes me feel free and happy. Looking down from high windows does the same. I believe that if every girl tried, she’d find little ways of working out of moods.

“I have a practical answer for my low forehead. Instead of taking the hair back, I now wear my hair high and soft over my forehead, so you can’t quite tell what kind of forehead I have.”

This arrangement is charming for many. The front hair is combed forward and curled high in two soft rolls. These fall carelessly, half concealing, half revealing the forehead.

If you’d like to make curls like this, with real enthusiasm I direct you to the nearest chain store to buy a card of Vassar Wavers. These are the cutest and most comfortable curlers you’ve ever seen, of soft green rubber. You slip through a piece of hair, wind, and button over the ends. Sleep on them, if you must, and you won’t suffer torture. These curlers make also the young and lovely type of Shirley Temple curls, and are something to possess.

When I left Lucille, it was well after seven. She had given me those orchids and an impression of glamour that is backed with stamina and good sense and a warm human quality.

Reader: Would you like to have a petit vial of exotic perfume to increase your glamour? Then simply send your name and address to Mary Lee, SILVER SCREEN, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, and a vial will be sent with our compliments.
Bachelor Mothers of Hollywood!

(Continued from page 23)

at the circus. There are few places in Southern California where a prominent star could hope to picnic without being spotted by fans. So she has a projection made for her which he may use while what pictures she thinks will interest her. Her own have been too grown-up, for the most part, to interest a small boy.

"He saw me on the stage once," she reflects. "The eyes of Antoniomio's comment he made was, 'I like Betty Boop better!' So I have spared him my pictures.

"He hasn't been brought up by rigid rules or systems, Oh, I read books and consulted people and devised elaborately systems when he was very young. Then I took great pleasure in breaking my own rules, because actually I don't believe in rigid routine of any sort for anyone. It's stifling!"

Michael had a French governess when he was small and he graduated to a real public school for a short time before he went to Tucson. Instead of having him home for Christmas, Miriam went to spend the holiday with him so that she could see exactly how he was doing and learning. "It was grand," she reported.

"They spend their mornings at lessons and in the afternoon they put on little cowboy suits and do all sorts of fascinating things out-of-doors. I wanted to stay and go to school, too!"

He hasn't, she says, any special talents that she can discover. "He's just a nice child and that's quite enough." She proposes to bring him up and educate him as sensibly as possible and then he will have to choose what he wants to do or be. "But I do hope," she sighs, "that he won't choose to be an actor!" Then, as an afterthought, she adds with surprising vehemence, "Nor an agent!"

Norma Shearer is a methodical person and long ago devised a workable routine which keeps her children's lives on a fairly even keel with a minimum of confusion in her not-very-large household, even when Norma is working long hours at the studio. This is by dint of separating her schedule from theirs completely when she is working. A capable woman has charge of eight-year-old Irving and four-year-old Katharine and sees to it that play, exercise, lessons, meals and bed are attended to at the proper times. When she is between pictures—and these are long and leisurely periods—Norma can spend most of her time with her youngsters. They swim in the pool and lie on the beach in front of the house and Norma reads to them and tries to find out how young Irving is progressing at school. She prefers to keep him in public school because she realizes that a spoiled and favored boy must learn to meet and know and like all the kinds of people who live in his community.

She joined the Parent-Teachers Association not long ago by way of keeping abreast of school matters. One afternoon she attended a meeting at which the earnestly discussed subject was "Child Behaviour." How to teach children to be courteous and amicable in their dealings with one another. Leaving the building and feeling pretty inspired about it all, Norma was horrified to find a first-class small boy fistful brawling on in the school yard. ("He's believed you!" she guessed?) her own Irving, tattered and bloody, in the thick of it. But she wasn't daunted. She simply set about, on the spot, applying the principles she'd been absorbing at the Parent-Teachers meeting.

Her children know that "she works at the studio sometimes," but they find that fact more irritating than exciting since it keeps her away from them. Perhaps, despite her theories and earnest resolves, she spied them a mile. She promised to take them to Sun Valley for a glimpse of winter sports after Christmas. But after the big day they were very loath to leave all the shiny new toys they had found under the Christmas tree. So this stern and scientific mother postponed her trip for several days until some of the novelty of tricycles, dolls and electric trains had abated.

She has no plans for their futures aside from a home of their own home education. She lives as far away from the studio as is practical and manages to keep the children away from the limelight and the consciousness of fame or any sort of false importance. She is determined that they shall lead what she calls "ordinary little lives" while they are young. After that—who can tell? But certainly careers in pictures have no place in her plans for them.

Penny Singleton suspects that her four-year-old, Dorothy, nicknamed "Deejee," may turn out to be a combination of career woman and housewife, exactly as Penny herself is both on and off the screen. Deejee's favorite toys are her "elaborate doll's house and a miniature electric stove. She sings lustily and has shown such an interest in acrobatics and dancing that Penny has already installed little rings and a dancing bar for her. (Penny, you know, was a singer and acrobatic dancer—"humble to divine before she became "Blondie" of the screen series.)

Deejee heard only recently of children being sung to sleep—only she heard it in reverse, somehow. She now insists upon singing her nurse to sleep.

Penny, too, wants to keep her little girl as free as she can of the Hollywood influence. With this in mind she moved recently from Beverly Hills to the rural atmosphere of the San Fernando Valley, where Deejee is now so happily busy becoming acquainted with all the neighboring "country children."

"It's especially important for an only child to learn to get along with other children," Penny says, earnestly. "And I believe that after all, most of children can. I want to keep her away from any professional atmosphere."

Deejee is impressed. She demands her weekly twenty-five cent allowance in very small change which she deposits in various piggy banks which are scattered all over the house. She can't be persuaded to part with a nickel because she is saving to "have a party." Her mother has promised that she may make her own guest list and plan the refreshments and entertainments.

Personally, I, think Penny is sticking her neck out a bit just here. I've met Dejee and it wouldn't surprise me if the young lady were to demand hot dogs, half and mince pie for tea, and two elephants and Robert Taylor for entertainment.

Dejee has seen her mother on the screen only once. Penny took her to a preview of one of the "Blondie" pictures at the studio. Dumping (Larry Simms) was to be there, too, and came a scene in which Penny went and Dejee raised such a howl of dismay that her mother hasn't let her see a picture since . . . except the Mickey Mouse shorts which they run sometimes at home.

So Penny, snug in the country, with a white picket fence around her garden, hopes to keep her Dejee away from the razzle-dazzle of Hollywood, at least until she is old enough to know what it is about. "Maybe she'll develop a literary instead of wanting to dance or act," says Penny, hopefully. "She loves so to have me read to her. . . ."

Constance Bennett is another "bachelor mother," but takes the situation pretty well, at least until a tall, nine-year-old son named Peter.

He seems to be something of a handful. "I don't know that he's especially talented," Connie says, looking as judicious as she possibly can with that tilted nose, "but he certainly is smart!"

She took him out of an expensive private school. "It seemed to me that they never let him come home. I hardly saw him at all!" she complained. Now he goes to a public school and is delighted with it. "He gets along with the other kids so well and he's learning to hold his own and say his say with the best of them. Let me tell you what he did the other day . . ."

Statements that young Pete had appeared to be a sick lad one morning when his mother had an early call at the studio.

He was ordered to stay in bed until the doctor came to look him over. But Con- nie came home unexpectedly early and found her young impressionable son happily talking on the phone to another youth. "It's easy!" he was boasting, "You just say your head feels hot and your throat hurts and then they won't let you go to school. You try it tomorrow and we can get together and do something."

He was pretty dismayed to find his mother standing beside him, holding out his sweater. "Come on, young man!" she was saying. "I'll run you down to school myself. You can hardly be late for school to let out. Come along!"

"But he'll think of something else," she says, smiling.

She wouldn't like to have him attend a school where there were many movie children—children--more people. "I wouldn't him to get about outside the Holly- wood circle," she says, firmly.

Glenda Farrell's son, Tom, is seventeen—which is a year older than his mother when he was born. In some ways he overdoes things. The other day he was scarcely past the toddler age, Glenda and his father parted and she real- ized with misgivings that the responsibil-
ity of this male child was to be all hers.

"I can't stand children who aren't well trained," she says. "And I think it's difficult for a woman—especially a very young one—to handle a boy. So I did what seemed the next best thing. As soon as he was old enough, I put him in military boarding school. I think I'd do that in any case—the training is so fine. Without a masculine head of the house, it's almost essential."

She disciplined herself, too. Never asked to have him for those special week-ends which would have meant so much when she was between pictures, never allowed the boy to ask for privileges of any kind. "I wanted to help the school with its job—not hinder it," she explains.

To counteract all this rigid discipline she made another rule—and a promise. He was to be allowed to "express himself" in any manner he chose. Sometimes this entailed some sacrifice on Glenda's part. For instance, when his small boy self-expression took the form of violent football practice on the very tender new lawn of Glenda's new house. And the time when the pansy bed had to be sacrificed to put up exercise rings and when he decided to raise garter snakes in the garage.

He is an excellent dancer, too, and conscientiously teaches Glenda all the newest and most strenuous steps. Once a week he invites his "gang" in and they cut rugs like everything while Glenda presides over the buffet supper in her big playroom. Can you imagine all those young things being "chaperoned" by Glenda Farrell? She's probably the liveliest person present.

Tom brings home a constant procession of bedraggled stray animals, confident that Glenda will make them welcome. They never had an argument about this but once. That was when Tom turned up with a perfectly frightful cat just after Glenda had paid some outrageous sum for a pair of distinguished Siamese felines. The sequel cured Glenda of further argument for the sad looking stray turned out to be a very beautiful white Persian which proceeded to win a very fancy cup at the San Fernando Valley cat show.

She has tried to give him a sense of responsibility—of being head of the house. Since his second year in prep school he has kept her books and all her household accounts. Pays the bills and keeps her on a budget. He's very firm about that budget, too. Stands no nonsense. Which makes his mother glow with pride.

When she went on a personal appearance tour last summer, Tom went along as sort of secretary and general factotum. He handled correspondence, dealt with the press, took care of hotel and train reservations and looked after luggage.

For all her initial misgivings, she thinks her system has worked pretty well—even if she was a Bachelor Mother. Joan Crawford doesn't qualify as a "bachelor mother," but her devotion to and interest in her small niece, little Joan Le Sueur ("Joan Junior"), certainly qualify her to be called a "bachelor aunt." Her difficulties have been similar to those of the mothers. Baby Joan started to kindergarten near Aunt Joan's Brentwood home. But too many people noticed—and Baby Joan knew that they noticed—so now the little girl and her mother, Kasha Le Sueur, are living in the country and small Joan merely has week-ends with big Joan.

She takes piano lessons from Aunt Joan's own piano teacher and likes those well enough, but Aunt Joan's pictures bore her a good deal. This is because she is crazy about Mickey Rooney whom she never has met.

Joan tries hard to discipline her on those treasured week-ends, but it's hard going. Someone sent Joan Senior a funny doll which small Joan instantly claimed. This was a time to be firm so Big Joan said, "You are not to think you can have everything that anyone else has. This doll was sent to me." Small Joan took the news calmly, but Big Joan fled to her room and wept and the next day ordered two funny dolls to cheer the tot. Discipline is a wonderful thing!

Nevertheless, Joan is wise enough to deprive herself of the fun of having her little niece with her constantly. "I have to let her mother take her away—out to the country—where she can go to school quietly and not be noticed. It's so important!"

"And not be noticed. It's so important." That is the burden of the cry of these women who are trying to bring up little children in Hollywood. Hollywood's "bachelor mothers" have a peculiar and difficult problem. They're making valiant efforts to solve it.
The Girl Who Forgot Spring

[Continued from page 45]

memory today and said, "I was only ten, but my mother took me to see her and I've always wanted to do it for her last performance. She died the next week."

As soon as she said it she realized the break she had made.

"That's makes me thirty-four, of course," she said with a very smile. "Only most people don't know that."

She didn't ask me not to print her age, but of course I kept her confidence. It wouldn't have made any difference in the story I was doing, but it might have made all the difference in her contract when her option came up. We never mentioned it again and we became friends after that.

Maybe that's the reason she told me things she never told any one else. "Of course, this isn't for publication," she'd say and then she would tell me things, things she longed for, things she was afraid of, things that made her happy and things that made her sad.

And they were all about Anton Vale. No one in Hollywood knew that there were in love with each other and yet they had been mad about each other for years. If you knew Anton's real name you'd know how important a scenario writer he is. He already was established when Magda first met him, turning out one box office hit after another and so of course when he went to bat for her Magda got a stock contract at his studio.

Most of his friends didn't know he was married and I think it proves how well he felt about her that he took her contract when the first time they met. They knew that meeting was important. Magda told me she knew what poets meant when they wrote of stars singing and all the other things they go on about in love poems. She said she felt as if she came home after a long journey the first time she saw his quizzical smile and the kindness in his brown eyes.

Anton had been married about five years then. His wife was one of those querulous, unhappily married women who always think they are ill when there's nothing in the world wrong with them all. She liked being an invalid. They were never together for Alice was always some place away from him on her eternal quest for health, at some expensive resort or in some sanitarium where she spent the days playing bridge and reading love stories.

He didn't think she would care that he had fallen in love with someone else. Whatever there was between them had died in the first year of their marriage and he felt that if he gave her a big enough settlement to go on in the luxurious way she had accustomed herself to that would be all she wanted.

But he was afraid he didn't want a divorce. Her pride repled against having people think of her as a discarded wife. So there wasn't anything he could do.

Yet, in spite of Alice, he and Magda were happy in the beginning, "Happier than any two people have a right to be, I guess," Magda told me once with tears in her eyes. "Somehow it didn't make any difference then that we'd have to move to out-of-the-way places and that we couldn't let any one see how we felt about each other. Just being together was enough."

It was in spring they had met, a night in April and the stars seemed so close they felt they could touch them just by reaching up their hands. And over them hung the moon, a little new moon as young as their love. Everything was so new and thrilling that first spring, finding out little things about each other, feeling their love grow day by day, being together and not thinking of anything but the miracle of having found each other.

But there were other springs waiting, ten of them to be exact and every one of them a little older than the one that had gone before, a little sadder, a little more troubled.

For Alice had discovered that Magda wasn't just an infatuation, and she was one of those women who don't want anything else to happen, even the things she no longer wanted for herself.

So the time came when Magda drew into herself and became practically a recluse and Anton couldn't do anything about it. For Alice was always threatening that he would lose her if she didn't keep to herself, that she was never seen in any of the smart places made her interesting copy.

I could have named my own price for Magda's true story then. But of course I didn't. There are things more desirable than money and to me friendship heads the list.

I'll never forget the day I read that Alice had been instantly killed in an automobile accident. I'd sooner put the paper down than my telephone rang. It was Magda.

"Please come over," she said, "I need you so desperately."

It was a shock to see her. For the first time since I had known her Magda looked her years and yet I thought I had never seen her looking lovelier than she did then, her face a tragic mask and her eyes two dark pools of sorrow.

"I've lost him," she said. And then for the first time her tears came. "I've lost Alice."

"Oh, no, Magda," I said quickly. "It's the shock. Any man would react to it. After all..."

"But you don't understand," she said quietly. "It isn't Anton who has changed. It's me. He asked me to marry him today. And I couldn't. For ten years I've waited to hear him ask me that. I used..."
to lie awake and think of it and I'd be so happy pretending it was true that I could almost hear his voice asking me. And now it's true and it doesn't mean anything. It's come too late.

"It was so sweet that love I had but I've lost it somewhere down the years. Love is so young, so tender. You have to treat it gently if you want it to stay. And what chance did our love have? It had to grow in secrecy, threatened with ugliness and sordid law suits. What chance did it have from the very beginning?"

There wasn't anything I could say. There wasn't anything anyone could say. Even Anton with his gift for words had no words to meet this overwhelming disappointment that had come to him.

I wonder if I've really gotten Anton's personality over to you. When you admire a person and like him the way I do Anton it's sometimes difficult to put him on paper. Well, Anton is one of those regular men, the kind who couldn't do a wrong thing if he tried and he was regular in this instance, too. He was still all for Magda even though she was breaking his heart.

Magda didn't know that she was slipping. Sometimes the stars are the last ones to know their box office receipts have fallen off. But Anton knew that the studio was thinking of dropping her when her next option came up.

That's why he insisted she have the story he had just written. It had been intended for another star, one who was very much on the up grade and it wouldn't have hurt Anton's prestige either to have been associated with her. But he insisted the story was to be Magda's because he knew it would help her. That's the kind of guy he is.

Magda was to play a twenty-two year old girl in that picture and her leading man was a youngster just beginning to go places in Hollywood. He was about twenty-five I'd say and was engaged to a girl who was playing featured roles. Let's call him Jack and the girl Jean. Those names sort of express each of them.

Jean was in the picture, too. She was terribly excited when she told me about it. She'd adored Magda since she was a kid. She was one of the few people who remembered her from the old silent days.

I must admit I was a little afraid when I heard Jack was going to play opposite Magda. He's so young and vital and fresh. No one would think he had been out of college four years. And frankly I was afraid he'd make Magda look even one of her years by contrast.

But have you ever discovered the things you worry about are the things that never happen? Magda had never looked younger in her life than she did in the first rushes of that picture. And it wasn't long before I knew the reason. Magda had fallen in love with Jack.

A lot of people find it ridiculous when an older woman falls in love with a boy. But it wasn't like that with Magda. You had no feeling that she was any older than the boy. Maybe that was because Jack was in love with her, too. The very fact that she was older, more experienced, made her the more fascinating.

At first, Jean was happy that Jack, like her, adored Magda too. Then she became bewildered and then at the last resentful. She was so young compared to all. Young girls are stormy and impetuous. They haven't learned how to take it when life suddenly rears itself on its hind legs and slaps out at you. And Jean wasn't any different. She didn't know any of the ways. So when she became bitter and said hard, ugly things to Magda she only succeeded in turning Jack further away from her than ever. She had no chance against the wisdom Magda had learned through years of unhappiness. She was so tender, so comforting and Jack lapped it up as a starving kitten would lap up a saucer of cream.

It wasn't a very happy group that set off for Sun Valley to do the skiing sequence that was such an important part of the picture. My editor sent me off with them to do a location story. Any other time I'd have been delirious with joy at the assignment. But this time it didn't thrill me. I was concerned about the situation and Jean was beginning to get much as I liked Magda I could have wrung her neck for making the girl so unhappy.

I tried to tell Magda how I felt the first night we were there sitting in front of the blazing wood fire at the lodge. It was March, but the snow lay heavy outside.

"Aren't you a little unfair?" Magda asked. "Have you forgotten that I wasn't

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LVER was knew couldn't little seat corner lot dining tell part in was for kid, "something." She grabbed my hand and walked up and down the verandah outside.

"I used to cry like that, too," she said and her eyes weren't happy any longer. "Night after night, day after day... it's so awful to be young, isn't it? You haven't learned yet that all things have an ending, sadness, happiness, love..."

"Are you sure about love?" I asked.

But she wouldn't answer my question.

"Let's go to the dining room," she said. "Lunch must be served by this time. I'm ravenous." She laughed. "For a minute there I was afraid I was getting sentimental, but it was only hunger, that's all."

The next morning the skating sequence was begun. Magda was awfully excited about it. She'd always gone in for sports and she prided herself particularly on her skating.

"I've done it since I was a kid," she told me. "Long before it was fashionable. You see I was brought up in North Dakota."

But she'd forgotten it was six years since she'd been on skis and she'd forgotten, too, that she was six years older.

It was awful to see her winded and exhausted in that first tryout. I couldn't look at her when the director suggested Jean take her place in the long shots.

We stood on the hillside watching Jean and Magda together. They were so young and fresh and dauntless as they raced down the hill. Then at the bottom they fell together as the scene in the script called for and we saw them scrambled together in a crazy heap pummeling each other and their bodies floated back to us, strong and buoyant and carefree and Jean's sounded as if she meant it, too.

"They're so young, aren't they?" Magda said slowly and I saw the tears come to her eyes. They looked so beautiful together, don't they?"

She must have been thinking of two other people who had belonged together, too, for as we turned to go she said, "I wonder how Anton is? He's been so unhappy, hasn't he? It breaks my heart when I think how happy he once was. You should have seen him on skis. Once we went to Arrowhead..."

She stopped suddenly and I didn't press her to go on. But that night when she came down to dinner I knew she had been doing a lot of thinking.

Jack and Jean were sitting together in a corner of the living room talking and laughing as if they'd been away from each other for months. Then we heard Magda's voice outside and Jack turned away from the girl. I'll never forget the eagerness in his eyes as he looked at the door Magda would soon be coming through.

It was like being a part of the third act when Magda came through that door. Certainly Magda was a part of it. I've seen her often on the screen, but I'd never seen her play a part as perfect as this. For Magda was acting and she had made up for her part, too.

There was nothing flagrant about that make-up of hers. It was so subtle that at first you didn't realize how old and tired she looked. It was only when she stood under the full force of the ceiling light that I knew she had made herself look older purposely.

A less clever woman would have left all her make-up off, but Magda wouldn't be satisfied with anything so amateurish. She'd put on the wrong color powder and a much too bright lipstick and I'm sure no one but I knew that the circles under her eyes were only eye shadow.

But it wasn't just the way she looked. It was the way she talked too. Her voice sounded flat and tired. She complained about the aching feeling in her bones. And then she said, "I'm always forgetting I'm thirty-four, until a little extra exercise or something makes me realize it."

Jack looked appalled. And later when Magda sat on the sofa beside Jean, choosing the corner where the light streamed on her face, a seat no woman as clever as Magda would have chosen without a purpose, the contrast between them was heartbreaking. Magda could have been the mother of that girl sitting beside her.

It wasn't long before Jack had taken the seat beside Jean, before his hand had reached over and taken hers. Then in a little while Magda got up abruptly and left the room.

In a little while I followed her. I had expected to find her crying, but not crying like this with her eyes looking like stars behind the tears, and with her laugh catching up with her sob.

"I called Anton," she said. "And it was the first time, when I heard his voice and all my heart going out to it. It's... I can't explain it, but it's as if it's all new again, as if we're young again only it's deeper and truer somehow. And he told me spring has come since I've been gone and that the desert will soon be in bloom and that we're going there to find it again. Bless that boy, he was so young he made me feel so young, too, that I found my own lost spring."

"Didn't I tell you spring is indestructible? Well, love, the real kind, is indestructible, too."

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NAIL POLISH

Priscilla Lane lunches between scenes of "Three Cheers For The Irish," in which Thomas Mitchell appears.
Reviews

[Continued from page 65]

ing scenes the senselessness and inhumanity of war. Stand-outs in the picture are Alan Hale, Frank McHugh, Big Boy Williams, and Sammy Cohen. There are laughs, fortunately, to relieve the tension.

THE EARL OF CHICAGO
A Field Day For Bob Montgomery—M-G-M

ROBERT MONTGOMERY hasn’t been so good on the screen since he dove fearlessly into psychosis in his deservedly famous picture “Night Must Fail.” In his newest film Bob plays a Chicago gangster, with a psychopathic fear of firearms, who is doing fine in a legitimate liquor business. He has great admiration for simple honesty so he hires Edward Arnold, who once took a rap rather than accept a bribe, to be his general manager. Bob is discovered to be the lost heir to an estate in England so he and Arnold go to London to collect the fortune. History and tradition do something to Bob and he decides to take over the title and nobility of the Earl of Gortley. And of course his general manager, the honest guy, double-crosses him. Ed- mund Gwenn stands out as the butler who teaches tradition to a Chicago gang- ster. The picture is short on women.

CONGO MAISIE
Ann Sothern Quells The Natives—M-G-M

MAISIE, that swell dance with the heart of gold, is back again and that’s good news for all moviegoers. Ann Sothern again plays Maisie (we’d be as mad as hell if anybody else did) and again shows what a grand actress she is. This time Maisie is stranded in an African river port where she stows away on a packet boat to run out on her hotel bill. She ends up in a scientific outpost in the middle of the jungle, and thus becomes involved in the lives of two doctors and a woman, who is married to one and in love with the other. With her dry wit and good extra-special treat. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch and full of those famous “Lubitsch touches,” this is one of the most thoroughly enjoyable pictures you can expect to see in 1940. The story is laid in Budapest and concerns a little luggage and gift “shop around the corner,” owned and managed by Frank Morgan, and the six people he has working in his shop. His leading sales- man is Jimmy Stewart, a hard-working young man, who has been carrying on a correspondence love affair with a girl he has never seen—until one day she applies for a job in the shop and goes to work for Jimmy. She never knows until the last scene that Jimmy is her great romance. Frank Morgan is superb in a role that is quite different from anything he has done before, and his grief when he discovers that his wife has been unfaithful is really pathetic. The human recording of the events that take place in the shop are of the utmost interest and John Ford has done an entertaining picture. Working in the shop are Felix Bressart, Joseph Schildkraut, Sara Haden, Inez Courtney—and William Tracy, the surprise hit of the picture. This is one of those “must see” pictures.

THE GRAPES OF WRATH
Most Discussed Film—20th Century-Fox

THE much discussed movie version of “The Grapes of Wrath” is here at last, and it is with great pleasure that we report that the thousands and thousands of the readers of John Steinbeck’s famous book will not be let down by Hollywood. Untinted praise should be given to producer Darryl Zanuck who refused to destroy the book’s grim and uncompromising honesty, to Nunnally John- son who has written a photoplay that even John Steinbeck considers perfect, and to John Ford who has done a magnificent job of directing it. As you all know, the story tells of the heart-breaking plight of America’s vast horde of migratory workers and Dust Bowl refugees. And, in particular, it tells of the migration of the Joad family from their dust destroyed farm in Oklahoma to the rich Valleys of California, and their disappointment when they arrive. The episodes along the way are faithfully and realistically described. The picture pulls no punches. The cast is top-notch in every place. The dialogue is true to life and the acting is first-rate. Harry Carey plays Rose of Sharon, O. Z. Whitehead plays Al, and Russell Simpson is Pa Joad. All are excellent. This is most definitely a “must see” picture. And is bound to be the most discussed film of the year.

SIDEWALKS OF LONDON
Laughton and Leigh—Paramount

OF COURSE, two years ago when this picture was made in England no one knew that by the time it would be released in America that Charles Laughton’s leading lady, a Miss Vivien Leigh, would be one of the most talked of stars in these United States, because of her brilliant performance as Scarlett O’Hara in “Gone With the Wind.” But even two years ago, as [Continued on page 82]
If I Had My Life to Live Over

[Continued from page 32]

will tell you looking rueful about it all. "There I was with a fairly good start studying law, and what did I do? Set off for Los Angeles with another chap for no reason in the world except that we thought it would be fun. I took my drums along and thought I could earn some hamburgers with them. But to show you just how well heeled we were for this adventure—we had to trade the drums for gas before we got to L. A. So there we were, broke and drumless and a fine pair of gazebos we looked!

"Of course, I'm not sorry I did it—now. If Fate's for you, she's for you and isn't going to be stopped even if you make a fool of yourself. We got a job with Mike Lyman and then Paul White- man heard us and gave us a job in his band. Just good luck. Not good sense on our part!"

Good luck seems to have dogged Crosby as ill luck pursues some other people. He still gets notions—and sticks to them—about what he wants to do, how he wants to conduct his life and his career. Wise, experienced people wail that he is pig-headed, that this time he has surely picked the wrong horse.

Two or three years ago when he started his series of broadcasts for the Kraft Music Hall, he flatly refused to have a studio audience. The wise boys were against it. You had to have an audience for a variety program to give an illusion of the theatre. That was just plain showmanship. Crosby opined that it was just plain eyewash. He wanted to do his best and the automatic, unspontaneous applause of an audience didn't help him at all. He didn't care whether it liked him or not, embarrased and flustered him. He couldn't work that way and didn't propose to try.

So, because they couldn't do anything else, they let him have his way. The Crosby luck (or should we begin to call it judgment at this point?) held again. Listeners were downright relieved at the absence of ear-splitting bursts of clapping. Crosby and the show's producer were in a big way for the easy, informal progress of the Crosby programs, the spontaneity of Bing's unhearsayed verbal absurdities.

Later on, when Bob Burns joined the program, they put one over on Bing. Ex- plaining that Burns had to have an audience reaction, they persuaded him to have some boys from a migrants' camp as guests at a broadcast. There was no applause, but there was easy laughter, and Bing didn't mind it. Since then they have been small, by-invitation-only audiences at all the broadcasts. But no clapping. Bing saunters about in his outlandish shirts and enjoys himself enormously while all the erstwhile calamity—howling "wise showmen!"—remains. Bing is so sure now that luck is the most important thing in his life that he isn't a lad to ask for or take advice. Not any more. The only time he ever sought advice he rather overdid it and didn't turn out so well at the time. It was when he left the Paul White man band because White man was going East and Bing decided that he wanted to stay in Los Angeles because he liked the climate. It was as simple as that. His well-wishers raised such an enormous wailing sound that time he was finally convinced that he must have made a ghastly mistake. He really didn't think asking a cut of practically everyone within hearing distance and when he finally received the radio offer which was to bring him to the threshold of real fame and money, he was disconcerted to find that all these people expected a cut of his prospective salary for the advice they had given him and which he hadn't used. There were more people than there was salary!

"But even that was lucky," he recalls now. "It sure looked like a fool proceeding at the time, passing up a good job with White man just because I liked Los Angeles. If I hadn't stayed here, I might never have met Dixie, for one thing. And it's possible that I might not have had the radio offer at least, right away. And even all the expensive advice I didn't take turned out to be a good thing in the long run. When I got myself all tied up in these deals my brother, Everett, who is a guy with a lot of sense, kind of took charge of things for me. And that was lucky for me."

"First he paid off the $35,000 I seemed to owe the advisers. With that off my mind I decided to go fishing. Only I for- got to tell him, and he proceeded with me when I got back, because it seemed the radio contract had been all ready for me to sign, only they couldn't find me. But even that turned out to be a good thing. During the delay they talked things over and he got a better deal for us than he might have if it could have been decided right off the bat."

"You see? Doing so many things all wrong and having them turn out so right—wouldn't I be a sill at this point if I regretted any of it?"

Well, wouldn't he?

Bing has been especially lucky in the brothers God gave him. His two brothers, Everett and Larry, are sound business men and have managed to keep the Crosby affairs on an even keel. Shrewdly aware of the talent which is his, they are just as shrewdly able to help him sell it to the best advantage. They have their hands full with him sometimes and you'd think that they'd want to smack him.

For instance, when he flatly declined recently, to make a personal appearance in New York for twenty thousand dollars for one week—and then came home and transported his entire radio company to Spokane, at his own expense, for a broad- cast for Gonzaga University, for nothing. But Bing is like that and everyone knows it and there is really no use for anyone to try to argue with him. His luck has helped him and he has been right so often that it seems that it would be tempting Fate to cross a whim of his now.

You could go on and on, his race horses, his fine car. Various investments he has made light-hearted, which looked extremely dubious on the face of them, all seem to have turned to profits. No wonder he has faith in his whims and
George Brent

[Continued from page 53]

City. It was during the World War and their voyage was stormy and dangerous. The noise and fury of New York fell harshly on their ears, but young George was stimulated. He felt at once that he must make great haste to do something. He must earn money and seek adventure. The world was filled with action and he must be part of it as soon as possible.

These things you have to do now if you are to understand what followed and how he happened to do what he did with his life.

"By the time I was sixteen," he recounts, "I was working in a bank in the day time and going to school at night. I was preparing to study law and it seemed to me an exciting, dramatic and worthwhile career. It still does.

"But then—when I was sixteen—it looked such a hard pull ahead before I could hope to begin to practice, especially since I must earn my own way. That I had to do. There was something stubborn inside me which demanded that I be independent, that I ask no one for any help in carrying on that career. But my craving for action got the better of me."

He had joined the Pearson Club and came under the spell of the radical, Frank Harris, and was seething with the desire to do things, not just listen and talk and study. So when a young priest, fired with a crusading hope for Irish independence, urged George to return to Ireland with him to work for the Cause, Brent lost no time in gathering up his small savings and setting sail. Crusading, he thought, was right up his alley and this rebellion business seemed to promise plenty of action!

"That was a mistake," he says, thoughtfully. "I should have stayed here and gone on with the law. That was what I was cut out for, really . . . and if I had it to do again, I'm sure I'd stay. Of course, if I had I'd have missed the most thrilling years of my life. And I'm pretty sure I should never have thought of becoming an actor."

"Fate—perhaps?" I asked him.

George said, "Phooey! Only weaklings blame their mistakes on Fate. Fate doesn't play tricks on us. We play them on ourselves. Maybe we don't always know exactly what we're letting ourselves in for. But we make the decisions—nobody else. We have to stand by the results. If things turn out well it's comforting to swell out your chest and say, 'I accomplished that by using superior judgment.' But don't forget that if they turn out badly, you accomplished that, too!"

George, you see, isn't one to compromise.

That particular, youthful, impetuous decision plunged him into the midst of Ireland's vicious civil war, ended his dreams of a legal career and gave him his first smell of grease paint. He hadn't actually intended to cease his studies when he went to Ireland. He entered Dublin University with the best of intentions and it wasn't exactly a decision of his own which wound up his college life.
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career. It was a good old-fashioned fist fight in which a member of the faculty received a black eye. Blood ran hot in Ireland in those days.

He didn’t care—then—for by this time he had part and parcel of the rebellion and was coming along with the dispatches of carrying secret dispatches between Michael Collins and de Valera, leaders of the fighting Irish. And just about then he became associated with the Abbey Players and found that the stage thrilled him, too. So another decision was made. He would be an actor—if he lived.

When he finally fled for his life from Ireland he knew what he wanted to do and proceeded to do it. Back in America he got a job acting in stock. Then, he says, he made two more mistakes in rapid succession.

"First—I took myself big too soon. I was tall and had a slight brogue and it was easy to part in stock. So easy that I began to think I was ready for bigger things before I was. I hadn’t the patience to wait and study until I had learned my job. Stock experience is important to any actor. I wanted to be recognized on Broadway until my money ran out, then I’d go back to the road until I’d saved enough for another try.

"I once grew so impatient that when I’d saved a little money I organized my own company in Pawtucket, Rhode Island—and lost my shirt. It may have been valuable experience and perhaps it reduced the size of my head a tripe—but if I had to do it over again, I’d certainly skip that expensive lesson."

There was an unhappy venture into matrimony just here, too, and that was tragedy. He always has refused to talk about it until now.

"Then again the chief fault was judgment," says George. "We were too young. We were both trying to have careers and everything in our lives was unsettled. We didn’t know how to cope with circumstances and each other at the same time. How could I be expected to do a job as we were, we didn’t actually know much of one another and it simply wasn’t in the cards that we could make a go of it.

"If I had it to do over again, knowing what I know now, I’d know we couldn’t. Early marriages are all right—they’re fine—if you take some time to get acquainted and if you have some pattern of life.

"The marriage lasted less than a month. It was years before he recovered fully from these experiences. Meanwhile he went back to stock.

"This time I stayed in it too long," he admits. "There comes a time when your apprenticeship should end, a time when you should feel, somehow, that your training period is over and you are ready to make a stab at the real things. You should know that time came and I didn’t make the stab. My courage flagged and I jogged along in the jobs that seemed sure. I wasted time and lost opportunities.

"Opportunity caught up with him in spite of himself when an offer came with a part in a Broadway play... followed by another. Solid, but unspectacular, success. And when Hollywood called he needed and when Hollywood called he failed to do himself justice. He doesn’t blame that entirely on himself, however. He still thinks tests are unfair, foolish and cruel. He made so many unsuccessful ones that they began to seem pure farce to him.

"That was the period when Brent seemed always to be on the wrong side of the thing. He was a gold pattie waiting for him. Even the airplane didn’t help. He was constantly arriving either in Hollywood or in New York a day or two after someone else had gobbled up the part which was reserved for him.

"If I had that period to go through again, I’d try to make up my mind to stay in one place or the other long enough to give myself a chance," he says. "You can’t vibrate back and forth across the country, it’s a beginning homing pigeon and hope to get yourself settled at either end of the route! If I had it to do over, I’d try to light.

No one was more surprised than George Brent when he received the news of the marriage. He turned out to be a man well and he was informed that he was to play opposite Ruth Chatterton in “The Rich Are Always With Us.” It was a good role and it led to another and another and another. His career was on the upward course. The appeal of his individual ability grew and flourished healthily. He signed a seven year contract with Warner Brothers.

He married Ruth Chatterton. This marriage, too, was a failure. It lasted only a year and eight months. Who knows why? Certainly George will not discuss it. He is all tight-lipped reserve when the subject is broached. It had been another impetuous love affair and anyone who knows George knows the two of them are too busy with it to look back on it with comprehension. Ruth was ultra-sophisticated, fine-drawn, concerned with the delicacies, the niceties, the nuances of thinking and living. George was blunt, two-fisted, vigorous, impulsive. Despite his experience and his independence, he retains, still, a certain naiveté which is part of his charm. In another couple, those qualities might have complemented each other. With Ruth and George they clash.

No one—least of all the two people themselves—ever can say with certainty what goes wrong between two people of mature judgment when they fall in and then out of love. It’s beyond explaining.

Something, during his years of fighting, has turned George into an escapist. The moment he finishes a picture he disappears and even the Brothers Warner can’t locate him until the date when he has promised to return. He goes to the desert, the mountains or the sea—as far away as possible, and leaves no forwarding address. No one knows exactly where he goes or whom he sees. He just goes.

"If I had my life to live over I’d try to play myself while I was still young to stick to things, to try to learn to love places, to take root, to concentrate on what I want and go after it without wavering and vacillating. If I had learned things sooner, I’d be better off and happier now.

"It isn’t Fate or luck or any of those things that control what you do and what you become. Your life is yours and the decisions are yours. When you are wrong you lose your mistakes yourself. If you are right you profit. But, don’t try to excuse your mistakes by blaming them on Fate. Try to learn from them!"
Pictures on the Fire!

[Continued from page 55]

as though it had been standing there falling from every side. Bits of paper, rusty cans, small sticks once burned wood are strewn about. Inside it's no better except for the way Marjorie, Queenie and Joan are dolled up in their cheap finery. Ginger isn't in this scene, but she's sitting on the set entertaining some friends from her own. Her hair is chestnut brown and vastly becoming. It makes her look much softer and more alluring. But I can't spend all my time on this set so I mosey over to—

"T R E N E," adapted from one of the most successful musical comedies ever produced in this country. It was originally produced almost twenty years ago, but the plot should still be good and it had one of the most delightful scores ever written. Anna Neagle is the star.

The scene they're doing is not important so there's no sense going into it, but DON'T MISS THIS. In the supporting cast are Billie Burke, May Robson, Roland Young, Ray Milland, Arthur Treacher and Tommy Kelly.

And I leave the set I pass Mr. Milland who first ignores and then, as he remembers he is out of cigarettes, decides to speak so he can bum one. I introduce an out-of-town-friend who is with me. "I'm glad to know you," says Mr. M. magnanimously, "even though we meet under adverse circumstances." I am the adverse circumstances.

I turn to a friend of Ray's who is standing nearby. "When you get to Ray's tonight," I instruct him, "will you please give Mrs. Milland my regrets." I guess that's putting Ray in his place.

N E X T, there's "Bill of Divorcement." This was a successful stage play (produced shortly after the World War) that has had a chequered career. Katherine Cornell made her first film here and her success was as great as it should be. But then, when it was made into a picture, Katharine Hepburn made her great splash in it and I've hated the play ever since, even though the picture version proved that Billie Burke (as Hep's mother) can play drama as effectively as she can comedy and it also proved that John Barrymore (as H's father) is just as fine a dramatic actor as he ever was (when he wants to be).

Now comes a new version with Mau- reen O'Hara (whom you met in "Jamaica Inn" and "Hunchback of Notre Dame") in Cornell's part, Adolphe Menjou as her father and Fay Bainter as her mother.

In case you've forgotten, Hilary's (Maureen) mother has, after years of misery, divorced her father (Menjou). Menjou was shell-shocked during the war and became insane. Now Fay is going to marry again despite the acid disapproval of Dame May Whitty—and when that dame disapproves of anything you know it. It is Christmas time and Fay has gone to Christmas Eve services with her new fiancé. Maureen's fiancé (Patrick Knowles) has been called back to Paris and she is alone in the house when the phone rings. It is the asylum where her father has been under treatment. They tell her he has recently improved and has escaped. Dame Whitty (Menjou's aunt) knowing nothing of this, tells Maureen that the war only brought out the insanity in her father—that it runs in the family. Maureen leaves her, reeling under this blow, to confront her father.

"What are you looking for?" she asks quietly.

Menjou's eyes widen as he sees her. "Why," he explains dazedly, "they've moved me—" and then recognition lights his eyes. "Meg! It's Meg (Fay)." He starts towards her impulsively, but she side-steps. The self-confidence with which she first addressed him has now dwindled to pure fear which she tries valiantly to mask.

"I—I'm not Meg," she counters.

Menjou stops and laughs inerudely. "Not Meg! Tell me I don't know Meg!" "No,—really," she exclaims, a little panicky.

"No, it's not Meg," he concedes with a change of manner. "I beg your pardon, I thought you were,—another girl. You see, I—I've been away a long time. A long, long time." He sighs and glances around the room ruefully.

"Who do you want?" she persists quietly, trying to master the situation.

But her voice breaks in on him. "There!" triumphantly. "You see? It's her voice, too." And then intensely, "Who are you?"

"If I think," she barely breathes, "I am your daughter."

You can imagine what a tense, gripping scene this is. And it mounts in intensity as it progresses. And such a set as they've built. It looks like a print of old English vicarage come to life—the low, beamless, the Christmas tree, the snow on the window panes. This should be another triumph for R-K-O, as well as for the principals. And such performances as they're giving!

T H E last picture—"Little Orvie"—based on the comic strip. This is a kid story, but it's reminiscent of the immortal "Skippy" and what more could anyone ask? At the moment Orvie (John Shef- field) is lying on his bed, heartbroken because his parents won't let him have a dog. His father (Ernest Truex) comes in.

"What's wrong, son?" he asks quietly.

"Nothing," says John, his back to his father.

"I think I know what it is, Orvie," Truex goes on. "Maybe I can help you out." "No, you can't," John bursts out resentment, determined not to cry before his father. "Anyway, it's nothing you care about." "As soon as you feel like it, son," Truex tells him, "hurt to the quick, but under- standing the boy's problem, "we talk it over—just you and me."
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![Image of a shampoo bottle and packaging]

Silver Screen for April 1940

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![Image of a safari scene with a lion]

Four pictures on one lot and the Mook likes all of them! Can you imagine? Buoyed by the happy thought that perhaps, at long last, my wife is coming to the view is changing to the milk of human kindness, I went my way to—

Columbia

IMAGINE my delight to discover another swell picture going here. It’s called “Too Many Husbands.” The title was bought from Somerset Maugham. Originally it graced a play he wrote twenty years ago, but the locale has been switched to New York from London and instead of having the husbands try to get rid of the wife (which was very unpalatable) they have the wife trying to get rid of the husbands, and each of them trying to hold her.

Wesley Ruggles is directing and Claude Binyon my favorite scenarist, wrote the script. Jean Arthur is the harassed wife and Fred MacMurray and Melvyn Douglas the important husbands.

Fred is the happy-go-lucky type whom Jean first marries. He marries her to charter a little sailboat for their honeymoon, but she told him that was his idea of a honeymoon to go by himself. He did and—sad, sad—never returned. He has been declared legally dead and Jean marries his friend and business partner, Mr. D. No sooner are they happily settled down than Fred turns up. They talk things over and decide she must choose one and the other will immediately go out of her life. But she can’t make up her mind. She looks at both and switches them with painless ease.

Suddenly Fred, who has been sanguine about, leaps nimbly over a chair, casts a side glance at Jean and Mel and continues his sanguining.

“What was the idea of that?” Mel demands.

“How do you like it?” Fred grins.

“I could if there was a reason for doing it,” Mel bristles.

“Any old one?” Fred needles him.

“Is that reason enough?”

“No!” Mr. Douglas shouts. “You can spell Pithecanthropus Erectus”

Fred quickly spells it. “Is that right?”

Jean queries.

Yes, Mel admits grudgingly. Suddenly he runs towards a high chair and tries to leap over it. He and the chair topple to the floor.

“Henry!” Jean screams. “Are you hurt?” She rushes to kneel beside him as he sits up, draping him readiedly while Fred rights the chair.

“A man of your years shouldn’t try a thing like that,” Fred admonishes him.

“My years!” Mel yelps. “I’m only three years older than you.”

“Yes,” Fred agrees, “but those are the years that count.” Having delivered himself he takes a nimble little approach step and tries his fifth leap. This time he crashes to the floor beside Mel.

Jean crawls on her knees over to him. “Knew this would happen,” she groans.

“His years started counting,” Mel interjects viciously.

Claude Binyon is standing beside me grinning pleasently.

“I’ve never before been one of Fred’s admirers,” I whisper to Claude, “but he’s sure doing a swell job of this part.”

“ Haven’t been one of his admirers!” Claude ejaculates. “What do you want?”

“Well,” I defend myself. “I’ve known him ever since he first came into pictures and this is the first time I’ve ever seen any evidence of a sense of humor.”

“He’s so shy and self-conscious,” Claude tells me, “he never lets himself go around people until he really knows them and it takes at least a year of pretty constant association to get to know him.”

I guess he’s right because the people who do know Fred swear by him.

Having disposed of Fred, we’ll leave him to his antics and proceed to—

Warner Brothers

THREE pictures going here and all of them Class A productions. First, there’s “Saturday’s Children,” with John Garfield and Anne Shirley. If there are two better actors in pictures I haven’t seen them. In addition, this play once won the Pullitzer prize as the best play of the year. This scene is where John is being embarrassed by his first date. They pause in front of the building where she lives.

“Had another car,” he tells her then stops and laughs. “But, say—all the talk’s been about that. What about you? Tell me about yourself.”

“Tell with,” she informs him, “I’m twenty-one.”

“Your father told me nineteen,” he objects.

“Oh,” Anne brushes that aside, “he always adds two years to mother’s age and takes two off mine. No, I’m 21 and I wear glasses when I read.”

He looks at her appraisingly. “You’re pretty straight-forward about this. Will you be as honest when you’re thirty?”

“No,” she rejoins promptly. “Then I’ll be using Dad’s arithmetic.”

“You know,” he speculates, “you certainly are an honest gal!”

He said that before,” she reminds him.

“A miracle like that is worth repeating,” he assures her. “You wouldn’t let me take a cab. Mention a cab to most dames and their eyes light up—you’d think they were getting a rake-off from the driver. Those things are important. And you wouldn’t lie about your age. That alone gets you in the Hall of Fame—”

“I’ve been there,” she interrupts smiling. “It looks dangerous.”

“I’ve never run across a dame yet that wouldn’t lie just for the sake of telling,” he says, more to himself than to her. “If they’re working it’s just for a lark—they don’t need the dough. They all get seven days a week and they’re dying about ‘The Better Things’—like poetry.”

“Cut!” calls the director and John and Anne come up to shake hands and chat—he to tell me about the play he is to do New York as well. I tell him this picture and she to me tell about the dress shop she wants to open. We have a swell time but there are other sets to cover.
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NEW SUPER-SOFT
DR. SCHOLLS ZINO-PADS
silver screen for april 1940

sprained her knee. Pandemonium reigns for no one knows how serious it is and if she has to go to bed, it will hold up production. It’s serious enough for her to go to bed, all right, but against the doctor’s orders, Kay refuses. They hustle her under a lamp and bake her knee for an hour then tape it up so tight I don’t see how the girl can move, but she goes right on back working. What a trouper!

there are two other pictures shooting out here—“The House of Seven Gables,” with Margaret Lindsay, Nan Grey, Vincent Price, George Sanders and Dick Foran, taken from Hawthorne’s novel, and “Black Friday,” with Bela Lugosi and Boris Karloff, but one is on location and the other on the process stage so we’ll have to skip them and proceed to—

20th century-fox

dance with the devil,” starring Tyrone Power is on location so that, too, will have to wait. Left, is “I Was An Adventuress,” starring Zorina and featuring Erich Von Stroheim and Peter Lorre, with the one and only Gregory Ratoff directing. The set is closed, but Mr. Ratoff relets and lets me on with the distinct understanding that I stay “way in de background.” To save my life I couldn’t tell you what this scene is about for when I’m around Mr. Ratoff nothing else registers. What a showman that man is! All actors want to be directors and he’s a swell one, but when they let him quit acting to direct I think the screen lost more than it gained. And that leaves only—

paramount

two pictures shooting here—“Down Went McGinty,” with Brian Donlevy and Akim Tamiroff, and “The Woman from Hell,” with Ralph Bellamy, Paul Kelly, Neil Hamilton and John Miljan, but they’re both just finishing for the day. So, taking my cue from them, I, too, call it a day, but it’s been a wonderful day.

topics for gossip [continued from page 56]

twenty first century is preparing a script suitable for tyrone and annabella.

Margaret Lindsay was terribly pleased and flattered the other day when one of the grips on the set of “The House of the Seven Gables” (nothing to do with Carole and Clark) told her that in the seventeen years he had been in the studio he liked her better than any other actress. Grips are quite hard-boiled about the acting profession, they see too many disagreeable and temperamental stars, so when a grip likes you it’s a real compliment.

At a dinner in Hollywood attended by sportswriters recently Gene Autry was the guest of honor, and got the biggest laugh of the evening when he was called on for a speech, and said: “I don’t know how many of you people have seen me in pictures for my pictures play only the small towns. They play towns so small that even Mrs. Roosevelt hasn’t visited them.”

For a thirteenth wedding anniversary present Jack Benny gave Mary Livingstone a wedding ring with thirteen ruby hearts inscribed: “Threeteen years of love and happiness and it’s only just started. Doll.” Mary has always called Jack “Doll.” He’ll take it from her, but don’t let anybody else try it. “He’s a perfect husband,” sighs Mary, “if only he’d learn to rhyme.”

Paramount has made the horrible discovery that “Rochester” (in real life Eddie Anderson) has absolutely no sales resistance. Smart salesmen have unloaded on him five race horses of doubtful parentage, yachts, a restaurant, and a prizefighter. When he made a down payment on an airplane Paramount decided it was time to step in. So now Rochester has a detective following him around to see that he doesn’t buy anything.

reviews [continued from page 75]

proved in this film, Vivien had the same fascinating qualities that made her such a perfect Scarlett, as Liberty, the little Cockney guttersnipe who steals whatever she can get her hands on, and who eventually becomes a famous musical comedy star on the London stage. Vivien has the same vixenish quality, the same smouldering intensity, the same flashing eyes, and the same beguiling sweetness. Vivien Leigh’s Scarlett, it is proved conclusively by this film alone, is no flash in the pan. The story has to do with the buskers (sidewalk performers), who entertain the crowds on the London streets nightly with their music, dancing, and recitations. Charles Laughton plays a sad-eyed busker whose specialty is recitations, and it is he who recognizes talent in Liberty and is the means of pushing her to the top. Naturally, she forgets her benefactor and poor Charles takes to drink while Vivien becomes the toast of London. Excellent in the cast are Rex Harrison, Tyrone Guthrie, Bart Classe, Gus McNaughton, and Larry Adler who performs miracles with the harmonica. After all his brutal and gruesome characterizations of late it is indeed pleasant to find the talented Mr. Laughton in the role of a simple, dim-witted busker.

Remember the Night

There is a Santa Claus—Paramount

Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray give two of the best performances of their careers (and that’s not belittling) in this highly enjoyable comedy-drama which is bound to please you no end. Barbara plays a lady crook, caught in the act of walking off with an expensive bracelet, who is being prosecuted by young assistant district attorney MacMurray, and who is a cinch for being sent to the electric chair. But it’s the day before Christmas, and Fred has a guilty conscience, and obtains her release on bail so she can at least enjoy her turkey dinner on the right side of the bars. But before he realizes it Barbara is in his car with him, on his way to his Indiana home to spend Christmas with his mother and his aunt. In this homely atmosphere of the Indiana farm, with Aunt Elizabeth Patterson teaching her how to bake, and Mother Beulah Bondi fussing over her, Barbara feels the pangs of regeneration. Even with the young attorney in love with her, and ready to throw the case, Barbara insists upon confessing her guilt and paying the penalty. It may sound phony, but with the excellent direction of Mitchell Leisen, and the very natural acting of Barbara, and the cast, it turns out to be a very real picture about real people, and you’ll love it.
Girls Who Keep Skin Sweet Win Out! I use Lux Soap as a bath soap, too. Active lather leaves skin fresh—delicately perfumed.

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...and Luckies always buy the A-1 grades," says Tom Smothers, 20 years a tobacco auctioneer

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VIN THE ORIGINAL OF THIS COVER!

GENE DUNNE’S ADVICE TO WIVES-TO-BE

SEE PAGE 51
Like almost all other fresh fruits, strawberries yield Dextrose—sugar—which is a most valuable energy "fuel" for the body.

Luscious ripe Strawberries are rich in pure Dextrose Sugar...and so is delicious Baby Ruth

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

CURTIS CANDY COMPANY...CHICAGO

By actual energy tests, a 175-lb. athlete can run almost 4 miles at a speed of more than 5 miles per hour on the food energy contained in one 3-c bar of delicious Baby Ruth Candy.

At Candy Counters Everywhere
You never know how much you’ve loved until you’ve loved—and lost!

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

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

So often it is a girl’s fault, although she may never know it. For where is the man who will speak about a fault like underarm odor...who would humiliate her by suggesting that she needs Mum?

Girls who keep romance never take for granted the matter of personal daintiness. They don’t expect just a bath to keep them fresh and sweet—they use Mum every day! A bath removes only perspiration that is past...but with Mum, future underarm odor is prevented. Though your bath may fade—Mum’s protection goes right on!

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

Mum Takes the Odor Out of Perspiration

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

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

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

No Deodorant Quicker...Safer...Surer...Than Mum!

Why risk loneliness? Mum each day surely guards your charm!
THE LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR ED:

With everybody in this town in the throes of flu, or recovering from the flu, or expecting to have the flu (for heaven’s sake don’t show this to the Chamber of Commerce, they’ll run me out of town), I thought it would be smart of me to Get Away From It All down in the desert for several days. So, I took myself down to La Quinta, which is a half an hour from Palm Springs, and quite the most beautiful and desirable part of the California desert.

Of course, when you are in the process of getting away from it all you tell yourself that you hope to goodness that you won’t see anyone in the desert who will remind you of that horrible Hollywood, twerp that you are, but hardly have you got your little desert model from Maginn’s on before you start craning your neck to see who’s around whom you know. I didn’t have to crane far before I discovered Rosalind Russell under a palm tree, recovering from a cold, so I moved right in with her and we spent hours talking about—yes, Hollywood. And mercy, can that Rosalind talk? She was even better in La Quinta than she was in “His Girl Friday,” which is indeed a compliment from me.

Iona Massey was there, too, looking quite blonde and beautiful, and proving herself quite a horsewoman. Iona was certainly the pride of the stables, and the cowboys practically knocked each other out in order to escort her in a canter across the cacti. As I am not at my best in the saddle, Iona was spared my caustic comment on my horsemanship—horrifying. But Bette Davis didn’t get off so easily. Bette had come to La Quinta with her French teacher (a woman, let there be no scandal) to study parlez-vous-Francaise so that she would be in the mood and accurate of her new picture “All This and Heaven, Too,” with Monsieur Charles Boyer.

At the El Mirador at Palm Springs I got an eyeful of the new spring bathing suits. Floral prints in brilliant color tones lead the parade, it seems, but whether the print is floral or geometric the colors must be on the bright side. Rita Hayworth, who has more “oomph” than Ann Sheridan, was lounging around in a gleaming white satin Lycra suit with scarlet rhododendron and green leaves scattered over it in gay confusion. The lines of Rita’s suit depart from the classic maillot, and the fabric flares out at the lower edge of the suit much in the manner of a morning glory. Gail Patrick, really one of the prettiest girls in Hollywood, was sunning herself beside the pool in a sun- and-swell suit of an Hawaiian print. Gail said the print was called “Singing Forest,” which gives you an idea.

Well, Ed, better reserve your cabana early and polish up your sun glasses, it’s going to be fun at the beaches this summer.

CARROLL

DEAR ESTHER:

I can’t believe that you did have that interview with Gail Patrick. I looked up at the Cinerama screen just as they were about to give out on the cabana at the Beverly Hills Hotel. And who was with me? Gail Patrick! What the—? I remember this. Gail Patrick took the Los Angeles Times to the beaches. I remember this, too. And I was supposed to be up in Rome shooting the first of my pictures with Greta Garbo. And I remember this last too. I was a bit stunned. I wish I could give you a photo of Gail Patrick with a guitar. But I don’t think she’s going to do it. She’s a very private individual.

JAMES H. HOLLYWOOD.

REFLECTING the MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

MAY, 1940

Volume Ten Number Seven

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Gilted beauties of the screen who fascinate and bewitch us with their charms

COVER PORTRAIT OF GARY COOPER BY MARLOND STONE

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS
"YOUNG TOM EDISON", starring Mickey Rooney, recreates the exciting boyhood which led to the flowering of Edison's genius in later life...

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

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

Current whisperings about the behavior of the stars at the studios and at home

You don’t have to wait until you are an old lady of twenty-five to start reducing in Hollywood. Jane Withers and Judy Garland can tell you that. When Jane and Judy discovered they were getting plumpish (and the camera can make one extra pound look like ten), they immediately gave up candies, sodas, and pastries, and went in for exercise. Judy changed from an ugly duckling to a beautiful young lady just by carefully washing her face in hot water and then cold, brushing her hair, and cultivating a sweet expression. Deanna Durbin is an

other of the younger girls who is working off a few extra pounds.

Vivien Leigh admits she is scared to death over her coming appearance in "Romeo and Juliet." Especially as she will have only three weeks rehearsal before the tour begins. She never has played the Juliet role before. Laurence Olivier has played Romeo, but he is also directing the production, and Larry has never been a director before. They are planning an expensive production with very complicated sets. "We want to do it well," says Vivien. "I only hope I am as good as the sets." She will be.

After a three year separation Ginger Rogers has at last announced her intention of establishing a residence in Nevada, as soon as her picture schedule will allow, and obtaining a Reno divorce from Lew Ayres. Lew claims it all came as a complete surprise to him, that he didn’t know anything about it until he read it in the papers. He and Ginger have remained the best of friends and see each other occasionally when they go out to dinner together. If Ginger has another husband in mind when the divorce is granted she isn’t saying.

Deanna Durbin is the only Hollywood star who never uses her initials. Instead, her personal stationery, her canvas set chair, the weather vane atop her studio bungalow and her tailored pajamas carry the musical notes “d.d.”

Carmichael, the polar bear, who is lending his histrionic talents to Jack Benny’s new picture has [Continued on page 13]
DIABOLICAL

"Dr. CYCLOPS"

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

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

A Paramount Picture with Albert Dekker • Janice Logan • Thomas Coley • Charles Halton
Victor Kilian • Frank Yaconelli • Directed by Ernest Schoedsack • Original Screen Play by Tom Kilpatrick

for May 1942
A CHUMP AT OXFORD (Hal Roach) — A hilarious take-off of "A Yank at Oxford," with Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy getting the most out of really funny material. Slapstick prevails throughout, but the dialogue is far from dull.

BROADWAY MELODY OF 1940 (M-G-M) — Put Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell and George Murphy into the same musical and you should get dancing aplenty at its very best. And that's exactly what happens here. It's lavishly staged, but if too much dancing, no matter how good, gets on your nerves, you'd better pick another movie with more of a story.

CHARLIE CHAN IN PANAMA (20th Century-Fox) — Sidney Toler again gives a convincing performance in the title role of this melodramatic yarn which has to do with the U.S. government sending him to Panama to uncover a plot to blow up the Canal. Lionel Atwill, Mary Nash and Sen Yung are standoutish in the supporting cast.

DR. EHRlich's MAGIC BULLET (Warner) — Edward G. Robinson, after a long delay, finally has been given another role in keeping with his ability in this straight-from-the-shoulder story of a doctor who tries to find a cure for society's most insidious disease. It's the sort of part Paul Muni has been getting right along, but we doubt if he could have played it more acceptably than Edward G. Robinson.

FREE, BLONDE AND 21 (20th Century-Fox) — Because "Hotel For Women" was received so nicely, it was decided to use the same background again. The similarity ends there, however, because this story is woefully weak even with such lovelies prancing through it as Mary Beth Hughes, Lynn Bari, Katherine Aldridge and Helen Ericson.

GRAPEs OF WRATH (20th Century-Fox) — Another Darryl Zanuck achievement. He brought the great novel to the screen without losing its force and effectiveness. The casting is perfect, with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell slightly standoutish.

I TAKE THIS WOMAN (M-G-M) — Although they re-made practically the entire film, it still leaves much to be desired. Spencer Tracy performs nobly, Hedy Lamarr is as gorgeous as ever and Veronica Lake is particularly amusing. Still in all, it isn't good entertainment.

LITTLE OLD NEW YORK (20th Century-Fox) — A colorful, if not exciting, story of the New York waterfront in the days when Robert Fulton was working on his invention of the steamboat. Richard Greene does well as the inventor, with Alice Faye superb as a tavern girl and Fred MacMurray the same as a rough-and-ready ship builder.

MY LITTLE CHICKADEE (Universal) — Co-starring Mae West and W. C. Fields in the same comedy was a grand idea, but the yarn and comedy lines which the two of them authored, won't have you rolling in the aisles. You keep waiting for the hearty laughs and you're still waiting for them after the film is ended. Oh, yes. Mae is still asking 'em to come up and see her sometime.

NORTHWEST PASSAGE (M-G-M) — It will be a long time before you'll see a more magnificent and impressive picture. Spencer Tracy, as Major Robert Rogers, gives a performance which equals any that won him Academy...
Awards. It's produced in Technicolor on a spectacular scale with King Vidor's direction being flawless throughout. Robert Young deserves particular mention.

OH, JOHNNY, HOW YOU CAN LOVE (Universal)—A pitifully weak yarn about a young traveling salesman who eventually marries an heiress. Only connection of picture with title is that Betty Jane Rhodes sings the number as part of an auto-camp festival. Definitely one to miss.

PINOCCHIO (Disney-RKO)—The chances are you'll like this even better than "Snow White," even though it lacks the warmth, melody and romance of Disney's first full-length cartoon feature. Technically it's considerably better. It has more humor, too, and more of the typical Disney touches. Jimmy Cricket steals the picture from Pinocchio.

SAINT'S DOUBLE TROUBLE (RKO)—Just when "The Saint" series was gaining momentum, along comes this fourth one which slows things down to a walk. George Sanders, in the title role, is smooth enough, but the befuddling story of a Philadelphia diamond smuggling ring is hard to accept.

SEVENTEEN (Paramount)—A modernized version of the famous Booth Tarkington story which loses none of its original charm and flavor. Jackie Cooper is grand as William Baxter, the lad who suddenly realizes that he's old enough to stop being a kid. Betty Field is the dazzling miss from Chicago and, after seeing Betty in "Of Mice and Men," her versatility will amaze you.

SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON (RKO)—Infinite care has been taken in bringing this famous classic to the screen with the happy result that it is above-the-average entertainment. A strong cast, headed by Charles Winninger, includes Edna Best, Fredric Bartholomew, Terry Kilburn and Tim Holt.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER (Paramount)—Martha Raye's last picture for Paramount and oddly enough her best. It's good, clean comedy (don't let the title mislead), with Martha as a wholesome country girl. She's surrounded by capable players including Charlie Ruggles, Gertrude Michael and William Frawley.

THE MAN FROM DAKOTA (M-G-M)—A story of the Civil War with Wallace Beery having an actor's field-day as a hard-boiled army sergeant. The picture is adapted from "Arouse and Beware," a best seller. Dolores Del Rio returns to the screen in this one. John Howard turns in a nice job as a lieutenant in the Union army.

THE MARINES FLY HIGH (RKO)—There's lots of action in this melodrama of the rivalry of Richard Dix and Chester Morris, of the Marines, for the love of Lucille Ball. It all takes place down in Latin America where the Marines are squelching a revolution. Cast also includes Steffi Duna, John Eldredge, as the villain, and Dick Hogan and Horace MacMahon as comic relief.

THE WARE CASE (20th Century-Fox Release)—A murder mystery, produced in England, and starring your old friend, Clive Brook. He is ideally cast as Sir Hubert Ware, who becomes pretty much of a squanderer and is finally accused of murdering his brother-in-law. Jane Baxter plays the part of Clive's beautiful wife.

VIGIL IN THE NIGHT (RKO)—Carole Lombard, as a nurse, demonstrates her ability to be just as effective in stark tragedy as she is in merry mad comedy. Anna Shirley, as her kid sister who is also a nurse but against her own choosing, is excellent and that goes for Brian Aherne, too, in the role of a doctor.

VILLAGE BARN DANCE (Republic)—The idea for this one came from the very popular radio program of the same name. The picture won't be as popular, we're afraid. Richard Cromwell and George Barbier try hard.

WOMEN WITHOUT NAMES (Paramount)—Another prison yarn which doesn't quite click despite good performances by Ellen Drew, Robert Paige and Judith Barrett. Much of the film concerns the routine in a women's prison where Ellen is serving a life sentence for a murder which she and her husband, Robert Paige, never committed.

YOUNG AS YOU FEEL (20th Century-Fox)—The latest in the Jones Family series finds them visiting the New York World's Fair and getting into all sorts of amusing complications, largely because of extravagance. Pa almost loses his drug store, but all ends well.

YOUNG TOM EDISON (M-G-M)—Cast as great inventor during his misunderstood boyhood, Mickey Rooney plays his greatest role and naturally turns in his best performance. Based on actual happenings in the early life of Edison, it could not be more stirring; being packed with thrilling incidents, such as his preventing what seems to be an inevitable train wreck. It will be one of foremost pictures of 1940.

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Bob Burns visits the set of "If I Had My Way," which co-stars Gloria Jean and Bing Crosby, whose favorite topics are his wife, kids and horses.

For May 1940
Checking On Their Comments

By Frederick James Smith

I SAT with Bette Davis on the Warner set for Rachel Field's "All This and Heaven, Too." Bette was in prim "The Grapes of Wrath," for she was playing the young woman who came to America to teach French in a girls' school after a tragic romance while governess in a Paris royalist's family. I asked her how she liked the role. Commented Bette:

"I've grown interested in the girl now that I'm doing her. But I wish to God the movies could get away from the dear dead days. I'd like to let them lie. I'm sick of period stuff, for myself or anyone else. I'm tired of suffering and seeing people suffer for long expired political motives or for dear old Louisiana. There's so much to tell of today. But nobody is doing it, in pictures, on the stage, or in fiction.

Meanwhile, I've bought a nice little house at Burbank five minutes from the studio. No more waste hours getting to and from the cameras. Acting hours are too erratic. I've had to save myself, and this new home is one of my methods. Also it gives me a new interest. You should see me buying furnishings and draperies. Quite, quite domestic, you know.

"What would I like to do next? I tried to get the studio interested in a screen story about the younger Sarah Bernhardt. Those days of the Divine Sarah had real romance. There was a marriage that was highly dramatic. Costume stuff? In a way, but a real story of a young woman finding herself and proving herself, in an intensely masculine era?"

Maybe there's something in Bette's protest, come to think of it. I'm tired of being sold the romantic old days when the world wore satins and obsolete theories, when a narrow mind was a constant solace. There is a lot to be said about today. One film has just said some of it. Bette, meet "The Grapes of Wrath."

Spencer Tracy is a good actor, honest, straightforward, sincere. When I asked him to tell me the secret of good acting, he rebelled. Here's the way he put it:

"There is undoubtedly a secret of good film acting. There must be, because so far as I am concerned it is still a secret. I say this sincerely. I couldn't tell you the secret of good acting. I am still a student. Sometimes, I am convinced, a pretty bad one. Perhaps, if I remain in the business of making motion pictures long enough, I may discover it. Good stories, good parts, good direction are certainly essential to making good actors. In these respects, I have been fortunate. As
for my favorite role, I am playing it now in "Edison, the Man." I don't know of any character I have ever played that has taken such a hold of me. The world knew Edison as a genius. In my study of him as a man, I have found him kindly, gentle, humorous, courageous and the man, to me, is more human and interesting than the genius. For the future, I am looking forward to doing 'The Yearling' and the character study of Penny. Both fascinated me.

"How long does it take to become a proficient film player? I should say a hundred years. Few actors live that long."

Maybe that passing remark "sometimes a pretty bad one" must have come into being after Spencer glimpsed himself in the imitative and much-rephotographed film, "I Take This Woman," in which he co-stars with Hedy Lamarr. Maybe, after Edison, we'll forgive him. From Lamarr to incandescent light is something—or am I being catty?

MADELEINE CARROLL sailed away to Italy on the Conte de Savoia in February to spend four days with her mother in Paris. She had just that much time in order to meet Cecil De Mille's intense and elaborate shooting schedule for his new spectacle of the Canadian Royal Mounted. The day before she sailed Madeleine told me—

"Mother and father live on a little place I bought for them a few miles outside of London. Of course, I'd like them to come to America to be with me through this world crisis, but dad is a stubborn Irishman. He won't move. So, I'm going to spend those four days with mother in Paris. Who can tell what will happen when winter goes? A great Spring drive may tie up all Europe. I want to be sure of seeing mother once more.

"I'll have four days with her, for I shall fly from Italy over the war zone to Paris. I have all sorts of special permit for the Conte de Savoia and all the things Hollywood donated to the two hundred French orphans who now live in my place in the country outside Paris. These things will be shipped up from Italy. So that sceptical folks won't say I'm talking about that just for publicity, I'm going to have the boys and girls photographed with the gifts. Seeing is believing.

"I dread facing the desolation of a France torn by war, the emptiness of a Paris watching the skies from bomb shelters, but I am afraid that, if I wait, I may not see mother for a long time. Who can tell what will happen? Madmen are in the saddle and civilization is staggering."

By the time you read this Madeleine probably will be back, performing before Mr. De Mille's cameras. Which means four months without a true picture. Her mother will have returned to the little place outside London, with the lights darkened at night and gas masks handy. And, if you must know, Mr. De Mille is aiming his Canadian Royal Mounted spectacle at the British market. England, he cannily reasons, will want to see it to forget. So there you have a dramatic real life situation Madeleine trying to forget in a film built to make folks forget.

NO! that Edward G. Robinson has broken away from playing sinister gangsters and deadly killers with his amazing performance of Dr. Ehrlich, the German who did so much to combat syphilis, he wants to go on doing important gentlemen of history. Here's what he told me on his recent visit to New York:

"It's time for us to tell of our own great men—and America has them. Democracy is fighting for its very existence and anything Hollywood can do to help is important. We Americans have taken our democracy for granted, I fear. We are being put to the test and we will have to learn all over again.

"Nothing can present the message of tolerance as well as motion pictures and the radio. What is a mere league of nations to these great forces that dominate every moment of our lives? It is up to us to use these mighty levers on public thinking, and to use them right.

"Most of all I want to do Benjamin Franklin. There are so many sides to the man, so many facets of intellectual force. He was a statesman, a diplomat, a scientist, a newspaper man. He did more than any other one man to bring about the French Revolution; he did as much as any to make our own revolution successful. The Warners have promised that I can do Franklin and soon.

"I'm happy over what the critics say of my Dr. Ehrlich. Ehrlich belongs among the select little band of great scientists, which means that he was a great poet in his way. He had the poetic concept that a chemical pumped into the blood stream would cure a great and sinister malady, then he proved it scientifically after hundreds of tests had failed. Ehrlich belongs to the little handful of the world's great. If I suggested this intense dreamer of dreams, I am happy."

But meanwhile Robinson is going to make one more gangster film, "Brother Orchid," the story of a racketeer, beaten and left to die, who is picked up outside the walls of a monastery by the good brothers and nursed back to health. The monks raise and sell flowers and, when the great racketeers crowding the business of the holy men, he goes out and cleans up—for God and orchids. Robinson wants to do this before he tries Franklin. "I want folks to take my new step slowly," he says. Probably he's right. The public can be scared away by too much ambition. It digests things slowly. Let it get acclimated bit by bit to the new Robinson. It's safer.

SUPPOSE OLIVIA de HAVILLAND was your sister. Wait a minute, stop cheering. We're serious. Suppose you are a personable, ambitious young man, but Olivia is your sister. You would think that a help to your career. But that isn't true. Listen to Joan Fontaine, who loves her sister but—

"We're continually being considered for the same roles or for parts in the same picture. That wouldn't do. Of course, when I was tested for Scarlett O'Hara in 'Gone With the Wind' there was Olivia being tested for Melanie. I didn't get Scarlet, but Olivia made a grand Me-

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That's just the beginning, Robert, just the beginning. You ain't seen nothin' yet. Wait until you've played in two pictures. Then you'll have a tale to tell. But the sur-

prise will have worn off. You'll be a bored juvenile then in a colony of perpetual juveniles.

Ellen Drew is the Kansas City girl who worked as a waitress in a candy shop next door to Grammar's Chinese Theatre in Los Angeles. She served a chocolate soda and landed in the movies. The coffee consumer was an agent and he took her around to Paramount next day. The movies still puzzle Ellen. She sat at a table in the Paramount restaurant and said—

"I waited and waited for a chance, after they took me in. Then, on the same day, Wesley Ruggles and Frank Lloyd looked at tests I had made and they both wanted me. Mr. Ruggles thought I looked small town and he wanted me for "Sing You Sinners." Mr. Lloyd thought I looked like a medieval gamin and he wanted me for "If I Were King." Here you see, were two experts getting entirely different slants from the same piece of film and the same girl. I think it's the same way with the public. All those millions watching pictures supply their own versions of you.

"I'm slowly learning to act. Bit by bit. It takes time and a variety of able directors to make you into an actress. I've learned that the easiest thing to do is to put over an emotion in a close-up. Any-one can seem to portray a sixty-six-year-old emotion if you cut off right at the chin. The tough thing is to be good in shots where your body, your hands and your feet have to co-operate on a mood. Try to concentrate, for instance, on a sad letter from mother, express it just right with your face and your voice—and keep those hands from fluttering around like hams. That's the test."

Let's finish our chocolate soda and tell Ellen she's correct. But be careful about learning to act, Ellen. It's harmless, pleasant and remunerative to be a decorative ingenue, dangerous to get a reputation at acting and scene stealing. The star won't like it. Better be a lovely close-up than a good actress, on the cutting room floor.
Hollywood Earfuls

[Continued from page 6]

gone California in a big way. He demands a quart of orange juice for his breakfast every morning—and gets it.

It could only happen in Hollywood. When George Brent left for Honolulu on his vacation the other day his traveling companion was Ralph Forbes. Mr. Brent followed Mr. Forbes as Ruth Chatterton's husband.

William Powell and Diana Lewis, who not long ago startled Hollywood with their elopement, sat in the Vine Street Brown Derby reading the newspaper account of the elopement of Lan Turner and Artie Shaw. After a few minutes of intent reading Diana turned to Bill and said, "Isn't that surprising!"

The Errol Flynns had one of their better fights recently and Errol moved in to Sunset Towers while Lili locked herself up in their Beverly Hills home and for twenty-four hours refused to answer the phone. They met at the Philharmonic Auditorium in Los Angeles, where they both entertained large parties at the Bal-

let Rasse de Monte Carlo. And as luck would have it their seats were right back of each other. But neither spoke the entire evening. Hollywood always enjoys a good domestic battle between the Flynns. It's always so colorful.

Mary Beth Hughes is said to be the prettiest girl in town. Ever since Lew Ayres discovered her he has been rushing her here and there. But not without plenty of competition from the other boys.

When a local columnist, seated next to Norma Shearer at a dinner party, asked her when she and George Raft would marry, Norma answered, "That's up to George." As a matter of fact, it probably isn't up to George at all. But to Mrs. George Raft, who long, long, long ago, even before George came to Hollywood, separated from her spouse.

The studio has decided that Mickey Rooney has been having too many romances. So they're clamping down on Mr. Rooney. You won't hear about his

[Continued on page 16]
A Lesson For Blondes

By Mary Lee

You see no lovelier girl in films than Anita Louise. At the age of three, she was posing as a photographic model. She is an accomplished harpist. She plays an excellent game of tennis and says that as long as she gets plenty of outdoor life, as she does in Hollywood, and plenty of sleep, she keeps herself in superb condition.

A SLIM, graceful figure answered the doorbell of a room in the St. Regis Hotel, New York. It was Anita Louise, wearing a luxurious housecoat of ivory and soft green striped taffeta, flaring stiffly from the fitted bodice and fastened with wide, green silk frogs. As I entered the living-room, on either side of the French windows stood two golden harps. For nine years, Anita Louise has played the harp. "not too well," she modestly says. However, her ability as a harpist has taken her on a concert tour and she also played it on her more recent personal appearances.

In her interesting, capable hands you sense the touch of the musician. In them, you also sense, if you know anything about hands, a quiet self-confidence that is born of having proved to herself what she can do. At the age of three, Anita was posing as a photographic model. Another
Easy-to-follow advice by Anita Louise, helpful for blondes and all other types

experience at the age of five was also to teach her what she can do. On an Atlantic crossing, a grown-up playfully picked up the little girl as if to toss her overboard. A deep and lasting fear of water was the result of the scare. To learn to swim—because she was afraid of water—became a passion. After years of striving she has succeeded, again, as she says, “not too well.” Because learning to swim was more than hard for her, she forced herself to do it. Anita evidently has learned that little comes to those who sit and wait. She also plays tennis and says that as long as she gets plenty of outdoor life, as she does in Hollywood, and plenty of sleep, she keeps herself in the pink of condition.

Anita Louise has golden-blonde hair, naturally curly. She shampoos it, herself. She prefers a castile soap and does not believe that hair can be overwashed, provided the cleanser is suited to the individual need. When working in pictures, her hair is shampooed every two days. Normally, she shampoos every five days, finishing with a lemon or vinegar rinse. She thinks blonde hair needs more frequent washing than brunette, and believes that hair salon treatments are of great help, mentioning both the Ogilvie Sisters and Harper Method.

I receive a great many letters from blondes whose hair as they grow up or older has lost its original blondness. These readers do not want to bleach their hair, but they would like to return to their natural blonde and keep it. Lechler’s “569” Hair Lightening Shampoo is excellent for such hair. It is a complete shampoo in powder form to be mixed with a little water, which forms a thick, creamy shampoo. It is a splendid mild cleanser and a joy to use. It won’t run down into your eyes and ears. It rinses easily from the hair and lightens just a few shades, according to the length of time you leave it on your hair. Lechler’s “569” gives hair a satiny sheen and leaves it dancing with sunshine glints. This shampoo is just as effective for browns and blacks who want that sheen of life and lustre in their hair, I will gladly tell you where to get Lechler’s “569.”

Anita Louise’s skin is golden-blonde. She is not the porcelain type, and cites Virginia Bruce as one of the few natural peaches-and-cream types in Hollywood. Anita is a soap-and-water girl, but she believes that every girl should experiment with soap until she finds the one best suited to her skin. “Each of us is different,” she reminds us. She uses cream, too, and expresses preference for the emulsion (creamy-lotion) type. The emulsion type is fast becoming very popular. There is one particular softening and smoothing cream of this nature that I have mentioned before, but it is so very effective and seems to delight users to such an extent that it deserves a reminder. This is the Betty Wales Skin Velveteen, containing olive and avocado oils among other ingredients. It is not a greasy cream, a little covers a large area and it gives

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Eddie Cantor, soon to be seen in “Forty Little Mothers,” with five of the girls in the cast, Louise Seidel, Bonita Granville, Martha O’Driscoll, Charlotte Munier and Diana Lewis. He plays the part of a prof in a girls’ school.

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**New under-arm**

**Cream Deodorant**

**safely**

**Stops Perspiration**

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

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ARRID

39¢ a jar

AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS

(Also in 10 cent and 59 cent jars)

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**WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—**

Without Calomel!—And You’ll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Karin’ to Go

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

It takes those good, old Carter’s Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel “up and up.” Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter’s Little Liver Pills by name. 10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

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**NEW ODORLESS* CREAM**

safely **REMOVES HAIR**

Nair is painless . . . not irritating to normal healthy skin... no sulphide depilatory odor... economical... 39¢ a tube at stores or

from Carter Products, New York.

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for MAY 1940

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delightful softening and smoothing results. It is a "one cream" type, too. You can use it for all purposes. After cleansing with a cream or soap and water, as you prefer. In fact, it is a complete facial, all in one. You can count on this, and I will be glad to tell you where.

Anita offers a good suggestion on the use of a skin softener. "Skin can 'use' just so much cream of any type. I don't think the young, normal skin needs to sleep with cream on for hours and hours. I wash my face, apply a softening cream for five or ten minutes, while I'm doing other things. Then I remove and I'm ready for make-up." She thinks most girls make a mistake by not caring for their skin when they're young. They want good skin when they reach thirty-five.

Though Anita has a radiant, vital look, she does not use heavy make-up. Her brows are naturally a good, deep brown, though she says her lashes are light. To overcome this, she uses black mascara sparingly by day, heavier for night. Daytime make-up consists of a little rouge (she thinks blondes particularly need rouge to prevent a too fragile look), powder, lipstick and mascara. For evening, she adds a soft grey eye shadow and increases mascara.

It seems to me that the use of face rouge requires as much art as the shaping of lips, and many of us do not use rouge well. Fully aware of this, Louis Philippe has a new 'soft-pressed' compact rouge that gives a chiffon-like enchanting radiance and blends away to a soft, feather edge. Even if you are not adroit in applying rouge, you can hardly make an error with the new Louis Philippe, because it just won't look hard and splotchy. It comes in lovely tones and in a jeweler's piece type of container. I think you will find it an ideal complexion corrector.

Recently, people have been asking me about a mascara that will make lashes look soft, natural and lustrous, just as hair should look. Winx Mascara, in creamy, cake or liquid form, is one answer. This is a fine product, whichever form you prefer. It is attractive, but it keeps her personal face in harmony with her screen face. Anita likes a cyclamen tone for her lips, but changes, according to costume, especially red. White is her favorite for evening wear; yellow, for day.

Blondes, thinks Anita, should avoid too fussy and frilly clothes. This is somewhat a case of carrying coals to Newcastle, since many blondes naturally look frail and fragile. To accent this by the same type of clothing is too much of a good thing. Blondes will do better to wear simple clothes of interesting cut and fabric. Just as a perfume can be too sweet, to look too girly-girly, too helpless and gone-with-the-wind, sometimes makes a hearty male almost afraid to approach.

Anita puts good grooming as a first point of attraction. She believes that some ability at conversation, not just talk, is very important. Rates a good listener very highly and points out that the so-good-looking girl is more popular than the merely beautiful one. Sometimes beauty is sufficient unto itself. But there is a more important asset that will open more doors in this good old world. That charm. That is magic, pure and simple.

As you listen to Anita talking along this trend in a low, warm, frank voice, you are convinced that her viewpoint is born of her own experience. For she has definite charm, of a quiet, sincere kind. She is very real.

Hollywood Earflaps
[Continued from page 13]

Father Flanagan of Boys’ Town will soon receive $100,000 for his institution. All on account of Metro will make a sequel to the earlier picture. Spencer Tracy will again play Father Flanagan, and Mickey Rooney will repeat his former role.

Whensoever he thinks no one is looking, Richard Greene will give Virginia Field’s nearly cheek a quick kiss. It doesn’t look like Dick is going to be the most eligible young bachelor in Hollywood much longer.

T HE Nancy Kelly-Edmund O’Brien romance seems to be as cold as a good bowl of vichy soise. Nancy is now going places with Irving Cummings, Jr., and her latest present from him is a bracelet which has pictures of his three horses on it.

Olivia de Havilland finished off one feud with her studio, Warner Brothers, but before you could say Jack Robinson she had started another. We don’t like to take sides in stock versus studio fights, but we can hardly blame Olivia for demanding better roles from her home studio after her superb performance as "Mellanie." Olivia, by far the most popular of the younger players, is spending more and more of her time with Tim Durant, who used to be married to Barbara Hutton’s cousin, Adeleke De Cayart.

Phyllis Brooks, who was Cary Grant’s girl friend for so long, now goes with Fred Brisson (Carl Brisson’s son) and with—Jimmy Stewart. But who doesn’t?

Add this to your Hollywoodiana. From Skolsky’s column: Harlan Thompson, producer at Paramount, was having trouble with the Hays Office because of a native dance that Dorothy Lamour does in “The Road to Singapore.” The Hays Office wouldn’t pass the dance. After several arguments, Thompson showed the dance sequence again to the representative from the Hays
Ann Sheridan succumbed to that old English custom of having tea served in the afternoon while she was making "It All Came True" for Warners. Humphrey Bogart, who's also in the film, looks like he'd like to have a cup, too.

"Talk up," said Thompson. "and tell me exactly what you object to." The Hays man answered: "I can't tell you exactly, but there must be something wrong with it, or else I wouldn't want to see it three times."

Hattie MacDaniel, who just won an Academy Award because of her swell performance as the colored mammy in "Gone With the Wind," is never without her ring made from a 1908 quarter. She says it's much better than a rabbit's foot. Has anybody got a 1908 quarter? Or maybe just a quarter.

Don Ameche's old home town, Kenosha, Wisconsin, is going to preserve his boyhood home as a monument to him. The Kenosha citizens have invited Don to return there in early summer for the premiere of "Lillian Russell," at which time they will unveil a plaque on his old home which will read: "To the best ditch-digger, bolt-tightener, curb-runner and actor ever to come out of Kenosha."

Orson Welles now goes on record as declaring that the most fascinating girl he ever met is Paulette Goddard. Which should make Dolores Del Rio awfully sore as Orson has been escorting the beautiful Dolores all over the place for several months. And it was Orson, of course (he'll soon be a runner up for Mickey Rooney), who told an interviewer that if he couldn't be Orson Welles he would like to be Gene Markey. Gene, as you know, is the husband of one Hedie Lamarr.

"I can't tell you exactly, but there must be something wrong with it, or else I wouldn't want to see it three times."

Rudy Vallee has been telling friends that he will wed Patricia Dane when the birdsies nest again.

Absence certainly didn't make the heart grow fonder in the case of Alice Faye and Tony Martin. But 3000 miles separation is too much of a strain for any marriage — and in the three years that they were married Alice claims they were only together about six months in all. But an orchestra leader can't give up his career and sit around Hollywood all the time, just because his wife is a star in pictures. And a girl, who is a star in pictures, certainly wants to have her husband with her, and not continually on the other side of the country. So what chance has marriage in a situation like that?

Hollywood girls who marry orchestra leaders always have that problem. Dorothy Lamour settled hers by divorcing Herbie Kaye. Ann Sothern settled hers by insisting that Roger Pryor give up his orchestra and work in Hollywood — which Roger does, though he could make ten times as much money touring with his band. Mary Pickford solves her problem by traveling around the country with Buddy Rogers and his band.

for May 1940
A snarling, vicious, killer-breed... in the eyes of the law! A hurt and embittered boy... to the girl who loves him! With bite and dynamite, this drama blasts the truth out of his heart!

"Sure, I'm hard! You've got to hock your soul to get what you want in this world!"

Tyrone Power

Dorothy Lamour

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

in

Johnny Apollo

EDWARD ARNOLD • LLOYD NOLAN
CHARLEY GRAPEWIN • LIONEL ATWILL

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

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

A 20th Century-Fox Picture
Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

18
JUST when Hollywood had a new romance all fixed up for Bette Davis she spoils it all by dying laughing and announcing that the young man is happily married. Robert Foulk is his name and Bette met him when she was in the East a few months ago. He directed the play "The Woman Brown," which Bette persuaded the Warner Brothers to buy for her, and their luncheons together have all been in the nature of business discussions.

We just can't believe that girls are so self-sacrificing these days, but Virginia Field's friends will have you believe that Virginia has very nobly called off her marriage with the popular Richard Greene because she doesn't want to interfere with his career. It seems that they were practically at the altar when a popularity poll established the fact that Dick was just about the most popular young Hollywood actor with the fans, and that his fan mail was the highest on his lot. Because his fans are mostly young girls, Virginia thinks that this is no time for marriage, and has postponed the wedding for at least a year.

Tom Mix caused a mild sensation among the Easterners when he appeared at dinner at the El Mirador Hotel in Palm Springs wearing his white doe-skin cowboy suit. He carefully removed his silver spurs and placed them on the floor by his table each time he led a beautiful lady out to dance.

Now that Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier are both officially divorced from their spouses in England, Hollywood fully expects them to dash off to Mexico and marry immediately—as they are the most in love young couple we've ever had in these parts. But Vivien says that they will not marry in Mexico, and will wait six months. Well, we shall see.

Someone reports that Vivien Leigh's bed has a high back with two ornate cupids painted on it. Tut, tut. Doesn't sound like Scarlett.
Daisy, the talented pooch in the Blondie comedies, receives an average of 150 fan letters a week.

Jane Withers on personal appearance tour, saw a Gene Autry picture and suddenly got awfully lonely for her favorite crush. So, she sat herself down and penned a poem to Gene from San Antonio, Texas. Well, the sentiment's all there even if it contains everything but the kitchen stove. Here it is:

My 2-Gun Pal
Who's the Number 1 Cowboy Star
The Idol of Kids from near and far,
He's always singing and playing his guitar,
He wears very bright suits and has a Dubonnet car.
His horse “Champion” is his best pal.
That is, next to his wife, who is one swell gal.
In his field he has the lead and
Is always ready to do a good deed.
2-Gun Autry—Oh Boy, what a Man!
He's tops with me and I'm his Number 1 fan.

Mrs. John Carradine thinks she ought to get a cook who isn't so full of “sculptural character lines.” John likes to sculpt the cook so well that they have to send out for food.

Lola Lane's pioneering spirit was called to the fore recently when she moved into her new ranch house in the San Fernando Valley. In the first place, she moved in in the pouring rain. Then her furniture failed to arrive. So, for one week Lola lived in the charming house with only one room furnished—the living room which contained a porch swing and several directors' chairs left over from her former garden. She claims it was so much fun that she actually hated to see the furniture arrive.

Ida Lupino doesn't believe Hollywood men pay nearly enough attention to milady's corsage. She is going to do something about it. By spring, Ida will have her own florist shop, catering to filmdom's glamorous Glamour Girls who never get the right attention from their escorts. When a young man calls Ida's shop, he will be asked what color dress his lady plans to wear that evening. If he doesn't know, he'll be asked for her telephone number and the shop will make a point of finding out. Ida already has the shop, a swanky delivery truck and chauffeur in uniform, and if you don't think Ida's floral arrangements are destined to be something extraordinary—you don't know Ida.

The best of the new crop of romances is that of Joan Crawford and Lee Bowman, who have been stepping high, wide and handsome this last month. By the way, Joan is straining at the leash to get to work on “Susan and God,” but the Hays Office keeps turning down the script. Seems that Susan is stealing too many scenes from her co-star.

And Jimmy Stewart, who has been the best boy friend of nearly every girl in town at some time or other since he landed in Hollywood, has now discovered Ilona Massey. So did a lot of other people in “Balalaika.”

Jean Parker has a St. Bernard dog whom she claims is getting more picture offers than she is. But every time he works Jean collects fifty bucks for the day, so that isn't bad.

Rings on her fingers
Bells on her toes
Lindsay has music
Wherever she goes.

[Continued on page 56]
Wayne Morris' birthday fell on the same day of the Film Club party at the Biltmore Bowl. Bubbles, his wife, was on. Right: Mary Healy and Bob Hope share a pineapple at the Tahitian party of the Jon Halls (Frances Langford).

Wyman and old Reagan married at Kirk O'Hear Church.

Screen "Blondie," Penny Singleton, likes to read about comic-strip "Blondie," as she prepares her meals.

Wendy Barrie shows escort Reginald Gardiner an unusual bracelet she's wearing at Ciro's opening.

Frances Langford crowns Rudy Vallee, one of the guests at the Tahitian party she and hubby Jon Hall gave.
Hollywood discovered that Gary Cooper appealed to women at first sight, then had to force him to be an actor!

DID you ever hear about the actor who suffered a bad cut and bled printer's ink? It is a tale told to prove that publicity is the lifeblood of an actor. But it never will be told about Gary Cooper. His love of publicity isn't even cuticle-deep.

To the press-agents, he is Problem Child No. 1. He just doesn't cooperate. He doesn't like to say things for publication. He doesn't like to do things for publication.

A scattered few have the theory that Gary is simply a shy lad who is embarrassed by ballyhoo. This is refuted by memories of his romance with Lupe Velez. Shy lads don't court the Whooppee Lupe type.

A few more have the theory that Gary simply is too lazy to go to the trouble of getting publicity. "Why," says one press-agent, "if he were a thirty-dollar-a-week cowhand, he'd be called the laziest man on the western plains. But he's a high-priced movie star, so he's called easy-going." He isn't so easy-going, however, that he's willing to let press-agents write what they please about him, as long as they don't bother him. He has a manager who objects.

Then there is the theory that someone once told Gary that he was the strong, silent sort—and he has never been able to forget it, and is merely trying to stay in character. This school of thought would have it that his publicity-dodging is strictly an act, like Garbo's. If he went in for seclusion, too, this would make sense. But one thing Gary never has been is a hermit.

This leaves the theory that lanky Mr. Cooper's indifference to publicity is just another manifestation of his contrariness.

Lanky Mr. Cooper is a very independent gent. He has a habit of not having the habits expected of him.

This isn't a development born of his association with Hollywood, where some of the things expected of stars are silly indeed. Gary was a non-conformist before he ever left Helena, Montana.

Only a non-conformist would have been tempted to try an experiment that Gary tried in his early days.

His father was then a Justice of the Montana State Supreme Court—an emi—

To the press-agents, Gary Cooper is Problem Child No. 1. He just doesn't cooperate. He doesn't like to do or say things for publication. Some claim he's a shy fellow; others that he's too lazy to go to the trouble of getting publicity. All agree he's contrary, however.

By
James Reid

Gary, Gary,
lent position that should have imposed super-discreet behavior on Gary. But it didn't. When he had an urge, he carried it out.

One time he had an urge to grease the roley tracks at the foot of the hill. He wanted to find out if the wheels would spin and the motorman curse. So, he purloined his mother's lard bucket, and a pal surloined his mother's lard bucket, and, under cover of darkness, they larded the rails for a distance of a dozen yards. Then they loitered innocently in the neighborhood, waiting for a trolley to try to climb the hill.

But the next trolley along wasn't going up; it was coming down. This possibility hadn't occurred to either of them. Paralyzed with anticipation, they watched the trolley descend. They watched it hit the greased tracks. They next watched it leave the greased tracks and head straight for a nearby carpenter shop. It entered the carpenter shop, where it came to rest with a shuddering crash. And whence issued, a moment later, an irate motorman, demanding, "What —— greased those tracks?"

That was one of the first times that it occurred to Gary that it might be a good idea not to talk.

Another time, the deer-hunting season was about to open. Gary had a new gun, and he wanted to try it out. The only difficulty was that school was on, and if he skipped school, his father would hear about it, and might take away his gun. He talked the situation over with his pal. He wasn't willing to bow to custom, forget about going hunting, and submit to school. He was, in short, contrary.

He enlisted his pal in a scheme that would give them a day's vacation without any infraction of attendance rules. The morning the hunting season opened, they got to school soon after daybreak, entered through a window thoughtfully left unatched the day (Continued on page 60)
Unpredictable Ginger Rogers, whose private life is more mysterious than Garbo’s, has everyone guessing in Hollywood.

By Gladys Hall

A TUMBLEDOWN shanty on the wrong side of the tracks, a small service station, a hamburger stand near the water-front and living in the ramshackle shanty, miserably, sordidly, the disreputable Adams family. the wayward (Marjorie Rambeau) mother, the broken-down, sotish (Miles Mander) father, the cynical, hard-bitten (Queenie Vassar) grandmother and the two daughters, growing up in shabby, slovenly unhappy-go-lucky fashion, with no friends and no more future than a pair of bedraggled butterflies... that’s the background and part of the cast of RKO’s “Primrose Path,” directed by Gregory La Cava.

One of the daughters of the Adams family, Joan Carroll, is a child of seven or eight. the other, a hapless hoyden in her teens, disillusioned with life, her darkish hair in two drab pig-tails, wearing a $1.95 gingham dress, no make-up and speaking in the kind of English that is NOT “the Queen’s.” God bless her, is the girl star of “Primrose Path”—GINGER ROGERS.

Ginger Rogers, let me repeat it, please. Ginger Rogers, as I live and breathe. Ginger Rogers, dancing, songful, spaingly, guy, glad Ginger changed, now, into a Ginger without song, without dance, her golden-red hair darkened, dyed (her own idea), her lips guiltless of go, wearing a wardrobe which didn’t stand the studio as much, for the entire picture, as one pair of her slippers cost for Carefree,” for “The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle.” For her “Primrose Path” wardrobe cost, when every last, shabby shoe-string was added in, a total of $18.73!

“... we got my clothes for “Primrose Path” from a chain, ready-to-wear emporium on the wrong side of Main Street,” Ginger told me, contentedly pulling up a grubby sock, “the outfit consists of a boy’s leather imitation leather) jacket, two cotton wash, dresses, two red and green plaid skirts and, at that, Ellie May, illiterate daughter of the no-good Adamses, living in Shanty Town is dressing beyond her means... only because there’s a risk of something happening to a costume during production and not being able to duplicate it at once.

did Ellie May have more than one of anything...”

Well, I thought, and am still thinking (so that if I don’t sound right bright, if I go off at tangents as I write this piece, to know all is to forgive all), well, you never can tell about Ginger...

And, as I thought how you never can tell about Ginger, how you never can tell anything about Ginger (why, for goodness sakes, right after the grimness and gravity, the Grapes-of-Wrath realism of “Primrose Path,” Ginger and Ronald Colman will proceed to romp and skitter through “Good Luck,” a comedy-romance, both liltish and colitish), one thought led to ten other thoughts... her Private Life, for instance. For if you want a good, one hundred per cent Simon-pure Private Life, as deserves the name, I give you Ginger’s. It’s a lulu.

Why, Rogers is far more mysterious than Garbo, far more. Yes, even in her private life Ginger is more mysterious than Greta. You know, for instance, that on Greta’s bed-table you’d be apt to find pamphlets on vitamins and health foods and potassium broths and things. But you wouldn’t expect to find a French grammar and religious tracts on Ginger’s bed-table, would you? Yet that’s what you would find because that’s what’s there.

It’s amazing how much we know about Garbo, publicized as the recluse, the sphinx, the enigma, and how little we really know about Ginger of whom we think as so forthright, so out in the open, a sort of a simple-hearted Sally-in-our-Alley.

Like the way Ginger studies French, for instance. I don’t know why it surprises me that Ginger studies French, but it does. Her secretary is her former French teacher, so that makes it possible for her to transact most of the business of the day in French. As I say, it’s rather surprising... you’d sort of think of Ginger, jest lil, ole Charleston-dancing Ginger, who spent most of her life in Ft. Worth, Texas, as satisfied with her native tongue, and lingo, at that. But it’s like I say and expect to keep on saying, you just cannot tell about Ginger...

Her friends, for instance. Now, you know who

(Continued on page 64)
The entire wardrobe which Ginger wears in "The Primrose Path" cost exactly $18.73. And yet Ginger admits that she owes a great deal to the glamorous roles and lavish wardrobes she's had.

There are those who claim the reason for Ginger's "mysterious" life is simply because she's still carrying a torch for Lew Ayres, even though they've been parted for years. Notice her hair as it was before she dyed it.
Handsome, humble Richard Greene, always among the leaders in screen popularity polls, has upset the Hollywood dope about an actor needing, at least, one outstanding role to win stardom.

By

Ed Sullivan
RICHARD GREENE has taken the past performances, the traditions and the history of Hollywood and knocked them into a cocked hat. It has been the history of the industry that to become widely popular, a performer must first have had the impetus of a great role. Edward G. Robinson vaulted to favor after his characterization of “Little Caesar.” Edward Arnold won his break in “Sadie McKee.” Clark Gable required “A Free Soul” and the opportunity to slug Norma Shearer. “Lloyds of London” made Tyrone Power an overnight sensation. Spencer Tracy was always a fine actor, but “San Francisco” took him from the ranks of competent players into the smaller group of stars. Jimmy Cagney needed his part in “Public Enemy.” Even Mickey Rooney needed the Hardy pictures.

These case-histories have been so widely discussed that they have become part of the Hollywood tradition. And now along comes Richard Greene to prove that there is an exception to every rule. Greene, who never has had a big part like any of these other players, is more popular with movie fans than most of them. In each poll of the country’s tastes in heroes, the name of Richard Greene wins tremendous response. In the latest of the national movie censuses, Greene for a time was leading Mickey Rooney, Clark Gable, Tyrone Power and Spencer Tracy. City after city gave him a huge vote and right up to the very conclusion of the voting, when Mickey Rooney took the lead and held it, the English youngster was piling up a whale of a score.

The answer is, of course, that the movie fans make up their minds quickly. No matter how short the footage in which a performer appears, that is long enough for John Q. Public to decide on him. The public likes Richard Greene. My guess is that they have determined that he is a nice kid, and a likeable kid. My guess is that the public has resented the “Dimples” slurs that have been aimed at him in Hollywood. The fact that he hasn’t been mixed up in any home-wrecking scandals has aided the public in arriving at its decision, and a very flattering decision it is, to judge by his high ranking in popularity polls conducted by newspapers throughout the land.

The speed at which movie fans arrive at their decisions is something to marvel at. Robert Taylor’s experience at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is a case in point. Taylor had been working at that studio for $30 a week, a member of the stock company which performed handy-Andy roles around the lot. That he hung on was rather a tribute to his determination than to the high favor in which he was regarded by the studio bosses. Then John Q. Public entered the picture. Taylor, as part of his routine chores, played a small part in a “Crime Doesn’t Pay” short. Mind you, this was a two-reel short, not a feature picture. His name was not even listed on the credit sheets.

Yet, immediately thereafter, the studio started receiving letters from all over the country. The letter-writers wanted to know the name of the dark-haired boy who had played a role in a short they’d seen. Instantly, the public had tabbed Taylor, long before his own studio realized that he had that certain something which appeals to audiences. (Continued on page 60)
ANN SHERIDAN
and
JEFFREY LYNN

As Ann Sheridan's leading man in "It All Came True," Jeffrey Lynn has his most important role. Warner Brothers are gradually grooming him for stardom. Jeffrey was thrilled playing opposite Ann and said of her as the picture was finished, "Underneath her glamour, Ann is an especially talented actress; don't be surprised if some day she wins an Academy Award." What a grand tribute!
You'll LIVE this Romance...You'll LOVE its Stars!

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

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

"Til we meet again"

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

GERALDINE FITZGERALD

BINNIE BARNES

FRANK MCMURPHY

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

A New WARNER BROS. Success
ANNA NAGEL

This is the young lady whose name is always being confused with that of the English star, Anna Neagle. You'll next be seeing her in "Black Friday," a Universal thriller co-starring Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi.
The story of "Johnny Apollo," in which he appears with Dorothy Lamour, is Ty's latest offering. Study Ty's face and notice his resemblance to Brenda Joyce, whom studio photographers claim could pass as his sister.
SURELY it would be a much duller world if there were not beauties to fascinate and bewitch us. Beauties such as Paulette Goddard, left, who is co-starred with Bob Hope in Paramount's "The Ghost Breakers;" Brenda Marshall, above, who's appearing with Errol Flynn and Miriam Hopkins in Warners' "Virginia City;" Rochelle Hudson, top, now to be seen in Columbia's "Convicted Woman;" beauties like Linda Winters, top right, who is a featured contract player for Columbia; Carole Landis, lower right, who has the leading feminine role in Hal Roach's "1,000,000 B.C." and Lillian Cornell, right, a Paramount starlet.
Bewitching!

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

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America's Smartest Walking Shoes
By now you surely must have seen Akim Tamiroff in, at least, one of the many pictures he has made since going to Hollywood in 1934. And you must have enjoyed his acting, too, and wondered why he never achieved stardom. It's because he wisely prefers the security of his countless characterizations in supporting roles, to the all too precarious heights of stardom. In all of his pictures, Akim Tamiroff has contributed infinitely to their success. In fact, he always was and will be a dependable character actor for any director to cherish. Below: Akim Tamiroff, with Muriel Angelus, in a scene from "The Way of All Flesh," a Paramount Picture.
Hollywood is still wondering over the surprise elopement of Lana Turner and Artie Shaw. It was believed in all of Hollywood that Lana and Greg Bautzer, handsome young attorney, were engaged. Lana had said that Greg was the man she loved and he loved her.

Artie Shaw married Lana on the very first date he had with her. He was supposed to take her to the opening of "The Man Who Came to Dinner." Instead, they went for a drive and he proposed. Lana accepted.

Artie said he had all the money he needed and all he wanted was to settle down and have children. Lana said that was what she wanted, too, and so they were married in whirlwind procedure.
“Who am I to give anyone advice about anything?” How often have I heard Irene Dunne say those very words. And I must say, that in a town full of people, who seem to have nothing to do from morning until night except give advice on everything from the shade of your lipstick to the type of parts you ought to play, it is rather nice to find someone with that much humility. Modesty is certainly no fault of Hollywood’s; it is definitely a fault of Irene Dunne’s. If you want to call it a fault.

Extracting an “advice” story out of Irene, even with kid gloves on, is just about as simple as extracting a diamond bracelet from its velvet cushion in Cartier’s Fifth Avenue window. But you can get the bracelet if no one is looking— and that, I think, is how I got the story.

Of all people who should be able to give advice, and fluently, to young wives-to-be, Irene should. She herself has been a gay young wife-to-be so many times on the screen that it ought to come quite natural to her. After her perfect performances in “Love Affair” and “When Tomorrow Comes” with handsome Mr. Boyer, don’t tell me that she doesn’t know everything a
ADVICE TO WIVES-TO-BE

wife-to-be should know. It would just kill me to think that she turned into a shrew, a nag, or a fussbudget after Charles led her to the altar.

Irene's private life, and she really has a private life, has been such that she can well afford to give out with advice without risking a single, "Well, look who's talking." But you practically have to resort to a little torture, pins, or even a sledge-hammer at times, before you can get her to open her mouth.

Irene married Dr. Francis Griffin in New York when she was singing in musical comedies on Broadway, several years before she came to Hollywood—and theirs has been one of the few ideally happy marriages west of Vine Street. She met him at a party, a party she had no intention of going to, but what can you do when your friends burst into your apartment, fairly drag you out of bed and into a red evening gown? "I'll only stay a minute," said Irene, grumbling. "I must have some sleep." She stayed hours. She forgot all about sleep. Coming down on the elevator together Dr. Griffin asked her for her phone number. She gave it to him, without too much alacrity, she hoped. When he didn't call the next day, or the next, or the next, she determined that she would not be at home when he did call. But she was. And every time he called from then on. She didn't need any of that wife-to-be advice.

The Griffins live in a very charming home in Holmby Hills which they built four years ago. The (Continued on page 70)

Upper right: Irene chats with Laurence Olivier and his wife-to-be, Vivien Leigh, who visited her on the set during the filming of "My Favorite Wife." Right: Director Garson Kanin and Irene enjoy a chuckle during a lull in production. Lower right: Irene and her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, attending a Philharmonic concert, both being lovers of music. Below: Rehearsing for a radio broadcast. Left: If a husband loves golf, says Irene, his wife should.
Once Was Enough!

I WAS wearing my best "life is grim, life is earnest" expression, when I walked up to John Garfield on the set of Warner Brothers' "Saturday's Children." So that Julie, as everyone calls him, needed but one look at me to guess what was coming. "It's an interview, isn't it?" he asked resignedly. "Well, all right, what do you want to know?"

"You've had an exceptionally eventful life," I said, fixing him with a sad stare. "There must be many experiences you'd hate to relive."

"I believe a little hardship is fine for the character," Julie smiled, thinking he saw a way out, "and suffering is good for the soul. You'd better pick on someone else. Because, as far as I'm concerned, I'm glad the going wasn't always smooth."

Again I implored him. "Oh, but there must be many incidents about which you feel once was enough."

"I suppose that's true of anyone's life," Julie admitted giving up the fight. "Not only the tragic episodes, but the embarrassing moments, too. No doubt about it," he agreed, "we all have experiences we'd hate to relive."

Julie was thoughtful a moment. "I'd certainly hate to relive the moment when I learned Mother had passed away. I was seven at the time, and the family thought I was too young to understand."

"They shipped me off to an uncle's house, telling me only that Mother was ill. When I returned a few weeks later, I naturally expected to find her there. When I finally realized why she wasn't, the shock was harder to bear because I'd had no preparation for it."

"Another experience I'd hate to relive." Julie went on, "came a few years later when Father remarried."

"All I knew about stepmothers," Julie smiled, "was what I'd read in story books. There was no convincing me a stepmother could be anything but a wicked ogre, and I acted accordingly."

"I led the poor woman a miserable life, until it finally dawned on me she was my friend. We've got it all straightened out now, of course, and I guess the best illustration of how close we are is the way she still saves my baby pictures. Won't even give my wife one."

"Speaking of my wife," he continued, "reminds me that I'd certainly hate to relive our wedding."

I must have looked shocked, because Julie stopped to laugh. "I mean just the reception part," he emphasized reassuringly. "There must have been about two hundred relatives present, and I felt that most of hers were dubious about the whole thing. I imagined they were shaking their heads sadly and muttering: Poor Roberta—throwing herself away on an actor!"

"To make matters worse," Julie went on, "I had to leave right after the ceremony to play a benefit. I hurried back, of course, but my absence from my own wedding party didn't help to raise anyone's opinion of actors."

"Nor did my dancing help to raise their opinion of this particular actor. All the time I was dragging poor Roberta around the floor, I could feel pitying eyes on us and hear whispers of 'Look at him!' You know what I mean, as though they were thinking it was bad enough I was an actor, without being a rotten dancer, too."

Mrs. Garfield had a part in another experience Julie would hate to relive. It happened about a year and a half ago.

"It's an experience any father would include on a list like this," Julie said. "There have been plenty of jokes about never losing a father in childhood, but the fact remains it isn't pleasant pacing a hospital corridor for hours, in suspense. My stand-in was with me while I was waiting for my daughter to be born, and we pitched pennies feverishly hour after hour, to keep me from going 'nuts!'"

Then there was the time Julie was eighteen, and smitten with the acting bug, but without any idea what to do about it. He wrote a letter to the great Russian actor, Jacob Ben-Ami, asking his advice. To his surprise, he received a reply. The actor suggested that he enroll at the Heckscher Foundation.

"That was fine advice as far as it went," Julie said. "The only trouble was I couldn't possibly finance myself through the foundation on the $6 a week I was averaging selling news-

By Marion Cooper

When John Garfield first went to Hollywood from the Broadway stage he was accustomed to quiet during rehearsals and became indignant his first day on the set when electricians and carpenters didn't quiet down as he rehearsed a scene. He called out, "I'm waiting for silence!"—and they gave him a raspberry!
John Garfield describes certain unpleasant experiences of his excitingly eventful life which he wouldn't care to have happen again.

He decided to visit the foundation and see what could be done.

"Mme. Ouspenskaya was in charge, and told her Ben-Ami had recommended me. He was very much impressed and gave me a scholarship. I was scared to death I would ask to see the letter from the actor, which was supposed to be a recommendation, but which actually merely stated that if one wanted to prepare for an acting career, it was a good idea to enroll at the Heckscher Foundation.

"The letter was right in my pocket all during the interview. Fortunately, Mme. Ouspenskaya didn't ask to see it, but I died a thousand deaths before I was able to leave that room."

It was about a year after that Julie decided to see a bit of America. He thumbed his way across the continent to California, where he spent the summer working in the fruit orchards. But it was only in the fall, when he rode the rods back to New York, that he ran up against another experience he'd hate to relive.

"Somewhere in Nebraska, another fellow and I were caught and pulled off the eight car. It was while we were listening to the brakeman's lecture about the dangers of riding the rods..." (continued on page 72)
"I WILL Be a Career Wife!"

By Faith Service

Some actresses may sacrifice a career for marriage, but Merle Oberon never would have married if she thought that such would be necessary for her

"I WILL be a career wife!" Merle Oberon told me quite definitely.

Now, of course, Merle didn't spring this on me the instant I walked into her living room and joined her on the divan by the fire. Naturally, some preliminary talk led up to it. I don't know about you, and you, but when I read interviews I always like to know how people get started talking about the things they do talk about. I like to know where they were when they were talking. I even like to know what the interviewee wore and how-come and all about it.

Well, Merlie and I (her family and her friends call her Merlie because it's an affectionate sounding name and Merle makes people feel affectionate about her), Merlie and I were having coffee and biscuits one chilly Spring morning in the living room of Merle's house, the one she rented when she came back from England. We were curled up on the divan in front of the blazing eucalyptus logs, as comfortable as possible. That's one thing I've always noticed about Merle, she always makes you so comfortable. If it's cold, there are always fires blazing and just the right, warm things to eat and drink. And if it's warm, there seems always to be a shady patio handy, cool drinks and the tinkle of ice. A lovely thing in woman, this dispensing of creature comforts. . . . And Merle looked as feminine as a bit of ivory Mechlin lace. She was wearing a waddy blue silk dressing gown (because it was mid-morning and just Us Girls there) and it had pink flowers sprinkled over it. She wore white bunny slippers on her narrow feet and the dark wings of her

Left: Merle in a love scene with George Brent in her latest film, "Til We Meet Again."
hair folded around her face, which is the most provocative face in pictures, to my way of thinking. I don't know whether being born on the Island of Tasmania and then being brought up in India has anything to do with the subtleties of Merle's face, but certainly there is that about it which is not to be found in other girl-faces...

Merle looks, I was thinking, even as she announced herself as a "Career" wife, less like a working girl, even a movie working girl, than any other girl in pictures, not forgetting Hedy Lamarr. She gives the imagination color-tipped wings, Merle does, even to a woman's imagination so what she must do to a man's imagination is, I am sure, another story... she makes you think of a King's Favorite or a lovely, dark dryad or someone nameless for whom a poet perished as he wrote an imperishable sonnet, or a Rich Man's Darling, though a little tragic, perhaps, about that Gilded Cage... imaginative things like that, she conjures up for you, as you watch her...

Well, anyway, we got to talking about the difficulties Merle and the rest of the cast had had while making "Til We Meet Again." There were moments, Merle told me, there were even days and weeks, when they didn't think any of them ever would meet again, this side the River Jordan, what with Merle having a strep throat and George Brent having the flu, and Director Eddie Goulding being hospitalized with the same baleful bug and Geraldine Fitzgerald about to have a baby and all the delays and working against odds and special considerations which these considerations had involved.

And then Merle was telling me (yes, yes, with That Light in her eyes) how her Alex was due in from England in just two days and seven hours and fourteen minutes, and bow, by the way, she said, (though it wasn't "by the way" at all, I could tell, but very much in the foreground of her thoughts) he has more charm than any ten men she's ever met... and how they were planning to go to Honolulu or somewhere for a long, honeymoonish rest and vacation... and how she wasn't even going to think about work because if she did she'd have a crack-up sure as shooting... and that's how-come I happened to say, "did you ever think of giving up your career, now that you're married? Did you and Mr. Korda ever discuss the possibility of such a thing?"

And it was then that Merle said that she and her Alex had never so much as mentioned her giving up her career and that she would be a Career Wife...

"No, Alex and I never discussed it at all," Merle told me, "he wouldn't want it. You see, I'm under half contract to him. He's my producer as well as my husband. And he wouldn't want to lose a star," laughed Merle, "and get just a—a wife."

And then we had a little girl-talk about how Alexander Korda is not only his wife's producer as well as her husband, but was also her "discoverer," having picked her out of a group of extras for her first part in her first picture, "Wedding Rehearsal," opposite Roland Young. And Merle admitted, "yes, I had a yen for him... right from the beginning. The Big Boss, you know... he says, now, that there was something very special in his feeling about me (Continued on page 68)
WHENEVER a studio starts plugging a newcomer I am always reminded of that fanfare of trumpets and roll of drums that presages the appearance of the star performer in a circus. The audience holds its breath. *Here is the pièce de résistance.*

It's the same way in a studio. "Your attention is respectfully directed to Gwendolyn Gweer, our latest find, the hottest thing since Garbo!" And life isn't worth living until you've done a story on her. You're not permitted to wait for her first picture and see for yourself. "Can't you take our word for it? Don't you think the studio heads have been in this business long enough to know talent when they see it? She's a natural!"

After months, perhaps, Miss Gweer makes an appearance and usually you never hear any more of her. Maybe studio enthusiasm pulls before she ever faces a camera and we're never allowed to see her.

So, you can't blame us for being a bit skeptical when the studio drums roll and we hear the familiar refrain: "Your attention is respectfully directed——"  

In Robert Preston's case it started when he was cast in "Disbarred," but the picture left a lot to be desired. In fact, after it was released about all Paramount desired was to have it forgotten. And they couldn't very well call attention to Preston without mentioning that miscarriage of art. So the tumult died down mo—

Bob Preston grew up in a tough section of Los Angeles which he claims had a gang he bets could have licked John Garfield's New York East Siders with one hand. Below: A torrid love scene from "Typhoon," in which Bob is co-starred with Dorothy Lamour. He insists they're just pals.
And it's husky and handsome Robert Preston. Paramount's new star, who's certainly qualified to flutter feminine hearts with his virile personality

mentarily. But, when DeMille cast him in "Union Pacific," the sound and the fury gathered new force until it reached the proportions of a tempest—"in a teapot," I added to myself.

When the latter picture was released it was discovered that here was no "tempest in a teapot." They had stumbled on the real thing. It was not such seasoned and able performers as Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea, Akim Tamiroff and Lynn Overman who caught the public's fancy. It was the young gent to whom our attention had been "respectfully directed"—Mr. Robert Preston.

Interest mounted with his appearance in "Beau Geste," although he had little to do. His latest appearance is in "Typhoon," in which, for the first time, he carries the lead and his next casting is in DeMille's "Northwest Mounted Police." Nice going for a chap not yet two years in pictures.

Born in Newton Highlands, Mass., on June 8, his family migrated to California when he was two and his brother a year younger. Knowing nothing of the social geography of Los Angeles, they bought a home in the Lincoln Heights district, more famous for its jail than its first families.

"I have read," stated Mr. Preston succinctly, "that John Garfield grew up on the East Side of New York with a very tough gang. Well, I'll bet the gang I grew up with could lick his gang with one hand tied behind us."

So much for the social activities of Bob's early associates.

"When I was about eight or ten," he continued, "our parents transferred my brother and me to another school, because the roster of the one we were attending was comprised largely of Mexicans and we were growing up with a Spanish accent!"

There were still plenty of Mexicans in the new school, but, evidently, they came from more well-to-do families. Today when he is practically a star, there is no one who rises more hotly to the defense of that race, when defense is needed, than this same Bob Preston.

"I used to go home to lunch with them," he recounts enthusiastically. "Some of them were poor, not so poor as those in the (Continued on page 71)
Socialite Janice Logan preferred struggling for screen fame to luxurious living and may win it as the only girl in "Dr. Cyclops."

This is the story of Janice Logan, who would be cutting social capers in gay places at this very moment if it weren't for an intense desire to act. This is also the story of Janice Logan, who became a movie actress, and in her latest film found herself a fugitive from a hen.

All of which requires a little explaining. To begin with—she was born into a Chicago family whose pedigreed roots go back so far that the very milk delivered to her forbears came from a cow belonging to a Mrs. O'Leary. The cow later kicked over a lantern to provide a box office hit for Tyrone Power and Alice Faye called "In Old Chicago."

Now as to the hen. The hen is as big as Miss Logan—that is, in a neat little blood-and-thunder opus called "Dr. Cyclops." It might also be mentioned that she is alternately pursued by a Brobdingnagian crocodile, cat and dog—all because a truculent scientist contrived to make her one-fifth normal size.

More later about "Dr. Cyclops"; more now about Janice.

She must have been a beautiful baby twenty-two years ago; she is now, anyway. Born into wealth, she naturally spent the formative period of her life in the best schools and A-deck suites on round-the-world liners. And yet, when a Waldorf-Astoria waiter hiccupped, as he was removing a tray, she handled what could easily have been an embarrassing stage-wait with ease—she even told him how to stop them with some nine-sips business. Beauty and poise make a nice combination.

Her screen record so far is brief, but interesting. She, of course, tested...
for Scarlett O'Hara, number 4865a. In her first film she played nurse to J. Carroll Naish's doctor in "Undercover Doctor," a B of last summer. She was the good nurse, who wanted the bad doctor to reform. Naish couldn't see it that way, so naturally he ended up in a pretty fix. Next, in "What A Life," she played the second female lead, opposite John Howard. She was the secretary, who did things for Betty Field's looks when Field looked like her namesake ploughed for spring planting. And now most recently, "Dr. Cyclops," where she plays tag with assorted beasts and is the only woman in the thing.

"For all of its weirdness, 'Cyclops' was fun," she said, as she poured tea for herself. "I've never acted in anything quite so unusual and I've done some odd things in the dramatic line. Such as playing men's parts...."

It was when she was very young that this happened. The apparent paradox is explained by the fact that there were no boys in her schools and someone had to wear trousers, or their ancient counterparts. Malcolm and Macduff, in "Macbeth," spoke with gruff little girls' voices and their curves were slightly unorthodox, but the program said that the characters were gents, so gents they were. Miss Logan was one of these, but with the advantage of a fairly deep voice and a figure that lent itself to male habiliments.

"I played women when I was a little kid, though," she explained. "We put on all of the usual plays with stuff we dug up in the attic. I was definitely queen of the theatre in comparison to the others, because my grandmother let me wear her high-heeled shoes, her old gowns and... (Continued on page 72)
Left: Paramount's Judith Barrett wears a cotton play costume of Balinese print in soft shades of rose and yellow. A short-sleeved bra top, open midriff and carefully cut shorts blend with a full, short, gathered, wrap-around skirt. She has a pale pink cotton string snood and white canvas shoes.

Newest "Under the Sun" fashions for approaching summer days as worn by the screen's loveliest.
Diana Lewis, bride of William Powell, looking particularly trim in an all-wool swim suit woven with blue floral design.

Carole Landis in one of the new "water wing" bathing caps. It keeps you afloat as if your head were on a pillow.

Janice Logan in a rose-colored cotton playsuit with short, puffed sleeves and leather belt. The tunic has a cute paper-doll print.

Laraine Day, M-G-M starlet, in a closely knit suit of gay, brilliant colors on a white background which allows plenty of swimming freedom.
Dorris Bowdon, bride of Nunnally Johnson, in a striking two-piece play costume of blue and white which features rickrack braid. The bodice laces in front and has button-flap pockets.

Left: Zorina, star of "I Was An Adventuress," in an abbreviated swim suit of white Lastex with a Gay Nineties beach coat and matching parasol of pink and white candy striped taffeta. Bustle back bow adds a frivolous note.
all the beaches

Judith Barrott wears beige gabardine shorts in the smart, new length with a checkered brown and white shirt. Her belt is tan calf and so are her sandals. Little boys' clothing for Glamour Girls!

 Paramount's Muriel Angelus wears a light brown and white cotton play suit of three pieces. The bandeau ties just above the open midriff. The jacket has a striped hood, lined in white, and shirred cuffs.

Marilyn Merrick, in the cast of "'Til We Meet Again," suns herself in her satin Lastex swim suit of a gay floral print.

Something new and eye-catching for the beach is a hand-crocheted fishnet cape and bathing suit combination which actress Martin is wearing. Her snood is also crocheted and all by herself.

ft: Brenda Marshall, as to be seen in "The Hawk," with a top sun-shade hat of straw blue and white polka dot ribbon which harmonizes with the blue print her form-fitting suit.
DIRECT FROM HOLLYWOOD

NORTHWEST PASSAGE
A Thrilling Epic—M-G-M

KING VIDOR, thank heavens, was chosen to direct Metro's adaptation of Kenneth Roberts' famous book, and Mr. Vidor has done a superb job of it. Photographed in beautiful Technicolor, this story of the American pioneer's magnificent defiance of Nature and hardship comes to the screen as one of the most thrilling epics ever to be produced in Hollywood. The film covers only Book I of the original work, but the ending leads us to believe that there certainly will be a sequel—and soon, we hope. Spencer Tracy in the role of Major Rogers, the leader of the Rangers, who through sheer personal force, drives his men through the dangers and horrors of the wilderness, gives the finest performance in his career of giving fine performances. Though you live to be a hundred, you'll never forget Spencer as Major Rogers. The time, as you probably know, as "Northwest Passage" has long been a best seller, is America in the throes of the French and Indian Wars. And the photoplay shows how Major Rogers led his Rangers against the Abenakis, the fiercest and most murderous of the Indian tribes who preyed on the frontier settlers, how he exterminated their village, and how... (Continued on page 78)
WIN the Original of the
GARY COOPER COVER!

An intriguing, easy-to-do contest which is loads of fun.

RULES

CONTESTANTS must see how many words of the English language they can make from the forty-eight letters contained in the announcement:

Gary Cooper in "The Westerner," a Samuel Goldwyn Production and then use the words in a sentence to describe Gary Cooper.

A contestant has exactly forty-eight letters to use, and may use a letter but once.

The sentence must make sense.

A contestant can submit as many entries as he wishes, but each entry must be accompanied by a coupon.

The original cover of Gary Cooper and a personally autographed-to-you photograph of Gary Cooper will be awarded to the contestant submitting the best descriptive sentence of Gary Cooper of words made from the forty-eight letters in the announcement: Gary Cooper in "The Westerner," a Samuel Goldwyn Production.

The next twenty-five best entries will receive personally autographed-to-you photographs of Gary Cooper.

The contest closes at midnight, April 30th, 1940.

All entries become the property of Screenland, Inc.

The contest is closed to employees and their families of Samuel Goldwyn Productions, United Artists Corporation and Screenland, Inc.

WE BELIEVE the best pastel painting of any movie star our cover artist, Marland Stone, yet has done is that of Gary Cooper which appears on this May issue of Silver Screen. How would you like to have the framed original painting, without any lettering on it whatever, for your own home? The original, incidentally, measures 14" x 18". In order to win this painting, and a large personally autographed-to-you photograph of Gary Cooper, which is also included in first prize, you must take the following announcement:

Gary Cooper in "The Westerner," a Samuel Goldwyn Production which contains exactly forty-eight letters and see how many words of the English language you can make from just those forty-eight letters (using each letter but once) and then use the words in a sentence to describe Gary Cooper. The contestant submitting the best descriptive

[Continued on page 81]
The untold story of a beauty-conscious screen star, who mothered the little son of a young millionaire and for it was pitilessly misunderstood

By Elizabeth Benneche Peterson

The doctors said the boy had less than a fifty-fifty chance of living. He kept calling for Wilma, as if she were his own mother.

The Girl Who Was

The man who happens to be my husband this year took me stepping the other day to celebrate the raise that had come in the family pay envelope that morning.

Since he said the sky was the limit, I steered him down to one of my old haunts where I used to go to pick up snappy little items for the gossip page. In those days, I told myself, it was part of a fan writer's work getting around to all the right places and seeing the stars and finding out which ones were romancing and which ones separating and who was fooling about it and who was serious. But now I can see my work was just an excuse for play.

No wide-eyed fan could have been more jittery than I was coming into the Troc and seeing everybody again. It must have been honeymoon night for all the newlyweds there. Annabella and Tyrone holding hands utterly shamelessly and who could blame them when you looked at either one of them. Adrian and the little Gaynor; Andrea Leeds and her handsome millionaire husband; Hedy Lamarr and Gene Markey.

Hedy's star had risen since I left Hollywood for our little ranch out in the sticks, and it was the first time I had seen her. And for once I felt Hollywood hadn't outcolosseed itself in adjectives. She's all the things everyone says she is, so beautiful that there aren't enough synonyms for glamour to describe her, so lovely that you know her charm begins in her heart and that her face has only been lucky enough to catch some of the overflow.

And I thought of Wilma, who had been called the most beautiful girl in Hollywood, too, and of how different she was from Hedy.

It wasn't only that Wilma's hair was the color of sage honey to Hedy's smooth black or that she was small and vivacious and had none of the languorous dignity that is so devastating in the Viennese star. The difference went deeper than that. Didn't I tell you Hedy's loveliness begins in her heart?

I don't think I've ever known a girl more concerned with her looks than Wilma. She was always whipping out her compact and fixing up her make-up. It got to be a Hollywood joke and after that it got to be a bore, seeing her smiling at herself in a mirror while everyone else was engrossed in conversation or having fun.

They called her "the girl who was too beautiful," and at first the name amused me. As if any girl could be too beautiful! But after I'd known her awhile, I understood. For it was as if Wilma's beauty, or rather her consciousness of it and concern for it, took away everything else that makes being alive worth it...
Too Beautiful

while. As a matter of fact, it was almost as if she weren't alive at all. She wouldn't play tennis for fear of the muscles it might develop in her slender arms and legs; she wouldn't go swimming, because she was afraid the sun might coarsen the delicate texture of her skin. She was never at parties, for she knew the value of rest in preserving beauty, and her maid once told me Wilma had never stayed up later than nine in all the time she had been with her.

Even reading was taboo, because she was afraid her eyes would lose some of their luster. Wilma had one interest only and that was her beauty and the only joy she got out of anything was having an audience, preferably a male one, around to admire and flatter her.

It wasn't hard getting that audience. You never saw Wilma unless she was surrounded by men and all of them breathless in their admiration. It didn't make much difference then that it never was the same men you saw, that most of them left her after such a little while to take less attractive girls out dancing or to dinner and that in time most of them married other women. Wilma never gave as much as a flicker of her amazing eyelashes for any of them. The only love she had ever felt was for her face.

And, gosh, how we fan writers hated having to interview her. There wasn't anything to say about her, you see, except how beautiful she was and the fans didn't have to be told that.

Her first picture was a tremendous success. Critics raved over her beauty and the fans took her to their hearts, and the studio put her on a long-term contract. Afterwards, it was different. Remember that list of stars who were listed as Box Office Poison? Well, Wilma was right up in the top listing and the studio congratulated itself; she had only one more picture to make for them. Fans demand more than beauty in their favorites. They want them to have a heart, too.

It was just about that time that Deems Donaldson came to Pasadena with Dirk, his little son. His wife had died when the boy was born and Deems' whole life was wrapped up in the youngster. The child had never been really well and Deems had taken him to California on his physician's advice.

The first time I met Deems was at a luncheon at Frances Marion's, the scenario writer. [Continued on page 74]

He didn't know the story then; he didn't have to with Wilma's face telling all of it there was to tell. She wasn't beautiful then, if you count beauty in soft contour and freshness, but if you can see it in suffering and a love so great it transcends all thought of self, you would have known Wilma had never been so beautiful before.

For May 1940
Watching and chatting with the stars as they make their forthcoming pictures

By Dick Mook

Here are a lot of pictures shooting this month, but most of them are concentrated at—

M-G-M

First, there's "Waterloo Bridge" starring Robert Taylor and Vivien Leigh. It's about an officer in the British army (Robert Taylor) who, during an air raid on the last day of his leave, meets a girl (Vivien Leigh) with whom he falls desperately in love. In the play, Vivien was a lady of easy virtue, but they've cleaned her up and now she's a dancer. He goes back to the front. Lucille Watson (Bob's mother) goes to meet her future daughter-in-law at a cafe. While waiting for Lucille, Vivien sees in a paper that Bob has been killed. She gets dizzy and the management of the place gives her a brandy to revive her. Then Lucille breezes in.

It's a pity lack of space prevents my giving you the dialogue for the scene is a long one and one of the most gripping I have ever seen. Lucille, who adores her son, wants desperately to like Vivien and become acquainted with her. Vivien is almost hysterical with the knowledge of Bob's death and, at the same time, is trying to keep it from his mother. The result is they are talking at cross purposes all during the interview. Lucille finally gives it up as hopeless, believing Vivien is drunk.

I can't get into cold print the intensity of this scene, but if you miss this picture I'll guarantee you're depriving yourself of a real treat.

Even with all the drama, though, the actors must mind the details. Just as they are about to shoot, Vivien, who is sitting at the table waiting for Lucille to come in, notices her hand which rests on the table, clutching the fateful newspaper. She stops the scene and turns to Director-Producer Mervyn LeRoy: "Do you want make-up on my hand for this shot?" she asks.

Below: Jimmy Ellison and Lucille Ball in "The Romantic Mr. Hinklin."

Left: Nydia Westman, Margaret Early, Bonita Granville and Diana Lewis in a scene you'll be seeing in Edie Cantor's "Forty Little Mothers."

SILVER SCREEN
telephone the other night posing as a real estate agent. "Do you live on the bus-line?" he asked. "Why, yes," Pat replied sleepily. "Well, please move, will you, the bus wants to get by," flipped the wag, and hung up. Some people are just born wits, aren't they? No.

Gruesome fashion note: In "Earthbound," co-starring Warner Baxter and Andrea Leeds, there is a Paris war time locale, and all the gals have to carry the most elegant gas mask regalia. Lynn Bari's gas mask is black velvet, shaped like a muff, Andrea's is rose wool to match her coat, others are plaid wool to match hat, gray Persian shoulder strap arrangement, barrel-shaped, purse-shaped, book-shaped, etc. The Parisian modistes will be able to fitch a few good ideas for making decorative a war time necessity.

Since the unexpected Lana Turner-Artie Shaw elopement, the Hollywood press has been as nervous as a witch, and will follow any clue tossed to them, no matter how impossible sounding. So, a recent Sunday found them hanging on Joan Crawford's phone, ringing her doorbell, and clattering up her driveway. There was a rumor, completely unfounded of course, that Joan and Lee Bowman were doing an off to Yuma. Joan was a little startled by it all as she has only had one date with Lee Bowman. But—Lana only had one date with Artie Shaw.

Bette Davis, who used to swear that she would never own anything in Hollywood she couldn't pack in a suitcase, has succumbed at last and bought a home. Though it isn't one bit movie-starish, and definitely on the wrong side of the tracks. And now that other hold-out, Greta Garbo, is looking for a home to buy, the only requirement she insists upon is a high fence around it. She wants to keep the public out and Gayelord Hauser in.

Well, you can't blame Jackie Cooper if he is a little intolerant now of lady fans. The apple of Jackie's eye, his brand new Packard roadster, was parked outside the Paramount studio last week when a woman driver, who was far more intent upon staring through the studio gates than watching the roadway, hit Jackie's new car square in the middle. And off it went to the junk heap.

You can just bet the name of Artie Shaw was brought into the conversation when Greg Bautzer and Jackie Coogan lunched together at the Brown Derby. Jackie doesn't think Artie did right by his ex-wife, Betty Grable, and doesn't mind saying so.

Gracie Allen has announced her candidacy for president. But she just can't decide on her platform.
YOU'VE probably given a dog a bath and learned what a sloppy job it is. So you can sympathize with Rosemary Lane as she struggles with her Irish Setter, Mr. Chips. She put a pair of goggles on him to keep the soap out of his eyes, but Mr. Chips preferred the soap, it seems. Rosemary is currently featured in "Three Cheers For the Irish." Trouble with washing a dog, says Rosemary, is that you get much more of a bath than the dog does.

ROSEMARY GIVES HER DOG A BATH
Whitney Bourne's luxurious New York apartment is the meeting place of society and the arts. She spends a great deal of time in Hollywood where she follows a career in the movies.

Miss June Rothe, TWA air hostess, has learned to serve a Terence virial—plum—to 24 people traveling at 200 miles per hour! Charm, limited weight, nurse's training are other job requirements.

**Glamorous Society Actress**

**But BOTH give their skin this same thorough care**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

POND'S, Dept. 725-CVE, Clinton, Conn., Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquidifying Cream (quick-melting cleansing cream), and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

Name:

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Gary, Gary, Quite Contrary

[Continued from page 23]

before, spread limburger cheese on the heating plant, and turned on the heat. They then went home and ate hearty breakfasts. By the time school was scheduled to open, the aroma therein was enough to stagger a congress of billy-goats. Classes were out of the question. Everybody got a holiday. And Gary got a job.

Gary went to Helena High School for two years, and was only a middling fair scholar. He attended classes because he had to, but nothing could make him interested in them. He rebelled against being kept indoors. His rebellion took the form of passive resistance. Instead of studying his books, he covered them with sketches of horses and Montana landscapes.

His last two years in high school, he spent in Bozeman, a town about a hundred miles away. There a certain teacher became the first to discover that humorizing Gary's contrariness was the way to become his friend for life. (He still corresponds with her.) She encouraged his drawing, sold him on the idea that, the more education he had, the better artist he would be. He buckled down and studied in Bozeman.

At that time, in that part of the country, there was a great run of costume parties. Everybody took great delight in being a different character at each different party. Everybody, that is, except Gary. Contrariwise, he inevitably went as a cowboy. There is a photo extant of him in the suit he wore, a cowboy outfit unlike any ever seen outside the movies or the dress parade at a rodeo. He stands with his two hands on his two holsters, with a William S. Hart glow on his face, as if daring anyone to call him Fancy Pants.

Summers, when he was going to college, he worked in Yellowstone National Park as a bus driver and guide. One of his pals of those days tells a story to illustrate Gary's contrariness. He and Gary, driving together one along of the twisting roads without guard-rails, out there, mountain sides, came around a curve to discover that a bus had gone off the road, plunging over a sheer cliff to the side of a stream hundreds of feet below. A small crowd had gathered, was discussing the best way to reach the bodies. The consensus of opinion was that the only way to reach them was via a roundabout pack trail that led down to the stream. Gary didn't go with the others. He went straight down the cliff, inch by inch, finding a toe-hold here, a finger-hold there. His pal went down the same way, only because he didn't want Gary to think he was scared (which he was). It didn't occur to Gary, as it did to his pal, that they were literally taking lives, being different from the crowd.

The Coopers sent Gary—whose name was then Frank James Cooper—to small Grinnell College in Iowa, thinking he couldn't find much to do there except study. But he found himself and left campus discipline, racketing around the countryside at a break-neck clip.

It was at Grinnell that he first harbored the idea that he might like to be an actor. He tried out for a campus show. One of his professors of those days says, with a rueful grin, "And we wouldn't even let him carry a spear." Whatever Gary felt at the time, he kept it to himself. He still keeps his emotions to himself—a fact that makes some people (principal4y pros, agents and interviewers) wonder how he ever became an actor. They're convinced that it must have been an accident. Which, in a way, it was.

At Grinnell, he fell in love, and he had the girl's promise to marry him as soon as he had a steady job. Through college, he had stubbornly held to his determination to be an artist. He was going to be a newspaper cartoonist. Most of the famous cartoonists were in the East, so contrariwise he headed West. He picked Los Angeles, because it was the biggest city west of the Rockies. He went from newspaper office to newspaper office and was unable to sell his talents. After that, he went from door to door in residential sections, trying to sell his drawings, and he couldn't sell those, either.

He was practically at the end of his funds and his determination to stick it out in Los Angeles, when he sat down on a park bench one day to rest his blistered feet. On the same bench was a middle-aged man, who eyed him a few moments, then decided to ask, "Out of work, buddy?" Gary nodded sardonically. The man told him there was easy money to be had up in Hollywood, working in the movies, playing "extras." Gary shook his head; he was no actor. "You don't have to act. All you have to do is stand around, maybe walk around a little," the man said. Gary couldn't see himself doing that for a living. "Can you do anything special?" the man persisted. "Ride horseback, maybe?" Yes, he knew how to ride a horse, Gary said. "Well, there's a fellow out at Fox who's hiring a lot of riders for a big cavalry picture—fellow named Jim Galen," the man informed him. "Did you say Jim Galen?" demanded Gary. "Why, I know him. Used to go to school with him back in Montana."

So Gary went out to Fox, and looked up Jim Galen. And Galen, glad to see his old pal, put him on the payroll. The cavalry in the picture was supposed to ride pell-mell down a steep hill. On the first take, Gary's horse stepped in a hole, stumbled. Another boy might have tried Gary on the spot, on the grounds that stunt riders avoided holes. Galen, knowing what Gary could do on a horse, barred accidents, kept him on.

That's how Gary Cooper got in the movies. As a stunt rider. And he stayed in them, living from one $5-a-day job to another, with the jobs not too close together, simply because he was too stubborn, too contrary, to admit to anybody, and especially his girl, that he couldn't make a living in Los Angeles. But she suspected he couldn't. And, trying of waiting for him to make good, she married someone else. She had too low an estimate...
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SAY SMART FASHION CREATORS

Guaranteed to wear longer than any polish you've ever worn... or your money back.

If the new Cutex Salon Polish doesn't wear longer than any polish you've ever used, simply return the bottle to us and we will cheerfully refund your original purchase price! (Offer good during 1940 only.) Buy a bottle of Cutex Salon Polish today — at any toilet-goods counter.

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

It's smart to wear Cutex, too—the fashion oracles say—because it gives your nails that all-important well-groomed look. For flair and wear—choose the new Cutex Salon Polish this spring!

Northam Warren Corporation, 191 Hudson St., New York

NEW CUTEX Salon Polish

The gayest fingertips—in the gayest places this spring—will be wearing Cutex, smart fashion creators prophesy!

Dancing in harmony! The latest in evening frou-frou... the latest in Cutex nail tones—romantic, glamorous, heartbreakingly feminine.

GUADABOUT: Vivid blue-red to go places with your dashing new exposed-midriff, hooded-head gowns.
HIJINKS: Red-red—just what you'll want with the new military influence—braid, cockade, "uniform" pockets.
CEDARWOOD: Mauvy-rose flattery to feminize man-tailored toppers and suits.
OLD ROSE: Rich rose—an added romantic touch with your innocent off-the-face hat.
CLOVER: Deep winy red to tone down your noisy plaids, stripes, checkerboard fabrics.
LAUREL: Rambler pink—delicate, young. Perfect with your new pinasore frocks.
It was Samuel Goldwyn who first spotted his possibilities, took him out of the background, put him in the foreground—
in "The Winning of Barbara Worth." He never had been conspicuous before in his life. The experience unnerved him. As soon as he got there, he broke out and ran, heading for the desert to hide. When he fearfully came back, he found Paramount waiting to sign him to a contract to play leads in Westerns.

Somebody, who had noticed how he acted when the picture men at first sight, told him he ought to get a good agent and go after dramatic parts in big pictures. Contrarily, Gary shook his head. "I'm a westerner, and that's all I am. I can't act. And I'm getting a big salary now. I'm going to live it up high alone." His salary was $150 a week.

It was over his protests, and his misgivings, that he was given the role in "Wings" that made him famous. After that, he appeared in dramatic roles, where he showed a talent for the part. When he started "It," he was positive he didn't dare. It was first his time in dress clothes, which made him feel ridiculous. And the script called on him to be an insouciant young man-about-town who entered a room, chuckled, clapped his hands, and ran out. He looked the Chinaman, then walked across and kissed Clara Bow jauntily. On the first take, his smile was sickly. The second, it was sicklier. The harder he tried to be insouciant, the more embarrassed he became. "I can't do it," he'd tell Lloyd. "I want to get it. I just have to get it," said Lloyd. He took the scene over and over. The day ended without their getting it.

The next day, there was no Cooper on the set. One story has it that he was already aboard a train headed back to Montana; another story has it that he was packing his bags, determined to give up the movies, when Lloyd caught up with him, talked him into coming back. "It added to his fame and popularity.

Gary Cooper is a Hollywood anomaly, a young man who, despite a lifetime, he's the victim of a stubborn lack of confidence in his own possibilities. He fought off the press-agents in the beginning because he was contrarily determined not to be conspicuous. When he discovered that the matter of his being conspicuous was out of his hands completely, he determined that he wasn't going to take it big, because he didn't see how it could last. He wasn't going to let people get tired of him any sooner than necessary, riding too much about him. When his popularity did last, he was in the habit of going his own way, not letting press-agents run his life. He determined to "leave well enough alone." He hasn't changed his mind since.

"His father once said, "When Gary makes up his mind, there is no power on earth can sway him."" His father knew whereof he was speaking.

Gary's romances were a constant worry both to his studio and to his parents. When he worked up an interest in a girl, he worked up a big interest. Time after time, it looked as if he was in danger of getting married. That thought was enough to scare his studio, to whom he was valuable as a romantic bachelor. His parents were appalled by the thought of the daughter-in-law they might suddenly acquire. To put it mildly, they didn't share Gary's enthusiasm for Lupe Velez. But Gary was contrarily determined to live his own life, not let either his studio or his parents live it for him. He suffered at times for his determination. He never married Lupe, but he was forever shrinking, attracting attention.

When he decided, in his own good time, that he had played long enough and ought to settle down, he made a completely unexpected choice of a wife. He chose a marriage arranged by Esther Ralston. Nobody said the marriage wouldn't last. But Gary apparently determined that it would. At least, it has lasted more than six years, a long time in Hollywood.

There are tales that marriage has softened Gary, that tall and dashing Bette Davis has made him give up his old ways and his old friends. The tales aren't true. He hasn't changed. The people who knew-him-when have. Because he lives in a big house in Brentwood now, instead of the room, script out, getting givings, getting and getting and going and becoming famous. Gary, to me, was always dramatic. They overlook the fact that his closest associate these days is no blue-blooded tycoon. His constant companion is still Slim Balbot, a Montana cowhand, whom he drafted years ago as his stand-in. He's quite right. These days are sophisticated, most of his studio photographs show him as a well-dressed man-of-the-world, and people think he has given up his old cowboy habits. They don't know around home he wears the same overalls he did when he was a cowhand and boots. They don't know that on his last location trip, his bosses had to "ground" him; he was spending his spare time riding bucking broncos. They don't know that on location he gets up at 4:30 A.M. to hunt coyotes. They don't know that, every so often, he throwsSlim's, in L.A., to keep his hand in at roping. They don't know that his idea of fun is still setting up a tin can, pacing off fifty feet, then whirling to fire at with two pistols, shooting from the hip. They see photographs of him vacationing in Bermuda or swank Long Island resorts, and they don't know about his hunting and fishing trips with Slim, because there aren't any photographers where he and Slim go.

You hear, "He hasn't gone on any big hunting or fishing trips since he got married." People are thinking of his expedition to Africa a few years ago. They suspect that he'd like to go adventuring in far places still and that his wife won't let him. They don't know that he's casually planning trips to far-away places, and that the only reason why he never goes is: He reads up so much about a place he'd like to see, and plans the trip in such detail, that, long before it's time to set out, he has worn out his interest, his mind, he has been and come back. So, he saves himself the physical exertion of going.

The explanation for his one big adventure jaunt—the hunting trip to Africa—is: His doctor made him go, to get far away from Hollywood, forget about movies. Gary had a breakdown from over-work, doing seven pictures in one year. Friends tried to tell him he was running his health. He refused to listen. He said, "I've got just one face, and it isn't so good, and I'd better cash in on it while I can." Healthy all his life, he didn't know when he was sick—till he collapsed.

When he came back from Africa, interviewers besieged him for tales of his adventures. Contrarily, he wouldn't tell any, wouldn't seize the golden opportunity to be a real-life hero. One interviewer tried to lead him on by asking, "But didn't it take courage to face a charging lion?" The answer was: "Oh—uh—I don't know. I had a gun."

He realizes that he is a problem, not talking, but he doesn't do anything about it, except laugh. He has a sense of humor. Soon after the "Beau Geste" company arrived in Zuma for outdoor scenes, Director William Wellman summoned the business manager, berated him about the food the company was getting, emphasizing his complaint by interspersing constant comments about what "Mr. Cooper" was eating, whistling, whistling, not saying a word. When the red-eyed business manager finally escaped, Gary asked Wellman, with a sardonic grin, "You don't think I said too much to the poor guy, do you?"

People think he's contrary, because he refers the simple sales requests to his manager, Jack Moss. Maybe he is, but he is also loyal. Moss got him the big money he is earning today, money he never would have been able to ask for himself. So now he can let Moss do everything about his career, big or little.

Few stars realize how much they are indebted to Gary because he is a contrary guy. Several years ago, a certain Eastern gangster invaded Hollywood, convinced that movie stars ought to be easy pickings. Bravado made him decide to approach He-Man Cooper first. He told Gary he had better pay off "or else." Gary, who had no intention of paying off, told him to come to his house that night. As he admitted the gangster, he poked a finger at him. "Come in! That's the only way we do business." "What did you say you wanted?" asked Gary. The one-man crime wave folded then and there.

Right now, Gary is making "Northwest Mounted Police" for Cecil B. de Mille, who had his hands full, before the picture started, trying to keep Gary from being contrary. The original de Mille idea was to have both Gary and Joel McCrea in the picture, playing equally important roles. He gave them both scripts, asked them which they would like to play. They both liked one part better than the other. When they discovered this, they put on a Gaston-Alphonse act. Each tried to step aside for the other. They're good friends, you know. Gary is the kind that, if he's going to jump out of the picture, de Mille is equally insistent that he doesn't. While they were still arguing, Joel turned up with the news that he was going to do "Personal History" for Walter Wanger, and therefore wouldn't be free to make "Northwest Mounted Police."

So, Gary couldn't sensibly go on being contrary. That's one thing about his contrariness. It does make sense.
Lady Esther says—Won't you please help your

"NEW-BORN SKIN"

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

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

Every time the clock ticks—every time you breathe—your new skin is crowding eagerly upward, outward—and soon will make its bow before all the world—in new glory and new glamour, if you will do your part!

Why let your new skin be "born under a cloud," asks Lady Esther—when it can be flattering—can make you look a little younger, fresher, lovelier? Yes, each coming generation of your skin can bring you a new-born beauty—if—

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

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

My 4-Purpose Cream permeates those flakes. Soothingly and gently it whisks them all away—loosens embedded impurities—cleanses the very apertures of your pores—helps your skin to be smoother—lovelier—younger-looking.

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

If he's a specialist on the skin—all the better! Follow his advice if you have a vitamin deficiency. He will be a strange physician indeed if he tells you to try and push anything like vitamins or hormones into your skin via your face cream!

* Ask him if every word Lady Esther says isn't absolutely true—that her cream removes the dirt, impurities, and worn-out skin beclouding your new, young skin about to be born!

Then try my face cream at my expense. Continue using it twice a day or oftener for two weeks. See if your powder doesn't look lovelier day by day. See the glamour of your new-born skin as my cream helps you keep your Accent on Youth!

Please Accept Lady Esther's 10-Day Sample FREE!

The Miracle
of Reborn Skin

Your skin is constantly wearing out—dry—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—always crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (55)

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FREE Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, free and postpaid.

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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)
Garbo's two friends are. Sulka Viertel and Mercedes d'Acosta are the pats. But you don't know who Ginger's best friends are, do you? I didn't until I made it my business to find out and quite a business undertaking it was, too. Jeanette MacDonald is one. Humphrey Bogart had heard that, though, from Jeanette, not Ginger. And then I found out that Margaret Sullivan is another of her best friends. In fact, they are so chummy that Ginger is Maggie's second child's godmother. And in the exact center of the exquisite blue crystal mirror of Ginger's crystal-mirrored dressing room at home, is a large picture of Maggie's new baby when it was very new indeed and looking, as a man would say, "just like any new baby looks."

So, as I say, Garbo is an open book compared to Ginger. You always know, for instance, when Garbo is "going" with someone and who that someone is and where they are going. You know, now, that Garbo is going with Dr. Gaylord Hauser. At least, she went to Florida with him, and to No. 21 in New York. And if that isn't going with a man what do you call it? And you always know who Marlene is going with, dear knows. You know that Hedy Lamarr had a yen for Rudy Vallee when she first came to Hollywood, then kept company with Reginald Gardner, then married Gene Markey. The veils of most of the Mystery Molls are pretty transparent.

But you don't know who Ginger is going with, do you?

I don't. I make no bones about admitting it. And I live only a couple of stone's throw from Ginger's stylized farmhouse sitting whitely on its tall green hill. I could almost hear the horns honking as the boys tear up to take Ginger tearing around. No horns honk.

"They" say, in fact, the majority of them say, I may as well tell you, that Ginger still carries the torch for Lew Ayres; that she lives so quietly, so un-naturally quiet for a girl of her type and age, because her heart is subdued and hurt, and still unhealed. When Ginger goes to Reno, those who should know what they're talking about tell me, she'll carry the torch right along with her.

Others declare, though these others are in the minority, that it's all nonsense to think that Ginger is still sad with old remembering and that her heart is quite elsewhere. There have been hints that the "elsewhere" is George Stevens, the director. But a superficial inquiry proves that George Stevens, the director, is a married man and that those hints are about as valid as typographical errors.

Now and again, oh, maybe once or twice, Ginger has been seen at a premiere, escorted by Walter Plunkett, the costume designer. But mostly she isn't seen anywhere, not anywhere at all, neither at premiers nor at parties or party places. For a time, she had a few dates with Jimmy Stewart, who has more than a few dates with every lovelie in town from de Dietrich to de Havilland, and then no more of that. Shortly before Bill Powell married Diana Lewis, it was said that Ginger and Bill were meeting "secretly...at Myrna's house," and those who remembered that Ginger and Bill worked together in "Star of Midnight," and recalled what good friends they were, then put two and two together and made it one hundred and eighty-six, saying that friendship was ripening into love...and then Bill married Diana.

"This is, you can't tell..."

But you cannot imagine a girl who looks like Ginger, gay, light-stepping Ginger, leading the kind of life, Ginger certainly does lead off the screen. Lola, her mother, all has, but a stroke, when she talks about Ginger's all-work-and-no-play life. A spacious wardrobe full of pretty clothes has Ginger and she never wears them because she never goes anywhere. Other girls go to Ciro's, the Troc, the Victor Hugo, go to Arrowhead for the skiing, go to the Desert for the sunning, not Ginger, never Ginger. A sun-worshipper as ever was, permanently sun-kist now, I am sure, like a glowing mulatto, Ginger does her sunning, as she does everything else away from the studio, at home. She has a studio room by her swimming pool and she spends all of her leisure time in that studio room working like mad. She works in charcoals. She sketches and she sculpts. She recently finished a bust of her mother said to be extraordinarily fine. The best portrait ever done of Ginger, Gregory La Cava told me this, is a self-portrait. In charcoal. And she recently did one of Mme. Ouspen skaya, also in charcoal, which is outstanding in any exhibit. Which is all very fine, very fine, indeed, and far more commendable, I am sure, than swinging it at the Conga or swinging down Zombies at the Beachcomber, but it isn't very gay, it isn't very gingery and one is only
young once...but Ginger doesn’t care.

And a lovely house has Ginger, to go
on with that train of thought, in which
to entertain the young and eligible male
animals who should be swarming on
the doorstep and no young and eligible males
swarm, because Ginger doesn’t know any.
Ginger knows only the people with whom
she works on the RKO lot and Jimmy
Stewart. Ginger never meets any new,
young men because Ginger never goes
anywhere, The only romances Ginger has,
so far as we know, are the romances writ-
ten for her in her scripts. Instead of the
kisses Ginger should be taking and giving
under ye ole gibbous moon are the kisses
Ginger gives and takes under ye old
garish Kliegs. If you don’t believe me,
ask her mother...

When Lela Rogers went to New York
a couple of years ago and took an apart-
ment there, it was with the hope that
Ginger would spend her in-between-pics-
tures time in New York and that she
would meet some nice, eligible young men
there and have some nice, debutante-ish
good times. So far as anyone knows,
Ginger did not go to New York, not for
any length of time, anyway, and so didn’t
have any nice, debutante-ish good times.

So nothing that Ginger does, or doesn’t
do, should be surprising, really. Like wear-
ing the clothes she does in “Primrose
Path”...off-hand you’d think that if
Maggie Sullivan wanted to look a fright
in a picture, or Bette Davis, or Barbara
Stanwyck or even Garbo, why you’d sort
of understand. Off-hand you think of
Ginger as always aerial in floaty chiffons
and drifty feathers even though, when
you see her around the studio, wearing
her own clothes, it’s always slacks and
a tan polo coat. And no make-up. And
no hat.

Ginger admits that she owes a great
deal to the glamorous roles she has
played and to the lavish wardrobes she
has worn in the glamorous roles. Such as
in “42d Street,” “Stage Door,” “Top Hat”
and the others...

“Nevertheless,” she adds, “I was scared
to death of the curse of being typed as
a Clothes Horse. I’d rather be the In-
vincible Woman. Because no matter how
good a part may be, no matter how satis-
factorily one plays a good part. I honestly
believe that extravagant clothes detract
from acting. They make a girl self-con-
scious, at least make me self-con-
sicous and I have to work doubly
hard to snap out of it, and they make the au-
dience clothes-conscious.”

Come to think of it, “Primrose Path”
isn’t the first picture in which Ginger
has been de-glamorized, though never before
has she done so trouncingly thorough a
job of it. Come to think of it, you never
can tell, you never have been able to tell
about Ginger’s picture roles, either. Just
when you think she’ll make a life work
of whirling through the air with the great-
est of ease in Fred Astaire’s arms (and
lovely work, too, if you can get it), she
cracks through with a “Stage Door” or
goes as folksy as your Mamie, or less,
in “Bachelor Mother.” When you
pause and think back over Ginger’s pic-
ture roles you realize that there’s been
enough variety to make a whirling dervish
dizzy...“Flying Down to Rio” for
instance, the first Astaire-Rogers sensa-

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tional attraction, in which she played a singer with a band; "Roberta," she was a comedienne with a Russian dancing troupe in the Broadway production "Star of Midnight"; the movie star in "In Person"; the East Side toughie in "Romance in Manhattan"; the aesthete in "Having Wonderful Time"; a cafe singer in "Vivacious Lady"; in "Stage Door," a would-be actress and her first venture into what we like to think of as "acting"; "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle," the only biography she's ever done and no child's play, either, having to do it with the living prototype right on the sets with her, go to the sets with the wing-footed femme in all the pictures with Astaire... well, you know that Ginger "turns the other cheek" and keeps rotating it in just about every new part she plays...

But you may not know that it's all part of a pattern, that Ginger has had a very definite plan in her very definite mind from... well, from way back. She never wanted to do two pictures of the same kind in a row. She would have preferred never to do two pictures of the same kind at all. She never wanted teaming of any kind... that's why it was Billy P. in "Star of Midnight," Jimmy Stewart in "Vivacious Lady," George Brent in "In Person," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. in "Having Wonderful Time," "Fifth Avenue Girl" with Tim Holt, "Bachelor Mother" with David Niven, now "Primrose Path" with Joel McCrea, next "Good Luck" with Ronnie Colman... yeah, yeah, Ginger leads a quiet life at home, never goes anywhere, nothing ever happens, but when she works, she sure gets around, she do that...

So, too, when you get to figuring it all out like that, you realize that "Primmrose Path" isn't by any means the first picture in which Ginger has been de-glammed. In "Fifth Avenue Girl" she was a young person humbly seeking employment and wearing an outfit, in most of the scenes, that cost but a few dollars. In "Bachelor Mother" she was a department store clerk wearing simple, economical clothes. In "Having Wonderful Time," she was a stenog, who didn't exactly pose around in platina fox. So it's really only a step forward that Ginger should dye her hair dark, scrub her face to the sub-cuticle and go poor-folksy in "Primrose Path." It was when she was chosen, last year, by a group of stylists of the New York Fashion Academy as "the best dressed All-American Girl" that Ginger determined to get down to earth in her motion picture wardrobe as well as her personal attire—that old Clothes Horse specter reared its ugly head and scared the face thimblebirds off her.

So we're back on the "Primrose Path" again, dear readers... we're on location, at Monterey, California, one dark gray and red sunset, with the sea pounding the sands and the fisherman coming in from the sea and the sails darkening... and Ginger and her co-star, Joel McCrea, built dikes on the beach to trap the incoming tide, helped the fishermen unload their scaly haul and, later, Ginger tried her hand at a bit of net-mending and at running a switch engine in the railroad yard near-by. And it didn't seem that this tall, thin girl with the dark pig-tails, the crumply cotton dress, the briny hands could be the golden Ginger, delicate as a dream, or casual as a kiss in the dark... such a poor, tacky little thing, she looked beautiful, too, in a heart-wrenching way, but tattered and torn and all forlorn... why, I couldn't have been more surprised if one of the sea-gulls had begun to spout Steinbeck...

And it was then, and there, that this train of thought began, this you-never-cant-tell-about-Ginger. You can't, either. That's all I've got to say.

Not in Keeping With the Rule

[Continued from page 27]

Long before Tyrone Power clicked in "Lloyds of London," the public had gone for him in a big way. Power appeared briefly in "Girls Dormitory." It was an unimportant part. Within two weeks after the picture was released, the letter-writers were deluging the studio with inquiries as to the name of the boy who had been in the railroad station scene. Darryl Zanuck tells me that it was the result of this interest that he suggested Power for "Lloyds of London." The director scoffed at the suggestion. "He can't act," Darryl." Zanuck agreed that Power wasn't an Academy Award actor. "But the public likes him." "Hollywood itself is not sure just what quality it is in an unknown performer that the public likes. But whatever that quality is, Richard Greene has it in ample measure, just as Robert Taylor had it, and just as Tyrone Power registered it in one scene of "Girls Dormitory.

The fact that stagers your imagination is this—if Greene, lacking important roles, has scored so solidly in the affections of movie-goers, what will happen when the studio gives him pictures designed to emphasize his appeal. That is what is about to happen. "Little Old New York" gave him the best role he's had to date. "Maryland" will provide him with another good role. From now on, Zanuck is going to give him the best breaks that a big studio can manufacture.

Now what sort of roles would Greene prefer? For the purpose of this story, I interviewed the English boy. "I'd like to get away from these damn pretty-boy roles," he said, and there was blood in his tones. "They get me all tricked out like Mrs. Astor's pet horse. They have experts to see if my make-up is just so.

My hair must be combed this way or that way. If a curl of hair juts up, the picture is halted while a corps of make-up men brush it back into place. It makes a fellow feel like a perfect fool, you know. So if the studio wants to give me roles, I'll take any sort of role in which I can act human. In 'Little Old New York,' you'll never know the kick I got out of being permitted to have a fist-fight. That's the first punch I've thrown since I came to Hollywood.

Back home in London, Greene wasn't handled so carefully. In fact, he was lucky to get an occasional job as an extra in British pictures. He was shoved around and pushed around. He made the rounds of agents' offices and casting offices, and if anybody noticed that he was better looking than most boys of his
age, there was no indication of it in the curt rejections.

Then came his big break, "French Without Tears" was a big success on the London stage, so big in fact that the producers decided to send out a road company to play cities like Liverpool and also to tour the provinces. Having made every other call, Greene decided brashly to go to the theatre where they were casting. He got the part. "I stumbled out of the theatre not believing that it was on the level," he recalls. "With my first week's salary, I got a new suit, a new hat and a new overcoat. I tried to look and act like the successful actors I'd observed around London. In conversations, I'd make it a point to steer the talk to plays so that I could say that I was going out with 'French Without Tears.' That was the thrill of a lifetime."

On the days that they didn't give matinees, young Greene would go to the moving picture houses to see the latest American pictures. It was in Blackpool that he saw Spencer Tracy in "Captains Courageous," and Tyrone Power in "Lloyds of London." Returning to his theatre, Greene and other members of the road company would discuss the technique of Tracy, the appeal of Power. "None of us, of course," he said, "ever dreamed we'd go to Hollywood. The stars of Hollywood lived in a world apart from us. Our highest ambition was to get a speaking part in a British film to earn a little extra money. If we felt like swag- gering, we'd pretend that some day we'd land a part good in a London show."

Within two years, the kid who had paid his shilling to see Tyrone Power in "Lloyds of London" was to occupy a dressing room immediately adjacent to Tyrone in Zanuckville. The Hollywood stars who had so awed him now were to hail him from commissary tables. "It's absolutely fantastic," says Greene. "Most fantastic, to him, is the fact that the United States, this giant land of giant cities, has been so kind in taking him to its favor. "That people you don't even know should actually cast a vote for you is a wonderful thing," he says coruscating, and he is right. "If you are writing something about me, Ed, I'd appreciate it if you'd tell your countrymen that I appreciate it tremendously, and that I think they are awfully good sports."

On the morning that I interviewed Richard Greene for Silver Screen, he showed me, very proudly, the blueprints of a home which an architect had designed for him. Like all prospective home owners, Greene traced each passageway, each room, each door, each window. "When are you going to build it?", I asked, thinking of his reported engagement to Virginia Field.

"I don't know," he confessed unhappily. "It will cost more than $10,000, and I can't afford that. I think I will get a little shack some place where I can go horseback riding on my own horse, and go fishing." I looked at him in some astonishment. "You can afford $15,000 for a home," I suggested. "After all you are going to be a big star in this business. The public likes you, and that determines everything."

"I know," he said, without conviction, "but how can I be sure that they will continue to like me?"

It is that humility, perhaps, that the movie fans have sensed in this good-looking kid, and enjoy so greatly. He's a bit of all right, as John Q. Public suspected.

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too. But I doubt it... he was interested in me, of course, he was fond of me, but I think that was all, for quite a long while.

I told Merle, then, that she was breaking with Tradition by stating, while still in the honeymoon stage, you might say, that she would be a Career Wife. I reminded her how all the girls say, when they are first married, even before they get married, they'll give up their Careers; how they all turn their faces to domesticity as the sun-flower turns to the sun. Look at Priscilla Lane, now, I said, she declares that she won't marry Oren Haughn, not because she isn't in love with him, but because she won't be a Career Wife and isn't prepared to give up her career. And look at Janey Bryan, whose actions speak louder than words. And Bette Davis once told me that Career Women are pitiful things, that a girl-choose why she lives now, I'd be lost without her, but other than for making fudge or minding the baby should be clanked over the head and put out of the way. And then Merle said:

"Yes, but what's true for one person isn't at all true for another. Of course, if I'd married someone out of the profession, someone who objected to my career or who didn't understand it and I knew that his inability to understand it would mean trouble, well, I don't want that. I might have thought about giving it up, but that," said Merle, "is an idle train of thought, really, because I wouldn't have married anyone out of the profession. Not unless he had been a man with an absorbing career of his own. A career every bit as important, and more important, than a screen career could possibly be. A man," said Merle, "must be the dominant factor in marriage.

"But with Alex," smiled Merle, "why, if I have to live with him, I'd be a loss to Alex. I like to think that, working, I am one of his assets... we're going to make 'Manon Lescaut' together, by the way, right after I finish 'The Villa On The Hill,' which will be my next for Warner Bros., I'm told, Merle, that I would be a loss to Alex. I like to think that, working, I am one of his assets..."

"That isn't a domestic," Merle assured me. "I'm really quite domestic, you know, in my own special ways. I mean, I've always run my own house so that I'm fairly-trained when it comes to training servants and planning meals and keeping the household machinery functioning smoothly. I've developed a taste for comfort and excellent meals well served. I've always made a point of doing that sort of thing rather well and now, of course, I feel that I must do it even better, for my husband. I'm certainly not the fluty Pretty Thing type of house wife living in a Doll's House. I like to entertain, too. I like to give small dinner parties. But I can't cook. I'm not good at details, such as counting the linen or checking over the ice-box, things like that. And to be perfectly honest, with myself, I know I'd be bored to large, fat silver crocodile tears if all I had to do was plan dinners and give orders to servants.

"I have one phobia," said Merle, "and it's that if I can't do a thing well, I don't want to do it at all. I don't think I'd do the Just-A-Wife well. It's too exacting a role for me. Goodness knows, I don't belittle it. Oh, quite the contrary.

"And I don't have any home. My own home. I love things, my things. I have a very strong possessive sense. I have a house in London, as you know. My Regency house... and it's absolute Heaven to me. Alex has a house in London, too, but after we were married we lived in my house, because I just couldn't bear to leave it. Well, now it's all dismantled. I saw that before I came back to Hollywood. I've got to face the fact that Hollywood is where I work and probably where Alex will work, too, at least part of the time. And so we must have a house here. And so, for that reason, I'm having all of my old, lovely Regency furniture sent here, every piece of it. I would no more think of leaving my things there, away from me, than I would of leaving them if they were alive. They are alive, to me. We plan to buy a house here, perhaps we'll build one. I want a garden, a large garden, with some orange trees growing in it. And, I hope, children playing in it..."

"For I do want children," Merle told me and the look in her eyes was more articulate than the words she used. "I want children very, very much. If we don't have children, we'll just die."

"When I was a younger, in India, I had a favorite game. I called it Being-A-Mother. I fancied myself at the head of a table of twelve children. It's still my favorite game," smiled Merle, "only now I hope that the fancy can be realized— fact."

"Know what I'm wondering," I broke in on Merle, as she was going on to say that she'd really like to have more leisure time than she has, how she'd like to improve herself by reading more than she does, by learning languages (she already speaks French and Hindustani and knows her Latin), how she'd like to play several musical instruments, how she loves poetry better than anything in the world, how she'd like to be a writer...

"Know what I'm wondering," I interrupted, "I'm wondering just why you want to be a Career Woman, at all. I mean, everything, you've said seems to point the other way. It isn't only that you love your own work, un-impartial and as if you should live on Unearned Income, unearned by you, I mean... But wanting children, as you do, loving a home the way you do, feeling that a man should be the head of his house, as you do, that you're not... I said, helplessly, "it doesn't seem to add up... what is it? Is it that you feel you are a 'born actress' or is it that you love your work so much you couldn't give it up? Or is it that your beauty just naturally predetermined a career in pictures for you? Or is it...?"

"I can tell you exactly what it is," said Merle, "mercifully curbing, my freight-train of thought, 'I want to keep on working because once you've been poor, as my mother and I were poor, it's awful how you want a feeling of security. For when people have been poor, as we were, their pride is sort of kicked around and they are frightened and uncertain. And whatever it is that takes away that fear and that uncertainty, is the thing you can't give up, is the thing you wouldn't dare give up.

"In my case, you see, it was the work I did that made things as safe as things can be for my mother and for me. And when it's work you've done yourself that's accomplished that for you, why, you've got to keep on working, you've got to keep on earning your own security, even when you are married."

"You know, it's true, the story they tell about me, that when I was twelve I saw the silent version of 'The Dark Angel' in a theatre in India and said, then, that I would be a movie actress some day, that I would play in "The Dark Angel," some day. That I did become a movie actress and that I did play in the later version of "The Dark Angel" is, however, just one of those coincidences that happens in most everybody's life, I think, one way or another.

"But if I really can be said to have had any 'Inspiration' in my career, it was even before that. And it wasn't that I had read the Life of Sarah Bernhardt or wanted to be a brunette Mary Pickford. It was that I wanted to make money for my mother. That," said Merle, "was the 'Inspiration' in my career.

"I didn't ever think I was a 'born actress.' I never went around playing at Make-Believe, pretending I was some..."
one I wasn't. I never made faces at myself in the mirror. I certainly never
thought of myself as a photogenic type, even if I'd ever heard the word..."
"... but you must know," I edged in,
"I mean, when you look in the mirror you must know that you are beautiful,
I think it's silly for a girl like you to deny an obvious fact. I think it's false
modesty... I don't think it's believable...
"But I am not beautiful," laughed Merle, but in earnest, "when I look in
the mirror I can assure you that I think nothing of the kind. I think, I'm fooling
them! When I'm all done up to the nines I think, that's a good job you've done,
my girl! No, I do not think my looks have anything to do with what I do. And
I'm not falsely modest, either. I'm most grateful to my eyes, if I must be
analytical about me. On the screen, they look the best thing. But I am not en-
thusiastic about my face. It would be falsely immodest to look at Hedy La-
marr, for instance, the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, and then think
of myself as beautiful. Hedy is really beautiful. That's what beauty is...
"No, it was fear... fear and all of its little gray brothers and sisters that
urged me on... I was a sort of a hypersensitive child, anyway. And India
is an extraordinary place for a child to be. Especially for a sensitive child, a
neurotic child, as I was. I can remember, for instance, being told stories of
the riots in India, when they killed all the English people. And I was an English
'people.' I remember being told that naughty children were punished by being
put in the Black Hole of Calcutta. I'd go for walks with my ayah and along
would come a procession of people with weirdly painted faces and hair like a
whole line of Fuller brushes standing on end! Do you see what I mean? I didn't
feel safe. I didn't ever feel safe, not in any way. I had nightmares almost every
night of my life. I was simply riddled with superstitions and little phobias. I
still wish on the moon, when it's new.
I still wish on the stars. I still have a
feeling about piebald horses. I'm still
mortal afraid of spiders, they are my
bête-noir...
"We didn't even have our own home,
my mother and I. We lived 'around,'
with friends and relatives. We lived for
a time with my godmother in Bombay.
Later, we lived with my aunt and uncle
in Calcutta. That gave me a feeling of
insecurity, too, that having no home of
our own. That made me want not only a
safe place, but my own place.
"That's why I love my own home so
much now," Merle sighed, but happily,
"my own things. That's why I especially
love the evenings Alex and I spend alone.
having a good dinner, good wine, read-
ing, playing games. We laugh a lot, too.
Alex laughs a lot. To me, that's very
important. I live on it. Perhaps, because
laughter only happens in secure, safe
places.

"And that's why," said Merle, tip-
tilting the last drop of coffee out of the
silver urn, "All of that is why I will be
a Career Wife... even," she laughed,
even when, or if, I sit at the head of
a table of twelve children!"
minute Irene crosses the threshold she cases being Irene Dunne, film star, and becomes Mrs. Francis Griffin. Her problems are whether little Mary Frances ate her spinach, whether Dr. Griffin wore his own shoes in the rain, and whether the gardener planted the petunias. Golf is her husband’s favorite sport, and so it is hers. (And mighty good she is, too.) The Griffins do not entertain often, but when they do, the guests are usually the doctor’s friends.

When I cornered Irene on the “My Favorite Wife” set (this time she is Cary Grant’s wife again, lucky girl) and demanded that she shell out a little advice to all the June brides-to-be, she said, “Now, who am I to give advice to anyone about anything?” And there we were right back where we left off some six years ago. But the years have hardened me and I don’t give up so easily now as I did then. After considerable pressure (you can always say that you have a nasty old editor who will fire you unless you get a story, and that when you are starting in the gutter it will all be her fault) poor Irene broke down and talked.

“A wife-to-be,” she said, “should have, above everything else, a sense of humor. If she hasn’t one, she should develop one. The only way to handle the usual domestic problem is in an amusing manner. Serious problems, such as illness, should be treated with full and deep considera- tion. Of course, in developing a sense of humor, it is just as well to be sure that you don’t go to extremes and laugh at the wrong time. It is pretty much a woman’s job to size up a situation before she moves in on it.

“A woman is supposed to have great intuition. She should be able to use it to advantage in knowing when her husband comes into a room whether he is in high spirits or in low spirits. The sense of humor helps when he is low about some- thing. It helps you to get through the office, or because he has shot too high a golf score, or because he has had car trouble on the way home. But if he has a cold, or his stomach is upset, or he has a head- ache, be full of sympathy. That’s not the time for a flippant remark.

“If your husband-to-be is interested in some particular sport, acquire an interest in it, and make this interest genuine. You should interest yourself in the things he likes, not just ‘until you get your man,’ but because you want to keep your man. If he is a golf enthusiast, take up golf, by all means. If he likes to play bridge, learn to play, even if you can’t stand the sight of cards.

“Then pay a bit of attention if he says he doesn’t like the way you dress or the way you do your hair or the color of your nail polish—he is just saying that and doesn’t mean it. He wouldn’t have fallen in love with you in the first place if he really didn’t like you physically as well as you please about the colors you wear, about the cut of your dresses, and about your personal appearance. But be clever enough to let him think that you are paying attention all the time.

“Make a point of finding out what kind of food your husband-to-be likes. If you are going to do your own cooking, pick up recipes of the things he likes. Your friends will be glad to help. And if you are the least bit domestically inclined you will find it very exciting collecting different recipes—and learning to cook them. It’s as old as the hills, but it is still true, that the way to a man’s heart is through his stomach. But not the indigestion way.

“Don’t be the kind of wife who feels that a bridge game should be interrupted at eleven o’clock—and just when your husband was in the mood for a Grand Slam—while she dashes into the kitchen and whips up some gastronomic specialty that is guaranteed to have everyone doubled with indigestion before morning. Many a poor man’s work suffers the next day, not to mention his disposition, just because his wife served the Wednesday Evening Bridge Club large portions of chicken a la king, or waffles drowned in melted butter and maple syrup, or strawberry shortcake covered with whipped cream, or Welsh rabbit. Strange how some women, who make a study of the balanced diet, suddenly go berserk over that midnight snack. It invariably means an irri- table husband the next day.

“There is at least one simple principle of behavior which a young wife should never ignore. Clothes do not make the woman, any more than they make the man, but certainly your husband-to-be fell in love with you a good deal as he found you—well-groomed, your hair brushed and neatly in place, your nails manicured, and your entire appearance attractive and alert. So there is no reason why, simply because you are married to him, that you should go around the house in an old kimono, with runs in your stockings, and your hair in curlers.

“Before you married you looked your very prettiest when he came calling in the evening, after a day’s work at the office. So, just because you are married to him is no reason for you to let yourself go. I know there are a lot of jokes about the Englishman dressing for dinner in the jungles of Africa, but if more married couples would bother to dress for dinner there would certainly be fewer divorces.”

“Miss Dunne,” shouted the assistant director, “Close up with Mr. Scott.”

“Randolph Scott and Cary Grant,” I gulped. “Some women get all the breaks. Now for those two I’d dress to the hit every night for dinner without a mur- mur.”

“Now, Elizabeth, please don’t quote me,” Irene said plaintively as she ran a comb through her hair and dabbed powder on her very cute nose. “I feel so silly giving advice. No one wants advice these days. And anyway, who am I to give any- one advice about anything?”

“Some day I’m going to think up a good answer for that. But right now I am too busy learning to play bridge, golf, and cook. My midnight snack is going to be so full of health that even Garbo’s Dr. Hauser will approve.”

The very much amused John Garfield with socialites Cobina Wright, Jr., Jose- phine Johnson and Sigrid Larson, at a reception recently given at the Waldorf- Astoria for Hal Wallis, the Warner Wizard, and his wife, Louise Fazenda.
first school, but poor. Perhaps, their huts or cabins had dirt floors, but those floors were spotlessly clean. So were the kitchens in which the food was prepared.

"And let me tell you something else: when you go to a Mexican restaurant for dinner you seldom if ever get real Mexican food. You get bastard dishes concocted to please American palates. Why, I learned to cook dishes that make your mouth water.

"I still do most of the cooking at our house and when you come to dinner (a gentle reminder, Bob, that I'm still waiting) I'll start you off with some Mexican and Spanish dishes, the like of which you've NEVER tasted."

"I'll bet," I conceded gloomily.

Bob gave me a dirty look. "Mook," he informed me, "you're a louse!" I believe he used a stronger appellation, but this is a family magazine and "louse" conveys the general idea.

It was when he was in High School that his dramatics teacher, Edward J. Wenig, interested him in the theatre. When he was fifteen Mr. Wenig sent him to Mrs. Tyrone Power, who was organizing a Shakespearean company to tour the West Coast. Bob was engaged.

Some nights he carried a spear, other nights he played the title role in "Julius Caesar." He was frightened out of his wits every time he donned the make-up of the greatest Roman of them all, not by the crowds, the footlights or the greasepaint. Those didn't terrify him. He was afraid that his changing voice would crack at any minute. But it never did.

"Where was Tyrone—that you should have to play 'Julius Caesar' in his own mother's company when movies hadn't discovered him either?" I demanded skeptically.

"He was working with Fritz Lieber," Bob explained patiently, although he treated me to another of his dirty looks. "Mr. Lieber not only paid more, he paid more regularly, because he was an established Shakespearean actor and Mrs. Power, as a woman producer, was venturing into uncharted seas. We had a helluva time making ends meet, but I want to state here and now that I have never, any time or any place, met a finer woman than Mrs. Power. Ty ought to be mighty proud of a mother like her.

"Well, finally the going got a little too tough and the company gave up the ghost. I came back to Los Angeles and worked at Santa Anita. I was on what is called 'the clean-up crew.' We swept out the grandstand, cleaned up the promenades and hung around the parking lots after the races were over. I averaged about ten bucks a day."

"A sawbuck a day!" I ejaculated.

"Boy, you must sure swing a mean broom to pull down a salary like that."

Bob grinned. "Well, my salary was only $2 or $3 a day, but lots of times some drunk couldn't find his car and would slip us a fin to dig it out for him. And, occasionally, we would find a winning ticket that someone had thrown away by mistake. That's what I got hired for once. You see, the track figures if people throw away a winning ticket it should make that money and one of the stewards caught me going through the discards and sacked me. But I went back to work next day and he'd forgotten about it and me."

When the racing season was over, Bob started looking around for another theatrical job and, eventually, landed with the Pasadena Community Theatre, Gilmore Brown, the director, worked tirelessly with Bob on his voice, seeking the proper pitch for it, and today it is one of his greatest assets.

"That group really has three theatres," he told me. "The workshop, the test theatre and the large theatre where the public goes. I was with them almost two years before I was ever cast in a play in the big theatre."

William Holden and Wayne Morris were there at the same time as Bob. Curiously, it was no talent scout who discovered Bob. It was one of Para-

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Once Was Enough!

[Continued from page 39]

or that the train started to leave, and
we saw a veteran hobo, who’d been with
us, try to pull himself on. It was a foggy
morning. He missed his footing, fell be-
tween two freight cars under the wheels
and was crushed to death.” Julie added:
“That was the end of my career as a
non-revenue railway traveler.”

It was during that same trip that Gar-
field nearly starved. He lists it as another
of his once was plenty experiences.

His fellow traveler was another New
Yorker, an artist. When they couldn’t
get work of any kind, and hunger became
acute, artist and actor had an inspiration.
They were in Kansas at the time.

“My friend sold ink sketches of New
York skyscrapers, and I gave recitations,
including ‘The Raven’ and ‘The Face on
the Barroom Floor.' We made enough to
eat on, padding our income with the pro-
ceeds from odd jobs such as chopping
wood and things like that, when we were
lucky enough to find the work.”

It was one of these odd jobs which re-
sulted in another experience Garfield
would hate to relive. He had a temporary
job as a farmhand in Nebraska and one
night he left the bunk house for a drink
of water. Unfortunately, he drank from a
stagnant well and reached New York
with a mounting fever.

“Roberta, who wasn’t my wife then,
came over to welcome me back. She took
one look at me and called a doctor. He
decided it was typhoid, and I spent eight
weeks in a hospital.” Julie added, “You
can put that one right at the top of my
list of horrible experiences.”

“Another incident that belongs close to
the head of the list,” he continued, “hap-
pened in Philadelphia. I was playing an
office boy in ‘Counselor-at-Law.’ Paul
Muni was the star. One of my jobs was
to prepare the switchboard before the
scene started, but one night I forgot to
do it. I remembered about it after the
curtain had gone up, and started to fix it
then and there. But in my nervousness
and hurry, I pushed over a box of candy
that was one of the props, and the stuff
rolled in all directions. The audience
shrieked, while Mr. Muni tried to help me
out by ad-libbing. But the only reply I
could make, over and over, was ‘It fell
down.’ Finally, with relief, I started off-
stage, feeling sure the worst had now
happened. But there was more to come—
I’d slammed the door so hard in my
craziness to get off the stage, that my
exit was accompanied by shattering glass
and more shrieks from the audience!”

“Another embarrassing experience I’d
tend to relive concerns Beatrice Lillie
when we were on a party together in New
York several years ago. Noel Coward was
present. I was young enough to want to
make an impression, and in my effort to
appear as sophisticated as the rest, I took
my very first drink. I also took my second
and my third drink. Soon things began to
blur. The more blurred they became, the
harder I stared through the haze at Bea.
Finally she asked me what was the mat-
ter. ‘Lady Peel,’ I said solemnly and
loudly, ‘I wonder if you realize you have
the two largest feet I have ever seen?’

“Fortunately,” Julie laughed, “Bea has
a sense of humor, and laughed it off. Even
so, I spent the next two years apologiz-
eging each time we met. Finally, the apolo-
gies became more embarrassing to her
than the original remark, and she begged
me to stop.”

“There’s one other experience that be-
longs on my list,” Julie confided. “I’d
definitely hate to relive my first day on a
Hollywood movie set.”

“We were shooting ‘Four Daughters,’
and I had my part thoroughly memorized.
But when we started to rehearse, and
the carpenters kept on with their ham-
ering and the electricians shouted in-
structions to each other over my head, I
became rattled. Also I became indignant,
figuring they were being deliberately rude.
I was used to the New York stage, you
see, where rehearsals are a sacred busi-
ness and people tip-toe while one is going
on.”

“I’d start my lines, and then stop ab-
ruptly, glaring around, until the director
said: ‘Please continue, Mr. Garfield,’ I
-glared at him, too, then announced in a
dignified, scathing tone: ‘I’m waiting for
silence!’ I got it for one moment while
everyone stared at me,” Julie said,
laughing, “then I got the ‘raspberry.’ I’m
certainly glad,” he finished, “that there’s
only one first time for everything, and
that that particular experience, at least,
is one I’ll never have to relive!”

Wayne Morris and his wife seem to be getting a tremendous kick out of having
dinner with the shy and bashful newlyweds, Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan.
BEAUTIFUL HATS WITH GREAT PLUMES ON THEM. STUFF THAT SHE HAS SINCE GIVEN TO A MUSEUM.

She has been greatly attracted to three things all of her life—drawing, writing, and acting—with their importance in the reverse order. She won't give up any of the others, has the edge over the others. So much so that a swank Rosemary Hall school in Greenwich, Connecticut, she went in for dramatics when they were, perforce, done on the students' own time. You don't memorise a great chunk of "Machete" outside of school unless you're seriously about it all.

After Rosemary Hall, she put in a stretch at Ferrmata School in Aiken, South Carolina. Then Sarah Lawrence for two years and a tour of Europe. On her return she was able to get into school much less social, but much more practical from the standpoint of her aims—the Paramount School (then existent) in New York.

I put in three invaluable months at the school, but the thought of the Coast was too much for me. So—I packed up the pictures Arnold Genthe had taken of me and headed for Hollywood with my sister, who also wanted to break into the films.

It was at this point that the water, who had come to take away the things hitched up and it was at this point that whatever it is that good schools and good breeding do for people came quickly to the rescue; she really handled the situation. She went on:

"My sister and I studied everything under the sun we could think of that might endear us to the movie people—even if they did stay in their own houses and didn't come near ours. Then things began to look up and MGM gave me a test. It didn't pan out, Mr. Gregory Ratoff gave me a test for me at 20th Century-Fox, but this was no go, either."

This didn't discourage her. You might well think, having lived the sheltered life that money and position can provide, that Janice would be readily bowled over by the first run of bad luck. Not so, she stood up to the slings and arrows of outrageous Hollywood with as much fortitude as girls who'd faced adversity at every turn of their lives until they had become so hardened that nothing fazed them.

Meanwhile her family was none too pleased with her endeavors and her father frankly didn't believe she had a chance. So you see they weren't pulling strings to help her along; she had to ring doorbells like anyone else.

"I managed to get an agent to take me over to Paramount. The man I talked to there asked, 'What experience have you had in the movies, Miss ah, Miss ah. Miss Logan?' I told him that I'd had none so far and he threw up his hands in despair. 'Just one thing,' I said to him, 'if you don't give me a chance how am I going to get experience—will you tell me that?' He didn't answer."

She tried to answer it herself by wriggling into Paramount's school on the Coast. She worked earnestly with a young bunch including William Holden, later to be the star of "Golden Boy." Then Paramount discontinued the school.

"I think the Scarlett O'Hara test was a good thing for me," she said, "because it brought me to people's attention. I'm sure it had a great deal to do with helping me get a test at Paramount. And it was this test that resulted in my first movie role, "Undercover Doctor.""

In spite of her dramatic schooling, she was terrified by the mechanics of a building studio with time and money elements involved. She didn't even know where the camera was that first day and she had a sneaking suspicion that she should. So she asked a dark-haired man, who sat nearby studying the script. He pointed it out and introduced himself. He was the villain, Mr. Naish.

"Every actor and actress I've met in Hollywood has helped me," she admitted. "As we did each scene, Mr. Naish would whisper, 'Turn a little more to the right,' or 'A little to the left this time, it's a better angle for you.' Believe me, those things help."

Following "Undercover Doctor," Miss Logan was at liberty. She didn't like being at liberty, in fact, resented it heartily. So, she began harrysting (that's the only word that will describe what went on) the man who was about to produce "Dr. Cyclops," a Technicolor-thriller Paramount had up their sleeve. She camped on his doorstep and literally made a daily demand for the lead, but he was taking his time about choosing the cast. Finally, as if in answer to the auto suggestion she had been directing at his mind, or perhaps in sheer defeat, he stepped to the door and crooked a finger at her. Miss Logan went in with a well-it's-about-time air and calmly asked for her script.

"That was the twelfth of June," she said, "and I didn't draw a rested breath until the picture was finished. Here I was, one girl, teamed up with a gang of husky men. They'd work by the hour until suddenly someone would remember and yell, 'Hey! Don't forget we've got a girl here; she may be a little bit tired!' I usually was, but I tried to keep it to myself.

She described the group as an "unknown cast." You often hear movie people say that about the movies their pals are in, but you never hear them refer to their own films in any such fashion. It is a cast of unknowns—with the possible exception of Victor Kilian, and he is known only to your thorough student of the cinema. The point in this paragraph is that she was honest enough to admit it.

Briefer, and in part, the story is this. Charles Halton, a biologist, and his technical assistant, Janice Logan, arrive in the Peruvian jungle where Albert Dekker, a rival, has been for two years. Other people become involved in the plot and the bunch land in Dekker's camp, where he is hiding a uranium mine in his back yard. Because they discover it he invites them into a lead-lined boudoir and sprays them with a mysterious electric current. Presto (Continued on page 76)
Everybody who was anybody in Hollywood was there and you should have seen the scramble when two rival producers saw him at the same time. What a matinee idol he would have made! He was six foot two with shoulders that went with his height and he looked like a young god. He had bronzed skin and crisp black hair and blue eyes. It was a shame to waste all that on stocks and bonds, but wasted it was. For Deems was a Wall Street man, as his father and grandfather had been before him. He had no more use for a screen career than he would have had for a third thumb.

There wasn’t any doubt that Deems was headed for Hollywood’s Glamour Boy No. 1 with all the top rating stars flocking around him. But, believe it or not, I was the only one to arouse any interest in him at all that day.

This is how it happened. I heard shrieks of laughter coming from the part of Frances’ garden she has given over to her two bears, so I decided to see for myself. I could have seen Deems and his gang of virile imaginings have seized on, so I sneaked away from the party to say hello to them.

That’s how I met Dirk, his eyes round as he watched the antics of the two honey bears, and I was flattered when Fred insisted I stay to see their circus.

Fred was balancing himself on the tight rope strung between two trees when I realized someone else was watching the game, too. I looked up and there stood Deems, his eyes tender as he looked at that small boy of his doing a tumbling act with Big Boy, the St. Bernard.

“It’s a great place for kids out here, isn’t it?” he asked.

A blind man could have seen Deems’ absorbing interest in the boy. He told me things I don’t think he’d ever told anyone before, certainly not a stranger he’d just met. But it was enough for him that I liked Dirk.

Somehow, it was a lonely picture Deems painted of himself without intending it to be that way at all. But I could see the little rich boy he’d been, who had grown up and married a girl he loved only to lose her and who hadn’t cared for anything after that except his work and his son.

So, I understood how Deems felt when we went back to the others and he seemed so aloof and alone for all that he was so gracious to everyone.

Wilma came late that day and, as usual, she was surrounded by admirers. But for once their adoration wasn’t enough for her. Her eyes followed Deems, who wasn’t paying any attention to her at all, and for the first time I saw something very close to pique come into them. That was a luxury for Wilma. She always steered clear of any emotion, knowing what feeling anything intensely can do to a woman’s looks.

I was interviewing her the next day and, as usual, I dreaded it. But when I got there it was different than it ever had been before. Wilma seemed really interested in seeing me and was obviously in a chatting mood, which is the greatest blessing a star can bestow on a scribbler intent on a story.

But it wasn’t long before I knew what lay underneath it all. Deems, of course. It was the first time I had seen her take an active interest in anyone.

I told her about the little boy and how absorbed Deems was in him and then I wished I hadn’t. For Wilma’s eyes grew speculative as she listened and I realized she was preparing a campaign to get Deems’ interest. And Deems was too good for that.

“Do you know I’m thinking of adopting a baby?” she said.

Any other time I would have seized on that, knowing that for once I was really getting a story from her. But even as she said it, I made up my mind that was one story I’d never write. It was so palpable that she wanted to put herself down as a lover of children in order to get Deems’ sympathy. And I was certain, too, that by the time the story was published Wilma would be off on some other tangent and Deems would be forgotten and the story would make a laughing stock of both me and the magazine that had published it.

Wilma went around a bit after that. She was at the Santa Anita race track the day Deems was there as a guest of Bing Crosby’s and she attended the polo games the days Deems played and she even went to the West Side Tennis Club matches, though everyone knew she hadn’t the least interest in sports of any kind.

For the first time in her life she was obvious and for the first time, too, a little ridiculous. She always managed to be part of the group Deems was with and, though he was as charming to her as he was to everyone else, it ended when it began with just that. And polite interest wasn’t enough for Wilma. She was actually going after a man and she couldn’t see her for dust.

I was amazed the day Wilma called me and asked me to go to the desert with her over the week-end. Then when I read my morning paper I saw the reason. Deems and little Dirk were listed among the guests staying at La Quinta.

Of course, we went there and registered at the same hotel and that afternoon Wilma put on the briefest and most glamorous bathing suit I’d ever seen and wandered down to the swimming pool.

It would be amazing enough to see Wilma actually dipping into the pool with no regard for the blazing desert sun streaming down on it, without her seeking out little Dirk and getting into a huddle with him. Wilma who had never had the slightest use for a child before.

There they were stretched out beside the pool and she was laughing at herself, laughing with him as she helped him launch his toy sailboat and watching its progress as breathlessly as himself.

Deems went over to them and something happened as he looked at them. They seemed to belong together, the woman and the boy. He grinned and his whole face lit up so that you could see the other times he’d been smiling hadn’t meant anything at all.

The three of them went on a picnic the next day and the night before we were going home Deems invited us to dinner in his suite, and it was amusing to see Wilma insist on going into Dirk’s room and hearing his prayers and tucking him into bed.

“You do know,” she said simply as she came back, “I always used to think children were a bore, but Dirk makes me know what I’ve missed. I wish he belonged to me.”

I thought she was being clever, then suddenly I sensed her honesty sprang from something deeper than that. I looked at her and I was amazed at what I saw in her eyes, loneliness and hunger and sadness. Even a clever actress couldn’t have simulated those emotions so poignantly and Wilma had never been a clever actress.

It had begun as a game. I knew that. But in those brief days her game had become a reality.

We left the next morning with Deems coming down to see us off, his hand holding Wilma’s as if he never wanted to let it go again as he said goodbye.

“I’ll be back at the end of the week,” he promised. “We have a lot to make up for and we can do so many days, so many years. Goodbye . . . darling.”

Wilma was crying as our car sped away.

“Did you hear what he said?” she whispered. “He called me, darling!”

So many men had called her that, lightly or intensely or in despair and it hadn’t meant anything. Now it was as if she were hearing it for the first time.
hearing it and knowing in that moment that love can mean hurt as well as ex-
citement.

But Deems didn’t see Wilma when he came back.

One of the Hollywood gossip writers had written a story about the little epi-
sode in La Quinta, lampooning Wilma.

“We all know the most beautiful girl in Hollywood is as heartless as she is beauti-
ful,” he wrote. “So it was amusing to see
her play the mother to the son of a cer-
tain young millionaire. All the men who
have loved her and discovered how little
love means in her scheme of things would
have laughed to see her acting as a woman
who could actually feel anything except
vanity. Ah well, in these precarious days
will anybody expect Wilma to be taken up
after her next picture, millions are worth striving for.”

Of course, he didn’t mention her name.
He didn’t have to. And after I read it,
I did something I’d never done before.
I mixed into a love affair.

Deems told me how outrageous the whole thing was and how untrue. But he interrupted me bitterly.

“It isn’t just the item,” he said.

“Everybody’s been kidding me about it.
I’ve heard stories. Isn’t it true she’s
played around all her life?”

“This time it’s serious,” I told him.

“She cried that morning we left you. She
talks about you all the time...”

“She’s an actress, isn’t she?” he de-
manded. “It’s nice of you to be her friend
and all that, but don’t you see what it’s
done to me? I loved her. And now I
know it didn’t mean anything to her.
There have been lots of women after my
money. But I didn’t think Wilma was like
that.”

It was useless to argue with him. He
was hurt as bitterly as Wilma was and
I could see what that hurt was doing to her.

“I didn’t know love was like this,” she
said to me one evening. “It’s like going
mad, isn’t it, or being hurt physically?
Doctors say a heart can’t really break.
But mine’s breaking.”

Then after a while her pride came to her
rescue.

“I’ve got one thing left anyway,” she
said. “My work. Oh, I know that every-
body’s saying that my contract won’t be
taken up. But it will. I’ll work so hard in
this picture, it’ll be a success. Just wait
and see.”

Deems left for Europe the day Wilma’s
picture started. It was a few months be-
fore we came home, and a few business
interests demanded he be there. Dirk was
staying at Pasadena with his nurse, be-
because the doctor had advised Deems
against taking him along.

I was seeing a friend off to New York
at the airport the day he left, so I saw
Wilma coming up to him breathlessly. Of
course, he was polite, Deems always
would be polite, but I think it would have
been easier for Wilma if he had cut her
dead.

While Dirk ran up to her and I saw
Deems turn away almost in disgust as
she kissed him. But after he was gone and
they went together watching the plane
become a dot on the horizon, I wished
Deems could have seen her eyes and her

ears and the way she held on to his boy
in that desperate hungry way. Even he
would have known she wasn’t pretending
then.

I didn’t see Wilma for a while after
that. She was working harder than she
had ever worked before and I know how
important her work had become to her
now that it was taking the place of every-
thing else in her life. So, when I heard
that little Dirk was desperately ill in
Pasadena I thought the kindest thing to
do would be not to tell her. She couldn’t
do anything about it anyway.

But one evening she called me.

“Dirk’s nurse has sent for me,” she
said. “I didn’t know he was ill or I
would have gone even though they didn’t
want me. But they do want me. Dirk’s
asking for me.”

The next few weeks were a night-
mare. Deems was still in Europe and the
cables his secretary sent hadn’t reached
him and the doctors said the boy had
less than a fifty-fifty chance of living.

Wilma was spending every moment she
could with the boy. He was happier when
she was there and she went to him as
soon as she was through at the studio,
sitting up with him all night so that he
would see her when he awakened. She
done sometimes in the big chair pulled
up beside the bed, but slept so lightly that
her name whispered on his lips or his
small hand reaching towards her was
enough to waken her.

Her face became haggard under the
strain. Even make-up couldn’t hide the
circles under her eyes, the drawn look
around her mouth, the sunken contour of
her face. My heart sank one day when
I was at the studio and I saw the rushes
of the day’s work.

“You can’t go on like this,” I told her.
You’ll be through, Wilma you’ve got to
rest. This picture is so important.”

“Nothing’s important, except Dirk,”
she said. She was trembling from nervous-
ness and loss of sleep. “The doctor says
my being there is a help, and Dirk’s got
to get well.”

I went with her that afternoon. It
seemed like a mausoleum sitting down-
stairs in the living room in the hushed
house. Nurses flitted past the door on
their way upstairs and down, doctors and
specialists came and went and through it
all I heard Wilma’s voice coming down
to me as she talked to the boy. Once she
sang to him and there was such poignance
in her voice it almost broke my heart.

Then I heard a key turn in the massive
door and Deems came in. He hadn’t
shaved for days and he looked tired and
guant. Afterwards, I heard how he had
come from Europe on the Atlantic Clip-
per and of the special plane he’d hired in
New York to get out here, but then it
didn’t seem like a miracle to see him
standing here. We’d all been through so
much we couldn’t think.

“How is he?” he demanded. “Is he...”

But I didn’t have to answer. I heard
a door open upstairs and the sound of
feet running down the stairs and there was
Wilma.

“He’s going to live,” she said breath-
lessly. “He’s passed the crisis.”

Then for the first time she saw Deems
looking at her and her voice broke.

[Continued on page 78]
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From Riches to Rags

[Continued from page 73]

and their bodies diminish to one-fifth their normal size. Here things get com- plicated.

"My handkerchief," Miss L. blushed, "was now my dress."

Before you make a dash for your local palais de cinema, gentlemen, reflect! Recall that they were now people, one-fifth normal size, ergo, the handkerchief now assumed the proportions of a sheet—also a problem.

"It certainly was a problem," she had to laugh. "If you were stood in front of an airplane propeller (simulating a jungle hurricane) with only a sheet wrapped around you, wouldn't you wonder what you'd do if it became detached from your person? I did!"

She solved the problem by pinning the sheet in so many places that she was able to face the toughest gales and, mirabile dictu, not a thing blew off. But Providence got back at her, this way.

"We were working on a set so big it took three hours to light it. It required about sixty electricians to be busy over- head, and a little number below—all watch- ing us. That costs money, so naturally the director wanted to shoot the sequence without delay and we hurried to places.

"As usual, something was ill, something was after me, and this time I was supposed to dash into the protection of some prop cactus, wearing the customary sheet and worried expres- sion. The cameras rolled and I dashed. "Swell!" hollered the director, and little echoes of 'swell' sang around him—with one exception, the cameraman. His 'Sorry, can't use it!' sounded like a bomb going off in a deserted graveyard. 'Why not?' the director demanded, very much an- noyed. Well, answered the cameraman, 'she tore her sheet on that first cactus of course; if you think the Hays office . . . ?'

Apropos the fact that she had to (and did) keep up with the otherwise male cast, she was working late one evening and was very tired.

"I was hanging onto a big vine over a stream in which lay our crocodile actor," she grimaced. 'Great guy, that croc.' If they fed him he promptly went into a torpor that would have defied the com- bined efforts of every director in Holly- wood to rouse him. However, since he cocked an eye at me I knew he hadn't lunched and was toying with the idea of a little Biet de Logan.

"I should have been more careful know- ing that I was worn out, but I got interested in the director's instructions and lifted my hand to make a gesture. Crash! I slipped and slid two feet down the vine before I was able to stop myself. Scared? I went home that night and threw two new crocodile bags right out of the win- dow. Ugh!"

The animals in the cast were, by far, more temperamental than the actors. The actors were docile, the animals possessed of a thousand devils, especially the cat. He was one of the stars of the piece, picked solely for his rotten disposition. He was the Bligh of the feline kingdom and worked only when he felt like it. Woe betide the careless actor who disturbed the mouser after he had been persuaded to start emoting.

"I'm afraid it was Voltaire, she said, "who wrote, 'Beware of the woman who does not like cats.' After our trials and tribulations with this baby the whole cast automatically fell into the beware-of cate- gory, and no pun intended."

This young lady might be considered interesting as a study of the type of girl whom the movies are attracting more of to- day. She comes from a very good fam- ily, but doesn't put on airs. She responds readily to advice and goes out of her way to learn more about her business—con- sidering advice from any qualified source too important to overlook. She is intel- ligent and uses words like "gregarious" and "variegated" as naturally as "yes" or "no." She writes, typing speedily with three fingers, and doesn't kid herself when her stuff isn't good. She draws because she'd stale if she didn't. She went through a "violent poetry stage" (her own words), but recovered completely.

She was surprised when told that occa- sionally she said "yerr" instead of "yes." She will probably spend much time in the future getting rid of that "yerr." She is glad that her grandmother takes unconcealed delight in her so-far success and is happy that her brother father is more or less reconciled to it and not above boasting about her on the sly. He isn't sure that he likes the close con- junction of sheet, crocodile and his daugh- ter. Neither is she. One thing is certain. Parental okay or no, she won't quit what she's trying to do.

She has startling theories about the
films, most of them good. Like: "More money should be spent on the movies and less on the stars' paychecks." Unusual talk coming from one so soon to be a star herself; but it's common sense that she believes in. And, incidentally, a development which moves are swinging toward, already.

She hasn't done any radio work as yet, but would like to and doesn't pretend to be superior to it, as movie people once did. She wants a minimum of run-of-the-mill ingenue parts, stuff along dramatic lines. She doesn't chase around with the stars but lives alone—her sister has gone back to Chicago.

Despite the fact that she went to school with very social kids like herself, she hasn't bothered much with the formal world of society, because she's been too busy sitting on producers' doorsteps. In comparison with society, she finds the people of the theatre more interesting.

She has blonde hair and blue eyes. Her height is five feet five, but, because she is small-boned, she impresses as being taller. She weighs 118 pounds. Her hat size is 21, her glove 9 and her shoe 6½. She looks a little older in pictures than she does in real life. Although this has nothing to do with her measurements, her agent is Zeppo Marx.

She wishes that her mother (who died when Janice was two) were alive today because she thinks she might be proud that her daughter had "accomplished a little something."

Her mother could be very proud of this girl—any mother could.

Sitting in a luxurious suite at the Waldorf-Astoria (and wearing an attractive gray something made of roughish something and sporting a fur of some sort on the bottom of it) she looked miles away from her recent perils. What she did suggest was a beautiful girl who was intelligent and who went after every lucky break she saw on the movie horizon. Miss Logan, they say, is headed in the right direction and traveling fast.

Miss Logan, to resort to a terrible gag, is the berries.

"Typhoon" Has Something to Blow About

[Continued from page 71]

mount's lawyers. He went back to the studio, raving so over Bob they summarized him. And it was no perfunctory test they gave him. It ran to the incredible length of two thousand feet and no less an actor than J. Carroll Naish played opposite him. They did two scenes—one from "The Last Mile" and the other from "Idiot's Delight."

"I still think that test is the best performance I've ever given," Bob averred. "I wish when producers are considering me for a part they'd look at that instead of my pictures."

His first part was in "King of Alcatraz," followed by "Illegal Traffic" and the ill-fated "Disbarred."

Quoting from his biography, "he is six feet one inch tall, is an accomplished boxer and has fought in the Golden Gloves tournaments. He weighs 175 pounds, has dark brown hair and eyes of a brilliant gray."

"What are you staring at?" he demanded suddenly.

"I just wanted to see what that brilliant gray eyes look like," I answered guiltily.

"Mook," he amended his previous statement, "you're not only a louse, you're a heel!" Again he used a stronger word. There is no limit to the flexibility of his vocabulary.

"Any hobbies?" I queried, ignoring his unfaltering opinion of me.

"Clothes!" he shot back promptly.

"I'm wacky about them."

At the time he was clad only in a ragged pair of dungarees and a filthy shirt open from waist up—his costume for his part in "Typhoon."

"I don't wonder you're wacky about clothes," I jibed. "You sure know how to wear 'em."

"This is male glamour I'm putting out today," he cut me off.

He's been to only five previews—those of his own pictures. When I left Hollywood in August he had never been to a Hollywood party. He had never been asked to one. It was while I was away his name first began being linked with Dorothy Lamour's. When I returned in November, Bob was running Jimmy Stewart a close second for man-about-town honors—except that Jimmy plays the field and Bob is constant.

"Ever since I entered pictures," he commented when I joshed him about a family man going social, "I had been seeing only friends of my pre-picture days. I thought I ought to begin finding out something about how the other half lives."

"What about your romance with Dorothy Lamour?" I drew him out subtly.

"You dog!" he shouted. "I knew that was coming!"

It was my turn to grin and Bob quieted down. "I'll tell you," he replied seriously. "Poor Dottie has been kicked around from pillar to post all her life. All she's ever got from anyone was a kick in the—a kicking around. She's never had any fun because she's always had to work too hard. Since we've been going around she's learned to laugh and enjoy herself. So she's re-designed her design for living. She got off that radio program so she could have Saturday nights and Sundays free and live like a human being. But there isn't any romance. We're just good friends."

From the foregoing you can see for yourself it's no wonder Bob became an overnight hit. He's new in pictures, but he'll get along because not only has he great talent, he's what is known as 'quick study.' It doesn't take him long to learn the answers.

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The Girl Who Was Too Beautiful

[Continued from page 75]

"I haven't been intruding," she said, her head lifting. "Dirk wanted me. He..."

She didn't go on, not with Deems taking that quick step towards her, not with his arms going around her. He didn't know the story then, he didn't have to know it with Wilma's face telling all of it there was to tell. She wasn't beautiful then, if you count beauty in soft contour and freshness, but if you can see it in suffering and in a love so great that it transcends all thought of you, we should have known that Wilma had never been so beautiful before.

I left then, without a word to either of them, feeling I had seen the happy ending of one of the tenderest love stories I'd ever known. But there was another end, an end no one had expected.

That end came the day after Wilma and Deems had returned from their honeymoon and it happened at a sneak preview of her picture in a little movie theatre in Westwood. Afterwards, I discovered that the studio had decided to give it this chance before shelving it. They thought they had a flop on their hands.

I thought so, too, when I saw those first scenes with Wilma looking like a caricature of her old lovely self. Then, in a few minutes, it didn't matter that she wasn't beautiful in this picture. There was such poignancy about her, something so heartbreaking and real that it caught at your throat and brought the tears to your eyes. I'd never seen a performance like it and when the picture finished to dead silence I was furious at the audience for not having caught the quality of it.

But they had felt it. They were only too shaken at first to respond. And I could understand why.

Then the applause began, and when the lights went up I saw women weeping and men blushing their noses with the aggressive nonchalance men always rely on to hide their emotions.

I reached over and caught Wilma's hand.

"Congratulations on the Academy Award," I whispered. "You can name your own contract after this."

She smiled and shook her head.

"I've got the only contract I want," she said smiling up at Deems. "And that isn't really a contract. Love doesn't need one."

So, of course, I wasn't amazed as the rest of Hollywood was when she turned down one of the most flattering contracts her studio had ever offered a star. And it didn't matter that she didn't get the Academy Award that year, either. Contracts and awards, even Academy ones, are pretty unimportant when they're stacked up against the little everyday things that make up the life of a man and a woman who love each other.

Reviews

[Continued from page 59]

he forced his starving men over insurmountable obstacles to the fortified fortress of St. Francis. Robert Young gives an excellent portrayal of the Colonial artist, Langdon Towne, who joins up with Rogers' Rangers, and the ever working Walter Brennan is a stand-out, as usual, as young Towne's self-appointed bodyguard. Ruth Hussey plays the feminine romantic interest, and Isabel Jewell has a small part as Jennie Coit, the white girl who prefers to live with the Indians. This is a very hearty picture, and if you are inclined to be squeamish, it will probably be too much for you. The men, of course, will eat it up.

YOUNG TOM EDISON

Mickey Rooney's Best Performance—M-G-M

As YOUNG Tom Edison that amazing Mickey Rooney gives the best performance of his amazing career. Even the choosy people who have held out against Mickey on account of his youthful exuberance, which is rarely curbed, will now have to give in and admit the kid is swell. The life of Tom Edison as a boy (Spencer Tracy is now at work on "Edison, the Man") is homespun stuff that will remind you very much of Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer." The anecdotes, which are authentic we are assured, are rich in both comedy and pathos. Young Tom, we are told, was one of those misunderstood boys, considered addle-pated by his hometown folk, because of his absorption in his "experiments." His father failed to understand him, but, fortunately, he had a very sympathetic mother. His experiments are a source of great annoyance to his neighbors, but finally he saves his mother's life by one of them, and his familiarity with the Morse Code prevents a train wreck, and saves the lives of dozens of people. After that he is the hero of Port Huron, Michigan. George Bancroft plays Tom's father, and Fay Bainter his mother, while cute little Virginia Weidler plays his sister Tamie. Stand-outs in smaller roles are Eugene Pallette, John Kellogg, Bobbie Jordan and J. M. Kerrigan. Spencer will have a lot of topping to do to top Mickey's Edison.

THE ROAD TO SINGAPORE

Tunefully Entertaining—Paramount

THOSE two radio rivals, Bing Crosby and Bob Hope, are teamed for the [Continued on page 82]
Pictures on the Fire!

[Continued from page 55]

And then he calls her for a scene. A branch of young folk are gathered around a dining room table. Ann Morris (who is no slump herself when it comes to looks) is standing at the head. "For heaven's sake," she exclaims, "sit down, everyone. We're all starved!"

But just as they start to sit Joan breezes in: "Hello, everyone," she beams. "Sorry to be late—I started hours ago, but George (Frank Milan) always stops for red lights until they change twice."

As she finishes, she catches sight of Bob Cummings (remember him in 'Everything Happens At Night?'). "Hello," she says softly, as she pulls out the chair beside him.

"Your place is down there next to George," Ann cuts in sharply.

But Jean sits herself down and angers the girl who was supposed to sit next to Bob down to her own place.

Not since Anita Louise played a heavy in "These Glamour Girls" have I seen as lovely a heavy as Jean.

BUT I can't stand her here gaping all day so I mosey on to the next set where "The Ghost Comes Home" is shooting. I find my old friend (old only in the length of our friendship, that is), Frank Albertson, disporting himself on the set—as is his wont. He has on a very ill-fitting suit and a slight paunch. I tactfully ask if this is a costume picture. He says "no" and then the light dawns. "Oh, this!" he exclaims. "I'll have you know this is a part I'm wearing AND a toupee," he adds grandly.

Maxine Thomas, who is piloting me around the lot and who doesn't know Frank as well as I, leaps at the bait. "What for?" she inquires.

"Oh, Frank brushes her query aside like this: "I just want to give it that Mock touch."

After all, one can't ignore everything so I say, "I beg your pardon," open my coat and throw out my chest (the hair I can do nothing about)."

"Look!" Frank howls. "Look at him stick in his gut until his buttons pop off and his eyes pop out!"

Luckily for him, before I can think of a retort, the director calls him for a take. But his stand-in takes care of things for me. As the stand-in comes off the set he glances carelessly at Frank: "Get in there and read your jokes now," he says.

Well, Frank and Nat Pendleton are insurance men. They have collected on a policy on Frank Morgan, but Frank turns up alive. They know if Frank is discovered they'll have to return the premium he was trying to hide him. And then Frank gets wise and starts telling them a few things.

"You gone crazy—yelling like that?" Nat demands.

Mr. Morgan looks him up and down. "Sweep the floor," he roars. And then, as Nat looks at him horrified, "I want the place spick and span when I get back."

"Wh-where you goin', Vern?" Nat asks.

"Oh-k, no place in particular," Frank replies. "Just a little stroll down Main Street—for some soap."

"Go on, Rover!" Frank puts in hurriedly to Nat, "sweep the floor." Nat exits and Frank turns to Mr. Morgan. "Now, Vern—maybe we have been a little inconconsiderate at times—but—"

"Get a pill!" Morgan shouts, cutting him short. "With a twitch in it, he adds as Frank starts to protest. Frank swallows—but hard. "Oh, Vern, he answers, "I'll—I'll get a pill."

His voice trails off as he hurriedly exits the aforementioned article.

In all the years I've known him, Frank has always been just too cocky and I haven't the heart to be there when he comes off the set, even though I know his new-found humility is only acting. So I go on to the next set, which turns out to be—

** * *

FORTY Little Mothers," starring Eddie Cantor. Mr. C. never has been one of my favorites, but I will say for him he has never refused to play a benefit and he's kind to his family, so I'll suppress the cracks. Anyhow, he's not working in this scene. Nydia Westman, who is seen all too seldom on the screen these days, is the featured player in this "take." It isn't a particularly important scene. Nydia, one of the teachers, is giving the girl students a talking to because they have been responsible for one of the professors (the man Eddie succeeds) being fired. But she does a swell job of it. Among the "girls" are Bonita Granville (who needs no introduction) and Dinna Lewis (whom you may have met in the public prints as the new Mrs. William Powell), but it is Nydia who dominates the scene.

** * *

THERE are still two pictures left on this lot. One is "The Mortal Storm," adapted from the famous best seller, but that one is my staving so we'll let it go until next month. The other is the fourth "Dr. Kildare" story, starring Lionel Barrymore and Lew Ayres.

Mr. B. isn't working today, but Mr. A. is, so I barge onto the set. The scene is the roof of a New York hospital where a lot of little crippled children are taking the air, so to speak. Lew is in a dilemma, but he runs into his mother 'Emma Dunn'), who is in town visiting for the day and she sets him on the right track with just a few words. And then only goes on to show you how wonderful mother love is, and I'm not kidding.

The scene isn't important, so there's no use giving you the dialogue. After it's finished Lew and I get together and cut up a little. "Hollywood talk (or Hollywood jargon for reminiscing about old times)," I accidently glance at my watch and suddenly realize time is fleeting and I still have unprint other studios to cover. So I leave him and head for—
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20th Century-Fox

THERE are several pictures shooting here, too, but all of them are either on closed sets or else they're on location. That is, all except two—Lillian Russell and "Star Dust."

"Lillian Russell" is the biography of the famous star who stood the country on its ear at the turn of the century—so I'm told. She was a blonde Hedy Lamarr, if you know what I mean. Usually, biographical pictures make my stomach churn, but there's a difference between the life story of a glamorous star and the life story of a middle-aged scientist who sniffs his way through six or eight reels of film like Dr. Ehrlich.

Anyway, if you could see Alice Faye as Lillian Russell you'd agree with me that biographies are not so bad, if Alice could always be the subject.

She's pretending she's a star (this is before she's been discovered) and she's singing a song, "My Evening Star," to her father, Ernest Truex. And how she sings it.

When the song is over we shake hands and I say I hope the picture will turn out to be as good as she looks and she says, "Oh, you kid!" because that was the expression they used in those days. So then I ask her if that reproduction of La Russell's $30,000 corset isn't uncomfortable and she says, "It's heavenly." And then she says she has to go powder her nose because she wants to hustle and get through so she can go to the races and sit in Mr. Irving Cummings' (the director's) box, because he has to work this afternoon and she doesn't.

So Alice leaves and I sit gabbing with Mr. Cummings, who is one of my favorite people in Hollywood, and Mr. Truex and we cut up some more old papers.

Mr. Cummings actually played with Lillian Russell in "In Search of a Singer," and Mr. Truex played with her (in a nice way, of course) in "Wildfire."

"Ya know," Mr. Cummings reflected, "he (indicating Mr. Truex) was always a good actor, but I was always a stinking ham. I'd sure never cast me in a picture if I had anything to do with it. Smoke out in some people's eyes, but my watch is always getting in mine and I realize that time is fleeting and duty calls, to say nothing of Silver Screen."

So I saunter over to the next set where

* * *

"STAR DUST" is in the works.

This has to do with the making of Hollywood stars.

The scene is the bar in a lounge car, John Payne, who is the star athlete in some jerk college, is tipping off up and Mr. Roland Young (he of the penguins) is standing by.

"Are you planning to make football a career?" he inquires solicitously of Mr. P.

"I don't know yet," John retorts, "but I expect with my rep I'll get plenty of offers when I graduate."

"Would you be interested in an offer now?" he asks looking for talent in Amalgamated Pictures of Hollywood.

Johnny's eyes widen in excited interest although he tries to feign indifference.

"Pictures, huh? Yeah, I guess if you want good ones in that business you have to dig 'em up, too."

"Have you ever thought of becoming an actor?" Young persists.

"Me? John scoffs. 'I should say not! I don't go for that at all.' Says there was a guy when we were playin' the Phoenix Presbyterians tried to sell me that Hollywood hooey and then he wanted to charge me fifty bucks for goin' out there to make a screen test."

"My offer is entirely without obliga-
tions," Young assures him.

"Yeah—and without cores," Payne amends.

"No, the studio would pay it," Young adds.

"Both ways?" John asks suspiciously.

"Cut!" calls the director, so up to now Mr. V. doesn't have to commit himself and you have to see the picture to find out what to believe when strangers approach you.

There being naught else to see over here, we jog over to—

Paramount

TWO going here: "The Ghost Break-
ers," which has been filmed more times than Peggy Hopkins Joyce has been married, and "Destiny."

The first features Bob Hope. "Sit down, Dick," he invites me, "and rest yourself.

"You going to Jimmie Fidler's party Saturday?" I ask.

"Oh, sure," says Bob. "I wouldn't miss it for anything. I want to see if he can top that costume he wore to Ken Murray's house-warming. Why he didn't wear blackface with that outfit I'll never know."

I have to chuckle. The suit Jimmie had on that night was so loud you could hear him coming as far off as he'd had a brass band preceding him. Mr. Hope lets fall a few more facts that have me in stitches, but which do not fit in so well in a family magazine. Then he and Willie Best (his valet in the picture) go into a scene. but it isn't as funny as Bob's observations so we'll skip it, as soon as I tell you Paulette Goddard, Paul Lukas, Richard Carlson, Pedro De Cordoba, and Tom Dugan are also in the cast.

* * *

THE other picture on this lot is "Destiny." And this is noteworthy because it has in it that scream from the radio—Vera Vague. I must confess that in her palmiest days she was never any vaguer than when I am introduced to her. I had expected to see a battle-scared old hag, instead of which she is a very attractive young lady.

"Aren't people surprised when they meet you?" I finally gasp.

"Yes," she smiles, "and when they quit being surprised I'm going to quit."

Her real name is Barbara Jo Allen.

But to get on with our mutton: Basil Rathbone is the featured member of this cast. He's a psychiatrist with a complex for marrying rich women and then killing them to get their money. Vera is here to consult him about her neurotic sister.

"Dr. Sebastian," she babbles, "before I take you into my dreams, I want to speak to you about my young sister, Linda Booth. She's an adorable little
thing, but she's a mass of complexes—a veritable psychic swamp—" "What seems to be troubling her?" Basil asks politely. "That's what I'd like you to find out," Vera gushes. "She gets very low—over nothing at all—and when she broods it worries me to distraction." "Melancholia," Basil mutters to himself. "Worse," Vera assures him. "The poor child's got something loose somewhere. I'm sure, although I don't know where she gets it. She's always been in the very best surroundings. Lawrence and I have practically raised her. Could I bring her in tomorrow?" "No," he rejoins, "I'd prefer you didn't." She looks at him in amazement and he hastens to assure her, "that doesn't mean I'm not interested, but I've found that the effect of a doctor's office on a neurotic mind is something detrimetal. I would rather have the opportunity of observing her without her knowing I'm doing so professionally." He has figured by this time that Sis is rich and would be a perfect set-up for his next sale—but Vera doesn't know what's going through his mind. "It see," she muses, glad to be a fellow conspirator. "Well, let us think— and then she has an inspiration. "The Bazaar! That's it! I'll put her in charge of the wheel of fortune!" In her enthusiasm she completely forgets poor Sister Linda. "Oh, do come, Dr. Sebastian! You'll just love my costume!" "What are you going to wear?" he smiles politely. "Well, I don't know yet," she confesses, "but it'll be ravishing!" You can see for yourselves how easy it would be to spend the rest of the day here listening to Vera's prattle. But I tear myself away towards—

Warner Brothers

I t seems there are dozens of pictures going here, but—All This And Heaven, Too," starring Bette Davis; "The Sea Hawk," starring Errol Flynn, and "Torrid Zone," starring James Cagney, Ann Sheridan and Pat O'Brien, are all just starting, so we'll save them until next month. That leaves "An Angel From Texas," with Wayne Morris, Ronald Reagan, Eddie Albert and Rosemary Lane.

This latter picture is a re-make of the old "Butter and Egg Man." It was a swell play with Gregory Kelly and Ruth Gordon on the stage and it was an elegant movie with Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall, so it should be equally good with the present stars.

Rosemary is a little Texas girl with ambitions to become a great Broadway star. So off she goes to the big city. Eddie is the home town boy who pines for her. His mother is afraid Rosemary may later in New York and forget him, so she gives Eddie her life's savings (which just goes to show once more how blind mother love is because anyone else could see Eddie hasn't sense enough to come in out of the rain) and bids him to go to New York and buy a hotel.

Eddie runs into Rosemary in New York. She hasn't become a big star. She's only just got a job as secretary to a couple of fly-by-night producers—Wayne and Ronnie. And before you can say "scat" they're selling Eddie an interest in a non-existent (as yet show).

The scene is hilariously funny as they're making up the story as they go along. At one point, Wayne bangs a door to simulate an explosion and he bangs it so hard he knocks down the whole wall of the room. That's when the queen, who is to be executed because her husband, the king, has lost the country's treasury on the races and fled. But just as she faces the firing squad the citizens revolts and overthrows the government and wants her to run for president. Wayne is playing the queen as they tell Eddie the story. "I can't be president," she—he, I mean, says coyly, "because I'm going to become a mother!"

Not since "Kid Galahad" has Wayne done anything to equal this, so don't miss it.

And let's all of us not miss—

R-K-O

There are three pictures shooting here—"Curtain Call," starring Barbara Reauch and Helen Vinson; "The Romantic Mr. Hinklin," featuring James Ellison and Lucille Ball (directed by Ray McCarey); and "The Saint Takes Over," featuring George Sanders and Wendy Barrie.

They're all good pictures and I wish I could tell you more about them—especially Mr. Hinklin, because there is really fun on this set—but I've used up all my space.

So, as Jack Benny says, "We're running a little late, folks. Goodnight."
Reviews

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first time in this picture, and they work together as cozily as two bugs in a rug. Bing plays the scion and heir to a mammoth steamship company, who rebels against stuffy family tradition; and so, when his Old Man (Charles Coburn) tries to marry Edna (Eleanor Boardman) to Judith Barrett, he skips off to a remote South Sea island. With him is his pal Bob, who is also running out on matrimony. On the mythical island of Kaigoon, where the natives talk in a mythical Esperanto, Bing and Bob meet Dorothy Lamour, song and all, from her villainous dancing partner (Anthony Quinn) and proceed to fall in love with her. There is a tribal wedding feast scene with Bing and Bob and Dotty masquerading as natives that turns out to be one of the most hilarious sequences you've seen in many a day. And there are two native girls, called Ninky Poo and Pinky Noo, that are well worth your time. There are five grand song numbers with special raps by Bing and Dorothy, sung by Bing and Bob; Eleanor and Bob, called "Captain Gambard," sung by Bing and Bob. You'll like this. It's easy to take.

VIGIL IN THE NIGHT
A New Carole Lombard—RKO

THIS is the screen adaptation of the serious novel by A. J. Cronin, author of The Citadel, which made screen history two years ago. Like The Citadel, the story of "Vigil in the Night" is charged with Dr. Cronin's passion for reform in medicine. Carole Lombard plays Anne Lee, a good nurse, who, besides her personal problems, must cope with the problems of an epidemic in an English hospital which has to beg for funds from the selfish rich. Hollywood's famous "screwball comedienne" does a complete right-about-face and, as the honest young nurse, gives as beautiful a dramatic performance as you've ever likely to see. Too much praise cannot be heaped upon Carole for her portrayal of Nurse Lee, but just the same we hope she won't give up being a comedienne, Brian Aherne plays the surgeon in the hospital, whom Nurse Lee loves, and Anne Shirley plays her erring sister. Anne's intensely dramatic performance is one of the highlights of the film. In the excellent supporting cast are Julien Mitchell, a newcomer from England; Robert Coote, Brenda Forbes, Doris Lloyd and Emily Fitzroy. This is a serious, sober picture, representative of the new "message" film which Hollywood is now releasing. And it is well worth your while.

BROADWAY MELODY OF 1940
Feet First!—M-G-M

WHEN Fred Astaire and Eleanor Powell, the two best dancers in Hollywood, are teamed in the same picture the result is bound to be the most sensational dancing you've seen in many a moon. It is. But Fred and Eleanor have to keep stepping mighty fast to keep one George Murphy from stealing the picture right from under their experienced taps. Likeable, talented George proves himself almost as good a dancer as Fred, and certainly a much better singer. This edition of "Broadway Melody" is far less pretentious than its successors, and is far more appealing. Fred and George play a couple of cheap dance hall hoosiers who have their eye on Broadway. Fred is spotted by producer Frank Morgan, but through a mix up of names it is George who gets the big chance in a Broadway revue as Eleanor's dancing partner. But everything gets straightened out eventually, and self-sacrificing Fred gets the job and the girl. The Cole Porter music is excellent, but the picture is badly in need of someone to sing it. "Beginning the Beguine" is the big production number. Ian Hunter plays a Broadway producer, and in supporting roles are Florence Rice, Lynne Carver, and Ann Morriss.

MY LITTLE CHICKADEE
Disappointing—Universal

MAE WEST and W. C. Fields are teamed in this mellow melodrama of the Old West. They not only play the leads, but they also wrote the script. The film has its high moments, but it also has its low, and there are those who insist that Miss West and Mr. Fields should hire themselves a good script writer, and stick to their acting. Miss West plays Flower Belle Lee, whom, it seems, the town has given up for dead. They threaten to run her out of town unless she marries and becomes respectable, so Flower Belle, in a false ceremony, marries Cuthbert J. Twillie (W. C. but of course) under the mistaken impression that he is a man of wealth. When she discovers that he is only a vender of snake oil, she refuses to share the bridal chamber of the Greasewood City hotel with him. Flower Belle is in love with a masked bandit and the rest of the film is the pursuit of the bandit and Flower Belle's complicated love life. There is one stand-out sequence where she becomes a schoolmarm and contributes to the education of the young ladies of America. In the cast are Joseph Calleia, Dick Foran, Margaret Hamilton, and Ruth Donnelly. It's more of a man's picture than a woman's—judging from the preview audience reaction.

THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON
The Classic of Shipwrecked Survivors —RKO

AS THEIR first flight at producing the former writing team of Gene Towne and Graham Baker have given us that well beloved old classic of the life of shipwrecked survivors on a lonely island. The world famous story of Johann Rudolf Wyss's is more than a century old, but the screen version retains all the original charm and interest. The Swiss Family, as you recall, are shipwrecked on a lonely island, and the story goes on to tell of their daily doings: how they win food and clothing from the wilderness, how they build a home, how they build a boat to leave the island, and how they desist when they realize it is God's will that they stay. That grand actor, Thomas Mitchell, plays the pious Father Robinson, Edna Best plays Mother Robinson, discontented at first, but finally content to stay with her husband. And the young Robinsons are Freddie Bartholomew, Terry Kilburn, Tim Holt, and Baby Bobby Quillen.

THE MAN FROM DAKOTA
Civil War Melodrama—M-G-M

THIS is the story of two Union soldiers, Wallace Beery and John Howard, who escape from their Confederate prison camp during the Civil War, and their attempt to make their way back to the Union lines. They meet up with Dolores Del Rio, which is a very pretty meeting up indeed, and they get possession of a military map which is of the utmost importance to Grant's army. The eventual delivery of the map makes Beery a hero and unites John and Dolores. The story is strictly formula hokum, but strangely enough, it more than holds your interest. Dolores is a beautiful girl, but she mugs less than usual, which is something.

SEVENTEEN
Modernized Tarkan—Paramount

BASED on the well beloved story by Booth Tarkington and the famous stage play by Stuart Walker, the new version of "Seventeen," modernized to be sure, proves itself thoroughly pleasant and sure-fire entertainment. Jackie Cooper makes the most famous role of his career. Robert Mitchell, solves the mystery of his father, while Bauer, and versatile Betty Field ("What a Life" and "Of Mice and Men") gives another of her perfect performances as Lola Pratt, the young lady who gives william Sylvanus Baxter his first lesson in love. This story of adolescence and American family life is bound to please you with its gentle sentimental comedy, and you'll take it right to your heart, even if you are a dyed-in-the-wool sourpuss. And keep your eye on that Betty Field. In the excellent cast are Otto Kruger and Ann Shoemaker playing Mr. and Mrs. Baxter, Norma Nelson as the little sister, and Thomas Ross as the agonized Mr. Parcher. Don't miss this.

THE GHOST COMES HOME
Frank Morgan Does His Best—M-G-M

NOTHING pretentious about this one. Frank Morgan, who has saved many a picture from a fate worse than death, plays a henpecked, browbeaten manager of a small town pet shop. A boyhood friend of his, now a millionaire in Australia, bequeaths a large sum of money to the shop. On the advice of the shopkeeper and Frank leaves for the antipodes to collect it. But he lands in the hoosegow, and after sixty days comes home to find that his family, believing him dead, have spent the insurance money. Well, more of the same, except that the threat of a fraud charge in connection with the insurance money gives Frank a power over his family. The family being Billie Burke as his wife, and pretty little Ann Rutherford as his daughter. John Shelton is the handsome young orchestra leader who romances Ann. Nothing to get excited over.

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